

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

United We Stand

By Samuel Rosinger

A story is told of a traveler who was crossing a long stretch of road that was covered with high snow drifts. He had reached a point of exhaustion, and was struggling very hard against the sleep that was stealing over him. He knew that under the circumstances sleep would have meant death to him, yet he had not the strength to ward it off. At this critical moment, he stumbled over a heap, lying in his path. Stooping down, he found a human being, half-buried in the snow. The next moment he was bending over the frozen body and was lustily rubbing it. The effort to restore life unto another, brought back warmth and energy to himself, and was the means of saving both.

We have tried sundry remedies for the economic ills which have been besetting us. Every measure has been frustrated by selfishness. Every constructive effort has been vitiated by cupidity. If any emergency needs team work, surely, it is the present crisis, which, in length and intensity, stands unprecedented. And yet, instead of combining and co-ordinating our strength and marshalling it as a powerful force to attack the problems facing us, each individual tries to save his own hide, and each group pursues its own selfish ends, without regard, or consideration for the common good. When we will look back on these tragic years from the vantage point of the future, we will be astounded at the sordid egoistic motives, underlying our conduct, that prevented us from mustering even the semblance of a concerted action in meeting a situation which demanded unity, harmony and heroic devotion and self-sacrifice.

Providence has stored up in every human being a reserve strength, physical and spiritual, to be used in the great emergencies of life. Those who have recovered from a dangerous sickness, or a prostrating grief, know of the presence of this hidden source of energy. Selfishness will never tap this reserve strength. It is only generous impulses which stir our souls to their very depths, that will uncover for us this last ounce of strength.

Whenever we will cease to grumble about our losses and reverses, and turn our energies toward helping those who lie by the wayside, utterly exhausted from the economic struggle, we will experience a renewed courage and determination to save ourselves from the numbness of inertia which paralyzes our powers. Whenever we will buckle down to real life-saving work, and rub circulation back into the limp bodies of the millions of unemployed, we will have recovered our waning strength, and we will march, hand in hand with the rescued, slowly yet steadily, to safety and security.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Where Is The Fire

There is a story going the rounds, of two lady school teachers of Brooklyn, who, spending their vacation exploring Western Canada, stopped at a small, old-fashioned hotel in Alberta. One of the pair is inclined to be worrisome when traveling, and she couldn't rest until she had made a tour of the corridors to hunt out exits in case of fire. The first door she opened, unfortunately, turned out to be that of the public bath, occupied at the moment by an elderly gentleman taking a shower. "Oh, excuse me!" stammered the flustered lady. "I'm looking for the fire-escape." Then she ran for it. To her dismay, she hadn't got far along the corridor when she heard a shout behind her and, looking around, saw the gentleman, wearing only a towel, running after her. "Where's the fire?" he hollered.

In business it is not infrequent that such a remark as that of the timid, flustered teacher starts a flood of rumor resulting in real damage to banks, commercial houses and even entire communities. Much of the "news of impending disaster" is as ridiculous and unfounded as that which sent the old gentleman of the bath towel racing through the halls in search of an imaginary fire.

Those who have bad news to impart should first make sure they are dealing in facts and then, unless the telling may serve some legitimate purpose, should keep their unhappy news to themselves. During the past two years the fellows looking for the fire escapes have caused a lot of unnecessary trouble, and, figuratively, have stripped a lot of their fellows of even a bath towel.

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—Rotarygrams—

An Invitation

By referring to your lexicon INVITATION you will find is a courteous solicitation to participate in some act or go some place. Well, the writer has a new slant on this word.

A few days since he stood at the airport and watched Col. Goebel, the famous pilot, do the outside loop, the inside loop, the loop the loop and then search for a loop-hole to loop some other loop that would make homo sapiens dizzier than a bed bug on a hot night with high fever.

He had the pleasure of taking the famous flyer to lunch and then drive him back to the airport. Upon arrival the eminent one INVITED him to test the plane with him. We ask you brother, in the light of recent revelations and a full stomach, would that word still maintain its dictionary meaning?

To refuse was the height of cowardice and to accept was a test of imbecility.

Yes, we are crazy but don't you think those d—lexicographers are a "little off" on the word INVITATION.

—Rotarygrams—

If Nature had not made us a little frivolous we should be most wretched. It is because one can be frivolous that the majority do not hang themselves. It is sweet to be foolish on occasion.

— Voltaire.

"If mankind always had remained the slave of precedent we would still be living in caves eating shellfish."

—Viscount Snowden.

"Our lives do not depend on our opinions half so much as our opinions depend upon our lives."

—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Slants at the Meeting

We approach the task of chronicling last week program with as much zeal as a hair-lip has over delivering a valedictory and the results attained will probably be as satisfying.

Not that the program was punk but that we were punker than usual. It was naturally a bad week on the weak and everything conspired to "disjoint the times" as well as unlimber us.

Maybe we had been listening to the lilt of lousey liars about upward-trends, trade-expansions, stabilizations, dominant-signs and economic-forecasts without mentioning downcasts and outcasts, fiduciary fizzles and financial fiascos.

Too, the old town was chilled off last week by a bunch of mechanical mercury lowers with a collection of Refrigerators, Kelvinators and Rollators and it is not amiss our assets should be frozen.

Besides the Democratic Convention held sway in Houston and amit the usual harmonious pandemonium you couldn't tell whether they were drunk or dry. But the Democrats are better known by their asinity than for their affinity. The spirit of congeniality abides with them like it does with a bunch of pole-cats in a poultry coop.

And then along comes Albert Hazen Boyd and slaps the dirty mirror of crime before our mugs and flays us for not filling public offices with men of more character (On the side . . . He told it to you rams in a big way and we hope a beneficial one).

Further, here's Miss Bartmess, a gifted reader, who seems to know more about husbands than wives do, and frankly cataloged herself in the same category as "always looking for one." She kinder treaded on the toes of some of our wives husbands. In these times we think she ought to have a stronger subject for discussion, than husbands.

All of these dire data stick in our mind like flat feet to a smooth surface and the further disconcertion we are about to have new officers for the Club. Our reaction to the latter is about like that of the addict, after he has established a tolerance he is loathe to make a change. That goes for our politics and as the wisecrackers say "we are that way" about Ross and Herbert . . . maybe we could get worse.

This is written as a space filler for the editor and not a mental stimulus for you, and if you don't like it makes it unanimous and we will sign the blanket bill of indictment with you.