

## Roadside Philosophy

(Last Installment)

By Samuel Rosinger

I love mountains, as I was born and reared in a mountainous country, and purple mountain-ranges with their rugged peaks, silhouetted against skies flecked with fleecy clouds, fill the scenes of my childhood. Yet, I have learned to love also the plains with their far-flung vistas, limitless reaches and endless horizons. If the mountains speak to us of aspiration, the plains intimate to us the infinity of life. Yes, there is no limit to human perfection; no limit to mental and moral advancement; no limit to our progress along lines of social betterment. The plains tell us, "Onward!", and the mountains urge us "Upward!"

In the Panhandle, where the country is as flat as a leathery pancake, we passed "Pike's Peak Filling Station", and in the heart of the desert we met a "New York Service Station." "What's in a name?" asked the English bard. In most names, especially of business establishments, there is an effort to catch public attention. Many succeed in attracting it, but few in attaining it. The names that have become household words, stand for quality and achievement. Still, in the dreariness of a desolate country, it is a relief to discover in those absurdly exaggerated names, a touch of that life-saving humor which prevents man from perishing in the sea of monotony and melancholy.

What I sorely missed from Beaumont to Texline, were trees. The sharp axe of the pioneer and the circular saw of the lumber industry has despoiled the state of its forests, and, as far as my knowledge goes, no effort is made towards the reforestation, at least, of those sections that are not suited for agriculture. But, above all, highways ought to be lined by shade trees that would infinitely enhance the pleasure of travel and the beauty of the landscape.

At the risk of becoming embroiled in another "costume" controversy, I have the temerity to say that of all the aberrations of feminine taste in the mode of dress, street pajamas represent the most abominable style. Even as nature, so also woman's dress ought to "half reveal and half conceal" her beauty. But these frightful pajama creations conceal every vestige of feminine beauty, and reveal, almost with the uncanniness of an x-ray, whatever is ugly in the female figure. And, unfortunately, one sees these eye-sores not only in the effete cities, but also in the small towns and hamlets. What a pity that our rural population lacks the backbone to defy the degeneration in taste of the artificial city folks, and retain their naturalness in manners, habits and mode of dress.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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### Slants at the Meeting

Bartow Cousins was on the firing line of the vocational squad last week and launched a husky thrust at "dough" but this is not the same brand the moratorium is trying to throw a barrage around.

Its the kind that keeps the abdominal walls apart and the digestive organs from entering the ranks of the unemployed. Its ultimate fruition is bread, the staff of life, and the Nightmare of the Corpulent. It's more plastic than the kind you squeeze out of Pres Doty and far more abundant.

President Jim announced the club, in co-operation with other civic bodies, would help keep the Western Wave waving by sending a delegate, on half fare, on its itinerary of the Gulf. This scribe suggests the invoking of one Joe Clesi, the coiffure king, to help make it a permanent wave.

Everytime we get a "whiff" of that introduction of Roland Jones' presenting N. Estrada as Narcissus and think of President Jim's reference to John Cafe as "Yancus", we feel like somebody has robbed us of an odor.

Ivan Singleton's statement that boys, at Ross Sterling Camp, were sleeping under blankets at night reminds us that Rotarians, here, are hiding under cover by day.

If there is anything in this world we like, it's CLARITY. You know, something we can see through, and boy, we witnessed it the other day down on Pearl street.

Now when we listened to that explanation of Vernon Brock's of the Theremin we were amazed. Had this been translated from Sanskrit into Greek and spoken through a hair-lip we may have known less and felt more.

The Rotarygram's laboratory expert explained to your scribe that a Theremin is an electrical instrument with a horizontal loop bar and vertical antenna, and it emits waves influenced by body contact and reverse "English" of the digits. In full

## "Attendance is the Price of Membership"

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operation it is an exact transcript of the hee-bee gee-bies or a symphonic reproduction of the cat's meow in passionate throes in a dark alley.

"The delightful and talented artists, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Strong, responded so graciously to the hearty applause for encores on this "noisy gadget" it would have been difficult not to have enjoyed the novelty."

—Check

—Rotarygrams—

## The Garden Cure

Rotarians at Muncie, Indiana, are lending a hand to a project which, though it will not solve the unemployment problem of that community, will, nevertheless, keep some of the idle hands busy and later will ease the pantry problem in several indigent homes.

Five hundred vacant lots, provided by the local real estate board, have been turned over to needy families for gardening. Seed, fertilizer and expert instruction were furnished through a public-spirited woman, who believes in matching her good wishes with dollars.

A local industry was persuaded to lend a forty-acre tract for a community garden. Here may labor the unemployed men of the city, with an allowance of fifty cents an hour, payable in food or fuel through the social-service bureau. Food produced will be stored for later distribution to needy families.

This is not a panacea for unemployment ills of Muncie. But it doubtless helps.—Rotarian.

## ROTARY VISITORS

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

C. G. Greenlay, Houston  
H. L. Fortinberry, Houston  
Fred C. Pruitt, Houston  
J. Faus, Galveston  
Ivan Singleton, City  
H. P. Jirou, City  
L. A. Marshall, Dallas  
H. P. Jennings, City  
H. L. Rudnick, New York  
Earl Chaney, Devers  
Frank Sprague, New Orleans  
Harry Lenard, New Orleans

—Rotarygrams—

## Railroads and Competition

Railroads are still "the backbone" of the nation's transportation system, and busses, trucks and airplanes will eventually be coordinated with the trains, prophesies Gen. W. W. Atterbury, the man whom General Pershing called upon to build railroads for the A. E. F. in France, and who is now President of the Pennsylvania Railroad system.

The 48-hour combination train-plane service between New York and Pacific Coast cities, he asserts in a discussion of the problem in the June "Rotarian Magazine," points the way for further hook-ups with airplanes, trucks and motor busses.

"We in the United States," he adds, "have but scratched the surface of the possibilities of coordinated transportation. I foresee constantly increasing cooperation. In my belief passengers should be given the choice of transportation by train or motor and perhaps eventually be provided with tickets that will permit leaving the railroad to travel by motor bus over scenic portions of a trip, returning to the railroad for speedier travel later on.

"No trait of human nature is more general than the love of variety. The man who likes to travel by train today may like to ride in a bus next week, while the following month he may find it convenient or necessary to make a swift journey by airplane.

"Railroads cannot hold to the railroads," he continues, "a monopoly of transportation. However, they should have the privilege of engaging in any form of transportation. The initiative and enterprise in developing a system of coordinated transportation on a sound basis rests primarily with the railroads in cooperation with all other forms of transportation. A function of regulation, in the process, should be to prevent discrimination.

"It is possible to develop along these lines without materially disturbing standard railroad practices and customs. But where the old conflicts with the new, and the new is the sounder method, the old must give way."—From "The Rotarian Magazine."