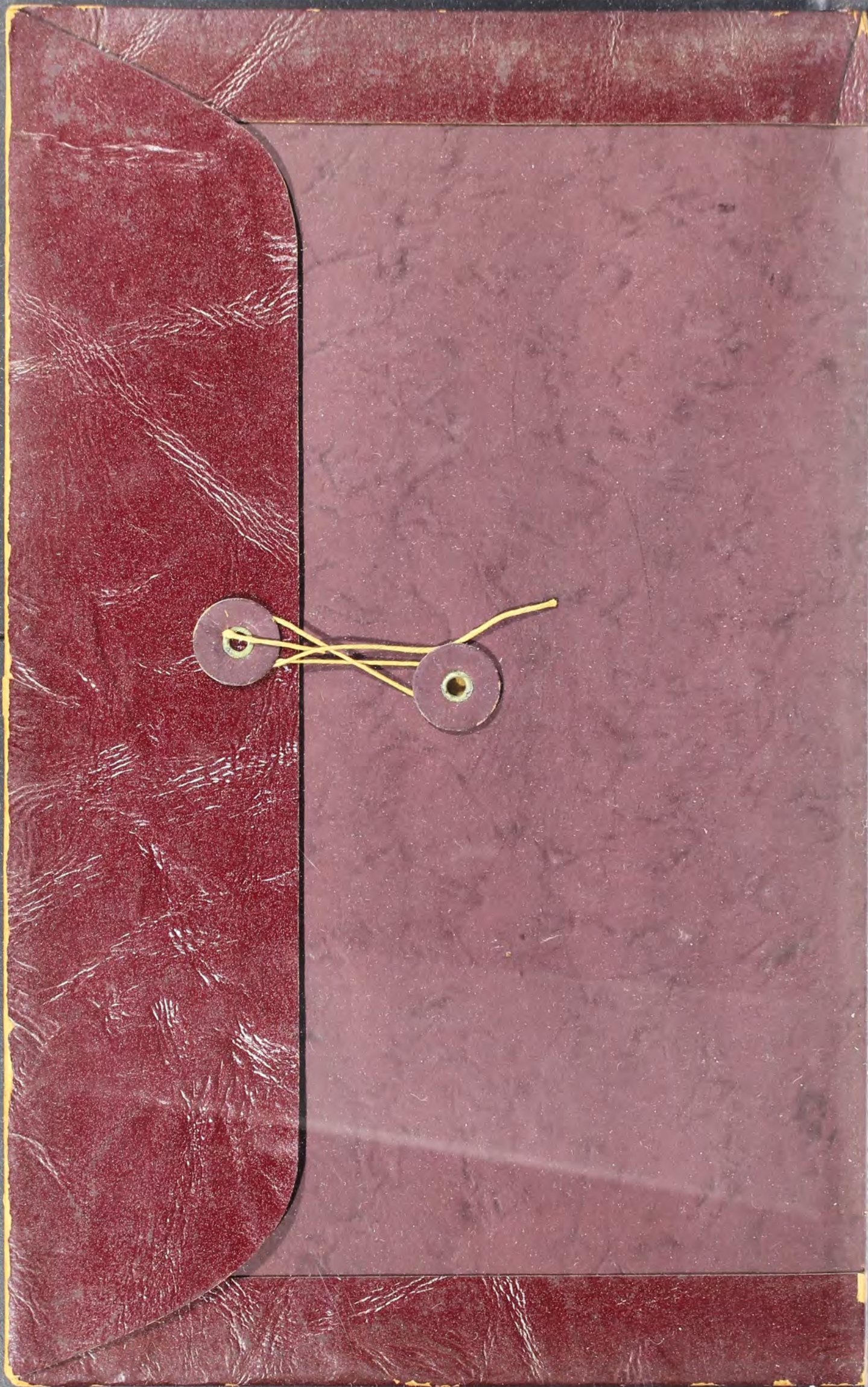
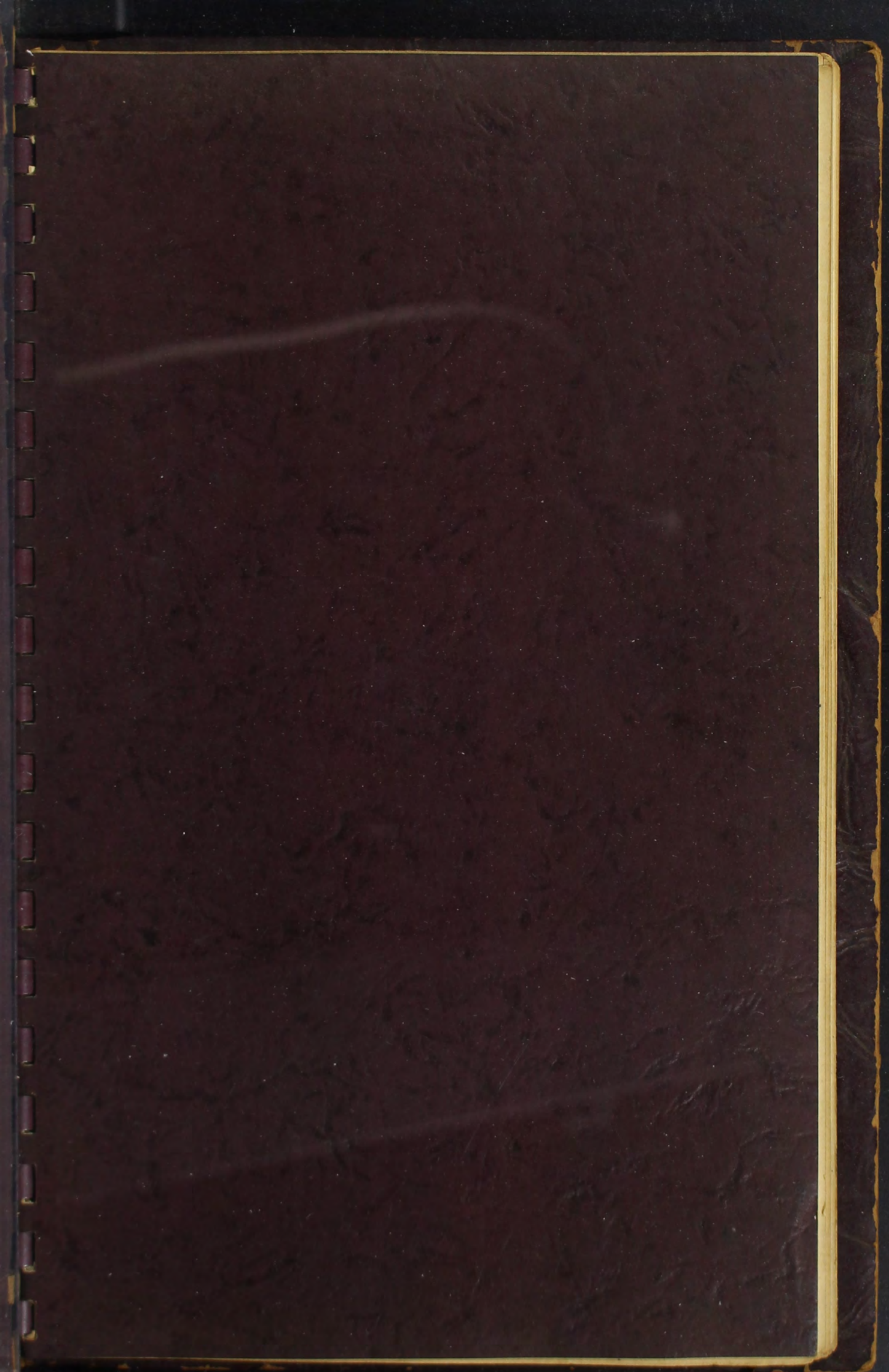
