

*"Attendance is the Price of Membership"*

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## *Wish and Will*

By Samuel Rosinger

The older I am, the more the conviction grows upon me that opportunities never knock at our door, but that we have to go in search of them, aye, often, we must create them. No man who amounts to something, has attained distinction by leisurely waiting for the mysterious knock of opportunity at his door. Men who achieve success first fit themselves by knowledge and experience for opportunities, then diligently seek opportunities and, if they fail in their quest, by their indomitable will create opportunities.

I love the virile phrase "to carve one's career." Every worthwhile career is hard like rock, firm like granite which man must hew with the chisel of his skill, patience and persistence. Whenever people complain to me of lack of opportunities, I tell them that their ambition extends only to the point of wishing. Opportunities never make this point as their headquarters. Opportunities dwell at the distant goal of willing, and he who reaches that point, experiences difficulties not in finding, but in making a choice of the opportunities which abound there.

Edison got his start through the eccentricity of a Southern gentleman who bought a trunkful of magazines from the future inventor, then a "butcher" boy on a train. Edison used the money thus obtained to learn telegraphy which aroused his interest in electricity and lead him to the marvelous inventions which distinguishes his phenomenal career. Another boy would have used the easily gotten money for something external and non-essential, clothes or amusement. But Edison invested it in education and thus fitted himself for opportunities which, in spite of his genius, did not come to him, but were created by his matchless industry and application.

It is more than a strange coincidence that the two books which have influenced mankind more than any other literary product, namely the Bible and Aesop's Fables, are the works of emancipated slaves. These immortal works show how independent man may be of opportunities, circumstances and any external conditions. The factors that make for true success are never external. It is the inner irrepressible urge, the consecrated will and purpose, the whole-souled dedication, the tireless industry and unflagging energy that make for permanent success and lasting achievement.

# ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



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## WEEKLY BULLETIN

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### *Subbing for Check, but not Easley*

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan off loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry." Paradoxical as it may sound, that quotation covers the gist of a banker's talk before the club and its farmer guests last week. The speaker made it plain that a certain widely advertised patent medicine is not the only thing that works while you sleep—interest does exactly the same thing.

It was well that we did not have some real dirt farmers with us, for the week previous we had a cow-man preacher parade his bull, and we didn't know what it was all about. Most of us are so blissfully ignorant of everything that has to do with the soil, that most of us think "stabilizing farm industry", means the distribution of barnyard mayonaise as fertilizer. Mr. Holland's talk beside being timely and interesting, was unique in that not once did he say anything about government aid. Furthermore he did not blame the grass-hopper plague of last summer, on President Hoover.

Instead of referring to the three stages of man as "courtship, courtplaster and courthouse", he spoke of the three stages of farming: first the self sustaining unit, second bartering, and third the use of money as a medium of exchange. Right now the farmer as well as the rest of us, is trying to find something to use for money. Anyway the meeting was a success, wartime prices on luncheons continued to prevail, and a good time was had by a bunch of Round Tablers shooting craps back in the far corner.

—Seepee Jayle

## "Attendance is the Price of Membership"

### ROTARY VISITORS

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

C. S. Woodward, Port Arthur; J. C. DeShong, Paris, Tex.; J. S. Henning, Lake Charles, La.; M. D. Tillery, City; C. S. E. Holland, Houston; G. H. Nechalla, City; C. W. Rollins, China; P. T. Gauman, City; Ed Rake, City; Joe Coombs, City; Dove Nelson, City; C. E. Englin, Hamshire; Louis Hadad, City; E. S. Landry, Nome; J. G. Blythwood, Voth; F. J. Heiner, City; F. D. McDermid, City; Hugh Long, City; H. B. Williamson, City; L. B. Leach, City; G. C. Bond, City; T. H. Garner, City; B. W. Kiker, Hamshire; Chas. Jones, City; G. J. Kropscott, Hamshire; Eric Leger, China; P. F. Lawson, City; Mrs. J. C. Thayer, Groves; W. T. Block, Port Neches, J. P. Walker, City; Ben H. Vaughan, Port Arthur; Christie Flanagan, Port Arthur, John Blanch, China; Mr. Temple, Cheek; P. H. Wycke, City; R. H. Wyche, City; H. M. Beachell, City; Dick Flanagan, Port Arthur, Sam Lewis, Fannette; A. M. Slevin, City; Virgil Blanch, City; Milton Grossman, City; J. A. Temple, Cheek; W. P. Tindall, R. P. Flanagan, Port Arthur; A. H. Heiner, City; Co. F. R. De Funiak; J. A. Loicont, City; William Lawler, Sr., City; Ed Hebert, City; J. A. Gilmer, Winnie; Homer L. French, City; Marvin Rosinger, City; W. D. Bond, City; C. L. Schmucker, Hamshire; H. B. Jennig, Jr., Sabine Pass; F. B. Martin, City; Mrs. T. Abernathy, Cheek; Oscar Breaux, Hamshire.

