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The BULLETIN

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

PUBLISHED

By

REV. A. G. YOUNT, Ph. D.

Pastor

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH



Oxford Historical Record



Hillside Cemetery
By Clinton E. Weston, President.

When the Hillside Cemetery Association was started the question arose as to the need of holding frequent meetings. This question was soon answered because so many matters were constantly arising that it was found necessary to hold them monthly. In addition to this, much correspondence passes forth between the Officers, which of course comes in the routine of our activities.

Each meeting brings to light items of interest many of which are used in improving our records. As the data is collected it is systematically recorded on the books of the Association and much of this information forms the basis for making the annual reports. By referring to these reports it will be noted that each year a plan has been made for at least one major improvement, and this year will be no exception. At our next meeting plans will be put under way for the installation of a water supply, a very necessary adjunct.

Various plans have been discussed including a pipe line from the mine but owing to the uncertainty of the future of an underground line, it was deemed advisable to install a cistern which we figure will insure a sufficient amount of water for our needs. Besides it is necessary to use a part of a building for storing implements used in the cemetery.

The Association is pleased to announce that it has made arrangements whereby flowers can be ordered to be placed on plots in the cemetery.

An order, stating the amount to be spent with remittance enclosed, may be sent direct to Mrs. Jennie Fichtel Oxford, N. J. who is one of the Trustees and the matter will receive prompt attention. The Association is soliciting funds for the installation of the water supply and will be pleased to receive contributions of any amount as soon as possible. The Treasurer is A. Edward Badrow, Oxford, N. J. We are truly grateful to our many friends who are so loyal and for our part we are exerting every effort to warrant a continuance of your kind and valuable support.

Bulletin No. 501. Feb. 18th, 1940

Hear, O Heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

---Isaiah 1:3, 18

"O God who hast willed that the gate of mercy should stand open to the faithful; Look on us, and have mercy upon us, that we may have the grace and courage always to do Thy will. Teach us to serve Thee as in the way of truth and right; to count not the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not seek for rest; to labor and not ask any reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy will through the grace and mercy of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

The Choir will give a musical pageant in the church on Sunday evening March 3rd.

The Monthly meeting of the Cemetery Association will be held on Sunday Feb. 18th, at 2 P M in the Methodist Church.

The Bulletin will print the addresses of writers and others as the names appear from time to time.

There have been requests of this kind and this seems to the best way to accomplish it. Of course the address of any person will be given only once.

George S. Humphrey, 15 Hyatt Street,
St. George, Staten Island, N. Y.
Clinton E. Weston, 201 Garfield
Place, South Orange, N. J.
Edwin C. Perkins, Box 552,
Ogunquit, Maine
Mrs. Anna Badrow Gehman, 1567 York
Avenue, N. Y. City
Charles Aitkin, 234 West State St.
Trenton, N. J.
George Weber, 909 Irving Road,
Birmingham, Ala.
Joseph H. Scranton, Mt. Lake, R. D.
Belvidere, N. J.

Mr. Perkins writes: --

"The current issue of the Bulletin has given me much pleasure. In Fancy I have tarried in the church yard, after the services, as we used to do, and talked. I have gone behind the desk at the Company Store and exchanged news with the men there; and have drifted behind the wire grating in the old Company Office, sat in one of those Windsor chairs near the vault, tipped it against the wall and chatted most delightfully with George Humphrey, Charles Aitkin, Clin Weston and George Weber.

It really seemed like old times. I have also sat beside the bedside of Joe Scranton, witnessed his genial smile and heard his hearty laugh and wished him a speedy return to his active life. I have dropped in at the Easton Hospital, in spirit, talked with Patrick Kempsey and wished him well. I have condoled with the family of Mary Eckmeter and recalled her father, George Radle. I have talked with Irving Quick at the Store desk, and waited for him to write up my account book. And, as we all do, I have read between the lines of the Bulletin's items and thus covered several chapters of a most interesting human volume.

"To my appreciated friend, George Humphrey: The only claim I have to the name of Dean is from the fact that one of my ancestors bore that name--also my brother Howard is Dean of the Portland Cathedral. The title and mantle of the Oxford clan, placed so lovingly and appropriately upon your shoulders, we associate with you, and you alone. My prayer is that its folds may protect you and save you to us for many years to come."

