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483

# BULLETIN

### SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

A. G. YOUNT

Minister



Oxford Historical Record

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Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light. ---- Matthew 11: 28-30

"Into Thy hands we commit ourselves, O God. We say of the Lord:
Thou art our refuge; our present
help in time of trouble; our hiding place from the wind and covert
from the tempest; our God, in Thee
will we trust: through Jesus
Christ our Lord. Amen."

Last Sunday was a good day in our Church. The Sunday School's rally service was helpful and interesting, with a fine missionary talk by Mrs.Bayliss and the singing of the large young people's choir led by Mrs.Meyers.

The morning worship was made impressive by the administration of the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The number of communicants was unusually large.

Beryl Elaine, infant daughter of Ray W. and Helen Frey; and Dorothy Joy, infant daughter of Garvill and Irene Frey were dedicated to God by Baptism.

The annual meeting of the Hillside Cemetery Association will be held Sunday 2 P.M. in the M.E. church. Officers and Trustees are to be elected, and annual reports made. A full attendance is necessary to do the work effectively. Visitors welcome.

(from the last page)
"Gone are the days when my heart
was young and gay," and I still believe we could all, at least, be gay
again to hitch old Dobbin to the
carry-all and drive with a feeling
of peaceful contment along a country highway where there were no
stop and go signs.

Our local Post Master Mr. James Odsted recently cummunicated with Gov. Harry Moore, requesting a private consultation regarding an appropriation for the furnace.

The Governor readily granted the favor and set a date on Friday, October 6th, at his office in Jersey City. Mr. Odsted and the Editor kept this appointment and had a pleasant and encouraging conference with our Chief Executive, who assured us of his interest in the preservation of the old Furnace, and promised to help, so far as he could, in obtaining an appropriation at the the next session of the Legislature to begin the work of restoration.

But he indicated that it was necessary for our County, through its Senator and Representative, to persuade the Budget Committee of the Assembly to put the proposed appropriation in the Budget.

It remains for our local citizens and the friends of the Furnace in Warren County to express their desire in this matter.

Our local business men are consulting on plans to press the good cause; for it is necessary to do this before the Assembly meets in January.

Mrs. Anna Badrow Gehman, of New York City sends this interesting information: --

"The readers of the Bulletin who are acquainted with Sykes Hollow may be interested to know that a painting of this locality is on view in the gallery of the The Staten Island Art Association, Staten Island, New York.

Stream, and the artist is Eve-

lyn Leverne Gehman.

The shady walk through Sykes Hollow had always been a delightful place to many of us who lived in Oxford, especially in those days when walking was a favorite pastime. "

The Bulletin congratulates Mrs. Gehman and her talented daughter on this public recognition of Miss Gehman's art.

#### Old Oxford Days Livery Stables and A Cow Barn By Clinton E. Weston

One of the institutions of former days that has passed into oblivion, but not out of memory, is the livery stable. With its passing also went a vocation for a number of men whose principal duty was to look after the horses -- feeding, currying and attendling to the bedding -- and these men were generally known as "Livery Stable Chamber-maids, " One of the earliest stables was kept by S. Brown Hill in the old foundry, and he always had a pretty fair collection; his own horse

Maud being the star boarder.

John Sullivan had a stable located on Tunnel Hill road and did a thriving business for some time. His men had no time for carrying water, so twice a day all the plugs were taken to the water trough located at the rolling mill. The horses were ridden without halters, and how they did scamper back and forth! Jacob Frome operated a stable at the same location as Sullivan's, and he had at least two horses which gave pleasure to hold reins over. I had a notion that I would like to own one of them and had the temerity to offer One Hundred Dollars of real money. But while the negotiations were pending Frome let two men have that certain horse to drive to Easton with the result that the poor horse had a funeral. Frome brought suit against the men. I learned on the day of trial that a subpena was out for me and, at the urgent request of my employer, E. C. Allen, at the Company Store, I spent the afternoon hunting. Frome won his case anyway, and that was as near as I ever came to owning a horse. There must have been a decline in the livery line The picture is entitled, 'Woodland for all of a sudden, particularly at night, there was a terrific and nasty odor that permeated the atmosphere, and in a hasty investigation it was found that the genial Frome was dealing in what George Humphrey was pleased to term, "wood pussies."

That industry was quickly squelched but before the source was detected all the neighbors looked suspiciously at each other. Frome also dealt in western mustangs and had two or more

(over)

that were claimed to be harness broken. I hired one and immediately had a long argument with the beast because it got its signs mixed, as thinking the command to go forward was to go in reverse, and vice-versa. When we got that point settled I gave the signal to go ahead, but the mustang acted as though it was going. on a sit-down strike. Then changed its mind and turned completely around breaking the shafts, and gave me the kind of a look that can best be described as being extremely unsanitary. Finis to mustang hire, One of the most amusing incidents of the long ago that even to this day brings a smile concerns Darius Weston, who lived in Hill street, when he decided to take unto himself a cow. The barn was built and on a certain evening the cow arrived, a fine looking beast but appeared to me to be unusually long. When it was partially put in the barn wasn't wide enough to accommodate all of the cow at one and the same time. The situation thus being that more of the cow stuck out of the door than was in the

barn. Here was a dilemma!
The cow could not very well be telescoped nor would it fit at any angle. The neighbors gathered around offering suggestions. One of them opined that may be it would be better to reverse the cow and have its head stick out of the door so as to prevent any water getting in the milk. Another plan was to reveverse the cow on alternate days.

The decision finally arrived at was to build an addition for the cow's head and shoulders. This was done and seemed to be satisfactory, for thereafter the cow was as happy and contented as a cat with cream on its whiskers.

John Sohner kept a livery stable longer perhaps than any of the above mentioned. Saturday and Sunday were the busy days, when all the horses would usually be engaged for families or young swains and their girl friends to ride leisurely throthe country with no thought of how much gas there was in the tank or the liability of getting a flat,

How familiar are the words of the song that commences. (to first p)

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