

What Would Washington Think of Us?

By Samuel Rosinger

I am in the habit of refreshing in my mind every year the story of the American Revolution. To me it is a story of perennial interest. It never grows stale by repetition. Although George Washington was six feet and two inches tall, yet the story of which he is the hero, is a repetition of the David-Goliath bout. It is the story of the weak over the strong, the triumph of the dwarf over the giant. It represents a victory of the spirit. It was the moral strength of the colonists that vanquished the mighty foe. It was the conviction in the justice of their cause that endowed them with superhuman strength.

Unlike the David-Goliath bout, however, the combat of the colonists with England was not decided in the first round. It was a weary and long drawn out struggle, in which the colonists were many times worsted and suffered stunning and crushing blows. And, as I read the stirring story of the Revolution, and realize the sore trials and tribulations the puny colonists endured during the seven years of bitter conflict with the mighty foe, a hot blush of burning shame comes over me when I compare their heroic conduct with our cowardly behavior during our present crisis, which has been precipitated not by the malevolence of an outer foe, but our own madness, folly and stupidity.

What would Washington think of this big overgrown nation that acts like a circus elephant which goes on a rampage when frightened by a tiny mouse? What would Washington think of this spoiled child of a nation that has been whimpering disconsolately for over two years over the collapse of a castle of cards, which a bunch of gamblers erected in Wall Street? Where has flown the courage which inspired the colonists, and their fiery faith and high hopes in the glorious future of this country? What has undermined our manhood and paralyzed our powers? The disease which has impaired our strength is selfishness. We lack that redeeming virtue which Washington possessed in such an exceptionally high degree, namely, a pure patriotism that places the welfare of the nation above selfish considerations, and that thinks less of reward than duty well done.

Let us therefore not abuse this Bi-centennial by the futile convention of hero worship. Let us drink deep draughts out of that pure fountain of patriotism which animated the father and the founders of our country. Let the incomparable service of Washington inspire us with the deathless determination to restore our country to that greatness and glory that will yield liberty and justice and happiness to its humblest citizens, and thus fulfill the hopes and aspirations of him whom we gratefully and affectionately call "the father of our country."

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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Texas Industrial Activities

The per capita wealth of Texas at the close of 1930 was \$1,720—largest of any of the Southern States except Virginia. The national per capita was \$2,667.

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One Fort Worth creamery—the Alta Vista Company—recently shipped five carloads of butter to New York and three carloads to Chicago.

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All main contracts except one went to Texas concerns when the University of Texas Regents recently let building contracts totaling nearly \$4,000,000. Nine new buildings were included in the letting.

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Pessoney Candy Co., manufacturing candies and handling candies and smoking materials, is a new enterprise at Palestine, which expects to use Texas products extensively.

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In furnishing of Texas data to be used in General Motors "Parade of the States"—a national radio broadcast program—Progressive Texans, Inc., is co-operating with the three regional chambers of commerce.

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Contracts for the establishment at Corpus Christi of a branch factory of the California Products Corporation, packers of dehydrated vegetable products, have been signed and work on the first unit of the plant begun. Products to be made include powdered onions, garlic, paprika, pimento pepper and green pepper flakes with prospective enlargement of the plant to produce virtually all the many lines in which the company specializes.

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Final preliminaries for the big chemical plant of the Southern Alkali Corporation at Corpus Christi are to be completed as soon as possible, according to formal announcement from the company headquarters at Barberton, Ohio. Investment of \$10,000,000 is contemplated, according to earlier announcements.

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

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

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

J. E. Gonzales, Port Arthur, Texas.
J. C. DeShong, Paris, Texas.
Ad Josephson, Orange, Texas.
Thomas Bromwich, Pittsburgh, Pa.
W. I. Troup, City.
I. R. Chambers, City.
Dr. John A. Hart, City.
W. C. Caldwell, City.
F. H. Deady, Dallas, Texas.
V. P. Warren, Atlanta, Georgia.
Clay Eargle, City.
John Pritchard, City.

DR. WILBUR THOMSON DEAD

Dr. Wilbur F. Thomson, for a great many years a faithful Rotarian and at one time a member of the publication in charge of Rotarygrams, died Monday morning at Hotel Dieu of a heart attack and was buried yesterday in Magnolia cemetery. He was 59 years old and had been a resident of Beaumont since 1908. Rotarians held him in high esteem and his resignation from the club about one year ago because of failing health was the cause of general regret.



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Slants at the Meeting

The beautiful pageant last week was a flareback to the good old colonial days when snuff sniffing, periwig powdering and puckering pantaloons regaled the minueting swains.

We commend the excellent work of the schools, mothers and Mrs. Milam in particular for the rendition of the program. It had a special lure for the fathers and not infrequently a proud pater was seen afterwards caressing a young daughter of the troupe.

The only thing that worries us about the swelling ranks of the embryonic D. A. R's. is where in the world we will ever get enough monuments, temples, bridges and markers to go around in the future for unveiling programs.

Maybe it will be like antiques . . . the factories are running over time now creating those spindle legged benches, what-knots and open-drawer dressers of Chippendale and Louis the 14th vintage that so intrigue the gullible. If you ever sat on one of those moth-eaten, worm-holed 1931 Napoleonic chairs you are just about as comfortable as when you try to float a loan on second lien notes from a glass-eyed banker and you will have the same standing as a man sitting. But wait a minute here comes the report, via grapevine, from Sunset Grove party:

A crowd of two hundred.

A sumptuous repast of barbecued chicken.

A toastmaster stepped up to the ninth degree in the person of Lutch Starke.

A program of sufficient brevity to attract instead of bore.

A song-leader, Walter Jenkins with his entourage, making harmonious clatter that intrigued you.

An address by Prexy Jim Edwards, invading the fields of philosophy and science for comparisons of the past and present that stood them on their heads and shook 'em.

A most delightful dance and considering the ravages of age to some of the elder members it registered a complete success.

Only one untoward incident befell your scribe: he had the misfortune to ride over with two of the worst mechanics imaginable. Dr. Oxford and Mr. Brown of Va. As a matter of fact he was almost exhausted watching those "guys" change a wheel and had despaired of their worth as the Cajun did of his presidential votes:

This Cajun declared he would navair vote for nuther Frenchman for president these Unite States. He vote for two: Boudreau Wilson and Abare Hoover and both of him do no good.

—Chec