

The Goober Grabbers of Georgia

DOWN in Willacoochee the town has just put on curfew for the elders. 12 o'clock midnight is zero with the roaming romeos.

If by chance the hour of twelve catches you while you are accompanying a lady you have to take her home with you as the law says you can only enter your own abode after that.

That's a good law. If you haven't arrived at something by midnight you had better let insomnia keep you awake the rest of the time.

The law further says you can't take a lady riding after twelve o'clock midnight. We don't see any use of taking her riding afterwards.

This place must have been named from "an old Spanish custom". It sounds like muchey-hoochee to us.

Kicking Contest

SEVERAL of you members are going to participate but don't know it. Either kick in or kick out. The Treasurer's ire has been provoked and figuratively your eye is going to be poked . . . backed into the socket of oblivion.

You DELINQUENTS are now receiving the unholy ukase of the exchequer of the Funds.

Your dues were due January 1st, 1930. The Board will put a new plank in your platform if you don't spread the sacred "sawdust" in the treasury.

Bolts and Nuts



IN Detroit if the flame of love flickers the petulant wife bolts the fireside, grabs a nut and off to the land of rum and romance . . . the West Indies.

If the boy friend hasn't shock absorbers and asbestos lined brakes he is apt to get burnt out as Cupid drags him through those palm fringed isles of enchantment.

Illicit love is like soup it has to be kept warm or the dregs will come to the surface.

The couple from Detroit that left the other wife and husband at home to bask in the sunlight in those tropic isles had better gotten stewed in the moonshine in Michigan.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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Slants at the Meeting

YOU can make your own deductions about the chairmanship of last week's program. Was it extreme courtesy or grave apprehension that obsessed McDonald and Gill, playing that little role of Alphonse and Gaston. Whatever actuated that spirit of deference, or diffidence, could not be attributed to the lack of excellence of program.

This feller Hubert Harrison may not be consanguineously related to our own Dr. Oxford but namely so, and the Dr. felicitates him on his euphonious appellation. Hubert Oxford in his introduction characterized the gentleman as a dynamo of human energy which was not amiss. He further commends him as capable of dwelling on a subject five minutes or five hours. Now Hubert is old enough to know the latter is impossible or hyperbole. No, you got me wrong I didn't mean what you think. It's too long to "talk-back" to your wife.

This chamber of commerce talk qualified as orthodox. Natural resources, undeveloped opportunities, salubrious climate, fertile soil, ideal labor conditions and God's beneficent people are the greatest combination of attributes to your health, wealth and happiness. All you got to do is set up the household goods, ticket mother earth with a plow, garner the golden grain and gently stroke the udders of old bossy while the busy bees stow up those melliferous meals. Sitting in a vine clad cottage, in purple twilight, with gladsome voices of little children mingling with the songs of angels as you dream and dream on and on until some feller kicks you in the pants and your chair slips from under you to the rude awakening of the adjournment of the meeting.

Mr. Harrison is a most interesting talker. One of that rapid-fire variety that hesitates for neither 'high-centers nor low-joints'; viaducts or villages; but rushed into the panoramic "land of milk and honey" unfolding before you with kaleidoscopic

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brilliancy. You cannot concentrate on this fusillade of expletives without experiencing enlargement of the glossary.

Private Peat, the honor guest of the Club, unfortunately was not given a place on the program, much to the regret of the members.—Check.

Helping the Boys

A BOOKLET entitled "Little Soldiers of Misfortune" has recently been published by the Rotary Club of Atlanta, Georgia, in which is contained the following information regarding a very worthy phase of boys' work.

"Ten years ago the Family Welfare Society brought to the attention of the Rotary Club of Atlanta an opportunity for service in connection with the lifting of unfortunate boys out of abnormal home environments when such a procedure became necessary to the proper and normal development of the boy as a future citizen.

"The Rotary club decided to use its organization as a means of finding individual Rotarians who would agree to put up the cost of sending these boys off to a school in the country where they would have the opportunity of spending at least a part of their boyhood in a more wholesome environment."

"So far, as many as eighty-one such boys have been helped by ninety individual Rotarians, the average cost having been fifteen dollars a month per boy; it has been customary for two Rotarians to share between them the expense of one boy."

"As a whole, these boys come from homes where the normal conditions of family life have been broken by death, by misfortune, by parental failure. Twenty-nine of them are the sons of widows who, because we have no state aid to mothers, are obliged to work to support their children. While so doing the children are without care or supervision at home, and in many cases the boy who received a scholarship had been a truant from school, overwhelmed by the fascination of street life and rapidly on the way to delinquency and the juvenile court."

Harmful Advice

By Samuel Rosinger

I received a postal from a local organization bearing the request, "Business is Good." "Say this to the first ten men you meet today." I do not question the good intention of the organization which floods the mail with these postals, but I seriously doubt its wisdom. For, virtually, it asks me to practice self-deception on myself by accepting untruth for truth, and then try to pervert ten other minds by the same delusion. If a person is sick, an honest doctor will not try to talk him out of it, but will seek to cure him by removing the causes responsible for the depletion of his vitality and the breaking down of his health. If business is poor, no palaver will improve it. Words will never serve as substitutes for work. Talk will never take the place of toil. Verbal boosts of the most optimistic brand, will never budge the prostrate form of business.

The chief trouble with business is that we try to substitute luck for labor, that we try to get something for nothing, that we try to get rich quick, without sweat and toil. The quicker we recover from the delusion that brain and brawn may be replaced by boosting, the better will we be in a position to restore business to a state of normalcy.

Face the sad truth that business is sick, but instead of crying over it, resolve to bring it back to health by hard and concerted work. If you cannot erect new buildings, you can give the old ones a new appearance. Our town is dingy. This climate is hard on paint. Dampness and smoke soil everything. Why are our painters and paint dealers asleep? Why not inaugurate a strong campaign of "Painting Up," giving the town a spic and span appearance. If a mysterious hand would overnight give a coat of paint to the houses and buildings that need it, you would hardly recognize old Beaumont upon opening your eyes in the morning.

Instead of haggling about widening streets and creeping like a snail with the spending of bonds, voted years ago, speed matters up. Adjust your paltry differences. Come to an agreement based on the life principle of give and take. Don't say "Business is Good", because you fool yourself, but sweat and work, and business will be good.