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*The*  
**BULLETIN**

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By

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Pastor

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH



**Oxford Historical Record**

"Oh that I knew where I might find him! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him: But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

-----Job 23:3, 8-10

"Eternal Father, who hast made the visible world by Thy power and the soul of man in Thy likeness, grant that we may live wisely, bravely and happily among things seen and temporal, yet never in bondage unto them, but always seeking a better country and a heavenly home with Thee; through the grace and guidance of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

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The Pageant to be given by the choir has been postponed until the 10th of March. It will be in the church at the evening hour. This will give the Choir more time to prepare for it. The title of the service is The Convocation of the Centuries. Mr. McClain, pastor of the Church at Hampton will assist as he is familiar with it from having helped in presenting it in his own church recently. It will be a most interesting service and the church should be filled. The public is cordially invited to be present.

The choir is busy not only with this but prepares attractive music for each Sunday morning service. Besides the music for Palm Sunday and Easter. The choir is having the very efficient leadership of Mrs. Albert Brushett, who, with her husband, has recently become a citizen of Oxford.

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Easter comes on March 24th, only four weeks away, when the Lord's Supper will be administered, as is our custom. New members will also have the privilege of uniting with our Communion, if they so desire.

Old Oxford Days  
By Clinton E. Weston

Edwin C. Perkins' fine article on old time remedies (Bulletin No. 499) gave a vivid description of how the folks of an earlier generation supplied themselves with home remedies for all the aches and pains with which human beings are afflicted, by collecting, at certain times of the year, herbs and roots to be used according to the complaint. Considering Ed's wide knowledge of the medicinal properties of about everything that grows, it occurs to me that some community has missed the services of one who could have won medals and renown as a medico specialist.

The custom of roving hither and yon to collect plant life for the aforesaid purpose apparently folded up about the time our generation came in, for the reason that patent panaceas began to filter in, and instead of finding herbs and roots hanging from the attic rafters, families began to set aside a place on the cupboard shelf for such remedies as Hood's Sarsaparilla, Beef Iron and Wine, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, Lydia Pinkham's Pink Pills for Pale People, Arabian Balsam, Sozodent for the teeth, and many others, though I must not forget Fletcher's Castoria which I never knew any youngster to cry for.

Among the people who came out of New England to live in Oxford was Darius Weston, his family and his wife's elderly father and mother by the name of Smith. The latter were inveterate plant gatherers and in the autumn would scour the woods and fields, taking home great quantities of herbs and roots which were to be seeped, par boiled and cooked, -- in case

I made a visit to their attic and there I saw hanging from every available space bunches of this and that to be dried, and to await the time they would be used for any complaint from an ulcerated appetite to ingrowing heels. In his leisure hours, Mr. Smith would invariably sit at an open window on the second floor of his house (which was next to the one we lived in on Hill Street) assiduously absorbing the contents of an oldtime almanac; and, being a consistent chewer, he would every once in while stick his head out of the window, and splash!

Down came a miniature water fall. Standing near his house one day with his grand-son, Mert, I casually mentioned I knew where a large sized syringe could be located, and what better use could it be put to than to treat his grand-dad to a shower. Mert immediately replied something to this effect, "Well, what are we waiting for?" Filling the syringe with as much water as it would hold we took our stance, and when the old fellow's cranium came into view, getting ready to unload, we beat him to it and made a perfect score.

Expectantly awaiting the outcome all of a sudden the door opened just off the porch and, as Mert started to beat the victim let fly a can of ashes. Lucky Mert! If he had gotten it with full force it would have been for him, "Ashes to Ashes, Dust to dust." I just stood off at a respectful distance registering a look of innocence, albeit in the face of a look that I suspected was decided unsanitary. I tried my hand at an offer of sympathy but all I heard, as Mr. Smith went and closed the door was, Bah! which translated means "Go tell it to Sweeney."

There were people in Oxford who were adepts in emergencies or sickness, like Ed speaks of his father's prowess in stitching wounds.

Frequently Nailers, in grinding nail-machine knives, would have a most painful experience by getting a steel splinter in an eye. Very often a sufferer would call at our house during the night to get my father to perform the delicate operation of extracting the tiny piece of steel. Anyone who became injured in the mines or at the furnace would usually sent for James H. Lukens who always seemed to know how to handle a case. The Mother of Church Street was Mrs. Caroline Weston, who, while having a large family of her own, was always ready to heed the beck and call of anyone taken ill in her immediate neighborhood. I presume there were others in town who had that unusual gift. Human sympathy and service of a sort rarely becomes known outside of the vicinity, but it is the kind that welds a never to be forgotten friendship.

In truth, boys and girls did not have a variety of knickknacks.

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In lieu of dixie-cups and lolly-pops they did have the healthful exercise and fun of gathering birch, slippery-elm, snake-root, butter and bread leaves, etc. to masticate.

Before the advent of sodas it was common to make a summer drink consisting of ginger, molasses and water

Raspberry vinegar was served to company, and was quite refreshing.

School children made a drink by dissolving a stick of licorice in water. Nutting was a favorite pastime after the first frost, and no one forgets the exhilaration of the crisp autumn air. The interesting part being the location of the several varieties. At the turn of the road leading to Buttzville near the Smith farm, quantities of black walnuts could be gathered. Along the road past the Lanterman residence was the location for hazel nuts.

In the field beyond Tunnel Hill were some beautiful shell bark trees

Chestnut trees were numerous along the mountain side, especially in the vicinity of the old brick school house. Butter nuts could be gathered in the grove between the original M. E. church and the old school house.

An interesting tradition has been handed down as to how the Butter nut got its name. The Indians ground the butter-nut meat, mixing with some water, until it reached the consistency of paste, and then used it on their bread for butter.

The Pilgrims finding it palatable and not being acquainted with the botanical name of the tree, named it butter nut tree.

Come the cold wintry days and the cracking of nuts would begin by taking a hammer and placing a flat iron inverted between your knees, and then the feast would begin or perhaps the meats would be saved for a cake or in home made molasses candy. Were them happy days?

You're telling me.

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Mr. Weston and his sister, Mrs. Tunison, attended our service last Sabbath Morning, thereby showed his good nature and fine musical ability. For our organist, could not be present and Mr. Weston kindly took her place performing in a masterly manner.



CHURCH OFFICERS

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EMMANUEL KELSKY

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