

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

When I got my new automobile license plates and looked at its pukey yellow, my stomach almost turned in revulsion from its nauseating ugliness. And, of all the years, the State Highway Department had to select for the Centennial this nasty color! If some of my legal luminary friends could find a loophole whereby I could repaint my license plates in an agreeable color, without violating the law, I would express my gratitude to them by employing the unused part of the can of paint for freeing their cars, too, from the loathsome yellow.

I notice in the papers that our neighboring city, Lake Charles, has installed two hundred new stop signs at street crossings. In my opinion this measure is calculated to promote greater safety than all the ballyhoo that safety campaigners emit from their leather lungs. Time and again, I have called the attention of the authorities to the need for more stop signs at street intersections, especially at the main arteries of traffic. But, either from a spirit of laissez faire, or false economy, my warning has not been heeded. The safety brigade asked for a slogan for its campaign. Here is one that deserves adoption: An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of publicity.

If you have not sent your contribution to the Red Cross for the relief of the flood sufferers, do so at your earliest. Be grateful that our community, tho blessed with the advantages of a great river, has enjoyed only its benefits, and not its ravages. Reading the history of the great Galveston storm, one finds that the sole comfort that mitigated the horror of the holocaust, was the generous outpouring of the sympathy of the whole country in substantial contributions for the relief and rehabilitation of the survivors. Do your due share towards enabling the Red Cross to fill its modest quota.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

We are in a quandary whether to approach last week's program from a constitutional angle or a legislative prerogative but which ever turn we take we would encounter opposition.

Carl Bingman arrayed about the best forensic talent the South end could produce and the lads and lassies blazed away with incessant fire at the governmental target.

The resolution was whether 435 \$8,000.00 dollar men should tread on the whiskers of nine octegenarians by a two-thirds majority and discredit their formula, or whether the befuzzled public is content with their status quo.

Being unorthodox ourselves we would like to have had a club decision on this momentous dilemma, but the vice-president being an adherent of constitutional dictum he passed us up like a V-8 does a model "T".

Without mental reservation or blatant restraint, we must admit we find ourselves walking down the aisle of judicial supremacy; for congressmen may run and rerun but justices toddle along their even way and we feel secure under their ukases.

This was undoubtedly the best exhibition of college debate we have ever had and it would be the height of folly to say who won the cactus undershirt . . . they all did well and we hope for a return engagement on some other national ineptitudes.

But remember we are not discouraged about the New Deal. You know Nero fiddled around Rome and singed a few things but civilization survived and while other Roman Generals got kicked out of Carthage it seems Mussolini's cohorts are going to land permanently in EETHy. We are just as hopeful as the old maid watching the flight of birds . . . she never saw any storks but she got two or three scares, anyway.

Check.

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The Lock of Hair

In the soft and falling twilight of a weary,
weary day,
I was looking through a bureau in the garret
where it lay.

It for years had lain there hidden, safe away
from frost and dew,
So there came a curious feeling bidding me to
search it through.

Faded pink and yellow ribbons, laces half a
century old
Then a small and dainty package bound around
with threads of gold.

Something urged me to untie it, which I did
both then and there
And unfolded to my vision lay a simple lock
of hair.

Oh! how memories crowded o'er me, as I looked
upon that curl
For it brought to my remembrance, visions of
a lovely girl.

One who was my pride and treasure, but who
now was dead and gone,
Changing all my joy and pleasure to a feeling
all forlorn.

Slowly I rebound the package while the tears
came down like rain;
Then I tenderly replaced it, in the place where
it had lain.

Strange how such things will affect us, make
our spirits sadly droop
But how mad that hair would make us, if we
found it in our soup.

* *

The above is a poetic effusion by our friend
Christie Flanagan, and taken from the Rotary
bulletin of Port Arthur "SERVICE".

Telephones and Telephone Service

By Norrie West

One column on the board at the local office of Fenner & Beane has at the top the letter "T". That stands for the common stock of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. There are 18 million shares of this stock owned by nearly 700,000 individuals in all walks of life. More than half of these owners of the Bell System are women.

Dr. Bell's invention was added to the list of modern scientific achievements 60 years ago this month, —within the memory of many people living today. At first it was literally "a telephone" which Dr. Bell demonstrated in theatres crowded with people curious enough to pay admission, to raise money to further develop his "talking toy" which hardly anyone believed would ever be of any commercial value.

To this good day when reference is made to the industry that sprang from the Bell invention or to any of its various phases, we usually hear the one word, "telephone," used. In this instance brevity is unfortunate. My Rotary classification is "Telephone Service." The two words cannot be separated. The telephone instrument is only about 2% of the equipment involved in a local telephone call of which over 100,000 take place in Beaumont in an average day. Even so, the vast physical property of the 700,000 owners of "T" would not pay them any of the 160 million dollars now received annually in dividends if it were not for the work of some 400,000 human beings who maintain and operate it. This army of trained employees, 200 of whom are in Beaumont, have accepted the job of adding the word "Service" to the word "Telephone," with consideration to the proper interests of both owners and users.

The management has in one way or another been partly responsible for the habit of thinking in terms of telephones instead of telephone service.

Consider some of the consequences.

We forget that we, the users, are necessarily part of the operating force and we often expect too much of the telephone.

The fact that each telephone call, local or long distance, is "made to order" is often overlooked. Capital and labor for supplying these "tailor-made" calls must be available at all times in quantities to meet the widely fluctuating demand, but not one can be stocked for future delivery.

The plant is largely concealed and the telephone on your desk or in your home does not keep you reminded of the distance and time elements involved. Neither does it keep you reminded that in it you have the means of being connected with any one of 10,500 telephones in Beaumont, approximately 18 million in the United States, and two thirds of the 16 million in the rest of the civilized world.

Telephone service is among the things which are so close to us and to which we are so accustomed that their value to us goes unnoticed from day to day.