

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

## ATTENDANCE

By Samuel Rosinger

Compulsory attendance is a measure enacted for the benefit of school children, who lack the intelligence and insight required for the appreciation of the value of education. An adult who has thirst for knowledge, and craving for intellectual stimulation, seeks opportunities for improving his heart and mind not by external pressure, but inner urge. If an adult lacks an impelling desire for education, no amount of coaxing and compelling will make him absorb it and assimilate it. To him applies the old adage, "You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink."

In its stage of infancy Rotary wisely adopted the measure of compulsory attendance. While the movement was new, its aims and objects little known, and its ideals not fully understood, Rotary had to resort to a rule by which the conduct of immature school children is regulated. But now after Rotary has attained its majority, its spirit has encircled the world, and its work and worth are matters of common knowledge, compulsory attendance has no relevance to the bulk of the membership. They attend the meetings of their own volition, because of the spirit of fellowship which prevails there, because of the instruction and inspiration they derive from the program, and because of their desire to keep the club at the height of its vitality and efficiency. The overwhelming majority of the membership tries to breathe a soul into Rotary, so that it be a live, an active and an energetic organization.

Compulsory attendance is chiefly used at present as a weeding measure. It enables the Club to eliminate those inert and indifferent members, who merely swell the roster, but contribute naught to the welfare of the organization. These half-hearted members, if they lack the decency to step out of the club of their own accord, are dropped by means of the compulsory attendance provision. The club is infinitely better off without them. Rotary needs not numbers but quality. It needs men of zeal and devotion, who will dedicate themselves wholeheartedly to Rotary ideals.

### Rotarygrams

Little Sniffleblister: "Well, when are you going to play football again?"

Rich Uncle: "Why, I don't play football. What makes you ask me that question?"

Little Sniffleblister: "Well, Pop says when you kick off we are going to get a brand new automobile and a new house."

### Rotarygrams

Husband: "Darling, I forgot to buy you a birthday present."

"That's all right dear. I bought a new car for you to give to me."

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. X Beaumont, Texas, August 27, 1930 No. 33

### Slants at the Meeting

Beaumont's Charter, it seems, is like an Irish stew that has everything in it from door-knobs to doughnuts. Maybe like a modern high-ball; it is a quadrangular concoction of the juices of aldermanic, mayoralty, commission and managerial flavorings and it is hard to tell where taste begins and appetite ceases.

The drafters of the document must have been old poker players, insisting that nothing but a set of fours could garner the municipal gravy, or perhaps they had been reading of Sister Aimee's four-square gospel and thought they would prop it up securely.

It is now proposed to simplify this modus operandi, by curtailment of amputation, rather on an enlarged or wholesale scale. Lawyers, of course, do things differently from the doctors and in this case they want to effect the change with one fell swoop of the pen. In other words a reduction from 15 aldermen, 1 mayor and 1 manager to 4 aldermen and 1 mayor. Knocking out a dirty dozen at one swipe.

Now if a doctor had a tough proposition or patient he would proceed along the lines of elimination. He would probe, prick and plumb you to see if you would assay about two hundred bucks performance. First he would cut out your appendix to improve your social standing and make you eligible to the order of "Abdominal Scars;" next he would draw your tonsils to put you in better taste; and then yank a few bicuspid and molars to give you a different facial angle on things. In the meantime each of these bodily depletions would yield revenue.

However, if there is virtue in simplicity we believe in being plainer than that old shoe; and if the gubernatorial election don't turn out like we want next Saturday we will vote for a monarchy anyhow.—Check.

## "Attendance is the Price of Membership"

### OFFICERS

SAM ROSINGER ..... President  
MILLARD W. McMASTER ..... Vice-President  
PRESTON B. DOTY ..... Treasurer  
IRWIN J. FERAY ..... Secretary

### DIRECTORS

SAM ROSINGER—Jewish Congregation.  
BARNEY A. STEINHAGEN—Steinhagen Rice Mill. Co.  
W. HARRY LONGE—Longe's Co.  
CHESTER A. EASLEY—Seaport Coal Co.  
P. PERKINS BUTLER—American National Bank  
PRESTON B. DOTY—First National Bank  
Millard W. McMaster—Petroleum Iron Works Co.  
ED STEDMAN, JR.—Stedman Fruit Co.  
CARL S. DICKENS—Magnolia Petroleum Co.  
IRWIN J. FERAY—T. H. Mastin & Co.

### ROTARY VISITORS

The following visitors were present at Wednesday's Incheon:

John L. Henning, Lake Charles, La.  
R. L. Bobbitt, Laredo, Texas.  
A. L. Burge, Galveston, Texas.  
Andres Horcantas, New Orleans, La.  
W. A. Williamson, San Antonio, Texas.  
D. C. King, City.  
John C. Jackson, City.  
M. L. Kelly, Dallas, Texas.  
Leon Howell, City.  
D. D. Hunter, City.

—Rotarygrams—

## HEP! HEP!

Hayfoot! Strawfoot! Down the street the column passes. What is there in a parade to simulate the ardor of everybody and to cause the spectator to sigh for the lost days when he was a little lad and could follow the drums as far as he would? Every man feels the pull of the gypsying spirit, the home-sickness for Vagabondia, the hunger for a personal Odessey. How he yearns to flip convention aside, turn into the line of march and keep moving until he is out of sight and sound of familiar things forever!

Half the infatuation generations of children have found in Pilgrim's Progress has come from the delightful thought that Christian was leaving home to taste of the adventure of the unknown road. We would all succumb to this call of the wanderlust if it were not for respectability, responsibility and

## "He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

above all, the fear of eventual loneliness.

But give us a partner with whom we can always keep in step—and who could resist the call of the long, long trail? Ulysees was not different from twentieth century moderns when he cried:

My purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.

The only difference is that Ulysees could do this and most of us cannot. Besides, Ulysees had a crew of old cronies to sail the hidden seas with him.

Hep! Hep! Down the road the procession moves. To what goal are the passing feet tending? The ties that bind us to our homes are stretched to the limit and we hardly can resist the rhythmic music of the moving multitude. Life is dull unless we can travel along with them. It matters little where we go—if only we can catch the fever and the glory of it all, and measure our steps with the passing throng.

If we could only have our cake and eat it too—keep the comforts of home and annex the care-free adventures of the marchers. Is it too much to hope for? Again we hear the words of the ancient traveler:

Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Why can't we seek it where we are—put our hearts into the processions even if our bodies are in leash? To seek a newer world of freedom ought to be possible here and now. Why not strip our civilization of some of its silly taboos and its tiresome precedents, and make it over? We must not lose the things we have. But there is a need of joining some procession to pass "beyond the sunset" to better surroundings. May we not work together for it, wherever we are, even though our shoes seem full of lead?

Who will join this hearty, jovial, friendly parade, making old things new and always keeping step with our fellows? Let us take our places with the marchers of the soul! Hep! Hep!—Rotarian.

—Rotarygrams—

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the dining room to be exhibited before the dinner guests. "Tell the ladies what mamma's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said Lucy.

—Rotarygrams—

Silas: "What's that I hear, Hiram, about your hired man falling off the roof when he was shingling the barn last week?"

Hiram: "Yeh. He fell into a barrel of turpentine."

Silas: "Did it hurt him much?"

Hiram: "Don't know. They ain't caught him yet."