

*"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"*

## **We All Can Do Better**

By Samuel Rosinger

I believe that there is no human being on earth, but who, in the bright morn of life, in the period of aspiring youth, dreamed of making of his life something worthwhile, something outstanding, something noble and sublime. Every youth hitches his wagon to a star, and desires to dedicate to the realization of some lofty ideal. Unfortunately, as the years roll on, the engrossment of our minds with our needs and wants, defers the fulfillment of our dream from day to day, and when our sunset comes, and we look back upon our careers, we find them crowded with trifles and trivialities, fleeting pleasures and vapid pastimes, sickening triteness and pettiness.

One of our great poets describes the fatal consequences of man's habitual procrastination, in these witty lines:

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool,  
Knows it at forty and reforms his plan;  
At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
Rushes his prudent purposes to resolve  
In all the magnanimity of thought,  
Resolves and re-resolves,  
Then dies the same."

Human life is brief. It is but a breath of eternity. Yet, within the small compass of our span, we have an opportunity to realize the divine purpose of life. Not every one is given to be great, in the spectacular sense of the word, but every one is offered boundless opportunities to be good and kind and generous and noble.

The late Arthur Schnitzler, the famed Viennese playwright, was once asked this odd question by an interviewer. "Mr. Schnitzler, if you were God, what would you do?" Schnitzler, without being nonplussed, in the least, calmly replied, "If I were God, I would do better." We cannot all be geniuses. **We cannot all ride on the wings of fame. We cannot** all receive a double portion of the Divine spirit, but we all can do better. And if we do not waver and hesitate in our decisions to improve the fleeting moment, we all may become greater and wiser, and love more strongly, feel more intensely, know more completely, and make of life altar steps leading into the very presence of God.

# **ROTARYGRAMS** OF BEAUMONT



## **WEEKLY BULLETIN**

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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### *Slants at the Meeting*

Quoting, if you please: "He (the speaker) build up his own opposition and then proceeded to attack it." Well this is the way it struck one of the members anyway.

You know there is an old truism that "you can shoot the dial off a clock but time still goes on."

It would seem to the writer that if the Y. M. C. A. is the developer of character and champion of good sportsmanship (which we really believe it to be) its very example and precept, in these trying times when men "take it on the chin", should shine with more effulgence.

We quite agree with the speaker last week that most of the attacks were from personal grudge or individual cases, on the Y. M. C. A. and more for that reason we can't understand his defensive policy.

We are heartily in favor of economic curtailment in its budget, but we are fully cognizant of the attitude of a great many people towards the "Y" and its work at this time. Bluntly, there is no denying it, hundreds of people in our town are opposed to putting money into the Y. M. C. A. when there are hungry mouths to feed. You can solve the equation to suit yourself.

Ben Williams says he still thinks Bill Shakespeare was right when he relieved himself of that little phrase "Comparisons are odious". We ourselves think Ben suffered defamation of some degree. Now forty pounds of "bull" and two pounds of frog is certainly not a fair proportion. In fact we can testify we have seen Ben with more hops in him than that.

The ingenuity of Bill Beaumont in inserting things **ad infinitum in his column will be demonstrated** to be far more clever in resisting thrusts at some of his 'happy sallies'. When the speaker unlimbered that salvo on Bill's beezee he aspired to hit the most illusive target we know of, and incurred the imminent risk of a ricochet bursting in his own "pan."

—Check.

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Rotarygrams

### Along City Streets

An astonishing fact is that no man is so homely but that some woman thinks he is just lovely.

And no man is so unattractive but that some man thinks she is an angel.

A walk along any city street is enough to convince an unemotional observer that most of us are positively ugly.

And yet there isn't a man who doesn't regard his wife as the equal of Cleopatra in looks, and every woman thinks her husband is a Greek god.

Many of you will show the preceding paragraph to your wife and tell her that the first part is true, anyway.

Rotarygrams

### Washington Birthday, Party

Last week we notified you Orange would be host at Sunset Grove Club to Beaumont, Port Arthur and Lake Charles . . . a quartette. This week we are advised there will be four more clubs, Liberty, Dayton, Hull-Daisetta and Vinton thus filling that mathematical designation of Octette, or the bankers method of determination 100% increase. Too, you might extend this line of computation on to the bread-line and have chicken in your soup.

Anyway the "Al Jolson" of Orange speaks in no slouch patois, but scintillating bon mots, of the many diversions offered the visitors in commemorating the natal day of your uncle George . . . 200th anniversary. A big time for little boys and girls of Rotary.

### On Consumers-Satisfactory

It was 5:20 and the bookstore closed at 5:30. The young lady clerk approached the man scanning a new book.

"Do you intend buying or are you just looking around?" she inquired in such a way as to give the impression that she preferred not to bother with a sale.

The result of this brusque salesmanship caused the prospective buyer to put back on the table the book he had intended to buy and hurry away—perhaps to a more hospitable counter.

That and similar experiences, reported first hand in the January Rotarian magazine, by a man who signs himself "A Customer with Money to Spend," led him to inquire among his friends as to their impressions of store-customer relations. To his astonishment each of them also had been repelled by discourteous or inefficient clerks.

"Presumably," he comments, "we are supposed to be suffering from a dose of underconsumption. I wonder. Experiences in trying to satisfy my normal needs has led me to ask myself as I meet business, 'Is it awake to the regulative importance of CONSUMER-SATISFACTION as a factor in ending the depression?'"

Pointing out that savings banks are bulging with money, that the larger fraction of the population is still receiving uncut wages, he suggests that retailers should moan less about the depression and devote more thought and effort to gearing their businesses to the needs of the small buyer.

"When his normal wants are satisfied," the author adds, "the indices will tell a story of coming prosperity. While we are depending on advertising cleverness (much of it of the hocus-pocus variety) to stimulate unfelt wants and thus increase willingness to buy, let us grow a little more attentive to the inevitable wants that are entirely normal and that must be satisfied in bad times as well as good.

"It is worth speculating on what would happen if every retail merchant in the country would suddenly decide to grow customer-conscious and charge himself with the privilege of caring for the expressed needs of those who have not only the power to buy but the will, as well."