

ers are not concerned with the suffering millions, but with their pet theories of raising commodity prices. The man in the street whose judgment is not warped by academic theories, knows that we suffer not from overproduction, but from under consumption, and that effort ought to be concentrated not on the destruction, but on the distribution of all that we can produce.

Unemployment is still the crux of our recovery problem, and charity and public works will, certainly, not solve it. Nor will the reduction of working hours offer more than a temporary solution. The so-called technological displacement of labor by improved machinery, goes on unabated, and, therefore, the ten millions of unemployed will never be absorbed by industry. The machine will increasingly eliminate man from employment, even as the automobile and tractor have eliminated horses and mules from transportation and agriculture. The only solution of the problem lies in the revival and development of handicrafts which, in addition to their economic value, would be of tremendous cultural importance. Also a "back to the farm" movement on a vast scale will have to be undertaken, in order that the millions of industrial workers, hopelessly stranded in the cities, may find a means of subsistence.

I congratulate Randolph West on his originality in furnishing last week's program. When the three greybeards were wheeled into the room, I thought a Biblical drama was in the offing, and that the three patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, represented the principal characters. However, the three hoary heads proved to be the living charter members of the Club, and to the great relief of the membership only one of them was called upon to perform. Jim, the unruly country boy, gave a resume of the club's history in the dry, humorous vein of Will Rogers. And Check, mastering all the dignity he was capable of, gave a terse account in his inimitable slang of the outstanding achievement of each of the past Presidents. By its resemblance to a rogues' gallery, the display of the Presidential photos added a quaint touch of humor to an otherwise sentimental program. Giving this brief account of the program, I feel, I am poaching on Check's preserves. However, I know that his innate modesty would not allow him to eulogize himself for his excellent oration. Hence, this encomium by a "fellow slavey," and a rugged member of the mutual admiration society.

# ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, June 6, 1934 No. 48

### *Slants at the Meeting*

It must be patent to the keen observer that memorial day had some significance to the program last week; superannuated charter-members, haggard past-presidents and derelict District Governors.

Randolph West must have conceived this program in insomnia and executed it in spite.

Father Time's hirsute adornments graced the toothless chins like festoons of Spanish moss pendant to the liveoaks.

Jim Mapes account of the origin of Beaumont Rotary didn't BAR anything but goes to prove what can happen under a stimulant.

Sam Rosinger was familiar with the place of conception despite the fact he had never frequented it.

Jim didn't exactly say Rotary was contributory to the world war but emphasized the fact it wasn't a deterrent.

Steinie must have been the advocate of some peace movement that didn't jell any more than potlikker in the pan, with Jim.

Jim would have been in a heluva fix if some thoughtful soul hadn't brought along a Rotary history that he could read the salient facts therefrom.

Check.

Dear Editor:

Just read it is a geographical fact that one in Detroit has to go South to get to Canada, which reminds me the Club has got me 'going South' trying to get to Detroit.

Check.

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### *Cannibal Philosophy Lives*

Nations will not commit what they believe to be suicide, condemn their children to the miseries of starvation, on behalf of the higher morality. It is as though one cannibal were to say to another:

"It is plain that either I must eat you, or you must eat me. Let's come to a friendly agreement about it."

They won't come to a friendly agreement about it; they will fight. And they will fight even though as a matter of fact there is plenty of food for both, if only one cannibal would stand on the shoulders of the other in order to reach the fat cocoanuts of the branches out of reach of either acting alone.

So long as men hold to that belief—as they do—effective international cooperation will be impossible, war and chaos will continue until civilization disappears.—*Rotarian Magazine*.

—R—

### *A Coolidge Story*

We recall attending a college dinner at which Calvin Coolidge, then lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, and Dwight Morrow, rapidly advancing lawyer and financier, were neighbors at table. These men had been classmates at Amherst and were warm friends. Morrow made sundry attempts to get the conversational ball rolling, but it was not Mr. Coolidge's night to talk. After a while, Morrow gave up the attempt. He was on the program to respond to the toast "Calvin Coolidge." When he rose, Morrow said, "Gentlemen, it's a lot easier to talk about Brother Coolidge than to talk with him."  
—Frank B. McAllister in the *Rotarian Magazine*.

### *Doing a Good Work*

Here is a sample of the sort of letters received from time to time by the Student Loan Fund Committee:

Please tell the kind Rotarians that I am now Joan Purdon, B. S. Thanks to them—and the mercy of the faculty.

I'm leaving next week for Austin in search of a job for the summer. Here's hoping I get one.

Please thank the Rotary Club members for me for their kindness and generosity in allowing me to go to school for the last two years.

Yours sincerely,

Joan Purdon.

—R—

### *Man's Second Sight*

I have always thought that man has two gifts of sight if he will try to use them. The first and commoner, of course, is the sight for things visible. He sees with his eyes objects and things and acts. The other gift of sight is deeper and more spiritual. It is the sense of vision or perception which permits him to discover in even a trivial thing the glory of its creation. He discovers in the line of weary workmen, homeward bound, the dreams and aims and promptings of each toiler.—Edgar A. Guest in the *Rotarian Magazine*.

—R—

### *Timely Topics*

By Samuel Rosinger

A great master laid down this rule to landscape painters: "Do not leave out the sky from your canvases." The same rule may be recommended to the brain-trusters. In trying to bring about artificial scarcity, do not leave the sky out of consideration. If the sky refuses to yield her rain, there will be a scarcity with a vengeance. We cannot interfere with nature with impunity. As long as millions are hungry and naked, restriction of production is, to put it mildly, an absurdity. I am reminded of a doctor who was engaged in some research work in a charity hospital. One of the patients resented his rough treatment and complained of the severe pains which his handling gave him. "I am not concerned about you," retorted the apathetic doctor, "I am interested in your disease." So also the brain-trust-