



248

The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

A. G. YOUNT
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.



Bulletin No. 248. January 27th, 1935

For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

---Isaiah, 54:10

Angels are round a good man, to catch the incense of his prayers, and they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he pleadeth; for the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before God continuously, and breatheth the native atmosphere of Heaven.---Martin Tupper

" O Lord, our God, we will exalt thee, we will praise thy Name; for thou hast done wonderful things. By the stars of heaven thou hast spoken; and in the heart of man thy voice is heard. Through thy Word thou hast given light; and in thy Son the brightness of thy glory is revealed; and thy mercy is everlasting through Jesus Christ our Redeemer. Amen."

Supper by Men Monday, Feb. 4th.

Buy your tickets now for the old fashion food supper, to be cooked and served by the men of the congregation.

The time is Monday evening February 4th. Service will begin at 5 P.M. come early and remain late. There will be music and other attractions.

Tickets 40 cents, Children 25 cents. Everybody is invited.

The men are requested to meet in the Chapel next Wednesday evening to prepare the room and make final arrangements.

Young men will be needed to wait on the tables and help otherwise,

Offerings for Benevolent Boards

We would call the attention of our Congregation to the need of supporting the general Boards of our Church.

Only two months yet till the end of our fiscal year. The offerings so far are very much less than they should be.

Only a few families contribute with regularity, and it is the part of all to do so. Put at least a little in the red pocket of your envelope each Sabbath. It is so greatly needed.

Mrs. Wm. Freeman--A Letter from
Samuel J. Cooper

Reference is made to an item in the Bulletin of 20th, inst., telling of the death of Mrs. William Freeman of Scranton, and who was a childhood resident of Oxford. If I remember aright, unwritten family history is that her father at one time lived in the first house above the present Presbyterian Manse, and in all probability she was born there.

Mrs. Freeman's mother was Hettie Jones Landis, daughter of Samuel Jones, Sr., and Martha Jones; and a grand-daughter of Elias Jones--"the educated Welshman,"--first of the family in this region; and who was born in a log house that formerly stood at the top of "Huffman's Hill," on the road to Belvidere, and was one of their eleven children born in that house.

Mrs. Freeman was named for her aunt Rachel Jones, who died in young womanhood. She was a niece of the older generation of Jones men who lived in and about Oxford.

She had two sisters, the older, Mary married Garret Smith, who I believe was a relative, possibly a brother, of the father of Miss Ida Smith. Her younger sister married a ---Colvin.

Her father, John Landis was a mason and he and his brothers-in-law, the Jones men, followed that trade in and about Oxford until he moved to Scranton.

As a boy I remember the East side of the road to Washington from the old stone store (since burned and the street corner rounded) corner to where the railroad to the blast furnace crossed it, was lined with beautiful elm trees. I was told that John Landis and John Jones dug the young trees in the woods, carried them in and planted them.

I remember Mrs. Freeman well as she was a cousin of my mother--both bore the same given name--and she and her husband, as well as our family were among the annual guests at the Thanksgiving gatherings at the home of William A. Jones, her uncle.

The span of her life was a little greater than that of any of her uncles and aunts, and nearly that of her grand-mother Martha Jones, who passed on in her ninety-seventh year. She led a sincere, Christian life to the end.

Many of our readers will thank Mr. Cooper for this genealogical information, it is very interesting and valuable.

A Strange Sinking Hole
By Patrick Kempsey

When I read the article on swimming holes by Edwin C. Perkins, I was reminded of similar experiences in those days.

As a boy of 15 I headed and nailed kegs for my brother who operated the Bluer, which was a cylinder about 24 inches in diameter by 12 feet long, having a shaft in the center which revolved on bearings at each end. This cylinder passed through a furnace and was heated to a very high temperature. The cylinder was higher at the point where the nails were dumped in from iron pots, and the other end was lower so that when the nails were revolved around in the turning cylinder they moved to the lower end and dropped into iron pots.