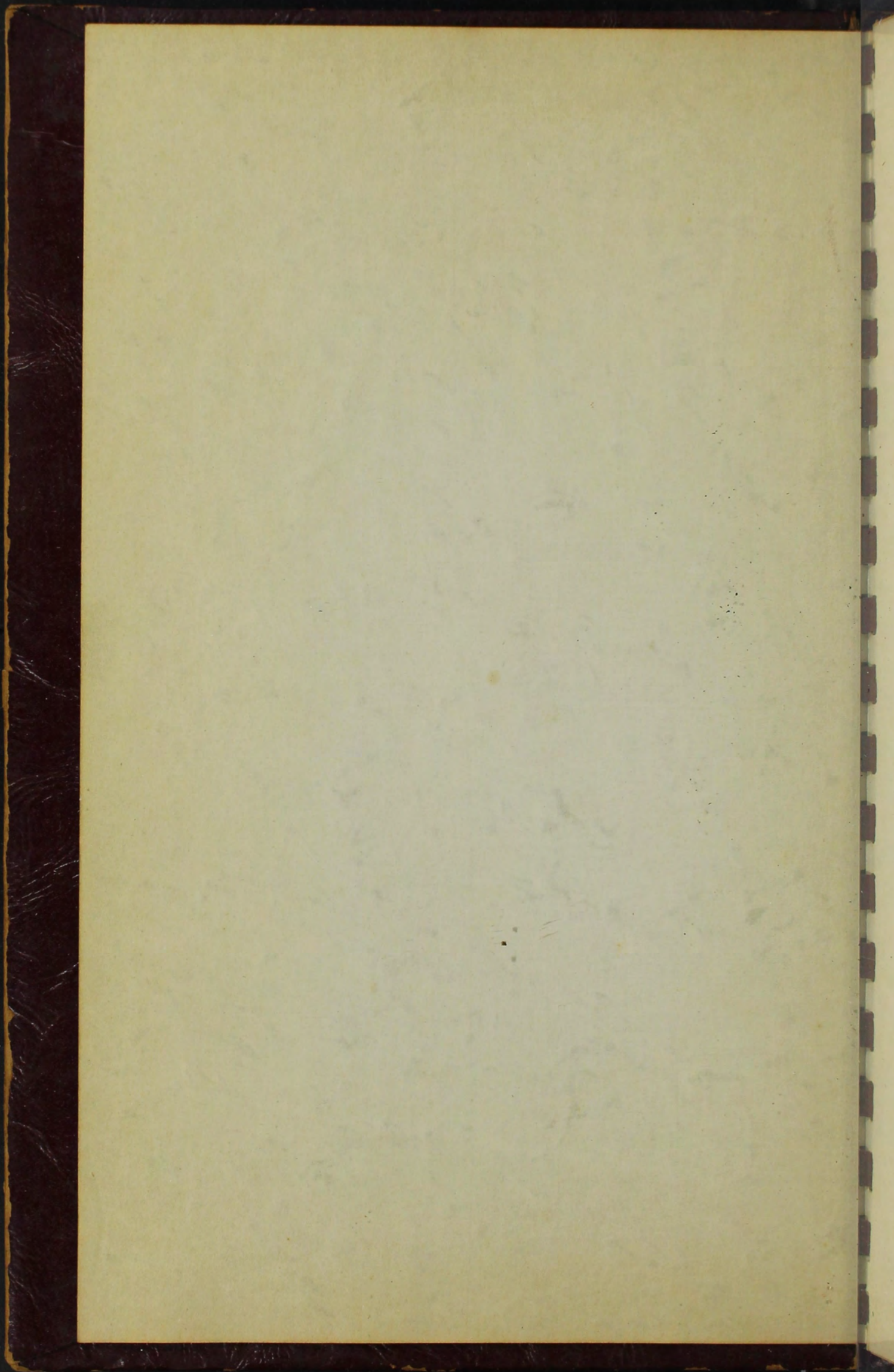


