

## Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

If racketeers were to hold a contest, I am sure, the munition manufacturers would be awarded the world championship in infamy and ignominy. You may decry Russia and hurl against her system of government the worst invectives at your command, yet, rest assured, that in the country of the bolsheviks men who batten on the blood of their own people and foment war by bribery, smuggling and every method of villainy, as brought to light by the recent Congressional investigation, would be dealt with summarily and given a dose of their own medicine by having to face a firing squad equipped with guns of their own manufacture. If, as a result of the investigation, Congress will not make the manufacture of ammunitions a government function, but, will continue to leave this death-dealing instrument in the hands of unconscionable scoundrels, democracy is bound to be drowned in the cesspool of corruption, into which men who sell their souls for pelf, hurl it.

Lamar College is rendering a constructive public service by the establishment of night classes. Adult education is the crying need of our day. Our public schools in confining education to children and adolescents, limit arbitrarily the possibilities of their usefulness. School buildings ought to be humming with activities from eight in the morning until ten o'clock at night. The leisure effected by the inventions of science that relieve people of drudgery, by the small size of the average family, and by the reduction of the working hours, as well as enforced idleness through unemployment, should be converted into adult education. What America needs more than anything else, is an educated citizenship. An educated citizenship is the greatest bulwark of genuine democracy. It is a far stronger palladium than a vast military establishment.

The Rotary Club is a civic organization with serious aims and objects, and not an amusement purveying agency to furnish its members with entertainment. The theatre specializes in the entertainment business, and civic clubs are hurting themselves irreparably by trying to ape it with their amateurish imitations. If program committees would bear this distinction in mind, the Club would not have to listen to so-called entertainments which often fall below the tastes and standards of adolescents. In these troublous times when our nation is beset by problems that demand speedy and wise solution, surely, a body of business men representing a substantial cross section of the community, should devote its meetings not to vapid entertainments, but to thought-provoking and stimulating discussions.

# ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

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### *Flying Down to New Orleans with the Mail*

As Told To Our Reporter

After a few seconds run across a grassy plot you are rocketed into the sky and hasten to disassociate yourself from that suspended-feeling that inevitably creeps over you for the first few minutes. Then the sudden realization that a kaleidoscopic view is unfolding before you, offering an endless number of thrills and entrancing sights.

Peering over the starboard side of the ship Pt. Arthur looms into view, her skyline flecked with smoke stacks of the refineries and her front yard bathed with the waters of Lake Sabine; and out beyond the bluish-emerald waters of the Gulf hold your attention.

Almost immediately you find yourself sailing over the Magnolia Refinery properties, littering up the earth below like children's toys in playrooms, and then you recognize the symmetrical lines as you glide along to be the streets of Orange. Next your attention is attracted to the Ged oilfields, rearing their lofty derricks amid the marshes and standing on the outskirts of Vinton. But the ceaseless panorama continues and you get a glimpse of Calcasieu Lake, and the City of Lake Charles heaves into view as you recognize the Charleston Hotel, her lone skyscraper. Hardly have you fixed these pictures in your mind until Welsh oilfield pops into view and then you find yourself gliding over towards Opelousas with Eunice on your left and both cities in sight.

It's often been hinted that a farmer knows nothing of figures but if you will feast your eyes on the terrain, at one mile high, you see spread before you innumerable geometric figures, semi-circles, squares, parallelograms, quadrilaterals, octagons, hexagons, and pentagons. But, of course, the Canadian farmer 'cuts the best figure' in pentagons. This is a great agricultural district and the farms are meshed into fascinating networks of green. The endless number of concrete ribbons traversing the

different parishes testify to the highway department's efficiency.

Soon the debonair pilot informs you the dense forest below will extend to the Miss. River and Baton Rouge. He gains altitude rapidly and you recognize the Atchafalaya River like a sinuous snake wending its way to the Gulf. We remark that a landing might be bad, but he tosses off the answer "we could make that with a hop, skip and jump" . . . yes, some 40 or 50 miles.

The next few minutes you are straining to catch a glimpse of the Pelican State Capitol, and it is a magnificent shaft, holding its lofty tower far above the tumultuous roar of the political wars that rage within its walls below. Soon you are setting your feet on mother Earth again, delivering the mail to the city and stretching your legs. Five minutes elapses and you are headed directly for the Crescent City with the great Father of Waters to your right and the vast Lake Ponchartrain to your left, speeding over sparsely settled country and dense forests of cypress.

But within a few minutes you see the low hanging clouds of smoke, symbols of a great city, and as your plane crosses and recrosses the Miss. River you are suddenly startled by the view of a mammoth bridge now being erected across this mighty stream, and before you realize it you are taxiing across another grassy plot to a landing.

Just two hours and thirty-five minutes after leaving Beaumont. A glorious trip, a variety of scenery and weather to your own making 85° to 65° dependent on your altitude. Cool, clean and safe. An experience calculated to brush aside ennui and make the old heart beat faster. Try it for a tonic.



Lee Tinkle Pruitt

"L. T." Internal Medicine

Born at Jacksonville, Tex., Oct. 4, 1898

Married . . . . . No children

806 San Jacinto Bldg.

Telephone 1994



John Wharton Newton  
Oil Refining

Born in Dallas, Tex., May 8, 1892

Married . . . . . A Son

707 Third Street

Telephone 2932

### *Slants at the Meeting*

The program committee cast us a juvenile lure last week and the tribe bit at it like trout under a cockeyed-moon . . . or is that the attitude when lunar influence stimulates piscatorial nibbling to its advantage?

Harmonica Pete, Mike and Toney threw out their chests and blew out their lungs in the proudest moments of their puerile efforts, in the role of entertainers. And if you know the psychology of boys no king ever sat on his throne with more complacency than imbued those youngsters as they stood before you.

Too, an eager father sat at our table scintillating with thrills, racked with emotions and inflated with pride that would make worts on a frog look like a polished surface.

The boy Demosthenes regaled us with a survey of paradoxes during the last generation—a mental prick to the disjointed times.

Sometimes we think best not to inquire into the motivating influences of these programs. Frinstance we are left status quo about this one . . . question, is this the improvised offering, or is it a demonstration by A. L. of the versatility of his David Crockett groups?

Anyway we will see you next week on Uncle Charlie's extension program . . . one thirty.

Check.