



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 a householder who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old. Matthew 13:52.



Motto Text

Or despiseth thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance, and longsuffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance...Romans 2:4

O Christ who art meek and lowly in heart; We humbly crave thy spirit of gentleness to curb the evil impulses of our human nature and fit us to meet the trials and perform the duties of life in strength and confidence.

Enrich us with thy heavenly graces that we may gladly serve thee in the beauty of holiness, and that our pilgrimage here may be passed in peace and quietness, and end in lasting joy. Amen

Easter Plans

Easter comes late this year--April 21st, which enables us to hope for warm and appropriate weather.

The morn hour of worship on Easter is always are most important service during the year.

The Choir will render a fitting musical program, and the Lord's Supper will be administered. New members will be welcomed of whom we expect there will be several.

On Easter evening the service will be in charge of the Young People.

They are preparing a number of musical pieces, and also other features to make it an interesting service.

Does Oxford Want Sunday Saloons ?

This question will be answered next Saturday at 2.P.M. in the public school building when the Town Committee is to act upon it finally.

The licensed dealers have petitioned for that privilege, and unless the people take proper action to oppose it, they will get it.

Neighboring towns do not allow Sunday selling, and it would make Oxford a resort for drinkers from all regions.

We have too much drinking and too many drunkards in Oxford already. Surely we do not want to sully the name of our town by outside parties in addition.

The effect would be evil for our young people, and harmful to general welfare.

In the death of William B. Cobb Oxford has lost its last Civil War veteran.

He was in his ninetieth year, and for many months his strength had been slowly ebbing away. The end came in peace on March 23rd, at his home in the presence of his children.

He was born in Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1846, and his parents, David and Catherine Cobb soon after moved to Oxford. In his early youth he went to work in Scranton, where the owners of the Oxford furnace and mines had started a furnace and rolling mill, and found employment there as a machinist. In 1862 he enlisted in the Penna. Militia and was in the Battle of Gettysburg. He later enlisted in the U.S. Signal corps and received training in the army school at Georgetown, and was sent to Tenn. and was with Sherman till they got to Atlanta. He was thence called to Washington, and sent to N. Carolina, where at Raleigh he ended his army career in a dramatic manner, which he related to the Editor two years ago. Sherman had arrived with his victorious army at that place, and had brought to bay, the last Confederate army under Johnston, and General Grant hastened there to complete the terms of surrender. Cobb and a tent mate were camped in the front yard of a city house, and early one morning, while he was making coffee on a fire Grant, Sherman and Johnston, rode along, and Sherman recognising Cobb, rode up to the fence and asked if they might have a cup of coffee, saying, "Partner can you give us some coffee?" Cobb said yes and began to serve it in tin cups on the fence. Johnston objected; "Do you eat the private soldier's mess?" Grant replied, "Yes, if we did not we should have starved."

As they drank and conversed with Cobb Sherman asked about his tent mate who was recovering from Yellow fever, and took his tablet and gave Cobb an order on the Commissary for choice food for an invalid.

When the surrender was completed Sherman directed Cobb to go to the top of the Capitol house and send up a parachute of many colors, the signal for the end of the war.

After the war Cobb came home to Oxford, married, and spent his life as an expert machinist, living at times in Scranton and Oxford.

His parents being in religion Quakers Mr. Cobb always adhered to that form of faith which determined his upright and sturdy character. (concluded on last p.)

Old Oxford Days---Popular games

By Clinton E. Weston

In reflecting on the old days, one wonders if the same games are being played by young people of to-day in the same way; or whether in the changes of time most of them have been discarded to be replaced by others.

Oxford was athletically inclined both among the older as well as the younger element, and all through the year some kind of sport was indulged in. In the spring marbles were the vogue among the boys and also with many older men. I have seen crowds of men around a ring made at the intersection of Tunnel Hill and Mechanics street shooting at a pile of "commies" piled in the center. No "hunching" was allowed under penalty. Every boy carried an "Allie" that was a prized possession, and while his other marbles would be swapped, not that particular one.

