

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

This is scribbled in the granite bowl of gorgeous Yosemite. While driving down and down on a road of spiral curves, I thought that when reaching the bottom of the Park, I would see the very foundation stone of the earth. Aye, judging by the heat in which we broiled on the road, I was convinced that Satan had left Hades' doors open in the valley. But my calculations were all wrong. I found out that the lowest point at Yosemite is still three thousand feet above the sea level. Be that as it may, the valley with its enormous perpendicular walls, glacial domes, water falls and giant trees, is a spot of rare scenic beauty, and no tourist should miss it. What struck me as the peculiar trait of Yosemite, is the profound peace which pervades its atmosphere. The high walls shut out the noise and strife of the world, and man's soul becomes attuned to the divine harmony of nature. This, perhaps, accounts for the exceptional tameness of wild life in the valley. Chipmunks, blue jays, deer, freely eat out of one's hands, and even the bears are more good-natured than elsewhere, especially in Wall Street. The only discordant note that jarred my aesthetic sense in Yosemite was the shorts worn by women, fat and forty and even above that age of great divide, who forget that time mars and scars even obdurate granite, how much more frail flesh. A woman tastily dressed, retains even as a gray matron, the grace of youth.

I, who can trace my ancestry on my mother's side way back to Moses, thought that I was ancient enough; but in Yosemite I saw trees whose birth ante-dates even the three patriarchs. When one stands by the side of these towering giants, some of whom rise close to three hundred feet and have a basal circumference of over a hundred feet, one forcefully realizes the pigmy-puniness of the human race. The older I grow, the more I laugh at man's exaggerated self-importance in the scheme of nature. In the presence of these grizzly giants, one becomes deflated of the conceit of being the crown of creation. Compared to the size and age and majesty of these arboreal monarchs, man is an ephemeral insect. If I could get hold of the pride-puffed dictators of the earth, I would corral and confine them in the grove of these big trees. The sight of these towering trees would, surely, make a mockery of their haughtiness, and teach them a much-needed lesson in humility.

According to press reports, the huge hog pens of the Chicago stock yards are yawning with emptiness because of the scarcity created by the New Deal. Well, I am glad that there is one scarcity which affects neither my purse nor my palate. I would advise my Gentile friends to turn to "Gefilte fish" as a very toothsome substitute for pork chops. As far as the piscatorial family is concerned, even the New Deal could not plow it under or persuade it to adopt birth control. The only time I find a scarcity in the finny tribe is when I indulge in the cruel sport of fishing. However, a preacher instead of baiting innocent fish, ought to angle after sinners and he would be sure of making a huge catch.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

When you can step your tolerance up to absorb twice in the same place one of those travelogues that is so galling to the ordinary American its indicative of the fact the speaker has been places and seen things.

We graced the port city with our presence last week to listen again to Dr. Inzer as he shuffled along the Asiatic coast from Tokio to Shanghai, Peiping, Singapore, Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi.

We were a bit aghast at the kaleidoscopic range of the Dr's observations as he revealed the racial characteristics of the Rotary clubs in the Orient.

The Dr. wobbles a wicked tongue when he gets into the throes of his speech and we find terse sentences vying with sententious phrases in depicting human relations amidst those various countries.

Rotary International could not have selected a more capable man to impart to us the knowledge that a great work is being done in the East through the instrumentality of Rotary . . . the welding of nations in the common brotherhood of man.

We were a little parsimonious in praising the Doctor in our ballyhoo but we are unstinted in our commendation of his remarkable address, typifying the 6th object of Rotary . . . international peace and good will.

Frankly, we knew darn well if we stated our distinguished guest was a Baptist preacher the audience would fade away like chaff before the wind for some of the members have an idiosyncrasy 'for the cloth' that borders on disrespect . . . Maybe in some previous administration they had been imposed on.

But boy, when he had finished they didn't give a whoop what his occupation was, for they were so intrigued with the fascinating recital of the story of ROTARY in the Orient that only a glamorous picture was etched on their minds and each man must have been proud of his membership.

Check.

Odds and Ends

JIM EDWARDS with the sunny smile and the stentorian voice was thrown for a loss in the melee Wednesday.

When one of the dependables, like Jim, is so confused he doesn't know whom he is introducing you couldn't expect a Will Johnson to flower in a demosthenic outburst.

Introducing the guests is one of the simplest complicated problems that confront the club. In fact it is so naive that even the erudite stumble over themselves in fruitless efforts to smooth out the kinks. Try it yourself! You big boob.

It has been hinted to us in no uncertain parlance that some of the arid devotees are as sore at us as a lacerated shin about our recent effusion over the enigmatic issue known as Prohibition.

Quite a few cards . . . 7 in number . . . have issued from this editorial sanctum, imploring diffident members to "fly" into print for the next publication. Yes, you'll get one, too.

President Will has just asked us, in strictest confidence, for a prescription that will imbue him with assurance when he faces you guys. Well, we thought he was just as composed as a mole on a dimpled knee and now he's revealing this hysteria.

Beaumont had about ten or twelve men at the Port Arthur meeting Thursday, honoring Governor Keith, Dr. Inzer, Port Arthur and themselves. They say Ben Vaughan is doing a good job, and if dissemination of hospitality is evidence we believe them.

Next Wednesday is the 21st and three days later 7 constitutional amendments will be presented to the electorate of this old State for attention. We don't presume to tell you how to vote like some of the emasculated advice-givers, but we warn you that unless you exercise that inalienable right of casting your ballot you will wake up some morning with a little weasel sitting on your chest and dictating to you in a tenor voice.

—R—

ROTARY SOFT BALL

Stuart Abstract 5 — Rotary 4

Tough one to lose, but we can't win 'em all.
Next Game:

Thursday—Rotary vs. Kiwanians.

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Will Rogers

Since last Wednesday this nation has been steeped in grief as her most beloved citizen has stepped into that great beyond, leaving humanity aghast and stunned over so tragic a loss of a world-renowned figure.

Will Rogers was a Rotarian whether he was a member of a Rotary Club or not and his qualifications were established by his conduct for his very life exemplified the four objects of Rotary.

No priest or prelate, no king or clown, ever caught the popular fancy like the homely philosopher whose wit and humor quickened the pulse of a nation; provoked the mirth of man and revealed the shams of society.

He stood alone and his sphere was unlimited. He would dine with royalty and dance with rubes; at home in castle or cottage; kidding the rich and succoring the poor, the friend of mankind.

The spirit of adventure and the quest of knowledge never forsook him. Perennial youth had stamped him for its own and through the four corners of the earth he sought to cheer and learn.

An Ambassador of Happiness sent through the instrumentality of Understanding to bless man with a boundless gift of humor, changing tears to cheers and laments to laughter.

So if there is a place beyond in that 'land of dreamless slumber', you, Will, must be telling them of Claremore, Oklahoma, a town that will never forget in a nation that grieves yet.

C. A. E.