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The Cattler

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LET'S ALL
BOOST
OXFORD

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OXFORD BOY HAS HOME-MADE RADIO

Picks Up Musical Concerts in Pittsburg With Home Outfit

By BUXTON MIDYETTE.

Chapel Hill, April 29.—To have the opportunity of listening to musical concerts in Pittsburg and New York here in North Carolina over a radiophone constructed by a 14-year-old boy at a cost of \$50 might possibly be spoken of as an unique experience.

On my way to the University, passing through Oxford, I learned of a set built by R. C. M. Calvert of that town. Naturally interested in this new development of science, and especially in the fact that the set was built by an 8th grade high school boy, I went around to his home to see it and to find out what results he was obtaining. The radio program began at 8 o'clock and closed with the weather reports from Arlington at 10.

The first station we picked up was Pittsburg. The instruments were tuned up to different broadcasting stations by delicate mechanism which Calvert manipulated at a mere twist of his hand. As clearly and distinctly as if we had been in a big receiving station we heard a musical program, consisting of solos, bugle concerts, and even a lecture on the Einstein theory. Tiring of the more classical type of music in the "Smoky City," we tuned up to New York and were refreshed with a little impact, produced notes of harmony, while "Sol" was the Latin name of

Calvert became interested in radio telegraphs four and a half years ago. At that time he purchased and constructed a set at a cost of \$15, which proved fairly satisfactory. Since that time he has had six sets, improving on each set. He constructed over half of the instruments which he used and bought the rest from Sears Roebuck and Company. According to "Cray" a set can be built for practically a nominal sum if one knows the right instruments to buy. He can tune up to any station in the eastern part of the United States, and enjoys radio programs every night. His room has become a community center.

A personal license for one year, and a station license for two years for amateur transmitting was granted him by the government some time back. His station was designated by the numbers and letters 4 MA.

By careful observation he can foretell the weather for the next day. I remember that the night I was at his home, he commented on a big storm raging out near Pittsburg. This was proved by the story which the morning papers carried. Weather conditions can be told by the rumblings and growlings caused by the atmospheric conditions on the set. He is planning to enlarge and make more complete his set during the coming months.

O. HENRY GLEE CLUB A HOWLING SUCCESS

The O. Henry Glee Club, which gave its maiden performance last Friday morning, was literally a howling success. "Mouth" Gill, "Pud," Smith, "T" Royster, "Show!-ones," "Bunt" Jackson, "Basso Profundo" Averett, Bill Hunt, "Big Boy" Slaughter, "Dude" Brinkley, "Sport" Baker. The performance was under the able direction of Miss Mabel Tate and Miss Frances Jackson. The O. Henry's are looking forward to another program from this versatile bunch.

THE RIVALS PLAYS TO CAPACITY

HOUSE

What the management termed the biggest house that has greeted an amateur performance since *What Happened to Jones* turned out to see the *Rivals*, Sheridan's famous comedy, presented by the senior class at the Orpheum Friday night. The box receipts were \$201 as against \$209 for last year's play. This is rather remarkable when one considers how much tighter money is now than it was a year ago, and the senior class wishes Oxford people to know that their generous support is warmly appreciated. The costumes proved a rather heavy expense. Certainly they were worth what they cost, however, as the best acting would have gone flat without the setting afforded by appropriate costuming.

We understand that the senior class considers using the proceeds from the *Rivals* to start a fund to furnish the high school stage so that school productions may be staged in the school. Here's hoping that other organizations will follow suit. It is a shame that we have been obliged all this year to go to the inconvenience and expense of staging school dramas off the school grounds.

When it comes to critical comment, we find ourselves likely to overstep the space allotted to us, for every member of the cast deserves some special word of commendation. The *Rivals* is an excellent comedy; it was well played by a well chosen cast. Herbert Romberg as Capt. Absolute, gave a performance that for sympathetic interpretation, nice restraint, and finish could hardly be excelled in amateur dramatics. Annie Gray Burroughs was surely a Mrs. Malaprop after Sheridan's own heart, while the hot-tempered Sir Anthony Absolute, played by Edwin Shaw, was a revelation of what a high school boy can do in the way of impersonation when he sets his mind to it. Margaret Davis, as Lucy, was a bewitching little piece of baggage, while Cynthia Dorsey and Corinne Cannady in their quaint costumes were as pretty as pictures. The difficult role of Bob Acres was admirably interpreted by James Moody. The cavalier Sir Lucius O'Trigger was played with such swagger and dash as to win Irvine Jackson several rounds of hearty applause. Ivey Allen, Jr., as David, did a fine bit of character work, while Joe Floyd, as Fag, and Sam Carrington as the Coachman each carried off his part most creditably. Frank Slaughter as the Kitchen Boy got a hearty laugh with his one speech. On the whole, the performance was a credit to the cast, and to the school.

DISCOVERED—MISS ALLEN!

Miss Harrington says that the most valuable discovery since Columbus stubbed his toe on America is Miss Elizabeth Allen, who proved such excellent assistance in coaching the senior play this year. Miss Allen may be limited as to quantity, but she's all there when it comes to quality. Best of all, she's always ready to lend a helping hand. Three rousing cheers for Miss Allen!

