

## An Ignoble Crown

By Samuel Rosinger

Jefferson County is about to dedicate its magnificent courthouse. It is an imposing structure of great artistic beauty that would serve as an impressive ornament to a much larger city than ours. There is, however, a fly in the ointment of the joy with which the contemplation of this building fills me. The pinnacle of the structure is a penal institution. The jail is at the zenith of the building. What a tragic symbol of our civilization is this penthouse dungeon! Crime no longer slinks in dark alleys and hides in dingy underground places, but rides on the crest of society and serves as the crown of its corrupt life.

In no country with the least pretense to civilization, does crime flourish more luxuriantly than in America. Murders of the most revolting kind are of daily occurrence, and are committed with impunity. The country is over-run with hoodlums who prey on society, and desperadoes who glory in committing acts of violence. They make travels on the highways unsafe, and jeopardize the life and property of law-abiding people everywhere. If the Federal and State governments would devote to the extermination of these brigands only a fraction of the vast means and machinery employed for ferreting out the violators of the farcical Prohibition law, America would not be blackened in the eyes of God and man by the dastardly deeds with which gangsters and racketeers daily outrage the human conscience.

In addition to our inequitable laws, our unjust social system which permits the accumulation of vast wealth by a small class, at the impoverishment of the great masses who, at the least economic disturbance, are exposed to dire want—furnishes an exceptionally fertile soil for the breeding of criminals. Wretched poverty and crime are twin sisters, and not until we have a social order in which every man will be able to secure the necessities of life by the labor of his brawn or brain, will we get rid of the deadly parasite sapping the life-blood of organized society, the criminal.

The ailment we are suffering from is too deep-seated to respond to a surface treatment by economic salves or financial lotions. To regain our health, we will have to experience not only material recovery but also moral regeneration.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

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### Slants at the Meeting

Charlie Babcock put a fast one over on the boys last week with his impromptu program.

They responded with the alacrity of a bill collector and dished-up the necessary requisite of "Optomistic outlook."

We noticed at least three members smiling after the meeting, and that's something. We had begun to fear the continuation of the "Big Dent" had atrophied the facial muscles and "smile" could only be found in the dictionary.

Even surrounded by friends Pres Doty wont permit that sphinx like visage to betray much confidence.

Ben Jackson thinks there will be a better "pick-up" in the automobiles this year.

Joe Broussard admits there is 20% more rice raised in the country than needed for food stuff. Probably uncle Joe doesn't know that popular formula 20% rice and balance ginger ale.

Bill Saenger would lead us to believe aquatic officers will be necessary to control traffic on the intra-coastal water ways.

Ed Stedman, the big banana king, is willing to peel the skin off old Depression and slide into prosperity 'just around the corner.'

Cooke Wilson had two thirds of his industry regulated fairly well provided the legal hawks didn't cut off a few constitutional limbs and break up his play-house.

Prexy Jim has always got some dirt to project into the picture and if nothing more he recommends its immobility.

Of course, the old bride groom, Tom Minyard naturally sees things in a roseate hue just now, whether as a "clean sheet" or plastic material to begin the New Year with.

Too, your scribe with a bilious disposition and

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an iconoclastic nature senses a better atmosphere and is still willing to vote the Democratic ticket provided he doesn't have to subscribe to the slogan of the division of jackasses braying "Hee, Haw, we are coming back." The asininity of the slogan is probably symbolic of the advocates but rather than be put in that category we prefer to feed green persimmons to screech owls and try to keep the ground work clean.

—Check.

—Rotarygrams—

**ROTARY VISITORS**

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

Jack Stegall, Dallas.  
Ed Craig, Denton.  
Hallie Earthman, Bryan.  
George Morgan, Lake Charles, La.  
J. W. Smith, Houston.  
J. C. DeShong, Paris.  
Jose Luna Para, Mexico City, Mexico.  
H. M. Philbrook, Chicago, Ill.  
Karl Schwartz, City.  
John Knapp, Navasota.  
Pat Payton, City.  
Chick Dollinger, City.  
Walter Taber, Tyler.  
D. C. Tyrrell, City.  
Hugh Graham, City.  
Ralph Bowen, City.  
Ewell Strong, City.  
A. Leckie, Kansas City.

*Fighting For New Business*

When graybeards told Napoleon he couldn't cross the Alps in winter because "circumstances" did not smile on the venture, it is recorded he squared his shoulders and answered, "Circumstances? I make circumstances!" And that, without getting the least bit melodramatic, according to John W. Parsons, writing in the January "Rotarian," is what not a few business leaders did in 1931 and are going to do in 1932.

Confronted with adverse circumstances, these men have accepted the challenge with such enthusiasm, vigor, and intelligence that in many cases the very obstacles have been turned into advantages. The manufacturing of pianos and related industries supply two apt illustrations.

In Chicago is a certain company which for many years has been making piano stools and benches. It was a leader in this specialty, but as fewer pianos were sold its business dwindled. This firm might have ridden into prosperity by making radio cabinets. But no; it hewed to its old line—piano stools and benches or nothing. The result is that today it occupies a fraction of the plant that it once did.

What the bench and stool company might have done, had its management possessed foresight, is shown by the recent record of an old piano factory. As the demand for its product lessened, its board of directors squarely faced the question: Should nature be allowed to take its course? To say "yes" meant less trade and that many of its old workers would have to seek new jobs in an already glutted labor market. The company did the sensible and humane thing. It decided to make its own circumstances—by manufacturing motor boats. The cabinet makers readily shifted from pianos to boats, and the boats found a ready market. No jobs were lost, and the company's graph of profits began to climb.

"These are two parables of business, comments Mr. Parsons. "The bench and stool company typifies those men who got less business in 1931 but, like the Irishmen selling his pig, thought they would. The piano company is a composite portrait of those courageous souls who went after new business and got it—because of planned effort. It shows what other harassed concerns can do."