

Slants at the Meeting

INTERNATIONALISM was the subject discussed last week and ably so by our fellow townsman Leon Sonfield, after one of those stepped-up introductions by Billy Saenger.

From high tenor to deep bass is not a loud shout in this megaphonic age and the little judge bridged the vocal pitches with consummate skill.

He 'kinder' fired a broadside below the water line at some of those antiquated politicians that shout defiance at our international relations and urge us to eschew foreign entanglements. Boy, he told them in no unmistakable language that this county is part and parcel of this mundane sphere and that responsibility rests with us. He even quoted the Good Word that no country shall live unto itself, nor die unto itself.

You are not only your brother's keeper, you are caretaker for his ass and shall not covet his wife nor beguile his servants. Whether you worship totem poles in Alaska or work cattle in Argentine your interests are bound together tighter than a splintered limb. You may get your cues from a Chinese philosopher and your pleasures from a Turkish harem but labor conditions in Timbuctoo affect dairy products in Kalamazoo. And while Peruvian bark has nothing to do with dogs in Germany it takes Spain to raise trees for Cork in Ireland. Wool that's a yard wide in Australia is only a Scotch-plaid in England; and fine straw in Panama is just your 'old hat' in Uncle Sam. In this day of rapid transportation you may ride a yak on the Mongolian plains one week; a trans-atlantic liner from France the next; an a bunch of your creditors in America the following. You may get your lingerie from Paris; your furs from Siberia; but your Flat Feet comes from Virginia. All of which goes to prove we are just a strand in the mighty fabric of the world carpet and apt to get trammed on anytime. Besides peas from Pensacola are not safeguard for halitosis from ham; but Japan does furnish most of the silken seat covers for this world.

The writer has just received an invitation from Prof. von Throwoffsky, 7-11 Ringstrasse, Vienna, urging him to be present at the Rotary International Convention in June, and assuring him everything looks bright but the Danube . . . its blue. Prof. von Throwoffsky is head of the depilatory sciences in a Viennese opera chorus and seeks to root-out the smallest of things. He is cognizant of the great good the club will receive from the writer as delegate, knowing his propensity for amity as well as for peace. Besides he wants him to chant the victory song of the "Vienna Sausage", a gesture of fellowship unrestrained. Further he thinks the acquisition of an old-world atmosphere might deflect the "Slants" to a different angle . . . and which would be SOMETHING. Contributions will be received up to the last day at midnight and after that they will be taken away from you.

—Grampa Check.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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The Art of Being Grandfather

is one degree that might as well have been lost in the Dark Ages as far as the recipient is concerned. The diploma in this is a handicap and the award an obligation.

You have no more standing than the setting Sun. You are the least common denominator of nothing with a couple of dittoes.

Alpha and Omega are twin buddies, rubbing elbows, compared to you and Importance.

That piece of turbulent plotoplasm, known as "IT," will make you look like a petrified limb from the genealogical tree.

When they say "Isn't it cute?" they are talking about the child: and when they say "How funny", they are speaking of you.

Boy, that little one can accumulate more clothes in two days than you can in two generations. His friends seem legion; yours legendary.

They stand and gaze in startled amazement at him, without speaking a word: and they have frayed to a frazzle every derisive epithet trying to hang it on you.

You stand around with a dry grin; he's wet on the contrary.

However, after acquiring the appellation and can't see the humor of the situation, you are a d— poor sport.

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ROTARY VISITORS

The following visitors were present at last week's luncheon:

Leon Kattacke, Beaumont.

Leon Sonfield, City.

Jerry Schively, Houston.

Fuzzy Roane, City.

W. M. Crook, City.

C. G. Mendenhall, Anahuac.

M. Michael, City.

Margaret Saenger, City.

Few jobs are as difficult as finding the right adjectives with which to admire a new baby.

Most people are happier than the reformers and philosophers who are trying to lead them out of their misery.

SO WAGS THE WORLD

A sorrowing widow, having a memorial erected in memory of her late husband, had the following inscription carved upon it:

"Goob-bye Henry, my light has gone out."

Three months later when she remarried, some wit added to the inscription:

"But I have struck another match."

Man and Machine

By Samuel Rosinger

Moralists predicted long ago that the machine, to which man transmits only his mind and not his heart, would prove to be his Frankenstein, and bring about his own destruction. This prophecy came to tragic fulfillment during the merciless butchery of the World War, when millions of human beings were exterminated most cruelly by machines possessing the cunning of man, but lacking his conscience.

However, it is not only in war that machine mows down man, but, even in times of peace, it is a dreadful menace to his existence. In the United States, traffic and industrial accidents, all caused by murderous machines, take a tremendous toll of human life. The automobile alone is annually responsible for injuries to one million persons that result in thirty two thousand fatalities. Industrial accidents run to the staggering figure of three million injuries with twenty three thousand deaths. And, in spite of all safety campaigns accidents are on the increase. If the machine is such an unconscionable monster now, while its domain is confined to terra firma, one shrinks back with horror when he thinks of the day in which the air will be darkened by flying machines, with their illimitable and uncontrollable power for deadly mischief. If the police is utterly impotent to cope with the crime wave on earth, how much less will it be able to check the criminal element, if gangsters and racketeers will take to the air.

But there is another aspect to the serious menace with which machine threatens man. Even as the auto has replaced the horse, and will practically bring about its extinction, so also judging by the rate at which machine replaces man, the latter's reproduction will be limited mainly to the number required to handle the machine. The birth control controversy, waging at present, will be settled not by moral considerations, but by the number needed to feed the monster of the machine. Not being able to find employment for his offspring, man will naturally restrict the reproduction of his kind. In the light of this eventuality, how foolish appears the fear of those scientists who are alarmed by a possible overpopulation of the earth.

Unless man becomes master of the machine, and uses it not for the amassing of enormous wealth by a few individuals, but for procuring the happiness of the largest number possible, machine will, indeed, bring about his destruction.