

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

Irrespective of the merit or demerit of the New Deal, it is gratifying to know that the clergymen of Texas voted strongly against it, in spite of the overwhelming endorsement it was accorded by the laity. This stand of the clergy shows it places principles above party lines and maintains an independence of thought and action even in the face of popular sentiment and powerful propaganda. And as in this country, so also in Germany, the clergy is the only body that is imbued with heroic courage, aye, with the spirit of martyrdom, to resolutely resist the efforts of the dictator to rob it of its independence. All other organizations were cowed by the fear of violence and meekly cast themselves into the maw of the totalitarian state, but the clergy, mustering a manhood which brooks no intimidation, boldly defies the dictator and stakes its life on the independence of the divine institution of which it is the custodian. Now, if the clergy would universally set its face against the menace to civilization that is more destructive than a score of dictators, namely, war, it would become the savior of humanity, and the church, far from being a dying institution, would regain its pristine power and again rise to the pinnacle of its ancient glory.

I have a small acreage in that vast territory covering probably a distance between New Orleans and Houston, that is supposed to contain a subterranean oil lake of unlimited dimensions. I have not yet totalled up the staggering sum which the family intends to spend on necessities and luxuries, should the lucky strike eventuate. And the reason why I have not as yet figured up the grand total is, because the column is still growing with a few expensive items every day. I fear that, unless my small acreage yields the biggest gusher in the whole field, my family is headed for disappointment, as it will be compelled to strike quite a few important and indispensable items from its contemplated expenditures. I also fear that the liquid gold flowing from my land, would by no means bring an undivided blessing into my peaceful life, as a heavy pack of care and worry and trouble would, probably be the richest harvest I would reap from it.

I feel I am voicing the warm sentiments of every member of our club by conveying heartfelt felicitations to Ernest Swope on his promotion to the managership of the Magnolia Petroleum Company. May Providence enable him to discharge his heavy responsibilities to his credit and to the benefit of that large body of men who depend on this industry for their livelihood.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

Vol. XI Beaumont, Texas, Feb. 26, 1936 No. 31

Slants at the Meeting

An ordinary person with three grains of grey matter in the old cerebral dome would hesitate to give expression to his reaction on the Rotary Party at High School Auditorium last Friday night . . . inadequacy and failure would doom him.

But, this editorial entourage possessing more temerity than discretion will dish out a few observations that will give the unfortunate absentees a squint at the high-lights of the program.

If we had to dig into the compilation of old Noah Webster and unearth an epithet descriptive of the show en toto we would concentrate on **ELABORATE** as fitting.

Under the guiding hands of the Rotaryanns a unique and novel entertainment was provided that will establish precedence for the future aspirants to shoot at.

The grand old Rotaryann, Ellen Lovell, as the master of ceremonies acquitted herself with charming finesse and delightful technique, and held her audience in subtle suspense.

Mrs. Goldberg did the announcing with all the grace and ease of a professional and her clarity of speech and poise gave added interest to the "Circle of Life" . . . a series of beautiful tableaux, extending from innocent childhood to revered motherhood.

The Milam orchestra, always a favorite, discoursed sweet music and crystallized the opinion more firmly that it's leader was the outstanding citizen in last year's Rotary award.

Miss Hazel Harned of the Lamar College music department had an array of singers that delighted the audience, and convinced this old stupid that chest expansion is not essential to vocal attainment. We saw very few Schumann-Heinks and Tetrazinis but Lily Pons and Grace Moores predominating her class.

The Sproule and Widman schools of dancing furnished the terpsichorean novelties . . . com-

OFFICERS

WILL F. GRAHAM.....President
J. F. ROANE.....Vice-President
PRESTON B. DOTY.....Treasurer
IRWIN J. FERAY.....Secretary

DIRECTORS

I. J. FERAY—T. H. Mastin & Co.
CHAS. TERRELL—Gulf States Utilities Co.
KEITH HOTCHKISS—Pipkin & Brulin Co.
KELSEY LAMB—Lamb Printing & Stationery Co.
C. S. DICKENS—Magnolia Petroleum Co.
TOM WALKER—Gulf States Utilities Co.
W. F. GRAHAM—White House Dry Goods Co.
J. F. ROANE—Beaumont Motor Company
LEO NEY—Rupert Cox Auto Supply Co.
C. A. EASLEY—Beaumont Building Material Co.

posed of everything from dimpled dew-drops to delightful rose-buds, and could they dance.

Just one discordant note in the whole program . . . the French had too darn big a flag . . . the dance symbolizing the flag of LaSalle was too 'protracted', if you will pardon us.

Jane Lugenbuhl gave the Rotary Dance that never fails to win the acclaim of the audience. There is a glamour about this dance that sweeps the witnesses into a sort of paroxysm of elation, emerging with the conviction that the artistry of the dancer has contributed to the spirit of Rotary.

Here, here, Mr. Printer there is a lot more we would like to tell you but space forbids we know, so we drink a toast to the committee that conceived the idea of Rotaryans putting on the show and may our next birthday be so signally honored.

Check.

—R—

A Rotary Picture

A portrayal of Rotary principles is being presented this week at the Liberty Theatre under the caption of Magnificent Obsession . . . doing good to others without ostentation.

To our way of thinking this is one of the greatest pictures ever produced to stimulate a humanitarian spirit in this nasty old world.

It is the most wonderful sermon we ever listened to and has more of Christ's teachings than all the pratings of blatant evangelists seeking headlines in the press in a million years.

Go and see it, every Rotarian, and if it doesn't imbue you with a finer spirit and a better resolve then go and jump into the Neches River right where the sewer empties, for you are unfit to react to noble impulses.—Ed.

Around the Corner

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end:
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year has gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then,
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired of playing a foolish game,
Tired of trying to make a name.
Tomorrow, say, I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him.
But tomorrow comes—and tomorrow goes,
And the distance between us grows and grows . . .
Around the corner yet miles away. . .
Here's a telegram, sir" . . . Jim died today!" . . .
And that's what we get
And deserve in the end—
Around the corner,
A vanished friend.

(Charles Hanson Towne)

—R—

Ho-Hum

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
A line of cars winds slowly o'er the lea;
The pedestrian plods his absent-minded way,
And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.
Rotagraph, Ft. Worth.

—R—

I Beg To Differ

Jay E. House, the Philadelphia columnist, places foremost among the world's inanities the phrase, "My wife deserves the credit for everything I have achieved."

Mr. House is off any public man who says that.

Perhaps Mr. House is unfair. If the domestic lives of the men who give their wives all the credit were carefully studied a situation might be revealed that would condone the remark.

As every husband knows, no wife ever thinks that she receives proper credit, and she may be right. Anyway, after being accused weekly for twenty years of failing to appreciate her remarkable qualities, the distracted husband determines that if the time ever comes when he is in a position to make a public statement, he will once and for all eliminate this source of irritation.

And so, when he is elected president of the Rotary Club or mayor of his city, and the reporters ask him to say something, he blurts out, "My wife deserves the credit."

This doesn't hurt anybody, it makes the wife feel good, and it is probably true.

Mr. House, therefore, is just an old meanie.