

PATRONIZE  
OUR  
ADVERTISERS

# The Cattler

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER OXFORD

LET'S ALL  
BOOST  
OXFORD

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## CONVERSATION

Those of us who have ever had the feeling that it was absolutely necessary to say something and couldn't think of a thing to say will all agree that it is at best an embarrassing situation. After it's all over and you are by yourself you can think of a thousand things to say but at the crucial moment your mind is a perfect blank and the silence remains unbroken. Happy indeed is the person who can always say the right thing at the right time.

But we should not give up the struggle just because of a few failures. The art of conversation is one that can be cultivated. Next time you are in the midst of an embarrassing silence, strive to concentrate your thoughts on the events of the past twenty-four hours. This sounds like the advice of the fireman, "If your clothes catch on fire, above all things keep cool," but it can be done. To begin with, there is always the weather. A few remarks on the weather are never amiss. But be sure and never make it the topic of a whole evening's conversation because it soon loses its interest. Then shift to books or athletics or, if necessary, both. They are both good but, by all means, make them impersonal. We all love to talk about ourselves, but our friends had usually rather hear us talk about themselves or at least somebody in whom they are more interested than they are in us.

If you choose books, be exceedingly careful about telling incidents which amused you very much. Remember that if your auditors have not read the book you are talking from they don't know anything about the circumstances or the character of the incident you are relating. If they have read the book, the author has told the story better than you possibly could.

Always in conversation be sure to finish out your sentences. Nothing weakens a conversation so much as an unfinished thought. The habit is only overcome by long practice but it is worth overcoming. To do this you should always make your sentences as brief as possible, and do not forget to give your companions an opening occasionally because they are most probably not listening to you at all but are just itching to say something themselves. Remember that "brevity is the soul of wit," and true wit never hurts any one's feelings.

[Note: If any of our readers desire any additional information on this highly important subject he may consult Dean Swift's *Essay on Conversation*, on which the above is based.]

IVEY ALLEN, JR.

## BIBLE CLASS MEETS

The Front Street Neighborhood Bible Class met Tuesday morning at the usual hour, ten o'clock, with Mrs. Nelson Ferebee.

The method of study is to read a chapter a day, and then study together and discuss these chapters at these weekly gatherings.

These busy housekeepers spend one hour every Tuesday morning in this pleasant and profitable way; and nothing has been allowed to interfere with these meetings—not even the Christmas holidays nor the deep snow. The closing chapters of the Book of Deuteronomy were read this week and the discussion led by Mrs. T. G. Stem and Mrs. D. K. Taylor.

## MCNEILL CARNIVAL GREAT SUCCESS

An entertainment unique in every particular was the carnival staged in the high school auditorium Saturday night by the McNeill Literary Society under the able direction of Miss Ruth Harriss.

The arriving guests were greeted by the shrill cries of the side-show "barkers," the excited yells of popcorn vendors, and a veritable rain of confetti. Once past the "guardian of the portal," Will Mitchell, one could view the wild man from Borneo in the person of Creagh Calvert, take a look at Bluebeard's wives in charge of Henry Hunt, visit the kissing booth presided over by Miss Lewer, test the solid quality of Marvin Dean's ivory dome, have one's fortune told by the charming Madame Zar, or vote for the prettiest baby in the better babies contest. The babies were the funniest things ever. Imagine George Parham, Matt Currin, and David Camp in cunning baby clothes being wheeled about in their perambulators while they worked industriously on their pacifiers! Madiso. Usry's "high dive" also evoked much laughter.

The feature of the evening, however, was the minstrel show and cake-walk. Herbert Rountree was inimitably good as the interlocutor. The "end men," Herman Meadows and William Walters, also deserve special mention, while Martha Cannady, Tincy Mitchell, and Parker Lee Nelson, each starred in his respective role. The costumes of the "high brown ladies," Beth Cannady, Rose Parham, Annie Lou Williams, and Martha Cannady were truly "wonderful to behold." In the cake walking contest the prize was carried off by Beth Cannady and Herbert Rountree.

Two other highly enjoyed special features were the reading set to music, given by Mr. Livingood and Dorothy Parham, and the delightful negro folk songs given by Miss Ella Johnson.

We have only one adverse criticism of the McNeill carnival to offer: the admission fee was too small. All in all, it was one of the best shows ever staged in Oxford.

AN O. HENRY

## MR. GUS GRAHAM SPEAKS ON LEGAL PROCEDURE

Practical and common sense are the terms that best describe Mr. Gus Graham's lecture on Legal Procedure, delivered at general assembly Monday morning. Since hearing Mr. Graham, most of us know just what to do when the neighbor's chickens devastate our vegetable garden. Look out, neighbors!

It was mighty good of Mr. Graham to give us half an hour of his time during court week. But then perhaps every week is court-ing week with Mr. Graham.

We were particularly gratified to see that our music faculty turned out in full force to do honor to Mr. Graham's visit.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the judge of a young man brought before him.

"No, sir," was the answer.

