

## Bearing The Burden of Life

By Samuel Rosinger

A child is full of wants and needs. He has to get the necessities of life that his physical and mental growth require. Therefore, a child is selfish by nature. His instincts clamor for the things that enter into his development. "Give and give and give," is the refrain of the song of his life. The child does not know that the fulfillment of his wants does not come about by the magic wand of a fairy, but that it imposes a burden on those upon whom he makes his demands. Fortunately, a child is ignorant of the burdens of life. Could children conceive and feel the burden of life, their growth would be thwarted, their happy, carefree disposition weighted down with worry, and they would become prematurely old.

But when a man is grown up, it is his bounden duty to assume the burdens of life. When man attains the stature of manhood, he must step out of the clam shell of egotism in which he was reared, transcend the narrow circle of the set or class in which he was born, and must widen his outlook and broaden his sympathies until they will embrace every being, more especially the poor and the wretched, who bend and break under the burden of life. No man who hoards his wealth with childish greed, has attained the state of an adult. No man who lives for himself can ever conceive the richness and fullness of life. People who are wrapped up in their self importance and shut themselves up in the prison-houses of their ego, have no conception of the beauty and sublimity of life.

Alas, how few men are grown up. How few understand the meaning of life. Most of them are children, even though they have gray hair, wrinkled faces and backs bent with age. I have seen men and women at the brink of the grave, spending the last years of their lives less profitably to themselves, or any one else, than children playing with mud-pies. I have seen few people return to their second childhood, but I have seen plenty who have never gotten beyond their first childhood.

Life holds out to one far more than a round of rapid pleasures. Life, at its best, is not getting and grasping, but giving and granting. Life, at its highest, is not leisure, ease and peace, but struggle, toil, fight with inner and outer forces, and aspirations for loftier and nobler things.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

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## SLANTS AT THE MEETING

BEAUMONT may have its Open Forum but Rotary has its closed and considering the latter's last two programs there isn't much difference in the quality of excellence.

Brother Sam had brother Jacob, that is, if you can "brother" the Old Testament League like you can the New, pinch-hitting with unerring accuracy, driving similes and metaphors around the field of imagination to the delight of every one.

Rabbi Weinstein's analogy of the wheel of Industry of Britain and America with that of India's of Extinction was, indeed, interesting. He says the monosyllabic chant of the Indian is "Um, Um, Um," and that of America is "Hum, Hum, Hum" . . . truly, an "H" of a difference. He might have carried his humor a little further for there "R" a difference in the West Indies where the cry is "Rum, Rum, Rum". Alphabetically, civilizations are only in slight contrasts.

His subject wasn't much but his proposition was tremendous . . . Ghandi, the incarnation of spirit. The wizen old Hindu whose philisophy of life runs contrary to that of the western world and whose adoption of passive disobedience to the British Lion has rung the welkin in the motherland, engaged the speaker's attention most of the time.

It's a far cry from Mother India to your Uncle Sam. They tie the loin cloth a little tighter, fold their arms and pray to some god; we fall out of bed, hit the ball all day and curse our luck. They are in one wild vortex of poverty and despair; and we are in one mad race for greed and gain. Spiritual food of their kind is mighty thin diet in a hot country.

The Rabbi gave us an interesting view of the colossal struggle of this 319 million to gain their independence. He has a wonderful delivery and a choice of words unexcelled.—Check.

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

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—Rotarygrams—

**ROTARY VISITORS**

The following visitors were at the Rotary luncheon today:

Pete Lawson, Beaumont; E. J. Sullivan, New York City; Cary Fagg, Greenville, Texas; Ben Vaughan, Port Arthur, Texas, Randolph Reed, Beaumont; Jacob Weinstein, Austin, Texas; W. J. Stone, Nacana, Texas; Al Sherrell, Beaumont; Alfred Saenger, Beaumont; H. M. Spinelli, Barranquilla Colombia, S. A.; H. Richardson, Houston, G. I. Lewis, Houston; A. L. Burge, Galveston.

—Rotarygrams—

A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found him hath found a treasure.

—The Book of Ecclesiasticus.

—Rotarygrams—

**GOD'S GREATEST BLESSINGS**

By Edgar A. Guest

The sunshine and blue skies are fine,  
I'm thankful for the flowers,  
For they are truly gifts divine  
To cheer this world of ours.  
But flowers droop and skies turn gray  
And oft the sunshine ends,  
God's greatest blessings, so I say,  
Are friends.

—Rotarygrams—

The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.—Hugh Black.

—Rotarygrams—

"Go often to the house of thy friend for weeds choke up the unused path."

—Rotarygrams—

**TO BE TRUSTED**

To know one person who is absolutely to be trusted will do more for a man's moral nature—yes, and even his spiritual nature—than all the sermons he ever heard or can hear.

—Macdonald.

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

**WHAT A TRIP!**

THIS month you can take a trip around the world and it will not cost you a penny and you will not have to leave the easy comfort of your arm chair within the glow of your own reading lamp. Take the June number of "The Rotarian" and visit China and see history being made—or drop in on Egypt and see some of the out-of-way places that the tourist usually misses—or tramp over a golf course with famed "Bobby" Jones—or sit near a window, as Mr. Tomsa did, and watch the passing parade of those with whom you barter and sell, and note closely how the passers-by look at you, with suspicion, or envy, or affection—and then on to Chicago just in time for the Rotary Convention. Read what Chicago is planning to do—visit International Headquarters. Oh, Boy! What a trip!

—Rotarygrams—

**A PLEA**

By Esther M. Clark

Give me one friend, just one who meets  
The needs of all my varying moods,  
Be we in noisy city streets  
Or in dear Nature's solitudes.

One who can let the world go by  
And suffer not a minute's pang,  
Who'd dare to shock propriety  
With me, and never care a dang.

Who in my rarely righteous streaks  
Should love me—love me not the less  
When I am given to outbreaks  
Of pure besotted selfishness.

One who when I am sick and glum  
Can lay contentions on the shelf  
And just for my dear sake become  
A blooming heathen, like myself.

One who can share my grief or mirth  
And know my days to praise or curse  
And rate me just for what I'm worth  
And give me still—oh, not so worse!

Give me one friend for peace or war  
And I shall hold myself well-blest  
And richly compensated for  
The cussedness of all the rest.