

## Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

Our town suffers badly from depression drabness. The pavements of our streets are split and the sidewalks broken up. Our houses are paintworn and our lawns and shrubs unkempt. Our public parks also lack the trimness they used to have erstwhile. It would not be a bad idea to have a community-wide rally for the purpose of dispelling this glum spirit and replacing it with a brighter hope and more cheerful outlook. Recovery will come from within, and not from without. Recovery is a state of mind, a will to live and regain normal health and activity. Miss Beaumont is too young a damsel to settle down into the dumps of a bachelor maid. Let us enable her to discard her shabby rags and tuck herself out in new gay finery, and her youthful, lively spirit will return as if by magic.

I believe that capitalism, in spite of its heavy breakdown, is still capable of being mended and employed as a working economic principle. Only the profit motive, the chief lure of this system, will have to be curbed and limited to the production of luxuries and non-essentials. The basic supplies will have to be produced for use, and not speculation. The indispensable necessities of life must not be subjected to the fluctuation of the market, or the manipulation of gamblers, but dispensed at the lowest cost possible, so that the humblest should be able to procure them in exchange for the labor of his brawn or brain. If capitalism will not eliminate starvation in the midst of plenty, then, capitalism will have to go the way of all flesh and make room for a system that will make money the servant and man the master, and not vice versa.

I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, yet I can feel the pulse of the common people, and on the basis of my intuitive impressions I predict the election of Upton Sinclair to the Governorship of California by an overwhelming majority. I also predict that the threatened flight of capital and the exodus of the movie industry from California will never take place. Capital knows how to adjust itself to changed conditions and capital will have a big hand in writing Sinclair's epic. I am painfully surprised, though, at the failure of our Chamber of Commerce to extend a most alluring invitation to the big movie magnates and the brilliant stars of Hollywood to come and settle in Beaumont. It is a puzzle to me how the Industrial Committee let Miami and San Antonio get ahead of them.

# ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

Vol. X Beaumont, Texas, Oct. 24, 1934 No. 16

### *Slants at the Meeting*

Last week you witnessed the incongruous spectacle of an Israelite introducing, and fostering, a Baptist preacher who was to speak on the advantages of Hitler's land.

However, the good brother never made an observation prejudicial to Judaism, but he kinder hung the fangs in those horse-eaters over in France and his animadversions set just as pretty with us as a strawberry does on whipped cream.

We hate to lose our equanimity over international questions but the leaders of France have shown such a despicable spirit of ingratitude towards the Americans that reprisals would not be amiss.

The great unbathed mass of frog-eaters are probably innocent of the venom and hatred that has been engendered in the hearts of the governing class of that country against America.

France is the very epitome of ingratitude and are prone to forget when they were clamoring for help from the American Government like a bunch of cowering sycophants as the Teutonic hordes were knocking at the gates of Paris.

Fie on the leaders of that lousey gang and they stand in the same category with us, as the depraved crowds of Rumania who permit a buck-tooth degenerate to flaunt his lewd and licentious didos in the face of respectable people just because he was born of royal blood . . . a travesty on decency.

Well, maybe we did lose our temper in those few paragraphs above but for filling in space we have decided to let them stand, and if you don't like our comments write us an article.

We admire the safety-valve inaugurated by the British Government permitting the bewhiskered disgruntled to relieve themselves of their spleen in Hyde Park . . . the height of asinity.

One thing we were impressed by was the speaker's dialect . . . He kinder talks our language. In early childhood we looked on a man of the cloth with more or less awe and disassociated him with any ordinary human characteristics. This brother bore all the traits incident to a good feller and he had that old cheroot smoking like a charcoal pit.

We are inclined to think his advice opportune, to keep our fingers out of their dirty pie and to man our navy and train our soldiers for those soandos. —CHECK.

This space is grudgingly dedicated to two of the biggest, as well as the most convincing, liars in the Club . . . . each had promised an article for this issue . . . .

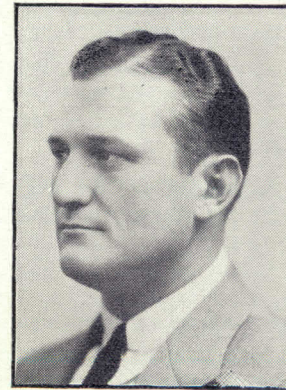


J. T. Shelby  
Financial Exchange Service  
Born August 19, 1885, Washington County, Texas  
Married . . . . . A Daughter  
137 Seventh Street Telephone 808

—R—

"My husband gets up in time for health exercises on the radio every morning."  
"I didn't know he took 'em."  
"He doesn't; but the girl in the apartment across the court does."

—R—



David William Crawford  
"Bill" Tires Distributing  
Born in Lampasas, Texas . The Year 1902  
Married . . . . . Two Children  
Residence Calder Terrace Telephone 4494-J

Rather than give them any free advertising we are withholding their names, but a visit to the editorial rooms will enlighten you on the arch-prevaricators.

Check.