



506

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By

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And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay. ---Matt. 28:5, 6.

"O Thou Son of God and Son of man, who by Thy victory over death hast brought life and immortality to light: raise us, by faith in Thee, from the grave of sin, and deliver us from the darkness of unbelief: that our hearts may be fortified with an eternal hope, and our affections set upon things above, and our spirits clothed at last with a celestial body; in the likeness of that glory wherein Thou art exalted for evermore at the right hand of the Father. Amen."

Order of Services

Voluntary
Doxology
Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Solo. "My Task." Mr. George Bell
Psalm 16
Hymn 33
Creed and Gloria
Anthem by the Choir
Scripture Lesson
Prayer
Response by Choir
Solo. "Calvary." Mrs. Brushett
Offering
Hymn 104
Sermon
Anthem by Choir
Reception of New Members
Hymn 239
Holy Communion
Hymn 57
Benediction

At the morning service last Sabbath Edmund N. Oram, and Jeanne M. Oram, having been admitted to our communion on confession of faith by the Session, were received and welcomed by the Congregation. Mr. Oram, who is in the Navy Aviation school, was home on vacation but had to return before our Easter Communion. Let us remember him.

Old Oxford Days
By Clinton E. Weston

Anna Badrow Gehman's interesting article (Bulletin 501) brought to my mind days at the old brick school house, and her glowing tribute to that natural born teacher, Martha Shafer Everitt, was well deserved. Mrs. Gehman's invitation, however, to write something about the old time High School graduations is rather a difficult proposition, particularly to me, as I have no intimate knowledge of any of them except the one in which I was a participant.

Each graduation differed, I expect, only in the method of carrying out the program which is always more appealing to the graduating class, parents, teachers and friends. For all of that, I can't resist the request and will try and relate something of my class, the fourth to hold graduating exercises, the first being in 1882. So let us pack an inviting lunch to ramble through a maze of vanished years until we come to a bright, typical day, the 26th, to be exact, of June in the year 1885.

Walking along Church street, in the Town of Oxford, you will perceive unusual activity in and around the Chapel, the building that had been dedicated on February 15th, previously.

The occasion for the bustle and subdued excitement being on account of the High School graduation exercises which were to be held that very evening. Boys were carrying huge armfuls of daisies which had been selected by the class as the piece-de-resistance for ornamentation. They grew in great profusion in the fields and while they were considered so common as to receive no more than a passing notice, except to pluck one occasionally to find out how you rated with the one who held your affections, by casting each petal aside while you repeated, "She loves me - she loves me not." The boys had been gathering them for two days and the girls wove them into daisy-chains, wreaths, etc., and when they were artistically arranged on the walls, windows and stage, there were exclamations of admiration and approval.

At the same time it served as a realization that the beauty of the

flower was sadly being neglected.

Perhaps we started something to bring the flower into its own, for not long afterwards a popular expression came into use; viz. that it was considered a compliment to the fair sex to refer to one of them as a "Daisy." And there came the popular song, "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true." And I am not backward in announcing that since that time daisies have been on my preferred list.

There were only five in my class, which suggests a close and exclusive combination; Kate M. Ward, now a retired teacher living in Detroit; Margaretta G. Cook, now Mrs. John Howell, living in Flat Bush, N. Y. and whose husband is President of the local Bank. Samuel J. Cooper, now absorbing fresh air on a farm at Portland, Penna. Thomas Mahony, who died many years ago; and the writer who lives in the classic shades of South Orange, and appears to have developed a chronic, though happy disposition to publicise Old Oxford Days.

The program opened with a selection by Lukens band, and they played twice again during the evening. Then came the Greeting Song, the girls doing nicely. Weston's Orchestra played several selections, then the orgy of essays began; and I have often marvelled at the fortitude and patience of that fine and representative audience. Kate told and tolled all about "Bells." Margaretta recited "Rome was not built in a day." Tommy discoursed on "Volcanos," without causing any eruption. Sammy declaimed on "Arbor Day." And I triple-tongued on the theme of "Music." The class motto was "Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum," (No footsteps backward). Albert H. Skinner was the Principal and the Trustees were I. F. Ward, Theodore P. Burd and C. B. Weston. Mr. Ward dispensed the diplomas. Then the Parting Song and thus came an end to our years of association with the old brick school, a turn in the road.

An exultant feeling at the time, an inexcusable one, that the prescribed studies had been conquered and that we were ready to tackle the problem of life. It is only when one gets to the realities that it dawns upon one, that way yonder at the farther end of the rainbow lies a nice large package marked with the one word Success,

(over)

and in huge letters just above it is a sign that reads, "Come and get it."

Note: I had concluded the above article minus some details, because my program had long since been lost, when I was greatly astonished and pleased to receive a letter from George Weber in which he wrote: "I am enclosing one of dear Emma's cherished souvenirs.

"Your calls at our home in Lyndhurst were among the few bright spots in her later life."

The enclosure was the invitation and program of my graduating class.

Mr. Perkins writes:—"On February 5th, 1939, I contributed to the Bulletin a short sketch of the life of 'Jumbo' the community sled. Therein I traced the various owners of Jumbo as far back as my memory served me.

In Bulletin 497, Jan. 21st, 1940, Will Pittenger discloses his uncle Will S. Cooke. Why, he was the original owner of Jumbo, and when his family left Oxford Jumbo was passed along to the James Lukens family.

My Memory failed me here when I wrote the article. What a valuable fact finding medium the Bulletin is becoming! I well remember Will Cooke, he lived across the track, above the Lukens' and had charge of Desk at the Company Store. Surely, now we must have a word from Mr. Will S. Cooke!"

Latest subscriptions to the Bulletin are: Mrs. Benjamin Zapp \$2.00.
Mrs. Sydenham Sellinger, 1.00.
Miss Elizabeth Doherty 1.00.

Mrs. Zapp and Miss Doherty reside in Oxford. Mrs. Sellinger lives with her brother, Samuel J. Cooper, at Portland Penna. The Bulletin in next issue will carry a capital article by Mr. Cooper whom we have not heard from for quite a while. He ought to write more frequently. The Bulletin has many talented writers, whose only remuneration is the pleasure they give to the hundreds of readers, mostly their old friends and neighbors in Oxford at one time.



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