

Shirking A Grave Responsibility

By Samuel Rosinger

Now that school has opened, and the childhood of the nation is again dedicating itself to education, the thought forces itself upon one that the rearing of our children, both at home as well as in school, is in the hands of women. The father's share in the educative process of the child is a negligible quantity. The average man, when he comes home from the daily grind, may play around with the kiddies for a while as a matter of pastime, but he seldom goes to the trouble of imparting to the child a formal or informal training in character development, discipline, self-control and in all those traits that make men and women out of them, in the best sense of the word.

I am convinced that the father has a greater mission in life than to be merely the provider of his family. It falls to his privileged task to be also the pedagogue of his children, the guide and mentor and teacher. Professional teachers may instruct the child in knowledge, but they cannot give him a character training. Nor can the mother do this all-important work by herself. The child's constant and intimate association with her, undermines her authority, and it is left to the father to train the child in the stern rules of justice and fair-play, law observance, self respect and the respect of others.

And what is true of the home, holds good of the school. Owing to the meagre remuneration of the teacher, the profession is represented overwhelmingly by the feminine sex, and the children are deprived of that virility which the male teacher alone can contribute to his educative work. Especially adolescent boys, who resemble wine in the process of fermentation, could be handled with a far deeper insight and understanding, by male teachers.

Unfortunately, our men have become so thoroughly absorbed in business, that business comes not only before pleasure, but also parental duty. Fathers would do far better by their children, if they were to give them less of their means and more of themselves. And, similarly, enabling the schools to employ male educators, especially for older boys, would be far more profitable than the measly savings effected in taxes by paring down the budgets of the schools.

The alarming increase in the number of youthful criminals cannot be altogether ascribed to the depression. In a goodly measure, at least, it is due to the abdication of fathers from the responsible work of training their children to grow up into upright and useful men and women. Let us hope that the additional leisure the N. R. A. gives men, will be put by them to the greatest advantage that time could be employed, namely, the education of their children.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, Sept. 20, 1933 No. 11

Are You Discouraged?

THEN READ THIS STORY. The devil, as the story goes, held a convention attended by many imps. He instructed the imps to go out into the world and sell discouragement to the human race.

One imp approached an average man. "Aren't you discouraged?" he asked.

"No," replied the man, "I can't say that I am."

"How about the banks that are closed?" the imp asked.

"I guess I am a little discouraged," the man admitted.

"How about eleven million people out of work?"

"Yes, I'm discouraged," the man conceded.

The imp reported to the devil, who said: "Go sell somebody else."

The imp approached another man. "Aren't you discouraged?" he asked.

"No," the man roared.

"Look at the banks that are closed," the imp suggested.

"Look at the banks that are open," the man replied.

"Look at the people who don't have jobs."

"Look at the people who do."

"Stocks are low."

"The values are there. Don't argue with me. Go to the devil"

The imp went to report to the devil.

"Did you sell the second prospect?" the devil asked.

"No, I didn't," the imp replied. "He sold me. Now I'm discouraged."

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“Comet Rice”

By Randolph M. West

Classification: Package Rice Distributor

Will the rice consuming public pay the additional cost of putting rice in sanitary and convenient size packages?

Will rice put up in sanitary and convenient size packages get dealer approval and support?

Will the rice consuming public buy rice by brand like they buy canned goods or other standard articles by brand?

These are a few of the questions that confronted the management of the Seaboard Rice Milling Co., Galveston, Texas some twenty years ago when the proposition of initiating the marketing of rice by brand backed by the manufacturers' guarantee of quality was suggested. The public would buy by brand and the public did buy by brand and COMET BRAND RICE received enthusiastic dealer support, consequently today the Comet Rice Co., successors of the Seaboard Rice Milling Co., have the largest distribution of any brand of package rice in the United States and enjoy national distribution.

The plant of the Comet Rice Co., Beaumont, Texas has a capacity of 336,000 packages per 24 hour day, and is instrumental in distributing over 200,000 bags of rice yearly, most of which is grown in Jefferson County.

The Comet Rice Co's pay roll also contributes to Jefferson County's income and tonnage shipped is of considerable help to the railroads and steamship lines serving Beaumont.

COMET RICE PRODUCTS ARE fumigated by a unique vacuum fumigation process which minimizes its susceptibility to insect infestation and is the only plant of its kind used for rice.

Every package of COMET BRAND RICE is guaranteed to give satisfaction to the consumer any time, any place from Florida to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf.

He who serves best profits most.

King George & Guard Bus(t)ing in:
(Overheard in lobby).

“What Royalty?”

“Certainly.”

Over-riding Royalty?”

“Of, course . . . All the way from Dallas.”

“No, I mean covering every tract?”

“Yes, every track and all ruts. Say, Oil Scout, what do you think this is, a petroleum deal?”

“S-u-r-e-e.”

“Listen, Dumb-bell. THERE IS NO OIL IN DALLAS, and very little water except when Ft. Worth goes wet and fills up that drainage ditch, the Trinity, to launch a skiff, with oiled sides to pass the narrows, on the way to the Century of Progress Fair. Get this . . .

George Mathews and his doughty Dallasites paid us a royal visit in a spirit of Rotary and good fellowship, and did Geo. put on a program? We'll tell the astigmatized Universe he did.

First, he had Dan Diggs greet the visitors with such a cheery welcome their chests were heaving with pride like pouter pigeons strutting their vanity.

Then Geo. put a few fast ones right under the belt of the unsuspecting Dallasites in his introductory remarks and the crimson of shame colored their cheeks like the sunset's glow.

That boy Bob Pool he brought along needs nothing but to be heard. He's three programs in one. He'll steal your heart with harmony.

And did the good Judge McCollough put us on the map? I never suspected we lived in such a grand and glorious land. He had the banks of this old Neches strewn with princes, pirates and pioneers thicker than bad notes in a busted bank. Truly, we are the home of Love, Romance and Tradition.

The thing that climaxed this visit of these fine fellers as that little jaunt down the broad expanses of the Neches to the Gulf through the generosity of that prince, Ed Stedman. Even the Drys couldn't maintain their standing against so much . . . water.

Ben Woodhead was a special guest to talk to George Mathews as both had been born across the Atlantic in dear old London town. But you know, Ben has lived so long in this low flat country near the marshes and so well acclimated he has become an asthmatic tenor and Geo. couldn't understand him.

Walter Kingsbury with that benign countenance belied the seventy three years the chairman attributed to him. We never saw Walter in a “close corner” but we have seen him in the Pacific Bowl and listen children; the speaker was spoofing you about Walter's age . . . that guy would make a foxy grandpa look like a wooden legged Civil War veteran.

Cheerio Dallas, we hope to see you soon and often.

—Check.