

The
BULLETIN

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By

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

Pastor

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH



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Then he said unto them, Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, is like unto a man that is an householder which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.

---Matthew 13:52

" Look upon us, O Lord, and let all the darkness of our souls vanish before the brightness of Thy glory.

Fill us with holy love, and open to us the treasures of Thy wisdom.

All our desire is known unto Thee: therefore perfect what Thou hast begun, and what Thy Spirit has moved us to ask in prayer. We seek Thy presence: turn Thy face unto us, and show us the vision of heavenly truth in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Only two weeks now until Easter with all its holy associations. The Lord's Supper will be administered in our Church, and new members will be welcomed, of whom we are expecting a number.

The Convocation of the Centuries.
Tonight at 7:30

The Pageant of the above title will be given tonight by the Choir of over 15 members. The story parts will be pronounced by the Rev. John H. McClain, pastor of the Hampton Presbyterian Church. The Choir will be led by Mrs Albert Brushett, with Miss Frances Pittenger at the piano. It will be an enjoyable and impressive religious service. The public is invited.

Next Sabbath morning will be in celebration of Palm Sunday, with appropriate music by the choir and congregation, and a sermon in keeping with the thought of the day.

The next Annual Reunion date falls on Sunday May 19th.

Mr. Weston Writes:-

"I have just received word that Mr. Mumfrey is critically ill in Philadelphia where he went Feb. 24th. and caught cold which developed into bronchitis. Being worn out and tired makes his resistance difficult to cope with the germs. He is at Mrs. James E. Loder's, 225 South 44th. street, who writes that George is so weak he isn't able to have his mail read to him. She suggested that I write to ask if you would mention it in the Bulletin, for it would please him immensely to receive any cards when he is able to look them over.

"I wrote him last week to Staten Island, and it was forwarded to Philadelphia, but remains unopened."

"I talked with Miss Grace Scranton over the telephone today. She is enthusiastic about the reunion, and said she was going to send you one or two articles for the Bulletin."

Edwin C. Perkins writes:-

"In my judgment, one of the most interesting articles to appear in the Bulletin recently was the one written by Samuel Cooper, which supplemented what I wrote about horses in the early days. He also included much interesting data about the Company Office, the handling of pay rolls and pay day at the works. I have waited weekly for some further contribution by Sam. He and Lula, his good wife, must remember a lot about the Commencements of our school days, how we struggled to get mottoes etc., for our class. Both of their names were always to be found on the Dean's list, and it would be great if they would take up the suggestion of Anna Badrow Gehman, collaborate, as all good husbands and wives should, and give us their account of those exciting, thrilling events."

We hope Mr. Cooper will be able to meet the request of Mr. Perkins. At any rate our readers would like to hear from him. Mr. Weston has coaxed one of our modest writers to send an article, which is now on hand.

The Bulletin also would like more short items like the above.

A Summer Vacation By Cortland F. Cook

Several years ago it was the happy privilege of my wife and I to spend a vacation of two weeks each summer at Mountain Lake, using one of Joe Scranton's furnished cottages as our headquarters; and it goes without saying that Joe as a landlord was far above the average in being thoughtful, obliging and accommodating for our comfort and enjoyment while there--treating us as his guests rather than as tenants.

One summer we had arranged for a cottage for a certain two weeks, and in our anxiety to get out into the country as soon as possible, we packed up and drove to Mountain Lake the day before our agreed date of arrival, with the intention of spending the day at the Lake and then going to Washington and put up with one of my brothers, and then return to the Lake the next morning to take possession of the cottage.

Joe, however, would not listen to our going to Washington and insisted that we put for the night in his bunk-house, as I think he called it. In spite of our protests he went right ahead and prepared a bed and other accommodations for us, and we just could do nothing about it but stay, or openly reject his kindness and generosity; and to top it all off he gave us supper and breakfast.

We usually spent most of our time up there a-fishing, but would take an occasional day-trip through the surrounding country; probably taking in a ball-game or such. One time, fishing there not being good, Joe volunteered to take us for a day's real fishing at Swartswood Lake, at which time and place he would "show us how." So one morning we startee for Swartswood Lake in his old "Hup", which had made at least two trips to the far West; and he assured us would get us to Swartswood and back O. K.

All went well until we were entered Hackettstown, when we smelled smoke and, on investigating, found a short circuit that had started fire in the front cushion. The fire was soon put out and a nearby garage fixed up the wiring, and we proceeded gaily on our way until we got near Newton, (over)

when the engine began heating up, and we were obliged to replenish both oil and grease. We got that and then continued on to the Lake without further mishap.

Joe had not only been twitting me about my lack of qualifications as a fisherman, but had been boasting of his prowess in that line. Upon arrival at the Lake we promptly secured the proper bait, etc., and proceeded to the place where "They are" (yet). Joe and Mrs. Scranton were in one boat, and Mrs. Cook and I in another. After fishing a couple of hours we opined it was about time for "eats", and Joe surely did qualify in rustling that grub, especially in broiling that slab of beef which he had bought at Newton; and baking the potatoes and getting the proper flavor in that pot of coffee--the taste and aroma are still a delicious memory.

But it still remained for Joe to make good his boast of piscatorial ability, and to make a long story short, that part still remains to be fulfilled. For though we fished until the sun had well nigh disappeared, none of us had any luck worth mentioning, and what honors there were all went to the ladies.

Neither Joe nor I could do anything in the way of catching fish.

But we had a pleasant day and our trip back to Mountain Lake was made without further wheezings or gaspings of the old "Hup." It did get us there and back, again O.K.

The death of William Kimbel took place on Saturday, March, 2nd, 1940.

He was in his 90th year, having been born September 15th, 1860, in Oxford, which has always been his home. His parents were Anton and Jane Kimbel who came from Germany.

His only surviving near relative is Mrs. Edward (Augusta) Delaney.

He was a member of the German Reformed Church of Oxford and he passed away in the full assurance of the Christian hope.

The last services were from the funeral parlors of Mr. Hiles, in Great Meadows, and the burial was in Hillside Cemetery.



CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

ABRAM PITTENGER
EMMANUEL KELSKY

ELISHA B. FOSS
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Ladies' Aid Society

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