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The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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Minister



Therefore every scribe who is instructed in the kingdom of heaven, is like an householder who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old. Matthew 13:52.



And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. ----Rev. 22:17

"The whole life of our Blessed Lord was one continued Sacrament; it was one unbroken Communion Service, whose celebration lasted thirty three years.

"He was ever offering up his consecrated self to men." ---Faber.

"Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy Name; through Christ our Lord."

The Ladies Aid Society and the trustees will hold a joint meeting next Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Green.

There will be a supper and social evening conducted by the men of the Church about the last of the month. Plans have not been completed but will be announced in next issue.

One of the substantial improvements recently made on the church properties is the laying of new water pipes to Chapel and church buildings.

A pipe was put in from the new boiler in the church to a pit on the north side by which to drain the boiler in very cold weather, so as to avoid freezing and ruining it, as in the case of the old boiler last winter.

A new pipe was laid from the Manse to the church basement by which to fill the boiler as needed. Also a new line to the chapel. The old pipe froze up in winter, as it was too near the surface. The new mains were laid deeply.

All the labor for this work was done by the local Relief workmen, under the management of Mr. John Axler. Our hearty thanks are extended to them.

The Washington Star has just received another letter on the matter of the Old Furnace which gives a more favorable outlook than the one we referred to last week. Another member of the State Commission, Mr. Louis Sherwood of Montclair, writes saying:

"I quite agree with you as to the policy of acquiring historic sites in N. J. before they are destroyed or converted to commercial use.

"Governor Moore appointed a special committee a few months ago to consider the advisability of purchasing certain properties in the vicinity of the Furnace as well as the Furnace. I have seen no report, but it is possible that the same has been filed. I expect to see Mr. Marple, our Director, next week and will discuss the matter with him.

"At the present time the Commission has no funds for development of its plans, and has been obliged to stop work on new or contemplated plans.

"The annual appropriation from the State is merely sufficient to maintain in the most economical manner the properties now under the jurisdiction of the Commission.

It is possible that ex-governor Moore appointed this special committee at the suggestion of the Commission last fall after a study of the information we supplied them. If so then our fear expressed in last issue was groundless and it will be most promising to know that such a committee has been formed.

The Star expects replies from others on the Commission, giving the names of the committee. The Star kindly sends us a copy of the letters as soon as received, and we will pass them on to our readers. They will also be printed in the Star, thus creating a widespread interest in the enterprise.

The following receipts for the Bulletin Fund are here acknowledged:

George Weber \$2.00; Mrs. William Daves \$1.00; Claude Crarup \$1.00

The total amount of Christmas Seal sale received is \$35.00, which has been sent to the treasurer of the Warren Co. Health association.

Swimming Holes of Oxford in 1880s

By Edwin C. Perkins

Nature was indeed good to the youth of Oxford in providing so many places where, in the heat of a summer's day, they could off with their clothes and plunge into cool, refreshing ponds and streams.

If there is an old Oxford boy who does not thrill at the mention of some of these places--well, he certainly never got beyond the regular Saturday night wash-tub, placed in the middle of the kitchen floor, where steaming hot water and a cake of yellow soap awaited him, whether or not. (The girls, of course, used toilet soap).

Horrible as it is to relate, to the best of my knowledge, the town possessed but three honest-to-goodness bath tubs with running water. And I bathed in them all.

I say it boastfully, for it was a distinction. But I never got much "kick" out of it because I had to keep it secret.

Whether I was most forbidding in looks or best natured, I never knew; but the fact remains that upon numerous occasions I was called upon to guard these premises when the owners were out of town for the night.

Invariably as I gazed upon those wonderful roomy tubs, ere I lay me down to sleep, the urge for a swim came upon me. Thrills upon thrills. Did I have a splashy time?

Certainly. I tried every stunt I could think of. Water on the floor? Flooded, in fact. But I had been trained in the use of the mop, and except for the ceiling below, everything was quite all right when the families returned. The water sports was the best part of sleeping in those "grand" houses; for as I recall it, I was scared to death most of each night, not knowing what minute some desperado would appear to rob me--of what I knew not.

As I write this I am led to picture, mentally, just what happened up at the Fowler House upon these proverbial nights, where so many of our "best citizens" were domiciled. "A Busy Saturday Night at the Mansion House" is offered as a lead for some gifted scribe.

Further reflection upon this subject, in order that I may qualify as an accurate historian, suggests that I leave the number of bath-tubs in the town questionable.

And for a very good reason; for if there be those whose families possessed an institution of the sort mentioned, why, out of sheer family pride they will come forward

(Over)

and so state in an early issue of the Bulletin. And thus the goodly, hard working editor will be spared for a time, anxious moments as to where the next copy is coming from. However, should there be no such response it must be assumed that the above statement is authoritative.

Henceforth there remains only for the readers of the Bulletin to picture (in imagination) all the rest of the town twisting and squirming each Saturday night in that old slippery, splintery, wooden wash-tub, their eyes reeking in yellow soap and crying out in modest disdain at the offers of help, "you don't need to help me, I can scrub my own back."

But to think back upon the old Oxford days fills one with a conflict of emotions. So let us get back to some real thrills, the Swimming Holes.

The "gang" that usually worked together in these days, as I recall them now, included my broteth Harry, George and Joe Henry, Fred Ward, Harry Docker, Sidney Edwards, Henry Ward, Ed. Perkins and George Dearborn.

I speak with hushed awe and a soft purring of affection in my heart as I mention Green's Pond, the big and little Reservoir above the Blast Furnace, the pool below the R.R. Bridge adjacent to No. 3 Farm, and a pool in the meadow below Cat Swamp. Also the Race, or sluiceway, near the old Blast Furnace, which carried water to the Grist Mill. Then there was the Dam on the Store Field side of the R.R. track, below the big cinder dump and below the Donkey House which supplied water for the Rolling Mill. Upon occasion a pool in the Pequest creek near the furnace, and another near Brass Castle.

But the gem of them all was the one in Buttzville near the point where Lehigh Valley R.R. runs under the D.L. & W.R.R. bridge over the Pequest river. Here is where rang out upon many a summer afternoon the derisive chorus "Chaw roast beef, the beef is tough, if you don't chaw hard you'll never get enough."

For this was the triumphant song of the "gang" at having successfully tied hard knots in the clothing of the member who had forgotten to guard them.

The Bulletin solicits letters and articles from our readers. All surely enjoy those printed weekly but it takes many to keep a sufficient supply.



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