

Straight from the Shoulder

By Samuel Rosinger

Now, that the city has spent \$1,600,000 on street paving, it could afford to spend a few hundred dollars more, for putting down stop signs on streets which cross main arteries. These signs are indispensable for safeguarding the lives of pedestrians, as well as preventing automobile accidents. The few "stop" words painted on the pavements at dangerous intersections are soon obliterated by traffic, and are as transient as footprints on sand. The prevention of one serious accident would justify not only the installing of these signs, but also their prompt replacement when worn off by use. We urge the organizations that were responsible for the holding of "Safety Lane", to get behind this measure, and make of every street a safety lane.

We congratulate the Eastern Texas Electric Co. on its progressive spirit, manifested in the taking off of trolley cars from Royal and College lines. We hope that in the very near future, outside of a belt line to encircle the city on little traveled lanes, Beaumont's main thoroughfares will not be cluttered up by this antiquated means of transportation.

The reprehensible habit of some business concerns to use the street as a permanent loading and unloading place, and occupy busy thoroughfares by a fleet of trucks, parked rectangularly, thus creating traffic jams, would not be tolerated in any other city of the size of Beaumont. The streets belong to the public, and merchants should use the alleys for loading and unloading purposes.

Our city is, indeed, generous, inasmuch as it provides not only cool baths in our public parks, but even furnishes Turkish baths without any charge, and this, right in the heart of the City Auditorium. It is an imposition on the patience and endurance of the public to build for them an expensive auditorium without acoustics, without a heating and cooling system, aye, without even the most elementary form of ventilation. The recent report of a company that, if the auditorium is full, the acoustics are good, could have been rendered concerning any barn. When is the auditorium full? Even when there are six or eight hundred people in it, the auditorium beyond the tenth row from the stage, is extremely poor. I do not blame the Auditorium altogether for the meagre patronage that road shows are accorded in our community, but the lack of an auditorium in which the people would not have to strain their ears to hear, at a dramatic performance, and in which they would not have to roast as soon as the weather gets warm, is no doubt a great contributing factor. Let the people interested in the cultural growth of Beaumont demand of the city administration a speedy remedy of these defects, so that this structure could be used for the purpose it was built for.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, June 10, 1931 No. 23

Loneliness Insurance

We can buy insurance policies to protect ourselves against loss by fire, theft, tornado and most other causes of human distress, but money will not buy an escape from that most poignant of all miseries, a lonely old age. Friendship is the one and only insurance in the world against the tragedy of loneliness.

Loneliness is terrible. If you want to see how terrible loneliness can be, walk down a forgotten city street and look into the swimming eyes of the gray old men as they go from door to door seeking employment. Visit a dowdy park at twilight or any of the rendezvous of desolate men whose feet have slipped. If you think they aren't lonely, win their confidence with a good cigar and talk to them of "home."

Wise old Sam Johnson was never wiser than when he told Boswell:

"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair."

Napoleon did not follow Johnson's advice. The secret of his life is not in his utterances on great occasions nor in his studied letters. It is found in a chance remark, made when for a moment his cloak of glamor slipped from him.

"After all," he said, "I care only for people who are useful to me, and so long as they are useful." And again, "I have made courtiers, I have never pretended to make friends."

If Napoleon had so cared, he might have made many friends and had he kept his friendships in repair he would not have died in a crazy old shanty, alone.

One does not purchase devotion except with the stuff of fellowship—that extra word of appreciation, a visit to the hospital, the assurance of loyalty when the horizon is overcast.

It pays to keep friendships in repair. And the only way ever discovered to have a friend is to be one.—From "The Rotarian Magazine."

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ROTARY VISITORS

The following visitors were present at last week's luncheon:

H. L. Fortinberry, Houston.
J. L. Prescott, Sr., West Palm Beach, Fla.
P. L. Lawrence, Crowley, La.
C. E. Mallory, Alto, Texas.
M. E. Johnson, Boston, Mass.
W. L. Nash, Pyenggang, Korea.
J. C. Rutledge, City.
Dr. R. B. Cousins, City.
P. D. Renfro, City.
C. G. Griner, Buenos Aires, Brazil.
Dr. G. H. Fehring, Anahuac, Texas.
Lamar Galewsky, City.
Mrs. J. Frank Keith, City.
Mrs. Chester Easley, City.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weiss, Houston.
Mrs. Alice Keith Hutchinson, City.
Mr. Ed Carroll, City.
Mr. Geo. W. Carroll, City.
Mr. Munroe Carroll, City.
Mr. Will Carroll, City.
Mr. Con Clark, City.
Mrs. Fletcher Graham, City.
Mrs. D. W. Largent, City.
Miss Allie Mae Huitt, City.
Mrs. Pete McChesney
Miss McGee, City.
Miss Betty Jean McChesney, City.
Mr. R. E. Masterson, City.
Mrs. Theo Heisig, City.
Mrs. Rogers, City.
Mayor and Mrs. Fletcher, City.
Mrs. Alexander, City.

Slants at the Meeting

Well, well! yes, a couple of WELLS for the extra-dry and a saturated solution for the reporter. We ask you in the name of common sense and "high ethical standards" how this scribe is going to enlighten you further on the previous meeting.

The afternoon paper gave a reportorial analysis; the morning paper an editorial discourse; and the beloved columnist, Bill Beaumont, the next day, a crowning tribute to the honoree. All of which leaves this "Dub" flatter than the purse of the unemployed and drier than the mayor of Los Angeles.

This was the premier program of the present administration and no one thrilled to it like our own president.

There were just two untoward incidents that the keen-eyed Perk seized on for merriment. One was the innocence of childhood; the other the awkwardness of manhood. That feller Check has had so many things "handed" him that the propensity of the juvenile to hand him some flowers was perhaps a hereditary trait from some guilty ancestor; the other was just a blundering husband in the way of his wife trying to recover some lost notes or struggling against discord.

Then, too, when Ben went from "lotus fields of idleness" direct to Proverbs that's when he tied us up tighter than a sailor's knot. We were crouched down on our haunches gasping for oxygen like a floundering balloonist in the stratosphere. Our rage is confined to Adverbs—indicative of our own name.

Anyway Rotary could not have found a better exemplification of its slogan "Service Above Self" than its honoree. With the unstinted hand of help Mrs. Alice Carroll Keith has administered to the lame and the maimed, the sick and the sad, the poor and the prostrate; and the recognition of these ministrations by Sam in the encomium "Angel of Mercy" caused the welling of tears in the eyes of not a few.

Too, this scribe believes in "From the Living to the Living" as he would rather smell the sweet fragrance of the rose in the lapel of his coat fixed by the hand of a friend with the smile of approval than sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers amidst the meaningless words of a euphemistic eulogy.

Surely this was a beautiful tribute and Rotary in seeking to do honor, honored itself, and the lingering memory of this occasion ought to be an inspiration for good.—Check.