

Timely Topics

BY SAMUEL ROSINGER

Well, it seems that the savage Ethiopians have more native sense than the so-called civilized Europeans. The threadbare casus belli of affronted national honor, did not constrain them to take the braggadocia of bullying Mussolini seriously and enter into a protracted ruinous warfare with Italy. The savages manage to find ways and means to settle disputes with their neighbors peacefully. It is only western peoples who boast of their civilization that will destroy each other with every weapon available for the vindication of the national honor, and—what a blasphemy!—for the greater glory of God.

If I am not mistaken, the boyish sport of kite flying is on the wane. The March winds have certainly been blowing forcibly enough to lift kites into the stratosphere, yet, I see few soaring in the altitudes, or dangling from tree branches or telephone poles. Kite flying is one of the oldest, cleanest and healthiest sports of boyhood, and schools and scout organizations ought to encourage its pursuit. The decline of the sport, I believe, is due to the ease with which a boy can buy a ready-made kite at the five and ten cent stores. As long as one had to make his own kite, the difficulty of the art involved, challenged the boy's willpower and pride, not to speak of the self-importance with which the watching crowd of younger children filled him. But now, when for a dime every sloth of a kid can secure a flashy star kite, the sporting element is really gone. Still, even as the development of skill through marble games has, of late, been encouraged by the schools, so also kite flying ought to be taken under the wings of these institutions and its cultivation kept up by contests and the awarding of trophies and prizes.

Some time ago, I paid my respects to a bellboy who in his spare time attends college. Now, I am happy to sing the praises of a telephone girl who works at the switchboard from 3 to 11 P. M. and makes excellent grades at our Junior College. The Lord scatters his blessings, indeed, and gives those who struggle with poverty riches of the soul which outweighs in importance any earthly treasure. Education acquired under such difficult circumstances means more than a diploma. It is culture bred in the bone and woven into the fibers of a purposeful life.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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TRUCKS

Have you noticed how fast Old Dobbin has disappeared from our streets? They have become quite scarce all over the United States. One of the largest brewing companies are using horses for advertising purposes because they are a rarity.

Motor trucks have put "Old Dobbin in the Shade". The Circus, the Cowboy and the small Farmer are about the only market left for the horse trader.

In 1934 there were 588,640 new trucks sold in the United States, in 1932 only 235,787. There are 83 manufacturers that make trucks, but only three or four that sell large volume. The leading make accounted for 157,507 of the 588,640 sales in 1934 and their largest truck is listed as of one and one half ton capacity.

Selling trucks is a pleasure, because the seller enables the buyer to earn more profit from his business. Economical Transportation at low cost.

My Company sells 800 new cars and trucks per year retail in Beaumont, and one-fourth of these are trucks.

—J. F. Roane.

—R—

He was taking tea with a great editor on Sunday afternoon when the editor's little daughter came back from Sunday school with an illustrated text card in her hand.

"What's that you have there, little one?" the editor asked.

"Oh," said the little girl, "just an ad about Heaven."

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Slants at the Meeting

Last week was a bifurcated program. The action of the first part taking place in an entirely different locale from that assigned the Houston group.

This prelude might properly be characterized as a "Hospitable Overture" or a farcical extravaganzy, entitled, "Maintaining Your Alkiline Balance", (with apologies to White Rock).

The personnel of this initial number was considerably augmented by some of Beaumont's best absorbers and whose vanity immediately prompted a demonstration of their ability.

The second half of the program was an exclusive effort of Houstonians and its denouement was confined to the four walls of the Rows Rum (of bad acoustic properties).

After the humorous introduction of Houston visitors by Raymond Hamilton,—we mean Person,—the V-8 piston, the meeting glided into a "directors" session which was fraught with wise-cracks and jibes.

The sweet singer, Miss Daisy Elgin, made a tremendous hit and her ovation was evidence of the fact some of the apathetic Beaumonters can be amused.

Frank Jones, the speaker of the day, launched into a dissertation on the Gold Clause, or rather an analysis of the Supreme Court decision on this much mooted question. A fine discourse, we say.

Personally we never get into a hysterical lather over this monetary dilemma for two reasons. First, we never had any gold and second, it was like the weather it would take care of itself.

If these vistors didn't enjoy our hospitality then Houston has some of the biggest liars that ever disgraced one of the cardinal principles of Rotary, fellowship. As for Beaumont this was a gala occasion and approbation was registered on the mugs of men as pretty as strawberries on whipped cream.

—Check.

Mexico City Convention

Due to some religious disturbances in the Republic of Mexico and a number of inquiries R. I. has seen fit to explain that this place was definitely decided on about two years ago as the most accessible city for the greatest number of Rotarians, of all Latin-American countries extending invitations.

Great preparations have been made for the entertainment of guests; steamship, railway and other transportation companies have arranged tours and reduced schedules for visiting Rotarians; commitments have been made for concessions and spaces allotted in the city and a complete program has been perfected for this convention.

Too, Rotary as an organization takes no cognizance of the religion or politics of a country and to change the place for convention would be contrary to the fundamentals of Rotary. The holding of this convention in Mexico would imply neither approval or disapproval of the policies of the political party in power now.

Most all of the hotel accommodations (about 1700) have been set aside for the R. I. officials and over-sea visitors but the beautiful station "Buena Vista", close-in, will be closed to all traffic during the convention and put at the disposition of visitors. 175 Pullman cars and about 100 "service cottages" have been provided in this station for the exclusive use of Rotarians and their families and guests. These little bungalows will be beautified with vines and flowers and the porters of each Pullman will take care of cars during the stay. Too, all diners on special trains will remain in service for the benefit of patrons and Rotarians.

To automobilists: The best we can ascertain is that the road to Mexico City will be passable (reasonably safe) in May this year but the project will not be completed before the end of 1935.

With apologies for personal reference, the writer had the delightful experience of flying to the City about three years ago via Pan-American Lines, making the distance from Brownsville to Buena Vista field in four and one half hours. At times rough flying is encountered in crossing the Sierra Madres, attaining the altitude of some 12,000 feet, and a nausea developed that sends a nostalgic longing through you for Mother Earth.

Mexico City . . . This unique and cosmopolitan city nestles in the Valley of Mexico, 8,000 feet above sea level with a uniform temperature of 60 to 70 degrees. With a historical and glamorous background this ancient city boasting of its beautiful parks, broad avenues, tropical vegetation and hospitable people casts a fascinating spell over her visitors that endures as one's brightest memory.

(A more complete report will be published when we return from convention as Special Delegate from Rotarygram).

—The Editor.