

## Stray Thoughts

By Samuel Rosinger

This poor scribbler, with his limited cerebration, knows only of one magic by which to create enduring wealth and establish permanent prosperity, and that is hard and honest labor, be it through the instrumentality of brain or brawn. Any effort to increase this nation's wealth by the juggling of the multiplication table, is bound to result in self-deception and in the duping of the public. Whether multiplied by a primary pupil or a "brain-truster," two times two will forever yield the product of four and not eight.

The United States Congress and Senate are no longer debating and deliberating bodies, animated by a spirit of independence, but marionettes, the wires of which are pulled by the Administration. If the democrats will continue to maintain their dull and monotonous heavenly harmony, and not break out in a lively row and create dissension and opposition, as is naturally becoming true democrats, I will join the socialists, or any other howling and noise-making party.

Had the local Presidential Ball been given under the auspices of the C. W. A., it could not have been more recklessly mismanaged. Judging by the lavish expenditures on orchestras and decorations, the sponsors must have thought the primary purpose of this affair was not for the benefit of the Warm Springs Foundation, but for the entertainment of the local socialites. Thanks to J. H. Phelan, who, with his keen Irish humor, saw the incongruity of the balance sheet, and by his generous donation saved our community from becoming a laughing stock.

It seems that not only California but also Texas has its short rainy season, yet, after a week of deluge, the skies have cleared and are the bluer because of the murky clouds that have hung over them. After the gloomy days of this depression will be over, the sun of prosperity will shine brighter than ever over our country, and, let us hope, that we, wretched ingrates, will appreciate God's bounties the more, because of the poor gleanings that we have had during these lean years.

# ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

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### *Slants at the Meeting*

A corking good program but 'nothing to write about'. An apparent contradiction if interpreted in patois of the street.

Of course, we know some of these guys are tone deaf and sound proof and the only chord they know anything about is a bell-cord and they never pulled one of those that paid off.

This Friedman orchestra put rhythm in the air and melody in your souls and the savage breast that was not moved by the sweet strains was unfit for beast or man.

A hundred dollar program dished up like clabber to a cat and the chairman of the committee was just as useful as a CWA worker is to the restoration of faith and finances. Mind you, we are not attaching any blame to him but rather commend him for his breaks.

The aptitude of his dog story was comparable to the one about the man who caught a whale on a 10-pound trout line . . . as evidence he showed the line. At least it smacked of a bad odor.

The greatest fault we find with the programs is the lack of consideration for the reporter. The quality of the program works with inverse ratio on him, that is, the rottener the better for him. Of course, we are not trying to stimulate a 'rotten' program but we just naturally have a contrary nature. But whothell wants to have a program for the reporter.

—Check.

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—R—

### *We Need An Epidemic*

Some wag has remarked that an optimist is a guy who thinks his wife has quit cigarettes when he finds cigar-butts around his house. Yes, this is doubtless the height of optimism, yet today's greatest need is for optimists—a few hundred million properly distributed so as to out-vote the swarming pessimists who have gummed the gears of returning normalcy. Even a scattering of high-powered optimists of the class of the gentleman of the story would not come in amiss, for the greatest leaders have ever been zealots in their undertakings.

Optimism, like charity, should begin at home, so those of us who would speed improving conditions should, ourselves, both brighten up and "loosen up." There is no better way to spread real cheer than to buy those things we want, need and can afford.

We are inclined to speak of "business" as an abstract intangible thing; yet our own purchases are in reality "business", and each of us has a definite part in making business good or bad. You have often seen a team trying to pull out a wagon bogged in the mud. First, one horse plunges in the collar straining to do his best while his team-mate fails to pull. Then the condition is reversed and the second horse strains at the traces alone. It is not until the team gets over their nervousness and pull together that the wagon is hauled out.

Here it is that optimism plays its part. It dispels nervousness and encourages our team-mates to pull with us. Only thus can we pull out of the bog. The best way to start the needed epidemic of optimism is to have it yourself and give it to others.—The Southwestern Ambassador.

### *How to Worry Happily*

If one must worry about something, and it seems one must in order to maintain his social position in the present "new era", it is well to choose something which can be worried about both intelligently and conversationally.

It profits nothing and is most unsatisfactory to worry about something which one knows nothing about, and in addition to this, one is so likely to make a fool of himself, or rather to furnish proof of an already existing fact which otherwise might be kept in doubt a while longer.

There's the money question for instance—Gold, Silver, Pounds, Francs and such like. This seems to be the most popular worry of the moment. Most of the citizenry, however, are in total darkness on just how to worry about money and why. They want to worry about it, know that it is the latest and most approved thing to worry about, but who can get any pleasure worrying about a thing which few have and fewer still can understand?

The same is true of the national budget and national-debt-in-the-making. Ten billions and thirty-two billions. What ordinary citizen can have a good sincere thorough-going worry over amounts like these? There's such a thing as going too far in giving the constituents things to worry about. It can be overdone. We might be able to comprehend thirty-two billion bacteria but not dollars.

To worry happily and contentedly one must choose a subject with care and discrimination. The selection must be one which, as the advertisements say, will make you the "life of the party" and about which, contrary to the advertisements, even your best friends will talk with you.

Such a subject might well be exchange—the selling and buying of goods—how to do more of it. This thing of exchanging what you have and some one else wants, for what he has and you want—business, and doing plenty of it, is the really important thing irrespective of the kind of money we are given to do it with.

Exchange is the generator of all employment and economic happiness.—American Appraisal Co.

—R—

For every spool of barbed wire manufactured in Texas, \$1.25 of the sale price goes to pay Texas labor. If the one barbed wire and nail factory in Texas had one-half of the wire and nail business in Texas, it would have to quadruple its capacity, its payroll and its output.