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The
BULLETIN

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

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By

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Pastor

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH



Oxford Historical Record



Then said Jesus unto him, Put up thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?

----- Matt. 26; 53

"O God, by whom the meek are guided in judgment, and light riseth up in darkness for the godly; grant us, in all our doubts and uncertainties, the grace to ask what Thou wouldst have us to do; that the Spirit of wisdom may save us from all false choices, and that in Thy light we may see light, and in Thy straight path may not stumble: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

(Scottish Order)

The Ladies Aid meets next Thursday afternoon at the chapel, at 2 o'clock. This is a special meeting.

The Children's Day service last Sabbath was very good and enjoyed by young and old alike. The music was a feature, as well as the performances of the children, and all of it was very pleasing. The Foss brothers' orchestra with the piano led the singing. The decorations were unusually fine.

The death of Samuel Snyder took place on June 13th, at his home in Oxford. He was born at Hawley, Pa. in 1872. He married Frances Haycock in 1896, and most of their life was spent in Scranton, Pa. They came to Oxford in 1919.

He is survived by the widow and children: Floyd, Ruth, Paul and Margaret, of Oxford; Mrs. Livingston Douglas, of Jersey City; Lewis, of Pompton Plains; Mrs. Charles Petersor and Mrs. Kenneth Werner, of Wash. N. J.; and Mrs. Harry Wolf, of Reading Pa.

The funeral was from the home last Sunday afternoon, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bryn Nelson, pastor of the Baptist Church of Wash. of which Mr. Snyder was a member. The burial was at Great Meadows. He was a good man and remarkably devoted to his family, for his children were his life.

Last Sunday the Manse was honored and pleasantly surprised by visitors who are descendants of the old Robeson family. They were Mrs. Ernest Levy, of Demopolis, Alabama, and her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Feil, of Plainfield, N.J. Mrs. Levy is a direct descendant of Thomas Robeson, a brother of our Jonathan Robeson. Over two hundred years ago Thomas Robeson moved from Philadelphia to North Carolina; and his descendants are numerous in the South and over the country.

Mrs. Levy was born in Atlanta, Georgia. Her visit to Oxford was due to her knowledge of the connection of the Robeson family with with Oxford.

Mrs Levy is an ardent genealogist and while in Jersey with her daughter expects to visit some of the direct descendants of Jonathan Robeson in Newark, and elsewhere.

We trust that she and her family may again visit Oxford.

Samuel -- Meyers

Miss Frances Meyers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Meyers, of Oxford, and Mr. Howard Bross Samuel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Samuel, of Hackettstown, were united in marriage on Saturday, June 15th, 1940, in the Second Presbyterian Church of Oxford.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, and her sister Josephine, was the bridesmaid, with Mr. Wilbur Rush as the groomsman.

The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and was well filled with relatives and friends.

A reception folowed at the brides home, for relatives and friends.

The Bride is a graduate nurse; the bridegroom is assistant Engineer in Belvidere.

Mr. Humphrey writes: "Your 'guess' was wrong! That shaving tree, shown in the picture, was (and is) in front of Mr. Scranton's cottage on the east side of the 'Pond' near Park's Grove where his friends and my family were camping at the time. Jim Loder being a guest. And what good times we had! Green's Pond was quite remote in those days.

(We will have to look up that tree. It ought to be labeled, as "The shaving Tree." Ed.)

Old Oxford Days By Clinton E. Weston

During those halcyon days in Oxford when the works were in full blast and every one was busily employed, a certain couple decided to take a trip to Massachusetts, and as a result and incident occurred which made the headlines, and a column, in the Metropolitan Press. I was shown a clipping some time ago and I distinctly recall the furore the affair created at the time. The said incident did not occur in Oxford, but on a Fall River boat as it landed in Fall River, Mass. The repetition of it here does not seem to be so important, except that it must have been an unusual one to have gotten into print. So on with the story.

When the great day arrived this couple, who were childless, boarded and early morning train at Oxford and in the evening sailed on the Fall River line. Nothing of unusual interest happened until they were about to disembark the next morning.

The wife being busily engaged in their state room doing some packing the husband remarked that he would go down stairs and they would meet at the entrance to the gang-plank.

The husband stood there, unconcerned and enjoying himself gazing around at the large crowd disembarking, when all of a sudden a woman with a baby rushed up to him and said, "Will you please hold my baby while I return to the dock on an errand?"

How could a man resist such a plea?

So there he stood holding the baby in his arms, anxiously looking for the woman to return. The Man's wife finally appeared and when she saw her husband holding a baby, she was amazed and thought something had happened to her eyesight. And when he caught a glimpse of her--was his face red? She drew near and fairly screamed, "Where did you get it? Did you adopt it, buy or steal it?"

The poor man tried to speak but he couldn't utter a sound. Yet all the while kept nodding toward the dock.

By this time the wife was wrought up and said, "Am I your wife? Are you married to some one else, and why didn't you tell me you had a family?"

(over)

To make matters worse the child began to yell and people crowded round, having a suspicion that here was a kid-nap case. The Captain then appeared on the scene and inquired the trouble. The wife told him that they came all the way alone from Oxford, N. J., and now this morning her husband has a baby.

Just then the man came to himself and explained the situation. The Captain gave him one look and said that he had been tricked, that the woman never intended to come back; and added that he would take care of the infant and send it to a Foundling Asylum.

Now then, a similar experience might easily have happened to, say, certain residents of Ogunquit, Portland, Pa., Hackensack, Cleveland, Staten Island, or even to the writer. Then the question arises what would any of us do in similar circumstances?

It seems to me I would have rushed up to some woman to get her to hold the baby while I jumped overboard for a swim. She could have passed it on to some one else and thereby start a nice little game of, "Baby, baby, who has the baby?" What my contemporaries would have done — well, it would decidedly be worth listening to.

To get back to the main story: the husband gave a sigh of relief. He and his wife beamed upon each other; but before resuming their journey, they heartily shook hands with the Captain and acknowledged the joyous wavings of the crowd. The husband rushed back for a final word with the Captain, in which he said something to this effect:—"If I never ride on your ding busted boat again it will be too soon."

(The main part of this thrilling story is true. Any similarity of conversation to the original is purely incidental.)

The Newton Presbytery will meet at the church in Delaware next Tuesday. 10: A M D S T

The Bulletin has received \$5.00 from Walter Docker, and \$1.00 from Mrs. Elise Zaap.



CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

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<i>Treasurer</i>	WILBUR FOSS
<i>Organist</i>	FRANCES PITTENGER



Ladies' Aid Society

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<i>Vice-President</i>	MRS. EDWARD BADROW
<i>Secretary</i>	MRS. VIOLET BELL
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