RICH TOWARD GOD

"A man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." "I have all and abound." Luke 12-15; Phil. 4:18.

Let us never forget this wonderful assertion, that life consists not in what we possess, but in what we are; not in goods, but in goodness; not in things, but qualities. "How much was he worth?" we ask when a man dies, and we expect an answer in the amount that stood to his credit, and on which his estate may pay death duties. Yet surely a man is WORTH only the love, humility, generosity and sweet reasonableness which characterized him. Take away some people’s wealth, and, as in the case of the rich man of whom our Lord speaks in His parable, you have nothing left; but take away all things from St. John or St. Paul or Wesley and you have an abundance left which make them the millionaires of all time! "Poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

The rich man in the parable made three foolish mistakes. First, HE TREATED HIS WEALTH AS THOUGH IT WERE ABSOLUTELY HIS OWN. There is no suggestion that he made it wrongfully. His wealth had evidently accrued as the gift of prolific harvest, and was certainly due to the goodness of the Creator, on whose cooperation the result of husbandry depends. But to lift up grateful eyes in thankful acknowledgment to God seems never to have occurred to him! Are we not all too prone to magnify our own shrewdness and aptitude, and to exclude God when we make up our accounts for the year?

Second, HE THOUGHT THAT THE BEST RECEPTACLE FOR HIS OVERPLUS WAS IN BARNS, and forgot that there were multitudes of poor and needy souls around him. When we begin to accumulate more than we need for our use, or the provision for our families, we should consider, not further investments, but the pressing need of others.

Third, HE THOUGHT THAT GOODS COULD STAY THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL. How often has the heart of man or woman been surfeited with goods and remained unsatisfied? Let us give, expecting nothing again, with full measure, pressed down, and running over; give, not only money, but love and tenderness and human sympathy; give as one who is always receiving from the boundless resources of God.

PRAYER. Help us, Oh God, to set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth, for nothing beneath these skies can satisfy the hearts which thou hast made for thyself. In Christ’s name, Amen.—F. B. Meyer.
HONEST EXPRESSION

Some years ago Helen and I went shopping for a new dress for her. One dress that was being shown I didn’t much like, but I got the idea somehow that she liked it. So when she asked me how I liked the dress, I replied, “I like it.” I asked her how she liked the dress and she too replied, “I like it.” We bought the dress and when we got it home I asked her, “Did you really like that dress?” “No” she replied, “but I thought you liked it.” Then I admitted that I hadn’t liked it either. When I saw that neither of us liked the dress we had bought, I was all for taking it back and exchanging it for another; but Helen had a different idea. “We’ll keep this dress just for a lesson for both of us to be honest with each other and say what we honestly think,” she said. And so we kept the dress and Helen wore it even after she would ordinarily have discarded it.

There are so many places that this lesson may be taken. The parent of a child in our school comes to ask how his child is getting along and we tell him that the boy is doing pretty well when we know that the boy wastes half the time of the class trying to get ahead of the teacher. Why don’t we tell parents what we think? Why not be honest in our dealings with our pupils’ parents? We go to a meeting and somebody brings up some subject for a vote. Even though we are opposed to the matter, we often sit back and say nothing and even vote in favor of it so that we may not seem to be an anti. The funny thing about it is that when we get to talking to some of the others who voted for the measure we sometimes find that none of the others was for it either.

How many dresses we get that we do not want by not being honest with ourselves and those about us, by not speaking up at the right time. Let us be frank so that our associates may know just where we stand on a subject. Let us have more dresses that both want.

Jos. A. Mitten

ON MAN’S JOURNEY

one thing stands out like a beacon light at the crossroads — sympathetic helpfulness that is practical. Ours is a Service of Sincerity.

THE McGOWAN FUNERAL HOME
MARRIED

Miss Phyllis Garvin and Mr. Harold Kaiser were united in marriage Saturday, March 2nd, at the home of Rev. L. M. Gregory who performed the ceremony. After a short trip to Pittsburgh, Pa. to visit the groom's mother the newlyweds are now living in Cuyahoga Falls. The groom is employed at the Marhofer Chevrolet, Stow.

GARDEN CLUB

BENEFIT PARTY

The Stow Garden Club will hold a Benefit Party in the Town Hall at 7:45 P.M., Friday, March 22. The public is cordially invited to attend. The purpose of this party is to enable the club to pay the expenses of a Stow Teacher at the Conservation School.

