

Greetings fellow Rotarians,

Thanks to her ongoing research in the 1920s Examiner archives, Frances discovered our Club's first original song! This pre-dates our current "Welcome Song" by many decades. (Our "Welcome Song" was introduced by our Music Committee in December, 1991.)

In the 1920s, Rotary International stipulated that weekly meetings always end with 2 or 3 "rousing songs", as Paul Harris believed it built fellowship and sent everyone back to work in high spirits.

Our 1922 Club song reveals that we are a club that has delighted in torturing its members and guests with our often-awful singing since our first year of operation. Quite a tradition!

From *The Evening Examiner*, Peterborough, Tuesday, January 24, 1922:

It may be recalled that the songsters of the Club were bidden to compose for Club use a song or ditty. The following sample was laid on the table, and presently tried out. The soloist had the song and the company the chorus. As a yarn of purest ray serene, it is as follows:

“We’ll sing a song of Rotary and most of it is guff.  
We’re Peterborough fellows and made of Rotary stuff.  
We’re young as any youngsters, we’re also old and tough.  
If we only warbled ditties, it would hardly be enough.”

A breathless and expectant public is advised that the air to which the words will be sung is that well-known convivial refrain, “The Son of a Gambolier.”

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From *The Evening Examiner*, Peterborough, Friday, December 23, 1921:

### **Wise and Otherwise**

☺ Reducing national expenses is like reducing flesh; it requires some control of appetite.

☺ Even if arms are outlawed, the rich powers will still be able to get a few to cure colonial disorders.

☺ Why is it that people who believe in useful gifts think nothing is useful that costs more than \$3.98.?

☺ An auto-biography would begin: "I can remember when I was a chunk of tin ore."

☺ Now that France has invented a flying automobile, the pedestrian will need to watch in five directions.

😊 A little learning is a dangerous thing, but the effect isn't quite so disastrous as that of a little authority.

😊 Doubtless you have noticed that men who know most about running the world's affairs make the least success of their own.

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From *The Evening Examiner*, Peterborough, Monday, February 20, 1922:

**Free speech:** The wonderful privilege enjoyed by all good and honest men who agree with the majority.