

PATRONIZE
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ADVERTISERS

The Cattler

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER OXFORD

LET'S ALL
BOOST
OXFORD

VOL. I.

OXFORD, N. C., MARCH 3, 1922

NO. 16

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

For the convenience of those of my readers whose time is limited, I will state the moral of my discourse at once. It is: Don't take the other fellow's pencil without telling him about it. My text is from Mr. Livengood's speech: "Don't take the other fellow's pencil when he is not looking, but say to him, 'Give me a pencil.'" This is a very simple thing to do. Neglected, it becomes a small fire that, not being fought, grows into a roaring furnace, beyond all control. If you take an ordinary pencil from one fellow the next man may walk off with your fountain pen. It's the same thing, only more of it. Yet we smile and say nothing when we see a boy take another boy's pencil without the knowledge of the owner. Yet, should the article be a fountain pen or something more valuable, we would throw up our hands in holy horror. The one is only the natural outgrowth of the other. In order to protect ourselves we must check it in its small beginning. We can only do this by creating the right spirit among our fellows and we can best create the right spirit by making ourselves serve as good examples.

IVEY ALLEN, JR.

DEBATERS SELECTED

On Friday afternoon four representatives from each society staged a preliminary to select the four speakers to take part in the Triangular Debate on March 24. The contestants were Edwin Shaw, Dora Wolf, Freddie Brummitt, Nathan Wolf, Herbert Rountree and Ivey Allen. The judges were Mrs. Furman, Mr. Brummitt and Mr. Upchurch.

After careful consideration of the arguments advanced, the judges decided that Edwin Shaw, Dora Wolf, Herbert Rountree and Freddie Brummitt should represent Oxford High School in the state contest. These speakers will have to do a great deal of work and deserve our hearty cooperation.

The very least we can do is to show them by our support that we appreciate their services. This will go a long way towards winning the debate. We want to send our debaters to Chapel Hill this year, so let's all support this team as we do the football and basketball players.

Kipling said the female of the species is more deadly than the male. A recent opinion is that the female is the more lively of the species.

IVEY ALLEN, JR.

MOTHER GOOSE'S BIRTHDAY

Oxford has long since learned to expect something good when Mrs. Booth presents an entertainment. The performance on Monday evening was no exception to the rule. "Mother Goose's Birthday" was very happily celebrated in song and verse. The children were exceptionally well-trained. There were no tedious waits between scenes. In short, the performance was eminently successful. Mrs. Booth deserves the warm thanks of the school and the community for her efforts to raise money to buy a victrola.

A. G. B.

A BIG TIME

Sheppard Booth, John Stedman and Elliot Cooper, U. N. C. class 1912, are planning to have a jolly re-union this week-end.

SLEET DOES CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE

This morning, Thursday, all Oxford is a crystal paradise. The smallest tree, the lowest bush is arrayed with a robe of scintillating, shimmering, dancing diamonds, that catches, reflects and sends a ripple with each intermittent ray of the sun.

This sudden descent of riches has proven too much for some of the recipients. Accustomed to nothing but an unpretentious robe of leaves and flowers they have given way under the sudden descent of crystal finery. Broken and torn they lie nothing but splintered wrecks of what were once sturdy oaks and magnificent maples.

Telephone, telegraph and light wires are down; brought to earth by the apparently harmless drops of sleet, that swiftly grow into huge blocks of ice, the weather man's diamonds.

ADVANTAGES OF THE SMUTTY STORY

It advertises a man's ignorance. It displays a lack of sense of propriety.

It indicates an undesirable state of inner character.

It reveals the nature of the fibre of the soul.

It shows that the man's better self is not in control.

It illustrates sordidness of soul when unrestrained.

It means meagerness of resources of entertainment.

It concludes the conversation with an idea of humor.

It is the poorest sort of excuse for fun.

It reveals a fissure in character, which, when widened, cracks.

It suggests the possibility of greater defilement.

It proves a disappointment to every right-thinking friend.

It stultifies the testimony of other good friends.

It soils the inner life of every hearer.

It hangs pictures in the chambers of imagination.

It provokes men who prefer purity in word as well as deed.

It disgusts men who dwell on the wholesome side of life.

It nauseates men who are fighting for right and hate dirt.

It makes no friends, but loses many.

It sounds the note of possible personal unworthiness.

It accomplishes nothing more surely than one's own undoing.

It convinces none that you are a good man to do business with.

It dishonors parents, and wife, and children, and friends, and land, and country, and business, and God.—*Technician.*

CAROLYN BOOTH GETS GOOD REPORT

A report from N. C. C. W. shows that Carolyn Booth has made an average of 85 on her work for the first semester. Now we understand that when a freshman at N. C. C. W. averages 75, there is cause for congratulation. Yes, on the whole, we are proud of Carolyn!

