

PATRONIZE  
OUR  
ADVERTISERS

# The Tattler

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER OXFORD

LET'S ALL  
BOOST  
OXFORD

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## MR OGLESBY SAYS GOODBYE

It was with deepest regret that Oxford bade farewell last Tuesday a. m. to Rev. Stuart R. Oglesby, one of its most highly esteemed citizens. We say this not because his calling happened to be that of the ministry, but because Mr. Oglesby is a man. In any vocation our respect for him would be the same.

Mr. Oglesby has said love is the basis for a minister's success, and all his efforts have been characterized by that great quality. Everywhere he has extended and received love. Although we hate to give him up, we appreciate his reasons for leaving us, and we may rest assured that he leaves with only the noblest motives. As was suggested at the Christian Endeavor meeting, we should not feel so much that we are losing Mr. Oglesby, or even giving him up, but that we are lending him out and will receive interest paid in full in the knowledge of the great good that he will naturally do.

Four years ago this December, Mr. Oglesby was called from the Richmond Theological Seminary to preach a sermon in the Presbyterian church. So well was he liked at that time, when he had not yet finished his course, he was called here to succeed Rev. S. K. Phillips. His course was soon completed, and since that time he has been the regular and faithful pastor of the Oxford church.

Many have been the good works and services he has rendered during his Oxford pastorate. Always taking an active interest in the community, he is a well-known figure in both the school and business centers. He was influential in the establishment, by his church, of a mission in Africa. His was the idea of publishing a church calendar. By his coming, the attendance of his church has greatly increased, and he was the organizer of the Christian Endeavor Society. This society was organized one year ago under his supervision, with fifty members. Now the society has forty-four members and fills a place in the lives of the young folk of the town that no other form of church life occupies.

Last Sunday night at the meeting of the Christian Endeavor, Mr. Oglesby made a talk in which he expressed his love for the boys and girls, and his regret at leaving them. "Yet," said he, "I expect to hear great things from this band of young workers. If you ever leave Oxford, come west and look me up. I'll help you find a job."

Edgar Reece voluntarily expressed the love and appreciation of the society for Mr. Oglesby. Herbert Rountree, Jr., presented Mr. Oglesby with a Masonic watch fob, a good-bye gift from the society, expressing as nearly as possible our genuine sorrow at his departure, and wishing for him a great success in his new field.

Last Sunday night a packed house heard Mr. Oglesby preach one of the finest sermons that has been heard in Oxford. His subject was "Man's Greatest Sin." The speaker dealt with the first two commandments, and preached a beautiful sermon on love for God and our fellow man.

It is impossible to express our regards for Mr. Oglesby, and it would be folly to attempt such a thing; but *The Tattler* staff wish to speak for the school and the town in voicing the greatest praise and admiration for

him, and in wishing for him and his fine family a happy and prosperous future wherever they go.

HERBERT ROUNTREE, JR.

## VERNA CORINNA NEWTON

The entire school extends sympathy to Marvin Newton of the eighth grade in the death of his little sister, Verna Corinna. The little girl developed pneumonia following a severe cold and lived only five days after she was confined to her bed. She was laid to rest at Mt. Creek Baptist Church on January 9. The little grave was covered with beautiful flowers. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. A. Upchurch and Rev. E. G. Usry under whose ministry Verna became a member of the church last summer. The pall-bearers were her six brothers.

From Marvin's mother comes beautiful thanks for the flowers sent by his grade:

"It touches all our hearts that Marvin's friends should think of him in such a beautiful way in this sad hour. Your flowers are indeed lovely and fragrant, but no more lovely nor more fragrant than the sweet smiles and gentle disposition of our darling baby."

## WAKE UP

The staff would like to know how many fair readers are working on their plans for world peace. We don't expect to send any of the plans to the peace conference, so there is nothing to be afraid of. Even if we are not sufficiently read on international affairs, any one can theorize as to some plan by which the nations of the world may live in harmony. But in choosing a topic for the article contest, the committee thought that this subject would include any perchance knowledge of the league of nations and other important issues of the day. So don't go to sleep on us. Dr. Hays has shown interest enough to offer prize money. We certainly should show interest enough to make a grab for it. And who knows but what some member of O. H. S. will become internationally famous by his plans for peace? High hopes! Let's get to work. All you have to do is to write out your plans for world peace and "ship" them to *The Tattler* by February 6. Remember, nobody but students of O. H. S. are eligible.

## CHARLOTTE EASTON ENTERTAINS THE WEEK END CLUB

The home of Mrs. C. H. Easton was the scene of much beauty and gaiety on Friday evening, January 20, when her daughter, Charlotte, entertained the "Week End Club." The house was tastefully decorated with ferns and narcissus. Six tables had been placed for progressive games. A contest, *Ice*, was entered into with enthusiasm. Miss Annie Lou Williams drew straws with thirteen others and went off with the prize, a lovely box of candy. Elegant refreshments were served by Sarah Hall and Caroline Easton.

## A PREVENTIVE THAT WORKED

"Why on earth do you keep borrowing Tooter's trombone?" asked Mr. Miggs' neighbor. "You can't play it."

"No," responded Mr. Miggs, "fortunately for you I cannot. And while I've got it he can't play it either. Get me?"

