

vinced that the crowning joy of your vacation consists of the supreme delight you experience in returning home and renewing your intimate relationship with the home folks. And as you resume the threads of your work, the conviction grows upon you that no human who has a spot which he may call home, has the right to complain of fate, for he has been awarded one of the most coveted prizes in the race of life.

—Rotarygrams—
I AM STILL RICH

We have passed through a panic, suffered from a crash on the stock market and are now more than half way through the depression and I am still rich.

It may be true that I have much less to live on than I had a year ago, but it is certainly true that I have just as much as ever to live for. The real values of life are unshaken and solid.

The stock crash cost us much that we never had—paper profits which never got nearer our pockets than the financial pages of the daily papers. The market failed but nothing else did. Prices went down but not one acre lost its fertility and all the electrons, protons, and ether waves went on working in their accustomed ways.

When the depression came I was compelled to take an invoice and soon discovered that I was still rich. All my capacity for the enjoyment of life was intact.

The depression has not lowered the value of a single friendship. Neighbors still greet us in the same old cordial way, business associates believe in us, and our sons hold us in high respect. The wife's welcome at the close of the day has not depreciated in the least and our daughters continue to lavish their affection upon us with the same old extravagance.

No nation becomes great by becoming rich. Neither does a man find enduring satisfaction in life by owning something—only by becoming something. The most degrading poverty is that which results from killing the spirit that the body may be served.

This depression has cost us some of the things we created but it has robbed us of none of our power to create. We may lose some beautiful things but we have lost no love of the beautiful.

It is a challenge, not a catastrophe. A generation that has conquered the air and sent giant planes circling the globe, which has plunged into the deeps and disported on the ocean's floor, which has climbed above the clouds and lived in the stratosphere, is now faced with the challenge to rise above its dependence on mere things and seek an emancipation of the spirit of man.

A financial crisis can wipe out profits and bring business to a standstill but character is beyond its reach. It can rob us of all we have but it cannot affect what we are.

I am still rich because I am independently rich—none of my wealth depends upon business conditions or market reports.—From "The Rotarian" Magazine, 211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, Sept. 9, 1931 No. 36

Slants at the Meeting

You witnessed the paradoxical spectacle of a "Half Pint" doing the work of a full quart, and what we mean an Imperial Quart. At first impression you might think we refer to one of that famous Club Canadian, but not so, the brand we had smacked of "Swedish Punch."

She packed a wallop not unlike that of some ancient saga as well as the allure of a modern Greet Her Garbage.

The entertainment was more in the nature of a report of a convention rather than the exploitation of some principle or the revelation of some operation.

Miss Lilyerstrom's naive manner of recital gave evidence of a natural and unrestrained humor that appealed to the "bunch." Her comments on the vocational activities of the delegates are what elicited the acclaim rather than the reading of statistical data. She seemed to be impressed with the wide variety of types represented at that Richmond convention of Business & Professional Women and it was her observations that provoked the merriment.

She told of some woman (perhaps from Utah), with eleven children who was a most ardent worker in the association, and her advice was to the effect that between a career and housewife, in the event one interfered with the other, it was preferable to choose the latter. In the face of such admirable qualifications for the home we vouchsafe the opinion no one would doubt her ability in the former capacity.

She further asserted it was the endeavor of the association to find out what happens to a woman at Forty. We would naturally think if it hadn't happened to her up to that time, it would be a flagrant waste of energy to speculate on the future. The lady boldly admitted having passed that "milestone" and therefore her perspective would not be distorted by juvenility.

She also referred to another woman of great prowess—a Portia if you please—juggling the intricacies of the legal profession and one possessed

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Rotarygrams

of a commanding spirit . . . perhaps akin to that of Alfalfa Bill or Hooley Long.

But the oddest endeavor that ensnared a woman was the one of correcting the deformities of man, such as straightening his legs, etc. She manufactured an article designated as a "bulge" and which instrument could be inserted up his trousers to make the aforesaid pants hang perpendicular on a knock-kneed provided it was placed on the leeward side and vice versa on a bow-legged individual if affixed on the windward position. Our president was so enthused over these benefits to mankind he made particular reference to the boys that had "bulges in their breeches" in his acknowledgment to the young lady.

Mr. Browne's mention of her sobriquet "HALF PINT" seems to have been a diminutive appellation inspired by size, she says, rather than by capacity—believe it or not.

One of last week's critics apparently put the taboo on the noise-making gadget known as the loud-speaker as it was more useless than the unemployed in this meeting. Without boldly projecting our opinion we are willing for Abe, the purveyor of junk to incorporate this instrument in his stock on a basis of \$4.00 per ton and a long ton at that.

—Chek.

Rotarygrams

ROTARY VISITORS

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

J. C. DeShong, Paris, Texas.
John L. Henning, Lake Charles, La.
Chas. J. Fehr, San Antonio, Texas.
Leon Katachte, City.
S. A. Supler, Houston, Texas.
Chas. D. Smith, City.
O. M. McCullough, New York.
Harry Jacobs, Port Arthur, Texas.
Orvis A. Sturdy, Kansas City, Mo.
E. J. Gallagher, Houston, Texas.
I. R. Chambers, City.
Alma Williams, City.
Bob Williams, City.
Max Block, Houston, Texas.

Home Again

By Samuel Rosinger

When a fellow leaves for his vacation, unless he is a foot-loose bachelor, the packing of trunks and suitcases and satchels, and those cavernous containers which go by the misnomer of hat-boxes, is a painful effort of the most exerting kind. The pater familias has to condense a hundred and one articles of wearing apparel and feminine frippery with the uncanny special diminution of a cotton compressor. The Latin phrase "Much in little" was coined expressly for the description of vacation baggage. Also while one anticipates with pleasure the change and rest which vacation affords, yet, one's joy is somewhat dampened by that vague apprehension which one feels when going to a strange place. At home you are rooted in the soil upon which your house is grounded and anchored in the hearts of true and trusted friends, and therefore, you feel firmly established on a solid foundation. Your life has the security and stability of a tree whose roots are deeply sunk in the soil. But, in a strange place you feel like a ship without a ballast, or like a lost soul that escaped from the cage of the body and failed to gain admission to the mansions of the spirit. Therefore, as I say, going away on a vacation is connected with a great deal of physical discomfort and some mental anguish.

But coming home from a vacation, the somber picture changes into one of the brightest hue, and the joy which one experiences is of the purest and most unalloyed kind. The packing, as though genii would help one, is accomplished in a jiffy. Dresses collapse, shoes telescope, toilet articles dovetail, and trunks, lacking all bulge, close as if by magic. (Truth compels me, though, to confess that I always fade out of the picture when the feminine part of the luggage is unpacked.) Also, the car, on the way home, eats the road with greater avidity, and the engine purrs the tune of "Home Sweet Home". The mountain scenery with its rugged contour which I enjoyed for a couple of months, was pleasant, yet, when the cotton fields come into view with their immaculate white bolls, they surpass in beauty the snow-covered peaks of the Rockies.

And, when you approach the old town to which you are attached with all the fibres of your being, your heart starts to thump as though bent on jumping out of your breast, and you realize that your home town is more than a network of streets, lined by rows of more or less pretentious houses, but that it is a living entity that you hold in as deep an affection as any human to whom you are bound by the ties of flesh and blood. When you enter the old domicile, which some good friend had gotten ready for your reception, every object in it, chairs, picture, knick-knacks, greet you with the animation of living beings. And when the neighbors come around to shake hands with you, and friends drop in for a friendly chat, you are con-