

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

Some time ago the school authorities asked the public to assist them in framing the curriculum. Here are my suggestions.

(1) Our present system covers too much ground and the pupil has to jam it into his mind by cramming. Thus it remains unassimilated knowledge, which is not retained in the memory long enough to ripen into wisdom. Let there be less cramming and more independent thinking.

(2) Let the so-called tricky problems and highly specialized analysis be eliminated from text books. They plague the pupils, or rather their parents, too much and contribute a great deal to their antipathy to the schools.

(3) Let no teacher monopolize the pupil's time to capacity. Let each realize that the pupil has to satisfy five or six masters, and let there be amongst them an equitable distribution of the load to be placed upon the students.

(4) Clutter up the pupil's mind with as few technical terms and dates as possible. They add mighty little to the sum total of his knowledge.

Unless the large industries organize a planning board which will study the buying capacity of the public and will suit production to consumption, we are bound to have a periodical over-expansion to be followed by the inevitable slump and depression. Pro-ration, voluntary, if possible, and forced, if of industry before order will emerge out of chaos need be, will have to be introduced in every branch and employment will not be seasonal, but steady.

The students' anti-war demonstration held last week, will by no means offset the machinations of the ammunition manufacturers, who spend millions for lobbying and bribing in order to stir up a war scare and incite nation against nation to bloody warfare. Yet, feeble as the effort may be, it is a hopeful sign of sanity in youth that is usually guided by emotional impulses rather than cool judgment. If the schools and churches will set their faces resolutely against war, and inculcate in the growing generation the truth that to live for one's country is a higher patriotic service than to be killed or crippled in a futile war, and that it is a mockery to offer praise to the Creator or sing paeans to the Prince of Peace while one's fingers the age old curse of war, and no set of dictators drip with blood,—mankind will be redeemed from or diplomats will again turn our fair earth into shambles.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

During our novitiate as a critic we were a bit timorous about reporting a meeting that we had not seen, but in this day of high winds, sand storms and utopian blasts we figure Modesty is just a deterrent and a handicap to our true prerogative as an ink-slinger and Absence shall not blunt our pen.

Dr. Selecman, the eminent divine from Dallas, gave the boys last Wednesday something to smoke in their old pipe of ideas. His discourse was on "Personality," one of the greatest things in life.

You can be as poor as Job's turkey and ugly as a mud fence but if you have that undefinable something, characterized as "personality" you can sit in the lap of ease and tickle the chin whiskers of the rich, laugh at the beautiful and kick the pants off the vulgar.

His admonition was "aim high", even tho you shoot your big toe off . . . and that would be about the elevation of some of your guns.

Too, the great gentleman had the distinct pleasure of meeting some of his feller churchmen. A few of those chicken-eating Methodists being so derelict in their church attendance the Dr. did not recognize them.

We had a premonition that a wonderful program was in the offing for the law-of-averages is bound to assert itself sometime. The fetid exhalation of some of the recent programs has been rankling in our nostrils with unholy tenacity.

Come down again Dr. You had one of the best programs we never heard.

Check.

Debunking War

Below we are quoting from "TIME", April 15th, 1935.

To a Mahattan Rotary club, War Ace **Edward Vernon Rickenbacker** was introduced as a winner of the Distinguished Service Cross with nine palms, the Croix de Guerre with four palms, the Congressional Medal of Honor, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Snorted Ace Rickenbacker: "It is true that I could come here with a chest full of medals, But I do not wear the ribbons . . . I have no respect for decorations of that kind. I respect only the awards for peacetime service . . ."

If you don't know, Eddie Rickenbacker was America's ace of aces in the World War.

Too, we remind you that a few years ago this Club sponsored a lecture entitled "The Inexcusable Lie" by Private Pete.

Private Pete was a young lad who had suffered in the war, and who sensing finer things in life undertook to debunk the glorification of war and the hero-izing of a lot of pot-bellied old generals who stood 10 miles behind the lines or 300 feet under ground during the thick of battle.

He also sought to teach the youth of the land that there are more heroes in peace time than in wartime; that a Steinmetz or an Edison is worth a thousand times more than all the Xerxes, Alexanders, Caesars and Napoleons that have whirled through the pages of history like flaming torches to be worshipped for military brilliance.

—R—

Lufkin Conference

Thursday evening the good ship **ALBERTHA** slipped her nose down the sand-swept surfaces of the Neches, bearing the distinguished coterie of program members for the Lufkin Conference.

After a few leads and feints at hospitality some individual put water in the glasses and steam began to manifest itself in loud talk, guffaws and suggestions.

Finally Levity ceased and Labor began, and if things look as well at a luncheon table in mid-day as they do on paper at midnight then Beaumont is going to dilate the optic nerves of the conferees at Lufkin, May 6th.

Everything seems to have been set tighter than concrete in a brick-wall . . . except the personnel . . . and the political aspects of the conference appear to be as roseate as the end of your old red barn.

Boatswain.

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—R—

Sand, Sand, Sand

Conjecture was rife and common sense scarce. Still we had sand, whether it was a prophecy or a retribution.

All the wise nuts of the country dragged into the limelights their pet theories, wild ideas and foolish fancies.

The superstitious believed it to be a visitation from Hades; the fanatical a prophecy; and the ignorant retribution from the Lord.

It fell on the just as well as the unjust, and our tonsils were as sand-coated as your eyes were lacerated. That patch of Kansas wheat was no more painful to your abdomen than the plat of Iowan cornfield was to our lungs.

Whether you believe it was volcanic silt from the land of Nippon or powdered dust from arid regions of Oklahoma doesn't make much difference to us . . . our visibility was still bad.

And whether it was caused by denuding the land of its plant life or by the removal of grand mothers long underwear too soon still leaves too much grit in our craw.

But if the thing persists we are going to order sand-paper to massage our body and emery wheels to shave with for we are getting tougher than granite in a quarry.

When we drink water now we are a sea of plastic mud and there is no demand for adobe houses so we lose our standing as a building material.

At this writing sand is sifting in thicker than poor relatives on a rich uncle and with about the same chance for a hearty recpetion.—Ed.