

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

zone, and we congratulated ourselves on our wisdom in having brought along our heavy clothes and warm things. Yet, with all our implicit faith in advertising, the Denverites were too-climate-unconscious to convince us of the permanency of their frigid weather. We thought, had this low temperature been a steady diet with them, they would have taken it for granted, and not bragged about it.

Alas, subsequent events fully justified our lurking suspicions. The perfervid sun, seeing that he could not make an impression upon the snowclad mountains, ceased his visits to these icy maids, and wreaked the vengeance of a disappointed lover on the innocent dwellers of Denver by sizzling them in a hellish heat for over a fortnight. Those days when I appeared at the desk, I found the hotel clerk invariably engaged in conversation with the cashier. The bell boys turn their heads aside while they furtively wipe their perspiring brows. The girl at the cigar counter expatiates on the quality of her wares, rather than the weather. The furs are still on display in show windows, but no longer adorn feminine necks. A few vulgar male tourists with utter disregard for the delicate feeling of the touchy Denverites, prance unabashed in rolled-up shirt sleeves on the streets. And what about the Denver Post with its fierce pride and bombast about the weather? It kept sheepishly silent throughout the heat wave until the mercury had leaped above the blood-heat mark and registered over a hundred. Then it could no longer contain its sagacious silence, and issued in bold type the following denial, "Denver's 100 Degrees Proves Only 99.8—Weather Observer Nails False, Unreliable Rumor."

My Better-half has decided to buy mothballs for our winter clothing. I, however, made up my mind to go and kneel at the foot of the snow-clad mountains, and see not what an impression I can make on them, but what an impression they can make on me. My next lines will be accompanied by a snapshot of an Eskimo, garbed in the pelt of a polar bear, enjoying the cool comforts of his igloo.

—Rotarygrams—

Two blackmailers addressed a letter to a wealthy merchant, saying that he must pay them \$20,000 or have his wife kidnapped. By mistake, the letter was delivered to a poor bricklayer, who answered: "I ain't got a dollar, but am interested in your proposition."

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, August 5, 1931 No. 31

Slants at the Meeting

Brother Boyd told about a Smart exploitation of a bovine industry last week and it, at least, proved more interesting than the railroad BULL. You might say it was the cream of the program.

The complex phases of a cow's life seems to be one drain after another.

Sanitation, sterilization and inoculation are the three requisites of a modernized dairy; and this course begins in early heiferhood and continues "to the last drop."

The boudoir of a lacteral lady must be supplied with heat, ventilation and hygiene, along with a good gargle. Besides this herd was not only contented but Smart cows, and they were also kine.

When he told about the stock drinking water so cold their teeth chattered we naturally assumed every little cow had a kelvinator.

There were free-wheeling, synchro-mesh and floating-power cows all ready to serve humanity at 1 P. M. as well as 1 A. M. and with an udder supply of good milk.

Of course, when he spoke of the proteins and hydrocarbonates necessary to the perfect diet of lowly "bossy" we immediately thought of the many old cows we knew who were getting by on orange juice alone.

Too, we were glad to learn that the productive period of these milkers it about 4 or 5 years. We had suspected the average less for we know some species that have been dry all their lives.

Since the inauguration of these vocational talks we have been STEEL-ed to BREAD and BUTTER, and while we wouldn't Fabricate any Dough that might curdle Uncle Sam's monetary milk we really think the "strippings" from this subject offer more food for thought.

—Check.

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Rotarygrams

ROTARY VISITORS

The following visitors were present at today's luncheon:

J. C. DeShong, Paris, Texas.
Stanley Mair, Houston, Texas.
Almost Schlenser, Brenham, Texas.
Henry Mills, Port Arthur, Texas.
Jack Carter, Houston, Texas.
Jack Sullivan, Houston, Texas.
Harry Sutton, City.
J. T. Brown, City.
L. P. White, Birmingham, Alabama.
Earl Chaney, City.

Rotarygrams

Marshall Muse
Honored

Marshall G. Muse, a beloved resident, has been named an honorary member of the Beaumont club, a distinction given only to members for signal service. Marshall lost his classification and the board of directors, at a called meeting Wednesday morning, honored him with an honorary membership. He has served on numerous club committees and was, at one time, president of the club. He was one of the organizers of the Beaumont club.



The Weather

By Samuel Rosinger

When we arrived in Denver at the beginning of July, whole Colorado was in the pleasant grip of an exceptionally cool spell. It was delightfully breezy not only in the mountain resorts, but also in the cities of the plain. A fall suit felt comfortable at day, a blanket came handy at night. We, who had just emerged from the hot furnace of the Panhandle, were revived and relieved. But in addition to being refreshed, we were highly amused by the personal pride the Coloradoans took in their climate.

No sooner had the hotel clerk espied that we registered as Texans, when he put on a most pitying mien and charitable smile, and in a tone ringing with the heroic achievement of one who has rescued a whole family from a burning house, he asked us, "How do you like our climate?" Needless to say, he addressed this rhetorical question to us in the definite assurance of getting a favorable reply. In the make-up of my character I have a devilish trait of contrariness which, unless I sit on it, bobs up in most unexpected moments, and gives me untold embarrassment. The clerk's climatic conceit irritated me so that I felt like answering him with a withering and annihilating "rotten." But, apart from that I could not fly in the face of truth, I feared the shocking effect of my deflating reply upon the bloated clerk, therefore I decided to batten his vanity by answering him "delightfully cool," a phrase which my family repeated in a sonorous chorus.

And even as to the clerk, so also the bell-boy, the news-vendor, the girl at the cigar counter, the waitress, the cashier and every hotel employee greeted us not with the conventional salute, but with the barometric report of "nice weather." Out in the streets the Daughters of Eve disported themselves in their furs and overcoats, the stores displayed their fall styles, and that "shrieking violence", the Denver Post, after comparing the city's maximum temperature of 65 with a long list of cities where the mercury jumped over the century mark, urged tourists to inform the simmering folks at home of the privilege that is theirs to breathe the clear, crisp air, and enjoy the cool climate of Colorado.

This winterish weather propaganda almost made us believe that we were in the fringe of the Arctic