

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

I am a man of simple tastes and modest needs, and I look upon luxuries as debilitating influences on life. Yet, if I had the means, I would permit myself one expensive indulgence. I would build and maintain as beautiful and comfortable a home as my purse would allow. To a domesticated human home is heaven on earth. It is his love nest, his playground, his haven of refuge from the storms of life. By means of a spacious home man is in a position to practice the ancient virtue of hospitality, and playing the generous host to relatives and friends affords him one of the keenest pleasures of life. Therefore, I would make my home as cozy and comfortable and as artistic and elegant as possible without making a showplace of it. A fine home is one of the best investments one can make, and only a miser will deprive himself of the joy and delight which it confers upon a person.

Conventions may have their good aspects, but I fear that every advantage they may possess, is counteracted by the tyranny which they exert upon society. Almost every occasion of joy and sorrow in the life of a family has been seized by convention and subjected to its arbitrary domination. Conventions, of course, bear down hardest upon the poor, who unfortunately, lack the courage to rebel against its rule and reject the heavy burden it places upon their shoulders. An anti-convention crusade would probably liberate more white slaves than the number of the blacks whom Lincoln emancipated with the stroke of his pen, and if such a crusade were successful, it would effect one of the greatest reforms in the history of civilization.

It is about time that our Club be represented at the international conventions by more than one delegate, who is usually the President-elect. Old Solomon's saw "Two are better than one" is surely applicable to club representation at international meets. One delegate is altogether lost in that immense assembly. Also conventions, no matter how tame they be, have their lures and pitfalls, and the President-elect even though he be a man whose character is tried and tested, nevertheless, is not immune to the temptations of the nymphs that visit the shores of Atlantic City. Hence as a matter of precaution, it is advisable to send someone along with him to act as sort of a moral guide and guardian. I do not know a Rotarian more qualified to perform this important function than the chief Editor of this Rag, who, I am sure, would receive the endorsement of Anthony Comstock and Pussy-foot Johnson. I would earnestly urge the club to send Check along with Fuzzy Roane.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

Spirits of Ammonia to Charlie Weinbaum. He probably needs a stimulant or resuscitating fluid after the debacle Wednesday. Chas. was all set and then one of his entertainers—maybe we are flattering the guy—ducked out on him like a guilty crap-shooter at a raided game.

Anyway it was a good gesture on the program committee's part to augment friendly relations between city clubs, and besides a man's tolerance is not so vigorous during the tepic season and the curtailed program was acceptable.

Bound for Tom Murphy to do the right thing. To gather up a gang of urchins whose little abdominal cavities, perhaps, haven't been too full lately, and concern himself with bringing them to a Rotary Club is just about the epitome of magnanimity . . . do you 'get me' Oswald?

Prexy Will has done a good job in his extension work . . . the elongation of the dais, if you please. Now if the hotel will squat that three-legged ivory-keyed instrument on the S. W. corner where some of the Beethoven disciples can do a little fancy fingering IN SIGHT maybe the Lilliputians aft will not set up such a howl.

Every time we gaze at those roseate venetian blinds we instinctively set ourselves to quaff deep gulps of aromatic incense, as the two seem to have such a close bond of affinity. Don't get us wrong fat woman, we like it . . . the color, of course.

Check.

Them Parkin Meetars

We used to read the funny papers to get our morning chuckle but now we just listen to the goofey gab of the disgruntled.

The proneness of humanity to break into print or orate into the welkin over hypothetical questions, unproven theories or inexplicable riddles is manifest in this old town.

Solomon with all his wisdom could not discourse with such erudition as some of the smart alecs passing judgment on the "Parking Meter", and a 100 to 1 shot they have never seen one except in the news reel.

This thing seems to have more angles than a polyhedron if you listen to the loose chatter of the tight wads. The Sales Tax ran the gamut of varying opinions but some of the benighted are now recognizing this, multi-headed gargoye as divine manna.

Maybe if we would keep our 'fly-traps' closed and not offer sun-baked tonsils as evidence of astuteness, the city fathers would meet the situation and determine the worth, or uselessness of the METER.

Cae.

—R—

Administrative Measures

The Board of Directors have just elected to membership the following:

Frank Phelan—Wholesale Grocery Distributing.
Jack Finks—Industrial Bank.
Chas. Naman—Cigars Distributing.
Classification Opened—Timber Estimator.

—R—

An Invitation

At the beginning of this administration, the ROTARYGRAM had every member's name printed on a P/C and most of those have been mailed whether you received it or made the rapid assignment to the wastebasket, asking you to contribute an article on your vocation.

The invitation is still OPEN to any new member or delinquent, and this opportunity to identify yourself with the club in a substantial way should not be overlooked.

A club is no better than its members—a paper is no worse than its editor—and its reading is only commensurate with its talent. Of course, if you

just want to be pig-headed, obdurate or obscure we don't give a war-hoo.

To those who have asserted their rights and afforded pleasure and enlightenment to their fellow members we extend our sincere thanks, and trust their affiliations with this SHEET has not tarnished their names.

We'll say one thing for the ROTARYGRAM, its triumvirate of editors possess and bring together a rare variety of qualifications (?) . . . Indifference, crudeness and ability. You probably guessed right the first time, so confirmation is useless.

—R—

"Courtesy"

By Norrie West

Courtesy has been defined as politeness combined with kindness.

Emerson said that the only way to have a friend is to be one.

The United States Supreme Court on one occasion defined good will as the disposition on the part of the customer to return to a place where he has been well treated.

So what? - -

Just this. Thousands of people will visit Beaumont during this year, many of them for the first time. Most of them will stop, if only briefly, and their impressions of us and our city will be based very largely on the treatment they receive at the hands of the individuals that they see and speak to or do business with, and these first impressions will be lasting.

What can Rotarians do about it? First let us interest ourselves in the proposition. Then see that we ourselves are informed as to what kind of information is required or would be of interest to Texas Centennial visitors passing through our city and see that we are equipped so we could answer such inquiries and furnish such information. Then review the first three sentences above and, I believe, the connection will be obvious. All of the persons with whom these visitors will have direct contact either work for us or with us or, for some other reason, look to us for guidance, suggestions and inspiration. Let us help see that they are equipped; first with the desire and then with the information that will enable them to handle these contacts as we would handle them and impress the visitors as we would have them impressed.

It is a proposition that will be profitable even though it should fall short of its main objective because study and consideration of, and practice in, courtesy, politeness and small services, would by no means be wasted even if there were no Centennial celebration.