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The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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Minister



Oxford Historical Record

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain; O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift up and be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, behold your God!

---Isaiah 40: 9

"O Lord Jesus Christ, who at Thy first coming didst send thy messenger to prepare Thy way before Thee: Grant that the ministers and stewards of Thy grace may likewise so prepare and make ready Thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that at Thy second coming to judge the world we may be found an acceptable people in Thy sight, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end, Amen."

The Christmas entertainment of the Sunday School will be held this coming Friday evening. The usual attractive features will be furnished by the children, with a Christmas tree and Santa Claus.

The Cemetery Association gave one of their parties at the public school rooms on Saturday evening. On this Sunday 2.P.M. the regular monthly business meeting of the officers and trustees will be held in the M. E. Church.

Elder Abram Pittenger will spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. G. E. Haufler, at their home in East Orange, 469 North Grove street.

Those who wish to communicate with him may do so at that address

Also Mrs Dr. L. B. Hoagland will visit with her daughter, Mrs. G. V. Aldrich, at 7123 W. Wells Street, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Her friends can reach her at that address.

She will make the trip from New York Monday, Dec, 18th, by plane, taking only six hours.

That Escapade in the Old
School House
By George S. Humphrey

Upon reading Mr. Weston's scathing remarks in Bulletin No. 491, I was filled with remorse and sorrow; and as I began to recall other "sins of my youth" equally as heinous as the one to which he referred, the strain upon my mind and conscience became almost unbearable.

But after passing a sleepless night, the light came to me with the dawn—why, indeed, should I be disturbed by the half-thought-out comments of a young, inexperienced person like "Clin"?

And any way, did he not say "All is forgiven?" And furthermore, as I consider the little episode in the old school house, I have concluded that I and my associates were real crusaders, and that we did a noble service to the community in saving it from an exhibition which was in every way degrading, and worse than that, portrayed by grossly incompetent performers.

I have already seen "Clin" and we have shaken hands over the matter!

(In a note to the Editor Mr. Humphrey adds: "I enclose a reply to Clin Weston's tirade. I guess a little fun in the Bulletin now and then does no harm". Mr. Perkins also, in his reply, pokes fun and railery at Mr. Weston, but it is all make-believe. They are just boys again.)

Reply, by Edwin C. Perkins

"It was delightful in Mr. Humphrey to give the readers of the Bulletin that little touch of intimacy in his recent article.

Coming from him it was doubly appreciated and enjoyed. It was also fine of Mr. Weston to so tactfully and wittily re-establish him in the minds of any who might look askance upon youthful exploits.

Having performed this altogether gracious act, one is led to wonder just why the writer so suddenly took to his heels and began running away to a shelter he confesses to have had in preparation against an

attack by some one. From whom and what is he attempting to escape?

Can it be that he is seeing things? No, not yet. Is he a timid soul? Perish the thought! Until the appearance of this article we had thought of him as clever and able. In his youth his leadership of the 'gang' was known to be masterful. Can it be that in his exuberance over George's confession, he inadvertently slipped and made his predicament obvious in his recent article? Is he committing himself when he says "Murder will out," knowing that the culprit frequently reverts mentally, and eventually returns to the scene of his earlier overt acts?

Yes, this seems to clear up the mystery. We have a naughty boy with a guilty conscience to deal with.

His worry comes from 'Bucaroos' within, not from without, and they are the creation of his own tormented brain. Against these, his 'impetrable storm proof shelter' will avail him little protection.

Readers of the Bulletin and fellow 'Bucaroos':— One of our able leaders is in trouble— sore trouble, and he is discomfited. We call for volunteers to assist him. Write to the Bulletin and offer him suggestions in his dire distress.

The writer offers him the following consoling, comforting reflections.

'Dear Clin:— You have been a useful and respected citizen; you have given endless enjoyment in your contributions to the Bulletin. We cannot sit idly by and see you tucked away in a lonesome chicken-coop in somebody's back yard, peering thro' knot holes to see if the Bucaroos are coming. Really, we are discomfited to see you thus, surrounded by a swarm of hornets. (your own conscience) buzzing about you, night and day; and at intervals, one or two zipping down and pressing a sharp and painful stinger into some sensitive part of your anatomy. Your friends know you are worried and putting up a good fight. But why bear it alone when a more reasonable course would save you all this distress? Why not sneak out on them as your 'Bucaroos' were taught to do in the old days; banish your hallucination and return

(over)

to your desk and give George and the Bulletin readers the benefit of some of your choice exploits. — the ones you have been secretly chuckling over and keeping up your sleeve

The Bucaroos will do anything to relieve your misery, and will hold you blameless. Perhaps you are thinking of President Roosevelt's satisfaction in keeping the country guessing, as he scratches that itch for a third term. But your situation is different, Clin, with no swimming pool, no one to bring your breakfast to your bedside and with no heart to sing "Happy days are here again."

Watch your chance and skip out. You've done it before. Come back to us and ease that tormenting conscience by telling us all about it. George did Pleadingly .Ed.

Of course in extreme cases a stiff jolt is sometimes injected to dislodge lethargy; and perhaps Clin will take this shot in the arm, and realize that it is perfectly possible to revive the story of Oliver Twist, reincarnate Fagan, and revive the Bucaroos (whisper) and the boys might squeal and tell all they know.

Mr. Perkins writes this kind note which concerns Oxford and its people:-

"If I could get around the slow and tedious process of the mechanics of writing, I would tell you more of my devotion for you and the wonderful work you are doing. I would tell you also my love for the dear Oxford people, the old institutions and the many phases of life in the early days. My impressions of the first and now historic reunions would follow, as would my appreciation of those who contribute so splendidly to the Bulletin's interests. I too would tell how greatly I respect those who have honored the dead of Oxford by their splendid work with the Cemetery.

But despite my aversion to the mechanics of writing, I must do my little. It is too long I know, but it is difficult to condense these vivid pictures of one's childhood."

These last words refer to a fine article on "Christmas in the '80's and '90's." To appear in the next issue.

CHURCH OFFICERS

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A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

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