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ADVERTISERS

The Cattle

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER OXFORD

LET'S ALL
BOOST
OXFORD

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MISS SALLS SPEAKS

At the last meeting of the O. Henry Literary Society, the members had the pleasure of hearing Miss Helen Salls of Oxford College speak on O. Henry's life.

Miss Salls prefaced her remarks by giving a rapid review of the development of the short story, showing that it is a distinctively American product. Beginning with the Pocahontas incident in Capt. John Smith's remarkable *Historie*, she traced step by step just what shaping the short story form received at the hands of Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allen Poe, and others before it came from the master hand of O. Henry, a perfect thing of living beauty.

From the very outset one was impressed with the very evident fact that Miss Salls knew and loved her subject. Every word that she uttered bore the stamp of sincerity. "From his father who was a native of Connecticut," said Miss Salls, "Sidney Porter inherited his fine sense of democracy; from his mother, a Greensboro girl, he got his artistic temperament." Speaking of O. Henry's life in Greensboro, Miss Salls made an interesting comparison of the drug store in which Porter worked with the coffee houses of Queen Anne's day. Here were gathered the budding politicians, the embryonic statesmen, and the local wits of the little southern city; and here, as O. Henry developed...

...which was to serve him so well in later years.

It was on account of failing health that O. Henry moved to Texas where he worked on a ranch two years before going into the bank at Austin as assistant teller. Miss Salls spoke with rare sympathy of the circumstances that led to the false accusation of embezzlement which cast its tragic shadow over the young man's life at this point, of his subsequent wanderings in South America and finally of his three years' imprisonment at Columbus, Ohio. Most tragic of all, she told us of the simple bit of evidence, overlooked at the trial, which would have cleared Porter's name of even the vestige of a shadow. Who knows though but that O. Henry would never have been born had it not been for the bitter suffering and humiliation borne so nobly by Sidney Porter. Certainly we do know that it was while he was in the penitentiary at Columbus that Sidney Porter patiently trained himself in the splendid art that has immortalized the name of O. Henry.

After his release from prison, O. Henry spent most of his life in New York. It was here that he died in 1910. His last words were characteristic: "Turn up the lights; I don't want to go home in the dark."

We are hoping that Miss Salls may be persuaded to come back and talk to us about O. Henry's works. We can assure her of one thing—she won't find a more appreciative audience than the O. Henry Society.

IRVINE JACKSON

WHERE HE STOOD

"Am I good enough for you?" sighed the fond lover.

"No," said the girl candidly, "you're not, but you are too good for any other girl."

CHRISTIAN WORKERS

Last Saturday afternoon Miss Lila Currin's Sunday school class held its regular monthly meeting with Miss Katherine Watkins. Business was discussed first. Pollyannas were told to each other. The class chose "Christian Workers" as a name for the class. Plans were then made for a Gypsy Tea, when the weather is suitable. After the business was fully discussed, games were played. Miss Mary Lee Critcher artistically rendered a few selected pieces on the piano. Elegant tea and sandwiches were served.

Everyone fully enjoyed the hospitality of the hostess. It was decided to meet with Miss Elizabeth White next month.

ALMA MCFARLAND,
Class Reporter

WHY HAVE WE STOPPED READING DICKENS?

In spite of the fact that Dickens is acclaimed one of the greatest writers of all time, his works are being read less and less. If you have children in school you are probably familiar with most of Dickens' characters and are surprised to find that your children do not care for his works. Today a man is not considered educated unless he knows at least the most important of Dickens' characters, and, sad to say, the present generation is growing up in a most deplorably ignorant state. When our folks found out that...

...and sent us to the bank... in the case from which this resulted there was not a volume of Dickens to be found. The older folks had read them long ago and the young folks had never wanted to read them, so they were not to be found.

The reasons for the fall of this great novelist are many and various; first, last and always there is a small, but persistent minority who maintain that the world is going to the bows. Then there are some who say that the world is in too big a hurry to read such long books. And some go so far as to say that his characters are widely exaggerated and overdrawn. But perhaps the most logical reason that has yet been advanced is that many of the characters are simply victims of fate. No one disputes Dickens' ability to draw characters, but some are beginning to question his ability to make them act. Present day readers demand that the decisions of the characters have some definite effect on the story, make them the master of their own destinies, so to speak. Dickens' characters simply move along in a chain of events without the least bit of effort of will power on their part. It may sound like a rank heresy but there is an opinion sprouting, that in putting Dickens on the shelf the world is making a step forward in literature.

IVEY ALLEN

MRS. BARNHART'S RECITAL POSTPONED

Mrs. Barnhart's voice recital which was first scheduled for Friday night of this week has been postponed until Monday night, April 3. Mrs. Barnhart will be assisted by Mrs. Blount Bryan, violinist. It is expected that these ladies will have a record audience as Oxford people know that something good is in store when their names head a program.

