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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.

Then Peter opened his mouth and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:

But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. . . . Acts 10:34, 35

" Merciful Lord, who hast made of one blood and redeemed by one ransom all nations of men, let us never harden our hearts against any that partake of the same nature and redemption with ourselves, but grant us an universal charity towards all men. O that this mind may be in us all, which was in the Lord Jesus, that we may love as brethren, and be pitiful and courteous, and endeavor heartily and vigorously to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and the God of grace, mercy and peace be with us all. Amen. "

Walter C. Custler
by Clinton E. Weston

Traveling along the highway of life, we, from time to time, come to a stop signal, indicating that once more a friend has answered the final summons of the Creator.

We here pay our respects to a former comrade, Walter C. Custler, who was born and reared in Oxford.

Here was a man--and his numerous friends will echo the sentiment--who had a real conception of the meaning of true friendship.

A genial smile, a friendly clasp, express more than mere words, and to this can be attributed the high regard in which Walter was held.

We have read at the last five of the Church reunions his messages of cheer to his former Oxford associates, and in conversation with him shortly before his passing he expressed an earnest interest in the Cemetery Association movement, and also reiterated his undimmed affection for Oxford, and its people which was as deep as it was sincere.

As the heart breathes a gentle good-bye, we proceed again along the highway of life to struggle on until there comes a brighter day and a happy reunion.

William H. Scranton
by George S. Humphrey

"Clin" Weston's excellent biographical sketch of William H. Scranton, which appeared in a recent issue of the Bulletin, brings to my mind many happy recollections of my association with that delightful gentleman. Just now I recall vividly one evening in the Fall of 1878, when, in connection with matters relating to the Receivership of the old "Company" which had recently been established, a number of us were gathered in the Office.

As nearly as I can remember it, there were present, Mr. B. G. Clarke, Receiver, either in person or by a representative, Selden, Charles and William Scranton, Ed. Lukens, Ike Ward, Brown Hill and myself; possibly there were others. Selden and Charles Scranton were in the "Inner" Office with the Receiver, and the rest of us were in the main room, waiting to be called inside should occasion require; all of us under something of a tension, for we realized that almost anything might happen at such a conference.

Although it is now almost sixty years ago, I can distinctly see William Scranton, seated on a high stool at my desk, apparently amusing himself and passing the time by scribbling on a "scratch-pad" and making impressions from rubber stamps which were on the desk. He was soon called "inside," and walking over to my desk to see what he had been "scribbling", I found what I consider a real classic which I have preserved to this day, of which I enclose a copy. It discloses his great versatility and breadth of mind which was stored with many passages, such as the one quoted from Humboldt's Cosmos, and which he frequently repeated when engaged in conversation. And his reflections drawn from the quotation, and the fine principles he suggests, indicate his high character. And it should be recalled that he must have been at the time under great distress, for he realized, as perhaps the rest of us did not, that the last remnant of the ample patrimony which had been

accumulated, principally through the genius of his father, was passing forever from the control of himself and his family.

I am sure that readers of the Bulletin will enjoy and appreciate Mr. Scranton's "Scribble".

"George S. Humphrey Esq.

'The eye of the traveler is oft delighted with the far stretched pampas of northern Asia, but I would instance among the most striking scenes in nature, the calm sublimity of a tropical night, where the stars, not twinkling as in our northern skies, shed their still planetary light o'er the gentle heaving main.'

Humboldt's Cosmos

"Such scenes and such experiences as were permitted to Humboldt may never fall to our lot in life, but still much of the beautiful in nature may be ours—and by a thorough appreciation of such as falls to our lot, life may be to each of us a very happy thing. So much depends on our selves in this matter of enjoyment that it becomes us to thoroughly understand our own natures, study our deficiencies and use our best efforts to remedy our defects, to conquer an unhappy disposition, to remove habits of thought and habits of body that are known to be erroneous, and to balance inequalities of character and make a symmetrical whole, is an achievement toward which it becomes us to direct our best efforts, and one whose accomplishment will place us among the honored of earth. Caesar-Alexander-Wellington or Grant never accomplished more glorious work than this—and in laying that foundation for the life work to which you look so longingly, remember this, and make it broad, deep and permanent, let concrete understrata of honor be cemented with sound Christian faith, and the granite upper courses bedded in knowledge and then on such a foundation you can successfully rear a superstructure of character that may be polished and finished to the extent of your ambition.

It has been wisely said that 'our reputations are what others regard

(over)

us, our characters what we are' -

I trust your reputation may be enviable in all particulars and that it and your character may be one.

Written this Thursday evening the seventeenth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy eight. 1878. "

Mr. Weber writes:-- "Re. Clin's letter, 'Do you remember?' Yes I remember the first telephone in Oxford. While I can't put my recollections so humorously as he did, but for the amusement of those who do remember, I will give one which was about as follows: I was night watchman in the Company Store and offices at the time the telephone was installed, and one Max Weber (no relation) was night watchman at the Nail Factory. When there would be a tap-tap-tap on the concave disk, I would put the receiver to my ear, and all I could get was a jumble of unintelligible words. I could have understood about as well if he had spoken in the Hungarian language. (and I could hear better then than now).

Max was a German and of an excitable nature and his English was not perfect, especially when excited.

And in those days no one could call or answer a telephone without a thrill of excitement.

Well, I did not get the message but got the tap-tap-tap perfectly and so I had a telephone call and that was an event in those days."

Mr. Weber has a short note about the Old Stone Post office which will be printed soon with comments by the Editor.

It is a valuable contribution to Oxford history.

Of Mr. Humphrey's fine contribution in this issue too much cannot be said; but our readers will be glad that he has supplied us with this impressive account of an historic event in Oxford fifty years ago.



CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

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EDWARD T. GREEN	LEWIS BERGENBACK



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Church Treasurer

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<i>Assistant Superintendent</i>	MRS. EDWARD T. GREEN
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<i>Treasurer</i>	MERRILL FOSS
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<i>Vice-President</i>	MRS. BENJAMIN GREEN
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Choir

<i>Leader</i>	MRS. E. T. GREEN
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