

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

It's On To Vienna Now!

Chicago, October 14. The Vienna convention of Rotary International next June will take more Americans to Europe than any recent event except the Oberammergau Passion Play, according to reports that are being received by Rotary International. Heavy steamship bookings are already being made, and prospects are that attendance at Vienna may outstrip that of any of the Rotary conventions held outside the United States, of which there have been three, at Edinburgh, Scotland in 1921, Toronto in 1924, and Ostend, Belgium in 1927.

More than 800 Rotarians recently met at the Hague to discuss Rotary problems relating to the European area. Almon Roth, president of Rotary International, Palo Alto, California, and Howard Feighner, convention manager, Chicago, were present. Arrangements for the convention were discussed.

With Rotary especially active in crippled children welfare work, it is especially appropriate, The October Rotarian comments that the next convention be held at Vienna, seat of famous orthopedic clinics.

Felix Salten, distinguished Austrian author, writing in the same number, calls attention to Vienna, her great parks and boulevards, fine public buildings, and the musical traditions one meets at every turn.

Rotary, oldest of the service clubs, began in 1905 when a young Chicago lawyer, Paul P. Harris, got together a group of professional and business friends for chats around the luncheon table. The movement now has a membership of approximately 155,000 in some 3400 clubs in sixty-four countries of the world.

—Rotarygrams—

TOO MUCH

"Doctor, do you think the anaesthetic will make me sick?"

"No, madam," replied the surgeon, "I think not."

But still she was not satisfied. "But," she continued, "how long will it be before I know anything?"

"Madam," replied the other gravely as he signaled to his assistant that he was ready, "don't you think that is asking a great deal of the anaesthetic?"

—Rotarygrams—

WHEN CHARLIE TOOK A DIG AT DOUG

Some of the gang had foregathered and were talking about "the good old days," and in the course of the chat Charlie Chaplin remarked to Doug Fairbanks:

"Some one told me that when you were on the speaking stage you took a crack at Shakespearean roles and that the crowd hooted you."

"That's a lie!" Doug defended himself. "There was no crowd."

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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Slants at the Meeting

A wonderful program, last week, boys.

Ray, with inflated gill, broadcasting the latest clover seed, new crops, agricultural happenings; bringing you truly a picture of farm relief.

Farmer Harry Longe straining his biceps hoisting the grain bag under the haze of an innuendo that it might contain "oats", (a tip from the Chicago delegation that Harry sowed all his "wild" ones along the shores of Lake Michigan last Summer):

Big Ed (recently deflated) extolling the virtues of the District Governor, Frank Davis, and alleging some ancestral or consanguineous relation with his charming wife:

Frank himself gracefully deferring to one of the maharajahs of Rotary International, after cluttering up the old ether with dulcet words of praise for the Club's hospitality:

And, then, Claybrook Cottingham, the over-sea delegate from Alexandria, Louisiana, beating our own stentorian Ray at his game. Boy, he sprayed the terrain of the apathetic and phlegmatic with a solution of Rotary doctrine and ideals that is calculated to uproot the tares of ignorance and arrogance. He prescribed the activity of vocation endeavor as a panacea for the suffering world and the medium of supreme service. He made the welkin ring and the thirsty souls quaffed at this forensic fountain with great avidity. Sam surely Jimmy Foxxed the old club with Claybrook in this series, and doubting Thomases lay prone in the throes of defeat. A few more super-charged salvos of this nature will remove the down from the optic orbs of the indifferent and permit the lights of ethics, fellowship and internationalism to sift into the seered souls.

This may not be Wilsonian diction but its Easley adverbial.
—Check.

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ROTARY VISITORS

The following visitors were present at yesterday's luncheon:

Duvis Button, Port Arthur, Texas.
Jerry Hogan, City.
Kyle White, City.
A. F. Sawyer, Dallas, Texas.
Earl Spears, Houston, Texas.
Frank Pohte, Houston, Texas.
J. T. Clark, Houston, Texas.
———Rotarygrams———

A Boat Ride to the Mrs. Governor

Frank may be the director of Rotary or Governor of the District but Texabell is the directress of the governor or governess of the director, whichever side of the equation sounds more euphonious.

Whenever big hearted Ed orders the men-servants to tickle the maw of that aquatic sled of his with a petroliferous meal and you are apprised of the desirability of your presence aboard there are lilted emotions permeating your old carcass that won't subside until you feel the placid waters of the Neches slipping beneath your 'parking space' with the regularity of a So. American revolution. In other words elation crawls up your gullet, slaps your adam's apple down on its haunches and shout in the vernacular of the traffic violator "red lights to run and speed-laws to shun, we are on our way." These excursions epitomizes all the "feller feeling" in Rotary's code of ethics, kisses Internationalism on the upper lip and makes Service itself look like a sluggard with the sleeping sickness. Hospitality is the head bouncer on this boat, ready to kick the pants off Care, and stimulate you into closer relationship with your fellow man (generically, speaking).

This compliment was paid the gorgeous queen of the Rotary-Anns of the 48th District, and Big Boy's only regret is limited space precluded the presence of more.

Bread Pill Buttons

By Samuel Rosinger

The quack business doctor is once more at his nefarious practice of duping and deceiving. He again dispenses his fake medicine to the enervated and emaciated business man. This time his voodoo remedy consists of a worthless celluloid button, bearing the mendacious legend, "Business is getting better." "Wear this magic button on your coat lapel," he tells his anaemic patient brazenly, "and like a powerful magnet, it will draw customers into your establishment and restore good times and prosperity."

It is, indeed, tragic to know that there are apparently level-headed business men who fall for this crass superstition, and outrage their intelligence by wearing these childish buttons.

The brainiest business men are at a loss to understand the periodical business depression from which the world suffers. Renowned students of political economy, occupying chairs at celebrated universities, are groping in the dark as to the underlying causes of the slump. The greatest financiers cannot give a correct diagnosis of the malady with which the world is afflicted. And here come a bunch of brainless boosters, and try to cure the desperately sick business world by bread pill buttons.

While the economists and financiers seek in vain for the cause or causes of the depression, the moralist knows the root of the trouble. The reckless gambling and excessive speculation to which business was subjected, destroyed confidence in the heart of the public. And since confidence is the foundation upon which the social structure rests undermining the foundation was bound to bring in its wake the collapse of the whole business edifice.

Confidence is the most valuable asset of society, and this asset cannot be restored by hypocritical self-deception. Truth and sincerity alone can restore confidence, and of these restoratives, the public has not as yet been given a drop. On account of political reasons, the government leads in the concealment of the actual facts, and the great financial leaders are taking a hint from Washington, also fail to make frank statements of conditions as they are. Manly frankness, and not magic button slogans, is the only radical cure for the ills of business.