

The BULLETIN

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

PUBLISHED

By

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Pastor

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



Oxford Historical Record

Mr. Humphrey Gaining

Mrs. James E. Loder, writing on the 11th, says:— "I am very thankful to be able to write you that Mr. Humphrey is now gaining strength steadily. He is sitting up for a while each day, Has a good appetite and is able to read and enjoy Post letters from his friends. He is looking forward to the Reunion in May; and I trust that long before that he will have recovered his old vim and vigor... I read last Saturday's bulletin to him today, and we both enjoyed it very much."

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Mr. Kempsey, home from the Hospital, sends a lovely personal note, in which he says: "I wish to thank you... for the mention made in the Bulletin of my being sick, and by that I received many cards of well wishes for a speedy recovery, which was a great help to me in bearing my sickness and pains."

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Mr. Frederick H. Kingsbury sends \$2.00 for the bulletin to be sent to Mr. Selden H. Kingsbury, Scranton, Penna., and says: "I look forward with interest to receiving the Bulletin as it is published, and have enjoyed the various articles by some of your prominent correspondents of old Oxford."

"In Mr. Perkins's interesting reminiscences in the Bulletin under the title of 'Home Remedies', he refers to Grandma Lukens' composition tea, as a cure for colds

"This reminds me of Grandma Lukens' cure for coughs. It consisted of a liberal amount of melted lard, a little sugar and white of egg. She convinced my mother of the effectiveness of the cure and ever afterward the mixture was a sovereign remedy in the household so long as our family of children, and there were seven of us all born in Oxford, could not resist parental pressure.

"When it was administered to me I protested loudly, but to no avail.

It was vile and I shudder now, at 75, when I think of it as I did as a small boy and 'had to take it."

Bulletin No. 505. March 17th, 1940

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Save now, I beseech thee O Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

-----Psalm 118: 24, 25.

"Heavenly Father, again we call to mind the passion of Thy dear Son, our Saviour. Sanctify to us all its holy memories, and let our meditations of the Lord Jesus be full of health to our souls. As on this day we keep the special memory of our Redeemer's triumphal entry into the city, so grant that now and ever He may triumph in our hearts. Let the King of glory enter in, while we lay our joyful homage before Him. Amen."

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We enter into Holy Week to-day, and the best reading for those who desire to meditate on heavenly and soul saving truths is found in the Gospel records of the last week in the life on earth of our Lord.

These portions can be found in Matthew, chapters 21 to 28; Mark, chapters, 11 to 16; Luke chapters, 19 to 24; and John, chapters 12 to 21.

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Next Sabbath will be Easter, and the Lord's Supper will be administered at the morning service.

Baptism of infants and adults, and reception of new members will also be in order. The Choir is preparing special music for that service.

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The Pageant presented by the Choir last Sabbath evening proved a most happy occasion, and was very much enjoyed by the good sized audience. The title was the "Convocation of the Centuries, and the theme was the progress of Christianity through the centuries since the time of our Lord. The speaking was by th Rev. John H McClain, pastor of the Hampton Presbyterian Church

The 17 members of the Choir were in black gowns, and an electrical lighted Cross shone above them, as formed a cross on the pulpit platform.

Mr. George Weber writes:-

I was much interested in Ed. Perkins' article on Lukens Band, and amazed at his wonderful memory, for he was only a kid at the time.

He had not only the names of the members of the band, but the instrument each played, and with few exceptions, correct.

As he requests anyone to make corrections I will make a few. But do not give me credit for a good memory, for I have a photograph before me on which I noted "Taken at Oxford N. J. sometime prior to 1885. From this picture I make these changes.

There was no C-flat, but an E and a B-flat. We had four Saxophones, two sopranos, a tenor and an alto.

The sopranos played by Mr. Lukens and Louis Estler. The Tenor by Jay Huffman, and alto by the writer.

Ezra Estler - Louis's father - played an Euphonium and Thomas Reese a tenor horn.

It is true that the Lukens Band was considered the best in Warren County. I remember very vividly one engagement we had by the De-Mo-Lay (?) Commandery, Knights Templar Lodge. The Order had a parade in Trenton - a State affair. The Lodges in the marching and maneuvers made the most beautiful sight I had ever seen; in their uniforms and the three large ostrich feathers - two black and one white, or vice versa, over their hats - they made a beautiful picture.

Our band did not cut much of a figure on the parade as we had no uniforms. But afterward we gave an open-air concert which drew a crowd.

One of the novelties which "took the cake" was "My Grandfather's Clock." And for the information of the younger generation I will quote the first verse - all I remember.

"My grandfather's clock was too tall  
for the shelf

So it stood ninety years on the floor  
It was taller by half than the old  
man himself

Though it weighed not a penny  
weight more.

