

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.

Mrs. Margaret Thomas Docker died suddenly, Thursday morning, October 1st, at their home at Mountain Lake. Though for the past twelve years she had been an invalid yet at the time of death she had been as well as usual, and the evening before was in a happy state of mind, singing an old time song, and joining in the conversation of the family. Her brother Thomas Thomas of Virginia, had only the week before been here to visit which had given her great pleasure.

Mrs. Docker was born in Wales, England, in 1860, and at the age of seven, her Father, John Thomas came with his family to this country, and settled here in Oxford, doubtless, because his brother Thomas Thomas, had been here for several years. They both were practical iron workers, and both were employed at the Rolling machines in the Oxford Iron and Nail Co.

On August 14th, Margaret Thomas was married to Walter Docker and their long married life of more than 55 years was one of mutual devotion, and was blessed with six children, of whom five survive their mother. They are Edward, who has long lived in Colorado; Joseph; Hayden; Mrs. Madelina Van Assen, of Hackensack; and Mrs. Stella Broad. John died several years since in Florida.

A remarkable circumstance for a person of Mrs. Docker's advanced age, is that she is survived by three brothers and two sisters.

They are, James Thomas, of Trenton; Danial Thomas of Hoboken, Thomas Thomas of Virginia; Mrs. Mary Price of Newark; and Mrs. Sarah Marlatt of Summit, N. J.

Mrs. Docker was received into our church in March 1885, on confession of Faith, and thus had been a member nearly 52 years. She had of recent years been a happy reader of the Bulletin, reading each copy over several times.

(See last page)

And that, knowing the time, that know it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

---Romans 13:11

"Open to us, O Lord, the treasures of thy wisdom and grace, that we may look steadfastly unto thee and run with patience the race that is set before us. All our desire is known unto thee; all our hope springs from thee; all our trust rests on thee, in whom we live and move and have our being.

Next Sabbath morning we shall observe the Holy Communion, which means so much to faithful disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose last request was that they should "This do in remembrance of me." Opportunity will be given for baptism of adults and infants.

New members will be welcomed if they have been before the Session which will meet after Sabbath School preceding the communion.

Next Thursday and Friday evenings there will be held preparatory services in the church to which all are invited. We trust they will be well attended. They will be helpful religious meetings of Bible reading and prayer.

The first three chapters of the Book of Revelation will be the portion of Scripture to be studied

They are very rich in spiritual lessons, and it would help for all to read them before the meetings.

They give what all of stand in need of.

Architects at the Furnace

Local interest was drawn to the old Furnace last Monday, Sept. 28th, by the presence of a group of Architects making detailed measurements and drawings of the furnace.

They were headed by Mr. Michael S. Stillman, of Roselands, N.J. on the official staff of the Historic Buildings Survey Commission, of the U.S. Government.

The Editor was asked for pictures of the furnace and supplied such as were available and suitable. He was also requested to prepare a history of the furnace, such as he had on hand. This will be done gladly in order to furnish a correct account for official filing. It is the purpose of the Commission to draw up complete architectural drafts of the furnace, make copies of the photographs, and with the historical sketch send them to the Congressional Library for permanent filing.

Mr. Stillman promised also to look up the matter of plan for the restoration of the furnace as formerly requested by the State Commission of Historic Sites, so that if it is possible to set the local relief force to work on the grounds this fall and winter, they may follow the proper plans. It would give much local satisfaction to have work begun as soon as possible, and the men in charge of our relief workers are anxious to help on the good movement to put the furnace in the proper shape for permanent preservation, and to make it a local attraction to the public.

The following note from Mr. Philip W. Henry to the Editor, will give pleasure to his many old Oxford friends:--

"My sister has been sending me occasional copies of your Bulletin, and as they are so interesting, I desire to have them sent to me direct. I do not know your regular charge; but inclose check for \$3.00 in aid of the good work you are doing...."

