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*The*  
**BULLETIN**

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

A. G. YOUNT  
*Minister*



**Oxford Historical Record**

And the king of Israel answered and said, Tell him, let not him that girdeth on his harness boast as he that putteth it off.

--L Kings 20:11

"O Lord God of infinite mercy, we humbly beseech Thee to look down upon the nations now engaged in war. Reckon not against thy people their many iniquities, for from the lusts of our own hearts come the wars and fightings among us. Look in mercy on those immediately exposed to peril, conflict, illness and death; comfort the prisoners, relieve the sufferings of the wounded, and show mercy to the dying. Remove in thy good providence all causes and occasions of war; restrain those engaged therein from needless cruelty and frightfulness; and of Thy great goodness restore a just peace among nations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Communion Service on Sabbath morning, October 8th, two weeks from today.

Remember the Sunday School Rally Day at 9:30 A.M. October 8th. There will be interesting things on the program. Come and bring your neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dawe, of Oxford, entertained the Cemetery association at their beautiful cottage at Mountain Lake last Sunday. The party consisted of the officers and trustees, and a number of friends, in all about 20 persons. A sumptuous repast was served on the lawn, of which the piece de resistance was a large roasted turkey.

Following the dinner the Association held their monthly meeting, at which much important business was transacted. They have good reasons to be gratified with the progress made in the improvement of the Cemetery, but realize much remains to be done.

Old Oxford Days--Company Farms  
Clinton E. Weston

An interesting discussion came up a few days ago in regard to the farms of the Oxford Iron & Nail Co. of which there were five, located in progression in a shape resembling a semi-circle. Those present remembered where farms 1, 3, 4 and 5 were; but where was No. 2? The answer being that it was located between the original Methodist church and the main line of the railroad.

The farm house was the one later occupied by Daniel Thomas' family, and directly across the road stood an immense white-washed barn.

With absolutely no designs on egotism, I believe that I was the first boy in Oxford to wear a derby hat.

It was at that time in Oxford when anyone who digressed from the regularly accepted and strictly enforced fashion as prescribed, had to run the gauntlet of opinion with dire consequences.

Nothing daunted, however, this gay Lothario sauntered forth on a beautiful autumn morning, his destination being Sunday School. Head held high as though he were trying to balance his nose on his face, sauntered along entirely oblivious of impending danger. To describe the derby let me explain that it was pearl in color, low in crown and a wide brim; the style later adopted by German comedians. As I passed the aforesaid barn, Zing!, a fairly good sized rock passed my prize derby, as though it were in a hurry and going places.

Quickly turning and noticing no one I gave the derby a signal for agreement, but we no more than got under way when, Bing!, a full grown rock that just grazed my chapeau could easily have had a ticket for speeding. Without waiting for any instructions, my nervous system instantaneously informed my pedal extremities to get going and to open the throttle good and wide. Through the alley and over the back fence, and in no time, less some seconds, the gallant derby, that had fully expected to set some feminine heart a-dither, met an ignoble end by being tossed into the attic, never again to see the light of day, and for all I know it still rests there.

Farm No. 3 was managed and run by Henry Hendershot, grandfather of Lizzie Godschalk. I have told before about going there for milk, early of a bitter cold morning and in answer to a knock on the door, Sally Hoffner (later Stout) would say, "Come in, Clinnie with your blickey (pail) and stand by the fire place while I get the milk." When the milk came there was always some thing else, like a piece of pie or a chunk of cake or doughnut.

When Mr. Hendershot took over a farm beyond Buckley Avenue, Hiram Shultz took over No. 3. On this farm butter was churned with a donkey. The churn was set on a raised, circular platform, which was set at an angle with the cleated platform on which the donkey would go round and round and the butter came out here in a can. For diversion it was considered a great trick to get some one not wise to it, to put his ear up to the donk's and hear the ocean roar. A quick motion on the other side, as if to strike the donk would cause him suddenly to throw his head against the listener, and instead of hearing the ocean he would see a huge variety of stars.

Number 3 had a fine apple orchard along the main road and running from above the railroad to the house.

One evening, when a dozen fellows were standing on the bridge over the railroad, a suggestion was made to invade the orchard for some of the ripened apples. Agreed. Each fellow selected a tree and up he went, but no one noticed that Clint Shultz, one of the boys, had disappeared. Who, going to the house for a shot gun, and then quietly picking his way to the center of the group, let go with both barrels in the air.

Three fellows fell out of the trees the others jumped and scrambled over a fence to hide in a corn field.

When I was in Oxford on July 31st. last, with Daniel Thomas he recalled the episode with great glee.

All these farms had fine apple orchards. Mr. Yount learned, from an advertisement in the Belvidere Apollo for 1830, that these orchards had been planted before that time by Morris Robeson, who owned the furnace lands. Most of the trees on farm No. 2, were cut down (over)

to make room for houses that were built on Nailor Row, Mechanic street, etc. But a few were left standing; one of these was directly back of the house we lived in.

I often felt about that tree as did the fellow who was asked where he would rather have a boil, and replied

"On the other fellows' neck."

In the same manner I would have been satisfied to have had that tree far, far away. The apples never ripened, for reasons not of their own, because the boys devoured them before they reached that stage. The natural results were great disturbances in the boys' abdominal regions.

Come spring time the apple blossoms presented a beautiful sight. Some of the varieties of apples raised there seem to have disappeared; such as the sheep-nose and russet.

Many of us did not see an apple from about the first of the year until the next harvest. It was a great treat when the Early Harvest apples came along, also the Astrachan

No. 1 farm was located beyond later built blast furnace, and numbers 4 and 5 stretched beyond No. 3 to the Pequest, and a line drawn would show a semi-circle, as described above.

My life-long pal, Daniel R. Thomas, and I were familiar with every foot of ground of all these farms, having traversed them in spring hunting for flowers and alder; in summer for berries; in the fall with a gun.

We sat together in school, swam and played ball and attended the same parties. His home was as familiar to me as my own.

We kept closely in touch right up to the time of his recent passing, and I can say without any equivocation or mental reservation that for loyalty, unselfishness and true friendship he could not be surpassed.

He built for himself a monument that will endure to the end of memory.

The local iron mine is being hastily put in shape to begin mining ore. But it may be two or three weeks yet before actual mining can start. The ore of course will be shipped to Conshohocken, Pa, for the Alan Wood Steel Company.



CHURCH OFFICERS

*The Session*

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

*Elders*

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EMMANUEL KELSKY

ELISHA B. FOSS  
LEWIS BERGENBACK



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*Church Treasurer*

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<i>Assistant Superintendent</i> .....	KENNETH BELL
<i>Secretary</i> .....	ALVIN RENNER
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	MARGARET MILLER
<i>Organist</i> .....	FRANCES PITTENGER



*Ladies' Aid Society*

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<i>Vice-President</i> .....	MRS. LELAND BAYLISS
<i>Secretary</i> .....	MRS. VIOLET BELL
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<i>Vice-President</i> .....	WILBUR JOHNSON
<i>Secretary</i> .....	JEANE ORAM
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	MRS. ELLA RITZER
<i>Organist</i> .....	FRANCES PITTENGER

