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The  
**BULLETIN**

**SECOND PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH**

**OXFORD, NEW JERSEY**

By

**A. G. YOUNT**

*Minister*



**Oxford Historical Record**



May 21st. The Reunion. May 21st

The Reunion is only five weeks away and all who look forward to it will wish to make it the best of all these events.

Word is coming in from all directions of plans to attend it.

Ed. F. Stout writes from Cleveland, "We hope to come East for the Reunion in May." Edwin C. Perkins sends us a note saying, "Of course we will make every effort to be present." Mr. Perkins lives in Maine.

One lives 500 miles east of Oxford and the other the same distance west

This indicates the wide region from which the reunion draws its visitors. Usually they come from about ten States. But the interest in the success of it reaches much farther. Mrs. Herbert L. Miller of Oakland, Calif., sends best wishes, and says, "I wish we could attend."

But all can help in at least two ways, first by notifying all your old Oxford friends, and second by sending their addresses to the Bulletin, and copies will be sent them which may attract them, and lead to their planning to be present.

Again it will be a good thing for others beside the above persons to send word to the Bulletin of their intentions of coming, and that will encourage all others.

There are many old Oxford citizens who have never been to our reunions, and special efforts should be made to get in touch with them and urge them to come.

Mr. Weston has the plans for the afternoon meeting well in hand, and he will announce some of the new features he has in view in the next issues.

The following receipts are thankfully acknowledged:

Patrick Kempsey	\$2.00
Mrs. Margaret Hunt	\$1.00
Mrs. H. L. Miller	5.00

But to us there is but one God, the Father of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him.

-----I Corinthians 8:6

"O God, who art the Hope of all the ends of the earth; Remember the whole creation, pity our race, and save the world from sin.

Protect our land from whatever threatens her welfare, so that religion and virtue may flourish more and more. Give humility to the rich and grace to use their riches to Thy glory; bless the people in their callings and families, and be thou a refuge to the poor in their distress.

Make every home a shelter from temptation and a nursery of noble youth. Cleanse and sanctify the Church which Thou hast loved, and reveal the Spirit of thy Son in the life and service of thy people.

The Easter service last Sabbath morning was very gratifying to the good sized congregation, of whom nearly every one partook of the holy Communion. The splendid singing of the new and enlarged Choir gave great pleasure, and was deeply appreciated by all.

The Choir will lead the singing each Sunday and render anthems and special music. The Choir has next in view the music for the Reunion on May 21st, and practice weekly for it. There are now 12 members but many more are wanted.

Mrs. George Docker Sr. died last Monday night, after a long illness. Her maiden name was Emma Fortner, and she married Frederick Melberger, who died many years ago.

Six years ago she was married to George Docker, and their union was a very happy one. She was a life-long member of the Methodist Church and was a devoted Christian.

The funeral was on Thursday P. M. and interment in Hillside Cemetery



"Spending The Day"  
by Edwin C. Perkins

"Good morning Tillie."

"Oh, good morning Hattie, and how are the children and the measles getting on?" "Well, I guess we are pretty well 'out of the woods' now - they all go back to school tomorrow."

"Well I'm glad. It's so nice to see you out to Church again."

"And I'm glad enough to be here too. It seems a long time since I've seen anyone. Tillie, why don't you come up and spend the day with us some day this week?"

"Why, I guess I can. How would Thursday be?"

"That will be fine, and I will expect you. Come early and we will have a nice visit. Plan to have Ed. come home with my Ed. for supper, too, and we will send one of the boys up before school to bring down my quilting bars. We will finish those bed quilts we talked about some time ago."

"O yes, I'm glad you spoke of it for it will really be wonderful to have them finished."

"Well, goodbye, we'll see each other Thursday."

The above exchange of courtesies may seem to some a little homely today. But to others of the earlier generation who knew the Oxford people it will serve to remind them of the warm hearted cordiality and sincere friendliness which existed among this choice group of people.

It is pleasant to speculate that possibly it was just such an episode as related above which originated the delightful custom "Spending the Day" that was practiced so generally during my boyhood.

It must be remembered that in those days we young people had to rely very much on our own ingenuity for entertainment; so anything out of the ordinary was an all-absorbing event.

I can recall as yesterday the days when we were going to 'Have Company.'

We children would swell up like puff balls with excitement and interest.

And it must not be thought that the visitors were the only attraction, I suspect we also took into account the quantity and great variety of unusual food provided for these occasions. I can see now my mother's

flushed face and dextrous hands as she prepared Parker House rolls, (a great luxury and difficult to make in those days) Cream Puffs, big ones filled with something almost as good as ice cream; then the fricassed chicken, great platters of it with light fluffy dumplings with lots and lots of finely flavored gravy,

Most of the girls were good cooks but for these special dishes mother always added that fine touch of a New England housewife.

