

PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

The Tattler

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER OXFORD

LET'S ALL
BOOST
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BRIAND'S VIEW OF FRANCE'S SITUATION

I am wholly in sympathy with the view that Premier Briand has expressed at the Washington Conference with regard to the attitude of France toward Germany. France is justified in looking out for herself by keeping her strong right arm in readiness. Except for the occupation on the Rhine her safeguards against German aggression are "nebulous." The last spark of defiance has not yet died out in Germany and it is not at all absurd to say that Germany is coming back into her own some day and will then attempt to duplicate what she attempted in the late war. As France is about the first great power in reach of Germany, it is natural that France be reluctant in giving up her military protection. It is not that France is afraid of Germany. She is merely asserting her right to take necessary precautions against a renewal of the horrors of 1914. Not that French eyes are looking only for the protection of France. The safety of the whole world is involved in Briand's statement. Germany is not permanently weakened and it would do well if the powers represented in Washington would take heed of the situation as presented by Premier Briand.

ALMON UPCHURCH

PEACE ON EARTH

Once again the Christmas season is with us. There are holly wreaths on the mantels, holly leaves everywhere, and gladness in all our hearts. Even the glummiest "Old Scrooge" is bound to admit that the world is a very decent place at Christmas time. Grim, tight-cornered mouths that haven't permitted themselves the luxury of an honest-to-goodness smile in twelve months are actually relaxing into something approaching geniality. Isn't it a good thing that Christmas comes once a year and gives us an excuse to exercise that sneaking feeling of tenderness which may go a long time unused but can always be discovered in the most dried up of human hearts. What was it the angels sang on that first Christmas morning as the Shepherds watched their flocks beneath the stars that guarded Bethlehem? "Peace on earth and good will to men." That was it—peace and good will. And surely that will always be the spirit of Christmas.

Is it not a good omen that the leading nations of the world have come together to try to bring about "Peace on earth" for all people and for all time? Let us all pray earnestly that the world-wide spirit of Christmas may not die with the dawning of New Year's day.

BESSIE FAULKNER

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

When we are planning Christmas for our own pleasure and happiness, how many of us will think of the boys and girls for whom there will be no Christmas joys this year? Can we not make up our minds to do without one thing at least and invest its price in happiness for others? Surely there are those in our own community who need a helping hand. If not, think of the starving children in Russia and other foreign countries. Let's make it a Christmas of giving, not getting.

LUCILE MADDRA

MR. OGLESBY HAS OPERATION

It was Sidney Taylor who gave a new twist to an old sentiment last year. Somebody in the grade was sick and somebody else in the grade made a motion to send flowers.

"All right," said Sidney, "here's my quarter if you send 'em now. Let's not wait until graveyard flowers are in order."

Proceeding on the hypothesis that a kind word now is worth a dozen in an epitaph, *The Tattler* craves to say a word or two about Mr. Oglesby. A certain junior came pretty near expressing our sentiments the other day at recess when he said, "I would rather have people feel toward me as they do toward that man than be president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Say, he preaches better outside the church than he does inside. You know I think it's because he feels friendly toward folks instead of just putting on friendliness because it's a preacher's job to be friendly."

Perhaps there's something in the above theory. At any rate, we all feel mighty friendly toward Mr. Oglesby and we are glad all the way through that he is getting along so nicely without his appendix!

BEST SERMON MR. HARTE EVER PREACHED

SO SAYS HIGH SCHOOL AFTER HEARING REMARKABLE HEALTH TALK BY BAPTIST PASTOR

If Dr. Rankin of the State Board of Health or Dr. McBrayer who heads the campaign against tuberculosis in North Carolina had heard Mr. Harte in the high school auditorium Wednesday morning, Oxford would run a strong chance of losing a mighty good preacher and an excellent citizen. Mr. Harte preached the gospel of good health and it is the opinion of those who heard him that he never preached a finer sermon. "Best all round health talk I ever heard," was the comment of our faculty.

Perhaps Mr. Harte owed the convincing quality of his remarks to the fact that he spoke from personal experience. It is difficult to realize that our Mr. Harte who tips the scales at 185 could have weighed 92 pounds twelve years ago when he entered a sanatorium for tuberculosis at Asheville. Mr. Harte is well now; he will stay well because he has learned how from bitter experience. He got well because he started in time and followed orders. It takes a good soldier to beat tuberculosis but it can be done as Mr. Harte and hundreds of other intelligent men and women have proved.

If we forget all the reading and 'riting and 'rithmetic to which we are exposed this year, let's remember Mr. Harte's best sermon.

BISHOP CHESHIRE VISITS ST. STEPHENS

The bishop made his annual visit to St. Stephen's Friday evening, December 9, to administer the rite of confirmation. A large congregation was present. There were seven in the confirmation class. They are:

Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. J. B. Powell, Jr., Johnny Niles, Jack Brinkley, Robert Powell, Henry Hall, Roger Lanier.

