

## Slants at the Meeting

Sam sang his swan song in perfect time—no false notes, no long runs and no bad breaks.

He was generous in giving credit to the deserving and the undeserving.

His comments were cryptic in general and caustic at times.

He surrendered the gavel improved and not impaired, metaphorically.

He has always adhered to the highest type of program, and nothing vulgar or vicious ever crept into the "fun making."

He possesses a boundless amount of humor and an endless ability for tolerance.

He slung a little "asparagus" on the veranda of the self-complacent. In other

words, fired a broadside below the water line where the seams will open up. This back-slapping, hand-shaking, self-centered group came in for a cluster of razzberries that would make icebergs look like dew drops. He was endeavoring to arouse the spirit of combat and snatch you out of that lethargic attitude. He wants you up and doing; taking a stand on economic, civic and political questions. Incidentally, trying to get you out of that innocuous desétude. Acquiescence and Indifference look like a couple of boulders to him, in the road of progress.

Of course, he has gone and embroiled himself in a sartorial struggle with another citizen about one of the most trivial subjects—women's clothes. That's a thing we would never bring up. It always leads to something else.

In this modern day it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation between "chic" and immodesty . . . perhaps one is what you see and the other what you don't see. Anyway being old-fashioned and myopic, too, our slant on "scantities" might not establish a criterion for the prudishly inclined to adhere to.

A few semesters ago an exposition of the ears smaked of the indecent. Now some of the young "hussys", with brazen effrontery, plaster the coiffure back until "lobes" stand out in bold relief like gargoyles on the cathedral of Notre Dame. A set of "scanties" and a pair of kid gloves are the principal part of a flapper's wardrobe. We have stood in church portals, on street corners, in theatre foyers and hotel lobbies and seen pulchritude silhouetted in all its mystic charms but we have never yet helped bury the dead killed in a hasty exodus from the sptctacle. —Check.



President Jim

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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## Monkey-Business

The bond market had gone to smash, buyers were as extinct as the fabled dodo and the erstwhile dandy young bond salesman was on his uppers—when the circus came to town. The owner of the show being an old college friend who had recently inherited the perambulating hippodrome, the bond salesman looked him up and asked for a loan. "Sorry but it can't be done," said the circus man. "Just had a five-thousand dollar gorilla die and it will take all I can spare to replace him." But the bond salesman, quick of wit as is necessary in his line, suggested a solution. Said he, "Just skin the beast, let me use his hide and I will give you a more gorilla-like performance than did the old boy himself; thus you can defer your big investment and I can earn a small wage till times are better."

So it was agreed and for weeks the new gorilla capered about and amused the crowds in a most satisfactory way. By reason of his former calling he was well versed in monkey-business and through his natural "go-get-iveness" he put lots of pep into his antics. Indeed, all went well until one day, swinging on his high trapeze, the rope broke and he fell into the lion's cage.

The lion, seeing him, gave a roar and charged. For a time, by more than gorilla-like agility, he dodged and scampered, avoiding the paws of the infuriated beast; but at last cornered, his fear overcame him and he lustily shouted, "Help, help," to which the lion, crouching over him replied in a hoarse whisper, "Shut up, you blamed fool, do you think you are the only bond salesman out of a job?"

How often our competitor who chases us about, whose ferocious appearance and loud roar sends chills of fear along our spines is but another quite human and really harmless individual—another salesman out of a job and diligently looking for one just as we ourselves are. It is well to watch our competitors and observe the results they obtain from their roarings in order that we may adopt their successful tactics and avoid their errors. But

*"Attendance is the Price of Membership"*

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to live in fear of them, to let them chase us about is both foolish and futile. Every successful man must plan and run his own business in accordance with his own best judgment. To permit some self-constituted lion up the street or in an adjoining state to make monkeys of us is to make ourselves ridiculous. It has been our observation that those firms who diligently pursue their own well-considered course, with scant attention to the roarings of competitors, are most likely to succeed.

—Rotarygrams—

**ROTARY VISITORS**

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

J. W. Smith, Houston  
 Dick Woodruff, Houston  
 Karl Schwartz, City  
 Russell Segler, City  
 D. M. Pollard, Jr., City  
 Sam Lipscomb, City  
 Jim McKinstry, San Antonio  
 W. W. Sheldon, San Antonio  
 J. C. Haynes, Houston  
 Clark E. Jacoby, Kansas City, Mo.  
 J. B. Glass, Dallas, Texas  
 F. G. Burbank, New Orleans  
 B. A. Greenspan, Atlanta, Ga.  
 Lester Larkin, Atlanta, Ga.  
 Leon Howell, City.

*"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"*

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 Harvey Steinhagen    J. H. McGregor

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