

The BULLETIN

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

PUBLISHED

By

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

Pastor

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



Oxford Historical Record

Reunion May 19th.

The tenth annual reunion is now only six weeks away and our attention will be given to the preparation for that important event.

Most of those who attend receive the Bulletin and will be kept informed from week to week regarding plans and items of interest relating to that great day.

But at times extra bulletins will be sent to those who have been present and registered on former occasions. Mr. Weston has been in correspondence with many of his old time friends, and has already the program for the afternoon meeting well in hand. But every body interested in these reunions can be of great help by planning to come and to communicate with their own friends the news and attractions of these gatherings. A good way to help is for those who expect to be present is to send a note to the Bulletin of their intentions. This will create general interest and will also give the ladies of the Church some indication of the number of luncheons to provide for.

The Washington N. J. Presbyterian Church will hold a week's celebration of their 200 years of history.

In 1740 when this was practically a wilderness with a few scattered settlers, a minister was sent to preach for them by the New Brunswick Presbytery, and also to Greenwich and old Oxford.

This celebration has been well prepared for and widely advertised and should be highly successful.

A fine program for the week has been published in the papers so all may learn about it. The program extends from Sunday April 7th to Sunday April 14th.

Bulletin No. 508. April 7th, 1940

He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoopeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil;

He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.

-----Isaiah 33: 15-17

"Almighty God, who art the Giver of all wisdom; enlighten our understandings with knowledge of right, and govern our wills by Thy laws, that no deceit may mislead us, nor temptation corrupt us; that we may always endeavor to do good, and to hinder evil. Amidst all the hopes and fears of this world, take not Thy Holy Spirit from us; but grant that our thoughts may be fixed on Thee, and that we may finally attain everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

A Congregational meeting will be held immediately after this morning's worship. Annual reports and election of officers will be before the congregation for action.

All members should attend this meeting. The terms of Elder E. S. Foss and of Trustees Lewis E. Green Benjamin Green and Hayden Docker have expired.

The Newton Presbyterial Society (Ladies Missionary Societies of the Presbytery) has an all day meeting at the Hackettstown Church on April 11th. Guest speakers are Mrs. Fred Klerekoper, of Point Barrow, Alaska, and Mrs. Paul Erdman, of Beirut, Syria. Some of our ladies expect to attend, and it would be well if many could go too. It is the most largely attended meeting of the Presbytery.

The Spring meeting of the Newton Presbytery will be Astbury April 16th, 10 A.M.

The Missing Knife
By Edwin C. Perkins

The noon hour had arrived in the little town of Oxford, and, as the various families gathered for their noon-day meal, the children came rushing in from school, crowding and pushing each other to be the first to make the announcement "some one stole Miss Glenn's knife."

Miss Glenn (Jessie) was the primary teacher in the Graded School attended by these children, and the pen-knife referred to was her personal property. However, she permitted her pupils to make use of it for sharpening pencils &c., and its loss therefore concerned not only Miss Glen but all the children in her room.

Miss Glenn was a most capable teacher loved by her pupils and held in high esteem by parents and town's people alike. Possessed of a fine personality, good looking, a graceful skater and horse-back rider, she was an attractive type of womanhood, much sought after as a dinner guest and one who added much to the social life of the town.

During school hours, the knife in question was always to be found on top her desk, where it was readily accessible for all to use. At the close of each school session, she carefully placed it inside her desk with her books, records and the like.

But one morning Miss Glenn, upon opening her desk before school began discovered that her knife was missing. After a fruitless search she announced her loss to the school.

Since no information as to its whereabouts was forthcoming, the conclusion reluctantly arrived at was that some one had stolen it.

At first a wave of amazement, then one of sympathy for their teacher was manifest in the room. At recess and before and after school, the children gathered in groups speculating as to who could have done it.

The incident might have lapsed and been forgotten had it not been for the attitude of the children in

looking with suspicion upon this or that pupil in the room. As a result a spirit of unfriendliness developed to a point where the parents heard of it and began defending their own children and in turn accusing the children of other parents.

It became evident an unpleasant situation was developing. To forestall this several of the parents, whose children were not involved, met to discuss means of quieting these unfriendly demonstrations.