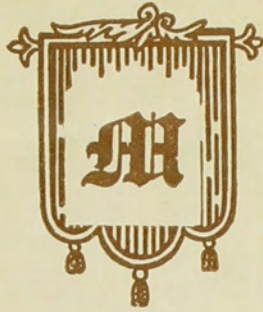
Memories











YOU intrusted to us a sacred obligation. We have endeavored to serve you in a manner which would lighten your burden of sorrow. Allow us to present this book of Cherished Memories in the hope that it will prove a comfort in the coming years.



The Morris Sons Co.
Funeral Homes
Dayton & Osborn, Ohio

PREFACE

If life is sacred it should not be allowed to perish. True, the body will return to the dust from whence it came but the remembrance of the life should continue. Someone has said "We are not dead until we are forgotten."

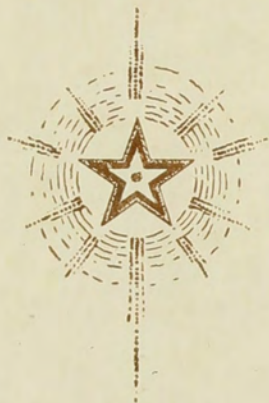
As a last tribute to our Loved One we have compiled the following data in the hope that this precious life shall ever live in the minds of the oncoming generations of our family.

George Stanley Martin
Sgt., U. S. G. A. Force

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh.
I have thee still and I rejoice."

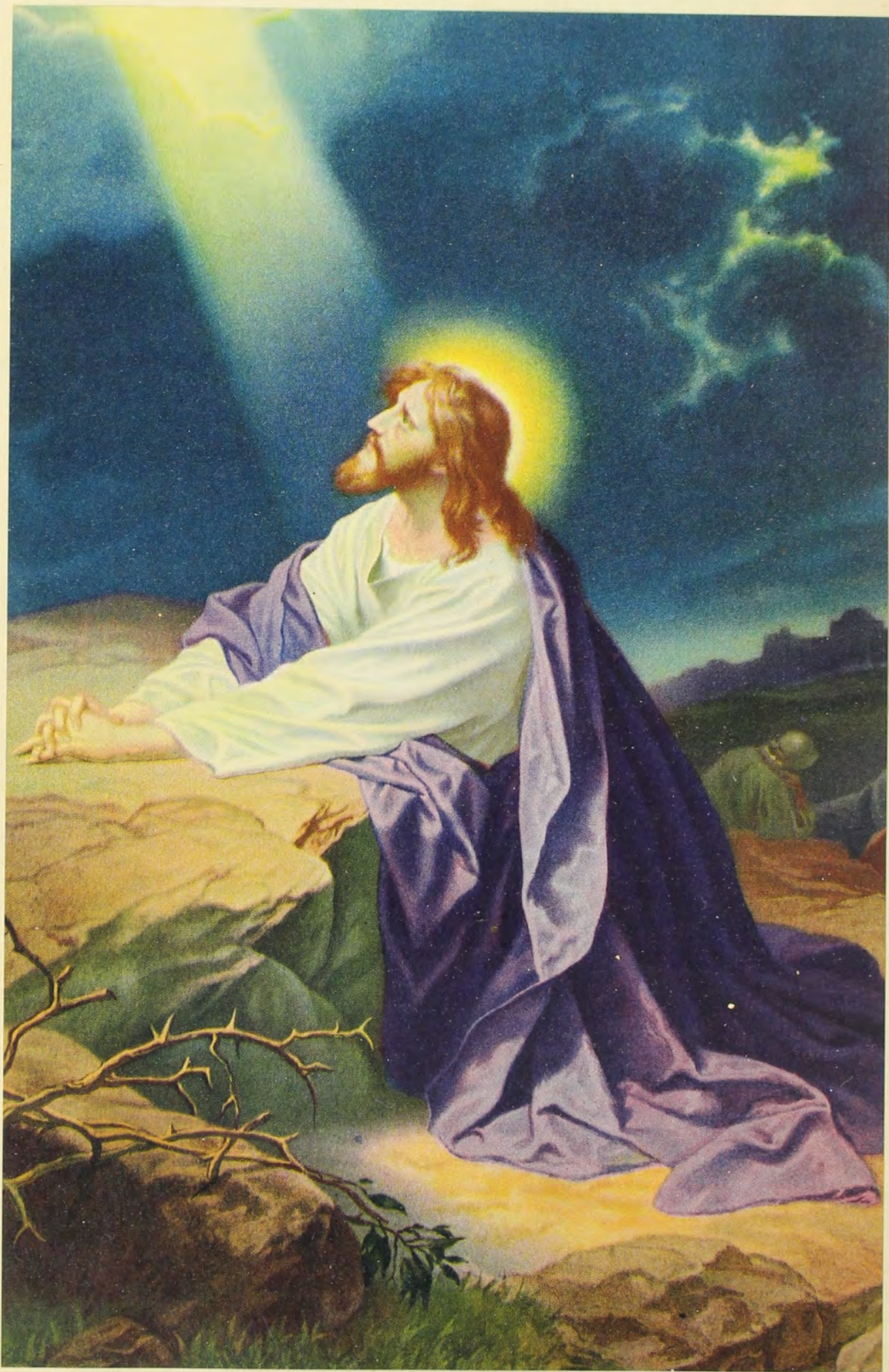
—Tennyson.

