

## Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

I hope that Red Herring will succeed in bringing to Beaumont the biggest buffoon that has ever performed at the Fair, Huey Long. I would also suggest that the resourceful Fair Secretary secure the attendance of Huey's befitting clown mate, Sen.-Elect Bilbo of Mississippi. This pair of circus spiellers could display their antics with greater propriety in an amusement park than in the upper chamber of our national parliament. The political career of these tricksters give us a clue to the rise through circus showmanship of the ignorant Austrian sign painter to the dictatorship of Germany. If a few more of these caperers will invade Washington, they will reduce representative government to a farce, and discredit democracy in the eyes of the world.

I do not know anything more pathetic than the futile effort of a really beautiful woman to counteract the inescapable ravages of time. I use the word counteract, deliberately. I have no sympathy for those flashy females who hide graying hair by dyeing, or cover crow's-feet by face-lifting. They suffer from self-deception and their make-up is often so overdone that they appear freakish rather than young. My heart goes out to those women who are blessed with good taste, and who endeavor to offset the fading effect of age by those deft touches in the use of cosmetics and color and style of dress that give a woman a natural youngish appearance. Withal, the lithe slender figure of youth and the spring-rose complexion of yesteryear cannot be recaptured, and the relentless mirror tells the unvarnished truth of withering beauty. Yet, genuine femininity is so rich in hidden charms that the faded maidenish beauty is soon replaced by captivating, matronly loveliness, which is, indeed, the inexhaustible fountain of woman's eternal youth.

The national chain stores, as a rule, paint the front of their establishments such a garish color that it is an eye sore. Apparently these stores believe that the public is more attracted by conspicuous ugliness than by striking beauty. In the budget of these stores the cost of building and maintaining an artistic front is insignificant, and, therefore, it would be worth making the experiment whether beauty or ugliness pays even in dollars and cents. Perhaps, these stores realize that beauty has such a compelling power that their artistic fronts soon would be imitated by others, while in ugliness, they know, they will occupy indefinitely unenviable singleness.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

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### *Slants at the Meeting*

LIGHT was the cry last week and the exploitation of which was put on by the emissarie of one of the big electric companies thereby flaunting a modicum of commercialism.

Of late we have not only had our issues clouded but our ardor dimmed and a little light diffused in the right direction is like fragrance to the rose.

Often when we see "peeping" willies we are reconciled to the fact man's greediness for sight has been anathema . . . in other words he wants to see to d— much.

The gentleman was generous in attributing faulty vision to retinal insufficiency rather than cerebral deficiency.

It's not altogether what you see in this world that makes you happy; sometimes it's what you feel that does you good.

That little gadget he designated as 'foot-candle' computer at times would be about as useful to us as a snow sled in Yuma, Arizona, on one of her tepid days.

After a gloomy day it wouldn't register any more with us than a flea would on an elephant's rump.

Too, our good friend Tom Minyard will tell you there is another light in this human make-up of ours more important than the reactions of light-waves on a retina.

Just a suggestion that you "guys" better have the shades of iniquity removed from your bifocals before you importune St. Peter for a visa.

Check.

—R—

A colored Baptist was exhorting, "now, bredden and sisters, come up to de altar and have yo' sins washed away."

All came up but one man. "Why Brudder Jones, don't yo' want yo' sins washed away?"

"I done had my sins washed away."

"Yo' has? Where yo' had yo' sins washed away?"

"Ober at de Methodist Church."

"Oh, Brudder Jones, yo' ain't been washed, yo' jes' been dry cleaned."

## Faux Pas Unpardonable

Even amid the prosaic duties of a Rotary Secretary there sometimes creep a wit of humor like the breath of Spring to assuage the rigors of a bitter Winter.

Our rotund Sec had his abdominal latitudes shaken with violent waves of laughter as he listened to a "cullud" porter, last week, transfer a telephone message from one of the delinquent members, which unwittingly fell into his ears.

A member whose attendance is just bordering on the ragged edge of nothing 'phoned to the Hotel to have the porter get another member (supposed to be present) to remove his and his friend's button and thus obviate the penalty of absence.

By the irony of fate the member telephoned was not there himself so the "cullud" man naturally sought out Irwin Feray, the Sec, for the fulfillment of the request.

By the grace of God the Secretary has more humor than lenience.

Operative No. 6

—R—



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"Jelly" Oil Ref. Products Distributing

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—R—

While we are aiming for perfection, it is well to remember that perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.

## "Practice Makes Perfection"

A man may own the finest gun that money can buy but unless his aim is perfect, which is learned by practice, he may just as well shoot with a pop-gun. A man may belong to Rotary but unless he practices and puts into effect some ideal of service, he is just a member.

A Rotary club is just like different athletic organizations. Some feature baseball, football, golf, tennis and other games and in each, practice makes perfection. Rotary is just like these different organizations, it has its different committees through which a Rotarian may serve best. If he is interested in any particular line of service, Rotary offers him help through its different committees and will go the limit to cooperate.

Rotary is an organization composed of men who belong because of the service offered through individual interest and by promoting them in all daily contacts of business, civic and social affairs. Rotary offers an opportunity to serve society through practice.—Cloquet Rotary Log.

—R—

## The New Steno

He was engaging a new stenographer and the conversation went something like this:

"Chew gum?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Talk slang?"

"No, sir."

"Roll your eyes at the salesmen?"

"No, sir."

"Know how to spell 'cat' and 'dog'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have lots of phone calls?"

"No, sir."

"Broadcast the firms private business?"

"No, sir."

He was trying to think of something else to ask when she took a hand and put in a few queries:

"Smoke cheap cigars while dictating?" she asked.

"Why-er-no," he gasped.

"Raise h— with the stenographer when things go wrong at home?"

"Cer-tainly not!"

"Bang things around on your desk when business is bad?"

"N-never!"

"Raise the roof when an employee gets caught in a traffic jam?"

"No, indeed!"

"Know enough to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?"

"I-I think so."

"All right, you're a darling. When do you want me to go to work?"—The Ink Spot.