

## Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

At a time when the front pages of the press are crowded with aerial crashes and motor vehicle fatalities, let us give the railroads credit for transporting millions in comfort and safety. Railroad accidents, especially of a major calibre, are rarer than smallpox. Speed at the expense of safety is not progress, but recklessness. Railroads deliver their passengers to their destination without having to employ undertakers as auxiliary carriers.

The effort of legislators to banish sitdown strikes by drastic federal and state laws, is utterly futile. It is not more laws, but the impartial enforcement of those already on the statute books that we need. We witnessed in Detroit the manner in which laws are enforced in our country. Zealous police routed small groups of sitdowners even without a court order, while the large mass of Chrysler workers were left unmolested in possession of property they had seized and held in open defiance of court injunction. Here you have the root of the evil of lawlessness which besets us: the little fellows are caught in the meshes of the law, while the big ones are allowed to escape. Whenever law enforcement will be applied impartially to small and great, the legislators themselves will be in a position to indulge in a sitdown strike of adjournment sine die.

We live, indeed, in a changing world. The pin, that indispensable common feminine fastener which, one thought, held the joints of the universe together, is rapidly vanishing from the face of the earth. There was a time when a woman was a veritable armory of bristling pins. Few men went through the period of ardent courtship without bearing scars inflicted by the prickly pin. Mothers used to worry themselves sick lest pins carelessly dropped be espied by the crawling baby, who was sure to pick up one and gulp it down with the consummate skill of a sword swallower. It was, probably, one of these anxious mothers who framed the couplet:

"See a pin and pick it up,  
All the day you'll have good luck."

As a barefooted country boy, I recall, my soles were tough enough to run across a stiff stubble-field without a scratch, but the same callous feet were often lacerated by pins loosely strewn on the floor. Even as the frogs with which the Lord plagued old Pharaoh, the ubiquitous pins used to crawl into the bed, on the table, into the shoes, and everywhere where they could pester the long-suffering male. The thinness and scantiness of modern woman's wear has made the pin well-nigh superfluous. Yet another generation, and the once indispensable pin will be as extinct as the dodo and other species that could not keep up with the dizzy pace of a rapidly changing world.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

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### Slants at the Meeting

Well anyway, we may not have had a philosopher to address us last week but he admitted he bore something in common with the immortal Ben Franklin . . . they both liked bread.

Too, recently we heard Will Durant and our speaker reminded us of this philosopher . . . they were so different.

So it just depends on how you look at a thing. If you are cockeyed you won't see the same thing a myopic will.

Now one of our members thought the speaker had the best set of gestures ever displayed here; another was deeply impressed with his inflections; and still another was sorry that Carl Bingman interrupted himself.

Like Bob Burns, remember his uncle Abner down in Van Buren, "Well, I'll tell ya—"

IT WAS something like this . . .

## Our Membership

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—R—

Contractor (in drug store): "I want to buy a plow."

Clerk: "I'm sorry sir, we don't carry plows."

Contractor: "This is a hell of a drug store."

—R—

Don't put off 'till tomorrow what you can do today—for by then there will probably be a higher tax on it, or a law against it.

—Washington Star.

—R—

## Our President

After struggling all the year with surtax, syntax and Citytax and finding our government vacillating between fascism and communism with the Supreme Court on the one hand and the sit-down strike on the other, we awake to the fact Fuzzy has not adopted the five year plan but rather endorsed the G-M plan.

We understand the G-M plan signifies 'greater movement'. Week before last he was out of town; last week he was out of town and next week he WILL be out of town.

So we are OUT a president but boy we have a vice-president that expedites things. Some times he is abrupt . . . he finishes before he is through. So you guys with the long tongue and short ideas don't get in his way.

Fuzzy has always been good in making dates but this time the General Motors has got him out-dated . . . they are making the dates and Fuzzy can't help it.

This is the most amazing thing that confronts a visitor to our club.

A club the size of Beaumont does credit to a city of half million population, based on the statistical data of the world.

205 members now and more seeking membership in this remarkable organization.

During the 24 years of its existence the membership of this club has maintained its dignity and kept in sight the worthiness of its movement.

—R—

## Excerpts from the Past

(From Rotarygrams, Sept. 16, 1925)

We Beaumont Rotarians must have a terrible reputation in Port Arthur. Group One invited two or three ladies up to entertain and along comes darn near the whole Port Arthur Rotary Club. Well its something to have a reputation Good or Bad.

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The Chairman of Group One spoke about the modesty of the Group members.—I recognized several of them that had not failed to send me a statement the first of the month.

—R—

Stand off by yourself in your dreaming,  
And all of your dreams are in vain;  
No grandeur of soul or spirit  
Can man by himself attain.  
It is willed we shall dwell as brothers;  
As brothers we must toil;  
We must act with a common purpose  
As we work in a common soil.  
And each who would see accomplished  
The dreams that he's proud to own,  
Must strive for the goal with his fellows,  
For no man can do it alone.

—Author unknown.