

PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

The Tattler

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER OXFORD

LET'S ALL
BOOST
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RARE MUSICAL PERFORMANCE COMING

SKOVGAARD, THE WORLD FAM- OUS VIOLINIST TO BE HEARD HERE

Next Monday night the people of Oxford will have the privilege of hearing one of the world's greatest violinists. Axel Skovgaard, who has been called the Danish Ole Bull, and has been compared to Kreisler and Ysaye, will give a concert in the Graded School Auditorium.

Skovgaard needs no introduction to the musical public, he is widely known, appreciated and loved in both Europe and America. He is the pupil of masters, the master of a \$13,000 Stradivarius violin, and above all an artist. He has played for the crowned heads of Europe, the critics of America and the public at large. Everywhere he has met with success, every concert has been an ovation, a tribute to his skill and his wonderful instrument. The people of Oxford are to be congratulated. It is seldom that so small a town has been able to secure such an attraction. It is to be hoped that the public will take advantage of this opportunity and turn out in goodly numbers.

Accompanying Skovgaard will be his wife, Alice McLung Skovgaard, who is an accomplished pianist. She had studied under the best teachers of Europe and America. Her part of the program above would be worth the small admission price of fifty cents and one dollar.

We append a few of Mr. Skovgaard's press notices, from the New York Herald, the New York Sun, and the Christiania (Norway) Dørebildet. These papers all maintain a staff of music critics whose judgments are above dispute.

"Skovgaard has come, has played, and has left us in a world of melody! It is like a happy dream as I recall the beautiful music I heard last night drawn from a violin with only four strings by an artist who, like Skovgaard, beaming with health and happiness, is good to look upon. I have heard Ole Bull, Remenyi and Vieuxtemps, but none of these artists possessed Skovgaard's power and temperament. He is just as much a giant in his art as in his person, and only a man measuring his six feet three inches can play Beethoven's Kreutzer-Sonata or Max Bruch's Concertos like Skovgaard. The Polonaise by Wieniawski was a complete "violin fire-work," with staccatos in down as well as up bow; and I have never heard a more excellent double flageolet play than I heard last night in Paganini's "Witches Dance." Small wonder that the audience burst out in a wild storm of applause after this number, begging and begging for an encore, to which the great artist responded with a wonderful composition by himself. It is always difficult to compare one artist with another. Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, has the humor vein and temperament; Kreisler, the Southern sweetness and warmth; Kubelik, the Paganini and Ernst technique, and Skovgaard, the Scandinavian broadness and size in everything he plays. It seems to me that this Danish artist reminds me more of the Belgian Ysaye than of any of the others. Here is the same temperament, the always sure intonation, the free interpretation, the trills like the nightingales, and the

rapid technique that almost carries us off our feet.

"Skovgaard's musical characteristics are genuineness and sincerity, coupled with adequate strength, broad tone and a technique that is always made to subserve his ends and not to be itself unduly in evidence."

"Skovgaard has reached a point where he is above criticism. His training is that of the consummate musician—the finished, polished, purposeful. The innate genius of the player is that which attracts. It is the genius of a lover of music intellectually."

MARY TAYLOR ENTERTAINS HER CLASS

On Saturday afternoon Mary Taylor very delightfully entertained her Sunday school class. After the business was disposed of, delicious hot chocolate, macaroons, and candy were served. This class, led by Miss Lila Currin, is the banner class of the Baptist Sunday school.

COME ON, LET'S GO

Have you ever had one hundred per cent good time on a Saturday night? Well, if you want to have one this Saturday night just fetch yourselves down to the high school auditorium and the McNeill's guarantee you one hundred per cent food time.

Have you ever seen the wild man from Borneo? Then don't miss your chance of seeing the one Mr. Livengood captured on his tour to the north pole last winter. No, you wouldn't worry. He will not escape as he shall be safely caged in iron. There shall be other amusements such as Bluebeard's wives, a kissing booth, a high diver, a better baby show, a fortune teller and various others. Best yet, a few of the McNeill fair damsels will preside at booths selling candy, peanuts and other particles of nourishment.

But listen to this! There will be given free, absolutely free to all, a negro minstrel, including a negro cake walk and several other additional features. Don't miss it, you can't afford to!

Remember the McNeill's promise you a good time. General admission 10c and 1c extra for side shows.

BETH CANNADY,
Reporter.

REV. M. E. COTTON LECTURES AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

Reverend M. E. Cotton, field secretary of the Anti-Saloon League, delivered a most interesting and informing lecture at the Methodist Church last Sunday night. He explained fully *The Responsibility of Citizenship* and gave some mighty good reasons why the bootlegger should be put out of business.

Mr. Cotton is a hard worker and has been associated with several forward-moving organizations. During the war he worked in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. in France. At present he is waging an effective fight against Old John Barleycorn in North Carolina. His plan of attack is to create a sentiment among the citizens against the bootlegger and his unlawful occupation.

JAMES WEBB

There will be a carnival at the high school Saturday night. Come prepared to laugh.

