

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

To Our Teachers

By Samuel Rosinger

To you, the innocent victims of a ruthless economy drive, my grieving heart goes out in genuine sympathy. I know the nerve-frazzling strain of your labors. The task of a wild animal trainer is easy compared to yours. He can use force on his beasts, but you must train human savages by kindness and patience.

The home, which used to mold the child's character and imbue him with a spirit of reverence and refinement, has broken down, and you get into your classrooms children who lack all sense of duty and discipline. Parents have abdicated, and have thrust upon you not only the instruction, but also the education of their offspring in manners and morals. And after being harassed by this spoiled, untractable brood for the best part of the day, you have to grade their work, attend teachers' meetings and make preparations for the morrow.

And what remuneration have you been getting for this galley-slave labor, which often draws your blood-sweat? A beggarly pittance. The niggardly compensation has driven the male teachers out of the profession, and left the thankless task, almost entirely, in the hands of woman, the eternal drudge of the race. And, now, greed begrudges you even the few snatches of small comfort with which you could light up your dreary work, and threatens to cut your meagre wages to the bone.

What a blind move, what a suicidal attempt! But for the teachers, who instil patriotism and conservatism and respect for the vested rights of property in the heart of the young, the flame of bolshevism, enkindled by the discontented element, would spread like a conflagration fanned by a gale, and radicalism would drown democracy in the blood of revolution. The public school is the bulwark of our Constitution, and the impairment of our system of public education will undermine the little respect that is still left for constituted authority and established order.

Let the large property owners bethink themselves twice, before slashing your salaries. This act of over-reaching may bring about their own undoing. Should material considerations, however, be imperious to the demands of justice and the dictates of reason, may you draw comfort from the knowledge that mankind has ever maltreated its benefactors, and carry on in the hope of a civilization in which manhood, and not money, will rank supreme, and the teacher will come into his own.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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Slants at the Meeting

The girls of today are the women of tomorrow whether you read it in the papers or it goes in one ear and out the other.

And if that snappy little lassie didn't tell it to you potential advertisers then me for the audiophones.

"The Sweet Girl Graduates" with us last week were all that the sugar-coated expletives reveal plus a demonstration of real ability in the arts and sciences.

Aside to the boys. You gawky lads are all right, but you are just so much hay in the silo when the 'girl graduate' is around.

The Scroll of Honor given each year to the boy and girl of highest scholastic standing, by the Rotary club, in the different city schools, is, indeed, a commendable custom.

The greatest thrill we got from the program was watching Sam Rosinger. The spirit of youth was with him once more and he lived the halcyon days of childhood. Every line in that benign countenance was laden with joyous happiness. More Sams and a better world.

—Check.

—Rotarygrams—

"I am going to fail, and you are a preferred creditor."

"Thank you. How much do I get on the dollar?"

"Nothing."

"Then how am I a preferred creditor?"

"You are a preferred creditor, because you know now that you're not going to get anything. The others won't know it for several months."

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Rotarygrams

ROTARY VISITORS

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

James A. Johnson, Lafayette, La.
A. F. Townsend, Fort Worth, Tex.
Byron M. Vaughn, Houston, Tex.
D. H. Coers, Port Arthur, Tex.
Carl White, Port Arthur, Tex.
Clint Heartfield, Cedar Grove, La.
Jack Dionne, Houston, Tex.
Dave Rorick, Oceanside, Cal.
Wayne Lay, City.
E. L. Chaney, Devers, Tex.
J. R. Edmonds, City.
M. C. Deaton, City.
M. H. Jacobs, Houston.

Rotarygrams

Nominees for Directors

P. P. Butler ✓	Harry Longe
R. D. Chastain	Millard McMasters ✓
R. B. Cousins ✓	P. E. McChesney
P. B. Doty	Burt Morrison
C. A. Easley	Leo Ney
J. S. Edwards ✓	Sam Rosinger
I. J. Feray	Ed Stedman, Jr. ✓
Ed Gildart ✓	B. A. Steinhagen ✓
Will Graham ✓	Beeman Strong ✓
Keith Hotchkiss	Tom P. Walker ✓

In this Rotary "DARBY" they go to the post alphabetically and come out abbreviated. Watch for Long Shots and Dark Horses, Tricket Mounts and Rough Riding.

A Little Boy's Birthday

One year ago the writer took on the appellation of 'granpa' with a rubberized resolution to weather any precipitation that might come his way.

At that time the bestower of this title wore the major section of his attire in the conventional triangle and made secure with a safety just above his proscenium.

His political affiliations were not well defined except that he developed an early antipathy for the Drys, and clung to an ancestral trait to "cut loose."

The vicissitudes of the year have filled his babyhood with varied phenomena, ranging from long naps to short trips and with a total disregard for Dorothy Dix's platitudes.

He is now able to hold his own and stand erect without being subjected to the callous hands of solicitious people, and life is just one glamorous patter of baby feet.

If the times are reflected in his life, within a few years, he may be tougher than hickory nuts on false teeth, drinking carbohic acid for chasers and converting pent houses into harems.

But to-day, Little Boy, as you duck beneath life's first mile post we tip the cup of cheer and drink a toast to your carnation career and hope the Future brings you more solid things on which to exploit those incisors.

May 22nd, 1932.

Rotarygrams

A FABLE

In the days succeeding the Centaur, when horses, mules and asses were used as the propelling power of vehicles to transport humans, gates were used to stop travelers on the highways when a railroad train approached. The horses, mules and asses, seeing the gate across the road, stopped and let the train go by in safety to themselves.

In the progress of mankind motor vehicles were produced, and then the ass, instead of drawing the buggy, climbed into the front seat and became the driver of the flivver. Since that time he has actually been unable to see a gate at a railroad crossing, and if he does occasionally glimpse it, his delight is to run it down in trying to beat the train across the track.

Moral—Keep the ass in his place.