

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

## Slants At The Meeting

Oh Yeah! Okay With Us

The New Warehouse may be a cotton depository but its got good acoustic facilities. Did you ever go into Beaumont's prize auditorium and enjoy that quaint old pastime of listening to something you can't hear. You'd have more luck collecting income tax from a bread-line habitue.

President Jim introduced Herman Weber as the fair haired lad who wielded the magic wand that raised the uprights that supported the roof to the house that the City built. He said you couldn't tell whether he was sitting down or standing up. We know people who are pretty tight but we never knew them that short.

He further referred to that quintet of burr-heads dispensing old Southern melodies at the East end choir but it looked more to us like a racial Inquire.

From Bass to Treble is a long jump for us, and we protest the juxtaposition of Ray Gill and Ben Woodhead. Ray with that stentorian profundity and Ben with high pitch tenor somewhat upsets the frequency of our wave lengths. Next time we suggest the decrease in proximity.

Some of you long-faced, sour-visaged raconteurs of "depression" were given a chance to witness King Cotton in the role of "compression" administered by the efficient machinery of Roland Jones. Even the high density of these bales looked like loose bunting compared to some of your tight hides.

Brother Florence from the black lands of North Texas 'kinder' smeared us over with a triple coat of palaver that would immunize us from melancholia for the balance of our lives. But he encroached on our credulity with a flying attack that knocked us for a forty yard loss, when he spoke of the canalization of the Trinity. Boy! when he extolled the virtues of that project we knew off-hand lying had become a lost art, and Mendacity could finesse any conventional play of an annanias club.

In certain arid periods there is more moisture on a mirror in front of a corpse than you could squeeze out of the Trinity with Roland's high density press. That's one thing we can recall that will never have to be wrapped in cellophane to exclude dampness. Maybe it was the humor of humid-ity that we didn't catch.

Anyway it was a splendid address and his indulgence in a few off-side plays did not detract from the hearty reception accorded him. As an ambassador of good-will from Dallas he "clicked" with the regularity of a dub removing divots from the fairway. He may have a feminine touch to his name but he delivered a masculine punch.

—Check.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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## A National Thanksgiving Prayer

By Samuel Rosinger

Lord, we thank Thee for the blessings of adversity which thou hast sent upon our nation. May we see in our misfortunes the manifestations of thy redeeming love for us. May thy chastisement banish pride and vanity from our midst, and render our hearts humble and contrite.

Lord, we thank Thee for delivering us from the evils of prosperity, which turned our hearts away from Thee, and made us worship the idols of wealth, station and pleasure. May our reverses and disappointments free our souls from greed and covetousness, and fill us with contentment in the portion thou hast allotted us.

Lord, we thank Thee for the lossess we sustained through gambling and speculation. Help us to realize the ennobling value of honest labor, and gird us with strength to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow.

Lord, we thank Thee for arousing our consciences to the realization of our duty to the poor and needy. Open the fountains of mercy and compassion in our hearts, so that we may freely share thy blessings with those who are in want. Help us to dry the tears of those who suffer innocently, and bring sunshine into lives that are darkened by sorrow or sickness.

Lord, we thank Thee for thy long suffering with us, thy unworthy children. Thou hast given us a land flowing with milk and honey, rich enough to sustain all of us in plenty. But selfishness has blinded our eyes to our duties as brothers, and starvation stalks in the midst of our overflowing bins. Enkindle in our hearts, O Lord, that heavenly love which shall burn with a consuming love of kinship for each other, and weld us together as integral members of the human family, offering unto Thee, our merciful Father, out of the gratitude of our united hearts, prayer and praise on Thanksgiving Day. Amen.

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—Rotarygrams—

## Human or Dog Intelligence

In Chicago there was a truly great and very gentle professor of biology named C. J. Heyburn.

Some years ago Mr. Heyburn set himself the task of giving to a group of hard-headed business men their first course in biology.

The thing went along all right with a varying degree of success until the professor began tracing the development of the cortex, or new brain, up to the level of human intelligence; or rather began differentiating between human and animal intelligence.

And there the personal experience of the hard-headed business man with innumerable pets stepped in, and the puzzlement began.

"But, Professor," some querulous voice would call from the middle of the room, "my uncle had a dog that always went fishing with him in his boat, and my uncle always carried a big sponge in his boat to bail out the water.

"One day my uncle forgot his sponge and said to the dog, 'Go back and get sponge.' And the dog went back to the house and got the sponge. Now, Professor, isn't that human intelligence?"

"No," the patient Heyburn would reply. "I'm sorry. That is not human intelligence. That is dog intelligence. If your uncle's dog had gone back to the house for the sponge and, failing to find the sponge, had brought a bucket that would be human intelligence."

"One good definition of human intelligence," he would continue, "is the capacity for translating experience. All that your uncle's dog was able to do was to try to complete the picture as it had always been. Man, boat, sponge.

"If your dog had failed to find the sponge, he would have come back without anything else to take its place. If your uncle had failed to find the

## "He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

sponge, he might have come back without anything else to take its place. We hope not."

How many people we know who, at various crucial times, have unfortunately shown about the same routine initiative as the dog did. What the world needs is more "bucket bearers."

—Rotarygrams—

## UNEXPLOITED EQUITIES

Almost everyone in industry has opportunities for first-class investments within his business. These "unexploited equities" exist in all departments.

Many of us assume that the use of available scientific knowledge and labor-saving machinery is universal, but the truth is that a pitifully small percentage of business men are operating under modern, up-to-date methods.

It has been pointed out that if farmers could be persuaded to select seed carefully they would greatly improve the yield of their land. The spraying of fruit trees and the better study and care of livestock would further increase the farmer's income. The adoption of these suggestions merely implies a small outlay of time and thought without any increase in capital necessary.

The opportunities for profit through the purchase of labor-saving equipment are notoriously neglected. Thousands of farmers are going without tools which would make an annual profit of one hundred per cent on their cost.

The same situation exists in every other industry. Science and invention move forward rapidly, but practice creeps.

Savings through the use of modern office equipment and methods are enormous. In production departments it would probably be no exaggeration to say that sixty per cent of all plants are behind the times. Machinery is being used that went out of date fifteen years ago. Had it been promptly scrapped, the new machinery would have paid for itself in two or three years, gaining handsome profits for succeeding years.

Andrew Carnegie pointed out a long time ago that no business man needs to look outside of his own factory for good investments. Many of us withdraw money needed in our own underfed enterprises and place it in tempting speculations and investments outside, offering perhaps 7 or 8 per cent. Yet fifty per cent profits are common when going enterprises invest in labor-saving devices.

As individuals and employees, we are equally blind to the unexploited equities within ourselves. Books and magazines that contain valuable information can be purchased at trifling sums, just as farmers could add materially to their incomes if they would use the knowledge available in farm papers and government bulletins.

It's the old story—the gold mines are within us and around us.