The following was sent to Rev. Charles E. Fuller and published this month in his Bulletin, by a very dear friend. It was written by her son, a devout Christian and a lieutenant in the navy, upon leaving his ship.

THE SAILOR LEAVES HIS SHIP

Tonight I left the only home I have had for the past sixteen months. I saluted her colors for the last time as I crossed her gangplank. I have stood my last watch.

What emotion do I feel tonight as I crawl into a strange bunk? I guess I feel thankful. Thankful for the tens of thousands of miles this ship has carried me; I am thankful for the protection of her guns, of her steel plates which turned back the wild seas, of the warmth of her depths after a cold watch. Perhaps I can say I am thankful for the experience she has taught me. We went through a lot together. I learned a lot from her—just as a man does from a fine horse.

I am thankful for the memories. During the toughest times there were laughs, sunsets, still nights beneath the stars, hymns on her lee side on a Sabbath morning—a word of praise after a job well done—a prayer for strength which God Himself answered by His presence beside me. Yes, and there were nights when I sank into my bunk too tired to say anything to the Lord except "Thank You for this rest and everything." I am thankful as I leave.

I am lonely as I ride the truck to the quonset—but that shall be my new home. As I see her spars and rigging disappear around a hill, I sink back against the hard seat and fill my lungs with the dust from the dry roads.

I lie in my bunk. It is so quiet. There are no blowers, no throb, no motion. There is no one to talk with. I am with strangers. I am alone.

I remember the hard work, the terrific responsibility, the time when no appreciation was shown for my work, the long watches, the rashes, sore feet, cold hands, burning lips, stifling air, the glaring sun, the sweaty shirts, the greasy ocean, the smarting spray, the storm, the typhoons, the air raids, and the general quarters. I see again the night of the big fire, men's searing flesh and singeing hair; men choking as they staggered for open air. I see the Jap bombers strafing as they tore past us, the bombs with their high white spray, and I seem to even now wonder why they make no noise. I can feel the same chill as the night when the hospital ship radioed for help after a Jap attack. I can see the bayonet scar on a native's brown back. I can see the graves of young boys. I am glad it is all over.

I remember where I was when I tore open the letter telling of my son's birth. I remember how wonderful the mail was! I remember the dreams I had of home in the moments alone on deck.

The ship has gone from my life forever, FOREVER! A phase of my life is past.

I have learned to appreciate my family. I have learned what good food means—and sleep. I have learned that the difficult can be done quickly and the impossible often conquered. I have known the power of prayer. I have stood watch with God, I know that a man can hide a great deal of good under a tough face and that a "good" man is not always kind. I know that my body can go a long time without food and water. My feet can hold my weight for twelve hours a day. I can be discouraged and not give up. I can stand up beside another man on equal footing. I have looked into the jaws of death and not flinched. Yes, the ship is gone forever from my view. I have stood my last watch, but what she has taught me is a part of me.

So, Good-bye; another hand shall guide you through stormy waters. Another foot shall tread your decks, but the experiences we have shared will live within us.

These are the feelings I have tonight as I listen to the wind outside and wonder what the future holds. One thing I do know: that the same Lord is going with me and I can have no want.
Almighty God, whose hand can still the tempest and whose eye does see all of us upon the deep, I thank Thee for Thy care and preservation. Thank You for not only being my God, but my shipmate. Thank You for Your hand on my shoulder during the long watches. My Captain, I thank Thee for not only guiding me across the trackless wastes of ocean, but also for Thy guidance past the reefs of sin and temptation. I thank Thee for protecting those I love and cannot see. And now, God, be with those who have gone down to sea in ships, who do business in great waters. Be with the men who are carrying the battle against the enemies of freedom. May they find Thee as their captain; their Saviour from sin. Give me wisdom as I undertake new duties. May I never trust in any other pilot. You may go to college for knowledge, but you must go to the Word of God for wisdom.

WHEN THEY SAW THE STAR, THEY REJOICED WITH EXCEEDING GREAT JOY.
Matthew 2:10

To many the Christmas bells awaken only painful memory. Since last year's happy reunion, desolation has come. Death has claimed our treasures... A hundred things at this time remind us of our loss, and open again the wounds of our sorrow. These are Christmas shadows. But let us not dwell in bitterness upon our losses... Be patient. Be trustful. Dry those scalding tears. Look up! Look up! Drive out the lengthening shadows. Remember there is an earth side and there is a heaven side. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Make this Christmas time forever memorable, because on that day you place thought, will, affection, and life upon the heaven side. —J. F. Berry, D. D.

