

Let's Get Together

By Samuel Rosinger

Now that Texas has joined, by an overwhelming majority, the long list of states that have cast their vote in favor of repealing the eighteenth amendment, it becomes a bounden duty of both, drys as well as wets, to bury the hatchet, and unite wholeheartedly in a sane and sensible regulation of the liquor traffic that will make for true temperance. The heated controversies of the past must give way to calm judgment and deliberation. The drys must not attempt to frustrate the will of the majority by over-regulation, and the wets must not go the whole hog and permit the return of the evils which marked the days of the obnoxious saloon. Liberty degenerates into license, unless it is subjected to that wise restraint which promotes moderation and proscribes excess.

The Legislature, in whom the regulatory powers are vested, should act with extreme caution in formulating measures calculated to further sobriety and curb indulgence. A commission composed of experts should be appointed to study the question from every angle, investigate the regulations which other states have taken, or contemplate taking, and make recommendations for the enactment of a few clear, concise and comprehensive laws, that will be enforced not only by the police, but also public opinion. Most of the harm resulting from drink comes from hard liquor. Let, therefore, the consumption of this form of alcoholic beverage be discouraged by the impost of heavy taxes and other restrictions, while light wines and beer, that are merely stimulants and not intoxicants, be made cheap and easy of access.

However, regulations by law, no matter how judicious, will not make us a temperate people. Education in the home, not by precept but by parental example, is the only effective means by which the virtue of temperance will be inculcated in the heart of our youth. Let fathers and mothers give their children to understand that drunkenness is a disgrace and a gross offense against human dignity and decency, and teach them to shun and despise the company of those given to drink, no matter how high their station or position. Then a generation will arise that will control its appetite by the golden bridle of temperance and banish the curse of inebriety from the land.

ROTARYGRAMS

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A Buyer!

Even at the distance of a half-block down the street we detected a distinguishing quality in his gait; he would be a panhandler. We kept our eyes averted in an attempt to discourage him by ignoring him, but we soon saw it was no use; his eye was on us—he was determined to speak his piece. Steeling ourselves to refuse his request for a dime for coffee, we faced him squarely.

His sun-yellowed straw hat was slightly bashed in. His shirt was not too clean. If he wore a tie we didn't notice it, and his trousers bore the wilted appearance of a sail-boat in the calm of the horse latitudes. We had no time to examine his shoes, for he was now full upon us.

Well, we reasoned with a sigh, it would be just another hard-luck story to us—no more—so we turned an ear.

"Say, mister," said the stranger, "where can I find one of the more reasonably priced movies?"

Just that. It sounded too good to be true. It would probably be just a come-on. Defensively we told him where the more reasonably priced movies were located.

He questioned us about the location of several streets, then departed. And on his way he said, "Thanks a lot! I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your time."

He hadn't asked us for money—he had asked us where to spend money that he already possessed! He was a buyer looking for a market!

Slants at the Meeting

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—R—

Remember When

Our club held its weekly luncheons at the Crosby and thirsty members arrived early to loiter at the bar and then arrive late at the meeting, wearing a slightly bewildered look? And now Curtis is planning to open his filling station, just across the hall.

'Way back when young blades rode about in red wheeled rubber tired buggies—and young women used hat pins for something besides keeping the Merry Widow on straight—and “pep” song numbers were part of the Rotary ritual?

'Way back when the manager of the town team raised a fund to import a battery for the big grudge game of the year with the rival village—and a great big ice cream soda was a nickel?

'Way back when Eugene Debs was looked upon as a slightly coo-coo gentleman—“bats in his belfry” was the then current term—for advocating certain things that are now being cheered to the echo and then some? And if he had made a speech before a group of Rotarians, decrying great fortunes and the evils of concentrated wealth, the boys would have given Nott Smith the nod to come and get him. Yeah, boy, times do change. You will recall that it was Debs' big idea to take it away from those who had it and scatter it among the poor.

'Way back when good wrestlers couldn't make enough money to eat with any degree of regularity and sold bananas and started restaurants—and women's bathing suits were not scant enough to attract a man to the beach?

'Way back when footballers wanted to harden up for the season's grind could find plenty of work in the wheat fields—and money was so plentiful nearly everybody wore a silk shirt with half inch stripes in 'em?

'Way back when Ma used salt water to ease chigger bites—and Cooke Wilson, as entertainment chairman, put a fast one over the Club by introducing Crockett street chink as a Pekin prince and got away with it?

For some people the most difficult thing in the world is to stop talking after they have finished, and does it put crimson in the cheek of Keith!

I would rather have nettle rash on my honey-moon than to listen to one of those over-run addresses where patience is more than a virtue . . . it's a God-given adjunct.

Trying to embellish an interesting statement with a fertilizer of statistics is just as appetizing as sprayed garlic on a chocolate eclair.

Running the gamut of gab is no peace treaty for a neurotic. It's as upsetting as a turned over bucket.

The colorful aspects of John Blankeney infused into the picture weren't bad tho odoriferous. The solo was good and a repetition would have been a 110% better than the combined efforts of the other two numbers.

The “reading” was a complete flop . . . flatter than a dumb husband's excuse to a wise wife.

My aversion to “readings”, on general principles and specific occasions is so pronounced I would turn pink when I blanche. There isn't one out of ten thousand that's worth a cancelled postage stamp and we mail-men know. They are just as enlightening as a good scratch on a week-end.

The offering of a resolution on the floor of the Rotary Club is effected with as much complacency as the bending of a cosmic ray or the cracking of an atom.

If persistence is a virtue Jim Mapes is endowed with gifts. Jim seems to think that protective measure of presenting to the Board of Directors first is so much excelsior packed around a hard nut.

We laud Jim on his commendable purpose as well as on his astute method of evasion . . . he shoved a square peg in a round hole.

We still think his manifestation of petulance was a ruse to conceal his sense of humor which crops out with refreshing dryness, if there is such a thing.

—Check.