

Greatness Versus Bigness

By Samuel Rosinger

On my long-distance automobile travels, I often met tourists suffering from speed fever, who, in an effort to pile up long mileage in a brief vacation, missed the recreational and educational opportunities which motoring yields to those who use it sensibly and judiciously.

While touring on the highways of Life, how many of us act as imprudently as speed-fiend motorists. In the brief span of our earthly career, we devote ourselves so intensely to material pursuits, that we often miss the choicest blessings of life. We miss the light and sweetness of culture, the poetry and piety of religion, the romance of the domestic hearth, the fragrance of friendship, the joy of service, and all the beauty and charm of life which are derived not from money, but distilled from our spiritual properties. We strive for quantity and not quality. We aspire for bigness and not greatness. We foster material growth and not moral excellence. We take pride in big cities, big buildings, big business, big men, big institutions.

Those who are familiar with the construction of a church organ know that not all the stately pipes that stand at attention, like soldiers in a serried row, are mouthpieces of that instrument. Some of the largest of the pipes produce no more music than a stovepipe. They are merely dummies, and their purpose is to fill up the front of the space that the mechanism of the organ occupies.

In every community there are men and women who are the counterparts of these big show organ pipes. They usually loom big, as far as wealth is concerned, yet they seldom contribute a note to the song of life, or a melody to the symphony of humanity. Let me rather be the cheapest tinhorn, loudly tooted by a lusty-lunged urchin, than a silent organ pipe in the most magnificent cathedral. Let me have the scantiest rations of this world's goods, but let my life be vocal and vibrant with music, striking the notes of hope and faith and cheer on my heart's strings and those of my fellowmen.

There is only one bigness worth aspiring for, namely, the bigness of heart, a heart which is not frozen or shriveled up by the ice of selfishness, but which expands with generosity, attracts and holds friends, responds to the cry of the poor and needy, and gives itself joyfully to every worthy cause, calculated to promote the welfare of mankind. It is not external things that make life rich, but the culture of heart and mind that pierces the material shell of existence, and penetrates into that inner world which the soul weaves out of the ideals and aspirations expressed in art, science and religion, and out of all those virtues and graces that surround man's brow with a halo of Heaven, and impress his being with the image of God.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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Sterling Decides

In announcing for re-election as governor of Texas, Ross Sterling sets the stage for a campaign of mud-slinging and vilification the like of which has not been seen in Texas for many years.

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Such implacable crusaders as Dan Moody again will drag all the skeletons in Ferguson's closet through the dust. The people know exactly what to expect; they have seen this act in the drama many, many times.

* * *

Meanwhile, however, Jim Ferguson and his cohorts will be sponsoring the first appearance of some brand new skeletons. While Governor Sterling is promising a business administration, Ferguson will be talking about the Sterling business record. People who could not understand why the governor's friends begged him to retire soon will get all the information, polished and wrapped up in typical Ferguson packages. Ferguson the avid iconoclast, has never had so vulnerable a target for his pointed invective.

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To put it mildly, the campaign will not progress far before people conclude they must choose between two evils.

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Texas observes the Democratic tradition of second terms for reasonably worthy servants. Texans probably will prefer the passive evil of stolid Ross Sterling to the predatory aggression of Jim Ferguson. Thousands of Ferguson henchmen this year have no poll tax receipts, while the urban stalwarts of the Sterling army in this respect are well armed. Such are the factors that justify prediction of a second Sterling victory.

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Nevertheless, people will marvel that Sterling deemed victory worth the price he will pay.

Geo. Seitz.

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

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—Rotarygrams—

ROTARY VISITORS

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

B. V. Kittrell, Houston, Texas.
L. E. Thorne, Port Arthur, Texas.
D. H. Coers, Port Arthur, Texas.
G. A. Bracher, City.
L. M. Woodward, City.
Judge J. M. Combs, City.
Mrs. Steve King, City.

—Rotarygrams—

"Food for the body is not so necessary as prayer for the soul."

—Mahatma Gandhi.

"Security rests on a moral basis and cannot be assured by a physical force."

—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"In a democracy the people rule negatively as well as affirmatively."

—Alfred E. Smith.

"Be prepared to find that the best and the worst give way under closer scrutiny."

Sir Arthur W. Lewis.

"Inventions come, improvements are made, education spreads, but despite this all, men and women still have hearts."

—S. L. Rothafel (Roxy).

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

A Mineral Wells Incident

Heavy Committee work and room-lobbying the night before had cluttered up the brain cells with dark patches thicker than poor relatives at a rich man's funeral, and presaging an unusual hazard the next day trying to keep a fast moving car on the starboard side of a concrete highway.

Recalling the curative powers of this spa's waters the writer decided to seek restoration through the medium of a Turkish bath and particularly the removal of miasmic fogs on the mental horizon.

After an absence of many years we encountered in the bath a faithful attendant by the name of JOE whom we had difficulty in recognizing at first but a series of questions soon established the fact an acquaintance had existed and formal barriers were broken down.

In commenting on the virtues of hydrotherapy, and Crazy water in particular, we opined everything from anemia to zymosis could be cured there. The attendant looked at us in a quizzical manner and declared there was just one thing Mineral Wells could not cure and then revealed it in these words, "Boss, its what dey call de Wall Street Malaria."

—Rotarygrams—

Election

Remember! This week you vote for 20 men, and the following week you vote for 10 of these 20 for Directors of your Club, and out of these 10 the Directors will select one for President. Simple? Yes.

Now to get YOUR man made president, vote for 20 men you would like to see presiding officer; then next week vote for 10 you wish to wield the gavel and then your selections will take care of your wish. Easy? Sure.

—Rotarygrams—

So He Changed Smokes

A rich man, over seventy, has smoked all his life.

Twenty years ago a doctor told him he must limit his smoking to six cigars a day.

He took the advice literally, since he had paid well for it, but he fooled the doctor. Whereas he had been accustomed to smoking "Panatelas," he now changed to a cigar about the size of a bowling pin.

He smokes only six of these a day, but measured in tobacco he consumes the equivalent of fifteen "Panatelas." That's as much smoking as he ever cared for. His health, of course, is much improved.