We want you to know that the reverent customs of the past aided by a modern professional knowledge and improved facilities make ours a service of idealism.
A WALK THROUGH THE SNOW

Saturday I had a pleasant experience, a walk through the fresh snow that fell Friday night and Saturday forenoon. We had moved the cattle into the barn the week before and one baby beef that had not been inside wouldn't go into the barn. Worse than that he ran off while his mother was inside eating and turned up with a neighbor's calves a mile or so down the road the next day. I didn't just relish chasing him over the hills or being dragged around at the end of a rope; so we hired Al Starn to come with his stock truck and haul him back home. That's how Walter and I came to take our walk. We would walk down to Hathaway's, help load the runaway and ride back in the truck. We were to meet Al at 4:00. At 3:30 or thereabouts we left the house to walk down to Hathaway's. We took the road out past Halls and Butler's and down the hill past the cabin. It looked sort of lonesome around the cabin, but tracks in the snow showed us that other fellows besides us were out. At several places squirrels had crossed the road. We traced the route of a mole through the snow. Several kinds of birds had been along the road. At one spot dog tracks and rabbit tracks crossing and recrossing the road told the story of a fine chase.

I like to take a walk through a fresh snow and see what wild things have been about; still I seldom go unless some necessity arises. It has to be a strayed calf, a rabbit hunt or an errand to a neighbor's before we go. We have to have some good excuse. Isn't the walk a good enough excuse? Why don't we just take the walk for our health; or if our physical body seems up to par, why not take the walk for our mental health? I always come back rested in spirit and eager for a new day. A walk through the snow rates with a tramp through the woods looking for early spring flowers in my opinion. I wish you could have been along, Guy Cole. We'll be seeing you.

Joe A. Mitten

THANK YOU

I'd like to thank everyone who took part in the Christmas program. The help of Bertha Nichols, Clara Gillam, Dorothy Carpenter, Mrs. Summers and Mrs. Davis was greatly appreciated. Mr. Snyder's class decorated the church and Jim Snyder helped with the heavy work. Santa Claus deserves a lot of praise for making such a hazardous journey and last, but not least, thanks to Mr. Evans and my own class of girls for doing all the odd jobs that must be done if any program is to be a success.

Mrs. Daniel Cumpson

RECENT EVENTS

We have never experienced a more friendly feeling than appears to have been prevalent at this Christmas Holiday Season. That this is almost universal must be true for the Post Office reports the largest Christmas mail in history.

At our Church—Stow Community Church, we were well favored on last Sunday morning. The Christmas Cantata was well presented and much enjoyed. The choir, both as a group and as individuals taking special parts in the program gave us much pleasure in listening to them. They are to be commended.

In the evening, children of the Bible School, under the able direction of Mrs. Cumpson, spoke their Christmas pieces, sang the Christmas songs, went through their drills, and acted out the Christmas story with all the interesting and unexpected behavior that characterizes each age.

The Bible School, teachers, one and all wish to thank Mrs. Cump-
son and her able assistants for their effort well spent in producing an interesting program.

Often times it is a cantata such as given Sunday morning, or a children’s program such as we witnessed last Sunday evening that adds to the church or the Bible School as a whole, that something which makes the difference between a going and a non-going church or school. When people WILL to do the Lord’s work—even if it is only to act as Door Keeper—then we may expect a blessing.

It is not often that we feel moved to say anything in this paper about what happens at the rubber shop where we work—BUT—when a large company will take time out, as they did last Monday to present a “Christmas Service” telling the story of the Christ Child’s birth—of Mary—of Joseph—of the Innkeeper, the Wisemen, the Shepherds, Herod and his soldiers—when this happens, we say it is time to sit up and take notice.

Supported by a chorus of some sixty-five well trained voices, with beautiful lighting, costumes from New York, beautiful scenery, all without a doubt costing the company thousands of dollars—then to top it off the venerable chairman of the board of directors offering a testimony as to the great value of the spiritual as compared with the material, all told this made a worthwhile pre-Christmas experience.

NOTICE
USE OF SCHOOL PROPERTY

The Board of Education makes the following announcement:
School property is being made available for religious services and similar functions. Conditions and regulations set up by the Board governing such use are on file with the Clerk of the Board, Mrs. F. Gordon Sabin, and are available to those interested.

This action is a reversal of a policy established by the Board several years ago not to make facilities available for religious services so that it could remain completely neutral and fair to all sects. The change was necessary to bring the policy of the Board into line with Section 4839-2 of the Ohio Code which passed since the Board’s original action.

