

## Topsy Turvy

By Samuel Rosinger



We live in a world in which not only material assets, but also spiritual values have suffered tremendous depreciation. There was a time when arduous labor, tireless industry and close application to one's work, were regarded as life's sustaining virtues. Along comes the N. R. A., and reduces our working hours to less than dreamed-of by the builders of the wildest Utopia.

I still recall the time, when thrift was preached from the housetops as constituting the cornerstone of both, individual as well as national prosperity. Now, the builders have rejected this cornerstone as being a stumbling block in the road to recovery, and urges us to spend freely and even foolishly. Not balancing, but busting the budget is the new panacea to lead us out of the depression. Our government has gone on a spree of spending that puts the proverbial drunken sailor in the class of tight-wads. The queerer and crazier an idea, or proposition looks, the more it appeals to the government agencies, and the better chance it has of being executed at the public expense.

I recall, furthermore, that rugged individualism and sturdy independence were also regarded as sterling qualities, and the growing youth was greatly urged, especially at commencement exercises, to cultivate them. They were considered not only as underlying the foundation of our republic, but also chiefly responsible for the rapid extension of our country from ocean to ocean and individualism has also been cast into the discard, and state socialism with its blighting bureaucracy that chains initiative and stifles enterprise, is in the ascendancy.

Whatever merit the New Deal may have, we must admit it has given us plenty of novelties in daring and extravagant experiments. I wonder, whether the time has not arrived when it would be more judicious to stop innovation and stress renovation. I wonder, whether the time is not more than mature, to stop experimentation and start stabilization. The country's patience has certainly been stretched beyond elasticity. Is it not high time to relieve the tension by emphasizing not the "New" but the "Deal" in our government policies?

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

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## Greetings

Dear Friend:

*I give you the season's greetings. May the peace of its silent midnight comfort you. May the inspiration of its star guide you to pleasant places. May the heralds' song find an echo in your heart until it overflows with good will toward men. May the magic and mystery that is Christmas, enchant you into a forgetting and a remembering that shall clothe your spirit in transcendent joy and make you fair and glad as a little child again.*

*Merry Christmas.*

*Angelo Patri.*

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*I heard the bells on Christmas day  
Their old familiar carols play  
And mild and sweet, the words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will toward men.*



### The Shopping Luncheon

Be there today noon with the wife or girl friend to participate in an old-time Christmas celebration. Bring a present costing a dollar, no more no less, and see to it that it reaches the hands of the secretary immediately upon your arrival. There will be gifts to all the ladies, a Christmas dinner, seasonal songs and a few brief speeches.



#### THOSE FOOL BUFFALO

An efficiency expert was sent out in the Colorado mountains to advise the miners. One old miner, driving the expert through the snow and cold, spread a buffalo laprobe over the knees of both of them as they sat side by side.

"You ought to turn the hair on the inside," said the expert; "don't you know it's a great deal warmer to have the hair next to your body?"

The old miner obeyed, and then sat there chuckling.

"What are you laughing about? Are you laughing at me?" exclaimed the expert, with an air of dignity.

"No," replied the miner, finding it difficult to restrain himself, "I was just thinking about the buffalo. What a fool he was all his life not to know a simple thing like that!"

#### COURTESY

If I possessed a shop or store,  
I'd drive the grouches off my floor,  
I'd never let some gloomy guy  
Offend the folks who come to buy;  
I'd never keep a boy or clerk  
With mental toothache at his work,  
Nor let a man who draws my pay  
Drive customers away.

I'd treat the man who takes my time  
And spends a nickel or a dime  
With courtesy and make him feel  
That I was pleased to close the deal,  
Because tomorrow who can tell  
He may become as rich as 'ell,  
And in that case then glad he'll be  
To spend his dollars all with me.

The reason people pass one door  
To patronize another store,  
Is not because the busier place  
Has better pencils, or pens or paste,  
Or lower prices, but it lies  
In pleasant words and smiling eyes;  
The only difference I believe  
Is in the treatment folks receive.

It is good business to be fair  
To keep a bright and cheerful air  
About the place and not to show  
Your customers how much you know;  
Whatever any patron did  
I'd try to keep my temper hid,  
And never let him spread along  
The word that I had done him wrong.

—The Coach

—R—

#### IT'S A HARD LIFE

Laugh and you're called a fool;  
Weep and you're called a baby;  
Yield and you're called a coward;  
Stand and you're called a mule  
Smile and they call you silly;  
Frown and they call you gruff;  
Put on a front like a millionaire;  
And somebody'll call your bluff.

—The Coach