Hope Eternal



Dedicated

to those who mourn some departed one, in the hope that
it may lighten the burden which sometime
must befall all of us
and cause the sunlight of hope to
shine through the dark clouds
of Sorrow



In Memory Of

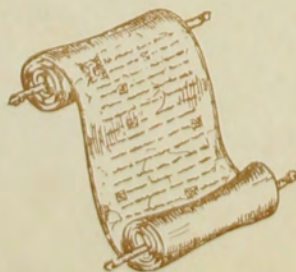
Stanley Martin

Cleveland, Ohio
PLACE OF BIRTH

Sept. 20, 1912
DATE

November 18, 1943
DATE OF DEATH

AGE 31 1 29
YEARS MONTHS DAYS



Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Alfred Tennyson.

Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no morn shall break
Till joy shall overtake
Their perfect peace.

—Christina Rossetti.

SERVICES

PLACE Linden Ave Baptist Church

HOUR 2.30 P.M. November 28, 1943

DATE _____

Officiating

J. H. DePuy - Pastor Linden Ave Baptist.

Sgt Maurice Maxwell - Escort

Morris Sons Funeral Home



Lead Kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—John Henry Newman.

Music

ORGAN SELECTIONS

ORGANIST Arthur Snider

SONG SELECTIONS

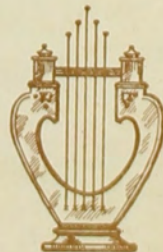
SPECIAL MUSIC

SELECTION "The Lord Is My Shepherd"

RENDERED BY Jessie F. Diehl

SELECTION "Sunrise Tomorrow"

RENDERED BY Jessie F. Diehl



The Rose Beyond the Wall

Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride;
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint and fall?
Nay! let us faith and hope receive;
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forever more.

—A. L. Frank.

"Light of the World"



Sermon Notes

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Notes from Sermon.

This is the Thanksgiving Season. Paul once wrote that we should "In everything give thanks". (I Thes. 5:18). This seems difficult at a time like this when sorrow is so keen in your lives. Yet, there are at least two reasons for gratitude today:

I. First we can be thankful for Stanley Martin.

He was a young man to love and admire. He was very dear to me personally. Certain scripture passages apply so well to his life.

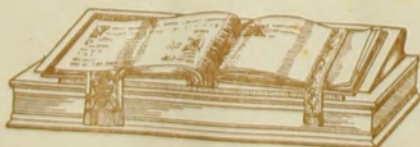
Ecclesiastes 12:1 - Stanley remembered God in his youth and never forgot Him.

Psalm 119:9 and 11 - He hid the Word in his heart.

I John 2:14 - He was strong against evil.

II Timothy 2:3 - He was a "Good soldier of Jesus Christ.

- (1) He was a good soldier of his country. He cared not for war. He desired not to destroy and yet, when his nation called him he responded willingly. He obeyed and did what he was asked to do. He paid the



The Rose Beyond the Wall

Near the wall

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Anc
Nay!
The

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Jus

The writer says it is like the anchor of the soul. The picture is of the boat riding the waves and facing the winds because an anchor holds to the rock beneath. We throw an anchor of hope out with the rope of faith. It fastens around the Throne of God and then we ride the waves of life and face the winds unafraid because our anchor holds -- this anchor of hope.

Let us always remember that Stanley is not "dead, he is just away". Let us remember that "His children cannot die - Like Thee they conquer the strife - to reign with Thee on high".

There is a hymn I wish sung by Mr. Diehl. We are familiar with that famous "Sunset and Evening Star" of Tennyson, and it is beautiful, but I prefer the one "Sunrise Tomorrow", for Stanley has entered the never ending day - the home where there is "No night", but "Where God gives the Light" (Rev. 22:5).

—A. L. Frank.

"Light of the World"



Sermon Notes

"SUNRISE TOMORROW"

1. When I shall come to the end of my way,
When I shall rest at the clost of life's
way,
When "welcome home" I shall hear Jesus say,
Oh, that will be Sunrise for me!
2. When in His beauty I see the great King,
Join with the ransomed His praises to sing,
When I shall join them my tributes to
bring,
Oh, that will be sunrise for me!
3. When life is over and daylight is past,
In heaven's harbor My anchor is cast,
When I see Jesus my Saviour at last,
Oh, that will be Sunrise for me!

Chorus:

Sunrise tomorrow, Sunrise tomorrow,
Sunrise in Glory is waiting for me.
Sunrise tomorrow, Sunrise tomorrow,
Sunrise with Jesus for eternity.



O happy soul, be thankful now and rest!
Heaven is a goodly land;
And God is love; and those he loves are blest;
Now thou dost understand;
The least thou hast is better than the best.

That thou didst hope for; now upon thine eyes
The new life opens fair;
Before thy feet the blessed journey lies
Through homelands everywhere;
And heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.

—Washington Gladden.

The World's Best Poetry

BEARERS

NAME James O. Hughes
ADDRESS Wright Field

NAME Frank T. Fergus
ADDRESS Wright Field

NAME Jim P. Fitzsimmons
ADDRESS Wright Field

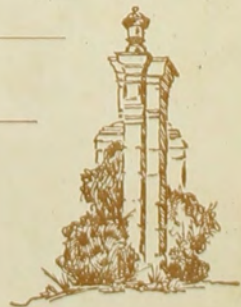
NAME Charles W. Yost
ADDRESS Wright Field

NAME Aubrey E. Haddis
ADDRESS Wright Field

NAME Robert L. Sondergelt
ADDRESS Wright Field

NAME
ADDRESS

NAME
ADDRESS



Calm on the bosom of thy God
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths and sad the bowers,
Whence thy dear smile is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In Heaven is now thine own.

—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

Final Resting Place

Memorial Park Cemetery
PLACE OF INTERMENT

12
SECTION

BLOCK

337
LOT

Dayton
CITY

Montgomery
COUNTY

Ohio
STATE

Laid to Rest

2:30 PM
HOUR

23rd
DAY

November
MONTH

1943
YEAR



There Is No Death

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! Although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away
They are not "lost" nor "gone."

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread.
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead.