JAZZ

At the first mention of the word jazz one feels a peculiar sensation in the region of his toes. Said sensation travels on through the feet making them feel deceptively light. Feet behave! If the mere word gives such sensation how am I to describe the feeling with which one hears that weird series of sounds known as modern jazz music? I will not attempt it for I might get jazzy with the typewriter and mess up this most wonderful essay.

As a background of the study of jazz I think it is necessary that you know something of its ancestry. So I will put forth one of my pet theories. The second nearest ancestor of jazz was probably the American Indian beating on a hide stretched over one end of a hollow log, which was called by him a tom-tom. He beat this at the tribal dances and from what I have heard of the savage dancing it is somewhat like the modern jazzing. The nearest ancestor of jazz music is probably the noise the cat makes when she has a race for life with a rat across the pantry shelf which bears the pots and pans. As you are more or less acquainted with this sound I will not attempt to give a description of the noise.

And now, gentle reader, having exhausted my store of knowledge on this subject, I will not persecute you longer. If, however, you desire to be more fully informed on the subject...

WEATHER

Ever stop to consider how you would get along without the weather? By weather I do not mean the sun, the rain, and the wind, but that portion of your brain labeled "Weather." To be a little more specific, what does the grocer give as a reason for the high price of fruit? Bad weather. What does the farmer say when he asks an exorbitant price for his produce or when you go to collect a bill? Weather ruined the crop. And last but not least, what do you say when you walk down the street with an acquaintance? You talk about the weather, and so does everybody else. It has only one rival, baseball, and while baseball arouses more enthusiasm than the weather, the weather is more widespread and universal, and while baseball lasts only through the summer, the weather we have with us always. Truly, if you want to be in style talk about the weather.

IVEY ALLEN

LOST

Antoinette Daniel has lost a handsomely engraved sterling silver pencil, bearing the initials F. A. D. She will greatly appreciate your help in recovering her pencil.

EASILY EXPLAINED

"P'taters is good this mornin', Madam," said the old farmer making his usual weekly call.

"Oh, are they?" retorted the customer. "That reminds me: How is it that them you sold me last week is so much smaller at the bottom of the basket than at the top?"

"Waal," replied the old man, 'p'taters is growin' so fast now that by the time I get a basketful dug the last ones is about twicet the size of the first."

NEW MACHINE INSTALLED AT ICE PLANT

Mr. Walter Bell, a construction engineer, representing Frick Company, refrigerator engineers of Waynesboro, Penn., came to Oxford Sunday to complete the installation of a big new ice machine for Messrs. Fleming and Moss. This work will be completed within a few days and Ice Products Company will be manufacturing on a larger scale than ever before. The new machine will double the capacity of the plant, and the old machine will be at hand ready to be put in operation immediately in case the new one should break down. A new storage room twice the size of the old one has already been finished and looks as if it would keep a block of ice a thousand years. The plant will begin operation soon and run at full capacity so as to fill the store rooms before the hottest weather comes. There seems no possibility of Oxford's suffering from ice shortage this summer. And the supply will be sufficient for the surrounding country and small towns nearby.

OUR GIRLS TRIUMPH AGAIN

The High School girls, Saturday night, beat that feminine quint known as the town girls' basketball team, by a score of 27 to 18. The High School was slow in getting started, but by the end of the first half they overcame a lead of about 6 points, and stayed...

...good. The town was especially improved by the playing of Miss Nina Cooper at center. Miss Eugenia Currin played an extra good game for the high school. The lineup was as follows:

High School		Town
E. Bragg	f.	Johnny Peed
E. Currin	f.	Mary Landis
C. Watkins	c.	Nina Cooper
F. Jackson	g.	I. K. Taylor
Rosa Dickerson	g.	Eloise Horner

Substitutions: Dorothy Parham for Eugenia Currin, Eugenia Currin for Elizabeth Bragg.

Referee: Livengood. Time: 40 minutes.

BLACK FACE FROLIC WILL BE A RIOT

Rehearsals for the American Legion minstrels are now under way. Everything points to a show filled with mirth, music, melody. There will be singing, shouting, syncopation, mirth, gaiety and joy.

The cast includes the best talent in Oxford; and each player promises to be at his best on performance nights.

There is to be plenty of good dancing and the music will ring in your ears for weeks.

Don't fail to see this show.

MIGHT GET IT THAT WAY

An absent-minded husband was asked by his wife to stop in a store on his way downtown and buy her three articles of feminine wear. Of course when he reached the store he had forgotten what they were. So the young clerk behind the first counter was amazed to hear:

"Excuse me, my wife told me to come in here and get her some things to wear and I've forgotten what they are. Would you mind naming over a few things?"