

Slants at the Meeting

When Doc Scheps began delivering that statistical diatribe on Beaumont's "Ten-year plan" we passed from a swoon to a semi-comatose state, trying to visualize the barren and desolate wastes that blossomed into magnificent edifices. We are sure that scourge of grass-hoppers' devastation in South Dakota was never more complete than the sterile spots in this old burg. If Russia succeeds half as well as Beaumont, in her five-year plan, she will have justified to some extent many of the lurid tales creeping into the press from over zealous writers that spend a fortnight in her realms.

Aimee Semple McPherson stands for a four-square gospel. "Stephen Austin" Smith runs to a triangular discourse. The analogy might be carried further. Aimee took a nose-dive in Carmel-by-the-Sea and came up in the arid regions of Arizona. "Stephen" took a tail-spin in a twenty-two court house in 1837 and poised on the pinnacle of a 14-story structure in 1931. Look what she's got, and look what he has left.

"Stephen" scaled a couple of legs of this triangle but has never reached the hypotenuse when the "proration committee" called time on him. We are sure this compilation of historical data is well worth one afternoon's knitting and we would cast our ballot for the "inalienable right" of continuance.

The life of the great Cavalier Bob La Salle is so entwined with legend and romance it's hard to tell where fact begins and fiction ends. However, Stephen clarified a few points in the early history of this romantic figure when he with that bunch of poilus were running bases wild along the tributaries of this noble Neches. We learn that when he first invaded this territory in the year the squeak-owls broke out with prickly-heat and the skunks were sacrificing their first-born to the chiropractic wards, Emmett Fletcher was just being nominated for mayor; the "sacred seven" hadn't formulated their plans, awaiting an objection from B.E. Quinn; but Perry McFaddin had donated the site and a committee from Port Arthur were trying to bridge the difficulties.

Further we believe the club has sustained an irreparable loss in not hearing the entire narrative and that "Stephen" is more resplendent under the influence of "Punch" rather than over the control of "Judy."

—Check.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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An American Looks at Russia

Soviet Russia, with its strenuous attempt to change hand-minded millions into machine-minded men under the so-called five-year plan, presents a supreme economic challenge to the rest of the world.

Such are the conclusions of Walter Locke, editor of the Dayton, Ohio, Daily News, following a tour of the Soviet Republic. Writing under the caption "An American Looks at Russia," in the current Rotarian Magazine, he notes these facts about Russia.

Its wheat or its virgin timber lands are equal in area to the entire United States.

Its products range from the cotton of Turkestan to the furs of the Arctic.

Its present population is 162,000,000—as many people as are in the whole United States and France.

At the present rate of increase, Russia will have nearly 200,000,000 people in twenty years.

"Russia," Mr. Locke concludes, "is what it is. We could not change it if we would. We can only keep cool, and calmly adjust ourselves to whatsoever we see and foresee there.

"If Russia is to flood the world with wheat, the United States along with other nations must make plans accordingly. If Russia with its tremendous resources is to flood the world with wood and minerals and industrial goods, we must be ready to adjust ourselves to this fact.

"Russia and the United States and other nations are coinheritors of the earth. No one can escape the other. This shrunken planet must house them all.

"Can powerful peoples, with their seemingly incompatible social and economic systems, find a way to share the world in peace? Surely, no other present situation has bound up in it so much of the future fate of the world, so tough a test of common-sense."

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

The Philanthropies of Jefferson County

By Samuel Rosinger

It was with a great deal of apprehension that I read of the Attorney General's opinion, declaring the method employed by the Commissioner's Court of Jefferson County in caring for the sick, aged and needy, as unconstitutional. I am not familiar with legal technicalities. Yet I know that legal technicalities are often resorted to, by venal lawyers, to circumvent the law, and pervert justice. And I hope that the very state official whose duty is to enforce the law, will interpret the law not according to the letter, but the spirit, and will not avail himself of some technicality to interfere with a method of dispensing charity by our county that has proven judicious, economic, efficient and in full accord with the trend of modern social service.

I have been intimately connected with the United Charities of Beaumont for over two decades. This organization, the mother of all social service agencies in our city, has been blessed with a directorate that has ever comprised men and women of sterling character and generous hearts, who not merely dole out alms, but in the words of Scripture "consider the poor." The secretary of the United Charities has grown grey in the conscientious discharge of her onerous duties, mingling justice with mercy in her dealings with the needy. And, surely, the county could not have selected a fitter agency to handle its funds for the support of its dependents, than the United Charities.

Also the Red Cross of Port Arthur, the agency that cares for the indigents in the southern section of the county, is one of the best institutions of its kind. It has a building of its own which is the hub of all welfare work in our neighboring city. The County Commissioners may rightly congratulate themselves on having two such highly qualified agencies to dispense the county's philanthropic funds. But for these agencies, the county would have to employ a high-salaried executive secretary to do the work which the United Charities of Beaumont and the Red Cross Chapter of Port Arthur perform gratis, and, yet, with a thoroughness and an efficiency that are characteristic of a service of the heart.

As to the aged and the sick, if the county were to build a home and a hospital for them, the burden of maintaining such institutions would rest very heavily upon the taxpayers. At any rate, modern students of social welfare are opposed to institutional care of dependents. At the annual meeting of the Texas Conference of Charities and Corrections, held a few months ago at Fort Worth, the method of Jefferson County in providing for its

poor and needy was commended as being in accord with the principles of progressive social service.

Under these conditions, it would be a pity to upset a system which has proven in every way so highly satisfactory, by reason of some legal technicality. We hope that a way will be found to satisfy the legal sticklers, and that Jefferson County will be in the happy position to continue to provide for its dependents in that very efficient manner which it has pursued these many years.

—Rotarygrams—
ROTARY VISITORS

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

Clop Miles, Liberty, Texas.
John L. Henning, Lake Charles, Louisiana.
Ed Henderson, West Hollywood, California.
W. E. Sampson, Houston, Texas.
A. M. McElwee, Fort Worth, Texas.
W. F. Thomson, Jr., City.
W. F. Thomson, Jr., City.
W. B. McMillan, St. Louis, Mo.
John Tierney, City.
A. M. Huffman, City.

—Rotarygrams—

Needed: Just Horse Sence!

(An Editorial from the Rotarian Magazine)

Every time a newspaper reader encounters the daily record of the havoc wrought by speeding automobiles when they run amuck on crowded streets, the phrase "horse sense" takes on a new significance. The horse which prompted the coining of the words may be a vanishing quadruped—in time, a museum piece—but the qualities it exhibited in the phaeton era of American life are still worth emulating. As some funster facetiously remarks: "Horse sense is always sure to result in a stable government."

The old reliable horse never took a chance with busy traffic, but slowed down to allow vehicles to pass. The horse keeps to his side of the road, and attends strictly to its business, the hauling of a wagon or buggy to the destination without mishap. Perhaps the horse's slow progress is not keyed to the tempo of our hurrying days, but safety is the sure reward of a plodding gait, and the occupants of the vehicle thus have a better chance to see the scenery and say "good morning" to pedestrians.

To have "horse sense" is to watch where one is going, to stay out of get-rich-quick speculations, to be abstemious in eating, to go to bed at reasonable hours, to say "neigh" to many golden-voiced invitations to desert the high road for devious by-paths leading to disillusionment and disaster.

Even though the modern man may ride in a high-powered automobile and prefer all the high-g geared mechanism of civilization, he will probably do well to hold fast to some of those old-fashioned virtues of foresight, caution, serenity, and concentration to be found in the words "horse sense."