We are very glad to have Mr Henry's name on our mailing list and thank him for his generous gift

Hens and Camels By George S. Humphrey

I have been reading "Clint" Weston's articles on "Old Oxford Days" with much interest, and while most of the events which he describes occurred after I left Oxford, I am of course familiar with the localities, and remember most of the people he mentions.

His amusing experience with the "feathered tribe" brings to my mind a long forgotten adventure of my own, which, while not such a financial success as Clint's, was at any rate interesting.

Will Cooke, whom the older residents will remember, was entry-clerk at the Store and lived with his mother on the upper part of Washington Avenue, was the happy possessor of a pair of pigeons. But unfortunately they had the unpleasant habit of being dissatisfied with the provender which he supplied, and insisted on visiting the numerous chicken yards in the neighborhood and devouring the feed intended for these more domestic fowls. They seemed especially inclined to visit Cinder Street, which at that time was not only a sort of industrial center, but also one of the principal residence avenues of the village.

Finally so many complaints were made to "Will" that he decided that the only resort was capital punishment of the offending pigeons, and thought it might be a diversion to make the execution a sort of sporting event. So he invited me to join in the fun. He was the owner of a double-barreled shot gun, and I having borrowed one for the occasion, we proceeded one fine morning to Cinder Street, where, sure enough, we discovered the culprits busily disposing of some corn which had been scattered in the street for chickens belonging to one of the nearby householders.

Will selected one of the pigeons and I the other as targets, and taking careful aim, we blazed away with both barrels. When the smoke of battle had cleared, we observed the two pigeons, entirely unharmed, sailing gracefully away, while, alas, in the middle of the street, amid flying feathers, was a nice fat hen just breathing her last. And at the same time, coming from a nearby home, we saw (Over)

Mrs. A., evidently prepared for war.

But we met her in a conciliatory manner, admitted our fault, and offered her a rather handsome sum for the life of the defunct bird which she should keep; but with the distinct understanding that the whole affair should remain absolutely confidential.

So we departed, somewhat chagrined but feeling that we had made the best of an embarrassing situation.

However, that evening Mrs. B. appeared at the entry desk, claiming that it was her hen which had been foully murdered, and demanding suitable reparation. Will thought it was wise to meet her view, agreeing exacting a pledge of strict secrecy.

But the next day Mrs. C. and Mrs. D. appeared and so on until every inhabitant of the street had been paid a liberal price for that one hen!

How Will and I managed to raise sufficient cash in those "Payless pay-days", I cannot remember; perhaps we gave the various claimants credit on their Store accounts and had the total charged to us. Be that as it may, our pigeon hunt was for a long time a general subject of conversation, and the comments made on our skill as marksmen, were, to speak mildly, quite uncomplimentary. And to this day, I don't know whatever did become of those pigeons!

"Clint" has referred to Dexter Campbell, quondam Post Master at Oxford. I remember him well, bananas and all. When I came there he was the real P.M. in person, and beside his office duties he carried the mail bag to and from the rail road station.

Some little time before I came to Oxford, a young man from the neighborhood of my old home in Ithaca, was employed in the office or Store, and wrote a letter to the Owego Times, describing some of the interesting things connected with his work and surroundings. I remember one item which read something like this:--

"The method of handling mail at Oxford is unique, the bags being transported between the Post Office and rail road station on the back of a Camel, imported from the hills of Sarepta, especially for that purpose, and whose speed closely rivals that of the celebrated race-horse "Dexter"

The long period of Mrs Docker's feeble health was made blessed to her by the continual presence and loving care of her husband, Walter Docker, and her taking away affects him more deeply for his prolonged devotion to her comfort and needs.

The body was brought last Thursday to the home of their daughter, Mrs. Stella Broad, in Oxford, where the funeral will be held Monday afternoon, 2.P.M. October, 5th.

The burial be will be in the Hillside Cemetery.

(Conclusion of Hens and Camels from opposite page)

"It will be remembered that "Dexter" Campbell resided in Sarepta before coming to Oxford, and that "Dexter" was the name of a well-known race horse of the time, belonging, I believe, to James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald. W



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A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

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