

The
BULLETIN

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

PUBLISHED

By

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

Pastor

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH



Oxford Historical Record.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not, they are new every morning.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. -----Lamentations 2:22

"Almighty God, the refuge of all that are distressed, grant unto us that, in all our trouble of this our mortal life, we may flee to the knowledge of Thy lovingkindness and tender mercy; that so, sheltering ourselves therein, the storms of life may pass over us, and not shake the peace of God that is within us. Whatsoever this life may bring us, grant that it may never take from us the full faith that Thou art our Father. Grant us Thy light, that we may have life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

(George Dawson, 1840)

Our Congregation is stirred with a new spirit of enterprise for the improvement of the church properties

The Trustees have arranged for the repair and painting of the Manse, which is now in progress, and they are looking forward to making improvements in the church and chapel.

The Ladies have been delighted by the offer of a former member to pay for a new carpet for the church, and have selected the patterns already.

The painting of the pews and the decoration of the church interior has also been decided upon, and it is hoped that this may be accomplished before the next Reunion.

Members of the Choir attended the inspiring service of the Princeton Westminster Choir in Belvidere last Thursday evening, and were cheered with the possibilities of good church music. The Choir will meet for practice next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Dr. L. B. Hoagland will reach the 84th, year of her life tomorrow. She welcomed her host of friends yesterday. She is enjoying good health.

Old Oxford Days - Nails

By Clinton E. Weston

When one recalls those busy, fruitful days in Oxford it is interesting to think of the many and varied departments that were necessary adjuncts in the process of reaching the ultimate in making ready for shipment the finished product, such as nails. We are amazed at the perfect organization and co-ordination that worked so systematically and smoothly, especially when it is considered that practically all of the materials required were located in the confines of Oxford, with the exception of anthracite fuel.

Follow the course of the intricate assemblage plants from mines to furnace, to rolling-mill, and to nail-mill; with several side issues such as foundry, machine-shop, blacksmith-shop, saw-mill, pattern-shop, cooperage, timbering, wheel-wright, pickling-house; and here you have the nucleus of a business that was wonderfully organized, with a class of skilled and expert workers.

The most alluring places for visitors were the furnace and rolling mill, because of the glowing, molten metal that threw off such a glare of heat that was so fascinating.

At the furnace one could look in through a glass covered peep-hole to witness the boiling metal. A part of the pipe containing the peep-hole is now in the possession of Mr. Yount and while in a good state of preservation, if somewhat rusty, the day seems far distant when I peeped through it. The other departments were just as interesting if not so exciting.

It was interesting to step into the foundry to watch how the moulds were made from various patterns; or the machine shop to view the precision with which the steel or iron was shaved to the 'steenth of an inch, and to pick up a curled shaving to keep as a souvenir; or to step into the pattern shop to see how gracefully the jig saws worked their way to a prescribed pattern; or to the saw mill where lumber, hauled by teams from the nearby mountain side, were sawed into staves for the making of kegs in which nails were shipped; or to the rolling mill with its maze of furnaces and series of rolls, where

the red hot iron, which had been puddled into balls, would go to the squeezer and then through a series of rolls that lengthened and widened it, ready to be cut into strips for the nail making machines. Now that we have been over the various plants, let us step into the modest cooper-shop, presided over by Theodore P. Burd. The workers there, as I remember them, were: Abram Sawyer, Samuel Myers, Calvin Burd, George Burd, Theodore Stout, William Cutsler, etc. The staves were dried in an immense shed where I liked to help pile them to get the pleasant odor of the chestnut wood - and incidentally to play with the staves. These were taken into the shop and handed to the workers who shaped them, placing an iron hoop on the outside to hold the shape and then they were bound with wooden strips which had been soaked in brine to make them pliable, then headed - and there you are. Sounds simple, but try it and the staves would be a mess all over the floor. But it did look simple to see how quickly and expertly the workers made them. Each man was to make so many for a day's work, and they were usually through by three o'clock. As there were something like one hundred thousand kegs shipped in a year, it meant an average for a working day about 650, and there were days during the rush periods when this number was greatly exceeded.

With reference to personalities, the Burd family was a representative one in the community. Migrating from Ohio in the late 60s, Theodore P., wife, two sons, J. Calvin and George, and a daughter, Elizabeth, anchored in Oxford and Mr. Burd was at once made Supt. of the Cooper shop. He was for many years a school Trustee and at one time was a Trustee in the Second Presbyterian Church. The outstanding member of the family, however, was the son, George B. McClellan Burd, a well built and amiable fellow, and a thorough student. When I lived in Nailers Row the Burd family lived directly opposite on Mechanic Street, and although I was just a young fellow I enjoyed calling at their home and did so innumerable times. At various times of the year Mrs. Burd, of medium height and very stout, donned her best 'big and tucker' (over)

and walked around the block to our house to 'spend the day.' Which was a neighborly custom that knitted the ties of friendship so closely among the residents of the town.

Having finished the preliminaries in the Oxford school, George took employment in the cooper shop to obtain funds to study law. All his spare time was devoted to reading and the study of the classics. He never entered into the sports that were so popular among the men and boys of the town, and to my personal knowledge was never seen loitering at places men were in the habit of meeting.

Yet he was popular and greatly admired by every one for his consistency.

While his family were Presbyterians George conducted a Sunday class in the M. E. Church. He had none of the popular vices, but he told me once, when I called on him at his later residence in Buffalo, as he watched the smoke-rings emanating from my mongrel cigar, that he wished he had in earlier years learned to smoke.

Being some years older than I, he seemed to take an interest in my studies, and one day he suddenly put the question to me, "Clin, how are you getting along in Arithmetic?"

I hung my head for I realized that I was on the spot, but replied that it was the teacher's fault for changing the figures all the time, and the only ones I could keep track of were the naughts. George shook his head and smiled as he said, "so I see by your report card."

After earning enough funds he entered the law school at Ann Arbor, and upon graduation was assigned to Grover Cleveland's former office in Buffalo, where he developed a lucrative practice and advanced to a high political office in the State.

Following his mother's death in Oxford the family, with the exception of Elizabeth who had married and was living in Summerfield, joined George in Buffalo, and thus became one of the many fine families to scatter to various sections of the country when the Oxford works closed.

In retrospect, it is pleasant to recall the families with whom we were so closely associated.



CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

ABRAM PITTENGER
EMMANUEL KELSKY

ELISHA B. FOSS
LEWIS BERGENBACK



Board of Trustees

JAMES RADEL
GEORGE DOCKER, JR.
FRED K. SARSON
BENJAMIN GREEN

HARRY MILLER
CHARLES RENNER
LEWIS E. GREEN
CHARLES DUX

HAYDEN DOCKER



Church Treasurer

LEWIS E. GREEN



Sunday School

<i>Superintendent</i>	E. B. FOSS
<i>Assistant Superintendent</i>	KENNETH BELL
<i>Secretary</i>	ALVIN RENNER
<i>Treasurer</i>	WILBUR FOSS
<i>Organist</i>	FRANCES PITTENGER



Ladies' Aid Society

<i>President</i>	MRS. ALBERT BRUSHETT
<i>Vice-President</i>	MRS. EDWARD BADROW
<i>Secretary</i>	MRS. VIOLET BELL
<i>Treasurer</i>	MRS. LEWIS E. GREEN

