

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

Visiting the Exposition at San Diego formed a fitting finale to the symphony of our most delightful vacation. An exposition reminds me very much of life. All one can do during the limited time at his disposal is to obtain a fleeting glimpse of the infinite variety of things exhibited. Were one to view an exposition even with a semblance of objectivity, one could spend months in the study of a single building and not cover its rich contents. The setting of the Exposition, far-famed Balboa Park, gives the visitors the illusion of being transported into a fairyland. But more exquisite than anything that human hands can build or human skill may construct, is the sublime view of the Pacific, which one obtains, especially, from the hillcrests of San Diego. Man's effort at beauty is merely a daub compared to the gorgeous pictures presented by nature. Of the many things that became endeared to me on the Pacific coast, the ocean view ranked foremost, and I parted with it most reluctantly and regretfully.

Even as I hated to bid farewell to the ocean, so was I loath to leave behind me the marvelous roads of California. What a pleasure to travel on three or four lane roads that roll before one like broad bands of smooth satin ribbon. The worst and narrowest roads I encountered throughout the seventy-five hundred miles of our trip, are located in Texas. I wonder what becomes of the gasoline tax that motorists pay in our state and that is supposed to be employed for road building. Our state will never be able to attract tourists that otherwise would flock to it, especially in winter, until modern roads will span its length and width. Without up-to-date highways, Texas can never hope to forge ahead and will continue to remain among the backward states.

The crowning joy of a vacation is the happiness one experiences upon arriving home. Home is the powerful magnet which draws our hearts back to the spot in which we have struck deep roots. To roam about in distant parts is a diversion, but to be home again and be met and greeted by old familiar faces is a heavenly delight. The day of my return was known only to a few friends and I blew into town a day ahead of scheduled time. Yet, I was accorded a most cordial welcome by countless friends. The landscape nodded to me a hearty howdy. Broadway greeted me with beaming joy. Even a freight train stopped at a crossing to tell me in the squeaking voice of its grinding wheels, "glad to see you." And as for the old homestead, it almost toppled over in its effort to nod me a welcome home. Finally, a bevy of children of the neighborhood, who surrounded our car as soon as it landed on the driveway, completed the unofficial reception committee that welcomed me home. It is good to be home. It is good to have a spot on earth to which one may anchor the ship of life after it has returned from an extended cruise on the seas. Home is, indeed, man's haven and heaven on earth.

ROTARYGRAMS

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Slants at the Meeting

Some aspects of law enforcement in Jefferson county, particularly as applied to liquor laws, the man in the street does not have time to find out for himself, were aired very ably last week by E. W. (Ed) Easterling, direct, brusque but far from blustery county attorney of the southeastern corner of Texas.

One thing that struck many of his listeners was the apt way he pictured the travesty on justice and hypocrisy engendered by the Dean law.

"By keeping only a little liquor on hand, a gallon or two, a bootlegger could go before a jury and say he possessed it in his house for his own use and the jurors would fall over each other getting out of the box to acquit him . . . under the same law, any one of you were felons if you took a pint down to the beach . . . that's possession and transportation . . . in the sight of the law the more serious offense."

Citizens didn't like that and other features of the Dean law and, consequently, the co-operation the public gave law enforcement officials was practically nil, said Easterling. It got to be a waste of time to charge liquor law violators and a farce to try them.

His remedy: tell the state senator and three county representatives the kind of liquor control measures you want. He says then he will do his utmost to enforce the measures made to order for the new liberal era. There's meat to his remarks.

A reason ideas of the citizenry should be communicated to the lawmakers is that the vote on August 24 gave them broad powers, practically unlimited authority to interpret the intent of the amendment just about as they see fit. Liberal minded citizens may draw a worse lemon than they had, unless they keep an eye on the legislature to see that "open saloon" is not defined as the public library, hinted Easterling.

As for the commonwealth of Jefferson, the prosecutor sees the people waiting until after the legislature meets for a special wrangle on September

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—R—

16 to say how the county may repudiate its local option dry law. It will be several weeks yet before the county can go wet—"legally", the people's attorney observed slyly.

Mr. Easterling told his hearers crime conditions are so good in the county there hasn't been a killing at the bloody corner of Houston avenue and Seventh street, Port Arthur, in so long the records are getting musty.

A smart piece of advice he offered was "Help boys at every opportunity. I've never had a Y. M. C. A. lad or Boy Scout brought before me yet, and 75 percent of all the offenders in the county are youths under 25."

He's right. If you meet a discouraged looking young fellow, speak a kind word. He may be the president's son.

—Pinch Hitter.

—R—

Another Foolish Virgin

There are a few things that gripe us a little more than others.

The provocation for this outburst was a synthetic blonde, arrayed in all the glory of Solomon perched on the ledge of a hash-counter seat trying to attract attention by the dexterous movements of a cigarette.

She was just emerging from her 'teens and hadn't passed the century in avoirdupois . . . a wisp of a thing wreaking with vanity and false conceptions of etiquette.

She would knock ashes, blow smoke and cut di- does with tinted digits, proclaiming to the world her sophistication of modern conduct.

We watched her toying with the lighted weed in her futile efforts to ensnare the attention of the

guests and then pitied the parents who had been so negligent of their duty and offspring.

Youth is not always to blame for their mis- guidance . . . circumstances, environment and pa- rents are the contributing influences that either raise or lower you in the social scale.

This spectacle was a bit sad as we thought of the countless mothers struggling against odds for life's necessities, unable to give attention to the finer things of social conduct.

And then we wondered if there are any Rotarians with young daughters allowed to take a fling at life without the restraining influences of education and good taste.

Maybe Pity rather than Petulance should be the emotion excited here, and so without prudism or puritanism we offer this observation of what is taking place daily in your best hotels and cafes.— Ed.

—R—

Have a Cuppa Coffee?

"COFFEE", you asked for it, and so did Rotary- grams.

"Coffee", you asked for it because of the pretty girl behind the counter. You sit there more inter- ested in the **flavor** of her smile, the **mellowness** of her laugh, the **freshness** of her complexion, the **strength** of her "come-back", than in the contents of the cup.

Forget the "little-lady" for a minute; let the iced-air of the Black Cat blow 'round your ears and listen:

1. Buy good coffee. What is two or three cents divided by fifty cups to your pocket book?
2. You live in Beaumont. Buy coffee roasted in Beaumont. You know it is fresher.
3. Don't skimp when you measure coffee. Put in plenty for the pot and it will show up in the cup.
4. Bring your water to a bubble, but don't over- work the kettle by boling the life out of the water.
5. You have measured the coffee generously, now measure the water accurately. Cup for cup.
6. Put all of this in your hat and take it home to the wife.
7. Ask for a second cup and go to town with a smile on your face.
8. "He profits most who serves best."

W. Harry Longe.