

*The*  
**BULLETIN**

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

PUBLISHED

By

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Pastor

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH



**Oxford Historical Record**

Bulletin No. 523. July 21st, 1940

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more neither thirst any more.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

---Revelation 7:13

"Lord Jesus Christ, Thou holy and spotless Lamb of God, who didst take upon Thyself our sins, and bear them in Thy body on the cross; we bless Thee for all the burdens Thou hast borne, for all the tears Thou hast wept, for all the pains Thou hast suffered, for all the words of comfort Thou hast spoken from the cross, for all Thy conflicts with the powers of darkness, and for Thine eternal victory over sin and death. With the host of the redeemed, we ascribe unto Thee power and wisdom and honor and glory and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen."

(Book of Common Order, Scotland)

Communion Service at 10:30 today. New members may be received and candidates should appear before the Session after Sunday School.

The Sunday School Picnic was well attended, 45 went by bus and several private cars were filled.

The place was Dorney's Park, west of Allentown, Pa. It is beautifully located and has every attraction for children and all picnic parties.

All our people were well pleased with the Park and had a delightful time.

The Newton Presbytery will meet at the Washington Church next Tuesday, July 23rd, at 2:30 P.M. to ordain a young minister, Andrew Blackwood, Jr.



Reunion Address  
By Harvey H. Stout

Some forty years ago when I was a young fellow around Oxford, one day the thought came to me that I ought to do something for the good people of Oxford; something big, something that would benefit the whole town.

So I did that little thing. I left Oxford. But during all these years I have been away, many, many times have my thoughts drifted back to the good old town. I remembered the night the old stone Post Office burned to the ground, down at the foot of Fowler's hill. I thought of the days when Oxford had its own newspaper, printed in the old Allen Drugstore building.

Then I recalled when the Presidential campaigns were being waged that Oxford had its own campaign Club, and the grand parades they made with their white capes and caps, headed by that good old Cornet Band, one of the best in miles around. Then I thought of the night that the burglars broke into the Company's Store, and Billy Searing, the old night watchman, shot and killed one of the burglars.

And speaking of the old Company Store - what memories that old store holds out for me! I used to be errand boy there, and I had to wrap up all the tea and coffee in small bags.

In fact I was the chief wrapper-upper. I also had to wait on the trade (when they could find me).

I have often thought of what a fine lot of clerks worked in the old store

As I recall it, in the hardware Dept. was Jacob Zapp. Then came Mr. E. C. Allen, the manager. Then in the grocery Dept. we find old Mr. Wilson, Fred Bigelow, Chas. Lanning, Tom Dempsey, the butecher, Jimmy O Bryan and Dan Thomas

Then we go to the little office or desk, as we called it, with Clin Weston in charge. Clin used to write all the bad news in your store-book, just so you could tell if you had any money coming to you at the end of the month, or not. Then in the meantime Clin would sit there with his green eye-shade pulled down over his eyes.

He would be thinking up some joke to play on some one, and then blame it on me. Now we come to the Dry-goods Dept. with Luther Godschalk and Fred Fowler in charge. I remember the first day Luther worked at the old store. At that time it was the

style for men to wear a high straight collar. And did Luther have on a high collar? Yes Mam, he did. Why, that collar was so high that Luther had to cut holes in the front of it so he could see his customers!

Now comes Fred Fowler - good old Fred. The stock room for the Dry-goods dept. was up on the second floor, and during the course of a day Fred would have to go up to the stock room a dozen times or more.

I can see him going up those stairs now. He would go up two steps at a time and come down the same way. But instead of going around the end of the counter he would hop up on the top and skid along for five or six feet, and then step off on the other side. Well, that continual skidding along the counter didn't help the seat of Fred's trousers. Did they shine? Why, every time Clin Weston got ready to shave he would call Fred over and ask him to bend down.

Clin used him for a mirror.

Some four or five years ago my sister sent me one of your church Bulletins, and in her letter that came with it, she told me to look it over, as my name was mentioned in it.

And sure enough I came to the article written by that terrific Columnist; that fugitive from a fountain pen, Clin Weston. Clin was writing about the days when he and I were working together in the old Store, and he went on to say that one day Daddy Faulkner was driving past the store, minding his own business, when from a window on the second floor of the store, out shot a used apple and nearly knocked Daddy out of his wagon. He said he saw Daddy half fall out of his wagon, grab his horse whip and start back for the store, and when he got to the front door, that I came tearing down the stairs looking for a hideout. Now Folks. That story needs explaining. Of course it happened so many years ago that I won't say that I did, or did not throw that apple. But I do remember peeking out the window, and I did see Daddy's hat take a hop, skip and jump.

I also saw him take a nose dive out of the wagon, grab his horse whip and start for the Store.

Now, then: I knew that he knew who threw that apple, and when I saw that loose horse whip in his hand, (over)



I knew that he wasn't coming back to the store just to put his arms around me and kiss me. Oh no, that man was going to ruin me, he was going to take me apart, and I knew it.

So I looked down at my feet and said, Feet do your stuff, and they did. I want Clin Weston to understand that by the time Daddy Faulkner got to the front door of the store, I was just passing the Post Office in Hackettstown.

That, folks, was one day in my life that I was really hasty. I was also speedy; and in fact I was speedy all the rest of that day.

I remember that night when I was going to bed. I got already for bed, then I reached up and turned off the light, and I was in bed and sound asleep before the room ever got dark.

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Along with his manuscript Mr. Stout sent a note to the Editor, saying:-

"I received a card from my old friend Clin Weston, asking me to send you a copy of my talk at the last reunion. I am only glad to do so. You will have to excuse writing and everything else, as I am writing all this in a hurry.

I hope every thing is fine and dandy with you and good old Oxford."

The Editor is responsible for underscoring the word "hurry" It seems the proper thing to do in view of his experience with Daddy Faulkner. But all our readers will hope that Mr. Stout will write some more of his reminiscences of Oxford for the Bulletin, before he decides to "slow down."

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Among the callers at the Manse recently was Mr. J.G. Coleman, the principal of the High in Hoboken, N.J. He was visiting in Oxford with our local school principal Mr. Davison, an old friend. Mr. Coleman took pictures of the furnace and sought information of its history in which he has become much interested. He left \$2.00 for a subscription to the Bulletin, for which we are grateful and much pleased. The number of subscribers who never lived in Oxford grows steadily.



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