

Straight From the Shoulder

By Samuel Rosinger

Our town has no greater public nuisance than the big, blatant amplifiers which blare forth boring advertisements from trucks, ambling in the business and residential sections. Whoever thinks that advertisements can be forced upon people by dining them in their ears, is sadly mistaken. I know of professional men in downtown offices who pull down their windows with an angry bang when this booming thing disturbs them in their conferences and consultations. Advertising must be made attractive, agreeable and alluring, and not offensive, obtrusive, or obnoxious. Yet, if the sponsors of this clamorous advertising cannot see the futility of their nefarious noise-making, let the city authorities protect the auditory nerves of the suffering public from this bedlamitish instrument.

The C. W. A. would do real useful work, if it were to repair our badly bent and broken and bulging sidewalks. In many places, aye even stretches, our sidewalks have sunk so low that in rainy weather the pedestrian has to resort to the street, as the depressed stony path, called sidewalk, is swallowed up by an impassable sea of mud.

The commissary of the F. E. R. A. still doles out so-called relief to the indigent with less consideration than one uses in feeding his cattle. The same ration is given to the aged and those in delicate health as to the robust who can digest a millstone. Also, complaints have reached us of the deplorable lack of courtesy of the workers in this department, towards their clients. The Community Chest Board, which is the guardian of the needy in our city, should investigate conditions, and insist upon a more humane treatment of the poor than they are accorded by arbitrary charity workers. The taxpayers have a right to demand that their money be used so that it accrue to the greatest benefit of the poor.

I do not belong to the coterie of those conceited fools who talk with an air of expert knowledge on any subject under the sun. Yet, I believe I stand on solid ground when I claim that the soundest principle upon which a modern business can thrive, is a large turnover with a small margin of profit. Any business that takes undue advantage of the elimination of the anti-trust laws because of the economic emergency, and combines, not for the purpose of serving the public, but exploiting it by screwing up prices, will soon discover, in diminishing returns, that the patient public will not suffer being fleeced even under the blind of "codes."

All glory to the old war-horse, Tom Reed, and his seasoned gang of workers for putting over the Community Chest campaign. It is only small souls who turn down opportunities for service with the conventional excuse "I have done my duty in past years." The big-hearted men never rest on their laurels, but respond whenever called upon, no matter how rich the record of their past service might be.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

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Minutes of the Meeting

So you want the minutes of the meeting, huh? Okay.

It was 23 minutes to 1 p. m. when Keith Hotchkiss said:

"How about you getting up the minutes of the meeting. It'll just take you a minute or two."

That was 53 hours and 29 minutes ago.

Anyway, here are the minutes.

At 19 minutes past 1 p. m. Arthur Kaufman won a cake (hot dam, maybe a minute cake) and six minutes later George Adsit had taken it from beneath Art's nose and within two minutes was passing it over to Charlie Babin who, in one minute had shoved it over on Hyman Perlstein's plate.

From Adsit to Babin to Perlstein in three minutes.

At 14 minutes past 1 p. m. Ray Gill asked somebody what time it was. At 15 minutes past 1 Ray asked somebody for a cigar. At 16 minutes past 1 Ray asked Ben Shipley for a match. At 27 minutes to 2 Irvin Feray was still nosing about the tables. At 17 minutes past 1 Ray Gill's cigar was out. Ben Sykes Woodhead, Sr. didn't tell that story about the girl in the rumble seat until 31 minutes past 12. Juliet and Romeo came in 27 minutes past 1. Romeo took something from a hip flask and was out at 29 minutes past 1.

Charlie Terrell took his coffee black 22 minutes past 12. Sid Mayer was wearing Sid Looney's identification button until 13 minutes to 1. He posed as a harp for 28 minutes.

Ben Sykes Woodhead, Sr. moved over to another table 29 minutes to 1 and was telling that story about the girl in the rumble seat until 3 minutes to 1. Check Easley can gulp a Rotary lunch in 4 minutes. Charlie Pat-on-the-back Ledwidge can spot a democrat in less than a minute . . .

My minute is up.

Here are your minutes.

By The Old Gate-crasher.

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C. A. EASLEY—Seaport Coal Co.

—R—

Commentable Comments

MONEY WELL SPENT. The World War, it has been calculated, cost the United States around fifty billions of dollars if we include the war debts. Out of that we got no material gain. It may be that we shall spend an equal or greater sum to beat this depression; but if we shall secure from our victory a more orderly and logical economic system it will be money well spent.—Ernest Haycox, in the Rotarian Magazine.

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PUSHING AHEAD. NRA is but one manifestation of the will of a people always restlessly seeking something better than they have. We do not stand still; we never have. And though it is quite true we suffer our periods of monumental indifference, as in the years of prosperity following the World War, we sooner or later awake and resume our march.—Ernest Haycox in the Rotarian Magazine.

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NOTHING MYSTERIOUS. It's perfectly possible in the average community to have good government if the people want it and pull together to get it.—Neil M. Clark in the Rotarian Magazine.

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NRA IS NOT NEW. NRA is simply the agency by which necessary coordination in business is being achieved. But coordination is no new principle in America. It is the principle by which all successful business has achieved success. All that is new is the understanding that business consists not merely of selling but of buying, and that any plan which aims at more selling must include some provision for more buying as well.—Edward A. Filene in the Rotarian Magazine.

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SERVICE AN ESSENTIAL. The New Deal, as I see it, begins with the discovery that we must

substitute service for hoarding, or nothing which is worth saving can be saved. Above all, we must no longer hoard our man-power in unemployment.—Edward A. Filene in the Rotarian Magazine.

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SELECTIVE READING—Just to read is not enough. It makes a great deal of difference to society, as well as to ourselves, what we read, what books we make available to our children, what ones we give to our friends. Surely parents can render no finer service to their children than to expose them to the influence of good literature.—Kendall Weisiger in the Rotarian Magazine.

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THE U. S. PRESS. The press ushers us into the world with an announcement, observes our faltering forward or backward steps, draws the mortal curtain. It calls each morning or evening at more than ninety per cent of the homes of America, purchased by 36,000,000 people every week day and by 24,000,000 people every Sunday.—Marlen Pew in the Rotarian Magazine.

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OUR NEWSPAPERS. The newspaper is the one effective medium of adult education and without its ceaseless voice the people could not know or act. Political parties come and go, but the free press runs on like the brook and, in my view, merits the faith of the forefathers in larger degree than any social force in the nation.—Marlen Pew in the Rotarian Magazine.

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YOU—AND UNEMPLOYMENT—There are two great problems growing out of the depression which deeply concern all of us; the physical needs of the unemployed for food and shelter, and their needs as human beings who have undergone a long, catastrophic, morale-destroying experience. These two types of need are related and are equally important, but the second has received too little emphasis. Unless it is given greater attention we shall have a legacy of human wreckage from this depression comparable to if not greater than that which has resulted from any war.—Linton B. Swift in the Rotarian Magazine.

—R—

A tourist was enjoying the wonders of California as pointed out by a native.

"What a beautiful grapefruit!" he said as they passed through a grove of citrus trees.

"Oh, those lemons are a bit small, owing to a comparatively bad season," explained the Californian.

"And what are those enormous blossoms?" asked the tourist.

"Just a patch of dandelions," said the Californian. Presently they reached the Sacramento river.

"Ah," said the tourist, grasping the idea, "somebody's radiator must be leaking."