A walking track was made at one time near the same intersection and all walkers had a chance to show their skill and stamina. One of the popular walkers was a man named Dan Hickey--a large fellow who usually walked away with the prizes. The expression "Hickey on his last mile" became a bye-word. If memory serves me right I noted George Humphrey once with a split-second watch timing the walkers, but do not remember that he was a "heel and toe" addict, though I doubt not he could walk fast if occasion required.

The many simpler games were of course indulged in; such as duck-on-the-rock, fox and goose, follow the leader, etc., but there was one game that was amusing, called Pum-Pum-Pillaway, always played in the evening. One fellow, the judge, sat on the ground and leaned against a tree or stump, while one of the boys who was chosen "It" leaned over with his head in the judge's lap. Each fellow placed a finger on "It's" back when the judge began with each finger using these words, "To the east, to the west, to the cuckoo's nest. Where shall this one end that one go?" The "It" would then designate some place usually miles away where the fellow was supposed to go. After all was disposed of the judge began tapping the fellows back and calling loudly, Pum-Pum-Pillaway. When all the boys came in they would pummel "It's" back and join in the chorus. The last one arriving would be the "It". The funny part being that no one of the fellows would go where he was sent, but each would select a convenient hiding place near at hand so as to be the

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first one in. One of the sights in spring when March winds were blowing were the numerous kites flying from various sections of the town. Some of them were quite artistic and made an impressive sight. When kite-flying was out small groups here and there were playing mumbly-peg or jacks.

To mention the innumerable and various games, including those played at parties, such as Spin-the-Plate, Drop the Handkerchief, Post-Office, etc., would take too much time. The most violent sport took place at Halloween, when cabbage stumps and other vegetable matter would be hurled at doors, tick-tacks fastened to windows and out-houses turned upside down.

The following morning had all the appearances of a hurricane visitation.

In reverse to this was the beautiful custom of the May flower celebration.

These flowers were gathered days in advance and made into baskets, hearts etc.

In great expectancy the first day of May was awaited when in the evening they could be hung on the door-knob at the home of the girl who had you both coming and going, then gently knocking on the door you were supposed to run out of sight but was often broken when the young swain lingered to see the only her take it gently from the knob and giving every effort to appear surprised; but she wasn't, for she had been peeking out of the corner of the window expecting it.

There is nothing that people everywhere retain with more happy thoughts than the games played from earliest childhood to the passing out stage. An inspiring scene is to go into any toy store and watch children having the time of their lives utterly oblivious of their surroundings, so enthusiastic are they playing with the toys of their choice.

Bring out an old toy that has not been seen for years and what an inward smile it brings as you handle it with an affectionate recollection.

(Mr. Cobb, concluded)

His surviving children are Robert Cobb of Scranton; Mrs. H. B. Heller of Stroudsburg; Mrs. Willis Altemus, Mrs. Morris Swick, and Mrs. James Brittin all of Phillipsburg; and George Cobb, of Denville.

The funeral was on Tuesday, March, 26th from the home, and burial in Hillside cemetery, with a military salute.



CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

ABRAM PITTENGER	ELISHA B. FOSS
EDWARD T. GREEN	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

<i>Superintendent</i>	E. B. FOSS
<i>Assistant Superintendent</i>	MRS. EDWARD T. GREEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	MISS IDA SMITH
<i>Secretary</i>	ALVIN RENNER
<i>Organist</i>	MISS ELIZABETH ZAPP



Ladies' Aid Society

<i>President</i>	MRS. BENJAMIN GREEN
<i>Secretary</i>	MRS. EDMUND ORAM
<i>Treasurer</i>	MRS. LEWIS E. GREEN



Choir

<i>Leader</i>	MRS. E. T. GREEN
<i>Organist</i>	MRS. BENJAMIN ZAPP

