

Depression

Everyone's scenting a panic,
Everyone's singing the blues,
Still whenever you go to a picture show,
You stand—till they're through with the news.

The country is going to perdition,
We'll have bread lines before we have snow.
But try to buy seats for a football game
And see what you get for your "dough."

We're all going to starve—that's decided,
A job simply cannot be bought,
But when Sharkey fights Who's This, just
try to get in
And you'll see what "hard times" we've got.

The gov-er-ment's got to do something,
Or we'll fall in our tracks and we'll lay.
Yet the lady, by gosh, who does up our wash
Brings it back in a nice new coupe.

So I think all this talk of a panic,
Of the country about to go "blooey,"
Between you and me and the old apple tree,
Is a lot of plain old-fashioned "hoo-ey."
(Jazbo of Old Dubuque.)

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. X Beaumont, Texas, December 31, 1930 No. 51

Slants at the Meeting

THE old Rows Rum was cluttered up with vibrant noises last week and as your scribe was emerging from spasmodic periods of coma (seasonal inoculations, you know) and brushing aside the fog from mental machinery he sensed a sudden transportation into a din like ducks on a rampage which slowly turned to merry chatter of yuletide revelers.

Keith and his committee served you variety. They had Rabbi squires, banker squires and automotive squires as well as colonial dames, Loving dames and dame rumors with a touch of early American and late comers.

Squire Sam sprayed the visiting Annes with perfumed expletives like a winning queen is showered with confetti at a carnival.

Dame Bingman laid down a barrage in response that only the wife of a professor could unlimber.

Miss Widman's Kriss Kringlers seems to have stolen the applause. Maybe they were the only Santas you expected to see.

The entire program and prizes were fitting and if you fellers haven't hanged yourselves with Christmas ties; blown your lungs out with la flor de perfecto cabbage and become unconscious with the season's socks, show up next Wednesday and watch your committee knock the pins from under old 1930.

The past year has been ripe with downcasts and outcasts and Wednesday we will probably have a little broadcasts on the forecasts.

The first period of this administration is known as the "Plagus of Preachers" and the second probably as the "Semester of Sinners" if the resolution doesn't suffer dissolution.

This scribe wishes each and everyone a happy and prosperous New Year. Aside to the agriculturists, he hopes corn will never go down like it did this Christmas.

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

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—Rotarygrams—

ROTARY VISITORS

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

Rev. C. C. Wier, Winnfield, La.
W. O. Hoffmeyer, Hattiesburg, Miss.
John Hill McKinney, Goose Creek.

—Rotarygrams—

In Lighter Vein

By Samuel Rosinger

THESE queer news items were culled from the 1931 files of the Rotarygram by Rotarian Future Historian, whom Rotary International commissioned with compiling the annals of our Club.

Charley Ledwidge resolutely determined not to crack a joke until he perfects and patents his new cracking process which eliminates staleness and risqueness from ancient anecdotes.

Sam Solinsky, endeavoring to avoid vain display and ostentation in these lean days of depression, has removed the conspicuous triple dollar sign from his sibilant initials. He wants his friends to associate the coin of the realm with another constellation of the alphabet, under which he claims to have been born, viz: P. B. P., which letters, as you may know, are not the initials of a church society, but the trademark of the Retail Merchants' Association.

Jim Mapes, whose iron will and grim determination has acquired for him the sobriquet of "stone-face," has organized a Hundred Percent Attendance Circle in the Rotary Club. Charter members of the circle are James L. Mapes, Ben Shipley, Duncan Hall, Virgil L. Keith and L. B. Herring. The cir-

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

cle's motto is "Always present. First to enter and last to leave the room."

Joe Rosenthal, Harry Longe and Bob Corley and other members of the Rotary Bachelor League, were presented by the Men's Clubs of their various churches with watch fob charms bearing the appropriate scriptural text, "The Lord said, it is not good for man to be alone."

The proverbial heavenly harmony of our Club was marred today by an unpleasant incident which caused a great deal of comment among the members. Ray Gill gave a most pessimistic talk on the business outlook, and after the conclusion of his gloomy forecast, he distributed celluloid buttons bearing the inscription "Business is Bunk." President Sam, who ordinarily, patiently overlooks any mis-statements made by members, was flustered by Ray's panicky pessimism, and in a spirited retort he objected both to the tone of the speech, as well as the slanginess of the button. President Sam called the house down when he roared in his stentorian voice, "Gentlemen, I want you to wear a button with the motto "Business is Booming."

Check Easley received a highly flattering letter from George Ade, the Supreme Sovereign of Slangland, complimenting him on the proficiency of his gutter lingo. "Check," the great artist wrote to him, "whenever you are handed walking papers by the boss of the Rotary Rag, there is a vacant chair ready for you in my cubicle in the Big City." Check reports that after he gets through with the libel suits hanging over him in the local courts, he might consider the flattering offer.

The committee appointed to investigate the feasibility of the merger between the Round Table and the Rotary Clubs, reported favorably in the measure. To quote a few sentences from the report, "Under Sam's chairmanship the Rotary Club has become as much a joke as ours. Dignity has given way to deviltry, and serious discussions to fun and farce and frolic." We are sorry to report though, that the merger fell through on account of the stubborn insistence of Conway Broun to deliver his presidential inaugural address, which has been congesting his system for the past three years. Rather than submit the Clubs to such an ordeal, the merger was definitely dropped.

Tom Minyard, it is confidently predicted, will deliver in 1950 the last of his series of lectures on "My travels in the Holy Land."

Harry Gordon and Kelsey Lamb are playing the villain and the hero respectively in the sensational movie the "Landgrubbers." It will be recalled that these two nationally famous actors showed gratifying signs of talent while engaged, years ago, in amateur theatricals in our Club. Theron Browne who plays the Dad in the picture, and who so successfully revived the old song hit, "Everybody works but father," was also a member of our Club for a short while.