

The
BULLETIN

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By

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Pastor

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CHURCH



Oxford Historical Record

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. ----I Corin. 3: 16,17

"O God, most holy, wise and powerful Preserver and Governor of all Thy creatures and all their actions; keep us in health of body and soundness of mind, in purity of heart and cheerfulness of spirit, in contentment with our lot and charity with our neighbor; and further all our lawful undertakings with Thy blessing. In our labor strengthen us: in our pleasure purify us: in our difficulties direct us: in our perils defend us; in our troubles comfort us: and supply all our needs, according to the riches of Thy grace in Jesus our Saviour and Lord. Amen."
(Van Dyke)

The monthly meeting of the Aid Society will be held next Tuesday 2 P.M. sharp, at the home of Mrs. Charles Dux.

Miss Mary E. Rush

Miss Mary E. Rush passed away last Thursday in Trenton, N.J. at the age of 82. She was born at Montanna on January 9th, 1859. Her parents died many years ago. At an early age she united with the Presbyterian Church at Stewartville, but was transferred to the Oxford Second Church on March 1st, 1907.

She however came to Oxford in the 1880s and made her home with the late Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Johnson, whose children always regarded her as a second mother, so deeply was she attached to them in love and service. Her whole life was one of unselfish service for the family who gave her a home.

She was a devoted Christian and faithful churchwoman. The Funeral was from the DeVoe Home in Washington, and the burial in the Stewartville Cemetery, on Sat. Feb. 1st, 1941, at 3 P.M.

Old Oxford Days - A Winter Idyl
by Clinton E. Weston

This is Station SJC, located in a cupola of a barn at a farm near where the tranquil water of the Delaware River flows serenely on its way southward. Your Conferencier - or Master of Ceremonies - after remaining incognito for many blue moons; fearing to crash the spell that has been woven by certain intrepid writers, who regularly grace the pages of the Bulletin, so that even now under their critical eyes I approach their citadel with anxious palpitations. But I have cleared my throat and am on the air like a fire-alarm on a starry midnight clear.

My sponsors are the two glue brothers, Gummy and Sticky, now operating a kennel for the manufacture of hot dogs and hamburgers. My orders are to elucidate the subject of courtship - a romance that was hatched in Oxford many semesters ago, but all rights as to identity are withheld. I will try and sketch in the characters, adding a bit of color here and there, squeezing every ounce of suspension out of the developments and making a dive into the climax like a tank brigade rushing headlong into a modern Grill.

For a prologue, let me say that our hero and heroine arrived in Oxford via the stork route, charges collect, and their childhood days were spent there, even to adulthood, and with a yearning desire to spend their remaining days there, but when the wire nail bestowed the death kiss on the out nail and a migration epidemic set in throughout the town, our hero was caught in the suction and in its mad whirl was carried to fields anew.

But I am way ahead of my story. So let's start all over so as to make a short story longer. The young man in question had arrived at the stage where he was seriously afflicted with skirt fever, and, as might be imagined by all the experienced, he was in a condition beyond the requirement of a clinic. On a beautiful moonlight night, which happened to be Christmas Eve, we find our gay beau all togged out in a style that would remind you of a birth-day cake hot-footing it in the direction of high blood pressure.

Upon arrival he tapped gently on the door, but as he did so a nervous

soell came over him that had his Adam's apple shimmying and his heart went up in his mouth, but he had the good sense to swallow it. Then the door opened and there stood the maiden fair registering an animated and expanded smile. With a well disguised surprise she exclaimed, 'Oh! Is it you?' Of course she knew it was he, for she had been peeking through a lace curtain for the best part of an hour. And she was alone for she had chased Pop and Mom to the confines of the kitchen to figure up the cost of a wedding reception. (Act 2). We find the twain seated on a sit-down love seat located in the shade of a dimly lit Christmas tree, looking through an old family album and talking of the days when cabs wore horses. At the first opening when there was a lull she firmly decided her opportunity had arrived (having in mind that Old Man Opportunity knocks at your door but once, and she did not want to take any risk of not hearing the knock) so she coyly murmured, as she moved away closer, 'I heard the cutest riddle today. Would you like to hear it?' He replied, 'It seems to have a ring in it.' She came right back with, 'There are possibilities, but when will the alphabet be made shorter?'

The same old moon cast a flick-of-warning through the freshly mended lace curtains, and as he gazed up at the apparently friendly moon he thought he detected the Man in it giving a sly wink. A sudden case of mal-de-mere set in. His head was going around like a summer merry-go-round, and he felt something like a lot of picnic left-overs.

And then something happened. A still, small voice whispered in left good ear. 'Courage, my lad, come on!

Without realizing it, he said, 'Give me the answer dear'. 'Ah!! she unconsciously cried, 'it is when U and I are ONE.'

The ice was broken, and as he was going down for the third time he suddenly grabbed hold of himself and said, 'Will you accept me for a Christmas present?' Quickly she replied, 'Yes, if you will hang yourself on the tree with the other presents.' (over)

(Act.3) He continued to hang around there for several days until one evening there was a large gathering to hear the Minister pronounce the verdict. And thus was launched upon the beautiful stream of life a happy couple who are to this day enjoying a prolonged honey-moon.

And now, folks, my time is up and I must hie me back to the farm to cultivate the buck-oats and the best alfalfa that ever graced the chin of an ancient patriarch. Good night and may God bless you!

Mrs. Hahn's poem, "A Treasured Memory" in the issue of Jan. 19th, has attracted unusual attention, Mr. Weston wrote in praise of it, saying it was delightful. Mr. Perkins expressed his judgment in these words:

"I want to express my compliments and appreciation to Minnie Badrow Hahn for her fine poem so beautifully worked out. It fairly oozes the old Oxford life which I revere so much. She apparently was a keen observer, absorbed much of the early life, and now depicts it with great accuracy and beauty. We want more of her store memories."

A number of other persons have spoken to the Editor in glowing terms of the poem. The Editor's own estimation of the high merits of it was shown in the manner of printing it.

Mr. Perkins article, "The unfolding Years, in the issue of Dec. 29th, has also been warmly praised by very judicious critics. He writes how much he appreciates their favorable opinions.

In fact the Bulletin is fortunate in having many contributors who have the true literary gift of writing. We are sure our readers all rejoice with us on this account.

The latest donations to the Bulletin Fund are:

\$10.00 by Charles S. Aitkin, and \$2.00 each by Cortland F. Cook and Miss Florence Bennett, the latter by favor of Mrs. Lizzie Hummer.

Mr. Aitkin wrote a very kind letter deploring the lack of financial support of the Bulletin.



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