CHRISTMAS EVE

'Tis Christmas Eve. The atmosphere is filled with a confusion of merry greetings, cherry songs, and happy laughter. The brilliant streets are in a dizzy whirl of hurrying heavy-coated figures. Men and women exchange hearty, cheery greetings as they brush past each other around corners. The jolly winter wind swirls the gay scarfs of happy, merry girls as they gaily trip along, stopping occasionally to gaze longingly into a brilliantly illuminated show-case. They gaze curiously and shyly at the grown-ups who hurry along decorated with numerous mysterious-looking packages. Swarms of youngsters with their noses pressed tightly to the glass gaze for hours into a show-window where a Santa Claus seems about to step out to this crowd of gay folk. Here and there the sweet mellow voice of a happy girl rings out in merry laughter mingled with the chattering and whistling of the boys. Automobiles take corners at dangerous speed while their occupants are buying themselves calling out greetings to passing friends.

As one enters his home after having mingled with this gay throng, invading odors meet him at the door and are him kitchenward and pantryward. There the shelves fairly groan with tempting plum puddings, delicious fruit cakes, candies, nuts, and roast turkey. To increase joy and anticipation one may, by chance, get a fleeting glimpse of the magnificent Christmas tree whose boughs hang low with numerous packages and presents. Its sparkling beauty and dazzling fascination inspire one with an almost unbearable desire for the gladsome morrow.

MATTIE MAY LYON

WATCH OUT—DE MAUPASSANT

Of the many pulchritudinous members of the class of '22, there is one understudy to Apollo personage who never fails to answer to the roll call. Shake hands with Mr. James Moody. James, on entering our class from parts unknown, surprised the English faculty (or Miss Harrington) with writing some unusually clever stuff for his recitations. When he found out he could write, he wrote; and if you'd like to laugh awhile, and at the same time be reading something which would suggest brains, get Miss Harrington to show you some of "Mood's" documents. Maybe you don't know the child. Well, if you see some wild looking brother rushing up the street, head foremost with a Cicero under his arm, it's either Moody or J. D. Brooks; and surely any native would recognize J. D.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETS

The Christian Endeavor Society met last Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church. This meeting was very successfully led by Miss Mary Taylor. The subject of the meeting, "The Pledge," was fully treated by the speakers who were: Miss Betsy Baird, Miss Annie Lou Williams, Miss Aliene Crews, Mr. Ned Baker, Miss Elizabeth Hunt, Miss Virginia Turner, Mr. Edward Gill, and Miss Virginia Harte.

The Christian Endeavor Society is doing a great work among the young people of this community by teaching them to be leaders. All the young people are invited to become members of this helpful society.

JAMES WEBB

CHRISTMAS IN THE PHILIPPINES

Christmas in the Philippines is quite different from what it is in America. Poor old Santa has many trials and tribulations in this land of no chimneys and few stockings. Our custom of giving presents is unknown for the islanders consider Saint Nicholas the giver of all good things at that season.

On Christmas Eve the town band leads a procession through the streets, sacristans carry banners, crosses and incense, and are followed by the priest and people bearing images of the virgin and the infant Jesus. Religious hymns are chanted as the procession passes under arches crowned with stars, rivaling those in the heavens, to represent the Star of Bethlehem.

After this, the people in tiny groups take their musical instruments and go from house to house singing. At dawn the band again parades the streets and wakes the inhabitants (if the poor things have been to sleep at all). The Americans celebrate the day in good old home style.

Aren't we glad that we live in America where there are chimneys for jolly old Santa Claus to come down and numerous stockings for him to fill with good things from his bulging bag.

CATHERINE RAGLAND

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the English name for the season in which the birth of Christ is commemorated. It is apparent, however, that a festival was celebrated at this season long before it was held sacred as the birthday of Jesus of Nazareth. The Saturnalia of the Romans and the winter festival of the heathen Britons was celebrated about December 25, and later the Roman festival in honor of the sun god. It was adopted in the fourth century by the Christians as the anniversary of the birth of Christ.

The study of the customs also reveals to us a heathen origin. The decorating of the church with the sacred mistletoe and holly is also a pagan survival.

Other illustrations may be brought to memory, such as the sending of Christmas presents, which originated from the old Yule gifts of northern Europe and ancient Rome. The old custom of having a Christmas tree, all adorned with candles and tinsel, is of German origin. The old thought of Santa Claus also originated in Germany. Most of the Christmas customs of ancient Europe are now obsolete.

The Christmas card, now an almost universal conveyance of seasonable wishes, dates back to 1846 when J. C. Horsley designed, at the suggestion of Sir Henry Cole, the first Christmas card. The Christmas card industry has now attained quite a footing in modern times, and many well-known artists have supplied designs.

TOM BOOTH

CHRISTMAS HAS COME

Snow on the ground, and a frost in the air;
Christmas has come, Christmas has come.
Deck home and church with a most tender care;
Ring loud the bells, for Christmas has come!

GENEVIVE PATTERSON