WEST-LEWTER

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ulysses Lewter request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter

Etta Belle

to

Mr. George Henry West on Wednesday afternoon at six o'clock at the Temple Baptist Church Durham, North Carolina.

"HIS BLIGHTED LOVE"

A Fable in Slang (With Apologies to George Ade)

By JACK BRINKLEY.

Once there was a 15-year-old Lamb by the name of William. He was one of the easy-going kind that the shows didn't even bother to call Bill. Now this particular specimen of the breed had a severe attack of the ashly sickness known to most people by the name of Love. He stayed awake nights and began to look weak and gray. He cut down his eating and sat around the house looking at the insign on the ceiling. He would go and peek himself up in his room, where he could be alone with his thoughts. Sometimes he would come out of this trance long enough to ask if the evening mail had come; but this did not happen often.

The object of all his affections was a pretty little blue-eyed, blonde-haired one, with plenty of nerve, and it seemed plenty of smiles for all the other boys. But for him—why, no! Whoever heard of liking a kid without enough nerve to yell at every other girl at high school and make love to half of them.

Little Willie had many beautiful romantic day dreams. The chief one was of a burning building. Just as he noticed that the fire was so bad that the firemen did not dare to go into it any more, he saw the face of his beloved appear at an upstairs window crying for help.

At a three o'clock hour, and his hat on his head, he rushed to the burning structure, selected the lower of his artery, and who had labored by this time, and rushed out of the fire exhausted. Then everything turned black. When he came to he was lying on the sidewalk with a large crowd around him. Then his father pushed into the crowd and with tears of gratitude, asked, "My boy, is there not something I can do for you to repay you for your heroic act? I will give you anything I possess."

And then he would answer through the bandages and plasters, "Give me your daughter."

Just then she would come rushing up and throw her arms around his neck and soak his newly-made pompadour with tears, beautiful tears, and then—"Willie, come to dinner! Right this minute!"

His dream would be broken by the much too real voice of his little brother, and he would be brought to earth with a thud that caused him to realize his dream could never come true.

Moral: "The way of the puppy lover is tough."

GYPSY TEA DELIGHTFUL EVENT

The gypsy tea with which the marshals honored the seniors Tuesday afternoon proved a most delightful event. The weather man insisted upon sending "showers of blessings," but he didn't succeed in damping the spirits of the merry company. Well-filled picnic baskets and a straw ride back to town contributed their share in an unusually happy outing. The hosts were: Thomas Royster, chief; Tincy Mitchell, Bailey Currin, Henry Phipps, Lillian Walters, Martha Cannady, Eucenia Curring, and Annie Lou Williams. Fertility Ranneth out, and the Game must there be a Varied Method, or The only faculty members present were the room teachers, Miss Tate and Mrs. Fleming.

WILDCATS LOSE TOUGH GAME

Last Friday the Wildcats dropped an eleven-frame affair to Henderson by a 9 to 8 score. It was a game that had the spectators on their toes every minute, and was replete with thrills dear to the heart of baseball fans.

Undoubtedly Coach Livengood's kittens deserved the game, they outlit the boys from Vance County and the earned run column stands six for Oxford and three for Henderson. But when we pass to the section marked errors we are confronted with the fact that the local boys are much more efficient in that respect than our worthy rivals. Watkins started the game for Henderson, but was relieved in the eighth inning by Vick, who finished the game. T. Royster pitched the entire game for the Wildcats, and should have been returned a victor. He sent twelve Henderson batters back to the bench with the old refrain, "Three strikes, you're out," ringing in their ears. His teammates hit well behind him, but their fielding was ragged and cost him the game. Two flies that should have gone for easy outs were dropped and four runs were scored as a result.

Even in defeat the team looked good, and were a vast improvement over the team of a week before.

The student body gave excellent support to the boys and stuck until the last man was out in the eleventh inning. Such is highly appreciated by every man on the squad, and goes a long way towards keeping them on their toes. With the season almost over should be the brightest in the history of O. H. S.

It was the last game that Captain Hermon Meadows, R. M. Currin, and Joe Floyd will play for the High School. These three valiant warriors of many battles have done much for their Alma Mater. They have reflected great credit on the White and Gold. The well wishes of the entire student body and the thanks of the school and coach accompany them to their new fields of activity.

MISS NINA COOPER

Class Prophet at University

Out of a graduating class of 139 members, Miss Nina Cooper has been chosen prophet by the seniors at the University of North Carolina. She is the first co-ed to be chosen a class officer. Such a signal honor is surely a happy compliment to Miss Cooper, who has made an exceptionally fine record at the University.

A JOINT BOUQUET FOR MISSES LEWTER AND HUNT

The cast of the *Rivals* wishes to express publicly their warm appreciation of the valuable services of Misses Florine Lewter and Helen Hunt in producing the senior play. Miss Lewter worked like a Trojan getting out posters, Miss Hunt was the efficient stage manager. All the "borrowing" and stage setting were accomplished by Miss Hunt and her committee without any assistance from the faculty. When it comes to practical every-day efficiency, Helen Hunt can't be beat.

Dock: "Rebecca, I can't see how you can make yourself study so hard."
Rebecca: "Oh, I have a lot of will power."

FORCE OF HABIT

Walter—"Sir, when you eat here, you need not dust off the plate."
Customer—"Beg pardon, force of habit. I'm an umpire."—Lemon Punch.