

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

Spring

By Samuel Rosinger

Have you seen Spring's harbinger, the almond, in the glory of bloom? Have you feasted your eyes on the delicate beauty of its shaded pink petals? Have you thrilled at the profusion of the dazzling white flowers of the pear and plum? Have you noticed the miraculous change of the landscape from dingy gray into emerald green? In these brilliant, balmy days, do you lift your eyes in rapture to the sun-kist sky by day, and the star-studded firmament by night? Do these superb wonders of nature not move you to worship and adoration?

Or, are your eyes so tightly glued to the dollar that you are blind to the overwhelming changes which Spring has wrought on earth with her fairy wand? I pity you from the bottom of my heart, if your absorption in your daily petty task makes you impervious to all that exquisite beauty in which a bountiful God has robed nature at this season of the year. Why, you are a mole and not a man, if you shut up your soul in the dark hole of your shop or office, and do not let it revel in that enchanted realm into which Spring has transformed this world.

Imagine you were born blind. You grew up in darkness. The earth was peopled to you only by the phantoms of your brain. You knew the world of reality only by the vague and hazy medium of hear-say. Then, a wizard of an oculist would restore your sight by some miracle. Think of the moment in which you would get the first glimpse of the vast expanse of the blue sky, the earth and the fullness thereof, the majestic pageantry of the host of heavens. You could not take in all the grandeur and sublimity which would flood your soul. Your heart would burst with the thrill and rapture convulsing your being.

Now, the Lord has brought you into the world not blind, but with a clear sight and a keen vision. Is that the reason why you are callous to the supernal beauty of nature? Are the glories which transfigure the world less resplendent because you behold them daily?

Poor, piteously poor, are you, even though you roll in worldly wealth, if you have lost your sense of wonder, and are not moved, even to tears, by the overpowering beauty with which Spring has adorned re-awakened Nature.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. XI Beaumont, Texas, February 25, 1931 No. 8

Slants at the Meeting

We had a very im-Port-ant meeting last week and heard all about seaports, imports, exports, private ports, municipal ports, port commissions and Will Tyrrell, our splendid port chairman.

We were told that we have a nice ocean, some facilities and plenty of competition. Messrs. Wait of Houston, Parker of Galveston and Adams of Corpus Christi said that while they were willing to co-operate or commiserate with us they were not in a position to help us much—rather like the old man who tried to put plenty of pep in his step as he approached the putty young thing who sat weeping on a park bench. When he found out that she wanted a big, handsome husband, who could love her with the devotion of a cave-man, there wasn't anything for him to do but sit down and cry with her.

The real import or purport of the report was that if the exports are to exceed the imports or the imports be equivalent to the exports and the Port of Beaumont is to become an important port, it is importunate that we import and distribute a large amount of port mindedness to our citizens.

Several members of the Club said they could understand Harry Gordon's Spanish better or as well as they could his Scotch English.

—Ben.

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Rotarygrams—

ROTARY VISITORS

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

John L. Henning, Lake Charles, La.
R. E. Josephson, Orange, Tex.
Wm. Reid, Orange, Tex.
J. W. Smith, Houston, Tex.
F. W. Parker, Galveston, Tex.
Chas. Lantos, Port Arthur, Tex.
Dr. R. F. Pray, City.
W. R. Briggs, City.
Mark Moore, City.
P. E. McGuire, City.
Newell Finch, City.
Geo. Wallace, City.
W. H. Thomas, City.
J. H. Mulligan, City.
Marion E. Brock, Houston, Tex.
A. B. Wynn, Shreveport, La.
Jack D. Freeman, Shreveport, La.
T. L. Powell, City.
Dan Lytleton, Houston, Tex.
W. W. McClanahan, Springfield, Tenn.

Rotarygrams—

From One of The Boys

Editor Rotarygrams:

In last week's ROT-n'-AIRY-grams President Samuel took a lot of us to task and I am ready to believe that he is right. In fact, I do believe it. I know it. I always knew it. Unfortunately, however, many of us who are familiar with the rules of courtesy mentioned by our President and who observe them, not because they are rules but because they are second nature to us, violate them shamelessly at times. Occasionally, our action may be warranted. Now and again one meets a person who is dreadfully afraid of making a social error. Such people labor along the road frightfully and have a perfectly vile time of it.

You may be sure, Sam, that none of us rough-necks would deliberately interfere seriously with any of the club's meetings.

—Simon P. Roughneck.

A Timely Fable

Back in 1922 when business was in the doldrums, Hardware World published this fable, which so well fits the present situation with respect to mental attitudes that we are reprinting it:

Satan, who was out hunting with the little imps of human weakness, saw a man coming through Life's street and commanded one of them, "Go get him for me!"

Quickly the imp crossed the street and hopping lightly to the man's shoulder said, "You are discouraged."

"No," replied the man, "I am not discouraged."

"You are discouraged," repeated the imp.

The man said, "I do not think so."

Louder and more decidedly the little imp declared again, "I tell you, you are discouraged."

"Well, I suppose I am," admitted the man, dropping his head.

So the imp hopped back proudly to Satan and cried, "I got him; he is discouraged."

Another man passed and Satan said again, "Get him for me."

Whereupon the proud little demon of discouragement repeated his tactics. The first time he said, "You are discouraged," the man replied emphatically, "No." The second time, the man said, "I tell you, I am not discouraged." The third time he exclaimed, "I am not discouraged. You lie!"

The man walked down the street with his head up, while the imp of discouragement returned to his master crestfallen.

"I couldn't get him," he reported. "Three times I told him he was discouraged. The third time he called me a liar—and that discouraged me."

Rotarygrams—

Sounded Rather Fishy

A man suffering from an excess of stimulant and tottering perceptibly, arrived home as the clock was striking three.

After carefully removing his shoes, he tiptoed softly to his door.

He slipped the key in and was half way down the hall when he upset a goldfish bowl, causing it to fall with a mighty crash.

His wife, hearing the commotion, appeared at the head of the stairs and called sharply:

"John! What on earth are you doing?"

"I'll teach these blooming goldfish to snap at me," replied John.