—Rotarygrams—

## *It Would Help*

One often overlooked way in which economic normalcy may be wooed back is for employers, so far as is possible, to assure steady winter work for employees. When men know their income is thus guaranteed, the paralyzing fear that padlocks their purses will gradually disappear, and buying of needed commodities will be resumed naturally.

—Rotarygrams—

## *The Discarded Christmas Tree*

It lay in the dirty snow and slush of the alley, a pathetic and bedraggled little Christmas casualty.

Gone were the gay little ornaments that had made it seem like an importation from fairyland. Only a few strands of tangled tinsel clung dejectedly to its twigs. Gone were the twinkling lights it had worn so airily a few short days ago. Instead of the glad cries of children dancing about it in exuberant joy was the clatter of the ragpicker's cart and the rumble of the big truck that lumbered down the alley.

It was a discarded Christmas tree—the most dismal and woebegone sight in all the world.

But more pathetic than the little tree were the hearts of those who had tossed it out into the alley.

## "He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

For one glorious day they sang and laughed and exulted in the sheer joy of living. A new spirit came into the house and into their hearts—something gladdening, cleansing, heartening. Ticker-tape and bridge scores were completely forgotten. The making of a living was submerged, for one short day, in the merry-making. All hearts became child hearts again, with no room in them for aught else than kindness and goodwill.

But next morning Mother noticed that the needles were dropping from the little tree and her sense of orderliness was outraged. She could not be cleaning up after an outworn bit of sentiment. Into the alley it must go. Christmas was over!

And next morning Father was at the office again, immersed in the daily grind. Instead of a shouting child upon his back, he bore the burdens of great responsibilities upon his shoulders. His voice of yesterday, so soft and tender in the singing of old familiar Christmas carols, could scarcely be recognized in the brusque, snappy tone of the "boss" as he laid plans for the annual invoice.

Yes, Christmas was over!

It had been tossed out into the alley along with the little Christmas tree and a joyous, affectionate, happy family settled back to the normal life of hurry and worry.

Occasionally someone rises to protest the terrible waste of Christmas trees—cut by the millions for the entertainment of the homes for but a day. The waste may be serious—opinions seem to differ. But certain it is that a mighty protest is due against the tragic waste of Christmas.

What a transformation Christmas works in our lives for one brief holiday! Families are reunited, mothers are glad, little children come into their own, feuds are forgotten, poverty is ignored, soldiers in the trenches exchange goodwill greetings with their enemies across no-man's-land, competitors wish one another well, and harassed men and women surrender everywhere to the universal infection of good cheer.

For one day we really live! The whole world is populated by a race that has become care-free, laughing, singing, gladsome children again, who trust each other and put love where suspicion and malice have been.

The thing most needed in banks, general manager's offices, and director's rooms, as well as upon the streets, in shipping-rooms, and in factories, is the triumphant spirit that Christmas brings—the spirit of faith, goodwill, and mutual trust.

**Christmas is a spirit**—To have that spirit anytime makes Christmas anytime. To lose that spirit is to lose Christmas, and all its blessed accompaniment of peace and confidence. Anything that increases the spirit of Christmas in the world lengthens life.

Did anyone ever try taking the Christmas tree down to the office with him the day after Christmas?—From "The Rotarian" Magazine.