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The
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By

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Pastor

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And Zacchaeus stood, and said unto the Lord; Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.

And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to this house. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

Luke 19: 8-10

"Almighty God, by whose good Spirit the minds of men are inclined to deeds of love and kindness; we thank Thee for all the help and comfort which we have received from friends and benefactors. As they have been mindful of us, so be Thou ever mindful of them; as they have given freely, so may they freely receive at Thy hands abundant blessings. Do Thou have regard unto all their necessities, and reward all their deeds, that in this life the comfort of grateful thoughts may follow them, and in the life to come Thy love may welcome them to an everlasting habitation; through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

(Henry Van Dyke)

Next Thursday, Nov. 5th, is the date of the Ladies Annual Fair and Supper. These are always pleasant occasions, for the congregation to get together socially and to co-operate in the business affairs of the Church. There are always friends from the community and from neighboring places.

The last report from Mr. Humphrey is that he has been very ill, at the home of Mrs. James E. Loder, 225 South 44th street, Phila. Pa. where he was visiting; but he was recovering somewhat, and we hope for better news.

Word from Mrs. G. N. Lemmon, at her home in Birmingham, Ala. states that her father George Weber is gaining strength from an attack of paralysis. He is still unable to walk but his mind is clear and he enjoys life inspite of affliction.

Old Oxford Days.
The Anson White Family
By Clinton E. Weston

We were interested in George Humphrey's remarks about the White family. Through most of the family there was an air of refinement and, for the race, they were quite superior.

Anson Sr. was quite a character and while he frequently indulged himself with giggle-water yet that in no circumstances impaired his cheerful disposition, for he was endowed with a likable personality.

He had an infectious laugh that always kept a crowd in good humor.

I recall that once when he advised us boys how to eat a watermelon that he said, "Never cut a melon but bury yourself in it, then eat your way out."

The family attended the Presbyterian Church and always sat in what we called the "Amen Pews" which were in front and directly to the left of the pulpit.

The writer went to a party at their house, and when the call for refreshments was made, Mrs. White, who was a lovely, motherly kind of a woman, took Anson's arm, and they led the march to the dining room in a courtly and dignified manner.

Their son William, as George said, met with a tragic end while driving a team across the Hackensack Meadows during a bitter cold night; but what actually caused his death was that he was taken off the wagon by some men who took him into a house and placed him next to a red hot stove.

One day during the past summer, James Thomas and I were at Hillside Cemetery and noticing a stone that had sunk into the ground we dug the earth away and found the name on it—William White. His brother Edward played the cornet in an orchestra with which I was connected, and it came about in an odd way. In the early spring we boys were in a group and I suggested that we start an orchestra; and while none of them had an instrument, they fell for it immediately. But how were they to get something to play on? Not many days passed before Edward had his cornet and started at once to take lessons. Fred Ward bought a flute and took lessons from Ben Walton, Dan Thomas

bought a cello. Jim Thomas was coached on the piano, and I scraped the fiddle. After a summer's hard practice we assembled in the fall and, if persistency is a virtue, we had plenty of it, though it was a rough and rugged road. Soon we were playing at entertainments and dances

The orchestra in the meantime being enlarged with three or four more members; and we stuck together for six years. John White was a fine fellow, and a pitcher on a ball team of which the writer was the catcher.

He and his brother Anson were the first curve-ball pitchers in Oxford, which at that time was considered a great feat. Many a laugh I had in playing opposing teams when the batter would make a cut at a curve and miss it by a mile. But the laugh was on me when I got a foul tip on the end of my nose that caused a copious flow of claret; for in those days masks were not worn.

The White family moved to Bethlehem, where Gorgiana, through the influence of Mrs. William H. Scranton, secured a place in the family of the President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and remained there until she died. Edward and John got places as waiters in a hotel.

Edward died later, and John married and has two boys who were fine musicians when I heard them a few years ago. As to the antecedents of the family I have no knowledge, perhaps some one else can inform us.

Hailing Mr. Perkins

We are familiar with the thrilling tales that have been told of how the wives, mothers and sweethearts in the old whaling days, stood on the bluffs above the ocean gazing wistfully over the wide seas, looking for the return of loved ones who had braved the perils of their hazardous work. And what was the rejoicing, excitement and thanksgiving that took place on the safe return of the fishermen.

Likewise, I venture to predict that many of us readers of the Bulletin have pointed our binoculars, as it were, hoping for the return of the redoubtable Edwin (who usually disappears when in the debut of summer
(over)

the clocks are set ahead an hour) and to welcome his return when the time arrives to set said clocks back an hour, which is the end of life-saving time.

Our anxious moments are over for he is now with us again. But instead of hearing wondrous tales of adventure during the interim, here we find him calmly and comfortably parked before the fireplace, blowing smoke rings from his Henry Clay pipe and regaling himself with pop corn, nuts and apples, and holding at arm length a glass of sparkling, effervescent cider that will soon be on its way, after he gives the preparatory warning: "Through the lips and over the tongue; cheer up tum, tum - here I come

Anyway, welcome back, Ed., and when you have located your fountain pen and dusted off the cob-webs, don't be absent minded enough to fill it with cider instead of ink.

Mr. G. S. Humphrey has for many years been sponsor for Bulletin subscriptions to several of his relatives and old time friends.

Through his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. T. S. B. Hadley, he has sent money for the renewal of these subscriptions for the coming year, to the following addresses: Dr. Hadley, Cortland, N. Y., Prof. Mary Belden, Elmira, N. Y., Mrs. Henry Paulson, Chicago, Ill., Miss Eugenia Henry, Middletown, Conn. and Mrs. James E. Loder, Phila. Pa.

All this, besides his regular and always valuable contributions of letters and articles for the past ten years, indicates clearly what he has done to make the Bulletin the unique publication it has become.

From the first the Bulletin has been very happy and fortunate in its friends.

Received for Bulletin fund
Mr. Humphrey \$8.00
Mrs. Wm. Dawe 2.00

The total of cash receipts for 1940 is to date less than it was a year ago, and it looks like a deficit at the close of the year.

We are sorry to have to cancel several subscriptions long over due



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