—J. L. McCreery

Relatives Attending

22

Mable Pfeiffer - Cleveland, O.

Ruth Burk - " "

Eva Engelmann Cleveland

Anna Kinder Cleveland

Dorothy Smith Cleveland



"Goodby, till morning come again,"
We part, if part we must, with pain,
But night is short, and hope is sweet,
Faith fills our hearts, and wings our feet;
And so we sing the old refrain,
"Goodby, till morning come again."

"Goodby, till morning come again,"
The thought of death brings weight of pain.
But could we know how short the night
That falls, and hides them from our sight,
Our hearts would sing the old refrain,
"Goodby, till morning come again."

—Author Unknown

Friends Who Called

Mrs. Frances Paulstick

Ray Schmolle

William F. Powers

Margaret Spoh

Mrs. J. M. Puch

Mrs. Beulah Freyze

Mrs. Genevieve Gabbart.

Miss. Carmen E. Bergen.

Mrs. Mrs. J. H. DeBruy

Marie E. Schmalz

Mrs. Nora Laws

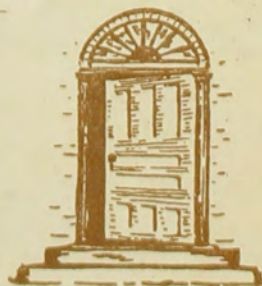
A. G. Benchie

Joseph S. Zahn

Lillie Stouder

Mario Shuff

Elizabeth Cole



Then mourn we not beloved dead
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day.
Immortal hope dispels the gloom;
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Friends Who Called

Mr & Mrs Geo. W. Fischer

Mr & Mrs A. B. Johnson

Mrs Chas. Lough

F. R. Carroll

Mrs Dorothy Bebung

Sarah C. Cochran

Mrs Mrs E. J. Clark

Phyllis McKown

Virginia Oda

Jessie Osterhaus

Bernard Kosko

Erwin W. Stines

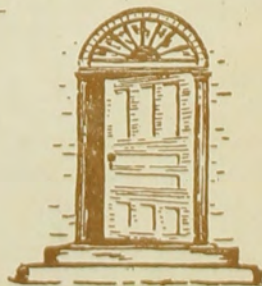
Jeannette Doty

Clare Dalton

Mr & Mrs A. P. Steiner

L. S. Degg

Mrs Alice Mullen



Friends Who Called

Mrs. H. A. Hunter

Charles Lough Jr.

Patrick Lough

Jay Davis

Mrs. Mrs. Vincent

Mr. Charles E. McMichael

Mrs. Henry R. Brimes

Mr. & Mrs. C. Brunschweiger

Mr. & Mrs. Joe Meyer

Patty Billows

Shirley Evesman

Mr. R. W. Evesman

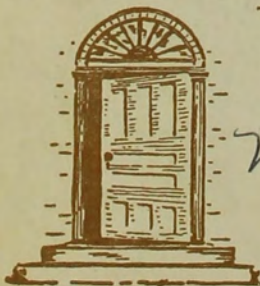
Mrs. Geo. Untchman

Mr. & Mrs. Charles Lees

Betty Belleville

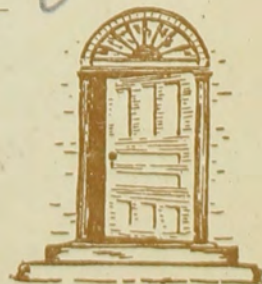
Mr. & Mrs. R. G. Young

Mrs. & Mrs. Bill Woolley & son



Friends Who Called

John Mc Michael
Mary Beulbaum
Mr & Mrs Louis S Carter
Mrs. and Mrs. Charles Herbert
Mr. & Mrs W. E. Moon
Mrs W. E. Martin
Corra + Helen Mattox
A. Cottrell
Edna + Davis
Leigh Sheppard
Mrs. J. H. Strenuous
Char. H. Loy
Robert F. Zimmerman
Mr & Mrs J. M. Davis, Jr
Betty E. Gray
Helen L. Gray
Mr & Mrs R. H. W. Speer



Friends Who Called

Mr & Mrs W. H. Strennuel

Mr & Mrs Leigh Shephard

Mr & Mrs H. T. Bryant

Mr & Mrs Elmer Macy

R. E. Nunbrock

Shirley Macy & BONNIE

Mr & Mrs Eliza & Ruth Hopping

Ralph Becker

Rosalie Bennett

Lillian Bennett

Edward Snyder

Mr & Mrs Clifford Scheible

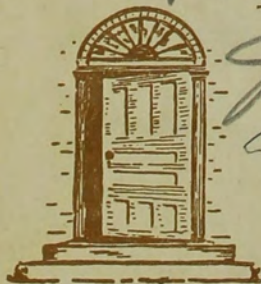
L. H. Keyser

Carl P. Owen

Mr & Mrs R. H. McBrath

Henry Bender

Mr & Mrs Robt L. Morris



Friends Who Called

Esther Green

Dick Walsh

Bob Scherbauer

Mr. & Mrs. Jos. Trefar

Mr. & Mrs. Joe Bailey + Jack

Wm. W. Chapin

E. H. Britner

H. Richards

Mr. & Mrs. L. J. Hagerman

Mr. & Mrs. E. C. Thomas + Shirley

Wealtha Bausman

Ardatk Lechner

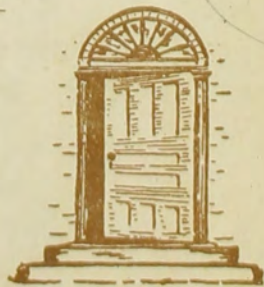
Mr. & Mrs. Elmer Dreyfus

Dr. & Mrs. C. A. Siles

Mr. & Mrs. Gus Leibold

Coletta Leibold

Jean Sullivan



Friends Who Called

Naomi S. Guener

Mr & Mrs Ed Stewart

W J Jones

Mr & Mrs Geo O'Bryan

Mrs John May -

Mrs. Wm. Ruemer.

