

## Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

Our streets seem to be suffering from sinking spells. The engineers who laid many of the sewers in pre-automobile days, could not foresee, by the widest stretch of their imagination, the heavy truck traffic that would rumble in our streets. Yet, to prevent fatal accidents, with their attendant damage suits, it would pay the city to make a thorough test of the carrying capacity of our streets above excavations, and remedy the weak spots before they are ready to cave in.

I would like to see a serious and strong movement instituted for the purpose of reviving the lost art of conservation. If such a revival took place, the lid of silence would have to be clamped on banal topics such as the weather, clothes, sports, movies, automobiles, depression and many others of that ilk. If any one whom you meet would try to exhibit his Socratic, or Solomonic wisdom by making the startlingly novel and sagacious observation, "Nice weather we're having," you could discourage him for good by retorting, "I read the paper from kiver to kiver, including the weather report and the whole news harvest of the Associated Press." Let our conversation not be a rehashing of the news in the morning and evening papers, but have a touch of freshness or a turn of originality about it. If we cannot rise in our conversation above the trite and trivial, we will display good taste and sound wisdom by practising the much-neglected virtue of silence.

From my window I can feast my eyes on a stately row of sycamores lining the street. They resemble giant sentries silhouetted against the skies. People passing under them appear the punier, because of their contrast with these arboreal Titans. How paltry is the jewel-studded diadem adorning the brow of a monarch, compared with the majestic crown of emerald foliage which surmounts the massive trunks of these trees. Colossal, indeed, is the conceit that persuades the midget man to regard himself as the lord of creation. The sight of one of these trees ought to knock out his superiority complex, and inspire him with abject humility.

One of the interesting street scenes at Springtime, is furnished by young mothers who teach their infants the art of walking. It is tragi-comic to observe the agonized looks of the tots when the mothers remove their guiding and supporting hands from them even for a moment. Some immediately bend over and topple, others shake like aspen leaves and burst into tears. Do not blame, O mothers, your tots for their craven fear to stand on their own feet. We live in an age in which millions of grown up huskies have wobbly legs and lean for support on the Government. Something will have to be done to teach our people again the art of walking independently. Otherwise, this country will resemble a huge asylum for crippled adults with infantile brains and backbones.

# ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

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### *Slants at the Meeting*

Mother's day, a fitting program, beautiful of simplicity and noble of purpose.

The committee is to be congratulated on the arrangements; the songs were appropriate, the reading was timely, and the address was inspiring.

The inclement weather prevented many from enjoying this annual event fostered by the Rotary program's committee.

Tom Minyard was at his best and many strong men showed weakness (?), with suffused eyes, when he tenderly touched on the mother-influence.

Mother's Day is of comparatively recent origin and from the enthusiastic reception accorded it, the old world will soon be paying tribute to the noblest impulse that ever sprung in the human heart, mother-love.

A few more programs of this character and the club will ascend a higher rung in the ladder of moral conduct.

Check.

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### TELEGRAM

Tuesday, 11:59 P. M.

Sherman, sent from Dallas nearest night club office,  
Editor Rotarygram:

Just got passed back-door committee, Amnesty Bill UR2, under Liar's code, making it mandatory for Beaumont Club to send editorial force of Rotarygram to Detroit every time International Convention is held there. Reason: this being the home of back-seats, the position the editorial staff has maintained with such good standing (?), recognition is taken, and demands the Board of Directors issue cashier's checks.

Signed: Write-r Check

Delegate to Conference 48th Dist.

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—R—

### *Port Arthur Meeting*

One of the most delightful inter-city meetings the writer has had the pleasure of visiting.

Between 40 and 50 Beaumont Rotarians braved the bad weather and broke bread with our neighbors.

Mrs. Cliff Hall proved herself a toastmaster, or toastmistress, of no mean ability. The piece de resistance was a board of directors meeting (composed of 14 women) presided over by the talented Mrs. H.

The allegedly Rotarian meeting took on the nature of a gridiron dinner and while the jibes and wisecracks bore a local atmosphere many Beaumont members were able to get some big guffaws.

Just one complaint from this observer . . . the participants did not enunciate clearly, and besides the writer was far back and that interfered with good reception.

A delightful dance and a cordial reception awaited all. Have us again, Port Arthur.

Check.

—R—

### *Growing Words*

A Dresden paper, the Weidmann, which thinks there are kangaroos (Beutelratte) in South Africa, says the Hottentots (Hottentotten) put them in cages (Kotter) provided with covers (Latengitter) against the weather (Wetter).

The cages are therefore called Latengitterwetter-

koter and the imprisoned kangaroo is a Latengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte.

One day an assassin (Attentater) was arrested for the murder of a Hottentot woman (Hottentottenmutter), mother of two stupid children of Stratterrottel.

The woman, in the German language, is entitled Hottentottenstratterrottelmutter and her assassin is a Hottentottenstratterrottelmutterattentater.

The murderer was confined in a kangaroo's cage—a Beutelrattenlatengitterwetterkotter, whence a few days later he escaped, but presently was recaptured by a native who reported at the mayor's office:

"I have captured the Beutelratte."

"Which one?" asked the mayor.

"The Attentaterlatengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte."

"Which Attentater are you talking about? We have several."

"The Hottentottenstratterrottelmutterattentater."

"Then," said the mayor, "why did you not say at once Hottentottenstratterrottelmutterattentaterlatengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte?"

And if you haven't smiled by this time the depression has got you beyond hope of redemption.—The Southwestern Ambassador.

—R—

### *Business Friendship*

Someone has said, "when the hour comes that prevents my promoting the good of some friend, then the time will have arrived when I can be of no further service to myself or to the world."

The word "friendship" means more than mutual esteem or human harmony. We believe that business friendship is a serious matter—twice as great as kindness and several times more important than common courtesy. Business friendship of the lasting, permanent kind, means making our service necessary to some one. We find a lot of satisfaction in such service, because we find that through it we have earned and kept the confidence of our friends.