

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

Before we have succeeded in settling the vexing labor troubles and the court reform controversy, another far more formidable menace has appeared on the horizon to keep us on the qui vive. Inflation is in the offing, and stopping a dust storm or manacled a Mississippi flood is child's play compared to checking wildly soaring prices. Let all constructive thought be concentrated upon forestalling another depression. For another economic breakdown following so swiftly upon the heels of the last, would precipitate a crisis the outcome of which no one could foretell. Let manufacturers and retailers be content with a small, yet steady margin of profit, rather than court by over-reaching a prolonged stagnation and a renewed employment of red ink in striking a balance.

My pet aversions: Dyed-haired and rouge-pasted and loud-dressed matrons, who by their exaggerations accentuate rather than conceal their physical, no less than mental senility. * * * Unsolicited running comments on the movie I view, by a human loudspeaker, mostly of a soprano quality, within the hearing range of my seat. * * * The movie pest who gives vent to his bursting sense of humor by loud guffaws of horse laughter resounding from one end of the house to the other. * * * The traffic policeman, who to impress his authority, blows his shrill whistle with an earsplitting blast and gives signals with such a wide fling of his arm that one expects it to fly at any moment out of its socket and land on the pavement. * * * The rich man who has to rack his brains how to invest his huge surplus earnings profitably, yet complains bitterly of high taxes. * * * Dust-laden artificial flowers that ought to go in the garbage dump rather than serve as an ornament in the living room. * * * The doctor who tries to make an impression upon the patient and his household by using a heap of technical lingo, unintelligible to his hearers, in describing the patient's commonplace ailment.

Here is a royal remedy for those who suffer from the debilitating disease of swivel-charitis that has claimed so many victims in the ranks of business men. Now, that the day starts early, get a set of garden tools, hie yourself to the back patch and dig there in the early morning hours for the lost treasure of robust health. If you search there with hoe and spade for a couple of hours daily, you are sure to strike the vein that will yield a fortune to you in vim and vigor. Sweat out of your system the accumulated poisons by out-of-doors work. Divert your mind from your business worries by the garden hobby. Follow this routine, and you will be cured of your aches and pains and grouches. This prescription is endorsed by the Universal Medical Association.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

S-U-R-E, we doff our millinery as a symbol of approval of the Lions' Club program last week, and if it didn't get a favorable reaction from you there is something wrong with your metabolism or maybe your genetic wave length went awry.

It was a fine gesture on the part of another luncheon club wanting to exhibit their wares to us and we recognize the merit of their efforts.

Frank Bertschler was a bit abashed at his introduction but recovered himself admirably to make a dignified and simple statement about the parallel purposes of the Rotary and Lions' Club; and he, indeed, lived up to his pseudonym of "Rabbi" when he cut his talk short.

The master of ceremonies did an excellent job and without bluster or embarrassment he carried the program to a happy conclusion. Dr. Tumbleson deserves the accolade of the group.

Mr. Turner, the ballyhooper of the Little Symphony Orchestra, showed fine showmanship and a thorough understanding of his duties and responsibilities and as far as we can determine the orchestra itself did well. It was kinder a case of finer things for coarser natures.

We realize to be classed in the higher bracket of musical circles it requires patience, talent and labor and we are not loath to admit our standing as proletarians. Of course, every feller to his taste. We never did like limburger cheese nor grand opera . . . one smelt too bad and the other "listened" too awful so it certainly would be bad manners for us to start a series of lies about the symphonic emotions excited within us over classical music.

Therefore, as suggested, we admit our depravity and willing to ride along in the mire of uncouthness and mediocrity. Rather than listen to an esthetic discourse on the symmetry of one Venus de

Karl F. Barfield

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Milo, the paragon of pulchritude, we would much prefer to take a cockeyed squint at the gorgeous hussy, Jean Harlow, and let our baser nature revel unrestrained.

So if we can't enter into exultations befitting the symphony orchestra just remember we belong to the lower animals and are not unlike the rest of these bozos whose diaphragm is attuned to the syncopated motion of modernity.

But right here is where we rise up with Assertion itself and declare with voluble emphasis that the last number introduced by Ajax Baird was the Cat's meow smeared over with the family jam. It fit this club like tailored trousers do a co-ed. The group broke out into paroxysms of joy like young calves gamboling on the greensward, and if this old snake continues to evade the St. Patrick of censorship he hopes to enlighten you with more word pictures of this duet.

Jimmie Howard, the lad with the nimble fingers, can get more music out of a xylophone than a modern cracking plant can gas out of a barrel of crude. He's the greatest exponent of the "hit and run" harmony we have ever heard. He can make one of those Xylies get up and croon to you like a contrite lover and settle in your soul more "sweet discords" than General Motors had sit-downers in their plant.

And the boy, Walter Wright, who agitated the ivories on that three-legged Grand, fit into the scheme like a lock-washer on a loose nut. A perfect team of co-ordination that certainly has no superiors and few equals. Without any doubt this was the greatest musical number that ever registered on the Beaumont Rotary Club.

This number had all the effacing elements to make "tired business men" forget their income tax, kiss their mother-in-laws and stop cussing the Administration, and besides we recommend it as a panacea for glums, grouches and gullibles.

Come see us again, Lions.

Check.

Karl is the owner of the Barfield Sanitorium of Tucson, Arizona. He was born in Ohio, and educated in the schools of Toledo receiving his LLB degree from the Toledo University in 1916, and admitted to the bar that year. He entered the Air Service of the regular army in 1917 and served two years during the World War. In 1919 he started the building of the sanitorium in Tucson, of which he is now proprietor.

Karl became a member of the Rotary Club in Tucson in 1928, served on different committees, as club director, vice-president, and president. While president he was also president of the "Presidents' Club" composed of the nine civic clubs in Tucson. He was governor of the 43rd District, R. I. for 1933-34, director of R. I. for 1934-35, and member of the constitution and by laws committee of R. I. in 1935-36.

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Program for 48th District Conference

Sunday, May 2:

Delegates register Rotary headquarters.

7:30 p. m. Musical program honoring Rotary in City Auditorium by Beaumont Music Commission.

Monday, May 3:

9:30 a. m. Business Sessions in Rose Room, Hotel Beaumont.

12:15 p. m. Luncheon on Edson Hotel Roof, Port Arthur Club, Host.

12:15 p. m. Luncheon on Beaumont Hotel Roof, Lufkin Club, Host.

2:00 p. m. Business Sessions in Rose Room, Hotel Beaumont.

2:00 p. m. Automobile Drives for Rotaryans

4:00 p. m. Golf Games

4:00 p. m. Tea for Rotaryans

7:00 p. m. Governor's Banquet

10:30 p. m. Governor's Ball

Tuesday, May 4:

9:30 a. m. Business Sessions in Rose Room, Hotel Beaumont

1:30 p.m. Boat Trip down channel to Port Arthur