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Abram Pittsenger
short Indian -
Revolutionary War

The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

A. G. YOUNT
Minister



Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.—Deuteronomy, 32:7.

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.
-----Jeremiah 9: 23-24.

"Almighty God, the refuge of all that are distressed, grant unto us that, in all trouble of this our mortal life, we may flee to the knowledge of thy lovingkindness and tender mercy: that so, sheltering ourselves therein, the storms of life may pass over us, and not shake the peace of God that is within us. Whatsoever this life may bring us, grant that it may never take from us the full faith that thou art our Father; through Jesus Christ, Amen."

The meeting tonight will be led by Mrs. Charles Dux. Time 7 P.M.

The Annual Fair and Chicken Waffle Supper will be held next Wednesday. Supper will be served from 5 P.M.

The ladies request that all who can, both men and women, will come to the Chapel Monday (tomorrow) evening at 6:30 to dress chickens and prepare tables, etc.

The early prayer meeting Thanksgiving morning was well attended, by our own people and by several visitors from a distance; a delegation came from Belvidere, and two brothers, Jerry and Fred Zwall, sang a duet which helped the service much.

An impressive feature was the Christening of Violet Ruth Adelea Bell, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bell.

The offering of \$5.00 was for our mission board. It was a good meeting.

Mrs. N. B. Osman, formerly Mrs. Neyhart, has sent the church, by Elder Foss, \$10.00. She has been a member since 1924. Her home is now near Hope, and we send our thanks and greetings.

We have recently received some very interesting old business documents, which shed much light on the affairs of the old furnace, from 1839, when George and Selden Scranton first bought it, and for several years thereafter.

Our neighbor Mr. James Gamble brought two old letters given him by Mr. M. J. Marnel of the Standard Silk Co. of Phillipsburg.

One of them, dated March 9, 1843, was to S. T. Scranton written by M. Lefoulons, N. Y. City, dealer in fire brick, in reply to an order from Mr. Scranton for bricks to line the furnace. It states that the bricks wanted were unusual type and that he would have to have them made to order. But that he had a large supply of ordinary kind which he offered for \$40.00 a thousand.

He reminds Mr. Scranton of a promised draft to pay for a protested note given by Scranton, Grant & Co., who were then developing the iron works at Scranton, Pa.

The other letter is from Dan'l Van Buskirk, of Danville N. J., requesting S. T. Scranton to collect a note given by H. H. Hoffman who was a wood Chopper for Mr. Scranton.

The latter it says, had promised to try and collect it and send to Mr. Van Buskirk.

On the back it is noted that this was done.

The date of the letter is March 22, 1843.

By a strange coincidence a few days later, Mr. Edward T. Green sent us a large number of similar letters, bills etc., covering the same period. These documents give positive knowledge of the business affairs of George and Selden Scranton in the period of starting their great business both in Oxford and in Scranton, Pa. We shall give details from this supply in future issues.

Mrs. Frederick Fowler, of Hackettstown, sends a nice note with \$5.00 for the Bulletin "in memory of Mr. Fowler."

She adds graciously, "Best wishes and good success for the Bulletin as well as every body and every thing in Oxford."

Mr. C. E. Weston also rallies to the Bulletin fund with a check for \$ 3.00.

Also Mr. William Schweikert contributes \$1.00 for the same.

For all which many thanks.

Due to the successful negotiations for the rehabilitation and perpetual care of the old blast furnace, it is fortunate, in the light of the notoriety given it, that its keeping is made safe and secure before a certain automobile manufacturer and antique collector purchased it for either of his museums. Just how it would fit in to associate with other old relics of by-gone days is not conceivable, and while undoubtedly it would appear as stately and dignified as its ancient brethren, the impression, unmasked opinion, is that it would be as out of place away from its present location as a moth on a suit of armor.

Sentiment lives and flourishes, as is shown in the belated resurrection from partial obscurity and decay of this old relic, and thus is added incentive other than the annual reunion, for former residents to return and commune with former associates and old associations.

Mention is occasionally made of old timers who were well known in Oxford. One being Mrs. William Poole, formerly Miss Naomi McFall, a school teacher. I recall both her and Mr. Poole very well, although I was at the age of still believing in Santa Claus during her regime. The impressions made on a youthful mind are lasting, and, as often follows, of an unusual nature, so I will admit of my mind picturing her as having beautiful curls. Another instance was her participation in a spelling bee that was held in the M. E. Church, which I believe was sponsored by Mr. Flitercraft, another former school teacher mentioned, and unless memory betrays me, she walked off with one of the prizes. How nice it would be if Mrs. Poole could attend the next reunion and give some of her impressions of Old Oxford.

Recently I took a ride through Cat-Swamp to and past the County House, and I can recommend it as a beautiful drive. With every turn of the wheel came memories, and going at 35 or 40 would mean one's mind is exceeding the speed limit. Turning from the main highway into Mechanic street you will then pass houses formerly occupied by well known neighbors. On the left were Thomas (Jabez), Reagan, Sparrow, Kean, Cutsler, Burd, Johnson, Bush and Lane. On the right: Sullivan, Sweeney, Searing, Lanning, Ward, Brewster and Harvey. (over)

All of this section, Mrs Theo. Stout recently told me, was formerly Farm No. 2 which accounts for all the apple trees left standing when that section was developed. The farm house must have been the one to which Banj. Walton took his bride, and was later occupied by Dan Thomas and his folks. Right across the road from this old house stood a large white-washed barn.

Continuing over the railroad bridge, at the right was a fine apple orchard, now a grain field, and just beyond the farm house, occupied then by Hendershot and where we used to get our milk.

Going there at an early hour of a winter morning after a little rapping the door would open and Sally (Mrs. Theo. Stout) would say, "Come in Clinnie and bring your blickey. Stand by the fire place and get warm." When she returned with the milk, an apple or cookey or a piece of pie would come with it.

It is reported that in some localities four lane roads have been made to County

Houses, in order to take care of the congested traffic of the last four or five years; but here is a two lane road that will create a thrill to all nature lovers, and when you come to the end that leads on to the concrete high-way you will have the same urge as the writer to turn around and take an encore.

A Story of the Revolution

The Pittenger family have a tradition about their ancestor, Abraham Pittenger who was a soldier of the Revolutionary War. He was at the time in a Camp of troops in a region surrounded by the Indians, who had been incited by the British officers in Canada to war upon the Colonists. On this occasion Pittenger was sent out to forage for wild game, and while thus employed he saw an Indian ready to shoot him.

Pittenger dodged behind a tree, and placing his cap on the muzzle of his rifle stuck it out the side of the tree. Instantly the Indian shot it, and then Pittenger slowly lowered the cap to make it appear he was killed and falling down. The ruse worked, and the Indian ran to get his scalp. But he was easily shot by Pittenger, who reported it at the camp.

This tale was told us by our Mrs. Robert Bush, the great grand daughter of the hero.



CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

ABRAM PITTENGER
EDWARD T. GREEN

ELISHA B. FOSS
LEWIS BERGENBACK



Board of Trustees

JAMES RADEL
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Church Treasurer

LEWIS E. GREEN



Sunday School

Superintendent E. B. FOSS

Assistant Superintendent and Treasurer
MRS. EDWARD T. GREEN

Secretary ALVIN RENNER



Choir

Leader MRS. E. T. GREEN

Organist MRS. BENJAMIN ZAPP

