

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

Buy from Pessimists and Win

The San Francisco earthquake, if I may use that forbidden word, cured hundreds of cripples. They jumped up and ran for their lives. They weren't as badly crippled as they thought they were. They didn't know that they could run until their houses began to shake.

The Good Book, too, tells the story of a cripple whose weakness was more in his mind than in his legs. The master said to him: "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." He rose and walked and carried his bed. So, here is the thought that I would like to send out to the business men of America:

"You are depressed. You think you are crippled. You are afraid of the future. You are full of fears.

"You have half of the gold of the world and half of the machinery and most of the automobiles and all of the skyscrapers.

"You have the greatest home market in the world and the largest corporations that the world has ever seen.

"You are ruled more by ideas and less by traditions than any other people in the world. You have usually done what you thought you could do.

"How can it be possible that a progressive nation of 120,000,000 people can be wrecked by the speculation of a little handful of fools in Wall Street?

"The prices that were forced too high had to come down. Today all the prices are too low.

"There is now golden opportunity for every man who has eyes to see it.

"Dollars are now being sold for thirty cents. Practically every security in the United States is now being sold at less than its value.

"The way to create a fortune is to buy from pessimists. Pay your money and take the risk.

"Frick started his career by buying coke ovens in the slump of 1873. Carnegie made \$300,000,000 by buying steel plants in slumps.

"Hundreds of fortunes have been made by buying from pessimists. Ye Gods! What a chance there is at the moment!

"In five years from now, most American business men will belong to the 'I-wish-I-had Club'.

"Then it will be too late to buy a dollar for thirty cents. The opportunities will be gone.

"Rise and Walk!" —Herbert N. Casson in
FORBES MAGAZINE.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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An Appeal

By Samuel Rosinger

The financial depression from which we are suffering weighs heavily on every business man, but the center of its gravity bears down on the small wage-earner, who is either out of employment, or works part time at reduced compensation. If such a wage-earner is the head of a family, he can barely provide bread for his dear ones, and much as he would like to see his children at school, he is compelled to keep them out as soon as they reach an age when they can contribute, be it ever so meager a share, to the maintenance of the household.

Now, there are scores and scores of boys and girls to whom the abrupt termination of their schooling represents a misfortune. They would be happy to do any kind of work after school hours to enable them to finish their high school career. I do not know of a purer desire than the human heart may engender than such a genuine longing for education. Such a hunger ought to be satisfied even in a greater measure than physical starvation.

Our club's only philanthropic work at present, is the fostering of education among indigent children. The Student Loan Fund does invaluable work in this direction, but those who desire to complete their High School education are surely as much, if not more worthy, of help and encouragement than those who aspire for a college career. Our Club has a Back to School committee, the purpose of which is to induce children to complete their high school education. But the fund at the disposal of the committee is merely a pittance. The only means by which the committee could function would be by securing after-school employment for those who are eager to continue their education. We urge every member who is in a position to do so to adopt one of these ambitious boys or girls, by giving him or her employment in his establishment. Such a service will, indeed, be in keeping with the splendid educational work the club is performing, will redound to the credit of the members and to the untold blessing of the beneficiaries.

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Rotarygrams

The Beggar Problem

Street begging is a \$150,000,000 business in the United States alone, according to William F. McDermott, Chicago newspaper man writing in the September "Rotarian." Add to that the \$100,000,000 collected by fake charity organization racketeers and you have a tidy quarter billion dollars that big-hearted American citizens give to charity panhandlers.

When four "legless" cripples in Chicago travelled to their posts by taxi, reports Mr. McDermott, they were arrested by police and found to have nearly \$100 in their pockets—a half hour's profits. An Omaha "blind" pencil-seller was found to own a prosperous rooming house. University students have found panhandlers making as high as \$200 a day, and a palsied New York subway "specialist" was discovered to have \$40,000 in first mortgages.

Fake charity promoters know religion and "war relief" are sure-fire appeals. They know that few citizens will risk ridicule by checking-up on those who solicit in the name of religion or soldier-welfare.

The solution of the problem, says Mr. McDermott, is for the local chamber of commerce, or some other non-partisan civic organization, to prepare a roster of authorized charities. Citizens should then be asked to refrain from donating to causes not on the list.

The problem of the tincup beggar can be solved by such charitable institutions as the Salvation Army issuing relief tickets. The citizen supplies himself with these coupons which, when presented by the recipient to the organization, are good for lodging and breakfast. The citizen is then billed for the actual cost. Wherever such systems are in use, says Mr. McDermott, they have been found useful in weeding the truly needy cases of poverty from the false.

Slants at the Meeting

EVER so often this scribe finds himself in a dilemma to report a program and in this particular instance he is nonplussed to characterize our visitor last week; Sheriff Martin from St. Martinsville. To foster that spirit of comraderie and uproot the weed of prejudice, it is Rotary custom to refer to foreigners as "over-sea" members. Now here's our good brother from "the old country" and while he may have "come across",—unlike the Mayflower,—the application of "over-sea" would certainly be a geographical faux-pas.

However, despite the status quo, brother Martin regaled us with one of the most interesting, enlightening talks transcriptorially—(a good word if it was in the dictionary) we ever listened to. Truly the Acadians are a picturesque people, ensconced in that wondrous valley of the Teche famed for its beauty,—the home of Evangeline and immortalized by Longfellow.

Judging from his political references the sword of discontent has been sheathed and the Dove of Peace is "squattering" on the bayous with supreme complacency. He visioned an industrial growth and an agricultural development with "the Father of Waters" strangled into perfect control. We would say his political observations were e-Long-ated but he Huey-ed to the line.

The ignominious defeat of a couple of young-bloods, floundering around in a mechanical Roci-nante, in quest of fair maidens, brought the blush of shame to the cheek of the Chair and with one ponderous thud he dismissed the derelicts and substituted a pair of Night-Ere-Runs to sally forth in fields fair and claim those beauteous Evangelines.

Beaumont with her 60 degree temperature, cool as an old maid's passion; Sam CooCoo tenaciously clinging to a chimerical record; Anti-noise legislation about which there has been so much roaring and prathering; the opinion of the Attorney General that a shirt with a tail is just the tale of a coat to him; Sam Solinsky reporting there has been no clarabowing the merchants; Bill Beaumont increasing his noise but not the width of Calder Road; Charlie Ledwidge stamping advertisement as not a stamp advertisement; the torturer making his mark with a new cigarette brand and the marathon dancers that don't peter out can't stick it out; are just a few of the benedictions the old burgh is buttoned-up with at present. —Check.