GRANGE NEWS

March 23 Darrow Street Grange will observe its 72nd Anniversary Celebration. The evening's activities will start with a covered dish supper at 7:00 P.M. The Grange will furnish meat loaf, rolls and coffee. At 8:00 P.M. the Grange will open in open form and a program will be presented by Lecturer Loree Wilhelm.

There has been a definite improvement in service at Marhofer Chevrolet. Three full time mechanics. TRY US AGAIN. OV-8919.
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Spraying Service
For Your Orchard

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applied with Modern Equipment

For Quick Service
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Ray W. Davis
Tel WA-7434 or Hudson 169-Y-2
the Home Furnishing Dept., Telephone Hemlock 6141 or Evenings, OV-3225.

LETTER

Wednesday, March 6, 1946

Dear Mr. Stockman:

Once upon a lifetime dreary
While I wandered weak and weary
Wearing slightly shopworn toot-
sies
Down to knees inclined 't'ward bone

I discovered to my sorrow
Each and every bright tomorrow
Promises to wear those "fore-
said"

Down until I'm arms alone.

Freedom, freedom, can't yo' hear me

Call'in to you, Caroline
Plant me now and dig me later
Like a 'tater, Clementine!

Do you remember the bright-
eyed optimist who not so long ago
was off to Camp Campbell fully
assured that he was on his last long
pilgrimage to the promised land of home? Well, you will
now do one of those flicker flash-
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There I was, busy as a mech-
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Here is what else! The 805th

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AIR — Earl E.
d., Stow. CalC

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Circle met on

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Glasses in roe Falls Road

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arrowville, O. 2.

son of Mun-

roe Falls is recovering from an

operation which she underwent in

Cleveland Clinic Hospital several
weeks ago.

FOR SALE: Davenport bed, bee

hives, machinist's books — other

items. Leaving town. Call at 317

Elmwood Ave., Stow before 11:00
a. m. (adv.)

With an attendance of 100 per

cent Mrs. Davis' Class of Girls

won the banner last Sunday.

Birthdays celebrated were those

of Jim Cox, Ben Evans and Mrs.

Mary Evans.

Miss Harrieth North is in Peoples

Hospital under observation. She

is expected home this week.

Mrs. Dorothy Carpenter will

entertain the River Road Club on

Thursday, March 21st.

The next regular meeting of

Stow D. of A. will be on Monday,

March 18th at 7:30 p. m. in the

Town Hall. A jolly good time is

planned, following a short busi-

ness session. Members please

come out. A good time is prom-

ised.

After seventeen months over-

ers, Merle J. Patterson, most

recently in Germany, landed in

the United States this last Mon-

day, telephoning home from

New York that evening. He will

probably be at home when you

read this or soon thereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover C. Shaffer,

of Hiwood Ave. visited their

son Dwight in the Navy at Jack-

sonville, Florida. Later before

returning home they expect to

stop in Memphis, Tenn. and visit

with son William and family.

Dick Brock, son of Mr. and

Mrs. Fred W. Brock of Silver

Lake, who left Karachi, India,

January 27th is expected home

most any time now. His ship,

the General Morton, was delayed

in enroute at Manila on account of

the necessity of generator repairs.

Mrs. H. J. Stockman of West

Arndale Rd. was called to San

Antonio, Texas, the first of the

trip was son John Byron.

T-5 Harold W. Long has recent-

ly been discharged at El Paso,

Texas. He is visiting at home un-

til March 16, at which time he

will return to work at the atomic

bomb project Los Alamo, N. Me-

xico. He will enter Case

School of Applied Science in Sep-

tember.

The Ladies Guild will hold

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the Church, Wednesday, March 20.

A thirty-five cent luncheon will

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Woodring, Mrs. Van Hyning, Mrs.

Mitten and Mrs. Emma Chapman

as hostesses. A program under

the supervision of Mrs. Chipps

together with sewing and a busi-

ness meeting will be the order of

the afternoon. Everyone come

out. A good speaker promised.

Let Jean Max shop for you or

with you for your furniture, rugs

and appliances. Let her show you

the sleeping comfort of Englander

Mattresses. She has this nation-

ally advertised line at the price you

wish to pay. Federman's Home

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Here is what else! The 805th
Repl. Bn. for some reason or other became tired of life. It broke up. I, likewise, was broken up. And now, once more, I am a dogfoot, training my little brains right into the ground.

