

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

Although I am not far removed from the age at which the late Dr. Osler advised chloroform, I am happy to feel youthful enough to thrill at the sight of a soaring kite and experience all the joy and anxiety of the eager-eyed and supple-limbed kid who tugs at its taut string. My heart goes pit-a-pat like his, when a gust of wind tosses the kite perilously near the treacherous telephone wires or tall tree branches, and I leap with joy when the tragedy is averted and the frisky kite ascends higher and higher in a determined effort to overtake and kiss a fleecy cloud. But for fear lest my family and friends worry about my mental state, I would actually indulge in kite flying, and not be satisfied with the vicarious delight derived from watching boys in this sport. Convention forbidding me to cast the clerical dignity to the winds, I pray for the arrival of grandchildren when, under the pretext of teaching the youngsters the ancient arts, I shall be in a position to take up, once more, the most delectable pastime of my childhood.

Before the crime of criticizing W. P. A. will be punished with the severity of feony or treason, let me state unhesitatingly that I consider it one of the most prodigal methods of wasting public money. There is nothing constructive about it, and it has not contributed toward solving the unemployment problem. Rural settlement on a huge scale offers the only sane and sensible solution for disposing of that vast surplus labor which commerce and industry will never be able to absorb.

The World War, fought for the lofty purpose of making the world safe for democracy and for ending all wars, has been, apparently, as futile as letting down a bucket into an empty well and drawing it up again. Hence, Armistice Day celebrates neither a victory nor any worthwhile achievement, but a temporary lull in the efforts of Western nations to exterminate themselves by means of the latest scientific inventions. The effort of the Legion to have this meaningless day declared a legal holiday, is directed upon a worthless object. Let the Legion change the name of the day to Peace Day and let its endeavor be directed upon securing for the world what the great war failed to bring, namely peace, then November eleventh will be more than a legal holiday. It will be recorded not only on the statute books, but also engraved upon the hearts of the American people, and be celebrated in the spirit of that gratitude which makes the observance of Thanksgiving Day.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

When we first started to throw this "stuff" on the front page of the Rag of Reason we would like to make it a point to quiz some of the members for viewpoints but we soon learned they didn't know any more about it than we did.

After a chemical research, analytical survey and squares of the hypotenuse we arrived at a method of formulating an opinion about addresses and which works about as well as water in a carburetor or a hobo in a garden.

We go to the meetings with open ears, closed mouth and clinched fists and if the speaker has delivered his peroration about the time we think he is just striking his stride we know darn well he has held our attention and when the modern wind-perforator gets our attention we simply give him grade "A".

Peter, another one of the G. S. U. boys, slipped in a General Electric expert last week who knew more about salesmanship and systemic maladies than Lydia Pinkham did about vegetable compounds.

He shouted a timely warning to indifferent lads about their ignorance of commodities, as well as breaches of etiquette, and their lack of psychological analysis of a situation.

Too, he chided them on their posture . . . doubled over like a hound-dog in distress. The benefit of a good bearing cannot be stressed too greatly and it is such an obvious advantage you would think one of those limp-looking shoe strings would stiffen up.

The gentleman used an expression that hor. Not that we are so puritanical but fr

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—R—

childhood this word has been associated with the obscene . . . "Guts", if you must know. We think the English language is flexible enough without injecting the vulgar into it under the guise of 'modern emphasis'.

We like to observe the Vice-President hastens them along and no lost motion is encountered . . . a thing that sets as pretty as a young swain in a foolish woman's lap.

Hubert junior did a good job of introducing and we are longing for the day when he will show the technique his sire was endowed with.

Check.

—R—

Looking down the alley of Time when some of the younger members were still enjoying their short pants to the present time when some of the older members are still decrying their short pants, the item appearing in Sunday Enterprise might awaken some curiosity.

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LOOKING BACK

The Enterprise, March 15, 1916

Plans for the Rotary party next Friday night have about completed and the indications are that this is going to be one of the biggest Rotary celebrations of the year. Already more than 100 tickets have been sold.

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Unless we get 400 now we consider the affair a "dud".

Remember Atlantic City, the convention city, is calling you June 22nd-26th. This bids fair to be one of the most important meetings ever held by Rotary due to the unusual and peculiar economic and political situation the world finds itself in.

We hope the Board of Directors sees fit to send several members as delegates with the editor of this "sheet", to enlighten them on international phases of Rotary.

Marshall, a town in the clay hills of East Texas, noted for its peaches, is entertaining the District 48, May 4th - 5th, in Conference and invites every mother's son of you to be there.

If a lot of you nickle nursers would throw aside the care of business, put a few extra gallons in old Lizzie's receptacle and head for that mecca, we know a great benefit would befall you.

Some of you old members have been sitting around stymied like a wooden-legged frog in a jumping contest. Don't you prize your membership in this organization enough to find out what's going on?

Beaumont can get the Conference in '37 if she wants it and a few will exert themselves a little. South Texas is entitled to it and boy the North end likes this brand of 'hospitality'.

Beaumont Rotary has one member that has just done the most gracious act in recognition of a great service, our "hobby", if you want to call it that. Harry Longe, always sensing the proper thing, tendered a banquet to a young operator in the West Beaumont field, together with his entire crews, and the spirit of conviviality and friendship was abundant. A few more gestures on the part of our citizenship to newcomers would go a long way toward keeping them here after the harvest has filled their coffers. Cheers for