

# SENIOR BULLETIN

Vol. No. I

OXFORD COLLEGE, OXFORD, N. C., MAY, 1922

Price 15c

These parts will not be given on class day, but were written by the Senior Class especially for the paper.

## CLASS HISTORY OF 1922

Just before the sunshine of peace gave joy to the world, after the gloomy days of the war, the class of 1922 began its career. We were a "green" and timid group of candidates for knowledge, but our uneasiness was soon dispelled by the unusual kindness of the Sophomores and the upper classmen. Several receptions and entertainments were given us to help drive away the "blues." Thus, in a short time we became fully adjusted to the college environment. But, alas, the dreadful disease known as "Flu" made its first appearance, and our President found it necessary to suspend school for a few weeks. However, we came back more determined than ever to travel onward companionably in the field of knowledge. One bright morning soon after our return, our hearts throbbed with joy, for the bells were ringing in a glorious era of peace. Indeed, this bright outlook was not illusive, for our entire year was as pleasant and profitable as its auspicious beginning seemed to prophesy.

Returning for our Sophomore year, we found our class much enlarged. No one would ever have believed that this jolly, carefree group of Sophomores was really the Freshman Class of the year before. This was probably the happiest year of our college life.

We organized our Junior Class in the fall of 1920 with twenty-six members, Gladys Tapp Jones being elected our president. Many were the pleasures and disappointments of this year, the most memorable of the latter being over our long-anticipated trip to Wake Forest.

We truly followed our motto, "Rowing, not drifting," for we met high waves on every hand, and we faced them like hardy sailors. We worked while we worked, and entered with zest into pleasure. We had the honor of being invited to a delightful reception given

by Miss Esther Kinney, sponsor of the 1921 class of Wake Forest.

At commencement we took upon ourselves the responsibility of making the daisy chain for the Seniors, hoping that the Juniors would so honor us in 1922.

Last fall we returned to assume the dignity of Seniors. Gladys Tapp Jones was again elected to guide our destiny through the coming year, and Mrs. Anne M. Woodall was chosen as our advisory member. We found that our class had dwindled to seventeen. This number rowed the boat faithfully until Christmas. One of our number then decided that she had enough "knowledge" and wished to impart some of it to a future better half. During the year several members of our class held responsible offices. Rosa Jane Knott and Elizabeth Middleton were the very competent presidents of the Student Government and the Y. W. C. A., respectively. Estelle Mitchell was Editor-in-chief of "The Phoenix." Irene Whitfield was president of the Calliopean Literary Society, and Mary Barbour of the Uranian Literary Society. We were again disappointed over our trip to Wake Forest.

Under the very efficient direction of our advisory member, the class presented most successfully on April 27, the play, "Merchant of Venice." Indeed, it was so thoroughly appreciated, that we have been requested by many to repeat it. We expect to present it again on Saturday night, May 20.

The Domestic Science Seniors, directed by Miss Boggs, entertained our class and a number of friends at a charming reception, on April 29. The artistically decorated parlor and tea table, together with the delicious refreshments, bore testimony to the skill of our Home Economic members.

We have had two most enjoyable recitals given by two of our talented members, Mary Barbour and Ruth Mary Gaylor. These vocal and instrumental recitals, respectively, were rendered with great skill and reflect great honor on their instructors.

We feel that many of our successes and accomplishments during our Junior and Senior years have been due to our much-loved honorary member, Mrs. Woodall.

The class has decided to present to its dear Alma Mater, as a token of the high esteem and love we bear for her, an expensive radio-outfit, to be installed in the college auditorium.

And now as we go forth from thy protecting arms, oh beloved Alma Mater, may our love for thee ever guide our feet in the paths of right. May we ever cherish thy memory and hold thy name dear; in all our dealings be sincere. Happy have been the days spent here, and a mingled feeling of joy and sadness will be ours, when with diplomas in our hands, we say, in the words of Shakespeare, "We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece."

## CLASS SONG

Oh, here's to you, old Oxford, dear—  
Thy name will always bring a cheer;  
We'll ne'er forget our college days—  
To thee we'll give the highest praise.  
From thee we've learned the way of  
right;

We stand as victors in the fight.  
Both far and wide thy star will shine  
To guide us in the paths of time.

Farewell, dear classmates, college chums,  
How soon the time of parting comes;  
Our thoughts will often wander here,  
With many a sigh and many a tear.  
Together, here, we've worked and play-  
ed;

These happy days can never fade.  
These were the golden days of life,  
With happy toil and pleasure rife.

## CHORUS

Farewell to thee! Farewell to thee!  
Sacred will thy mem'ry be,  
For oh! the pain it brings each heart,  
Oh, Alma Mater, must we part?

Neade Hobgood—When she first entered the gateway of Oxford College was very distressed, thinking the stone arch was a cemetery monument, for the names engraved thereon.