

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

Irrespective of his fitness for the Presidency, I admire the artless simplicity of Landon and the dignified way in which he conducts his campaign. If magnetism and oratory were the chief requisites of the President, Landon would be a pronounced failure, as he lacks these attractive traits to a marked degree. However, what qualifies one for the presidency more than any other endowment, is statesmanship,—that elusive mystic power which holds the reign of the government firmly without dictatorial authority, and that gains confidence and co-operation without the compromise of principles and repudiation of pledges,—and this hypnotic quality may reside in the most unpromising candidate. Coolidge, one of our most limited presidents, possessed more statemanship than Hoover the famed food administrator and successful mining engineer. However, had the Republicans succeeded in choosing a much more meritorious candidate than Landon, it would have mattered mighty little, as Roosevelt is so firmly entrenched in his position that his re-election is a foregone conclusion.

A Harvard alumnus wrote a book based on the statistically analyzed careers of six hundred and fifty members of his class that graduated in 1911. In the opinion of the writer, the class has given such a poor account of itself that he is constrained to come to the conclusion that college education doesn't pay. Statistics of course are a poor standard by which to determine the value of education. Education is a qualitative factor and cannot be measured by the yardstick of earning capacity or success in business or profession. Education enters as a refining influence into every phase of one's life. It widens one's horizon, improves one's judgment, sharpens one's critical faculties and deepens one's sense of appreciation. If the Harvard alumnus could have traced the life of his fellow classmates untouched by the redeeming grace of education, I feel he would be acclaiming college education as a howling success.

Heartfelt congratulations to Mrs. Ed Gross, Miss Kathleen Munn, Miss Pearl Burr and the whole staff of workers whose loyal service has built up our public library during the first decade of its existence into an up-to-date and highly efficient institution, that supplies our community with indispensable cultural vitamins. I also commend the work of the past and present members of the Library Commission, who have looked after the financial side of the institution. I hope, however, the commission will put a stop to the frequent change of the head librarian by reason of inadequate compensation. Such a change in the chief executive is certainly disadvantageous to the library and represents poor economy. I hope the Tyrrell Public Library will continue to grow from strength to strength and maintain its position among the best and most progressive institutions of its kind in the state.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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Slants at the Meeting

Norrie West was a little deceptive in his announcement when he declared that the program was a "One Man Program". Specifically he was truthful but generically he was wetter than the ocean's bottom. It took four gals beside his bally-hooing.

West Mae be a great name and Norrie tried to live up to it. He certainly did furnish the members with many 'cackles' and that's what loosens the pent-up emotions and makes the world take on a little more roseate hue.

It ought to have been good . . . it took members of two public service corporations to pull it off. Gulf States putting the kilowatts on the antennae of the Bell telephone, and the best "connection" ever furnished anybody.

We are happy to pass the "congrats" to Norrie but it excites our risibilities when we contemplate the clever, humorous dialect those three young scenarists made the welkin ring with.

Maybe M-G-M or Paramount is passing up talent, for the girls had a good insight into the frailties of 'mortal man' and dexterously held up to 'the mirror' those weaknesses.

They got personal with the editorial staff of this SHEET and we can forgive them for one of their sallies . . . comparing our feet with those of Sam Rosinger's, for that's the only time we would have a standing. Had they made comparison of our noses we wouldn't have had a smell.

—Check.

Still More Slants at the Meeting

Last Wednesday was a great day for Rotary but we are going to remind you of only the three most outstanding events:

First: It chronicled the passing of the moronic tendency of this modern time in Jefferson County. The Marble Machine, that juvenile contrivance that ensnared the weak-minded for long periods of time . . . the half wits for half days. Our criminal judge made cold Shivers run down the spinal column of the law infractors.

Second: The aroma of that savory viand known as "Individual Chicken Pot Pie" assailed our olfactory nerves with friendly gesture. We have tried before to impress Tom Shumate with the hearty accord awaiting that gastronomic morsel but it seems he is more or less adamant to the suggestion.

Third: When a program creates ripples of laughter throughout the meeting, dignity loses its toe-hold and everybody has a good time. So, last week when three slips of girls conspired to mimic and characterize the various members of the Rotary Club it provoked mirth and merriment. The ludicrous idea of Tom Reed and Cooke Wilson posing as paragons of pulchritude kinder 'turned' the members over. But the fine take-off on our male sopranos, Tom Walker and Kelsey Lamb, spilt the soup right in mamma's lap. You know singers are not too popular any HOW; because the others are envious.

Check.

* * * *

What Kelsey Lamb heard as he was eavesdropping through the keyhole at the composition room of the ROTARYGRAM:

Printer: "Hey! Check, what the h--- do you mean by shoving three SLANTS to be printed. Are you testing the tolerance of the members or displaying your versatility?"

Check: "Cut the side-remarks, guy. Lot of the members have no tolerance, they are inert; and as for that versatility stuff, you can skip that also . . . We've got to fill up this sheet. We sent out 9 written invitations to members to contribute an article this week and not one comes through."

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More Slants at the Meeting

Contrasts are the very spice of life, for without them wouldn't we live in a state of innocuities. The drab would pall on us like dandruff on your comb.

Last week's program was a splendid exhibition of what can be done if the old noodle is put to work and a few novel ideas hatched; instead of trying to follow the trite trail.

There is no member in the Rotary Club devoid of humor to the extent of losing his temper over a few pungent thrusts at his weaknesses. In fact these ebullitions of jocosity ought to be remindful to the "victim" of his shortcomings and therefore helpful.

Maybe it takes a woman to bring out man's weaknesses. I know they can "show him up" pretty often, as well as "stand him up." We don't know who the 'range finder' was but when the gals got the 'bead' they certainly opened up with their salvos.

A lot of program chairmen are convinced it is necessary to import a few speakers, dancers, songsters and entrepreneurs to put forth a creditable performance. All rot. The pastures are just as green here and the humor just as crisp, so let's exploit local talent.

If you are good at figures, work this problem. If one man (like Norrie West) can put on a good program think of the astounding possibilities of the Beaumont Rotary club with over 200 members. How many years could we be provided? Now don't tell me, let me figure it out.

—Check.