

PATRONIZE
OUR
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The Cattler

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER OXFORD

LET'S ALL
BOOST
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ARTICLE X

Of all the problems which have engaged the thoughts of the American people in the last decade perhaps the knottiest is that presented by the League of Nations, especially as it is affected by article X, which reads as follows: "The members of the league undertake to respect and preserve, as against external aggression, the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league. In case of any such aggression or in case of any danger of threat of such aggression, the council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled."

There are two sides to every question, and no person can get a fair understanding of any proposition by studying only one side. The opposers of said article claim that it will be detrimental to the independence of America, that it will take away her right of exercising her independence in dealing with other countries, instead of acting of her own free will and accord. In international misunderstandings, her course of action must be advised by the League of Nations. If other nations are advised by the League of Nations to declare war, America, regardless of whether or not she has been ill-treated or offended, must follow the other warring nations to a bloody battleground.

On the other hand, we do need a supreme council representing the interest of the nations of the earth, because modern steamships, railroad facilities, airplanes, automobiles, wireless telegraphy, telephones, and newspapers have brought the world into one great commonwealth. Before this was realized, a schoolboy fired a pistol which plunged the whole world into the greatest war that the world has ever known. A community cannot be independent of the county government any more than the county can be independent of the state government, or the state can be independent of the national government. On the same principle, the world has become one great family, and if the supreme court of the state is of more importance than the superior court of the county or the supreme court of the United States means more to the safety of the nation than the state court, how much more do we need a supreme council representing the interests of the earth, let it be called the League of Nations, supreme court of the world, or whatever it may be called? Humanity demands that the nations of the earth so organize.

JACK USRY

IF THE TRUTH WERE TOLD

A wedding of little interest to most people in this community took place yesterday when Mary Jones finally succeeded in putting the blinkers on John Brown. Poor John looked like "a lamb led to the slaughter."

Suggested by ELIZABETH HUNT

NOTICE

In last week's *Tattler*, the article dealing with the departure of Mr. Oglesby from our community, was "endorsed" incorrectly. This article was a combination of articles submitted by Edwin Shaw, Annie Gray Burroughs and Herbert Rountree, Jr. This mistake was made by the "high authorities," and we wanted to take this opportunity to right the matter.

BEAUTY

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

So sang John Keats whose brief life was spent in trying to show a stupidly matter-of-fact world that beauty is its own excuse for being. Perhaps you have heard some of the grown-ups at your house claim that "Pretty is as pretty does." If you think about it long enough, you may come to the conclusion that the poet and your maiden aunt had the same idea about pulchritude. All of which is by way of saying that the question of beauty came up for discussion in eleventh English one day not so long ago. Many suggestive ideas were submitted. It was interesting to note that everybody seemed to be agreed on this point: Beauty has nothing to do with what one gets from drug stores, boxes whether they contain pills or rouge. Each member of the class was asked to write a paragraph expressing his idea of beauty in some phase. We append the results in two instances:

Beauty is the divinest expression of nature. Consider a waterfall as viewed by moonlight. Above, one may see mass upon mass of billowy clouds sprinkled with twinkling stars. Presently the moon emerges from a temporary retreat and rides majestically into view. Her radiance dims the glory of the stars. One by one they hide themselves in shame. But look! There is the whole scene reflected in the deep, pure waters of the lake. Now the eye follows the swiftly moving flood as it hurries toward the edge of the dam. Crest upon crest of foam and spray are hurled into the black, seething pool below. An incessant roar as of a mighty forest wind fills the air. Surely all this is God's way of expressing beauty.

EDWIN SHAW

There is nothing more pleasing to the eye, heart, and soul than the crumpled little hand of a baby. Its faint exquisite color cannot be painted on canvas. There is a soft, warm touch with which the velvety flower petals cannot compare. There is an indefinable something which is more suggestive of purity than the clearest brook. And—yes, there is something more than this. Who has ever felt the tiny fingers close about one of his own rough digits without experiencing a sense of shame because of his own unworthiness? Again, who has ever studied the little hand without dreaming of what good that tiny member might accomplish?

Everyone is affected in some way by the exquisite beauty of a baby's hand.

HERBERT ROUNTREE, JR.

HUNGRY?

The lunch counter at the high school is now in operation, and the M. E. Junior Baracas, who have it in charge, have been very successful thus far. The "menu" for the first day was composed of a variety of candies, peanuts, gums, raisins, etc. For the next day, the boys brought a supply of doughnuts, ham sandwiches and other things which were quickly disposed of.

As business picks up, the committee is planning to introduce soup and light lunches, so that anyone wishing to remain at school during the dinner hour may do so without fear of immediate starvation.

