

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

Words Of Wisdom

By Samuel Rosinger

According to press reports, an octogenarian of New York City, who was blind for twenty years, has regained his sight. When the darkness was lifted from his soul, he expressed his joy in these significant words; "Rockefeller can have his millions, I can see again."

I wish that every man whose world has grown dark, because of the financial losses he has suffered by reason of the depression, would read and take to heart these words of wisdom, uttered by one who speaks not only out of the experience of age, but also from knowledge gained by suffering. What is money, as compared with health, soundness of senses and keenness of faculties!

A child is often more grateful to his parents for a toy or trinket, than for all the care and protection he receives from them. Unfortunately, there are plenty of adults whose sense of proportion as to life's values, has never risen above the infantile stage. Our generation attaches an exaggerated importance to money. We are too money-minded. Our energies are over-concentrated on money-making. We impute to wealth an inflated potency. We imagine it to be the source of true happiness and satisfaction. We overrate the purchasing power of money, and think we can buy with it everything our hearts desire.

What a blindness, what delusion, to ascribe all this magic power to money. Outside of its use for procuring the creature comforts of life, the value of money is illusory. It cannot buy love, nor friendship, nor character, nor reputation. It cannot even buy power, for the true source of power is knowledge. As to happiness, it is altogether a state of mind, and not money. Ghandi in his prison, is, probably, happier than George in his palace. Happiness flows from pursuing ideals, and not chasing dollars. It comes from giving, and not grasping, from helping, and not hoarding.

The keenest joys we experience in life, are independent of money. The glories of sunrise and sunset, the pageantry of the star-studded sky, the beauty of the landscape, are revealed to prince and pauper alike. The pure pleasure derived from an appreciation of art and literature, has its fountain not in finance, but in a cultured mind and heart.

Money has become an obsession with us. We crave it with that insatiable appetite with which fiends hunger for dope. And, if the depression will free us from its overpowering grip, and open our eyes to the vast richness of life that the blind pursuit of money has shut from our vision, we, also, will joyously exclaim; "Rockefeller can have his millions, we can see again."

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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Slants On Mineral Wells

This is the place where America drinks itself Crazy and things loosen up.

The medicinal spa where spigots flow other than water sometimes and all conventions are not conventional.

We saw the conference through glasses but they weren't bifocals as some of the committee rooms had their chalices of cheer as gestures to noble experiments.

Perfunctory salutations and agenda were exploited in the conventional hall but elbow energy was expended in the recesses of rooms.

Fellowship was promoted with such finesse that the adroitness of Kreuger in manipulating bonds seemed like bungling jobs of amateurs. To get at the high spots we had to graduate into the low downs.

We eschewed peeping in corners for prying in cracks as dividends were greater and assessments less liable.

The liquidity of hospitality was characterized by its potency, and the ante-rooms adopted "Flowing Fields of Corn" as the symbol of friendship.

Potions, and not portions, took precedence in stimulating activities of committees.

Unlike Hooley Long we did not disdain our appointment on committee work but accepted duty on Spirituous Service.

This was a wonderfully well-balanced conference . . . Inspirations in the evening and Bicarbonates in the morning.

Other features will be flaunted by divers delegates.

Check.

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—Rotarygrams—

Expression of Thanks

My dear Doctor Rosinger:

May I ask you, as Chairman of the Committee, to express to the members of the Rotary Club our deep appreciation of their tribute to Mr. Minor?

Sincerely yours,
Eleanor L. Minor.

—Rotarygrams—

Trial Of Mary Dugan

Did you see it Monday night? Shame on you.

It had everything . . . thrilling events, startling episodes and romantic plots.

A well-balanced and wonderful cast, trained to the ninth degree.

The audience was gripped, spell-bound from start to finish with the continuous sweep of startling revelations.

You were totally oblivious of a play but obsessed with a real murder trial.

The trappings incident to all trials were complete, the timing of each scene and act was exact and the climatic moment reached with a sudden abruptness that almost bounced you off the mahogany.

The best Little Theatre performance we have ever seen, and superior to most road shows at half the price.

—Rotarygrams—

"The American believes in the justice of God and in the nobility of man on the whole, in spite of his smart-aleck, wise-cracking surface cynicism."

—William Allen White.

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

We Must Plan For Prosperity

A planless national economy if it is to avoid disaster must give way to a planned economy . . . If we are going to have a mechanical civilization—and we have so elected—we have got to control it. It cannot be allowed to drift aimlessly without ultimately wrecking us.

Behind the shoulder of nearly every man and woman stands the ghost of economic insecurity. Day and night it whispers: "How long is your job to last? When will a machine or a merger displace you? When will your bank fail? How long will your income be forthcoming? How can you further abase yourself to hold your position?" a handicraft people has ghosts galore, but not this ghost. Perhaps it is the most terrible ghost of all.

The liabilities stand ready to crush the assets altogether, failing the immediate and drastic reconstruction of the economic ship.

If we, in the United States, for instance, really want to meet this challenge, we are peculiarly fortunate. We can feed ourselves from our own soil. We have the natural resources despite their shocking waste to date. We have the skilled engineers, the magnificent technical plant, the laboratories, the research bureaus, and above all the able and vital population needed to work out a national economic plan for a safe and prosperous journey into the future.

—Stuart Chase in The Rotarian magazine.
—Rotarygrams—

Note Booking Through Russia

Few Americans who have read "New Russia's Primer," realize that the author might have starved to death if it had not been for the generosity and persistence of a young California journalist, R. E. Porter. The anecdote is told in The Rotarian magazine.

"The 'Primer' was written as a school textbook to tell Russian children about the five-year plan. Its publication in America caused a sensation for this little book, which can be read in an hour or two, has startling simplicity, a fine dramatic power and, withal, tells a thrilling tale," says Mr. Porter.

"And yet the author, whose pen is invaluable to the Soviet Regime, whose very life is one of its finest assets, may yet be lost not only to Russian literature but to the whole world of letters through lack of food. A Russian girl and I managed to secure supplies and after encountering all sorts of difficulties finally got it to him in a city 500 miles distant."

—From The Rotarian magazine.