But as no satisfactory solution resulted from this conference, one lady modestly suggested that she knew of a clairvoyant and mental telepathist who she thought might locate the missing knife without involving them in any publicity and thus quickly clear up the entire matter. Now in those days seances and things mystic were regarded by many as "tempting the Devil," but the situation seemed to warrant the use of unusual means and three of the ladies agreed to consult a Spiritualist Medium. The night was dark and the hour was late, as three hooded figures made their way through unlit streets to a building across town.

A knock at the door was answered by an elderly Gypsy woman. The ladies entered and were ushered through the hall into a large room at the right simply furnished with a center table couch and plain chairs. The story of the lost knife and attendant circumstances was related. Could she, the Medium, disclose the knife's whereabouts to either the owner, or some child in the room, leaving the ladies entirely out of the picture?

The Medium had them seated around the table and bade them place their hands upon it palms down. She would try, she said, but it would be difficult involving both clairvoyance and telepathy. The ladies were alarmed being impressed with the bent and crouching figure of the Medium, draped in a badly worn spanish shawl, her sharp piercing black eyes peering out at them through her wrinkled leathery skin and seeming (over)

to penetrate their very souls. The impulse was to withdraw at once; but no, the Medium now had them under her 'spell'. She told them to close their eyes, to concentrate their will power and repeat again and again, "we seek the truth." Then she shuffled about the room, calling her spirit medium, who in this instance she said was a little Indian girl.

Suddenly the lamp was blown out and the medium rushed to the couch on which she lay moaning as if in agony.

The room now took on a deathly silence. A gentle flutter is next heard near the window when an object seems to make its way to the couch. Then a conversation in some unrecognizable language. Next a rapping from the couch and the center table begins to rock rising gently from the floor, and the ladies find themselves tapping on the table definite rhythmic sounds in broken cadences. Again the air in the room seems agitated, a flutter near the window and all is quiet. The heavy steps come from the couch and the room is a light again; and the ladies pale and exhausted bid the medium adieu, and hastily depart, wondering just what message the children will bring home from school next day.

On the night in question, at about the hour of the above interview, a small boy, a pupil in Miss Glenn's room, who regarded her with affection and had grieved over her loss, lay tossing restlessly in bed. His mother suspecting night-mare went to his bed-side, and soothingly stroking his brow lulled him into a quiet sleep.

The first call to breakfast next morning was heard, but as was his custom he dozed off in a semi-conscious state for a few minutes extra rest.

His mind during this short period reverted to the lost penknife, and almost instinctively he constructed a rather plausible theory as to how the knife disappeared and also how it could be reclaimed. He sprang from his bed with unusual alacrity. Brushing his teeth, dressing, breakfasting and doing his chores were all easy that morning; for he was eager to be off to school. Before starting he exchanged his good pocket knife for his very poorest and in a moment was off, beating it for dear life to a point where he knew the son of the

janitor of the school would pass. He soon saw him coming and they met and as they were walking along the small boy challenged the janitor's son (who was a much larger boy) to trade knives, "sight unseen". "Is yours a good one" he asks, "mine is a peach!" "Sure" was the young detective's reply. The compact made, the hand of each boy was plunged into his trousers pocket. With a flash out came the hands tightly closed, guarding the character of the knife held in the hand of each. At a signal hands were placed side by side; at a second signal both hands were quickly opened, revealing who had got the best of the bargain and who was "stuck". To the smaller boy's amazement, before his very eyes, in the other boy's hand lay Miss Glenn's knife. But there was trouble the smaller boy was accused of cheating, and the other reached for him. The younger dodged and was out of danger in a second, and it is doubtful if a better runner than the janitor's son could have overtaken him, so inspired was he with his discovery. Arriving at the school he kept his own counsel until the moment came when he could see Miss Glenn alone. He then excitedly told her his story. After school was opened the son of the janitor was sent for and questioned privately in the class room. He admitted his guilt and peacefully returned the knife to Miss Glenn.

The recovery of the knife quieted all clamor and discord among parents and children, and friendly relations were again resumed. The ladies, considering the nerve shattering experience, felt that they should be rewarded, but dropped the matter when it was realized how an exposé would affect their reputations.

(Note by Mr. Perkins: "The simple story of the lost penknife, Miss Glenn, the small boy's day dream, his amateur detective work and recovery of the knife as indicated, is all factual and perfectly true, and contributed as historical data. All else is purely fictional and merely expresses a whim of the author at the time it was written!")



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