## THE O. H. S. SENIORS' PERFECT DAY

The first bell was ringing and sure as fate there stood Lillian, a girl who never was late.

Serenely she went up the stairs and entered the eleventh grade room to await the arrival of the rest of the poor "critters." They came straggling in by twos and threes and congregated around the radiators to have a friendly chat before the last bell. The only two studious ones were Helen and Dora. They had their heads bowed low over a book and were anxiously translating "that awful French lesson." Just then Corinne Cannady who fills a large space in our hearts and is the pride of our senior class entered. Straightway Margaret declared she had "something real nice" to tell her and carried her off in a corner. The last bell rang, the conversation was cut short, and the seniors went to their seats, for French was to begin.

They had hardly seated themselves when a puffing and blowing was heard. Everyone turned his eyes toward the door and who should enter but Inez? She told Bessie she had "run all the way from the monument" and declared she "just couldn't get here." Then the French lesson was consumed as well as could be expected. Just before the period was up Miss Tate told Edwin to give an illustration of the general use of the definite article. He gave us a sentence and we searched high and low for all the nouns and verbs. A bell told us geometry was to begin.

We all filed into Mrs. Fleming's room, each begging for the privilege of put up the propositions. Mrs. Fleming was delighted that we were taking such an interest in geometry. When we began the exercises, our knowledge vanished at an alarmingly fast rate. If anyone had called just then he would not have applied the term "dignified" to the senior class. Each member was striving to be as small as possible in order to hide behind the one sitting in front. We think it is a pity Frank Slaughter is so smart because if he wasn't he could crawl right in the desk and avoid unwelcome attention.

Dot felt "mighty uneasy" as she entered the English class. She had played tennis all the afternoon before and that night she went to a party, so of course she hadn't studied. The rest of us hadn't studied either, so when Miss Harrington mentioned *L'Allegro* we thought perhaps it was a French sauce.

The next thing on the schedule was science. In this class the eleventh grade is represented by its best-looking seniors who brighten up the science room considerably.

In the fifth period comes commercial geography. At this time we take tours over England, France, Switzerland, and Italy. How we are envied by the few seniors who have to remain in our classroom and study.

Our last class was history. Frank went down stairs to get the history maps. When he came in sight James became frightened lest he should be weighted down and hastened to assist him. Then Sam, looking up and seeing that help was needed took Frank and the maps under his arm, carried them across the room and sat them down. Then Miss Allen appeared and history began. We finished our lesson a few minutes before time.

Miss Allen told us to be quiet and stay in the history class until the bell rang. She was going downstairs to give her class their reports. After she left, such a stirring, bustling and babbling of voices never had been heard. Then, lo! Miss Harrington appeared—well, I won't tell the rest. This is the end of our perfect day.

INEZ PATTERSON

## SMALL BOY ON VALENTINE

I don't know what to do. I got a girl that's really worth a five-cent valentine and I ain't got but two cents to my name. My credit ain't any good, an' I need one er my two cents to pay Jimmie Johnson with for that marble I got from him. That leaves me one cent. Now, I could buy her a funny valentine with one cent, but then, she wouldn't like a funny one, an' sides it don't say what I want ter say. How 'bout one er them little bitsey ones at the ten-cent store? I could buy one er them for one cent, but then, I want one that's big enough for me to sign my name to. An' sides, she'd think I was pore ef I jest sent her a penny one.

I can't ast ma fer any money, 'cause then she'd make me tell her who I was gonna send it to. Pa knows, but the trouble is, pa always sends me to ma fer money. I jest natchally don't know what to do. Ain't got but one cent left to buy a valentine with fer a five-cent girl.

Good! I've thought er sumptin'. I'll paint a heart on it. But what'll I say on the valentine? I'll say: "Dear Sue—" Aw naw, that sounds like a bis'ness letter. Let me see. "I love to think—" oh, there, I've got it. Here's jest what I'll say: "Deer Valentine You're sweeter than sweet pickel. Tho' this is mine, It's really worth a nickel."

H. R.

## "LETTERS" AWARDED

At chapel Thursday letters were awarded to the members of the football team. Both Mr. Livingood and Mr. Credle made short talks in which they brought out what the letters represented and expressed the hope that the members of the team would set a good example for the rest of the students and make the gold "O" the symbol of good sportsmanship. Those who received varsity letters are: Tincy Mitchell, Parker Leigh Tignor, Ivey Allen, Bailey Curran, John Fuller, Frank Smith, Sidney Taylor, Will Mitchell, Winston Taylor, Thomas Royster, Ernest Mitchell, Cam Easton, and Herman Meadows. Herman got his collar bone broken in the first game of the season and therefore could not play eight full quarters of a game but he did all he could and he certainly earned his letter.

The cheer and song leaders and those players who did not play in at least eight quarters of a game received scrub letters. Although these letters are not so big as the varsity letters they represent a whole lot of work. The scrubs are what make the team anyway and we all owe a lot of thanks to the following: Joe Floyd, Fred Perkins, Jack Cannady, Bonnie Wilson, Sam Carrington, William Walters, Claude Parham, Russell Parham, Almon Upchurch, R. M. Curran, Rux Curran, John Ray Watkins, William Hunt, Rufus Walters.