

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

Hopeful Signs of Recovery

By Samuel Rosinger

THE Executive Committee of the Regatta is to be congratulated on its wise decision to dispense with a bathing revue, a feature, heretofore, so commonly associated with entertainments of this type. One does not have to be puritanically prudish to condemn displays of this kind on the grounds of vulgarity and indecency. Without impugning the character of women who participate in these revues, no man who regards modesty as the brightest jewel in the crown of womanly virtues, would allow his daughter or sister to expose her scantily covered body to the lecherous gaze of the morbid crowd. Only a taste, degenerated through the moral perversion of the war, could sanction exhibits so degrading of the best in womanhood, and give them a worldwide vogue.

Fortunately, we are beginning to recover from that heavy moral slump which preceded, aye, even precipitated, the economic depression, we are suffering from. The feminine half of humanity is gradually sobering up from the intoxication of its newly gained freedom. It dawns upon woman that aping man in appearance, and descending to his uncouthness in speech, manner and habits, might give her temporary exhilaration, but never permanent satisfaction. Woman instinctively realizes that, since Providence has charged her with the Divine trust of guarding the purity of the race, she must lead man in all those cultural refinements and moral restraints which lend life dignity, nobility, and sanctity. Accordingly, we find a slow, yet steady return of woman to those sensible standards which, instead of obliterating the individuality of the sexes, stress and accentuate the sublime qualities which we designate by the felicitous phrase, "the eternal feminine."

And with the woman taking the lead in return to moral normalcy, man is bound to trail behind, and recover from the money mania with which greed has afflicted him and transformed him into a reckless gambler, who stakes his life on the seductive smile of the pagan goddess of fortune. As soon as man will realize, that the love of his fellowmen is a source of infinitely greater happiness than his inordinate lust for profit and gain; as soon as man will understand that seeking the public welfare is a nobler aim and much richer in true satisfaction, than piling up mammoth private wealth, the economic depression, which hangs like a thick pall over us, will vanish like mist before the piercing rays of the sun.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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The Ability to Learn

At luncheon one day a guest spoke a good line, something like this: "Those who have to be taught don't get ahead fast. It's the man who can pick things up himself and learn from his own experience who makes progress."

This is sound.

The world is a busy place, with each of us primarily concerned with his own welfare. We have neither the time nor energy to do much teaching. Even the schools are limited in their ability to see that their students learn. The professors assign lessons and give lectures. But whether what is given out sinks into the heads of the pupils is determined by the ability of the youngsters to absorb, classify, and use what they read and hear.

In business and professional life, teaching is on a less routine and organized basis. Most of us have good intentions toward those who work for us, but our patience is limited, and if workmen and clerks show no sign of quick intelligence we are inclined to let them perlify.

The difference in the mentality of young men and women strikes every employer. A few, without receiving particular attention, will grasp the significance of every task they are given. They go at it creatively, and not only do a good job but a better job than is expected. They dignify everything they touch, because they perceive in whatever they may be doing an opportunity for the expression of their best ideas.

These are the self-teaching individuals. It makes little difference to them whether they quit school at fifteen or twenty-five; at thirty they are in command of themselves and their jobs.

It is doubtful whether anyone who doesn't already have the faculty of teaching himself will be improved by this editorial. Either we have the faculty or we haven't it.

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ROTARY VISITORS

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

Dr. Harry E. Braun, Houston; Dr. T. S. Clyee, Sherman; Dr. Sam Thompson, Kerrville; Dr. C. A. Gray, Bonham; Dr. B. H. Vaughan, Port Arthur; Dr. Sam T. Wilson, DeRidder, La.; Dr. Edgar H. Vaughn, Tyler; Dr. Wilmer Allison, Fort Worth; Dr. Bruce Allison, Fort Worth; Dr. J. M. Frazier, Belton; Dr. John A. McIntosh, San Antonio; Dr. Will Durringer, Fort Worth; Dr. S. T. Lowry, San Antonio, Dr. J. G. Webb, Mercedes; Dr. Sam G. Dunn, Lubbock; Dr. W. B. Carrell, Dallas; Dr. J. M. Anderson, Beady; Dr. Charlie Yeager, Corpus Christi; Dr. O. V. Lawrence, Brownsville; Dr. Chas. C. Green, Houston; Dr. G. E. Henschen, Sherman; Dr. Moise D. Levy, Houston; Dr. Lilburn Standifer, Junction; Dr. C. F. Schenck, Fort Worth; Dr. L. R. Talley, Temple; G. A. Northcott, Huntington, W. Va.; C. D. Cole, Texarkana; A. W. Perry, City; Ed Onstot, Georgetown; G. N. Pingree, Dallas; Dr. A. C. Scott, Jr.; Dr. L. L. Plant, Savannah, Ga.; Dr. B. M. Primer, Amarillo; Geo. I. Boone, St. Louis, Mo.; T. Gordon, Wharton; Harry Weaver, City; Randolph Reed, City; Dr. A. J. Schuerherberg, Dallas; Dr. Bloodgood, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. L. T. Pruitt, Temple; Dr. F. H. Shaw, Marlin; C .B. Sedenglany, Dallas.

Slants at the Meeting

WE got the big "shot" from the medicos last week, Dr. Bloodgood, of Baltimore, and it seems paradoxically fitting that a man of his name should expound the preventive and curative methods of cancer. Perhaps a transposition of this bi-syllabic name might even strengthen the fitness.

Anyway you "dirty faces" received a sufficient stimulus from this talk to keep extraneous matter from "parking" on the old "mug." In other words the injunction is to lave it off with a little soap and water for hygienic, if not for esthetic, purpose. Maybe the eminent doctor recognizes the hopelessness of the latter.

Your scribe has been running around all week with these co-conspirators of longevity until he feels looser than a floating kidney or more languous than an anemic corpuscle in a torpid liver. His lymphatic system is dammed up tighter than the dikes of Holland and every time he feels a lump in throat he wonders whether it is his Adam's apple or an incipient malady. He has more symptoms of approaching ailments than Dorothy Dix has advice for domestic difficulties. He's heard didactic dissertations until his "noodle" reverberates with glaucoma, sarcoma and just old coma. He was just poised on the brink of a hypochondriac abyss when he picked up the morning paper and discovered that Sir James Hopewell Jeans, a noted British astronomer, imparted the assuring information to a bunch of physicists and mathematicians yesterday in Los Angeles that the universe will endure for another hundred fifty thousand million years. Boy, that's getting the "breaks" in the nick of time. Just suppose this cosmic system should last only a hundred thousand million years . . . All of which proves Every Silver Lining has a Cloud and things are not always what they seem but different.

We bet the back-crackers, faith-healers and muscle-maulers were envious of this wonderful convention and predict the laity can now see prosperity just around the corner though it has the other three to turn and which will put it on the same footing as the Four Square gospel of Aimee McPherson. After all it does seem that nature is gland after another.

—Check.