

IN MEMORIAM HUBERT OXFORD

This meed of tribute will be as modest as Hubert would have wished it. For the most irksome position he found himself in, was when he had to listen to the singing of his praises at public gatherings, in recognition of some civic service or welfare work he had performed. On such occasions, not only was he extremely fidgety, but I acutally saw his bronzed face suffused with a crimson blush. Hubert's outstanding characteristic was his naturalness. There was no pretense whatsoever about him. He hated bunk, cant and hypocrisy. He was an overgrown child, effervescing with joy, full of harmless mischief and innocent pranks, kicking over the traces of convention, yet serious enough to apply himself to the daily task with boundless energy, and lend a strong helping hand to every public cause, calculated to promote the well-being of his fellowmen.

He was a sportsman. He loved the great out-of-doors. Yet, he was not selfish in his enjoyment of nature. He shared his pleasures not only with his intimate friends and companions, but also with those to whom he stood closest in spirit, the Boy Scouts, whose program of education is composed so largely of out-of-doors activities. He was greatly instrumental in securing the splendid camp site which serves as the happy training ground for the Boy Scouts of this area.

The chief asset of his life, however, was his irrepressible good nature. He was not very active in church work, yet he spread the gospel of good cheer and friendship and fellowship, a form of religion, surely, not less helpful than creed and ritual. His genial person enlivened every company he joined, and his contagious smile, buoyant spirit, rich humor and inexhaustible stock of anecdotes were potent gloom chasers and generators of mirth and merriment.

Well, Hubert, old boy, as I addressed you while in the flesh, you were by no means a saint, yet you possessed the guilelessness of heart and serenity of soul of a saint. Should St. Peter hesitate to open the pearly gates to you, just beam at the long-faced patriarch with your laughing eyes and broad smile, and he will unconsciously start to turn the big golden key. And when you enter the Realm of Bliss may as many ministering angels meet you and greet you as the legion of loyal friends who followed your bier with aching hearts and tear-stained eyes.

Samuel Rosinger.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

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Speaking of Tall Tales:

"Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie."—Acts 5.3.

Please page Baron Munchausen. Of course, the Baron was no "slouch" when it came to spreading his name on the fly-leaf of literature. He hung up a record that's not approached by the ordinary worm.

Lying unrestrained is vulgarity intolerable. But when it's mellowed with skill and finesse it breaks the tedium of monotony. I can even tell a few lies at times . . . that is, discern them if they are patent and frequent.

Egotistical lying is an abuse of the privilege and an insult to the hearer's intelligence. To exploit yourself in a labyrinth of fabrication is stealing your listener's time and making yourself an ass.

Lying without cleverness is as silly as listening without hearing and about half as satisfactory. Puerile prevarication is just a lot of claptrap fit for the sewer.

Perhaps the most arrogant liar of modern times is Gaston B. Means and when he slipped that little fantasy to the District of Columbia court recently they broke out with rash and he broke into Atlanta pen.

The world is full of simply nuts clinging to the fanciful sophistry that Marshall New was never executed; that John Wilkes Booth died a natural death in Oklahoma; that Kitchener of Kartuum did not go down with the ship; and that the eldest daughter of the Tzar of Russia is alive in New York.

Of course, when you read a batch of that 'Diamond Dick' literature of the alley, get a distorted view and have no grey matter for a foundation, naturally credulity just parks on your door step and you become the helpless victim.

Say, whatinthehell is all this about anyway? Well what was the talk about?

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ABSENTEES

We have missed the following Rotarians the last three meetings:

Theron Browne, R. W. Pack, Geo. D. Switzer, Gene Smith.

Those missing the past two weeks are:

L. H. Mathis, Joe Clemmons, C. F. Graham, Roland Jones, Harry Longe, William Lawler, H. A. McDonald, B. H. Willis, Tim Whitehurst.

A Crack Program

If you miss the meeting Wednesday it will be your own hard luck. The session will be in charge of a group of Rotarians from Dallas, who promise a novel and entertaining program. Many Rotarians from nearby clubs are expected to be in attendance. Be there.

Few of us realize how stereotyped our lives are.

We eat at the same restaurant, buy the same kind of shirt and tie, read the books of our favorite authors, follow our pet stars in their productions, and regard ourselves as fortunate when we have trained a barber to cut our hair so that we can endure the operation unconcernedly.

This inertia of the public is so certain that a magazine can sell its subscription list when it has no other asset. There is confidence that a large share of the list will renew, just because it's so simple to go ahead on the same basis and so bothersome to make a change!

Most men are so twined around with habits that their wives can read them like an open book, although the smart woman never lets her man realize this.

If you doubt that your own mind follows definite channels, and uses habitual expression, consult your stenographer who can't keep two words ahead of the man who is dictating.

Jim Edwards Tells About Real Estate:

The first of a series of communications from members discussing some particular line of business:

Because it is a universally recognized fact that Real Estate is the foundation of all wealth and is the one single commodity in which ninety percent of the entire population retains an ownership or at least an equity; and because Real Estate is the principal source from which taxes are derived with which to maintain all forms of government; it is of vital interest to the entire citizenship to know what effect the present depression has had on it and its possibilities for the future as viewed from the standpoint of those who are engaged in the traffic of same and have given it study and thought, and I simply repeat herein some few of the many conclusions reached by trained students who have given long and serious consideration to the question.

No progress or development of any kind is possible without an investment in Real Estate. No business, factory, foundry, mine, farm, ranch or home can be established or expanded without an investment in real property. When there is no progress or expansion, the ready market for this commodity must of necessity decrease until such time as progress and expansion take up again. By reason of the present business depression, the demand for sites on which to improve or expand all kinds of business are no longer actively sought, and the ready market price at such times decreases, as Real Estate can not be turned quickly into money, but this does not of necessity decrease its actual value.

At the present time, because of decrease in business, the improvements built up on farms, ranches, mines, oil wells, business houses, rent houses, etc., have ceased to a great extent in paying a profit on the investment and in some instances are not even paying their way, as there is a surplus of all kinds. Their values, however, have not been decreased, except where said values had been originally boosted to an abnormal stage. The usefulness of the property for the purposes intended is just as great today as it was when it was actively in demand. The actual values today are just as great as they ever were.

In this particular locality the prospects for sound values in real estate are greater than ever before. The resumption of commercial and industrial activities for a period of sixty days would absorb all the vacant business houses, factories and homes that are now idle and would necessitate the purchase of additional sites.