Cpl R. M. Van Harlingen

Y Helen Glasscock

Mrs Ed Jay

Mr. & Mrs. Paul Leis

Mr. & Mrs Geo. Stroud

Mr & Mrs. C. S. Morrow

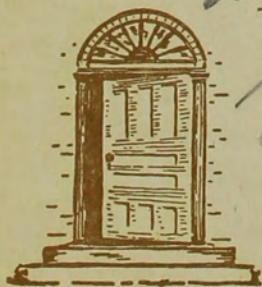
Mr & Mrs. Wm F. Sherer

T. S. Curtis

Mr & Mrs Geo C Horrell

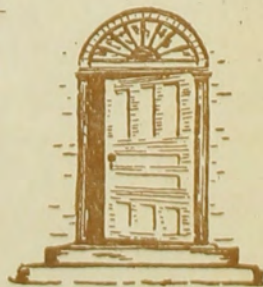
Mrs & Mrs J. Bonds

Mrs Elfrida Evans



Friends Who Called

Mrs. M. Walsh
Mrs. H. Korte
Mrs. Ruth Meeks
Mrs. Frank M. Wodys
Miss Lula Adams
Miss Blanche Stone
Mr + Mrs W. R. Campbell
Mrs Mrs. George Dannaker
Mrs. Paul Augustus
Mr. + Mrs Chas. H. Keef.
Mr + Mrs. Homer Baker
Mrs Jess Baker + Paul Baker
Evan Leibold
Mr + Mrs M. Ryan
Mrs. James F Korte
John + Eleanor Fettinger
Virginia Dickey



Friends Who Called

Mr & Mrs W. H. Stremmel

Mr & Mrs Leigh Shepherd

Mr & Mrs H. T. Bryant

Mr & Mrs Elmer Macy

R. E. Nunbrock

Shirley Macy & BONNIE

Mr & Mrs Eliza & Ruth Hopping

Ralph Becker

Rosalie Bennett

Lillian Bennett

Edward Snyder

Mr & Mrs Clifford Scheible

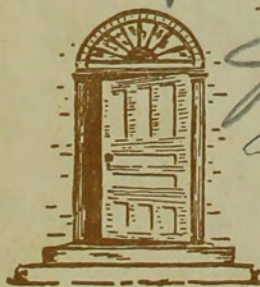
L. H. Keyser

Carl C. Owens

Mr & Mrs R. H. McBrath

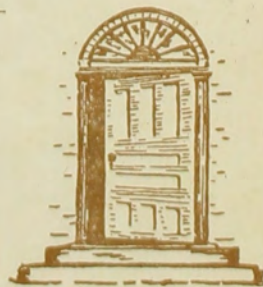
Henry Bender

Mr & Mrs Robt. L. Morris



Friends Who Called

Jean MacGruen
Phyllis MacGruen
Mrs. W. J. MacGruen
Mrs. Clyde Kahn
Bernice L. Hill
Esther Hill
Mrs. Eugene Hill
Betty Marquard





Flowers

Mr & Mrs M. Belleville

Mr Henry Bender

Mr & Mrs C. Braunschweiger

Mrs Brackhouse

Mr & Mrs Roger Campbell

Mr & Mrs Paul Campbell

Mrs Daum

Jay and Edna Davis

Mr & Mrs E. Fairchild

Mrs R. Franke & Wm. Franke

Mrs Henry Grimes

Mr & Mrs C. Jones

Mr & Mrs Wm. Johns

Mr & Mrs W. Killian

Mr & Mrs Harry Korte



Resignation

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

* * *

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,— the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

* * *

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

* * *

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Flowers

Mr. & Mrs. Koverman
Mr. & Mrs. Lang
Mr. & Mrs. Edw. Long
Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Long
Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Mc Michael
Mr. & Mrs. E. Middleton
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Rumer
Mr. & Mrs. Michael Ryan
Marie E. Schmalz
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Scherbauer
Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Unterberger
Mr. & Mrs. Earl Vick
Mrs. K. O. Walsh
Mr. and Mrs. F. Wilson
Yost Family



Flowers



Donnis, Martha & Paul Young
Mr & Mrs Lott. Young
Printing Dept. Wright Field
Beulah Freese
Printing Dept, Welfare Club, Wright Field
Myrtle Gross
Friends of Linden Ave. Church
Standards Dept., Duland
Duland Mfg. Co.
Virginia Decker
Edythe & Marvin Koratz
Mr & Mrs. Chris. Slomp
Terradell Guild
Aunt Eva & Uncle Frank
Anafred & Geo. Kling





Flowers

Students Soc. Baptist Choir

Uncle George Thomson

Lester Thomson

Florence Hathaway

Margaret Brown

Mr. Mrs Geo Danaker

Luby & Dorothy Parr

Misses Faye & Heda Wardlow

Teachers Jr. Dept. Students Soc.

