

## "Attendance is the Price of Membership"

—comradeship through understanding.

Rotary is not a religion in any application of that term, but rather a plan of association for a closer and more intimate understanding one with another.

The principles of Rotary are not difficult of understanding, but rather a mingling of men in a comradeship way to the end that a greater friendship, goodwill and love for one's fellow man may find expression.

You don't fool anyone—but yourself—when you stay away from your Rotary meetings.

Rotary above all is a non-dollar and cents profit organization, and was conceived purely for its known benefit to mankind.

Rotary will benefit any man or set of men—if they will just permit it to do so.

—Brooklyn Life.

—Rotarygrams—

## Our Speed-Mad Grandfathers

Great-grandfather who courted his sweetheart in an ox-cart, and grandfather who travelled in a stagecoach were as speed-mad as young men of today, declares Edward A. Filene, veteran Boston merchant, in the September "Rotarian."

"The underlying truth about the airplane," he says, "is that it goes places, and gets there quickly over routes that were never open to travel before.

But that was equally true of the stagecoach. People of the stagecoach era were as speed-mad as the people of today. They did things and went places as quickly as they knew how.

"The essential difference between this and other ages is not one of materialism versus spirituality, nor of speed versus a leisurely, patient, and philosophical attitude, but a difference in what we are able to do.

"Success is quite as desirable for our modern youth as it ever was . . . and I am glad to note that modern youth is somewhat skeptical. It wants success as seriously as ever, but it seems to be more interested in how Croesus actually got his money, than in any platitudes the old gentleman himself may have uttered on the subject. . .

"Some of us old fossils . . . are convinced that this is an age of materialism and low ideals. We suspect that modern youths are not the heavy saints that we were fifty years ago. Those of us to whom business still means nothing but making money, cannot visualize public service except in politics and the professions.

"My personal experience with young people convinces me that they can. That is one of the reasons why the old fellows should go to the young ones for advice."

# ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. X Beaumont, Texas, September 17, 1930 No. 36

## Gardening

By Samuel Rosinger

According to the Scriptures, gardening was the first occupation of man. And after the elapse of all these thousands of years, gardening is still a most profitable pastime for man to engage in. If you seek the Tree of Life, you will find it in the garden. You, who are caged up in your office, and as the inevitable result of your confinement, suffer from headaches and backaches and aches in the joint, if you want to experience that thrill of health with which the supple limbs of youth tingle, take your spade and hoe and rake and fix up a garden. Your brain-fag and biliousness and your gout and grouch, all due to absorption of poison for lack of exercise, will vanish like a cloud under the stress of the wholesome work which the preparation and cultivation of your garden requires.

What are artificial exercises compared to gardening? What a delusion to think that the daily dozen antics performed in the living room to the tune of the radio, possesses the magic of health. Or, how inferior is the exercise derived even from chasing the ball on the major and miniature courses, in comparison with the infinite variety of motions the body undergoes while spading, weeding, harrowing and furrowing the garden soil. And as far as scores are concerned, what are Bobby Jones' triumphs as compared with the rich harvest of blushing roses with which you freshly woo and win the love of your old girl every morning, or the toothsome vegetables with which you furnish the table daily. No radish or lettuce is crisper than those grown in your garden, and none have a more delicious taste than those grown by YOU.

Therefore, you slaves of the swivel chair who desire life, repair to the back patch and dig and plant. Go back to the primitive occupation of the race, get close to Mother Nature, connect your soul with the soil, and you will derive health and joy from this intimate association. Working under the canopy of heaven, the smiling skies will fill you with cheer, the balmy sun will lend you pep and energy, and the Creator who blesses all human effort, will reward you with length of days spent in health and happiness.

## "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 guests were present at today's luncheon:

J. S. Kennedy, City.  
Mr. Gausted, —.  
L. C. Singleton, City.  
C. L. McNulty, Dallas.  
Messrs. Davis, Reeves and Raymond, Dallas.  
Hugh Martin, City.  
Clay Eargle, City.  
Eddie Jones, City.  
Ralph Bowen, City.  
W. O. Monroe, Houston.  
Garland Smith, Jasper.  
Rev. George Cameron, City.

— Rotarygrams —

## *Slants at the Meeting*

THE patient shall be rewarded. Sam finally put his singing program over with a Bang and any mural casualties suffered by Harry Shepherd and Tom Reed in the "Rows Rum" can be attributed to the false notes and staccato tones of the embryonic Carusos.

Some of the tonal inflections might have been a couple of varas off the road of harmony but their enthusiasm rose like a turbulent tide on a stormy night. Discretion was 'choked in' like a new gusher with a Christmas Tree and Antinoise legislation gave birth to new amendments. Even so, Percival! the effort was no worse than some of Hollywood's failures in casting Stars, Co-Stars and Star-Gazers in singing roles.

The recital of Tom Minyard's itinerary was greeted with applause and the "cloth" did not bind himself to any long-faced and sad-eyed discourse, but rather one punctured with humor and uncton.

Of course, that little maritime pastime he related on board ship is just not entirely lucid in the minds

## "He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

of some members. They want to know if mal de mer imbues one with the privilege of support on a stranger's shoulder in a nonchalant manner and if the supportee was one of his party. Of course they can understand why a strong virile man was strolling the deck of an Atlantic liner under the mellow glow of an August moon, bathed in the salty spray of an invigorating sea, at midnight . . . It was insomnia.

When Tom quit motor for mule, it must have been on Balaam's ass he was borne around the walls of Palestine, or some Hollywood director has put the "speaky" in them. Some power anyway, for the bray of an ass to make an old maid change from side to astride.

Tom's observations that the Turks have -de-fez-ed the men and unveiled the women, prompts the suggestion that other things ought to be looked into. Their entrance in the religious edifices—the mosks—denote a tribute to sanitation as well as to sanctity. Playing golf along the banks of the Nile in the aura of five thousand years of pyramidal glory and listening to the lapping of waters amid the bull rushes that intrigued the gaze of Pharaoh's daughter, is no mean pastime. And shooting a 48 on a par 37 course, with a strange minister, too, cannot be booted as a trivial accomplishment.

Now that night in old Munich when spiritual man eases off his high pedestal like a mother-in-law off a rumble seat and thirst stands out like a spectre and clamors for appeasement it is nothing more than right a promise should be fulfilled, and the glass refilled.

Tom's disappointment of Paris was a disappointment to us. Perhaps his itinerary was routed wrong. Sister McPherson had a lay-over in Paris, two weeks, in preparation for her pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and what her setting-up exercises were they must have been good for the press reported her inspiration.—Check.

## Rotary

THERE is a big and broad course of study in the school of Rotary, yet neither difficult nor confining.

Few men have ever affiliated with Rotary who couldn't in some measure profit by it.

Rotary doesn't perhaps make a man, but it certainly helps him—make something of himself.

The biggest and most successful and busiest of men in Rotary are those who feel its need most.

You cannot be absent in Rotary and experience the fellowship, character-building and understanding influence it has to offer.

Rotary isn't in any sense new, but rather a unique approach or avenue to that big thing in all our lives