

"A Total Stranger"

By Samuel Rosinger

TWO of my intimate friends have been, of late, in serious, though fortunately, not fatal automobile accidents. Both of them related to me in glowing terms the tender kindness and telling helpfulness which they were accorded by automobilists who witnessed the accident. In both instances they were administered not only first aid, but were given such loving care and attention as one would expect only from intimate friends or close relatives. My personal experience as an extensive motorist confirms their account. I recall touching examples of sweet courtesies extended to me or my dear ones on the road by kind-hearted people, whom, in our bungling language, we call total strangers.

I have long ago come to the conclusion that we malign a human being when we refer to him as a "total stranger." There is an elemental, deep-seated sympathy in the human heart, that makes the whole world kin, and that is aroused by the plight of a fellow being to heroic helpfulness. It is this elemental sympathy which induces "total strangers" to jump into the water to rescue a drowning person at the risk of their own lives, or to rush into burning house to save someone who has been trapped by the flames.

These lines are penned in a restaurant of a small Louisiana town while I am waiting for the bus. Not knowing the schedule of the conveyance, I left my hotel too early, and had an hour to wait. The owner of this establishment, to whom I am a "total stranger" told me to make myself comfortable at her place and offered a morning paper. Perusing the news I noticed that the engineer of the Pan-American Limited scalded himself to death when putting on his brakes with such suddenness as to derail and overturn the locomotive in an effort to save a "total stranger" whose automobile had come to a sudden stop on the railroad tracks. After a while, the owner of the restaurant asked me whether I had seen the sights of the historic town. Upon receiving a negative answer, she handed me an umbrella, as the weather was decidedly wet, and pointed out the direction of the historic spot. She urged me not to rush, as I had ample time to make the bus. Also at the family hotel where I spent a restful night, I, the "total stranger," received courtesies which had as their motive not commercialism, but cordiality.

I am firmly convinced that not cruelty, but kindness, not hatred but helpfulness, is the fundamental disposition of man. It is only the fear of personal danger, real or imaginary, or deficiency and often degeneracy of the moral sense, that will suppress the feeling of love and compassion in the breast of man, and convert him into a killing beast.

Practice love, kindness and courtesy. You exercise your divinest nature by performing acts of mercy and charity. Nothing can give you greater happiness and satisfaction than the consciousness of having brought a ray of sunshine and cheer into other lives.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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A Good Pinch Hitter



Harry Longe, the big coffee and candy man, is doing a fine job of pinch hitting during the absence of Steiny. He is an excellent presiding officer and has supplied the club with two entertaining programs. Rotary has never asked Harry to perform a task that he hasn't done well and with fine spirit.

—Rotarygrams—

Purely Personal

Ben S. Woodhead, victim of an auto wreck, attended last week's meeting supported by crutches. He was painfully hurt when his car overturned a few weeks ago. P. P. Butler, who has been seriously ill at his home on Fifth street, is convalescing. He has an aggravated case of malaria. Barney Steinhagen is reported to be doing nicely following an operation on his hip bone in a New York hospital. It will be several weeks before he returns home.

—Rotarygrams—

Indianapolis, Indiana—Notices of time of payment of club dues published in German, Latin, Spanish and French proved over twenty-nine per cent of the members of the local Rotary club could read foreign languages. Members showed much interest in the plan, and contributed many suggestions often of a humorous nature for carrying the translation of the notice in several other languages.

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 CARL S. DICKENS—Magnolia Petroleum Co.

ATTENDANCE RECORD, BEAUMONT ROTARY CLUB

Members Present166
 Members Absent 41

Total Membership.....207
 Attendance Record, 5-7-30.....71.01
 Attendance Record, 5-14-30.....80.19

ABSENT WITHOUT EXCUSE

B. K. Appleman, Theron Browne, Fred Cole, Aaron Chenier, E. H. Green, W. H. Gunn, C. J. Hammond, W. W. Kyle, Jr., Frank Lombardo, E. D. Leach, Joe Lederer, M. G. Muse, W. J. Maroney, R. A. Prather, Glenn Russ, L. P. Tullis, T. M. Thames, Herman Weber, John Warl.

ABSENT WITH EXCUSE

P. P. Butler, A. I. Brainard, A. Babin, Pres Doty, J. S. Edwards, E. J. Fortier, L. R. Galewsky, H. D. Harlan, V. L. Keith, Wm. Lawlor, H. B. Oxford, Guy Reed, A. E. Shepherd, Harry Shepherd, Alex Szafir, N. S. Storter, R. E. Smith, Wm. Wahrmond, Jake Westbrook, C. E. Walden.

VISITORS AT ROTARY LUNCHEON

Fred Dodge, Port Arthur, Texas.
 J. E. Gonzales, Port Arthur, Texas.
 Roy L. Brittain, (guest of Kelsey Lamb), Beaumont, Texas.
 S. L. Van Nort, (guest of H. A. McDonald), Houston, Texas.
 C. G. Greenlay, Houston, Texas.
 Paul Gasow, (guest of R. A. Morris), Beaumont, Texas.
 C. E. Kennedy, (guest of Millard McMaster), Beaumont, Texas.
 Munter T. Ball, Port Arthur, Texas.
 P. W. Kittrell, Houston, Texas.
 Bill Archer, (guest of A. J. Coburn), Beaumont, Texas.
 E. J. Sullivan, (guest of Ray Gill), New York City, N. Y.
 L. J. Kachel, (guest of C. M. Smelker), Alexandria, Louisiana.
 Dr. J. B. Mitchell, (guest of D. D. Glass), Beaumont, Texas.
 L. E. Thorne, Port Arthur, Texas.

SLANTS AT THE MEETING

I say old chap, did you hear George roar? It was a bally bit of road.

Sure, we listened to him with a lot of curiosity. But why such a dusty subject as a road? For uniqueness of conception we award the program committee the crinoline cuspidor.

Old astute Ross's preamble sounded like a predicate for a debacle when he established the identity of the group. However, we were agreeably surprised when the Ostemoor Orator shook out of his chest a 35 minute discourse on the devious detours of man from the time your ancestors were clinging to trees up to the present when your grandmothers are exposing their knees.

With just a mere shrug of the shoulder, George turned back the pages of history 2400 years to the Appian way, and man has been aping ways of somebody ever since.

We think probably when Adam went into the garden to fasten his molars in that apple of knowledge he found the road a little rough and decided to turn over a new leaf, and that's why Ross Combest went in for figs.

Of course we didn't know anything about roads but under George's highly analytical elucidation we learned arterial thoroughfares had nothing to do with capillary attractions. He spoke of deep shoulders, wide bottoms and shallow centers with a little asphalt on top. That statistical potpourri rolled off your scribe's mental shed like dewdrops off an oil skin.

George says he was pressed for time—so were we. He says he ought to have three hours. We think he ought to have three months. Of course, we don't know what his roads would lead to, but we know how much he rode us. You remember he took us up in the red clay hills of Texas where peaches bloom and saps blossom, and that required only about three minutes. If we would give the boy three hours, with his ambition, he might be able to do something, or lead us to it.

In olden days the ancients had a slogan "All roads lead to Rome" in modern times the rut-hoppers have a cry "All roads lead to roads."

While we are on roads, remember there is one to Chicago, over which the Texas Special will pass June 21st to the Silver Anniversary, the greatest moment in Rotary's Life . . . the fulfillment of an idea the glorification of an ideal. Go, we urge you and be convinced of a world movement that is just gain momentum in the progress of mankind.

See you next week,

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