

connection between noise and insanity, and the many stages of neurosis leading up to the total collapse of cerebration. The time will come when business and industry will realize the waste in production brought about by noise, and moved, not so much by humanitarian reasons as by increasing efficiency, will pay premiums for devices that will silence the brain-deadening noises of machines. The time will come when this world will be made safe for the thinker, to whom the world owes whatever progress it has made and whatever progress it hopes to make.

BULL-etin

THIS sheet, and its readers in particular, have cause for rejoicing over the fact planet X has been christened "PLUTO". What ever the movement was that climaxed in a name we are thankful. We note this child of the heavens was suspected some 16 years hence but only last January did a photographic plate reveal a cosmic spec that verified the offspring. Now old Sol has another son cavorting around on its robits in space. By mathematical deductions the star-gazers concluded something out in the dark was influencing old Neptune's whiskers and after an application of Einstein, legerdemain and swamp root the casus belli was located in the underbrush of the backyard, four billion miles away.

We have frequently wanted to refer to this play-boy "out yonder" but the improvised pseudonym "Trans-Neptunian" kinder put a kink in our vocal chords that was embarrassing hence the moniker "PLUTO" affords desired relief.

Of course, this registering another Roman god in the firmament may not mean much to some of you terrestrial tourists but to us astute astronomicals its as soothing as salve on a sore. In as much as this planet was discovered through Flagstaff we have made a poll of the entourage of the Rotary-gram and find the movements of Pluto will be looked into.

Our office boy has removed the cobwebs from the observatory lens and is on the qui vive for any spec that may mar his optic plate, and unless he runs into some ornithological influence we are sure he may add further scientific data to the solar system.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. X Beaumont, Texas, May 28, 1930 No. 20

SLANTS AT THE MEETING

P. P. stands for a lot of things, but in this instance it represents PROPHYLACTIC PROGRAM, a kind of hodge-podge extemporaneously dished up under stress and victimizing our good Rotarian Dru McMickin. The best your scribe can ascertain is the old "buck" was flung from friend to foe and back again and finally landed in the lap of Dru, left to wander down the devious detours of bacteria, bacilli and micro-organisms that stalk the summer tourists.

Dru consumed all the allotted time and even had your president in a nervous frenzy, we might say "atwitter" like the old maid who looked under the bed and found a man, lest he should run away.

If you can attach the blame to Geo Roark's roads as leading to this program we certainly think some of his arterial thoroughfares were 'leaking' badly and a transfusion of better material ought to be applied.

Perhaps you might say it is not the province of this Rag of Reason to criticize but to improve, and to a port side thrust in the abdominal cavity of this nature we retort like the speaker who says it is much easier to talk than to listen,—you can stay awake better.

You will notice of late this Rotargram has been awarding prizes for chivalrous deeds and heroic efforts and we have consulted the Great Dispenser of Hokum about this program, and for its ambiguity of purpose he has agreed to affix the Sacred Seal of Sniffers of Asafetida.

One situation Dru did clarify, and it was Perk's recent illness of malaria. He alleged Perk had been keeping company with some female germ or insects, perhaps a Miss Stegomyia who had bitten him below his intention and which is the root of most of this trouble.

The list of delegates to Chicago were announced and we thought we heard the faint expression of joy that some of them were going to get a ride.

The musical part of the program was enjoyed. Miss Goldstein is a favorite of the members and her beautiful voice always brings a hearty applause. Little Miss Philipson with her personality plus seems to have caught the crowd.

NOISE

By Samuel Rosinger

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FLOWERS PERK PERK UP

In shifting the dial from encomium to encomium, this Rag of Reason is delighted to listen in on the broadcast from Butler residence, 5th St., expressing appreciation for the flowers by the Club during the recent illness of its pater familias. When your temperature is high and your vitality low; your disposition on bad and your taste worst, then flowers are a great boon to the sick room.

Perk desires to thank every member of this club and assure each of his appreciation.

—Rotarygrams—

STEINIE

An excerpt from a letter to Raoul Mueller
"Wednesday I took the time to go to the Post Graduate Hospital to call on your friend Steinhagen and had a very pleasant visit with him. He is optimistic, apparently, as to the result of the bone grafting operation performed two or three weeks ago by Dr. Albee. It was quite a serious operation and an unusual one. Mr. Steinhagen is now encased in a plaster from his waist down to his toes and will remain in the cast for about six weeks longer."

He is reasonably comfortable in an improvised rigging and his only fear now is warm weather.

—Rotarygrams—

CONSIDER THE OTHER FELLA

Bitter, acrimonious and vituperative (Crescendo) reports have come to this Sheet about the undue and noxious noises arising in the room during a program. Direct accusations have been filed against some of the members for their thoughtlessness or disregard during the renditions. As the Mexican says, "Quiete se la boca".

—Rotarygrams—

Synopsis of Directors Meeting, May 20, 1930

Resignation: N. S. Storter.

Re-instatement: Carl Kennedy, Public Safety.

New Classification: Electric Construction.

Invitation: Presidents and Secretaries of 48th

District asked to meet in Beaumont, Texas for conference.

I am writing these lines in a quiet, restful nook in Magnolia Park, where I hear only a faint echo of the nerve-wracking noises of the city. Of the many evils which cling to city life, none is more harmful than the wanton racket and the reckless din in which callous people indulge. The human brain is a most delicate instrument, and noise irritates it as much as smoke stings the eye. Noises of extreme violence like shellshock impair the brain's functions partially or completely. But every shrill and harsh noise acts like an earthquake upon the brain and works havoc with it.

Psychological tests have proved that quiet surroundings increase the efficiency of office workers ten percent. Naturally, these tests apply only to routine or mechanical work. Creative work, which originates ideas, and which, consequently, is the most precious labor that the human brain performs, is beyond the ken of human measurements. Therefore, we can only conjecture the deleterious effect of noise upon brain-workers, who need intense, uninterrupted absorption and concentration.

Our city is inordinately noisy. Our industrial plants blow off enough steam with their sirens to arouse not only the sleeping, but also the dead. Were Gabriel to blow his horn at the time when these plants sound their steam whistles, I am sure the angel's instrument would be completely drowned. But the prize racketmakers are our ubiquitous railroads. There is a railroad close to my vicinity that runs a motor car which seems to be equipped with every conceivable noisemaking instrument. It has bells and horns, and some sort of device by which it can produce the rumblings of thunder and the rattling of machine guns. When this car passes our neighborhood, no house in the block but that shakes and trembles as though hit by a California quake.

Let me now pay my compliments to that wanton fellow who plays the saxophone on his automobile horn, and derives a fiendish joy from bringing his machine to a stop in a grand squeaking finale of his brakes. Also the lazy lout who calls for someone in his machine, and instead of ringing the doorbell, toots his horn in endless legatos to the annoyance of the whole neighborhood, ought to be haled before the bar of justice, not for misdemeanor, but aggravated assault upon scores of innocent human beings. But all the auto tooters combined, do not approach the acme of public nuisance which our competing ambulances create with their prolonged and persistent and piercing shrieks. No civilized community should tolerate such a general interruption of its activities, such a distracted and destructive battery on its brains.

We Americans are known as the most wasteful nation in the world. We waste our earnings, our natural resources, our man power and our brains. The time will come when we will understand the