

tising could be harmonized with the landscape and made accordant with the scenery.

I believe, Clarence, that you are suffering from that super-sensitiveness which I denominate as "Port-Arthuritis." Members of the Beaumont Rotary Club feel close enough to indulge in harmless banter at each other's expense even if it is directed not only at their classification, but at their personal foibles. Therefore, cheer up, Clarence, and release your sense of humor from the incubus of the Depression, and insist as little upon etiquette, dignity, and formality as does

Your unconventional friend and
fellow-Rotarian,

SAM.

—Rotarygrams—

An Island That Civilization Forgot

Bali, a south seas islet not far from Java, is one of the few places on the globe where natives are still natives. Here for centuries the half-clad brown-skinned maidens have trod in stately mile-long processions along country roads, carrying on their heads bulking temple offerings, and the men have regaled themselves with cock-fighting or playing in their village orchestras.

"The Dutch have possessed the island since 1908," notes a recent visitor, Lillian Dow Davidson, in the August Rotarian Magazine, "but so kindly is the guiding hand of this great colonizing nation that you get the impression the Balinese are governing themselves. And to prevent interference in the religion of the people, which envelops them like a cloak, the Dutch have discouraged the establishment of foreign missions here."

Marriage on the isle, like most everything else, is the exact opposite of western customs, the author notes. It consists of a three-day elopement—a sort of trial marriage. After the temple ceremonies have been completed the wife, who is the "business-man" of the house, may find that her husband costs her too much.

"Then frequently," Mrs. Davidson reports "she talks a girl friend into the job of second wife to help in his support. The girl friend, knowing full well that she must share a man with some one else, consents and another elopement takes place."

Carrying burdens on their heads gives to Balinese maidens a rare beauty of form. The Balinese pay little attention to the few tourists who have found their island, and happily go on their way not conscious that their western cousins are gauging them by western habits and standards.

But the tourists in increasing numbers is discovering Bali, "Jewel of the South Seas." And, advises Mrs. Davidson, if you would see it with its naturalness yet unspoiled, visit it soon, for "perhaps in a short five years much of the real charm will be gone."

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, August 19, 1931 No. 33

Slants at the Meeting

The pen may be mightier than the sword but what we want is proration tighter than a board.

We had the P P's last week . . . Penn & Proration.

We have been listening to petroliferous piffle about proration until we are going in circles like the fly wheel of a flivver.

The gentleman whose family moniker has been perpetuated in bronze on the municipal dome of Philadelphia, juggled digits into a symmetrical array more pleasing than strings of pearls pendant from the throat of a beauty-queen.

His oleaginous oration was more convincing than the smile of a mother-in-law, and until some gib-tongued persuader attacks us in a vulnerable spot we are for proration stronger than bad likker on sore tonsils.

We got an earful of "economic insanity," "resourceful wastes", "industrial debauchery," "wanton expenditures" and "extravagant emergencies". In fact, we were bombarded with penetrating missiles until our armor of Doubt has been perforated with more holes than a modern maiden's hose.

If figures don't lie Proration has a magnificent set-up, garbed by the deft hand of brother Penn in lines of matchless beauty.

All we got to do now is avoid "going hay-wire" and turning Alfalfa but with a sterling governor in the seat and teeth in the law we ought to be able to bite the pants off the opposition.

—Check.

Hyper-Touchiness

By Samuel Rosinger

Dear Clarence:

Your letter, addressed to President Jim, in which you demand of me an apology for having insulted your classification by referring to bill-boards cluttering up the highways as "eye-sores", has reached me in my vacational peregrinations. I hasten to answer it so as to speedily quiet your ruffled temper which, according to medical authorities, interferes with healthy digestion.

Let me tell you, Clarence, you are in distinguished company. I received a similar demand for an apology from Rudy Vallee whose crooning I called mushy, and from the joint creators of Amos 'n Andy whose inanities I described as moron mirth-making. Now, Clarence, I am a man of peace, and therefore I wrote to those radio celebrities that whenever I tune out their programs, I would utter with a contrite heart the meek words, "with humble apologies to Rudy, or Amos 'n Andy." Similarly, I solemnly promise to you, that whenever I shall drive by a bill-board, especially a blank one, I will try to experience a pang of remorse and exclaim all-conscience stricken, "With humble apologies to Clarence."

Now, Clarence, in all seriousness, in almost every issue of one or another of the national magazines, and even in the daily press, the church and the ministry are harshly and, sometimes, unjustly criticized. Shall I consider such attacks as a personal insult? I just read in a magazine the following anecdote. A son of Erin wanted to join the police force and to prove his intellectual fitness for the position, he had to pass a written examination. One of the questions put before him, read; "What are rabies, and what would you do for them?" And his sage answer was, "Rabies are Jewish priests. I wouldn't do a darn thing for them." Shall I demand apologies of the president of the Free Irish state for this deadly insult to the Jewish rabbinate.

At any rate, what is the purpose of the free press? Is it not to correct abuses by criticism, and thus promote progress in the affairs of men. Have not bankers been criticized in our club for being stony-hearted and movies for being immoral, and, yet, Pres and Perk and Joe continue to demand only interest and admission and not apologies? It is unfortunate, yet undeniably true, that bill-board advertising as practiced at present, disfigures the beauty of the Natural scenery, and pointing at this vital defect, far from hurting your classification, I will help it, as it will spur commercial artists to devise ways and means whereby out-door adver-

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Rotarygrams

NEW MEMBERS

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors, the following were elected to membership:

R. C. Cushman, "Mercantile Agency."

Andrew Kaulbach, "Trades Association."

Rotarygrams

ROTARY VISITORS

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

C. C. Greenlay, Houston.

H. L. Fortinberry, Houston.

Datus Proper, San Antonio.

L. E. Thorne, Port Arthur.

Frank Imhoff, Port Arthur.

L. D. Bogan, Major, 1st Infantry, Fort Wyoming, Wyoming.

Frank Nason, City.

W. Millican, Houston.

A. T. Mely, Houston.

R. L. Varnor, Nederland.

I. R. Chambers, City.

Lionel J. Kahn, Atlanta, Ga.

P. S. Justice, City.

Roy Spangenburg, Houston.

Harold R. Moore, City.

A. R. Watson, City.

E. L. Robinson, City.

Harry Phelan, City.

Robert Penn, Jr., Dallas.

Robert Penn, Sr., Dallas.