

PATRONIZE  
OUR  
ADVERTISERS

# The Cattler

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER OXFORD

LET'S ALL  
BOOST  
OXFORD

VOL. I.

OXFORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1922

NO. 15

## VIEWPOINT

"It all depends," we often are told, "what your point of view is." This comes up in every debatable question, and every question has more than one side, or else it would not be debatable.

Too bad, isn't it, that we cannot think of work as play? What energy and enthusiasm we would put into our work and how comparatively slight would be our fatigue at the close of the day. Have you ever watched a small child at play—cutting paper dolls or rolling a huge snow-ball that required every ounce of its physical ability? For the child, these efforts necessitated as much mental concentration and as great an expenditure of muscular force as most of us give to our daily work. Yet he was playing. "It's all in the way we look at life, it's all in the way we view things," some one has said. Acting on this saying, if we could get away from the idea that our duties at home, school or in the office are drudgery, simply because they are a necessity, how much more initiative and enthusiasm we would bring to our daily tasks.

We admit then that good and bad are mixed up in us. And we never saw the mathematician yet whose statistical ability could prove, Euclidean-like, that there are more bad people and bad tendencies in the world than there are good people and good tendencies. And the fact is that since we are merely human people and not angels, bad and good are mixed up in our personalities. Therefore our problem is to encourage the good tendencies and discourage the bad ones.

BESSIE FAULKNER

## MRS. RAY HAS PARTY

Mrs. C. D. Ray was hostess to a small but delightful party on Tuesday afternoon. Two tables were arranged for rook. At the end of an hour's brisk playing, delicious grape fruit cocktails were served.

ERNESTINE PARHAM

## BAILEY HEROES

For a good many moons Mr. Barnhart has been threatening to turn in the fire alarm. Wednesday he did it. Considering the fact that we have had practically no practice in drill, things went off fairly well. After everybody was safely out of the building, as the teachers thought, somebody descried a frantic-looking figure hanging out of an upstairs window. "All the coats and hats are safe," chirped a weak voice, "I threw 'em out the back window. Say, where is that fire anyway?"

And amid the delighted yelps of the lookers on, Hero Bailey Currin descended to take his place with the proletariat.

## A USEFUL HABIT

"I don't see how you stand it," said Mrs. Youngbride to her older married friend. "It would simply break my heart to have my husband prop up the newspaper at the breakfast table every morning."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "You see, it keeps the grapefruit from spattering as far as it might otherwise."

Eva Allen Williams spent the weekend in Durham.

Mrs. B. E. Parham and Ernestine Parham spent Wednesday in Durham.

## NERVE

I knew I would meet her some time today. It was impossible to avoid it. Surely I would not lose my nerve this time. I had a regular speech to say to her. At least I had prepared it as I would a speech. I had it all doped—what I would say to her. I knew it by heart from beginning to end. Conversation would surely be easy now. First I would ask, "Have you seen the latest Mary Pickford picture?" and then "Don't you think—?"

But just then I heard footsteps. I looked up and lo, and behold, it was "she," blue eyes, blond hair, and all! The hall was empty of all human life at the time save for us two. She was coming toward me; thus it became inevitable that we should meet face to face. As the distance between us diminished, I began to see for the hundredth time that she was much prettier today than ever before.

Just now her gaze was turned to one side of the hall. I did not see the boy in the class-room door at her left, for it is the plain unadulterated truth that when I realized how pretty she really was, my heart began to do handsprings and other acrobatic stunts that would quickly send an older person for the doctor. My complexion changed. I knew that I was breaking out in fiery patches. I gasped for breath and felt weak around the gills.

As she drew nearer a beautiful haze suffused everything and the whole world turned an exquisite pink. I had not seen her yet and I began to prepare for the moment when our eyes would meet. I tried to look sarcastic and indifferent, and then when her soft eyelids slowly lifted I had a flash of inspiration: I opened my mouth, placed three fingers across the chasm and pretended to yawn.

For a second the beautiful blue spark in her eyes glowed bright and soft; gentle darts shot me through and through.

Then her gaze left me and she continued on her way, while my own feet automatically carried me on mine. My breath returned, but my heart still acted strangely.

I looked back and took two steps to follow her; but a deathlike shyness stopped me lest she should catch me in the act. It was awful. I had as usual lost my nerve before even passing the time of day with her.

In a moment more she was gone! And yet the hall did not seem quite empty. There was something warm and fragrant about it and my soul was tremulous for she had done her work but too well.

JACK BRINKLEY

## MR. MIDDLETON MAKES FINE TALK

Rev. C. A. Upchurch certainly merits the warm thanks of the school for bringing Mr. Middleton over to address us at assembly. Mr. Middleton who is a man of commanding personality talked on *Program Building for Life*. He showed how every worth-while thing in life relates itself to the home, the school, the church, and the state. In language remarkable for its clearness and vigor he pointed out that we can best serve these four great institutions by living up to the finest there is in us and being loyal to our God.