Mr. Lutter

McGrath Family

Mr. Mrs Harold McGrath

Students Soc. Baptist S. School

Aunt Annis Winder

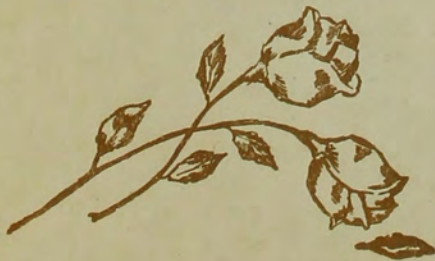
Ralph & Evelyn Winder



Flowers



Dorothy Sanford Smith
Army Air Forces Inspection Section
Employees Amer. Aircraft - Plant #2
American Aircraft, Plant #1
Mr. J. Ebeling, Amer. Aircraft
Mr. W. Swathwood, Amer. Aircraft
Variet Aircraft Co.
Dwight Mills, Amer. Aircraft
Joe Schaeff " "
Clarence Nickamp " "
Lee Nickamp " "
Carl Nickamp " "
Leonard Peterbaugh " "
Ed Hawk " "
Brookdale Men & Womens Clubs





Flowers

Consolidate V. G. C. Office

Paul & Harry Burke

Mabel & Myron Pfeiffer

Jess & Chet Thompson

Mr & Mrs Mrs. Korte

Cop. & Mrs. Jaa Korte

Mr & Mrs Chas. Herbert

Cousin Jessis, Bot & Gills

Mrs. Lucile Bond

Mrs. Freda Evans

Mrs. G. Nye

Mrs. Chas. Siegmüller

Mrs. Ed. Faulstich

Mrs. Wm. Mc Barron

Mrs. Harry Guil



Flowers



Mrs. Wm. Humbugh

Mrs Frank Burdge

Mrs Elmer Burdge

Mr & Mrs A. B. Johnson

Mr & Mrs G. W. Fischer

H. & Mrs. G. J. Eaton

Thompson Class - Linden by Church

W. W. G. City Council & Association

Jeanette Doty

Florence & Oscar Morrow

Virginia & Elmer Macy

Ed & Harold Green

Phil and Stevie

356th Bomb Squadron

Clovis Army Air Base

Clovis, New Mexico



Motor Cars Our Friends Donated

Esther Green

Virginia Macy

Florence De Meint

Carl Stevens

Mrs. Rott Young



Motor Cars Our Friends Donated

Former Employe Of Printing Plant Killed In Crash

Stanley G. Martin, 31, Printing Plant employe for eight years, in charge of Ditto Department, was killed in an airplane crash at Clovis Field, N. M., Nov. 18.

He entered the service April 10, 1942, and after completing a bombardier-gunner course attained the rank of Staff Sergeant. He was a graduate of Stivers high school. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Martin of 730 Linden Avenue, two brothers and three sisters. A brother, Alexander Martin, Jr., is employed in the Blue Printing Department. Of 60 employes of the Printing Plant in the armed forces, he is the first fatality.

Quiet of manner and of excellent character, Stanley was well liked by his co-workers.

... though
... it could not
... nature you could
... that was purer than gold.
... to those who knew him, and loved
him,
His memory will never grow old.
Sadly missed by wife and family.

IN LOVING MEMORY of Sgt. Stanley
(Bud) Martin killed in an airplane crash
Nov. 18, 1943.

As we loved you,
So we miss you;
In our memory you are always near,
Loved, remembered, longed for always,
For to us you are so dear.

Sadly missed by his parents, brothers
and sisters.

Cemetery Lots—Monuments

6-GRAVE LOT, section 6, Memorial Park,
RA 6213.



Newspaper Clippings

Daytonian Among 12 Crash Victims

CLOVIS, N. M., Nov. 19.—(AP) —Three Ohio army flyers and nine others were killed in the crash of a four-motored bomber from the Clovis army air base which fell and burned yesterday on a farm 12 miles northwest of Clovis.

The base public relations office identified the Ohio dead:

First Lt. Robert S. Hoff, pilot instructor, son of Mrs. Carrie W. Hoff, Road 3, Marietta.

Sgt. Stanley G. Martin, engineer, son of Mrs. Jessie H. Martin, 730 Linden av., Dayton.

Staff Sgt. Robert D. Trenary, radio instructor, husband of Mrs. Helen M. Trenary, 829 Nineteenth st., N. W., Canton.

Sgt. Stanley A. Martin, 31, was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander A. Martin, 730 Linden av. The parents



were informed of his death Friday morning in a telegram from the war department.

He was a graduate of Stivers high school and before entering the service, April 10, 1941, he was employed in the printing department at Wright Field.

Besides his parents he

is survived by three sisters, Eileen and Jean Martin, and Mrs. Helen Johnson, and two brothers, Alexander, jr., and James, all of Dayton.

Army, Navy Men Reported Killed

Sgt. Stanley G. Martin, 31, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander A. Martin, 730 Linden avenue, was killed in the crash of a four-motored bomber near Clovis, N. M., his parents were informed last night.

Born in Cleveland, he had lived in Dayton 16 years. A graduate of Stivers high school, he was employed in the printing department at Wright Field before entering the service in 1941. He was a member of Linden Avenue Baptist church.



Death of a Navy man, John Grandville Howard, pharmacist mate, Sgt. Martin third class, who was killed in action in the Pacific war zone, was reported to his mother, Mrs. Julia May Walton, 100 Proctor street, by the Navy department. He enlisted July 28, 1942, several days before his 17th birthday.

Sergeant Martin is survived also by three sisters, Eileen and Jean Martin, and Mrs. Helen Johnson, and two brothers, Alexander Jr., and James Martin, all of Dayton.

IT IS OUR DESIRE to extend our sincere thanks and gratitude to our relatives and friends for their kindness, expressions of sympathy and beautiful floral offerings received during our recent bereavement, the loss of Sgt. Stanley Martin. We especially wish to thank Charles Morris and Morris Sons Funeral Home for their kind and efficient services, Rev. I. N. De Puy of Linden Avenue Baptist church for his consoling words, Arthur Snider, the organist, and Leslie Diehl.

MR. AND MRS. A. A. MARTIN
AND FAMILY.

Newspaper Clippings

MARTIN—Sgt. Stanley G., age 31, of 730 Linden av., died Thurs. 2:30 p. m. following an airplane crash at Clovis, New Mexico. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. A. Martin, 3 sisters, Miss Eileen Martin, Miss Jean Martin and Mrs. Helen Johnson, all of Dayton; 2 brothers, Alex, jr., and James, both of Dayton. He was born in Cleveland and was a resident of Dayton for 16 yrs. He had been in the air corps since April 10, 1941, former employe of Wright Field in the printing dept, for 8 yrs. He was a member of Linden Avenue Baptist church. Funeral Tues., 2:30 p. m., at the Linden Avenue Baptist church. Burial Memorial Park cemetery. Friends may call at the residence after 4 p. m. Mon. The remains will lie in state at the church Tues. 1:30 p. m. until time of service.

