

Divine Direction

By Samuel Rosinger

Whenever I visit a big strange city, where I get lost in the maze of streets and avenues, I usually single out a centrally located tall building, which towers above other structures, and use it as my compass by which to find my directions in the confusing traffic arteries. No matter in what outlying district of the city I move about, as long as my eyes can see the top of the tall building, I can orient myself and find my way.

This world is naught, but a huge, strange city into which we are placed at our birth, and unless we set up God as the towering ideal of our lives, as the compass by which we determine our going out and coming in, and as the pivot around which our whole existence revolves, we lose our bearing and move about aimlessly.

We have been sent into this world, and we do not know why. Yet, the human mind is inquisitive, and searches for a satisfying answer to the why and wherefore of man's existence. Speaking by and large, there are but two solutions of the riddle of life. Either we are here by chance, or by the will of a directing intelligence. Either we are tossed about in this world as aimlessly as the seared leaf is driven before the autumnal wind, or there is a divinity that shapes our ends and guides our destinies.

Let the pseudo-scientist and the half-baked thinker presume a God-less world. My horse-sense tells me that, if a claptrap of a shack is not the work of chance, but of a builder, how much more does our marvelous universe pre-suppose an architect of supreme wisdom and intelligence. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork." There is a deeper truth in this scriptural statement than in all the labored speculations of philosophy. One glimpse of the majestic sky lends me surer guidance, than all the fine theories which scientists have spun on the loom of their brains.

True science, gaining an ever-increasing knowledge of the universe, discerns a directing intelligence behind it. The time will come when science will discover not only manifestations of intelligence, but also revelations of benevolence in the world. The universe is governed not only by law but also by love, and behind the cosmic forces which keep the universe in balance, there is a Compassionate Heart that beats with tender love for the humblest creature that breathes on earth.

In the midst of all the doubts and uncertainties of life, in the flood of all the confusing and conflicting theories evolved by scientists, in all the flux of this ever-changing world, cling to the Rock of Ages, and you will find safety, security and stability.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

Without expressing an opinion we will endeavor to reflect that of a number of good Rotarians in this club in the following language:

"Those juvenile orchestras engaged to play during meals are just a conglomerate mass of raucous sounds injected into the program under the misapprehension of "pepping" up the spirits of the members. They are a deterrent to relaxation, and obstruction to friendly converse and a promoter to irascibility. They have no more place in a Rotary program than a red shirt has in funeral attire."

For the benefit of those who approached the writer on this subject we will gladly embellish the tirade under the proper stimulants.

The little skit, last week, conducted by the able director Mrs. Francis, with a few poignant pricks at some of the hoydenish members, would have been a "WOW" had the actors spoken their lines with more clarity. The "hard-boiled" editor was the exception as he did not "mouth" his words. We will make allowance, however, for the infirmities of the 'rows rum'.

The Philipino with his docile Yo-Yo has brought on us the necessity of research into technical nomenclature to convey a fair reaction to the infinite number of tortuous twists, rigid erections and perambulating proclivities of this Asiatic gadget. We thought we detected in the older members a glint of envy as the young connoisseur with almost insolent nonchalance and consummate artistry was able to maneuver his Yo-Yo into such tantalizing postures. In the great variety of in-door sports youth must maintain its supremacy in Yo-Yoing.

VOICE from above (or rather below, it's the editor speaking): "HEAR! Stop mutilating the dictionary and throw that half bisected door-knob and yarn string away."

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—Rotarygrams—

Normal Prosperity Normally

Business men at Muncie, a typical Indiana small city, have a plan for luring dollars out of teacups and socks, and putting them to work making jobs for the jobless, better homes, and steadier business for the retailer. The idea is to call attention of citizens through an organized campaign to the fact that it is to their self interest to repair, remodel, and harmonize homes now when labor and material costs are favorable.

It is a simple plan, but it works. An investigator for the Rotarian magazine learned that within two weeks after the publicity campaign started in April last year, unemployment in the building trades had shrunk from 80 to 20%, while calls on relief agencies had dropped by more than half. Similarly favorable results have followed more recent efforts.

"Not only that," the magazine's survey reports, "but retailers were benefited too. Corner grocers sold more bread and beans and ham; dairymen, more milk. Dry goods merchants noted that assets long frozen in accounts began to melt. One dealer in building supplies publicly declared that 15% of his business could be directly traced to the campaign."

An initial \$2,000 budget was raised in Muncie, all of which was spent for newspaper advertising under direction of the Chamber of Commerce. But that \$2,000 released more than \$100,000 in wages for the unemployed which, comments the magazine's representative, "remembering this is not the age of miracles, compares rather favorably with the loaves and fishes story of New Testament recollection."

The Muncie Plan did not aim at a sudden building boom, but rather a steady development through home improvements. The slogan, "Let those who can afford it do the thing that ought to be done," was reiterated in newspaper publicity and in

speeches before service clubs, women's clubs, and other organizations.

The economic soundness of the Muncie idea is rooted in two facts: that the building and materials industry ranks first in America in point of men employed; and that 60 to 85% of money spent on reconditioning existing structures goes to labor.

—Rotarygrams—

Graft In Business

Before American Business too bitterly criticizes politics for graft rings, it should sweep its own doorstep, suggests John T. Flynn in the April Rotarian magazine.

"We bribe buyers to take our goods," he writes, and we bribe superintendents to condemn our competitor's products. We bribe other men's clerks to push our merchandise. We bribe sea captains to put their ships in our dry-docks. We bribe singers to endorse our cigarettes.

We bribe athletes to ballyhoo our golf balls, our tennis rackets, our baseball bats. We bribe actresses to endorse our cosmetics. We bribe doctors to sign their names on our drugs. We bribe chauffeurs who buy gasoline and oil and uniforms. We bribe servants who buy groceries and meats.

"And then some of us hold up our hands in horror at the corruption in politics when we hear some speakeasy owner has handed a few dollars to a prohibition agent or a cop!"

Mr. Flynn cites a case of a Tennessee textile mill, in which one employee was paid \$16,750 from concerns supplying materials. Not only did his employers pay that amount but, it is estimated, they lost an additional \$54,000 due to the inferior materials which the bribed employee had passed. Other cases are reported by the silk Traveller's Association and the Silk Club, wherein buyers getting a salary of \$40 and \$50 a week, forced salesmen to pay tribute on every yard of goods accepted. They thus often bring their salaries up to \$10,000 and more a year.

"The greatest curse of this thing," adds Mr. Flynn, "is that when one grafter appears in a trade he very soon makes it almost impossible for the honest man to stay in business."

And, as usual, the public foots the bill. For every \$100 in business graft, Mr. Flynn estimates, there is sure to be at least \$1,000 in loss somewhere which eventually is paid by the consuming public.

Business can help stamp out the bribery parasite by lobbying for state and federal laws similar to the one on New York's statute books, and then by furnishing facts to prosecuting authorities. The Better Business Bureau, Rotary clubs, the Paint and Varnish Association, and other trade groups, have led in curbing the unfair practices and in focusing public attention on them.