A man there would lift up the pots three feet to a platform and from there dump them into large bins. When they became cool they were packed into kegs, weighed, headed, nailed and branded the size and the makers. They were then ready for shipment to any part of the world.

But shew! Lets take a swim. Now at noontime come all the boys from upstairs--they were called the plate filers and pickers up and the trimmers--all headed for the Dam at the Pump House below the Cinder dump.

Can you believe it, On many hot days we would remove only our shoes and plunge in the water with all the rest of our garments.

Returning to work, we would go back through the Plate Mill and stop for a blast of heat from the heating furnace to help dry our clothes. Many of the older men would try to tell us we were ruining our health, but we could not see it that way. Anyway I don't think Pneumonia had arrived in this part of the world; at least it had not stopped off at Oxford. I think it was

afraid of fire; as you know we had good and plenty of fires when the blast furnace, mines, rolling mill, nail mill, and many other smaller fires were burning in those days.

Well, the most frequently visited place for swimming was below the Cinder dump at the blast furnace. It was called the deep hole for the water came up to about our chin.

Among the boys who came to this hole was one who lived on Cinder street, and was forbidden at all times by his mother to go there. But he could not see it that way, and managed to get there with the other boys. When she missed him from home she would come through a dense growth of vines and brush on a pathway leading right to the swimming hole. (over)

The first thing we knew she would be pelting us with stones.

So we had to scurry away through briars and brush, then wait until we knew she and her boy were well on their way home.

Swimming has a temptation for boys.

I have known boys at work down in the mines, who were called Nippers, whose duty was to supply the miners with oil for their lamps and drills, to go swimming in the Sump whence the pumps drew the water to discharge it at the surface.

Just think; two hundred feet under ground where it's nice and cool, as if being in a milk house where the temperature is kept about right. But when the urge for a swim takes a boy, nothing can hold him even though it's in the mines two hundred feet under ground.

Oxford Historic Notes

The first Settlers were John Axford and George Green. An old reference to them is found in an old History of New Jersey entitled, "Barber and Howe's Historical Collections", published in 1844.

It says, "Oxford Furnace has an iron furnace, grist-mill, store, and half a dozen houses.... The Tradition is, that on coming into the country they ascended Rattlesnake hill, and there climbed a tree to survey the country and fix upon a spot for their residences."

The date of this prime event in Oxford history is veriously given from 1726 to 1730. Axford chose land on this side of the Pequest and built a log house near the great spring below the R.R. Station and Green selected a place beyond the river and made a home at the South end of Mountain Lake (Green's Pond).

This quotation above is the first and only time we have had the hill named that the story relates to, and it is very naturally the right place.

Those who have been on top of Rattlesnake hill will remember the fine panorama visible from that lofty view point. One looks down upon Green's Pond and does not wonder that he should wish to live by it. On the other hand Axford, would be attracted by the rich land to the south east, and if or when he found the fine spring at the head of the valley he would not hesitate to settle there.

Axford gave the name to the town and Green to the beautiful little lake.

Too bad it has not been retained!



CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, Moderator

Elders

ABRAM PITTENGER
EDWARD T. GREEN

ELISHA B. FOSS
LEWIS BERGENBACK



Board of Trustees

JAMES RADEL

HARRY MILLER

GEORGE DOCKER, JR.

CHARLES RENNER

FRED K. SARSON

LEWIS E. GREEN

EDWARD SHARPS

CHARLES DUX

BENJAMIN GREEN



Church Treasurer

LEWIS E. GREEN



Sunday School

Superintendent E. B. FOSS

Assistant Superintendent MRS. EDWARD T. GREEN

Treasurer MISS IDA SMITH

Secretary ALVIN RENNER

Organist MISS ELIZABETH ZAPP



Ladies' Aid Society

President MRS. BENJAMIN GREEN

Secretary MRS. EDMUND ORAM

Treasurer MRS. LEWIS E. GREEN



Choir

Leader MRS. E. T. GREEN

Organist MRS. BENJAMIN ZAPP

