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The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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Minister



Oxford Historical Record

Yea, in the way of Thy judgments
O Lord, we have waited for thee;...
for when thy judgments are in the
earth, the inhabitants of the world
will learn righteousness. Let favor
be shown to the wicked, yet will he
not learn righteousness.

--Isaiah 26:8-9

"Almighty God, who art the Giver
of all wisdom: Enlighten our under-
standing with knowledge of right,
and govern our wills by thy laws,
that no deceit may mislead us, nor
temptation corrupt us; that we may
always endeavor to do good and to
hinder evil. Amidst all the hopes
and fears of this world, take not
thy Holy Spirit from us, and lead
us ever in the path of peace and
light. Amen."

The Editor receives many kind
notes from those deeply interested
in the Bulletin, but too personal
to print. They are fully appreci-
ated, and with sincere gratitude.

Since last report donations to
the Bulletin Fund are: George
Weber, and Mrs. Jay B. Rust, \$2.00
each; Benjamin R. Pittenger and
Charles Aitkin \$5.00 each; and
Mrs. Dr. Tunison, \$1.00

(Concluded from last page)

Jumbo came into the Perkins family
as its custodians when Mr. Lukens
moved his family to Jersey City.

When our family moved back to
Massachusetts after my father's
death, as I recall it, we turned Jumbo
over to Mr. Atwood, our next door
neighbor.

I have reminisced in this line,
just because of the thrill it gives
me, as I take time out, in bringing
back the faces, characteristics, and
experiences of friendships I enjoyed
in the early days in Oxford. Perhaps
some of the boys and girls, men and
women of the early days, may, too,
read herein a joy and a glee which
was theirs too in association with
dear old Jumbo.

Genealogy of the Abram Pittenger
Family, by his son
Benjamin R. Pittenger

I have the record of my mother's ancestry all the way back to Francis Cooke, who was born in Scrooby, England. He was a member of Pastor John Robinson's flock when exiled to Holland. In Leyden, Francis Cooke married Hester Mayhieu, a Walloon French Huguenot, on June 30, 1603. Francis came over in the Mayflower, 1620, and was the 17th. signer of the Mayflower Compact. He was a great friend of Capt. Miles Standish. His son, Jacob Cooke, was born 1616, and married Demaris Hopkins, daughter of Stephen Hopkins, member of the Jamestown Va. settlement, 1608. Their son Jacob Cooke Jr. was born 1653, and his son William, in 1683. The latter had a son, Elisha Cooke who was born, 1716, in Taunton, Mass., who came to New Jersey in 1747, and settled in Hardwick Township, near Marksboro.

He was the grand-father of Nathan Cooke, born June, 1775. Nathan Cooke was the grand-father of my mother Elizabeth Ryerson Cooke Pittenger.

My mother was also descended from Martin Ryerson who was born in Holland and came to Fort Orange, N.Y. 1646. Martin married Anna De Rapelje a French Huguenot, and her father, George De Rapelje, was a proscribed Huguenot from La Rochelle, France.

I found the first record of the Pittengers in Oxford Township, 1772, of Henry Pittenger who was witness to a Will of John Wycoff along the Delaware and Pequesting rivers.

Also a Benj. Morgan, and his wife and son Andrew, of Oxford Township, Sussex Co. N.J., conveyed land to Abraham Pittenger, Nov. 23, 1776. This must be a relative of General Morgan of the Revolutionary War.

I found my great-grand-father, Abraham Pittenger married Elizabeth Loeffler, June 24, 1815, in Sussex Co.

Also his brother Cornelius Pittenger married Rachel Richey in Oxford Jan. 14, 1798, by John Axford, Justice of Peace. Cornelius was born Nov. 3. 1771, in Piscataway, N.J.

The Bulletin is glad to print the genealogies of old Oxford families and will welcome others. They make valuable and interesting records.

Jumbo

By Edwin J. Perkins

Jumbo was neither a horse, a fat boy nor an elephant. It was a hand sled.

So called because of its design and construction, which was in contrast to every sled in town. Size, ruggedness, and because it could carry with ease a huge load, were some of its characteristics. And when it got in motion, woe be unto any one or anything which got in its way.

There was scarcely a child or an adult in town who was not familiar with it; for they all at some time had probably ridden on it or had heard of its wonderful prowess.

And this reflects the generous character of its various owners. No one was ever denied the use of it for almost any useful purpose, if it were not in use at the time. It was not unusual in winter to see articles of furniture, trunks etc., being transported on it. It gained however its greatest fame and was most widely known for its great speed as a coasting sled. Once started it never stopped unless bare ground or an ascending hill in front slowed it down. No sled could pass it and none could coast farther. It had other advantages of superiority too, for it was never 'stumped' by the size or weight of passengers or the number (within reason) it could accommodate. On a pinch, only a foothold anywhere, was all that was necessary for the joy of a ride on Jumbo. No sled in town could pack more. The greater the weight the faster it would go. It was the one sled which could and did accommodate adults, and it would be more difficult to give names of those who did not than of those who have taken a turn of a winter's night, down the hills on its solid, safe and comfortable dimensions. To hear the cry, 'Oh, look out, here comes Jumbo,' was quite ordinary on the hill. Then we all retreated to a safe distance, and held our breath as the cheering, laughing, happy group flew by, propelled only by its own momentum.

These parties were so jolly, and Jumbo so wonderful, we used to vie with one another to give them the 'Push off' at the start. This sled must have been remarkably well constructed, for it was never out of commission, (over)

and it participated in many collisions, spurts to the side of the road and off the beaten track.

Jumbo was so big and individual, it really had to be steered by another sled in front of it. The process was to have some one lying flat on a single low sled in front, hook his feet into the great rounding front runners of Jumbo; the bigger one's feet the better one could control Jumbo.

Usually some one sat on the back of the one steering; and Jumbo loaded to full capacity with four or five smaller sleds hitched on behind the caravan would start.

The straight-away was easy, but the curves--they required skill indeed.

Of course we all made the turns at times, but I have, and I have witnessed my brothers, Joe Scranton, George and Joe Henry, 'Doc' Dearborn and others dump their load into the wood at that exciting turn opposite the German Reformed Church--the front sled gliding off comfortably to the foot of the hill.

The Jonestown Hill was a long and particularly fine coast, with plenty of 'thank-you-mams' and steep inclines, and boy! what speed we could gather. If the going was good, there was always the question about that turn as we entered Church street (mentioned above) and we were wild with excitement as we approached it, never knowing whether we would make it. Well, I have been in a pile of sleds and passengers, badly entangled, more than once, tossed up over the bank and into the woods with no gentle thrust, I can assure you.

Of course we all got our bumps, sprains and lacerations, but the miracle was that none of us was ever seriously injured.

I can hear, right now, the shrill screams and yells of sheer hysteria, not fright in particular, but expectancy, as we knew we were going headlong into the bank. Oh Joy! I pause for breath!

I wish some one would supply the names of the various owners of Jumbo. I do not recall them. I do know that it was custom built. It first came to my knowledge when Mr. James Lukens and his family owned it, and it is possible that he designed it and had it built for he was a very superior mechanic and engineer. (page one)



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