

*The*  
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH


OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

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*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.*



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And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true; and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ.  
---I John, 5:20.

"O Lord, renew our spirits and draw our hearts unto thyself that our work may not be to us a burden, but a delight; and give us such a mighty love to thee as may sweeten all our obedience. May we not serve thee with the spirit of bondage as slaves, but with the cheerfulness and gladness of children, delighting in thee our heavenly Father, and rejoicing in thy work. Amen."

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#### Bulletin Announcement

It is our present plan to issue the Bulletin every two weeks during the Summer. We have had in mind the omission of the five weeks in August. But that would make a long gap between issues and we believe our readers will prefer to get it regularly in a two weeks period.

There are many reasons for this plan; the chief of which is the Editor's desire for easing up the task of a weekly edition.

For nearly a year it has been issued every week, and as it takes about three days each week of real work to get out an edition of 200 or more copies, we feel the need of a little let up in the steady toil for so long a time.

Another matter is in our mind. We have had the desire for over a year to visit several libraries to look for new historical information about the Colonial period of the Old Furnace, to enable us to prepare an authentic account of the history of that time. We have had good success so far in finding new facts, and hope to get many more.

There is no published history of the furnace for that period that is at all accurate. So this extra time will not be spent in ease or pleasure seeking. The next issue will be on July 26th.

## Old School Houses and Teachers of Oxford

The first school house was the old stone building that stood east of the R.R. and N.E. of the Station. Some of the old stones still lie on the spot. When it was first built and for what purpose originally, we have no information. Our guess is that it dates from the Morris Robeson time, before 1830, but whether used then for a school house we cannot say.

The earliest record we have of its use as a school room is 1860, when Dexter Campbell taught there.

It is safe to say that school was kept there several years before that date, but no names of teachers have come down.

We have one fixed date, the years 1861 and 1862, when David D. Shannon was the teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hornbaker attended the school then and have preserved cards with the title, "Reward of merit for diligence and good behavior." These were issued by Mr. Shannon on the above dates. The next year the teacher was a Mr. Pendleton, who was the last teacher to hold school in that building. For after the Presbyterian church was erected in 1865 the local school was held in the old Stone Chapel for several years. Here the teachers were, Mr. Richardson, brother-in-law to Edward Sharps.

Then a Mr. Dietrich followed by Lorenzo Somerville; Mr. Ketcham; Mr. Putnam and daughters.

About 1870 the Dutch Hill school house was erected, and the first one to teach there was Miss Gertrude Lanterman, in 1871-2, she married Michael Repp, in 1873.

The next in order were Miss Hetsel; Mr. Edmonson; Mr. Burdge; Mr. Terwilliger, assisted by Misses Susie and Ann Davis; Mr. Brotzman, assisted by Misses Josie Sliker and Allie Glenn; Mr. Atwood, father of the present County Supt., assisted by Misses Lizzie Lanning and Edith Bailey; also Misses Fanny Vosseller and Olive Shafer taught there at some time.

We have no date for the erection of the old brick school house on school street. Mr. and Mrs. Hornbaker are to be thanked for the above information.

## Old Oxford Days By Clinton E. Weston

Few, if any, of the Bulletin readers are aware of the fact that one of our prominent members was prevented from attending the last reunion due to a little matter that took him to court. We have little information and only meagre details so are giving our own version of the affair.

Imagine with me, if you please, an enthusiastic member of our reunion family, looking forward to the trip to Oxford and working for days to that end with anticipating thoughts of awaiting pleasure and excitement.

Come the night before an early morning start to get to Oxford in time.

His attire being carefully looked over and arranged so as to assure a response of admiration, and then to bed but only for a restless night. Even his suit was pressed only to find himself in another suit. Awake early in the morn, his car, also groomed to perfection, was brought out of the garage and the start was made.

Humming to himself, "Merrily we roll along," as he sped over the highway to the scenes of his youth, thinking of meeting old associates, and while thus meditating there was a sudden crash. Into the rear of his car he went without much damage to either car; but the collision broke a piece off the other car that struck a bystander--a Frenchman by the name of Goldstein. Goldy was asked if he were hurt and he said he would have to ask his lawyer. When the lawyer came the question arose as to whether the case should be brought against our member who ran into the car, or the man who owned the car from which the piece flew. They all went to court and Goldy was called as the first witness. He was asked where the metal piece hit him and he said, "In the Synagogue." Asked to explain what he meant he replied "In the temple." Does it hurt you very much? "Well, I am open for a proposition." At this point our happy warrior arose and said, "Your Honor, if it please the court, I am on my way to a reunion at Oxford, N.J. and may I ask that I be heard?" The judge said, "Certainly proceed, but before doing so I see the charge here is that you were running at 30 miles per hour; what is your defence?" (Over)

Ah! I can see him now. Broad shouldered, standing erect, glistening eyes and wide open spaces over his temples, he commanded at once attention and respect. Speaking in a clear voice he said, "Judge, you pay my old tin pan a real compliment

Perhaps in her youthful and adolescent days she was able to hit 60, but for years she has not been able to make more than 20, and I doubt even if I was making more than 10." The Judge rapped for order and said, "Stop. Pretty soon you will be telling me you were in reverse and running backward."

"I respect your remark, Judge, but I have witnesses to prove my assertion. The only time I ever pass a car is when the other car is parked.

I just love the old boat, for she is considered an affectionate member of the family. She is the original Ophelia Bumps the Belle of our town and now in her advanced years when she wants to rest she just stalls.

Originally she was stored in a barn and I really think she developed hay fever."

This passionate plea affected the entire court room so much the owner of the other car arose and said, "Judge, I wish to plead guilty.

The fact of the matter is, it was I who was in reverse and running backwards on the wrong side of the street, and therefore will take the entire blame."

The Judge then said, "In that case the owner of Ophelia is hereby discharged and absolved from all blame.

It is now too late for you to attend the reunion, but I command you never to miss another. Hm! Lets see. What is your name?" "Who me? Why my name is Edmund C. Perkins."

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Our readers will welcome this amusing article by Mr. Weston, and we will soon print a still funnier one, if that is possible.

In the meantime we would like to get on hand a number of letters and articles for the summer issues.

That will greatly lighten our work as we often spend more time in the preparation of material for the paper than in the printing of it.

