

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

Spring

By Samuel Rosinger

I like to look upon nature as the Great Bible, written by the finger of God, and to regard the Spring season as the Book of Genesis in that Great Bible. To me every fresh sprout, every unfolding leaf and every opening bud, spell the significant words "In the beginning God created." When that beginning was, when first order emerged out of chaos and light broke through primeval darkness, are idle speculations. To me, the wonder of this Spring is not a whit less, because it recurs every year. To me, every Spring means a new birth, a new Creation. To me, every cultivated garden is a Garden of Eden, in which I see God walk in the cool of the day. To me, every tree is a Tree of Life, a Tree of Knowledge. The lover of nature has never been driven out of the Garden of Eden. To him, a bit of bewitching scenery, a lovely landscape, a stately forest, a majestic mountain, situated in any part of the earth, is within the enclosure of the Garden of Eden.

The ancients sought God in the terrifying forces of the elements, in thunder and lightning, storms and earthquakes. Moses beheld God in the flaming beauty of the thornbush, and in that tender love which makes the wilderness blossom at Springtime.

Look at the emerald of the tender grass, look at the color scheme of the butterfly's wings, look at the perfection of the lily, look at the velvety texture and variegated tints of the pansy—and you see everything embosomed in beauty, everything revealing the tender touch of a Loving Hand and the warmth of a Compassionate Heart that has a care and a thought and a feeling for all.

And Spring speaks of God's love not only in the hue and scent of the flower, but also in the hope and faith of the continuity of life. The glad voice of Spring speaks to me of flowering after fading, of bursting the fetters of death and emerging into the freedom of new life. I believe that the same Providence which protects the root of the grass blade from destruction and endows it every Spring with a fresh growth, protects also the root of human life, the soul, and enables it to spring into new life again.

The great botanist Linneaus, though spending his life in the study of plants and flowers, thus describes his feelings while looking at an opening blossom:

"I see God in his glory passing near me, and I bow my head in worship."

May we retain a sense of wonder, and be moved by such a prayerful spirit when we behold the glorious vision of the Spring season.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. X Beaumont, Texas, March 2, 1932 No. 9

Slants at the Meeting

If we didn't have an inherent objection to that misused and abused adjective "outstanding" we might dub last week's program as such.

It had harmony for entertainment and hunches for conduct.

If Walter Jenkins had sung only "Old Man River" it would have been worth twice the price of a fifty cent lunch. When he opens up on those pipes of his, merriment just jumps up and kisses you on the beezzer.

The young priest used no ambiguous verbiage or latin diction when he admonished some of you selfish, pretentious and discontented individuals what to put out of your lives to co-ordinate them with the objects of Rotary.

It was one of the most timely and fitting patriotic addresses we have had the pleasure of listening to. Particularly did it stress the hazard of adhering to a lot of hooey and hokum offered by different political cliques, cults and creeds as panaceas for our present status.

He paid a wonderful tribute to the astuteness and statesmanship of our forefathers who have suffered at the hands of a few wise-cracking nit-wits of this sophisticated age.

Trouble with Pres. Jim he's making it harder than a burglar's conscience to follow and you are going to have to issue a habeas corpus to get some strong arm, hard-headed guy to wield the gavel next term.

—Check.

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Whistle

In one of our Eastern city papers a short while back an editorial compared the man who in these times is cheerful and optimistic, with the boy who whistles through the graveyard to keep up his courage.

Now, we would be willing to bet that this editor is just a naturally gloomy cuss, with twinges of dyspepsia from time to time; but granting, for sake of argument, that he is right, what a sensible plan it is to whistle, keep your courage up, and tramp right through dreaded things.

The lad, though his whistle may quaver now and then as an extra large white stone looms up in the dark, does not run, for whistling and fast leg work don't go together. The whistle, admittedly, keeps up courage, and nothing is more important today than courage in business, while the things which frighten us are often no more real than the ghosts which the boy sees lurking in the shadowy graveyard.

Therefore, let us keep on whistling right cheerily; others will join in, and with a chorus of merry whistlers in every city and town the business spooks who have made us nervous for the past many months will fade from the picture even before the rising sun of prosperity shows that our fears of permanent night were unfounded. So, whistle, brother, whistle!

The Anti-Trust Suit

For almost a month now, the anti-trust suits have been before the bar of a Travis county district court. Not even the preliminary skirmishes have been concluded. The prospects are that this litigation will extend over a period of more than one, possibly two, years.

The trial may be progressing to the satisfaction of the attorney-general, whose gubernatorial prospects will not be dimmed by two years of scintillation upon the front pages. The trial may be progressing to the satisfaction of the prominent lawyers assisting Mr. Allred who, if they are successful, will divide between them a fee of more than three-quarter million dollars. The trial may be progressing to the satisfaction of the high-priced lawyers representing the oil companies; it may be presumed that the longer they remain in court, the more will be their earnings. But the trial is not progressing to the satisfaction of Texas people who must pay the bills whether Jimmie Allred wins, loses or draws.

A month before the anti-trust suits were called for trial, the Houston Post offered both parties to the litigation a sound bit of advice. It said, in substance: Assuming the honesty of purpose of the attorney-general and the oil companies (it is to be remembered that the suit is brought against the oil companies because they signed, and adhered to, a code of practices promulgated by the Federal Trades Commission) it should be feasible for the attorney-general and the representatives of the oil concerns to come together and consider frankly the differences that divide them, with the view of securing an early and just settlement of the cases, without recourse to the courts.

—Rotarygrams—

Buy at Home—Always?

"Buy at Home" is an empty slogan unless the merchant practices what he preaches and not only sells at fair prices, but through advertising and other means lets his townsmen know they can do as well at home as in the neighboring city.

Such are the conclusions of Paul W. Horn who presents the "pro and con" of community loyalty in the Rotarian Magazine. He writes:

"It seems to me to be perfectly clear that when all things are equal, it is better to buy your clothes and groceries and hardware and the other things you need from the folks at home. Certainly to discriminate against the folks in your own home town is not wise policy. I would go even further to say that if you can do even approximately as well by buying goods from the local merchants, it is well for you to patronize them."