## MARKETING TOBACCO IN OXFORD SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO

In 1856 my great-grandfather and his brothers lived in the extreme southwestern part of Person county. The nearest tobacco market was Oxford. All that fall the slaves were busy preparing the tobacco crop for market. Because of the distance to the market (about thirty miles) they had prepared a big lot so as to make the trip worth while. A week before there were to start, they sent four slaves with sixteen horses halfway to Oxford, so they would be rested to take the place of the tired men and horses when they arrived with the wagons.

Finally everything was in readiness for beginning the journey. Even with four horses attached to each wagon, it was hard to pull through the heavy mud. Sometimes when the horses balked the animals would be unhitched from one wagon and all eight attached to the other. When the first wagon was safely through, men and horses returned for the second wagon. On the best days and over the best stretches of road, they were able to make only four miles. When weather and roads were bad, two and one-half miles was the maximum. When night came on, the men erected a tent and built a campfire over which the slaves prepared the food.

On the fifth night, they arrived at old Trinity church where the fresh horses were waiting. After supper when everything was quiet, the men heard a weird "flop-flop" which seemed to come from the direction of the cemetery. The slaves were badly frightened; some even prayed aloud. Finally, three well-armed white men went out to the cemetery to investigate only to find that an inquisitive old owl had poked his head and wings through the gate and could neither retreat nor "forward march." The next morning the fresh horses were hitched to the wagons and the journey was resumed.

Finally men and wagons reached Oxford. The tobacco was sold, supplies, such as flour, sugar, coffee, and clothing, were bought and the homeward trip begun after three days spent in Granville's capital city. Because of the better conditions of the roads which had dried out considerably the little company made excellent progress and reached home four days before they were expected. Ordinarily the trip to market and back required a month.

ROSA DICKERSON

## SENIOR CLASS ELECTS MARSHALS

On Tuesday afternoon at a called meeting, the senior class chose the following marshals: Thomas Royster, chief (unanimous choice of the class); Bailey Currin, Tincy Mitchell, Henry Phipps, Annie Lou Williams, Martha Cannady, Eugenia Currin, and Lillian Walters. The following class officers were also elected:

Historian, Margaret Davis; Testator, Corinne Cannady; Statistician, Edwin Shaw; Poet, Herbert Rountree; Prophet, Annie Gray Burroughs.

## STUDENTS FRIENDSHIP FUND

A committee of five young ladies from Oxford College visited the High School some days ago in the interest of the Student Friendship Fund for the relief of destitute students in Europe. During the past few days the students at high school have made voluntary contributions of \$37.70 to this worthy cause.

## SELECTS OFFICERS

The Junior Baraca Class of the Methodist church held their regular monthly meeting Monday night.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Will Mitchell. Plans for a basketball team and games were discussed and other business taken up.

As it was time for the election of officers the following were elected: President, Herbert Rountree; Vice-President, Tincey Mitchell; Secretary Jack Cannady; Treasurer, Will Mitchell; Reporter, I. Jackson, and Manager of "Stores," Joe Floyd.

After all business had been transacted the class adjourned.

Then refreshments were served on the "grab and get" plan. They were delicious to those who got any.

I. JACKSON, Reporter

## JUNIOR PHILATHEAS TO GIVE PARTY

The Junior Philathea class of the M. E. church met Tuesday evening, February 21, 1922, in the Lyon Memorial Building. The meeting was called to order by the president. A scripture lesson was read after which an account of Washington's life was read by Mattie May Lyon. Miss Martha Parker Brinkley having visited the home of Washington, gave an excellent description of the place. The members then decided to give a benefit rook party Friday evening, February 24, 1922, at the home of Rebecca Bullock. The proceeds from the party will be used for the rook plan. The tickets will be on sale Thursday and Friday.

MATTIE MAY LYON, Reporter

## ATHLETICS

### WHITE AND GOLD WINS AND LOSES

Last Saturday Coach Livengood carried his leather tossers to Chapel Hill and came back with the short end of a 37 to 8 count. The score, however, does not tell the story of the contest. In the passing end of the game Chapel Hill warriors were badly outclassed by our Wildcats. It was only through their phenomenal shooting that they were enabled to pile up their heavy score.

The Oxford boys put up a good, clean, snappy, game and with a little better luck would have beaten Coach Morrison's quintet.

Enough of defeat, let us turn the page!

On Wednesday the team navigated the twelve miles to Henderson and came home with the well known sliced breakfast strip. The final result of the melee was Oxford 20, Henderson 13. Our well-loved neighbors played a good game; but were completely bewildered by the passing and floor work of the Oxford boys. Every man on the team played an exceptionally good game. Captain Smith and Mitchell were all over the Henderson boys, and Royster, Perkins and Walters kept the crowd on their feet with their shooting. Then just to prove we had more like them, Floyd and Meadows went into the game and kept up the good work.

High hopes are entertained for next year's team. All of the boys will be back but two; and with their added experience should be one of the strongest teams in the state.