

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

I notice in the press that a Chicago eccentric left his fortune to a number of cat haters. It is too bad that he was ignorant of my ferocious feeling for the feline tribe. Had he had an opportunity to observe my apoplectic rage when I have to jump out of my warm bed and scatter, with the aid of old shoes and other handy missiles, the pussy midnight serenaders from under my sleeping porch, he would have willed the bulk of his estate to me. Jokes aside, the town is full of stray felines, who not only disturb one's peaceful slumbers, but also prey on bird life, and, in addition, are dangerous disease carriers. The dog catcher has practically rid the city of homeless curs, and, therefore, I would suggest that he devote his ample leisure to the seizure of, at least, those tomcats that hold the position of caterwauling crooners with the Tabby Broadcasting Company.

In Beaumont, our Journal reports, over seventeen hundred persons severed the sacred marriage tie in 1934, and there are several thousand more whose divorce cases are pending in the courts. This wholesale grinding of the divorce mill is a serious menace to the institutions of home and family, which constitute the bulwark of democracy and the foundation of civilization. The establishment of domestic relations courts, manned by experts to whom every divorce case would have to be referred with the intent of bringing about reconciliation and reunion between estranged couples, would heal many a domestic breach, and avert many a tragedy precipitated by hot temper and hasty action. Also the farcical divorce laws of Arkansas, Nevada and Mexico ought not to be accorded validity in any self-respecting state. Not until we possess the discipline to marry for better or worse, and enter with our mates into a union of permanency, have we risen above the beast and deserve to be called civilized.

I shall take advantage of my fellow editor's absence and pay him my sincere compliments on the highly satisfactory manner in which he has discharged his office of Postmastership during the interregnum of two years. As far as the public is concerned, the mail service, bearing in mind the economies imposed by Washington, was as efficient as could be expected, and as to Check's relationship to the staff of employees, I am sure, there will be a catch in many a throat when the bidding of good-byes will come around. For old Check winds himself around one's heart tighter than a tourniquet, and you cannot help but love him for his genuine humanity, prophetic passion for truth and frankness and savage hate for cant and hypocrisy. I hope that Washington will take due notice of him and give him a more responsible position than a stamp-licker. Writing Slants on the sessions of Congress would be his true metier. His take-off of the cheap politicians, would be anything but flattering.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



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Just Another Slant

Last meeting was minus the weekly tap dancing as well as void of music. The chairman of the program committee and his vice, Gaseous Merritt, adorned the head table and after they had consumed their hunks of pork they were as unnecessary as a zipper on a bank vault.

Park commissioner Frank Bertschler, always popular, claimed by two of our members as their guest, made a short but very interesting talk in an effort to have our club take immediate action endorsing a movement to have a bill passed by the present legislature to take over Tyrrell park as a State park for Southeast Texas, and felt sure that with the assistance of the Federal government an additional \$150,000.00 would be spent in beautifying this worthy project. Stone Face Jim took the floor and offered a motion that we endorse the remarks of Bertschler and take immediate action. Our constitutional president insisted the question should be submitted to the Board of Directors; this was followed by Stuart Smith who immediately filed his interplea so that Jim's motion would not be given the bum's rush. Then Steve King was about to pour his legal ile on the troubled aqua when our Prexy interrupted that the matter was "controversial," and the motion, Stone Face, Stuart and Stevie were lost in the shuffle, or maybe scuffle and the matter goes to the Brain Trust, for constitutional action.

Time marches on, so Pres Doty was unable to unlimber his usual rhetorical introduction of our guest speaker, Hon. Roy Miller, but Roy needs no introduction. He has addressed many Beaumont

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audiences, and with his wonderful personality, his masterful diction and marvelous vocabulary he again held his listeners as per usual. His talk was entertaining, interesting and educational. It was truly a great Rotary speech.

This concludes the observations of the proxy for Check. . . . Who is—



—R—

A Tribute to Howe

To the many tributes to E. W. Howe that have appeared since he announced his retirement from active journalism at the age of eighty, William Feather, writing in Imperial Type Metal Magazine adds this:

"Howe never wrote an obscure line in his life. He was an enemy of what is known as lofty writing. He refused to soar. While others expanded their paragraphs until they were as fluffy as the beaten white of an egg, Howe served his thoughts in the fewest possible words. His essays were like hard-boiled eggs—compact and nutritious.

"To me the wonder of the man was that he could do so much and do it so well.

"Although he has discontinued the publication of E. W. Howe's Monthly, he will not quit writing. He may think he will, but he won't. The thoughts that are generated in the fertile mind of Ed Howe will kill him unless he puts them down on paper and sends them off to the printer. He may think he can contain his ideas within himself in the years that lie ahead. but he is mistaken."

For Bigger and Better Rows

I think a civic club, like an individual, sometimes benefits immeasurably from a good old-time "reaming out." At the last meeting when a threatened storm was in the offing I heard a member remark that such outbursts were a bad influence on club morale. I believe they are much to be desired and highly stimulating. Everybody appreciates a spirited debate. I've never seen anybody, for instance, walk past a dog fight. Have you?

Every now and then some professional moralist annoys me exceedingly by urging the importance of kind words and helpful encouragement, which are supposed to make the world a happier and better place for mortal habitation. It is the opinion of these pernicious persons that the critic is at heart a criminal and the man who speaks his mind a deliberate disturber of the peace, while the one who says something disagreeable to somebody else has somehow failed in the elements of human charity. The most irritating phase of this attitude is that it is easy to be harsh and hard-hearted, but profoundly difficult—and therefore highly creditable—to be sweet and gentle at all times and under all circumstances. As a matter of truth it is entirely too easy to be agreeable to people, particularly in their personal presence. It is simple to conform; it is hard work to criticize. It is often duck soup to say "yes," but it sometimes takes plenty of guts' to say "no." And is always much easier to dodge an issue than face an honest quarrel.

What I should like to see in our club are more and better disagreements. I should like to see some of the now forbidden subjects brought out on the floor for healthy and vigorous discussion. It would be quite all right with me and others of the proletariat if the club rules were amended to the extent that political matters could be debated from the floor. And I should like to see the membership, itself, decide the matter rather than have it "referred to the board of directors" for a safe and sane decision.

Doubtless I have often offended by employing careless words and an unfriendly phrase, usually in moods that could be recognized and forgiven, but I have done more serious damage by keeping mum sometimes when circumstances cried aloud for a thunderstorm of plain speaking.

Bill B. Beaumont.