

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

The Blessings of Adversity

By Samuel Rosinger

Have you observed a tree, laden with a rich yield of fruit? Have you noticed that the branch which bears the most, hangs the lowest? Is not the bough, bending, almost, to the breaking point under the burden of fruit, symbolic of a soul, bent under the heavy load of grief and sorrow. Rich in harvests, indeed, are the inflictions that are sent upon us from Heaven. Clear skies, bathed in sunshine, are pleasant to behold; yet, unless clouds gather and descend upon earth in refreshing showers, the vegetation dies of aridity. Barren is the soul that has never been moistened with tears; hard is the heart that has never been softened by sorrow. It is in the body, racked by pain, that the well-springs of compassion open up, and it is in the breast, pierced by sighs of agony, that the reservoirs of genuine sympathy are contained.

Therefore, it is not for man to question the dispensations of Providence. Our implicit faith in Divine justice must admit of no doubt, no matter how strongly assailed by the sordid realities of life. We must reconcile all discrepancy between facts and faith by asking in the words of the Father of Faith, the question that has only one answer, "Shall the Judge of all the earth not exercise justice?"

It is in such reverential and submissive spirit that we should seek to find a meaning and a purpose in every misfortune that befalls us. We cannot pierce the veil. We cannot comprehend the Divine plan. Yet this much we know: The innocent do not suffer in vain. Divine truth grows out of the soil drenched with martyrs' blood. The tears of the righteous quicken the earth more than the dew of heaven. Out of the broken and contrite heart flow the healing waters of love, charity, kindness, and helpfulness.

The scalpel of the surgeon hurts, yet heals. The storm destroys, yet cleanses the atmosphere. Pain is not a measure of punishment but a purification. Cast in the crucible of suffering, we merge free from the dross of selfishness. Adversity is the balance in which God weighs his children. The man and woman of character and faith and worth, will not be found wanting.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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Slants at the Meeting

Due to the absence from the city of Prexy Jim, last week's meeting was carried on under the handicap of the VICE present. A verbatim report cannot be given (some of the U. S. laws are upheld), but a complete analysis of the subject matter follows:

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Lil Dimmitt, the chairman, presented you with an exhibition of the fistianic developed taking place in your schools, and if applause is an indication of acceptance it was more than received. In this Land of Promises and Noble Experiments, body bruising has become more than an art; it is a lucrative passport into the realms of affluence. The solving of some intricate astronomical problem or interpreting some enigmatic physical law is just hooey and hokum to the brawny lad that pulls down 250 thousand smackers in an evening's cavorting around an arena.

Base Ball, that old Hit and Run Game, opens with a flare and Fletcher, Wednesday, April 13th. Be on hand, prepared to kill an afternoon as well as umpire.

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BARNEY STEINHAGEN—Steinhagen Rice Mill Co.
PERK BUTLER—American National Bank.
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Rotarygrams

ROTARY VISITORS

The following visitors were present at today's luncheon:

Joe Loper, Port Arthur, Texas.
James A. Johnson, Lafayette, Louisiana.
J. M. Rich, Liberty, Texas.
C. G. Greenlay, Houston, Texas.
H. D. Hughes, Dallas, Texas.
J. F. Dezauche, Opelousas, Louisiana.
Ed Foley, City.
B. B. Carroll, Port Arthur, Texas.
A. E. Scott, Port Arthur, Texas.
Peter Bos, Port Arthur, Texas.
A. J. Kaulbach, City.
Smythe Walden, City.
E. C. Marks, City.
Joe C. Ehrhart, City.
J. P. Matthews, City.
W. O. Bowers, City.
Joe Vincent, City.
G. I. Lewis, Houston, Texas.
J. W. Drown, City.
R. J. Orrick, City.

Rotarygrams

"The American Spirit bids him flout the laws he makes and bids him make the law he flouts."

—Rudyard Kipling.

Rotarygrams

"Breeding is first control; second control; third control."

—Zona Gale.

Rotarygrams

"The future is always more interesting than the past."

—Charles M. Schwab.

Mineral Wells

By N. Tirely Wett

Over Dissociated Grapevine . . . A renown spa whose waters have medicinal properties and explosive elements; a place where women feel better and men feel more; the sat of hydrotherapy and the head of Chic Sales boom towns. The committee is anticipating large turn-outs and big blow-outs. Arrangements have been completed for better standing room and more seating capacity. Every hill is a goal post and each dale is a scrimmage line. The Marathon of Men will be staged daily at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., with time out for conventions and conventionalities. All details have been worked out and there will be no wrangling over resolutions but each action will be prompt and decisive.

Your delegates will be:

Delegates:

Chester Easley
Irwin Feray
Jim Edwards
Ed Stedman, Sr.
Perk Butler
Sam Rosinged
Barney Steinhagen
Chas. Weinbaum

Alternates:

Bartow Cousins
Keith Hotchkiss
Millard McMaster
Harry Longe
Pete McChesney
Carl Dickens
Pres Doty
Chas. Babcock

May Second and Third.

Rotarygrams

The Price of Progress

If you're not doing your best now, you won't be able to equal even your present standard a month from now.

The price of progress is everlasting effort to improve upon the last job.

The minute a man becomes satisfied with his present situation, he takes at that moment a step backward, for he will never again do another job as well as the one he last finished.

That's the way the golf game goes. If you let down for a week and become careless, you find it takes a month to get back into your old form.

This is a depressing thought for those who like to take life easily, withdrawing, after winning early honors, from the rough competition. Many men have tried to do it. Having established a successful business by hard, persistent work, they reef sails and try to glide over the sea comfortably and safely. It doesn't work. The only secure way to travel over the high seas is to have a destination and try to get there as promptly as you can. And that's the only safe attitude in business.

Storms surprise indifferent sailors; and disaster overwhelms careless business men.