

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

It would do well for those hyper-patriots who claim to have a copyright to the exclusive use of the name "American" and whose burning love for their country manifests itself chiefly in the savage hatred of the alien, to read the sonnet written by a Jewish poetess, that is engraved on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor:

"THE NEW COLOSSUS

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land,
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand
Glows world-wide welcome: Her mild eyes com-
mand

The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep ancient lands your storied pomp" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming store.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden shore."

Narrow nationalism is not democracy, but fascism. It is negative and destructive and, far from helping the country, reverts to its hurt. No public policy that rests on prejudice can possibly succeed, for prejudice is a quicksand that shifts and sinks and swallows up everything built upon it.

* * *

I have never had a peek into the secret files of Sam Solinsky, yet I know that I must be an exceptionally good credit risk. When buying the few supplies I needed for my vacation trip, every merchant simply begged me to help myself to whatever I wanted of his ware with the assurance that I could take care of the bill upon my return. And similarly, the insurance men tendered me accident, life and property policies covering all imaginable emergencies, with an extension of paying the premium after my return. I believe were I minus a traveling mate, some matrimonial agency would have probably tendered me a life companion with the assurance that I could take care of her upon my return. Had I availed myself of all this generosity in credit extension, the first thing I would have had to do upon my return, would be to go into bankruptcy. As it is, I know I will be broke, and will need credit far more upon my return than upon my departure.

In the discussion of the nerve-wracking noises, created by the siren blasts of switching and street-crossing trains, I was glad to learn that there is a state law that prescribes the number of toots to be belched forth by the whistle. I felt that it was some fool legislator, and not a sane engineer who was responsible for this racket. Still, the pitch of the whistle had not been fixed by the wise legislature and, therefore, I would implore the engineers to use pianissimo rather than fortissimo in the discharge of their din-making duties.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

Caught from a ringside seat at last luncheon as Clarence Wharton, brilliant lawyer, author, historian, lecturer of Houston, slammed home his well-taken convictions that the people may be going through the process of being weaned away from the constitution, foundation stone of American liberty: Early Texans wrote their constitution at Washington on the Brazos, restoring to them rights usurped by Mexican dictatorial rule . . . Then they defended their constitutional rights at the Alamo, at Goliad, at San Jacinto . . . Those Texas pioneers, our hardy forbears residing in humble cabins on the frontier and literally fighting for existence, never grovelled on their bellies waiting for the government to feed them. . . . More of the splendid heritage of hardihood, which seems to be missing among people today, is needed. . . . Constitutional rights of the early Texans were never more imperiled than the fundamental privileges provided citizens by the national constitution are today. . . . The constitution has never been nearer the breaking point. . . . A Washington dictatorship, be it as benevolent as that of Augustus or William the Silent, would never be for the best interests of the people. . . . Defenders with the same spirit as those of the Republic of Texas are needed desperately to stand as protectors of the constitution. . . . And unless they do rise up in their manhood and might we are hell bound with the brakes off.

The brilliant Mr. Wharton had more to say, much more, and when he got through the bald eagle that he had been working on for fifteen minutes flew clean out of the state and went into seclusion in order to grow another suit of clothes. Beeman Strong introduced the speaker and the judge was presented to the club by Hap Faber, of the Utilities group, who was in charge of the program. Judge Wharton's remarks, in a manner of speaking, marked another milestone. It was the first time in the history of the club that a guest speaker ripped into a democratic administration and got away with shirt intact. Judge Wharton not only got away with his shirt intact but he received salvos of applause. And that is another phenomena of American politics.

—Pinchitter.

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—R—

LET'IN

Gramatically speaking this is a contraction of a participle but to the pencil pushers of this grand old State it is an event of no mean significance.

Its lure is the awarding, or letting, of a high-way contract and is a monthly or bi-monthly occurrence in Austin, fraught with strange emotions and queer sights.

The rich and the poor, the weak and the strong, all jostle each other in the mad rush for points of advantages and in this maelstrom of effort there is humor and pathos; sagacity and dumbness.

The suave mannered official of the big company, flanked with a coterie of minor executives; as well as the humblest citizen buoyed with the faith in his own ability, is 'milling' in the corridors of the hotels 'til the wee hours of morning seeking a crumb of consolation and advantage.

A friend or foe darts off the scene of action, button-holed with caressing tenderness and yields to the dulcet words pouring into attentive ears, as the little conference behind closed doors begins to reveal the subtle benefits of a compact.

Men vie with each other across the table of chance, in that old American pastime known as "penny-ante", amidst bon mots and ribald banter, hoping to beguile the hours of tedium.

The conservative, as well as the rash, are prone to hold their bids until the last moment expectant that some quirk of fate or turn of chance might tip the scales of balance to their side; and then the maddening rush to notarize and deliver before the final stroke of nine that sounds the death-knell of further bidding.

And thus, each month, this picture flits across the minds of men as they struggle to gain the rich award of a contract from the greatest business organizations of old Texas. . . the Highway Department, spending some thirty million dollars that Fords may roll and rattle in complacency as we visit our aunt Emma and our uncle John.

CAE

ROTARY is non-religious, non-political and non-abusive. It endures without resentment. It's crowning glory is tolerance without malice.

When some member or guest vents his spleen against a race, religion or regime it is not ROTARY that's harmed but he himself that's branded with a stigma.

—R—

The Plea of Insanity

The Joke of the Times, The Cry of the Criminal and the Curse of the Nation.

An insult to Intelligence, A slap at Jurisprudence, and a Cancer to Society.

Slay your best friend; murder your feller member, philander with a blonde; hibernate with criminals; steal the churches money and then plead INSANITY.

Old Barnum was right and most of 'em are sitting on juries or trying criminal cases.

The alienist. What is he? Nine times out of ten he is a professional nitwit, a lousey member of society, willing to debauch his occupation for a few paltry dollars offered by some lying, cringing lawyer who condones his own conduct under the guise of professional ethics.

And boy they have got another one . . . AMNESIA. Do you know what that is? Amnesia is the step-son of Plea of Insanity and the twin brother of Alibi.

If you get financially cramped, steal the family jewels and hock 'em; allow temptation to get you "piflocated and cock-eyed in a booze emporium, or indulge in amorous adventure with a seductive wench . . . you are then in the tertiary stage of AMNESIA.

Remedy . . . Let Common Sense rule for a moment, realize what a dam fool you have been, drive out in the country, fall over on the steering wheel and be found in that semi-prone position. Then lie like an egg-sucking hound that the last thing you can recall was you were on the way to church. Your wife and society both are supposed to anoint you with the oil of forgiveness. . . God what a travesty!

—Ed.

—R—

ROTARY SOFT BALL

Wednesday 10th—Police; 8 p. m.
Monday 15th—Reed; 8 p. m.