IN MEMORIAM

On Thursday last, A. Mule, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jackass, came to an untimely and violent end on the premises of the Oxford High School. This beloved son of the aforesaid was stricken down with pneumonia to his death bed from which he never arose again while still possessed of the spirit. True, with the kindly assistance of Mr. Blair's force and Mr. Braubardt's science class, he was at last ceremoniously escorted to his last resting place on this earth. May heaven rest his soul! But alas! who are we to lament what to our mind may seem an untimely end to a revealed citizen. Is it not as Plato has said, "A man's body is but his soul's resting place whereof his evil or good doth live." As those who know him well will testify that while his was not of a brilliant turn of mind, yet he did his daily work well and is of a deserving character.

EDWIN SHAW

MCNEILL'S ENJOY SOUTHERN PROGRAM

On Friday afternoon, the McNeill's celebrate the arrival of the week-end by laborate and interesting programs. Of the many they have had, probably the most enjoyed and amusing of them was the southern program given last Friday.

First, there was a most interesting questionnaire conducted by Alice Hunt. Next, Geneva Hughes delighted her listeners with one of Uncle Remus' good, old, wholesome stories. Creogh Mervelt gave a humorous recitation; Nethan Wolf gave an interesting declamation, Henry W. Grady's *The New South*.

Last, but not least, about fourteen negro "sports" came in to the tune of *The School House Blues*—which Dorothy Parham produced by giving the keys to Miss Mary Webb's stately piano a vigorous tickle—and presented a negro minstrel. There was a general mixture of ridiculous lectures, songs, recitations, jokes and there was even a made-to-order issue of *The Tattler* given. Sis Burroughs actually got to shouting when they sang *Standin' in the Need O' Prayer*. Sis Annie Lou Williams, in all her finery, was a down-right pretty negro. As for Tincy—well, if you knew all, there wouldn't be anything left to see at the carnival Saturday night. Come and see for yourself.

BETH CANNADY,
Reporter

WHO'S ALL RIGHT?

One Friday afternoon last fall the McNeill's invited the O. Henry's to one of their weekly programs, which on this occasion happened to be an old maid's convention. In return, last Saturday evening the O. Henry's gave in honor of the McNeill's the side-splitting comedy, "The Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date." Indeed, it was too ridiculous to be true! The guests of honor, despite the fact that there was a question as to its politeness—were compelled to hold their sides throughout the entire performance.

When Jack Brinkley, as Shylock, first made his appearance, exhibiting his polished gestures, curly hair, quaint little mustache, and peculiar accent, serious suspicions arose in a number of minds that he was really and honest-to-goodness Jew. As for Thomas Royster who presented the

role of Bassanio, well, he couldn't have played his part better had Portia been Annie Gray, herself—'nough said! Edwin Shaw, who played the part of Antonio, is a stage hound. So, of course, he felt and acted perfectly natural. Eugenia Currin, Mary Taylor, and Julia Brent Hicks, playing the parts of the leading ladies, Portia, Jessica and Nerissa, also deserve a good many bouquets for their clever speeches and acting. Isn't it strange how some people can be so aggravatingly good looking? Launcelot, played by Bailey Currin, and Professor Sweigen-hangen-blumenheimer, Ph.D., LL.D., B.V.D., P.D.Q., acted by James Moody, were responsible for a continuous stream of giggles from the spectators. They were indeed the clowns of the evening! James Webb, as Gratiano, was good too—but, it is impossible to tell all the good parts, for they were all good.

Of course they were good! What more could be expected when Miss Harrington assumes responsibility? A remark of this nature was heard recently: "Miss Harrington does get up the best entertainments, doesn't she?"—but this is not a surprise to our community.

Another feature of the program which was greatly enjoyed by the audience was the contribution made by Miss Myrtie Muse. Between acts Miss Muse skilfully rendered piano selections.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Portia, a rich heiress—Eugenia Currin.
Nerissa, her friend—Julia Brent Hicks.
Jessica, another friend—Mary Taylor.
Polly, Portia's maid—Inez Wood.
Bassanio, suitor to Portia—Thomas Royster.
Shylock, a rich Jew—Jack Brinkley.
Tubal, his friend—Frank Smith.
Gratiano, friend of Bassanio—James Webb.
Antonio, suitor to Jessica—Edwin Shaw.
The judge—Jack Usry.
Policeman—John Fuller.
Launcelot Gobbo—Bailey Currin.
Mother of Launcelot—Mattie May Lyon.
Antonio's mother—Charlotte Easton.
Professor Sweigen-hangen-blumenheimer, Ph.D., LL.D., B.V.D., P.D.Q.—James Moody.
Miss Lewter, a Latin teacher—Rosa Dickerson.
Some football boys.

The play wasn't all the "Santa Claus" for there was yet another surprise for the McNeill's. Just as the crowd was about to disperse, an announcement was made that the invited guests would please go into the O. Henry society hall for a few minutes. There, delicious punch, wafers, and an unusual assortment of homemade candies were served. The few minutes, which seemed fewer, furnished a lively social for us all.

The O. Henry society is all right! If we, the McNeill's, might be allowed to take our members, teachers, customs and programs along, there might be some possibility of our wanting to join it ourselves. One, two, three, go—

Two, four, six, eight,

Whom do we appreciate,

O. Henry! O. Henry! O. Henry!

BETH CANNADY