REECE ON CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING

In Oxford, as in every other town in the tobacco belt, there is much interest manifested at present in the question of co-operative marketing. On the surface of things, the sentiment is overwhelmingly in favor of the new scheme. At the risk of placing myself in the hopeless minority, I want to say a word or two on the other side.

In the first place, what is the origin of the movement for co-operative marketing? From what I have read and heard, it seems that because the fruit growers of California have been successful in marketing their product on the co-operative plan, the tobacco growers of the country are asked to bind themselves in a five-year contract to sell their product only through a proposed co-operative marketing association. The contract is said to be legally binding on the farmer at least. If he signs, he must stick. But who will stick to the farmer? What man or group of men assume any responsibility toward him?

It is doubtless true that the California fruit growers have been greatly benefited by their plan of co-operative marketing. But we must remember that fruit is a product ready for immediate consumption. Tobacco, on the other hand, must go thru a long process of drying, re-drying, manufacture, and mellowing before it is ready for the consumer. Raw products cannot be successfully sold in the same manner as manufactured goods or fruits ready for the consumer. I wonder if it has occurred to our co-operative marketing enthusiasts that it is the character of the product rather than the plan of marketing that is largely responsible for the success of the plan?

The friends of co-operative marketing make much of the fact that under the present system of sales the same pile of tobacco does not always bring the same price. Every tobacco buyer will admit the truth of this statement. But will the boosters of the new scheme be equally frank in admitting that 98 per cent of the tobacco sold brings a uniform market price? Occasionally a buyer bids too much for a pile of tobacco. Anyone who has followed the auctioneer and observed the auction sales knows that some piles appear to be sold above the market and others below. Sometimes the farmer gets the low bid; sometimes he gets the high bid. In the long run he gets the average market price.

It is proposed under the co-operative plan to employ expert graders to pass on the tobacco. There will, of course, be times when large quantities will come to a receiving house. Will it be possible to secure men so competent that no mistakes will be made in grading? Is there a tobacco man living who would not occasionally put a pile of superior quality in a low grade, or squeeze a pile under standard in a high grade? Will there not be in grading the same tendency to err which we find in bidding? When all is said and done, will the farmer be any better off under the proposed plan of co-operative marketing than he is under the existing scheme of sale by auction?

EDGAR REECE

HAD YOU THOUGHT OF THIS?

Are you crazy? I hope not, but I don't know. Am I crazy? Again I hope not, but again I don't know. You will naturally conclude that I am crazy after reading this, but you don't know. A crazy person does not know that he is insane. Neither do we know that we are not "daffy". You might think your intelligence is average, but a crazy person thinks the same of himself; consequently, you might be as insane as anybody. This may be called pessimism. But a person that thinks coals are diamonds (and I have heard of such a case) would be called an optimist. Therefore, you could call yourself an optimist for believing that you have any sense at all. You say that daily occurrences and manners of living are proof, that you are not insane. But all these occurrences may be amusements given for us by some kind-hearted people who feel sorry for us; and our houses may be up-to-date asylums. Now, we take it for granted that our readers are up to the standard, mentally. Possibly this is flattery. Anyhow, no one is accused of being mentally unbalanced, so don't misunderstand me. The staff may be crazy for all I know. But how am I to be sure that there is a staff? Nevertheless, let us hope that we have brains, and be optimistic enough to work on that basis.

[Author's note: The above was inspired by a hurried reading of some of my contributions to former issues of *The Cattler*. I would be optimistic indeed if I were to believe that my brain was functioning when I wrote some of that stuff.]

HERBERT ROUNTREE, JR.

IS WILL MITCHELL RIGHT?

It was raining cats and dogs that day. At recess a bunch of boys was gathered about the radiator as usual engaged in the pleasant pastime of taking the world to pieces to see what makes it go round. Will Mitchell was holding forth when I came in.

"Well, I'll tell you fellows what: I mean to go to college if I have to work my way through. There must be something to this education idea or so many people wouldn't be 'nuts' about it. I may be crazy, but I'm going to find out."

THE PASSERBY

TEMPERANCE AND LAW OR ORDER DAY

At its last meeting the General Assembly of North Carolina provided that the Superintendent of Public Instruction should set apart a suitable date to be observed as Temperance and Law or Order Day. Supt. E. C. Brooks has selected February 10, and has requested the schools of the State to make plans accordingly.

Why not start in time and put on a really worthwhile program in our own school? It might not be a bad plan to ask the literary societies to take up the matter and push it thru. According to a pamphlet issued by Dr. Brooks, the prime object in observing the day is to teach school boys and girls that they are just as truly citizens of North Carolina and the United States as are the grown-ups. Both Mr. Credle and Mr. Barnhart are supplied with material. Let's get to work and find out what it is all about.

JAMES WEBB