The school has very generously endowed Prof. Barnhart with the title of Doctor. We haven't inquired whether it is "of Divinity" or of the First Aid Station.

BASKETBALL

Last Tuesday night the Methodist Junior Baraca Class played the Baptist Junior Baraca Class at basketball, the Methodists winning by a score of 22 to 15. The game was very exciting and the outcome was doubtful until the final whistle. At the end of the first half, the score was 11 to 5 in favor of the Methodists but in the second half they increased their points to 22. Those starring for the Baptists were T. Royster with his effective passing and F. Perkins with his excellent field goals. Those showing good form for the Methodists were W. Hunt and B. Wilson, who together made most of the Methodists' points.

The lineup was as follows:

Baptists		Methodists
Tignor	l. forward	Hunt
Usry	r. forward	Smith
Walters	center	Wilson
Perkins	l. guard	Mitchell
Royster	r. guard	Floyd
Substitutes—Baptists: Parham for Usry. Referee: Livengood. Time: 20 minutes.		

Reported by I. JACKSON

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

You, who have never seen a girls' basketball game, have missed "sump-in'." You can bet your last plugged nickel that when a crowd of the "expensive sex" goes into action, it is bound to be good.

Most any girls basketball game is good; but some just naturally rise a

high school feminine fighters will clash with the Oxford College cagers.

You'll pardon the informality, if I whisper in your ear that it is going to be a humming bird, also a peach of a game. As a matter-of-fact several peaches will take part in the fracas.

"Tiny" Scott, of the college five, informs her friends that she intends to "sit on" Eugenia Currin. "Tiny" goes farther and says that she will not only sit on her but will completely squash her if she even as much as looks like she wanted to throw a goal. To all of which the "Snickle Fritz" replies, "Yes, she will—in a pig's-eye."

In spite of all this apparent hostility there has been a fine spirit manifested between the two teams. The girls will play a game that can reflect nothing but credit on both institutions; and bring nothing but commendation for their teams.

The patronage of the public is earnestly solicited. Come, show the young ladies that you are willing to support them (as a basketball team of course). The price of admission is school children, 15 cents, adults only 25 cents. Game called promptly at 7:45.

CHARMS

When purity and graces do combine The character possessing them's divine.

But if a choice of these should be required,

Bright purity is more to be desired. For outward graces satisfy the eye; And such attainments form no stable goal.

But purity attracts the passer-by And helps to satisfy his thirsting soul.

HERBERT ROUNTREE

AN ADVENTURE IN UTOPIA

After hearing some extracts from a narrative of the extraordinary adventures of one Baron Munchausen, I decided to test my inventive capacities in a somewhat similar fashion. So straightway I sat me down and this is the creation that flowed from my pen:

As I was strolling through the beautiful virgin forests of that wonderful land, Utopia, I was suddenly covered by a deluge of black, sticky pitch. I looked up to see the source and discovered that it came from a huge pine under which I was standing. I hastened immediately to get out from under the tree, but not before I was covered with the pitch from head to foot. As I stepped back I heard a rushing noise behind me, and looking back I saw a huge wild bear rushing at me at an alarming rate of speed. I took my gun and stepped back to take aim, unknowingly bending my gun against a tree. I took aim and without noticing the plight of my gun fired at the approaching bear.

The next instant I was almost drowned by a cloud of feathers. The bear stopped astounded and, looking up, I saw a huge bird, almost featherless, falling to the earth. By the time I had extricated myself from the feathers the bear was devouring the bird with a relish that showed that food was scarce in his part of the country. Seeing him thus engaged I took it as an opportunity to escape.

During a small clearing I noticed that I seemed very much lighter than usual and my feet hardly touched the ground. It came to me that as I was now covered with the feathers which had stuck to my pitch-covered clothes. I had some of the propensities of a bird. So acting upon the presumption I began to flap my arms like a bird. To my surprise I rose from the earth and soared into the air just as the bear bit a plug from the heel of my shoe. A few minutes later I landed at the camp of my friends, who were very surprised to hear my adventure and still more surprised at my method of escape.

A few days later we killed the bear, which was the largest ever killed in the country, and on one of his teeth was found the heel of my shoe.

FRANK SLAUGHTER

AS A CHILD

When Reginald Smith was in his grades, he didn't wash his face, he didn't mind, he didn't do anything that nice little boys do.

Once he stole a watermelon from the corner grocery. The neighbors prophesied that he would become a professional crook.

Once he stole some apples from Ezra Wright. Ezra predicted that he would die in the penitentiary.

Once he ran away. His grandmother said that he would be a hobo.

But when he became a man:

He washed his face, he combed his hair, he minded, for he was married, and he did everything that nice men do—he was a preacher.

IRVINE JACKSON

Corrinne: "Edgar what makes your upper lip so dirty?"

Ed Reece: (angrily) "Why, that's my mustache!"