It was bought on the morn of the  
day he was born,

It was always his treasure and pride.  
(to back cover)

## A Book-Slate Reports (Contributed)

More than a half-century ago, I went to the Dutch Hill School in the care of my owner whose father had bought it at the Company Store. On the book-shelf there, at the left-hand side as you enter and about half way down the Store, I left my companions whom I would doubtless meet again in school in the hands of different pupils.

That particular shelf at the Store was the school book center for the town, and I have often wondered who was responsible for selecting and placing us all there. Robinson's Practical Arithmetic was a close friend; one of its partial-payment examples covered one whole slate side with figures. Another friend was Reed and Kellogg's Grammar, whose complex sentences needed lots of space for diagrams. My favorites, however, were the Appleton Series of Readers. That was the basis of promotion from the Third Reader to the Fourth, in my day. But it was an event long to be remembered when my owner reached the Fifth Reader Stage.

She ran, not walked, to the Store to get that Fifth Reader, and to this day recalls reading it all through the first evening or two. I came in use later to work over a few favorites with her. Two poems stand out distinctly: one for its music must be read aloud, "How the Water Comes Down at Ladore," describes a tumbling waterfall. The other - "Thanatopsis" - was diagrammed, analyzed, parsed, learned and loved. And while all this had to be erased from the slate, it was then and there decided to have the last stanza - "So live that when thy summons comes, to join the innumerable caravan which moves" cut on her tombstone. That stanza has been recalled many times; and most inspiringly from a hospital bed.

I didn't help the spelling book much much because those pages held three columns each of 25 words. The pupils stood in a line reaching the length of the room and more, and spelled up and down. If one stood at the head for a week, he received a "head-mark" and passed to the foot of the class to spell up again. 'over)

Mr. Atwood, the teacher, gave a book at the end of the term to the pupil with the most "head-marks." Ivanhoe, was one of them, Tennyson's Poems, another; and they are prized indeed to this day.

I was called a "book-slate" I suppose, because I consisted of two slates, framed in wood, the edges of which were bound with red felt laced on by a strong string. Two long edges of the slate being interlaced by this string formed a double-acting hinge, thus enabling the slate to open outward or inward. I wasn't as noisy as the single wooden framed ones were, and when my slim pencil, also made of slate, and wrapped in a bit of red, white and blue flag paper lay in a desk groove, along with a wet sponge near at hand, I was ready for the day's work. This wet sponge wasn't always as innocent as it looked, either. There were two rooms in our school building. The first floor housed the Primary Department taught by Mrs Aaron Davis. I never lived in her room, but I used to see beautiful drawings of flowers on her black-boards as I passed up and down the wooden stairway to the second floor which housed the grammar classes. Here were the black boards on the front wall; Mr Atwood's desk in front; the large stove and attending coal-scuttle in center back, flanked by a metal screen on each side. There were two rows of seats on each side of the room; boys sat on one side, girls on the other, two in each seat. At recitation time each class moved up to the front seats near the teacher's desk.

Friday afternoons and special days were made interesting by readings, recitations, or dialogues. The first time I heard, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," Alvin Stout recited it there. Leora Stout, I remember, recited more dramatically than anyone else. Arbor day was lovely because slates and books were laid away, and all the children went out to the woods after a tree, brought it back to the school and planted it.

Many a longing glance wandered through the windows in spring time to near-by Rattle Snake Hill, where lovely trailing arbutus, called by scent or bloom. Games were played

in the yard in pleasant weather. In Winter sleds were brought to school, and from the top of "Huffy's Hill," given a smooth icy road bob-sleds could go all the way down to the Company Store--about a mile.

Rather simply organized--do I hear my readers say? Well, consciously or unconsciously, pupils followed their bent, and worked out their own units of thought and action, surrounded by splendid influences in the character of their elders, their Church, their home and school.

The Town uniquely self-contained, and made up of small settlements clustered around on the different Hills, spread its influence far and wide through its sons and daughters who sought their life-work elsewhere.

And so Oxford has lived through a period of history full of development. And I - the old Slate, am glad to have been a part of this happy past. Gone - but for the remembering.

(from second page)

"But it stopped short - never to go again,  
When the old man died."

Mr Lukens made a sort of wooden ratchet to imitate the winding of of an old clock with wooden works.

At certain times the band stopped playing suddenly, to let the operator of the ratchet wind the contraction. The applause was tremendous at the end of the program.

#### More Bulletin Addresses

- Mrs James E. Loder, 225 South 44th street, Phila. Pa.  
Cortland F. Cook, R. D. 1, Hackensack N. J.  
Mrs Henry Zulauf, 900 North 16th, Street, Harrisburg, Pa.  
Miss Nellie Estler, 855 Passaic st. Arlington, N J  
Samuel Cooper, Portland, Pa.  
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Dr Frank H. Perkins, Perkins School Lancaster, Mass.  
The Rev. Howard Perkins, 153 State Street, Maine.  
Mrs. Amanda P. Nelson, 10 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Mass.



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