

Life's Prizes

By Samuel Rosinger

WE may lay it down as a general rule that the worthwhile things of life are not to be found on the surface. A wise Providence rightly made the things we regard as the prizes of life, difficult of access. For would they be gotten easily, we would neither appreciate them, nor benefit by them. Therefore, the precious pearl does not float on top of the water, but is deeply imbedded in the sea. Also metals and minerals are hidden in the ore, which in turn, is concealed in the bowels of the earth. And even as the riches of the earth, so also the wealth of man; his talents and aptitudes are hidden in the deep recesses of the soul. One has to dig and delve to bring them to light. And even after we have mined them, we merely get crude products, which, in order that they be of value to us, we must refine in the crucible of knowledge and experience.

We, who live in the heart of the oil industry, know how many valuable products are hidden in the thick black crude which flows from the well. However, we also know that it takes mammoth plants and a vast amount of complicated machinery to separate and refine those products. The soul of man is a far richer mine or well than those yielding the most precious metals or minerals. The creative intelligence, the artistic skill, the inventive genius, the generous impulses that are hidden in the soul of man, represent a wealth, compared with which, gold is worthless slag. But this wealth is not handed to us ready-made. We must uncover and develop the endowments with which a bountiful God has dowered us, by hard work and persistent effort. We must seek and search, essay and experiment, aspire and perspire, in order to bring to light the rich gifts of our hearts and minds.

But this work, if undertaken in the right spirit, far from weighing us down with the burden of drudgery, rests on our shoulders with the magic lightness of a labor of love. For the effort we put forth in getting life's prizes fills us with the joy of self-realization, and the happiness which every healthy person derives from the exercise of his faculties and from developing them to the pinnacle of their powers.

Blessed is the man who finds the greatest triumph of his life in that success which has come to him not by the windfall of fortune, but by the arduous toil which he has spent on the development of that immeasurable wealth which Heaven laid up in his heart and mind.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. XI Beaumont, Texas, March 18, 1931 No. 11

The Saint Immortal

Mythology still charms and enlivens the human mind. Myths will never pass away. They are perpetual, immortal. A mythical day returned yesterday—a day founded on the death, not the birth, of a man whose earthly career is fixed in two different centuries; a man who in his youth became a wanderer in supposed lands and climes, to become a shepherd, a slave, a prophet and a saint, whose nativity was known not in his day and whose grave has never been located by the shepherds or the scientists. A name shrouded in mystery, spelled by the signs and the letters of every language and dialect on earth and surviving through the cycles of sixteen centuries, was on the lips of all children of men Christian and pagan, who happened to see or hear the words, "Saint Patrick." Whether he banished the snakes from the "Gem of the Ocean," or taught the Trinity by lifting aloft from the sod the Shamrock, he will remain with millions the all-pervading, all-powerful, soul-saving servant of the living God—Patricius, the Saint Immortal!—Barney Sheridan.

Slants at the Meeting

YOUR scribe thinks he detected a faint tinge of disappointment in Sam's pronouncement on the party attendance. At least an innuendo subtly couched in rabbinic diction, is suggestive of such. Rather abstruse, we would say—about as uncertain as the presence of pain when some cock-eyed dentist drills through a holler tooth into a live nerve and goose flesh creeps up your spinal column like ridges on a totem pole. Then too, Sam has a nasty habit of recalling some distasteful decorum on a former party that was not exactly chesterfieldian but rather smacked of the vulgar. Unfortunately, the truth furnished the poignant point.

The program last week will at least lend you different members an opportunity to bolster up your civic pride by going into the highways and byways advocating the Fair bond issue.

Steinie revealed a good many angles to the Fair situation but being juxtaposed with B. H. Willis and Patootie Gilber, a couple of heavyweights, who were in the throes of a controversy the writer might have muffed the finer points. It seems Patootie had plugged up B. H.'s drainage system (nothing personal) and naturally this dam business distracted him. Too, some solicitous friend sensing Gilbert's ambition as a breeder and connoisseur of livestock bequeathed him amagnificent jackass, highly recommended for his potency and progeny. However, Gilbert's biological experiment was unlike the national prohibition act . . . it was NOT noble. Now outside of being bone-spavined and wind-broken, indifferent and impotent, dejected and decrepit this animal was a perfect ass and Gilbert's recital so intrigued the writer he was temporarily swept out of the picture. However, he awakened just in time to learn the elementary basis of any fair is agriculture and livestock, both being well defined by the Supreme Court of Arkansaw and which ought to make it unanimous for cattle and corn and noblesses oblige for the rest of the world.

—Check.

—Rotarygrams—

ROTARY VISITORS

The following visitors were present at last week's luncheon:

Milton Morris, Shreveport; J. O. Davis, Houston; J. W. Smith, Houston; Frank M. Cowen, Houston; H. W. Gardnef, City; W. M. Crook, City; C. H.

Weber, City; Dr. John Yost, City; Bob Wilson, San Antonio; W. W. McClanahan, Springfield, Tenn.; A. E. Fay, Dallas; B. A. Greenspan, Atlanta, Ga.; Clarence W. Woolman, City; Ivan Singleton, City; Capt. O. W. Hughes, New Orleans; B. W. Henry, Houston; C. R. Squires, City; L. L. Ryder, City; W. E. Holland, City; Joe Combs, City; G. B. Pettison, Peoria, Ill.; H. T. Tyner, Houston; Benton McMillan, Zavalla; Harry Legg, San Antonio; Bryan Wilson, San Antonio; E. A. Fletcher, City; Henry Hecht, New York; Carl Locke, City; E. Lindsay Boykin, City; P. E. Carwin, City; H. L. Miller, Pittsburgh, Pa.; John Hartmann, New York.

—Rotarygrams—

Check Diagrams A Bit

IT'S hard to say anything derogatory of Arkansaw, that is, unless you are from Reno where it seems the spirit of battle is in fermentation about an overt act of the hill-billy state's legislature encroaching on the marital rights of Nevada. All of which is about as asinine as potlikker Huey's controversy with the rest of the nit-wits of christendom about "dunking or crumbling", and as substantial and satisfying as the Southern Pacific's attitude is to Beaumont's Elevated Program. H. J. Russell advanced the Wait plan, Beaumont adopted it and the S. P. perfected it.

Speaking of the S. P. conference with the committee of seven the railroad has in charge of this a man by the name of Lull,—his initials are H. M. (meaning perhaps, Hasn't Moved). Boy, they not only capitalized this man's name—they have exploited it. The consummation of this deal will probably have to be figured in astronomical terms,—"light years".

What the h— has this digression got to do with the meeting last week. Nothing more than a South Sea Islander's fracas has to do with subpoenaing a colored woman in her backyard. Anyway the bond issue ought to be supported, at least as well as this scribe does the editorial Dictator of this Rag of Reason which figured in the concepts of relativity veers off about 45 degrees from nothing.