

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

SLANTS AT THE MEETING

As Amos & Andy would say, UNDOUBTLESS, years ago Tom Reed was a boy, as he resorted to the juvenile 'urge' when the kids stood on the bank of a creek and some guy shouted "Any feller that don't go in 'Knows what he is'." Tom cauterized, criticised, chastised and anathematized you nit-wits, nincompoops and nonentities that dare not attend the District Conference at Port Arthur. In fact, he dubbed you a hairless, helpless and hopeless bunch of palookas and poltroons without the courage of conviction, pride of membership or ethical standing. His castigation was as soothing as salt on a sore. Of course, none of this "went" if your mother-in-law has suffered fracture on the rumble seat and you have ceased to be a free-holder or house-holder in your immediate family. Frankly, this is a challenge to you derelicts.

Sitting down on the side lines from the main center of gravity, your reporter was not just exactly clear on the import of Ex-Gov. Bill's diatribe on the ethics of Rotary. Whether he was trying to prostrate you or prompt you, we don't know. And that little tale of his about having a Mexican cornered in a room just in the act of doing business with him when he slipped out, perhaps had some subtle meaning that we can't fathom. Maybe it conveyed the thought that when you get in the proper frame of mind to do something, DO it.

We are just as ignorant of baseball as Bill Beaumont is of football and in that territory there is a hiatus that Lindbergh couldn't span in a month's flight. He knows less than minus about that argumentative sport. However, if words don't belie the thought the President of the Texas League leads us to believe Beaumont is sitting right on the old pennant tighter than a jam nut on a lockwasher.

The singing of Beaumont's own anthem naturally caused the red corpuscles to course through the cardiac gate valves like crude in a pipe line and chests began to distend to the fullness of inflated balloons as the meeting did a cinema fade-out in perspective glory.

The results of election for Board of Directors to some of those that got over the hurdle was a surprise, as they expected to get a fall greater than the Prince of Wales when he plants his royal anatomy on the upper deck of old Dobbin.

—Check.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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Our New District Governor

Jess McGill was elected to fill the chair of District Governor for our district. Jess hails from Paris, Texas.

—Rotarygrams—

Intellectual Snobbery

Radio programs still suffer from intellectual snobbery and from the sacrifice of the welfare of the many for the whims of the few, according to David Sarnoff, who came to the United States from Russia when a boy, and now at forty, is president of the Radio Corporation of America.

"It would seem to me more important to the progress of mankind," he writes in the April Rotarian, "that ten million individuals, through the slow process of general education, should rise in intellectual stature, even though a fraction of an inch, than that a few should be able to leap to the heights of Olympus.

"It is of greater consequence to the happiness of a nation that a million isolated homes throughout the country should be made vibrant with an event of general interest to them than that a few urbanites be thrilled by an exotic program. It is essential that broadcasting serve the interests of good government, education, and commerce which have found in this great method of mass communication a direct and effective channel to the home and citizen."

"Opportunities for artists," he adds, "have never been so great and the demand for musical creation never so keen.

"Continents are now in closer communication than countries were in former times. A wireless signal flashed with the speed of light crosses the ocean in less time than it takes the sound from the loud-speaker in the home to reach our ears. Radio offers new grounds for hopes in those swelling ranks of men and women who are appalled and sickened by the merciless price in blood and treasure of war."

And the end of radio is not yet. Television is on the way. Mr. Sarnoff prophesies "that within the next few years a simplified and moderately priced television receiving-set practicable for home use will be developed."--From "The Rotarian Magazine."

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Sidelights on the Conference

By Samuel Rosinger

It is a pity that Check's absence deprives the readers of this rag of his side-splitting slants on the Conference. I am indeed very much afraid lest Check lose his dry humor during his travels through wet Mexico. In the regrettable absence of the regular reporter, the Club will have to put up with this prosaic account of the Port Arthur District Conference.

The benefit which one derives from Conventions consists not so much of knowledge gained, as of contacts made. It is neither the speeches nor the entertainment that makes attendance at conventions worthwhile, but the human element. You get a slant on Rotary not by the speakers who hold forth from the rostrum, but from the informal chats you have with delegates, and from the stray and chance remarks you pick up in the audience. Judging by this indirect source of information, Rotary shows a hopeful sign of progress. For the old hallelujah chorus of self-praise and flattery is punctured here and there with bits of faultfinding and criticism. The gist of animadversions I heard and overheard: "Less speech and more action." "More intensive and less extensive culture will prevent Rotary from falling into the rut of the conventional luncheon club."

Frank Davis' given name describes his outstanding character trait, viz: frankness. His boyish face, twinkling blue eyes and jovial smile, lend him the hallmark of sincerity, and you know that whatever he says comes straight from the heart and not from the glib tongue of a politician.

Port Arthur did itself proud in entertaining the visitors. The city was in gala dress, flowers were everywhere in profusion, the men were smiling, the ladies were gracious, the skies serene, and all

in all, it was on of the happiest District Conferences I have attended.

Mike Quin's speech was a masterpiece. It had enough of humor to relieve it of being pompous. But it was full of meat, and those who were absent missed a rare treat.

Dallas gave an unusually interesting program at Monday's luncheon. The speeches were instructive and inspiring, and the Dallas Club rightly deserves the reputation it holds of being in the forefront of Rotary in the state.

Walter Jenkins, the song leader, has the power to induce the glummost grouch to open the rusty hinges of his mouth and break forth into rousing and rapturous song. Without him the Conference would have been enveloped in a somniferous atmosphere, but he made the welkins ring, and brought old Sol down from the sky and placed him in the center of the delegate's souls.

Your President is supremely gratified with Beaumont's part in the Conference. Loyal Leo Ney, Chairman of the On To Port Arthur Committee, was on the job with all his energy and ability. Beaumont's registration amounted to the staggering sum of 225. It is worthwhile to repeat the conversation that took place between this scribe and Leo. "Leo," the scribe remarked, "what a pity that I did not put you on the job at our birthday party. Had I thought of you, we would have had as good an attendance on that occasion as we are having right here." Leo answered, "President Sam, I don't mind taking a little credit for my achievement, but I am not altogether responsible for this large crowd. Had you given free grub at the birthday party, every one of these bozos would have been present without my persuasion and solicitation." Withal, Leo did creditable work. Not only did he induce others to come down, but he himself was one of the earliest delegates present at the sessions.

The piece de resistance of Beaumont's part in the Conference was impressario Harry Longe's entertainment at the Governor's Ball. I would have to indulge in superlatives to describe that highly artistic affair. Harry was at his best and finest. His stage effects and lighting exceeded professional excellence, and the artists he assembled were a galaxy of high class entertainers. Only one who has had some experience in putting on affairs of this kind knows the amount of thought and labor that this task entailed. Our Club has amply rewarded Harry in advance for all his efforts by removing him from the Board of Directors. However, we want to assure Harry that though he may escape the grandfather's chair, he will not escape the Presidential chair of the Beaumont Club.