Edwin G. Partridge, President
Board of Education
Stow Local School District

LETTER
December 8th
Dear Sir:
I wish to thank you now for the C. C. News and the enjoyment I have received from it. Now I am hoping to be in Stow before the New Year starts.

In the last month I have seen both Art Pardee and Homer Gooch. Saw Art after a football game in which he starred and located Dick in Frankfurt after wandering around in the mammoth and beautiful I. G. Farben building.

I really enjoyed meeting up with my school chums and talking about Stow over here.

I'll be glad when I get back I won't have to be satisfied with just talking about Stow but can enjoy myself being there.

Pfc. Donald E. Carpenter
45004984
(GS) Regt.
APO 807 c/o PM
New York, N. Y.

Ed. Note: We are glad to know you are coming home and hope to see you here soon. H. J. S.
WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Leas, 301 Ashland Ave., Cuyahoga Falls are announcing the marriage of their daughter Edith Corinne, to John Milton Laughlin Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Laughlin 1151 Tallmadge Ave.

The double ring ceremony performed by Rev. James Ivy at Walnut Ridge, Ark., took place December sixteenth. Mr. and Mrs. Herman C. Giles Jr. of Cuyahoga Falls attended the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Laughlin are at home at El Portal Park San Pablo California.

PERSONALS

Mr. Carl Braden, Baumberger Road is seriously ill in St. Thomas hospital.

Shirlev and Sharon Pimlott have both recently recovered from pneumonia.

Will stretch your curtains in my own home. Call OV-3305 (Adv).

Miss Roslyn Dalcher is home from Otterbein College for the holiday season.

WANTED: Two stationery wash tubs and trailer day bed. Call OV-3384. (Adv).

Bud Monteith, attending Marietta College, is spending his Christmas vacation at home.


John Byron Stockman is home from Taylor University, Indiana for the Holiday Season.

Will care for pre-school aged child in my home while mother works or shops. Call OV-8481

The River Road Neighborhood Club will meet with Mrs. Audrey Carpenter Thursday December 26.


Roy Olson, Wash. D. C. spent the holidays at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Olson.

PLUMBING REPAIR — Earl E. Pontius, Diagonal Rd., Stow. Call OV-3176 after 2:00 p. m. (adv.)

Sam Mason and Mrs. Sam Mason came home Saturday from Baltimore Md. to spend Christmas with his folks.

D. FLICKINGER


Betty Evans is spending her Christmas vacation at home with her parents on River Road. She attends Mt. Union College.


Stow D. of A. will meet on Monday Jan. 6 at 7:30 P. M. in the Town Hall. All officers wear white for installation.

Will wash walls and woodwork, clean wallpaper and iron. Tel. OV-3307. (adv.)

With ninety four percent present last Sunday morning Mr. Lynn Snyder's Bible Class won the attendance banner last Sunday morning.

GRACE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE

124 East Kent Rd.

Over Isalys

Telephone for Appointment

OV-8621

Some have wondered where Bob Stein was last Sunday and the Sunday before. It is reported that he has pneumonia and flu combined. At the present writing he is not doing so well.

FOR SALE: Apples, Roman Beauty and Winesap. Potatoes, Oranges, Grapefruit and other food items. E. Bowen, corner Graham Rd. and Hudson Drive. Tel. WA-0466 (Adv 2).

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Farson a daughter, Jennie Elizabeth, December Nineteenth, at Mt. Carmel hospital, Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. Farson was formerly Betty Watson of Stow, now living at Sabina, Ohio.

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Akron Savings Loan Bldg.

JE-5188 Realtors Akron, O

Evenings Call W. Raymond Reil OV-8516.

333 Elmwood Ave., Stow
FOR SALE: Fifty four inch all steel cabinet sink complete; two deep well pumps, complete with pipe. E. F. Kastens, 116 E. Graham Rd. Stow. Tel. OV-8926

Birthdays celebrated at Bible School Sunday were those of son Dick Weyrick and father Mr. Russell Weyrick, both on December 20th, also birthdays of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cole, December 18th and 19th.

HELEN'S BEAUTY SHOP
Second Floor Spaght Bldg.
Open Daily 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. except Wednesday, 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 Noon. Tuesday and Thursday Evenings by Appointment.
OV-8814

A soldier for Uncle Sam three years and eleven months Lieutenant Paul Gromo came home last Saturday with an honorable discharge, and, a wife of little more than a year. Incidentally his wife he tells us is a little southern girl from Shreveport, La. For some little time now Paul with the Army Airways Communication System was rated as a First Class Electronics Officer, which means he worked with radar. Starting out in a night fighter, his most important services of late were in G. C. A. (Ground Control Approach) of air craft in bad weather. Now a civilian Paul is not certain as to just what he will do but hopes that he may get into some civilian branch of the Air Service where his radar training will be of value.

