

## An Urge

### To You Cotton Pickers:

The big show is on at the New Warehouse where W. Scott, of the house of Hammond, will hold services in a dedicatory manner, calculated to enthuse and enthrall you in a triple plated program about the importance of Deep Water, Port Facilities and King Cotton.

Last week you had at the Jefferson The Platinum Blond and at the Fair the Pulsating Blond and this week at the Warehouse we worship at the shrine of a Staple Bond (Cotton).

When reverie seizes you and you glance down the vista of time into that period of adolescence when the long sack dragged "row upon row" and life was one bole after another, little did you think time would turn the hands of opportunity around to where you could share in the great development of a port to furnish the argosies of the sea with this fleecy staple.

So come out and meet again the old friend that put many an ache in your vertebra as well as brawn in your body . . . King Cotton. He's the lad that turned the reaches of the South into the great fields of snow and made Old Beck your companion in travail. Those were the happy days, so come and turn back the pages of time to boyhood dreams and live again the joys and sorrows of a "cotton picker."

—Check

—Rotarygrams—

### Radio Now Links Europe

With trans-Atlantic broadcasts destined to become more popular with American Radio fans, international significance is attached to the fact that England, among other European nations, is taking elaborate steps to develop groups of high-power transmitters that will facilitate international broadcasting.

"Nation shall speak unto nation" is the motto of the British Broadcasting corporation, and that slogan has been adopted in spirit, at least, throughout Europe, says Robert Garner, radio critic for the Manchester (England) Guardian, writing in the November Rotarian Magazine.

Huge transmitters have been or are being installed at strategic points to relay programs. Only eighteen months ago, international hook-ups were begun when Britain, Belgium and Germany were linked up for a concert. Then, in quick succession have come King George's speech at the London Naval conference, the treaty ratification proceedings in Washington, Tokio, and London, and, most recently, the broadcast from Wagner's theatre at Bayreuth, Germany.

Radio, it is pointed out, knows no political boundaries. And, as Mr. Garner puts it, "Friendship and the will to live amicably side by side is the keynote of Europe's international relationships in Radio."

Radio.—From The Rotarian Magazine.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, Nov. 18, 1931 No. 46

--At--

## New Cotton Warehouse

Wednesday, November 18th

## Rotary Luncheon

## Dedicatory Services

--under--

## Port Commission

Personally directed by

W. SCOTT HAMMOND

## Fred F. Florence

Principal Speaker

Be Present and Bring Guests

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CHESTER EASLEY ..... Vice-President  
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Rotarygrams

*Fair Profits Essential*

When cartoonists caricature politicians sitting in trees, naively sawing off the limbs that support them, we smile. Yet in hundreds of communities an equally precarious condition prevails among merchants. Their plight, being a matter of invoices and ledgers, is not so obvious as that of the lampooned politicians, yet identical. By selling goods at less than cost, they, too, slowly but certainly are destroying their means of support.

Competition is the life blood of business? That is a time-seasoned slogan, but it does not tell the whole truth until it is re-phrased to imply that the bone and sinew of business is a fair profit. Without an adequate wage both for labor and for capital, business is shaky, wobbly, and almost certain to go the way of Humpty Dumpty.—From The Rotarian Magazine.

Rotarygrams

*It Pays to Educate*

There is a barrel-full of sermons in the findings of a survey made a few months ago of a thousand jobless persons being supported by Milwaukee taxpayers. This investigation revealed that nine hundred had less than an eighth-grade education; only seven were high-school graduates; none had been to college. If conclusions ever are justified, it would seem that, imperfect though it may be, public schooling is a distinct aid to the individual in adapting himself successfully to his basic problem: earning a living.

Perhaps a considerable portion of the unemployed thousands were the unteachable residue, the mentally unfit sloughed off in the schooling process because of incapacity. Even so, it is logical to assume that they could have mastered the technique of earning a living had they been given vocational training. As it is, they are out of work. And Milwaukee taxpayers are footing the bill.—From The Rotarian Magazine.

*A Living Symbol of Generosity*

By Samuel Rosinger

Of all the forms of idolatry to which primitive peoples were addicted, I can easily understand one, namely, the worship of the tree. There is a beauty and grace to a tree that render it, indeed, divine. What is more majestic than an oak, more stately than a palm, or more sublime than a spruce. Or, is there anything more adorable than a fruit tree in bloom.

However, the homage paid to a tree was, no doubt, evoked even more by its bountifulness than its beauty. The tree practically sustained the life of primitive man. It provided him with food and clothes and shelter. A modern man derives no lesser blessing from the tree than his primitive ancestors. We know the function of the tree as a purifier of foul air, and that our very breath of life depends on it. We also know that the fruit of the tree is an indispensable ingredient of our health-sustaining diet.

But apart from these material considerations, the tree showers upon us rich spiritual blessings in every stage of its life. In the Spring, its tender green shoots fill us with the hope of resurrection. In Summer trees urge us, by its example, to make our lives fruitful, and in the Fall they inspire us with the desire to render our sunset beautiful. For the supreme wish of the tree is to charm and delight even as it fades and withers. Is there a more exquisite sight on earth than a forest in the Fall? Put all the precious contents of the art galleries of the world together, representing the ripe products of the great masters, and you will find, that the matchless color display of a dying forest eclipses them as much as the sun obscures a flickering candle.

And even as a tree, so also the heart of whole nature throbs with love and, is instinct with a desire to give, to serve, to help, to please. Would that man, who is endowed with a higher consciousness than what he, in his arrogance and ignorance, calls "dumb nature," would come up to the standard of generosity which the tree maintains throughout its life.