"Well, don't you think you had better have one?" inquired His Honor.

"No, sir," said the youth. "I don't need one. I am going to tell the truth."

## BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR BEVERLY ROYSTER, JR.

When Mrs. Beverly Royster, Jr., entertained at a stag dinner Friday night in honor of her husband's birthday she demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of eight lucky Oxford citizens that she knows all there is to know about the age-old "route to a man's heart." There were four courses and each one was designed to make a man wish he were twins. After dinner the members of the party played bridge, smoked, and reminisced about "the days when we were young fellows." The entire party joined in commiserating the single state of Billy Mitchell, the only bachelor present. A complete list of the guests is: R. H. Royster, John Mayes, Ernest Howard, Frank Hancock, Marsh Ray, Waverly Harris and Billy Mitchell.

## EVOLUTION

Whether or not you agree with Mr. Darwin and his theory of evolution depends on your way of thinking and your temperament. If you are of a scientific turn of mind you will probably think for some time on this subject and lose many hours of good sleep trying to decide whether your ancestors were monkeys, worms, or some other kind of inferior animal, and finally wind up by deciding you don't know and leaving your ancestry in an uncertain state of development. On the other hand, if you are of a pugnacious temperament and have a warm temper you will be instantly incensed at the idea of anyone insinuating that your ancestors lived in the jungle and swung around in the tops of trees, and probably will want to exhume Mr. Darwin and vent your anger on his remains. So as I said it all depends on your temperament and way of thinking.

Personally, I don't like to think that my ancestors were monkeys, but if everybody else's were I suppose I must follow the crowd. However I have my own pet theory which I will proceed to expose: After much meditation and contemplation I have arrived at this decision, namely, that it is more probable that some people might degenerate into monkeys than that monkeys become people. Now I am sure that some of you do not agree with me in this hypothesis, but I am sure that at some time in your goings to and fro you will see evidences of the validity of this theory.

FRANK SLAUGHTER

## SPRING POETRY

Speaking of rushing the season, have you noticed the alarming amount of this stuff optimistically labelled poetry which has recently invaded the columns of this sound and conservative periodical? The word *alarming* is chosen only after repeated examination of the dictionary for a more alarming word.

When people of supposedly average intelligence begin to indulge in flights of rhapsodic sentimentality this early in the season, scientists tell us to look for an early spring. The teachers with characteristic brutality go a little further and mutter "spring fever." One of the cruel creatures was heard to remark the other day that due allowance has been made in the school calendar for an epidemic of the malady about the middle of April. But when the thing attacks us as early as February, there are likely to be caustic remarks from the powers that be.

IVEY ALLEN, JR.

## SKIRTS VERSUS LAMP SHADES

As Dean Swift was loath to criticize the scarcity of church-goers in the eighteenth century for fear of finding himself in the unpopular minority, so am I doubtful as to whether I should come out and brazenly advocate the lengthening of skirts. Not being in the habit of wearing skirts, I am conscious of a certain feeling of kinship with that unhappy fool who "rushed in where angels feared to tread." Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, however, I should like to know the objection to skirts as defined by Webster: "a separate outer garment for women or girls, covering the body from the waist down." The italics are mine; Webster would have considered them superfluous. In all justice to twentieth century women, I must admit, however, that a few of them extend the garment somewhat below the knees. The vast majority still seem to be bent on making both ends meet.

The advantages of extending the skirt below the knee are manifold. For one thing, the fair customer is thus enabled to distinguish between a skirt and a lampshade when she goes a-shopping. Again, it is plainly the duty of a mother to wear skirts long enough for her child to reach. Many children today get lost from their mothers because they can find nothing to which to hold.

Finally, I ask my lady readers how they would like it if the American population took to running around in basketball studs. The parallel is not unfair.

Wherefore, I am in favor of dress reform.

A CASUAL OBSERVER

## THE STORM

We huddled together about the fire in the sitting room, while outside the storm raged furiously. Several attempts at conversation were made, but as no one was in a mood for talking they were futile.

I got up and walked slowly over to the window. Outside the rain poured down in torrents. It rained so hard, in fact, that it didn't look like rain at all, but like so many lengths of grey ribbon stretched from the sky to earth. When the lightning flashed, it lit up the whole world with a white radiance. I remember one particularly large flash that lit up everything as bright or brighter than the sun would have done. It seemed as if the big oak trees in the yard actually threw back their heads and laughed until their sides shook. The thunder rolled and rolled until one might actually have believed that it was caused by God's chariot running over the sky. The lightning flashed and the rain continued to pour down. On and on raged the storm until about nine o'clock in the night. Then it acted exactly like a school teacher who has rebuked the class for disobedience and at the end gives a farewell rap upon her desk with a rule to make a strong impression upon the pupils. It gave one long flash of lightning, followed by a loud crash of thunder. Then the rain poured down hard and suddenly stopped. Then it subsided in a pleasant way as if to ask pardon for its impoliteness.

RUBY PEAKE

Annie Gray, reciting on book review: "And David took the pistol and shot two men thru the skylight."