

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

I hate to see so many of the old gang back on the Board of Directors. True, they came by their election honestly, and represent the free choice of the membership. Yet, I believe, since the club abounds in men fully qualified to hold key-positions, rotating the honors would greatly further its welfare. In the future, let the popular bunch urge the membership to draw its leaders from heretofore unused talent.

For the accommodation of those "thoughtful" Rotarians who are in the habit of filing out of the room at the commencement of the program, I would suggest that tables be reserved for them as close to the door as possible, so that they could slip out without embarrassing the President and the artists and speakers who furnish the program, by their boorish behavior. Members whose sole service to Rotary consists of lurching in the Rose Room on Wednesday, could well afford to make their permanent exit from the club without being missed or mourned.

As Chairman of the Parent-Teacher Association of our High School, I know from first hand source the vast amount of good the "Back to School" committee of our club is doing in furnishing supplies and otherwise rendering assistance to indigent children. As long as the depression lasts, and college graduates have such a slim chance of getting positions, I believe, aiding a large number of worthy children in the pursuit of their school studies at home, is better than giving scholarships to a few for the attainment of higher education.

I am afraid that I am catching the contagion of criticism that rages on the front page of this sheet. Being fully conscious of my own imperfections, I am as a rule very tolerant towards the foibles of my fellow men. Yet the bad influence of "Slants" is telling on me. Instead of trying to cover human frailties with a mantle of charity, I find a secret joy in ruthlessly exposing them to the public gaze. I will have to fortify myself against becoming a knocker by pleading unconditional allegiance to the Democratic party that has eliminated from its political dictionary that obsolete and inconsequential adverb "nay."

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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Slants at the Meeting

You clamorers for variety ought to be contented with last week's program, for we had piccolo players, rabbis and dirge singers, running the gamut of emotions, reactions and appetites.

Young Smelker acquitted himself with the finesse of an artist and if he didn't give us an assortment of toot toots on that miniature wind instrument we will deed you our over-riding royalty in a new nudist suit.

You have got to admit the boy was good whether you like it or not, and besides we are endeared to that vest pocket edition of noise producer.

Sam's admonition to the boy that if he piccolored well he might amount to something provoked a low rumbling sound, not unlike stifled guffaws, emanating from well identified members.

Those members haled from the Round Table Club, an organization composed of irreconcilables, disgruntleds and recalcitrants, but the best lot of pie-flingers and roll-tossers that ever insulted a speaker with so little malice.

That Club is divided into two sections known as Essays and Piccolo Players and the latter class bears an odium that no self-respecting Essay will tolerate. Hence when the announcement was made that piccolo player would perform naturally muffled anathema were heard due to the association.

That apocryphal statement of Sam's about the Lamb and Wolfe must have been the result of Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs" reacting on the rabbi and he added that lupine touch. The Good Word as we recall it said something about the Lion and the Lamb lying around, etc.

Brother Wolfe made a wonderful talk but would not be jarred aloose from his ideas that platitudes

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are fitting and steady diet for the layman despite the fact some article in the Rotarygram had sarcastically flaunted the practice.

Some of the untutored did not like the song entitled "There is no Death" thinking it was a bit dolorous, particularly after the rabinnical admonitions just administered. Fulton has a splendid voice and his other selection "Moonlight and Pretzels" put 'em flat on their back and under the table.

You can figure out for yourself whether this bunch is just getting d— mean or educated and critical of their amusement and offerings. We are just trying to give you the mumbings of the proletariat as they sift into our auricular windows.

Check.

—R—

On To Port Arthur

Listen You Stick-in-the-muds, an opportunity is offered you to participate in a celebration of Rotary by our neighboring city on the night of May 10th.

Let's go down break bread, sniff hospitality and guzzled fellowship. A lot of you have been looking for entertainment and now it's seeking you, so alibis concocted by you would be as flat as Voliva idea of the world.

Remember the date Thursday May 10th, 1934, and watch for further announcements next week, for this chairman is going to contact Foscoe Stewart and Dick Richardson, get the ups and downs and the ins and outs.

Chairman.

Among the unusual industrial plants of Texas is one that extracts sulphur from natural gas; another that using the same raw material manufactures fertilizer; a third slaughters decrepit horses and turns their meat into chicken-feed; a fourth manufactures charcoal sticks for artists (the only other similar plant known is in Paris, France).

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The mineral water crystal business is relatively new in Texas, but is annually producing a couple of million dollars worth of merchandise.

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In one known deposit of polyhalite in West Texas is a staggering value in commercial potash with development a matter only of time. That development will add millions of dollars to the wealth of Texas from its mineral resources.

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The manufacture of starch from sweet potato culls by a process recently evolved by Department of Agriculture scientists offers possibilities in a State like Texas which produces millions of bushels of that crop annually.

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American Lubricator Co., Dallas; Fried Novelty Co., Houston; Jolly Box & Crate Co., Pharr, are new manufacturing corporations recently chartered.

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The Abilene Chamber of Commerce staged a very effective trade festival March 15-17 with a highly creditable exhibit of manufactured products an interesting part of the show, participated in by manufacturers from Abilene and other cities. Twenty-five booths with attractive displays of Texas-made goods made up that section of the festival. Extensive publicity was given by local papers and it was such a success that Abilene manufacturers plan to stage several like it over the year.

—R—

An Englishman visiting Ottawa, became friendly with the clerk in the hotel, and the two frequently exchanged jokes and riddles. One day the clerk called the Englishman over and said: "Here's a good riddle for you: My father and mother had a child, but it wasn't my brother and it wasn't my sister. Who was it?"

"I don't know; who was it?"

"It was I."

The Englishman was very much amused and when he returned to England he tried the joke on one of his friends.

"Look here," he said, "I heard a jolly good riddle in Canada. My mother and my father had a child and it wasn't my brother and it wasn't my sister. Who was it? Give it up?"

"Yes, I give it up."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Englishman. "It was the bally old hotel clerk in Ottawa."