

are fifty years behind in quality. The lodges, as the log cabins are euphoniously called have no sanitary connections or conveniences whatsoever and though the Park has an area of over three hundred square miles, the crude structures are huddled together like negro rent shacks on a spot where one has to wade in dirt and motorists have difficulty in getting their cars in and out. Nowhere have I swallowed more dust than in this Park where all the roads seem to be torn up. I am not finicky, yet I forwent the pleasure of seeing many a sight which I could not reach save through miles of blinding and stifling dust clouds. The more I see of the bungling and inefficient way in which Uncle Sam manages his business affairs, the more I pray, "let Russia have all the government ownership she may stomach, may the Lord spare America from it."

Detours are the tourist's bane. You smoothly spin on the silken pavement of the highway at the moderate speed of a mile a minute, when a barrier with the detestable detour sign sprawled across it, brings you to a reluctant stop and you are compelled to jog along on a tortuous, bumpety dirt road until your dust-filled eyes espy with mounting joy the concrete ribbon road of civilization and when the wheels of your car hit it again, you step on the gas not only with a sigh of relief, but also with a conscious feeling of gratitude for this boon of convenience, effected by co-operative social effort. While cautiously winding my way on these temporary roads the thought came to me that Life's highway has also many unpleasant detours in the form of sicknesses and sorrows, reverses and disappointments and trials and tribulations which take us off from the smooth and easy going course we have been pursuing and compel us to move at a painfully slow pace on the rough and rugged road of adversity. Yet, even as the purpose of detours from the highway is the making of necessary repairs in the road bed, so also, faith tells us, the misfortunes we experience have as their purpose the mending of our morals and the improvement of our character. For the past five years our whole country has been on a very rough detour. Let us hope by the time she returns to the smooth highway of prosperity the social system will be so repaired that she will be able to progress steadily towards the goal of her divine destiny.

For the benefit of those auto drivers whose palms perspire in hot weather from holding the wheel, grip the wheel with thumb and forefinger and hold your open palm to the breeze. The wind will soon dry it and you will not have to go to the trouble of wiping it.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

Vol. XI Beaumont, Texas, July 17, 1935 No. 2

Slants at the Meeting

You fellers that have been complaining about the philosophical, didactic and scientific discourses that have occasionally greeted you with a soporific effect in this club can find no fault with last week's program. It was the quintessence of lightness.

All you had to do last week was sit quiet, breathe easy and digest your food. There was no mental gormandizing that would hazard dyspepsia of the brain cells.

Maybe the unprecedented termal condition of Wednesday had something to do with the consistency of that aforesaid program; for boy it was thinner than a gnat's sneeze.

Anyway it got us out on time and old Ray Gill is always the gracious one to pull a floundering committee out of the mud. Don't misinterpret us . . . we really liked the program. We were in just that tepid humor and humid condition to assimilate such frothy fruition.

Right at this immediate point we wish to thank "PINCHITTER" for his splendid review of the preceding program, together with those timely and pertinent remarks that characterize this old wielder of the pen. He must have been incited to fear of loss of the Constitution of these U. S.

Check.

—R—

The Rotarygram

Last year I asked a number of members to contribute an article on vocational activity, to this publication. Perhaps 20 complied and they proved to be most interesting and instructive.

This is your publication and by the grace of God and the exercise of common sense you ought to support it. I am not trying to usurp any privileges or dominate any person but making a small contribution to the club for being a member.

I am asking EACH of you to write an article

... 100 to 250 words ... on your business or some allied subject or industry, anecdote or analysis pertinent thereto, funny or informative, lucrative or ludicrous.

Whatinhel you think I am paid this big stipend for, if not to prod you into action? If your modesty rebels at sight of your name in print, send it in anyway I will publish it and WITHHOLD your moniker. PLEASE men help out on this function of ROTARY.

Chester Easley.

Mail to: ROTARYGRAMS,

P. O. Box 1934,

Beaumont, Texas.

—R—

Normandie

That's the magic word that has the American tourist dizzier than an alley cat with the fits.

She's the latest thing in French scows. She has the widest bottom, the deepest hole and the longest funnels, and that is what intrigues the American—the biggest of everything.

She recently came over on her maiden trip and we are "hocking" the family jewels and hypothe-cating our bequeathed wealth to squat upon her wind-swept decks.

Some of our forefathers came over in hot steer-age but their progeny is going back in iced storage, and the latter trip isn't half as justifiable as the former.

We have just been waiting for some of our elec-torate to secure stable quarters off the gran salon to carry over a few bang-tails or a suitable com-partment on deck "P" to transport a prize bull from Iowa.

We used to get Europe's immigrants and now they get our emigrants, and this seems to be the only time we have ever out-traded them. Some of 'em going over don't know that "faux pas" isn't a feudal castle and that "pate de foies gras" isn't an avenue.

We are just as gullible as we are "green" and that's saying a lot for some of us are so dumb we would make the pigment in grassy look pink. There are lots of our beloved citizens who would be more comfortable in a tugboat on a bayou than on the Normandie in the North Atlantic.

But we have to fatten the coffers of the Gallic so they can give us a few more ha - has. That little item of four billion they "mooched" us out of by crying "wolf, wolf" when Fritz was about to stick a bayonet up their constitution, has about become threadbare as a laugh provocative.—Ed.

ROTARY SOFTBALL RESULTS

Friday: Police 19 — Rotary 8.

Monday: Rotary 11 — Reed 10.

This game was featured by the heavy hitting of Steinhagen.

Individual Responsibility

The strength of Rotarians' influence grows out of the voluntary character of their organization. Around the world, men have of their own free will associated themselves to apply the Rotary idea in relations with other citizens, in their crafts or professions. They have given freely of themselves to give Rotary the strength that comes from unity. If you or I tried to hire, for money, the time and effort of the men who will serve this year as district governors, alone, the figure would run into a tremendous sum. Yet they are contributing their time and effort—because they believe in Rotary's vitality and usefulness to man.

Rotary as an organization is really nothing but the sum total of individual Rotarians and the services they render.

The answer to "What will Rotary achieve this year?" will be given largely by the officers and members who make up the some 3850 Rotary clubs of the world.

The responsibility rests not alone with the President and the directors of Rotary International, not alone with the district governors, not alone with the Secretariat.

The responsibility for carrying Rotary forward, as I endeavored to say during the closing moments of the Mexico City Convention, rests upon us all, each in his sphere of activity. And if a keynote for the current Rotary year is to be sounded, let it be: Individual Responsibility.

Ed R. Johnson,
President, R. I.

—R—

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

These lines are penned in Yellowstone Park where one would have to be blessed with a multiple set of eyes in order to take in all the wonders of nature. In such a sublime environment, one ought to be altogether absorbed in the beauty of the superb scenery and be oblivious of creature comforts. Now, if this Park would still be in its virgin wildness, one would bring along a camping outfit and be prepared to rough it while exploring its scenic grandeur. However, all travel guide books speak in superlatives of the bountiful provision which Host Uncle Sam has made for the comfort of his tourist guests. Now, I have been to inquire into the accommodations of the upper crust and the lower stratum, but I know the provisions made for fair to middling tourists, though up-to-date in price