

229

**THE BULLETIN**  
**OF THE**  
**OXFORD SECOND**  
**PRESBYTERIAN**  
**CHURCH**

**OXFORD, NEW JERSEY**



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Rev. Andrew Gilbert Yount, Ph.D.  
*Pastor*

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*Come unto me, all ye that labour and  
are heavy laden, and I will  
give you rest.*

*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of  
me; for I am meek and lowly in  
heart: and ye shall find rest  
for your souls.*

*For my yoke is easy, and my burden  
is light.*

Matthew 11:28-30

STATED MEETINGS OF THE CHURCH  
SUNDAY SERVICES

Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.

Church Worship, 10:30 a. m.

Young People's Meeting, 7 p. m.

The Trustees meet on the first Tuesday of the month.

The Ladies Aid Society meets on the first Wednesday of the month, at 2:30 p. m.

The Lord's Supper is observed at Easter, and on the second Sundays of July, October and January.

The Annual Business Meeting comes in last week of March.

CHURCH OFFICERS

Elders—Abram Pittenger, Elisha B. Foss, Edward T. Green, Lewis Bergenback.

Trustees—Harry Miller, James Radel, George Docker, Jr., Charles Renner, Fred K. Sarson, Lewis E. Green, Edward Sharps, Charles Dux, Benjamin Green.

Treasurer—Lewis E. Green.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

Superintendent—E. B. Foss.

Asst. Superintendent—Mrs. Edward T. Green.

Treasurer—Miss Ida Smith.

Secretary—Alvin Renner.

Organist—Elizabeth Zapp.

LADIES AID SOCIETY

Honorary President—Mrs. Charles Renner.

President—Mrs. Benjamin Green.

Secretary—Mrs. Clark Wilkinson.

Treasurer—Mrs. Lewis E. Green.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

President—Emily Austie.

Treasurer—Chris Seiple.

Secretary—Helen Snyder.

CHOIR

Leader—Mrs. Edward T. Green.

Organist—Mrs. Benjamin Zapp.

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Bulletin No. 229. September 23rd, 1934

Morning Worship

Doxology and Invocation

Psalm 2

Hymn 33

Creed and Gloria

Scripture Lesson

Prayer

Offering

Hymn 248

Sermon

Hymn 171

Benediction

Prayer

"O Lord, we beseech thee, mercifully hear our prayers, and spare all those who confess their sins unto thee; that they, whose consciences by sin are accused, by thy merciful pardon may be absolved; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!"

Next Sabbath all services on Standard time. Let all make it the occasion to begin regular attendance at Church and Sunday School.

The date set for the Chicken-Waffle Supper in October 11th, two weeks from next Thursday.

We expect to have a new steam boiler to heat the church by Sabbath, October 7th. The Trustees have let the contract to Mr. Rush, and he promises to have it installed by that time.

The raising of money to pay for it goes on hopefully, and the spirit of willingness on the part of the people to give to it, is beyond all praise.

More than half has been obtained in cash or promise, and only one hundred dollars yet remains to be gotten. Let all who can do the best they can for it.

Mrs Margaret Baylor, of Dover, who visited in Oxford last week, left one dollar for the furnace, and also postage for the Bulletin.

Dr. Tunison is still confined to the hospital, the delay was caused by a cold that effected his heart.

Larl Trexler is also in the hospital and has been very ill, but is improving. The prayers of all will go up for them.

Mr. J.C. Pierson, of Watertown, Minn., in a letter to his niece, Mrs. Hilda Nelson Cortright, recalls his youthful days in Oxford. He writes:

"I am receiving the Bulletin regularly and it reminds me of old times; some of it when I worked there in 1873 to 1878.

The two blast furnaces were then in operation, as were the roll-mills, nail factory. We wondered to see the iron run like water as it flowed into small ditches made of sand; and so became what is called pig-iron. This was taken to the rolling mills and melted over again and then rolled into sheets of plate iron in sizes needed for the different nails. Shingle nails 1/16 of an inch thick, penny nails 1/8 of an inch, etc. The plates were 14 inches wide and about 12 feet long. These were sent to the nail factory and there cut into widths proper for the nails. That was where I worked with 14 other boys. We piled the strips according to size in bins.

They were next put into a furnace and heated red hot, then taken to the machines and cut into nails. The nails were cut up stairs; and from the machines they ran down stairs through a spout with a patent sorter, which took out imperfect nails. They were then packed in kegs and shipped.