MARTIN—We wish to thank relatives and friends for their many kind acts and floral offerings extended in our recent bereavement, the death of Sgt. Stanley Martin. We also wish to thank Mr. Charles Morris and the Morris Sons funeral home, Rev. I. N. DePuy of the Linden Avenue Baptist church; Mr. Arthur Snider, organist, and Mr. Leslie Diehl, soloist, for their understanding services.
Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Martin and Family.

In Grateful Memory

Our loyal member Sgt. Stanley Martin went home to glory last Thursday afternoon. He is the first of our own church members to pay the full price for the freedom of the world. In the office and army camp, in the home and in the church Stanley was a real Christian. May the good Lord comfort the family and bring "good" from the seeming calamity.

2 Daytonians



Sgt. Stanley Martin's Funeral On Tuesday

Funeral services for Sgt. Stanley G. Martin, 31, of 720 Linden av., who died Thursday at 2:30 p. m. following an airplane crash in Clovis, N. M., will be held Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. at the Linden Avenue Baptist church. Burial will be in Memorial Park cemetery. Friends may call at the residence after 4 p. m. Monday.

Sgt. Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex A. Martin, was a native of Cleveland and a resident of Dayton for 16 years. Before entering the Army Air Forces in April, 1941, he was employed in the printing department at Wright Field for eight years. He was a member of the Linden Avenue Baptist church.

Surviving, besides the parents, are three sisters, Mrs. Helen Johnson and the Misses Eileen and Jean Martin, and two brothers, Alex, jr., and James, all of Dayton.

Our rose was but in blossom,
Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the angels sing,
"Another bud of infancy
With holy dew's impearled!"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts,
In that day when I make up my jewels."

—Mal. 3:17.

Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels
His loved and his own.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

The Watcher

She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate;

And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet,

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late—
Watching from Heaven's window,
Leaning from Heaven's gate.

Heaven

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opens the gates Elysian.

—Nancy Woodbury Priest.

Death

I am the cloud that when earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
The waking from a dream that man calls—life.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave me now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave me now Thy servant sleeping.

How calm they sleep beneath the shade
Who once were weary of the strife
And bent, like us, beneath the load
Of human life!

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God.

O weary hearts, what rest is here
From all that curses yonder town!
So deep the peace, I almost long
To lay me down.

For, oh, it will be blest to sleep,
Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,
Till wakened in immortal strength
And heavenly light.

—Crammond Kennedy

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THE McDUARMID FAMILY.
IN LOVING MEMORY of Sgt. Stanley
(Bud) Martin, killed in airplane crash
Nov. 18, 1943.
Gone is the face we loved so dear,
Silent the voice we loved to hear;
Too far away for sight or speech;
But not too far for thought to reach;
Sweet to remember him who once
was here,
And who, though absent, is just as
dear;
At home in the beautiful hill of God,
By the valley of rest so fair;
Some day, some time when our task
is done,
With joy we shall meet him there.
Sadly missed by
MOTHER, FATHER, SISTERS and
BROTHERS.

A.

CONDITIONS
AND
RESTRICTIONS
UNDER WHICH LOTS ARE SOLD IN
MEMORIAL PARK CEMETERY

The Dayton Memorial Park and Cemetery is a Modern Burial Park on the Park or Lawn plan, with perpetual care and maintenance. A high standard of efficiency as well as the protection of the lot owner has caused the founders to establish the following conditions and restrictions, which control and govern the use of every lot in Memorial Park.

While some may appear arbitrary, each, however, has been adopted for the specific purpose of protecting and insuring the rights of the lot owner, as well as the care and maintenance of the Cemetery. Their purpose is to make and keep it a beautiful and orderly place, where in dignified quiet we may visit the resting place of our dead.

These conditions and restrictions, and the rules and regulations of the cemetery have been formulated after much consideration and long experience. They are for the benefit of lot owners, both in-

REPLY I.

By Edgar A. Guest.

My dears, I have so much to tell
A thousand letters won't suffice,
But grieve no more, for all is well,
And where I stay it's very nice.
Our heaven is not a realm of doubt,
Of streets of gold and amethyst,
But one where friends are all about -
The friends we loved on earth and missed.

'Tis true that here our sufferings cease,
For they were pangs of mortal clay,
And here from them is sweet release
And life is lived a better way.
With passing time we're not concerned,
So brief the span 'twixt there and here
Already this, my dears, I've learned;
God's Heaven and earth lie very near.

Remember now as days go by
I want you brave and strong to be.
And, since not far away am I,
Do all the tasks you can for me.
Keep Easter time and Christmas Day,
Let birthdays grow to memories fair,
And live the time that I'm away
As you would live if I were there.

CONDITIONS

AND

RESTRICTIONS

UNDER WHICH LOTS ARE SOLD IN
MEMORIAL PARK CEMETERY

Mr & Mrs Ed Schutz
Mr & Mrs M Ryan
Mr & Mrs ~~Chas~~ H. Leis
" " Paul Leis
" " Clifford Scheible
" " N Hunter
" " Elmer Higgins
Mrs Mary Cromwell
" Florence De Meut
Mr & Mrs Chas N. Neefe
" " Jim Marten
" " John Stradler

Teachers Jr. Dept.

Mrs. Luder

Mr & Mrs L. S. Gregg

Reproduction Day Shift

3rd Shift Blue Crest W. Field

Mr & Mrs Eddis Winners & family
Lucille & Jack (Cleveland) Anderson





