



## OBSTRUCTION

The bane of Beaumont seems to be the contentious and contrary spirit which tries to block every progress proposed, and obstruct every improvement projected. The city desires to enlarge its boundaries so as to embrace those outlying districts that have derived benefits from her for many years, without having borne the burden of taxation, she is blocked in her just and righteous endeavor not by the citizenship at large, but by a few obdurate individuals who glory in retarding the march of progress by litigation.

The citizenship has almost unanimously voted bonds for the building of a bridge across the Neches, and thus establish communication with the thriving city within a stone's throw of us, a city from which in bad weather we have been practically cut off, and complaints and objections have already been registered against building it at the most logical and economical point of the river. It is indeed discouraging to meet everywhere with these tactics of the obstructionists, who place self interest above the common weal and welfare of the community. Opposition has its legitimate place if the motive behind it is selfless, but if opposition is the outcome of egotism, it is an anti-social force, and is subversive of co-operation in communal endeavor. The opposition placed in the way of our city's growth is often of the dog-in-the-manger type, which benefits no one and hurts everybody, even the opponent, who fails to realize that in a stagnant city the best investment is poor, and to the contrary, in a growing city even a poor investment bids fair to bring rich returns. Let us cultivate a community spirit and a community pride; let us cultivate a spirit of sacrifice for the common weal; let us not look upon our city as an abstract conception that is only of remote concern to us, but regard her as a living reality that is the mirror of our souls and that reflects our character and culture. Every city bears a composite image of its inhabitants, and let our conduct be such that Beaumont's image reflect kindness and generosity, progress and prosperity.

Quent bad habits and influence—stay away from them; be like Sambo who, when asked by Mr. Jones to go on an errand about 9:30 at night said, "Mr. Jones you knows I can't go past that grave yard at night". "Why, Sambo, you surely aren't afraid of a ghost catching you, are you"? "No suh, I ain't scared of no ghost catching me, but I jes don want no ghost a runnin' me".

Whatever else may happen,

Now that the country's dry,  
The sailor still will have his port,  
The farmer have his rye;  
The cotten still has got it's gin,  
The seacoast has its bar,  
And each of us will get a bier  
No matter where we are.

## SECRETARY'S LETTER

February 1, 1922

Dear Rotarians:

Attendance fell off considerable last week for some reason or other. Members I guess scattered over an arear from Colorader to Florider. The idear this week is to be there. Two well known visitors will address us. The entertainment committee requests that each of you be seated with some member whose companionship you do not particularly crave—someone whose conversation or lack of it wearies you. There is not room for all of you at one table.

Rotarily yours,

ELMER LEACH, Secretary.

## SELF ABOVE SERVICE

Once there was a Successful business man. He had money in the Bank, a shiny Limousine, and a disagreeable Disposition. The boys in his outer office called him "Mr. Ferguson" to his face and, "The Old Sardine" behind his back. They said he couldn't drink Milk because it always Soured when he looked at it. He was strong for Number One and had no use for Sentiment. "Business is My Business", was his Motto. Helping folks along just made 'em want more Help, he insisted, and as for Friendliness, he never could reduce his Income Tax by fooling with that. He never said anything with Flowers, not even to his Wife, who was Afraid of him, and he wouldn't have any of this Fake Santa Claus talk around his Establishment. His children were taught to look after Themselves and never to worry about the other Fellow.

He wouldn't throw any Good Money away on the Boy Scouts or the Red Cross or any other Namby-Pamby Charity, and as for this Good Fellow talk at Christmas time, he just naturally left such things to the "Wimmen". Politics was entirely for the Grafters, according to his Code, Service to the Public for them that liked it, and Religion for them that could not manage their Own Affairs.

"I'll show 'em", he said, "and keep plugging along in my own Way", the very morning that Apoplexy came along and doubled him up for Keeps. The Papers noted that he was Dead, and the only man in town Grateful to him for having lived was the Undertaker.

## EDITORIAL LAZINESS

The editorial quartette of the Rotarygram has fallen off to a duet, Sam and Joe have laid down on the job, and tho we cannot supply Sam's \$ we can reproduce an Italian joke which has escaped Joe's argus eye.

"An Italian who kept a fruit stand was much annoyed by prospective customers who made a practice of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance, he finally put up a sign which read:

If you must pincha da fruit, pincha da cocoanut".