

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to the new mayor. The handsome majority that he piled up at the polls, is a vote of confidence in his integrity and ability. May his administration justify both by its progressiveness, as well as its judiciousness, the trust the public has placed in him. I heartily approve two of his policies as announced in the press, viz., to keep the street lights burning and establish cordial relationship with Pt. Arthur. I have ever looked upon the move to plunge our city into darkness, as a false economy and a psychological blunder. As to our relationship to Pt. Arthur, I would suggest the formation of an inter-city business league, the avowed purpose of which shall be to iron out all differences and eliminate all suspicions and jealousies that have set the two cities at cross purposes. Animated by a spirit of give-and-take, and guided by a determination that the two cities, instead of being deadly rivals, must become friendly partners and coworkers in the upbuilding and development of our county, both Beaumont as well as Pt. Arthur will enter upon a new era of prosperity that will repudiate the mischievous work of all those individuals and agencies that have stirred up strife and discord between the two communities. We are convinced that the new mayor will be backed up in his role of a peacemaker by even a larger majority than he received at his election. The New Deal stands for union and not division. Let us have peace, let us have harmony.

While speaking for the good and welfare of our county, let us remind Nederland that a much larger town, namely, Crosby, was left off the Beaumont-Houston short route, and not only has she survived it, but has probably been benefitted by the change. A modern highway with its fast traffic is no business feeder for a small town. All it does, it jeopardizes the life of its inhabitants. A mile away from a busy highway is just the right distance for a small town to fully enjoy the "still life" which is its greatest asset.

Balmy Spring is here again and miraculous nature is busy in healing up all the ravages made by cruel Winter. The faded landscape is again assuming emerald hues. The gaunt branches of the naked trees are again covered with tender green sprouts. The birds chirp their love notes and the air vibrates with the hum of insect life. Children are seen flying kites and the March breeze caresses young and old soothingly. Let us humans cast aside our petty fights and feuds, and join nature in her rapture of rejuvenation. Let the joy and peace of glorious Springtime enter our hearts, and attune our mood to the heavenly melody of deathless love.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

Dallas meeting, if you please. Not Beaumont. The good bishop Quin was wrestling with the latter last week and we are wrestling from the former this week. He was trying to put something over; we were trying to put it by. He was delivering platitudes; we were determining latitudes.

If we could just step out of character and snatch off some of those euphonious expletives that Sam Rosinger slings with such finesse we might portray to you a brief sketch of the Dallas meet.

About fifty of the live-awake members met us Tuesday night and a finer gesture of hospitality has never been offered a group than was evinced to us. This display of cordiality and good fellowship will be haunting the memories of our members many days.

After the convivial salutations embraced under the classification of the new deal, such as "Prosit, Here's How, Mud in your eye, Salud, etc." we were invited to the Roof, and boy, what decorations!

With possibly one exception, we have never seen such an array of delectable viands. Truly a gourmand's paradise, and service befitting a king. The most exacting epicurean could satiate his appetite.

We were told Dallas didn't like dancing. They didn't, but they do. When Jane and her gang finished they were not only convinced but converted. Miss Lugenbuhl's Rotary number was the piece de resistance. Attired in a costume with the Rotary emblem—spokes, cogs and lettering—conspicuously displayed in her sinuous and tortuous convolutions of an intriguing dance she made the optics of the members protrude like 'crab-eyes'.

Professor Amour de Functo (Tom Walker) from the Gland Opera sang the dual role of baritone and soprano, intermittingly. He covered himself with glory as well as with whiskers. He sang the Lover's

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Song from the Nudist Colony, revealing bare facts, as well as long runs and short cuts.

The Sproule School of Dancing (Miss Ann and Miss Judith) are entitled to the praise of this club for the arrangement of the musical and dancing numbers. The illustrated song, "You Are My Past, My Present and My Future", is the number that broke through the bulwarks of reserve and made old men's knees jump out of joint. Members were swooning with delight and hanging on with determination.

Perk Butler, the boy that looks like Franklin D., relieved himself of a short discourse on the facilities of the Port of Beaumont. He was getting into deep water until he finally reached the Trinity River and then he was on high land. But they like to hear him unfold that dream of argosies of sea discharging cargoes of commerce at the foot of Elm Street.

Rumblings heard from the back-seat: Fuzzy Roane says he understands why Your Uncle could never enforce prohibition . . . too many gin companies in North Texas. Charlie WineBalm says he could have driven better had there been less bullheifers on the highway. Charlie Babcock got a good view of Dallas looking through the knot-holes of a Log Cabin. We would have made better time but had to stop and listen to Charlie Terrible tell his Swede story. Harry Longe got hold of the wrong glass and couldn't see himself. (Who said anything about a mirror). Your humble servant had a delightful breakfast . . . toasted Aspirin and sal-hepatica souffle, next morning.

Check

—R—

Chance, Always

We of the twentieth century find it difficult to understand people who in generations past have bumped their heads fighting what was inevitable.

That they opposed railroads because trains displaced stagecoaches, is still remembered, but it is

not so well known that back in the seventeenth century they fought stagecoaches. One Englishman of the period mourned in this key:

"These coaches and caravans are one of the greatest mischiefs that have happened to the kingdom. They prevent the breed of good horses and destroy those that are bred. They effeminate His Majesty's subjects, who, having used themselves to travel in coaches, will possess no skill in horsemanship and become incapable of serving their country on horseback in time of war."

In spite of all such laments, stagecoaches came, had their day, and in turn gave way to a score of modern means of transportation. What will be next?—The Rotarian.

—R—

Commentable Comments

GOOD NEWS—From the "watchtower" of Geneva, Switzerland, where one has greater access to authoritative statistics than in any other city in the world, the indications give grounds for believing that: the commodity price trend is upward, unemployment's trend is downward; monetary stabilization is unescapable; and—the world has definitely turned the corner.—Rudolf Holsti, former prime minister of Finland, in the Rotarian Magazine.

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CO-OPERATION IN THE AIR—It is my conclusion that the two types of aircraft, airships and airplanes, are not competitive. Economic considerations and the natural limitations of each point to the eventual adoption of a jointly operated worldwide transportation system. Overland and short over-water flights will be made by airplanes and flying boats, but the long trans-oceanic flights will be made by large rigid airships. Thus the two types of air-craft will work together to build up a combined service offering a safe, reliable worldwide aerial transportation system—Dr. Karl Arnstein, designer of dirigibles, in the Rotarian Magazine.

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HOW ENGLAND EMERGES—The secret of Great Britain's remarkable resistance to the forces of depression, even though she relies more than any other nation upon foreign trade and hence is more directly affected by world disturbances, lies in her congenital moderation which in business in finance, as well as in politics, takes the form of cautious but not too rigid conservatism.—Harold Callender in the Rotarian Magazine.

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WHEN EUROPE JUDGES AMERICA—When Europe tries to judge the New Deal, there is one thing she should never lose sight of, that is, the situation which rendered it inevitable. The majority of Europeans have never understood the distress of America in the early part of 1933. In spite of everything, America remained for Europe the symbol of universal wealth.—André Maurois, French author, in the Rotarian Magazine.