

My New Year's Resolutions

By Samuel Rosinger

I resolve to grow during the coming year. Growth is life and standstill is death. Nothing undergoes a speedier deterioration and decay than unused functions and unexercised faculties. Rails over which heavy trains roll daily are bright like furbished silver, while the derail, being seldom used, is covered with the rust of corrosion. Therefore, I will labor and keep myself fit and trim. Idleness is the deadliest disease. It kills more men than the most dreaded scourge or plague.

I resolve to grow in appreciation of the richness of life. Life has as many facets as a polished diamond. A well-developed personality is manysided. Man is endowed with intellect, emotions, artistic skill, practical aptitudes and cravings for the ideal. I will try to gain a knowledge and an appreciation for the manifold aspects of life, so that I may grow harmoniously. To develop the material side of life at the expense of the spiritual, is like building a foundation strong enough to sustain a skyscraper, and erecting on that solid basis a flimsy shack. The beauty of life consists of symmetry and harmony. Therefore, I will try to grow in a well-balanced, and not a lop-sided way.

I resolve to grow stronger in my faith and broader in my charity during the coming year. I know that life is not the result of blind chance, but that there is a divinity that shapes our ends. Therefore, I will try to free myself of all the oppressive fears and worries about the future, into which I cannot peer, and about events over which I have no control. I will do my best to order my life according to my knowledge and ability, and trust for protection where I am helpless, and for guidance where my path leads through darkness, to a benign Providence who holds my destiny in the hollow of his hands. Also, I will try to judge my fellowmen in the scale of merit, and meet them with a heart free of suspicion and jealousy and full of sympathy and charity. I know that life is barren and bleak without the sunshine of friendship, and that the greatest source of earthly satisfaction and happiness lies in the loving relationship of man to man. Therefore, I will endeavor to live in peace with my neighbor, show myself worthy of the continued confidence of my old friends, and enrich my life with the acquisition of the goodwill of a few new choice souls, whom I hope to attract and hold during the coming year.

ROTARYGRAMS

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Slants at the Meeting

This reportorial job is a fine "kettle of fish."

Last week some cock-eyed devil's printer garbled the front page of the Rotarygram until it was unintelligible.

Your scribe was met at the door of the hotel and accused of taking a "dirty dig" at one of the members.

A fellow member characterized the past week's fulminations as the off-spring of an iconoclast.

And the final slap in the face was his arraignment before a cold, scrutinizing bunch of strangers to bear the subtle slurs of sarcasm flung at him with the deftness of a prolific Portia.

Oh Hooch! where is thy sting? Better that we had quaffed of wild moose milk and passed in that "innocuous desuetude."

Anyway the meeting was voted (by two other fellers) as the best Christmas party ever held.

Tom, Dick and Harry, the culinary kids, certainly did put the happy victuals in front of us. Palatable! Oh Boy. Our old abdominal walls flapped with ecstasy. Grub like that will take the dent out of depression and make your grandmother's rheumatism enjoy itself. That's the kind of food that will build up your B. T. Us, make you forget your I. O. Us and prompt you to make love to G - - knows whose.

The Latin-American delegate kinder perforated the local atmosphere with a few wise-cracks and paid particular attention to the activities of Dr. Oxford's brahma.

The music was exceptionally good and the adorable child, Jackie Davis, once more knocked 'em loop-legged.

Of course, the "Wicket Sham" report on the di-

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rectors of this organizationn was the thing that blew their hats off. The ironical inference that your scribe was parading as a Sir Galahad in the fields of chastity and recording the doings of this body in purest English was received with unstinted eclat. In fact we were so upset and abashed we have resolved to:

Pin on our lapel a "Better Business" button, insure ourselves against death and defeat, incorporate our masculinities and with a mysterious mien launch on a nautical journey to the land of beautiful but bad women whether we are kicked out for 60 per cent or not.

In making up our roll of resolutions for old Dirty Too ('32) we have decided to refrain from malicious slander (just slander) and not to exhaust our energies on kind remarks as long as there are other kinds and as a substitute for apologies we will offer more abuse.

But despite our feelings and your insensibilities, this scribe truly wishes that every d - - one of you will become a millionaire in '32 and lose fifty per cent of it to him, as well as a Happy New Year.

—Check.

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Proof Against Bunk

Because he is often inarticulate, the American business man does not usually express himself well in print or in speeches. It is when you catch him in a reflective mood in his office, or on the golf course, or in a personal letter, that you realize how much he has on his mind that bears no particular relation to costs, sales strategy, and finance. Also you realize he is proof against bunk.

The business men that I know have excellent intellectual digestions. They have a perception for the beautiful whether it is revealed in the typography of a book, in a landscape, or in a traveling crane. Their philosophy is sound because it is put to a daily test that clears it of airy nonsense.

The Old Year

Time, which is eternal, again prepares to change the number plate over its door. Rusted by the rains of depression and eaten through with the acids of adversity, the numerals that identified 1931 will be torn down and in their place will be fixed the bright and shiny, "1932."

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Human beings ,who are neither so wise nor so far-seeing as they pretend to be, will celebrate the death of the Old and the birth of the New Year according to their established custom. Every thinking one of them will entertain the hope that by some sort of mysterious magic the New Year will restore prosperity and happiness.

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Stripped of the artificialities that have been introduced by man, 1931 would have been a year of splendid prosperity. Nature did all that nature could do. She filled the world's granaries with wheat and corn, and piled warehouses high with cotton and wool; but man has devised a system which decrees that people shall starve in the midst of plenty. Man is never so poor as when he produces most, never so hungry as when his larder is full.

* * *

He has deified gold which he can neither eat nor wear. His currency is valued not by the wheat and cotton in government warehouses, but by the gold in government vaults. In one part of the world miners of coal starve for want of bread, while in another growers of wheat shiver for want of coal. Yet of coal and wheat there is so much that governments pass laws restricting production and planting. Thus has man's wisdom made want of natural plenty and depression of natural prosperity.

* * *

1931 was a year for which the people of earlier times would have thanked their God. It was a year in which we sophisticated moderns resorted to bread lines and community kitchens.

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Perhaps years like 1930 and 1931 are necessary to prove to us the error of our ways. Perhaps they will teach the futility of hoarding gold and burning wheat, of starving in the midst of plenty. Certainly these years have provoked people to thought and compassion; certainly they have narrowed the gulf that lies between this man and that; certainly they have proved the utter fallibility of arbitrary, artificial, economic standards.