And then the excitement as we were home from school to see if the company looked any different, and to see if they talked 'funny,' as we thought some grown-ups did. I suspect it

was a very early edition of 'looking them over.' And we didn't miss a trick to the buttons on their clothes. We then 'took time out' to hustle to get the chores done and back into the kitchen to scarp over the cream puff filling bowl or the chocolate frosting dish and spoons. A 'lep' seemed as good as a mile.

The curtain next rises on Eddie and Harry quietly and modestly entering the room with shining faces, hair nicely parted and plastered down in front but standing on end in back, shoes blackened in front but very grey at the heels (I've had many a call for this). And then that wait for the other people to come and dinner. It was simply endless. Why wonder that we were always getting into other people's way and kept rushing to the windows to see if they were coming yet? And the smell of all that wonderful food filling our nostrils as it cooked?

Of course there were protests and threats, and some of us were even sent to our rooms, only to linger on the third or fourth stair. But I shall never forget how these were tempered with mercy by a mother's love and understanding, in exercising patience to the extreme, realizing our youth and excitement, and in wanting to give us all the pleasure of the occasion as seemed warranted.

As one may imagine the formalities were few among people so well acquainted. Genial talk and witticisms abounded, and when dinner was over the men smoked in the sitting

(Over)



room (living rooms were then unknown) while the ladies cleared the table and helped wash the dishes. We next formed into groups in the parlor and sitting room, eventually all getting together where we would sing, play games, pull molasses candy, pop corn and tell stories, of hunting, early days back in Massachusetts etc. etc.

The close of the Civil War was only some ten or fifteen years in the past and my father with others having served at Gettysberg, Chancellorsville etc., and had been taken prisoners and lodged at Belle Isle and Libby Prison had many tales of gripping interest, as well as amusing stories to tell.

Many of these experiences were so good they were often repeated.

Before the evening was over I have seen many a luscious layer-cake covered with thick heavy frosting brought out and served with hot coffee to cheer the guests homeward bound.

How better can I express the excellence of those dinners than to say, as an all-round boy, with an appetite which seemed never to be satisfied, when I had finished with one of those dinners there wasn't an item of food or drink that could tempt me to give it a side glance. Yep, I was 'full'!

No doubt about it.

Just a few names of the guests occur to me now. Cousins 'Tip' Charles, Ed. and George Weston, and their wives; uncle Harrison Perkins, Mr & Mrs Estler Mr & Mrs Wm Scranton, Nate and Carrie Kingman, Mr & Mrs Oline, Cousin Lizzie Sparrow, Miss Jessie Glenn, my pet school teacher, etc. I used to think they were the most wonderful people, and when they even notice me, put their hand on my shoulder, call me Eddie or Ted or Ned, and tell me what a fine boy I was, and I looking across at my father and mother and seeing their smile of pride I certainly thought it must be so, and was set up for a week.

There was one dear old lady who used to come for the day quite frequently and was greatly beloved by us all.

It was Grandma Lukens, as we called her, the mother of Edmund T. and James H. Lukens. She was particularly fond of my mother's New England Boiled Dinners, or Dandelion Greens, and we always had one of them when she came. She was possessed of a marvelous memory and had gathered many

interesting facts of the late Colonial days, having lived in about Trenton and Philadelphia. If I am not mistaken she attended a reception given to Lafayette upon the occasion of his last visit to this country in 1825. The public affairs of her day were all catalogued in her mind, and we would sit absorbed in her interesting narratives.

Then the occasions when Mr. & Mrs Edmund Lukens came to our dinners. I suppose I thought that Mr. Lukens was the most wonderful man that ever lived. He could do so many things, and do them well. The evenings when they came were given over almost entirely to music. Mr. Lukens accompanying my father who played the cornet. I used to swell with pride at both of them, so beautifully did they play. Then came singing, and we all seemed to have musical voices - and then the piano solos.

These indeed were full evenings.

Memories, precious memories crowd in as I recall these days and bring back the faces of those who sat around our family table.

Will you pause with me in love and respect for these dear people?

Mr. Perkins makes a good suggestion which we pass on to all concerned:

"The Bulletin is teeming with interest and good material.

"Isn't it fine to have new people contribute their bit?"

"More of these good people must be drawn into the circle of contributors."





CHURCH OFFICERS

*The Session*

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

*Elders*

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EMMANUEL KELSKY                      LEWIS BERGENBACK



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*Assistant Superintendent* ..... KENNETH BELL  
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*Organist* ..... FRANCES PITTENGER



*Ladies' Aid Society*

*President* ..... MRS. DELMAR GREEN  
*Vice-President* ..... MRS. LELAND BAYLISS  
*Secretary* ..... MRS. VIOLET BELL  
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*Young People's Society*

*President* ..... WILBUR JOHNSON  
*Secretary* ..... JOSEPHINE MEYERS  
*Treasurer* ..... MRS. ELLA RITZER  
*Organist* ..... FLORENCE WILDRICK

