

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

The behavior of our club during the half hour devoted to the weekly program, is anything but above reproach. When the President's gavel strikes the Rotary bell, order and silence ought to ensue instantaneously. As a rule, however, the hubbub is kept up long after the introduction of the visitors has started, consequently, this important feature of the program is drowned in a babel of incoherent voices. This inattention is embarrassing to the President, and is bound to make a painful impression upon the visitors, whose formal introduction, if done at all, ought to receive as a matter of courtesy, the undivided attention of the club. However, in bad taste as babbling is during the introduction of visitors, if kept up also during the program proper, it becomes boorishly offensive, and the members guilty of such gross discourtesy ought, by right, to join a cacklers' club of market women rather than a cultural organization such as Rotary is meant to be. Last week, a richly dowered girl student of our high school, accompanied by the master pianist of our club, rendered two violin selections with such verve and finish that the music lovers of our club rewarded her artistic effort with deafening applause. Yet, during the performance of these highly gifted artists the distracting buzz of idle talk floated to the players from many a table, creating in them a deep resentment at this lack of appreciation of their performance. Rotary has a code of ethics. It needs, even more, a code of etiquette, because, unfortunately, many a member lacks the decency to maintain silence during the program as a matter of self respect as well as courtesy and civility towards those who furnish the program gratis and give of their time and talents generously to the public.

Our city is blessed with a number of public-spirited citizens who give of their means and of themselves unstintedly to the welfare of their fellow men. Among those generous-hearted men George Carroll, undoubtedly, ranks first and foremost. I need not mention his philanthropies and benefactions,—they represent a fortune. Nor do I have to dwell upon his life of piety and humility,—it is known in the gates. This week George Carroll is reaching the ripe old age of eighty. May the Lord preserve him as an example and inspiration of true manhood, till the goal of a century.

I am happy to tender my heartfelt congratulations to our genial Dr. D. S. Wier on his election to life membership in the Jefferson Medical Association. During his long medical career Dr. Wier has acquired and maintained a most enviable reputation as a skillful, reliable and sympathetic surgeon, enjoying the friendship and goodwill of his fellow professionals, the confidence of his patients and the respect of the public. May Providence enable him to enjoy the distinction conferred upon him, for many years to come.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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Slants at the Meeting

The Aims and Objects committee kinder slipped us one last week in their little dramatic skit entitled "Tuning in on Rotary."

It might be what you would facetiously dub 'an inoculation of Rotary virus intravenously with a histrionic needle', rather than by the platitudinous process of assailing the otic nerves.

Even with the most painless method we imagine Rotary ethics sifts as gently and imperceptibly into the minds of our Rotarians as light filters through some opaque crystal.

The characters were good and the plot instructive but the latter lacked suspense and some subtleness. We feel this was an improvised arrangement and the author did not do himself justice.

Stentorian Mike conveyed the impression when the semi-Hitler gesticulation was completed the curtain was drawn and the act terminated.

The young violinist, Miss Bailey, rendered two beautiful numbers and if applause compensates for artistic effort her reward was ample.

What fascinated us was watching the ambidextrous movements of Professor Yosef Evanns as he manipulated the bridgework of that antiquated piano which reacted like a virulent case of tic-douloureux.

Some seem to attribute a tinge of significance to the announcement of Geo. Murphy's age limitation of 81 to Edgar Arthur's solicitation to the soft-ball club.

Anyway, we got out early. Thanks.

—Check.

Election

Next week a roster will be furnished you from which you are to select 20 names and the 20 will be the nominees for directors for the year 1935-36.

The following week the 20 receiving the greatest number of votes will be given you and from that number you will select 10 and these 10 will be your directors.

Then after a respectable interim (between the 24th April and 1st May) the Directors will assemble and choose a President, Vice-Pres., Secy. & Treasurer. The President and Vice-President must be elected from the Board of Directors, The Secretary and the Treasurer may be selected from the club membership.

NOW, if you don't like the way this club is run, or think you can better it, get out your prize hobby or your pet candidate for your enfranchisement permits you to strut your stuff on this occasion.

The result of your effort will determine whether you will have a president easy to look at and hard to listen to, or hard to look at and easy to listen to; or you will have two positives and no negatives or vice versa.

In other words this information is given you that it may be a mental stimulus, and start some of those latent cells to functioning.—Ed.

—R—

Some of Our Antipathies

(Or things that gripe us to a cerise hue)

Listening to Huey Long interrupt himself, announcing this is: "Huey P. Long, U. S. Senator, speaking . . ."

See the newspapers cluttered up with a lot of tripe about the Sims-Culbertson "Bridge" rules . . . a racket to intrigue the neurotic.

Hear some moronic mollycoddle declare he is opposed to capital punishment and then know about Dillinger, Barrow, Hamilton and that ilk.

Reading the pronouncements of a lot of irresponsible and welshing European nations about the inviolability of the Versailles treaty, because Germany wants to re-arm. Just another kick in the pants for Uncle Sam.

Trying to sympathize with a flat-headed fanatic who thinks prohibition is a blessing after seventeen years of failure.

(We have others but the printer is short on ink.)

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PRESTON B. DOTY.....	Treasurer
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Yes, that's him . . . J. Fuzzy, the king of hi-ways, by-ways and outer-ways. It's always been a mystery what the "J" stood for but his road activities have revealed the fact "JOURNEY" is the name, a suitable appellation for one with such peripatetic proclivities.

Fuzzy has had so many titles conferred on him lately that he's always in a quandary whether he's on road duty or real duty and detours and short-cuts present themselves to him with systematic regularity, but he's specializing on outer-ways.

He has been designated president of everything from a pig-trail to an arterial highway and when we reached number 125 we stop counting for our eyes were so full of road dust things just looked like a blurred streak.

And here's to you, old boy, as you pass down the many highways may those Barrymorean features never crash with Ford axles, Plymouth fenders or Dodge bodies but rest complacently in the no-wind ventilation of the Chevrolet.