Mrs. Anna Gehman, who contributes the leading article in this issue, makes a good suggestion, saying:--
"We are always glad to receive the Bulletin. I must say we enjoyed reading 'Visiting Days' by Mr. Perkins; also his Christmas stories. I wonder if Mr. Perkins or Mr. Weston would write an account of the graduation High School exercises as they were celebrated years ago. They could do it very well, and I am sure all the readers of the Bulletin would like it.

Memories of old Brick School House
By Anna Badrow Gehman

Last summer some old school friends and I spent a pleasant afternoon exploring the site of the old Brick School House. We hoped to find the shady path that led to the spring and the spring house in the chestnut grove. Here is where we youngsters came at recess-time after such strenuous games as "Pom-pom-pull-away," and "Building a house," for a refreshing drink of the cold water and a nibble of the water-cress and mint that grew near the stream.

The boys, hot and panting from their exciting game of base-ball, would dash pell-mell down this cool path for their share of the good water.

As a reward for good behavior, the teacher allowed us to come here and 'clap the erasers' against the tree trunks to remove the chalk dust from them. During the examination recess the quiet chestnut grove would find us frantically studying the history and arithmetic review lessons.

It was astonishing how many dates and cautions had escaped our memory.

Then is when our teachers would find scribbled in our books such ditties as these: "Three more days and we'll be free/ From this school of misery." And "Steal not this book, my honest friend/ For fear the gallows will you be your end./ And when you die the Lord will say, Where is that book you stole away. And if you say you do not know, He will put you down below."

Needless to say our punishment was swift and sure; the faithful chestnut grove supplying the switch, instead of the old ruler Mr. Weston remembers which was probably worn out by our time! The reluctant boy who was sent for a switch generally returned with a small-sized limp twig, which the teacher accepted with a twinkle in her eye. These were the happy days when we thought we were so unhappy. And though the school house burned down long ago, yet the teachers who attend the Reunions may be gratified to know that their pupils do remember the fine things they did for us which made lasting impressions for good. Some one has said "Remember Teacher, you are the

(over)

best teacher some child will ever have." One of the greatest and most lasting helps came to me in the class-room of Miss Martha Shafer. It happened one Friday afternoon when Miss Shafer read to us the poem of Longfellow, The Builders.

Not only did she carefully explain the meaning of each verse until we understood the whole story, but she asked us to memorize and think often of these lines:-

"Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best,
and what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part...
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen."

Then is when I began to realize the importance of doing little things well. How often these lines served as a guide!

After school my paths led far from Oxford, into the business world where success depends so often on doing little things well, and to countries across the sea, the very places and wonders of "the days of elder art." about which Miss Shafer spoke that Friday afternoon.

There was the Cathedral at Cologne whose foundations were laid long before Columbus discovered America; and the old covered bridge in Luzerne made famous by Longfellow in 'The Golden Legend', looked just like the picture in our history book,

I sat on one of the heavy planks and looked up at the mighty Mount Pilatus with its windy pines and felt indebted to the old school in Oxford and our good hearted teachers, so I said to myself, 'Oh, Miss Martha Shafer, I am truly thankful that you took the time to explain the great lesson of the Builders, for without that inspiration I would have missed so much in life!

The bulletin has received from Chas. Aitkin, and Clinton E Weston \$5.00 each; \$4.00 from Miss Rosalie Sarson, and \$1.00 from Wm. Schweikert.

Sam Sloan

By George S. Humphrey

Clin Weston refers to Sam Sloan as a power in the Lackawanna which he certainly was. Although he had a very kind heart, his outward manner was pretty rough--at some times perhaps too much so. Many anecdotes are told about him, emphasizing his peculiarities. Here is one which I can vouch for:--

As President of the Company he often made trips over the line, frequently including Ithaca where my father, as Superintendent of the Cayuga Division was located, his office being in the railroad depot.

On one of his visits, Mr. Sloan was in the office, which was not furnished with much elegance, waiting for his special train to pull up to the Station, when he shouted to my father:--"Humphrey, why don't you have some decent chairs here for people to sit in?" To which my father replied, "I don't want my office filled up with ~~loafers~~ loafers."

If you don't like my accommodations there are seats in the waiting room!"

Just then the special came along they both had a good laugh and Sam got aboard his car.

Mr. Sloan was a consistent member of the Dutch Reformed Church and my father a sound Presbyterian; but they were both proficient in the railroad man's dialect which at times seemed necessary to employ.

On an old marble slab in the cathedral of Lubeck, Germany, may be seen this inscription:

"Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:
Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
Ye call me Light, and see me not;
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
Ye call me wise, and follow me not;
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
Ye call me Just, and fear me not.
If I condemn you, blame me not."

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