I have been shanghied into the 5th Division. My shoulder plays nurse-maid to an M-1 and my muscles show promise of developing Atlean dimensions.

Morning finds me, I judge, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds after I hit the bed at night. Breakfast follows reveille at 6:45 A. M. But the quantity predicts that lunch had better follow breakfast pretty blamed fast or someone is going to lose ten thousand bucks in insurance.

Eight o'clock sees thirty fresh guardians of liberty exercising their stalwart bodies in a manner copied from a book on St. Vitus Dance. Eight-thirty sees the same guardians of liberty unable to twitch even with the aid of a blow torc.h.

It seems that I recall somewhere in the dim back-log of my memory a soldier marching and drilling and pivoting to set rules. And how nice it was when it remained a memory.

But now! Now I again find my right foot trying to go where my left foot ought to be. Once more, I snap to attention and give the gent in front of me a thrill with the business end of a bayonet.

Co-ordination, that's the answer. Yeah, but who asked a question in the first place!

There I am. It's ten o'clock. A kiss of death with tech sergeants stripes says, "Come out here, Chipps, and demonstrate the correct manner of standing at attention." So there I am, my claim to a chest jutted outward, shoulders back, stomach in (breakfast makes that simple) and hands straight to my sides.

"Get those legs together", snaps the Sarg.

"I was born on this detour," quoth I.

"Don't let your knees sag like that!"

"My herringbone twills are bagging. It isn't my knees," I respond.

"Are you trying to be smart," he wants to know?

"You flatter me, Sargie", is my coy reply.

You remember I was a private
when I entered the service. And still I am only a Pfc. after 2½ years. Now you know why. Discretion is golden in this man's army. The discreet open their mouths only when they have something to put in it. So do the indiscreet. Their foot.

Dinner (pause for polite tittering) is followed by an hour of tactics to be used when under fire. The fact that one dug but one foxhole in all his combat experience (for an officer) makes it none the less essential for one to now dig half way to Sherman's noun for war in order that one will not add unduly to one's weight with lead. "Dig or die, soldier", says the man who narrates for army training films (as he sits on his big fat swivel chair and gives his corpuscles a patriotic thrill. Good night, if I dig one more hole I won't have to get a discharge. I'll be declared unessential. When one is dead he proves a bit less than useful to the army!

Since I got here I have been trying to get down to see John Bvron, only to find myself on detail every off day. Now I am in the 5th Division, I am so tired by the time night comes that I have to be helped to fall down. But, believe me, I'll get down there yet!

I have papers in for discharge. They have been in since the Revolution, I think. By the time someone decides to look them over I expect the national debt to be paid and our Secretary of Treasury to be gift-loaned to Great Britain along with the Fort Knox' gold cache.

According to someone, though, I can expect to be due for discharge May 1st.

In the mean time, I remain a member of the 11th Infantry Regiment. The regiment that fought in the Spanish-American War.

The regiment which showed the Comanches the linings of their scalps. The regiment which did something or other near Meuse-Argonne in World War I. And last but not least, the regiment which fought World War II single-handed.

Am I happy? Do I surge with militant fervor. Does my hair itch with the thrill of knowing I am in such a regiment? Happy? I'm laughing myself such! Surging? I will probably lose my voice from shouting! Scalp itch? Try Listerine for it, bub. It's only dandruff.

But get ahold of yourself, Chippis. It can't last forever. Drat that Orson Welles— Tomorrow Is Forever! Yes: I think that I shall never see An outfit like the infantry.

On land or sea or sky above it, Dog-foot, now you know you love it!

Boy, you never had it better.

No man's fool, you're no man's debtor.

Tell the world from the grave to 'teens!

Now, buster, tell it to the Marines!

But anyway, until May I remain,

In the Army,

Lloyd Chippis

Pfc. Lloyd F. Chippis, 35924953
3rd Bn., Hdq. Co., 11th Inf. APO 5
Camp Campbell, Ky.

ED. NOTE: Words fail us. Anyhow they are unnecessary and could be nothing but an anti-climax after what you have written. Write again.

H. J. S.

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SINGLES and DOUBLES
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FLOOR LAMPS
Three-Way - Silk Shade
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