

The Movies

By Samuel Rosinger

The movies, even as the legitimate stage, have ever been strongly censured on account of their supposedly bad effect upon the morals of the public, more especially the sensitive child and the impressionable adolescent. Looking at the movies from an artistic, or ethical standpoint, the criticism is often justified, as many of the plays presented have anything, but a refining or uplifting influence. The movies, however, are primarily not agencies for social betterment, but commercial amusement enterprises, conducted for profit, and, as such, they must cater to the taste of the public no less than the manufacturer, or merchant who supplies the buying public with dry goods, or any other commodity. And, even as I have, yet, to hear a merchant criticized for the vulgarity of the flimsy bathing suits now in fashion, or for the indecency of the low-cut evening gowns he sells, so little can the moving picture producer or exhibitor be blamed for the poor, or low quality of his offerings. He has to supply the kind of entertainment the public demands, and not the kind the public rejects.

I have attended a large number of instructive and inspiring movies, and often found the theatre yawning with emptiness, while the vulgarities of a flashy, fat female, now in vogue, crowds the theatre. And what is true of the movies is true of the press, radio and other agencies that furnish the public with diversion or entertainment. As long as the public taste will run to the yellow, scandal-mongering tabloids, and morbid curiosity will feed on the carrion of crime, will the daily press be compelled to feature crime and scandal on the front page. Were there no demand for the filthy trash that goes by the name of light literature, publishers and writers would not engage in its production. And the same is true of the drivel of popular radio programs with their atrocious crooning, the vulgar jazz, etc.

Fortunately, the amusement agencies, without exception, furnish a great deal of excellent entertainment, and those of better taste, have plenty of opportunity to satisfy their craving for diversions on wholesome, educational and uplifting programs, in which, in spite of the limited patronage, there is no scarcity. In a democracy, and for that matter under any form of government, public taste improves not by legislation, but by education. And, if the churches and schools and homes will effectively perform their functions, amusement purveyors will, naturally, raise their standards to the refined taste of the public.

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Slants at the Meeting

As has always been the case when a Democrat falls down on the job, a Republican is rushed into the breach, so with characteristic patriotism and modesty we are again at your service.

When the turkey was served, we all learned what the hotels do with the old razor blades left in the rooms, but I believe it is the duty of your reporter to cover the program rather than compliment the chef on his dexterity with the carving knife.

Perk Butler, without the aid of Dundrearys or other impedimenta, went thru a resume of the activities of the Student Loan Fund Committee, like Sam Solinsky going thru a wind shield. He presented visible proof of what had been accomplished and it was gratifying indeed to learn that our club had added so many to the list of unemployed.

Our own Jack Dionne in the person of Dean Boitnott told some pretty good stories; the one about the bones on the plains of Turkey was timely if it was anything. Our hearts bled for those poor illiterates scattered about thru the audience, who built all of our sky scrapers and own all of the rice farms hereabout. But still they have given their sons college educations which should cinch the old saw-shirt sleeves to shirt in three generations. So without student loan funds there wouldn't be so many students, but by the same token if there were not so many students there wouldn't be so many Moores, McDonald's, Bingmans and Boitnotts. Just write your own ticket.

Filled with turkey and food for thought, the meeting adjourned to meet again next week when Joe Clemmons will present Will Hay's masterpiece, "Nature in the raw".

—Seepy Jayle.

The NRA Evolves

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MAKE THIS DATE

Let these Rotarians who responded in the affirmative to Leo Ney's questionnaire keep their engagement today noon. And let these committeemen who agreed to notify the brethren regarding their duties be on the telephone early today. Leo has given up hope to make today's meeting a 100 per center, but he will be sorely disappointed if the attendance falls short of 90 per cent. It's all in honor of Pres. Keith. There will be plenty of worth while prizes. Maybe this is your lucky day.

—R—

Professor Einstein's secretary was so burdened with inquiries as to the meaning of "relativity" that the professor decided to help her out. He told her to answer these inquiries as follows: "When you sit with a nice girl for two hours you think it's only a minute, but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute you think it's two hours. That's relativity." —Busy East of Canada.

—R—

"I wish our bank could get on its feet enough to stop sending back our checks marked 'No funds'," said the bride to her husband. "A bank that hasn't got enough money on hand to pay a \$4.27 check ought to be merged and put on a sound basis."

—R—

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other doctors seem to differ from you in their diagnosis of my case."

"I know," replied the medical man cheerfully, "but the post-mortem will show which of us is right."

At the midnight stroke of the clock on December thirty-first, the first maneuver in the United States' great offensive officially ends. Then the so-called blanket code, temporary agreements on minimum wages and hours, are like shock troops to be displaced along the major recovery front by the regulators, the industrial codes.

These have been formulated by trade associations and officially approved. They prescribe fair business practices as well as minimum wages and hours. They remain in effect until June, 1935.

Well may men rub amazed eyes. America, nurtured to strength on log-cabin traditions and rugged individualism, within seven months has adopted the principle of regulated competition. Perhaps Frederick R. Burley, Australian manufacturer, was speaking for many in other lands when recently he cited the National Industrial Recovery Act as "the most interesting going thing in the world today."

That the NRA program would encounter difficulties was expected. General Hugh Johnson, in becoming its administrator, likened himself to a man putting his head on a guillotine block with a wager that the axe would fail to fall. Recent events would indicate that he did not over-state the case.

The expected criticism has come. Some say the NRA is too dictatorial, others declare its provisions unduly raise production costs and are unenforceable. And so it runs on. But more important than the mere fact of criticism is that it is being welcomed by officials and is proving a corrective for mistakes admittedly made. That augurs well.

Already an evolution in the NRA is perceptible. Gerald Swope, of the General Electric Company, has suggested further administrative changes. But neither his nor other popular proposals disturb the basic concept. It is that economic ills are not a visitation from an outraged Providence, but are man-made and can be cured by intelligent social action, and that all men have an inalienable right to an opportunity to earn a decent living.—From The Rotarian Magazine.