I remember as if it were yesterday that we boys got 50 cents a day; so we agreed to go together to see Mr. Weston the manager, and try to get a little more pay. One of us was appointed to do the talking to Mr. Weston; so we went to the door of his office and knocked, but when the boys heard the walking of Mr. Weston as he came to the door, they all got scared and fled leaving me standing there alone. So Mr. Weston asked me what I wanted. I did not see why I should be scared, so I told him about the rest of the boys running away. He then had me come into the office and talked to me. He gave me a better job to run a machine at 75 cents a day.

The Westons mentioned in the Bulletin I suppose are the sons of that Mr. Weston.

A Mr. Scranton was time-keeper at the nail factory then, and a Mr. Lukens was Supt. of the Rolling mills."

(On June 27th, Mr. Pierson celebrated his 74th birthday. We wish him many happy returns. His brother Lars was an engineer in the mines, and Mr. Nelson worked there.

Reference has been made to the two brass bands that charmed and thrilled the people of Oxford a decade or two ago, it reminds one of the numerous musical addicts there were in the place. If there was a dwelling that did not have at least one kind of musical instrument, it was because the house was unoccupied. Time was, when a steady stream of delivery wagons came from Washington loaded with a contraption containing a bellows encased in an ornate piece of lumber, together with the necessary accessories to produce a mingling assortment of wierd and at times melodious sounds, while just above the key-board was inscribed "Daniel F. Beatty Organ Company--Box Harmonic Tremolo, et cetry."

This was in accordance with the times and reflected a desire to satisfy a longing for a musical atmosphere, which to say the least was commendable, besides creating a great amount of joy and happiness.

When I was informed on the way home from school one day that a piano had been placed in our home in Nailer Row, it did not arouse much enthusiasm, and I confided in Dad that a piano was alright for sister but I wanted a banjo. So we compromised and I took lessons on the piano. Many days of weary practice followed during which time my curiosity would be aroused by the sudden closing of windows of the houses in the immediate neighborhood.

It was perhaps not generally known, but an attempt was made at one time to organize a ladies orchestra, but it was a sharp and flat failure, for the very old reason that no girl could be found willing to play second fiddle. The leader evidently being unaware of the fact that one couldn't be found to play second fiddle in any sphere in life.

I attribute my limited musical education to the fact that many an hour I spent in Mechanic street at the home of George Scaring, pumping the organ while George pumped an abnormal amount of air into his piccolo. The way we could tear off some of the war songs and other melodies would make the cats on the back fence slink away with envy. We could produce a lullaby with such soothing tenderness that it never failed to cause a variety of snores among the listeners a-la-fortissimo. Once when I chided George for making an error he excused himself by saying a fly got on the

(over)

music and he played the fly for a note.

Music was a great factor in the harmonious feeling of the town folk.

Where there was music, there was also happiness; for it now as ever brings a touch of the divine that gives new hope, new life and new vigor.

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In a note Mr. Weston says:--

"The articles I am sending you have no historical value, and are written with one idea in mind--that they might bring a little cheer and perhaps a 'forced' smile from those who are confined to their homes for one reason or another. A case in point:

There is an old Oxfordite who has been paralyzed for two or three years, and up to a few weeks ago, had not been out of his house for 18 months. I called to see him and during the conversation asked him if he had ever seen the Bulletin.

He said he had not. I sent him some copies and the pleasure he derived from them cannot be told in words.

So we little know or perhaps do not realize, what a comfort and a blessing the Bulletin has been and is to a large number of people."

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Mr. Weston also asks --"When is the chicken and waffle supper to be held?

I want to be present to give an exhibition of how chicken food can be demolished.

Have you heard this one?

A minister was about to guide some chicken to the opening in his face when a man across the table said, "I see a chicken is about to enter the ministry." The minister, not to be outdone, replied, "Well, I hope it does better work than it did in LAY work."

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#### First Oxford School House

So far as we can learn, the first school house in Oxford was a stone building a little east of the R.R. Station but on the low ground at the foot of the rail road fill. Some of the stones still lie on the site. Wm. Hornbaker started to school there, and one of the teachers was David B. Shannon in the early 1860s, about the Civil War period.

As early as 1865 the public school was held in the old stone Chapel (Presbyterian) for then the congregation began to worship in the new brick church building. We need more information about that first stone school house, when built, teachers, etc

**EDWARD T. GREEN**

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