

Mater Dolorosa

By Samuel Rosinger

I visited a sorrowful mother who recently had lost a grown-up son under most tragic circumstances. How bravely she bore up under the crushing weight of her poignant grief! How heroically she stood her ground under the staggering blow which cruel fate had dealt her. Advanced in age and frail in health, she stood before me strong in courage and stalwart in spirit, undismayed, unconquered, undefeated.

Yes, death could snatch her dear boy from her, but it could not rob her of that simple, childlike faith that has sustained her in all the trials of life, and that renders her torn and bleeding heart steadfast in the Lord, in her present tribulation.

This is not the first cup of sorrow that she was made to empty to its bitter dregs. Her life-partner and two children had gone before this one to the grave. Yes, the hand of the Lord rested heavily upon her on many occasions. Yet, her soul, far from being engulfed by the turbid floods of doubt and distrust, emerged purified from the crucible of sorrow, and she recovered from every affliction with a firmer faith in the goodness of God, and greater charity and deeper sympathy towards men.

And so, she has been an angel of mercy in human guise, sharing her bounty with the poor, bringing sunshine into lives darkened by sickness and suffering, and spending herself in doing good in a quiet, unostentatious way.

Her heavy losses far from souring her disposition, have rendered it sweeter, and her suffering instead of stopping up the valves of her sympathy, make her heart flow more abundantly with loving kindness.

History holds up the feats of warriors as examples of heroism. There is nothing more supremely heroic than a mother who phoenix-like rises from the ashes of consuming grief over the death of her child, to a new triumphant life.

The mater dolorosa whom I visited at the height of her elemental sorrow, loomed up before me as an inspiring example of sublime heroism.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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Slants at the Meeting

Opening wide the floodgates of righteous indignation last Thursday President Sam allowed the stream of his displeasure to flow uninterrupted down the quivering spines of the entire membership.

Round 1. Omitting his usual cheery "Felloo-oo's" Sam cut loose with a barrage of language the import of which was that it is a bum bunch of Rotarians who have only 19 books to donate to the library which is maintained for American seamen. Sam carried the attack all the way and there was no doubt but that it was his round.

Round 2. Showing practically no slowing up from his terrific speed at the beginning Sam opened this round with verbal rights and lefts to the program committeemen who neglected to answer the call of their chairman.

Round 3. Sam mercifully delivered the haymaker early in this round with the declaration that he was "overjoyed to announce that the club membership is now below 200" due to the elimination of more than a dozen members who cared so little for the club that they could not keep their attendance record up to the required 60 per cent. His parting shot was a warning to several other members nearing the danger line.

Gus Scheps put over a fast one when he invited the club to witness an operation to take place on the rostrum. "Dr. I. Sawbones" and his fellow pupils from Millard school were good for several guffaws from most of the members and sickly grins from the medics in the crowd. The kids were Herman Myers, doctor; John Farha, patient; Velma Hatley, nurse and Sam O'Donnell, office boy. Mrs. Floyd Shoffner staged the skit.

Milton Michael enhanced his reputation as a most popular songster by singing "A Son of the Sun" and "Song of a Fool" as only he can sing them. O. G. Parks Jr., accompanied him at the piano.

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

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Rose Room Rotarians

Battling Sam was doing no verbal shadow boxing Wednesday. He swung from the floor and he knew just where to land with well timed blows. He set a lot of those renegade Rotarians with a mark of 60 per cent right back on their seats with his opening onslaught. At the finish they teetered out of the room on tip-toe, slightly groggy and knowing full well they would soon hear the rattle of the tinware.

One of those vagabond Rotarians, who has great pride in membership and an irrepressible yen for serving mankind, was speechless with chagrin when notified by letter that he had been booted out of his beloved club. There was one consoling line. It gave the renegade an opportunity to crawl back through the rear door if he could convince the membership body that he would behave himself and act like our 100 per cent best people.

Another renegade contends that our alert secretary should have taken the boys into his confidence by giving them a card notifying them that they were playing truant too often, rather than to shoot them from ambush without any warning whatever. One cowboy member with a percentage of 60 and one-tenth per cent got a nice note advising him that he had better come back to the club and that the hunting season was over any way. Another bimbo with a record of 59 and one tenth per cent was summarily executed and he demands to know why he wasn't given the same consideration as the cowboy member. And if he can't get an answer to this query he expects to take it up with the big-wigs of Rotary at the international convention in Vienna next June.

Last Minute Bulletin: It won't be necessary to take it up with the committee at Vienna. Our own board has decided to give delinquents a chance for their white alley. Hereafter when the secretary finds a member slipping, he will mail a card of warning. So it was decided at a special meeting yesterday afternoon. It was also decided to give the truant Rotarians a chance to behave themselves.

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

Carant Ums, We Shevo

A couple of millions of war veterans will be interested in the announcement that there is coming to this country a French box car bearing the cryptic label, "40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux." Sister in the high school may be able to spell it out for us: "Quarante Hommes, Huit Chevaux." The pronunciation is something else again. We shall learn it in time.

The significance is what we are concerned with just now. Americans who have ridden in such cars can stand an old story. For the benefit of others, especially the younger generation to whom the World War is merely history in a book, we quote this colorful description from the New York World:

"The box car, 40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux was used to transport men, horses, food, ammunition, military police, and in fact almost anything, during the great war. However, it was not suited to the transportation of anything.

"To begin with, it was quite short, so that about 200 cars of it were required to make a train. Next, it was so designed that air could only be applied on the first twenty cars; the other 180 apparently had no brakes whatever. Next, it was equipped with old-style ring-and-pin coupling, so that each car had a play of about a foot and a half. Now the first twenty cars stopped by airbrake, as already noted; but the twenty-first car stopped by bumping against the twentieth, and the 200th car stopped by bumping against the 199th, with the procedure reversed when the train got going again. Men in the 200th car have been known to have all their teeth knocked out by the jolting, so that they had to dunk their hardtack in coffee before they could eat it.

"Next it wouldn't run on any railroad but that one. Every few miles it encountered track of narrower gauge than it was built for; thus all its cargo had to be moved into another car with a different set of wheels. Next, it had fleas. Next, it had a flat wheel. All in all, it is an unpleasant institution, and if we must tell the truth we do not see why anybody has brought it to the United States."

That car will go into a museum. And it will be worth looking at, by us and future generations, more than most of the other museum exhibits.