

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

*Back to School*

By Samuel Rosinger

In connection with the approaching opening of the schools, we wonder how many adults would like to go back to school. Children will frankly tell you they hate to do so. But after all one could not expect a child to possess an appreciation of education, especially if we consider the artificial and abstract way in which he receives it. But it would be of interest to know how many adults would like to increase their meagre store of knowledge, and utilize their leisure for the acquisition of that invaluable asset that goes by the name of culture.

Prof. Thorndyke, one of the greatest educators of America, has proven by most elaborate tests that contrary to popular conception, a human is best suited to absorb and assimilate knowledge after he has passed the age of twenty five. Therefore adult education ought to be looked upon not as a luxury, but a necessity, and every community ought to provide for it in as large a measure as it looks after the education of children.

In larger cities there are public and private institutions that enable adults almost in all walks of life to acquire an education after working hours. Some of our most prominent business and professional men received their training in these supplementary schools. Cooper Institute of New York City, for instance, confers untold blessing upon countless toilers, who draw the waters of knowledge from the wells of that institution. But I believe that even in a community like ours, there is a sufficient demand for adult vocational and cultural education to make the establishment of courses of study worthwhile. The thriving of correspondence schools throughout the country shows that the adult longs for education and puts forth a strong effort to satisfy it.

The time will come when schools will be open not only at daytime but at night, and when education will not be limited to immature childhood, but will extend from the cradle to the grave.

With the continued invention of labor-saving devices, man's leisure is bound to increase. However, he will derive little benefit from this greater freedom from drudgery, if it will give him merely more time to kill, more time to waste in idleness, and in inane and unprofitable pastimes. A generation will yet arise that will fully realize what a great boon leisure is, and will wisely utilize it for the mental uplift and moral elevation of the race.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

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### *When Fathers Become Kin*

(An editorial in the August Rotarian Magazine)

A warming satisfaction comes to men who help sons of other men get their starts in life. But let someone reach out a friendly hand when it is your own boy who needs the assistance, and the situation is different. Then comes a new sense of kinship with fathers of all lands and ages. It is commingled with anxiety, pride and gratitude. The following letter, written by a leading American business man to the employer who is giving his son "a chance" expresses well this feeling:

"Nothing I can say will express my appreciation of your willingness to give my son a chance to do some newspaper work this summer under your supervision. I have been helping youngsters get started all of my life, but for the first time I fully appreciated just what that help means not only to the youngsters themselves but to their parents.

I don't want it to be a burden. In fact, I expressly desire you to advise me if you find that he is more of a hindrance than a help. I am hoping, however, that he will be worth the attention you will have to give him. He is not a very good student and not very responsible. He surprised us all, however, when he worked one summer in the Jackson printing plant here, by doing a good job. At least the superintendent said he did, and wants him back again the following summer.

My hope is that you will have a variety of things for him to do, such as collecting advertising copy, correcting proofs, running errands of all sorts and perhaps doing some reporting along with it. I warn you that he doesn't write as simply and sincerely as he did two or three years ago. But I know that the rigorous blue pencil will show him how easy it is to kill adjectives.

I hope you will treat him as you would a perfect stranger who had applied for a job. Discipline him and hold him to the line.

I shall look forward to the opportunity to do something for you. But I doubt if anything I could do would reciprocate for the very important thing you are doing for me.

After all, everything pales into insignificance when it comes to getting your boy started right."

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*Slants at the Meeting*

It looks like the Directors were trying to pull something on the proletariat—offering the classification of GYNECOLOGIST. To clarify the situation the president had to call on a Pediatricist to elucidate.

That old slogan of your Uncle's, "Join the Navy and see the World", has nothing on this Rotary Club. . . "Become a member and meet Nomenclature." Technical phraseology is just as rampant in our midst as crime is in Chicago, and your glossary is got'er expand or burst.

Your scribe, at times, is just as ill at ease as a neurotic astride of a porcupine. He doesn't know whether he is sitting beside a herbivorous biped or a carnivorous mammal.

It's gotten so a man can't eat until he knows the caloric contents of his food; he exercises by a theme song; mastication is by rhythmic meter; and his conduct is hypothesized on ethical principles.

When the committee sprung this Gynecologist on us we were up a tree just like an endurance squatter . . . we didn't know whether it was gaseous, liquid or solid. We had heard of Generate, Jennie Lind and Genesis and we knew this last was always first; but this Gynecologist had tied us up like a sailor's knot and we were helpless as a hunchback with a chiropractor.

There must have been collusion between the Directors and the Program committee, for the latter brought on 'music to soothe the savage beast' and the meeting finally ended with innocuous quietitude.

—Check.

*Well! Well! Well!*

When the San Antonio Rotarians repaid a visit to the Houston club the other day they brought along a big two-fisted doctor, W. B. Rusk, to do most of their talking. Dr. Rusk appropriated most of the time of the program and his talk was of a revolutionary character, to say the least. The castigations of this husky physician may shock one's sensibilities but his remarks make entertaining reading and may be thought-provoking.

"In the old days," he declared, "before we fell into the hands of these reformers, these scared poltroons, we used to think that the way to bring up our youth was to develop character and brains so that they would be able to live in a wicked world. Now that the reformers have our politicians by the throat, they are trying to change the world so that any molly-coddle can live in it!"

"The real under-privileged children are yours and mine—not the ones this club and my club try to take care of. Why? Because these boys who start poor are learning life through contact with life. But we take our own poor kids and try to shelter them and guard them and even think for them. They start with plenty of talents, but we never give them a chance to develop those talents. Talents are like every other faculty. They deteriorate through non-use. And the greater the original talents, the worse the deterioration. By refusing our children contact with the world, we are preparing them for failure in life, for insane asylums, prisons or worse . . ."

"I never want my children only to see the beautiful. I want them to see the ugly things in life as well. That's the only way they can learn. For sooner or later they're going to get out of your care and my care, these children, and if they're not prepared to withstand the gales of experience, they'll go down in despair and defeat. Yet these reformers, these meddlers, would try to keep that very experience from them of which they stand in such great need."

There was more, plenty more . . . references to "the idle woman, ill-fit for breeding, a menace to herself and society," to "these people, whose minds are so filled with lustful thoughts at the sight of a woman's ankle, that, in their fear, they want to have all women's ankles amputated by law."