From a letter received the past week and headed Catawba College (Founded 1851) Salisbury, North Carolina, A. J. Kurinsky, Music Dept. dated Sunday Dec. 15, 1946 we quote a paragraph:

“My position here was head of the instrumental department. That college is a beautiful, new col-

BUY YOUR MILK AND ICE CREAM at the LAWSON STORES. The company that is holding Milk and Ice Cream Prices DOWN in Akron. Support the company that is helping you to save money.

THE LAWSON MILK CO.
lege, and the city is also a beau-
tiful city about the size of Cuy-
ahoga Falls, and is the religious
center of North Carolina, the pine
state. The weather here now is
like our September at home. My
wife was here for two weeks and
we visited many historical places.
I presume I should have written
to you about them, and maybe I
can write a paragraph or two
when I come home.

With best wishes, the “Old
Wanderer.”

Ed Note: We are looking for
those other paragraphs.

FISH CREEK

Friday evening Glenn France
Jr. brought his fiancée Miss Alma
Genutis of Bedford to call on
“Grandpa Brittan” and “Aunt
Fern.” Miss Genutis is in employ-
ment of Brush Development Com-
pany at Bedford and “Junior” as
he was always called when living
on the Atkins Farm is with the
Donnelly Mfg. Co. in Ravenna.

More wedding bells but don't ask
when for that is their secret.

Nasty old mumps are camping
with Jean Arnold—what a Christ-
mas present! Her little playmate
Beth Edwards across the street got
over them in time to be in the
grade school program on Wednes-
day night. Who next? The yet to
have 'em youngsters are wonder-
ing.

Christmas greeting coming from
“Citizen Jim” tells that J. B. Wel-
don is out of the service and home
from the Pacific for the holidays.

Great news.

Wedding bells heard again this
time 'twas way out in Seattle,
Washington where Mr. and Mrs.
John Barkocy's daughter Irene
got to join her fiance Neck Hol-
loway. The young couple were
married November 23rd and flew
to Hollywood on their honeymoon.

It is there they expect to be living
before Christmas in an apartment
a cousin was able to rent for them,
just across the street from her
own.

The Smallfields just moved from
the Adam Jordan farm on River
Road, and now a note from Ra-
venna dated December 19th—
Struck down by an automobile a
week ago, William J. Smallfield,
56, general contractor and truck-
er, died in Robinson Memorial
Hospital here without regaining
consciousness. He was injured
near his home, north of here, when
he walked into the path of an on-
coming car. His widow, Jeanette,
and two daughters, Mrs. Charlotte
Cruise and Mrs. Helen Kline, both
of Ravenna, two sons, Lt. George
in the army, and John Robert, at
home, survive.

STOW HIGH NOTES

Friday afternoon climaxed the
curricular activities of Stow High
School for the year of '46. A
chapel was held in the afternoon,
with the Sub-Debs appearing in
silhouette fashion behind a screen,
while the Junior High and High
School Glee Clubs sang approp-
riate songs of the season. The
whole student body participated

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TEL. OV-8835
in the singing of Christmas carols.

The second year Spanish Class gave a play in Spanish for the Spanish I Class. Both groups sang carols in that language. A "pinata," a large bag of goodies, was broken by striking it with a stick, while the classes scrambled for the cookies and candy.

The P. T. A. Christmas meeting was held Wednesday, December 18, with children from grades one to six participating in a play and furnishing music.

The girls' physical education department is now offering courses in swimming and bowling once a week. Mrs. Darilus, gym instructor, takes the girls to Firestone Pool for swimming and the Falls Recreation Center for bowling.

Pictures of the student body were taken last week. The photos will be returned on January 15, to each individual who wishes to order more.

Stow played Ellet Friday the 13th and was defeated 41-19.

The Scorpions played Coventry Thursday, December 19, and won with a score of 24-19.

Winding up the year, the pupils have seen the days at dear old Stow Hi anything but dull these last few days. Many clubs have held parties this past week. The Home Economics classes held a Christmas "Open House" the Y-Teens had a Christmas party with caroling, the Jr. Music Club had a caroling party, the Student Council sponsored the "Snow Ball" and with the Rainbow DeMolay "Sleigh Ride Serenade" on Christmas Day—everyone should have had a very Merry Christmas!


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STOW HIGH 1946-47 BASKET-BALL SCHEDULE

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