

Slowing Down

By Samuel Rosinger

I vividly recall when I first set foot upon American soil and stepped into the seething cauldron, called New York, I was strangely struck by the feverish speed to which everybody seemed to be geared up. People on the streets were not walking, but rushing at a fast pace. In stores, clerks almost broke their necks in waiting on fidgety customers, who chafed at the least delay. In restaurants, especially at noon, the vast throng of office workers gulped their luncheon down with the haste with which a flock of hungry chickens gobble up the feed thrown at them. People ran to catch street cars with palpitating hearts, flew up the steep stairs leading to the Elevated, gasping for breath, or rushed down head over heels to join the jam forcing its way into the subways. Having been used to the slow, leisurely gait of Europe, I could not comprehend this mad rush, this senseless hurry, this profitless hustle and bustle.

Years later, I visited an automobile manufacturing plant. I saw the moving platform on which the multifarious parts of the automobile were put together. Efficiency experts had figured out to the second, how much time it took to fasten a bolt, or drive a screw into the machine, and if a worker slowed up the least bit, he had to finish his job while running, for the platform was speeding to another machine, where other parts were added to the automobile-in-the-making. Thus, it seems, that America's speed mania is due to the influence of the machine. Consciously, or unconsciously, we have tried to adapt ourselves to the dizzy velocity of the machine. Needless to say, such a speed is unnatural and harmful. It makes nervous wrecks of people and reduces them to a state of exhaustion. Hence the vast number suffering from neurosis and mental diseases.

Fortunately, we are now realizing that man needs no longer race with the machine, for the latter has become so efficient that it can supply all the needs and luxuries of the population with the minimum amount of human labor. The five day week and the six hour working day must be adopted in order that the ten million unemployed be not fed on charity. No greater boon could befall mankind than to be relieved of the drudgery of hard labor, kept up through long hours. The less the race will have to exert itself physically, the more it will be able to devote itself to thinking and creative work, which can never be rushed but must be painstakingly slow. If people will have the intelligence to utilize only a fraction of the newly gained leisure, they may rightly hail the depression as one of the greatest blessings come to them in disguise.

ROTARYGRAMS

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Slants at the Meeting

In this present economic spavin it isn't a far cry from riches to rags, nor was it a long leap from Dr. Green to Dr. Bull. (he was next door). Dr. Bull made us laugh but Dr. Green made us 'leary'.

A deft wielder of the scalpel like Charlie wincing at the prospect of a poignant thrust is about as futile as a Jew trying to be a Nazi general.

CARCINOMA . . . A vocational subject. Contract it and it's a vacational matter; and you won't care-see-no-more.

Charlie says abnormal growths should worry us. On the contrary, it's the unusual shrinkage that bothers us.

We are told that we are attacked lip, rim and center, and which takes in about everything from our radius to diameter and circumference.

We are concerned about our cells breaking down as we are about our diaphragm collapsing, unless we get sufficient calories in our abdominal cavity.

Of course, when we look around the room we see a lot of abnormalities and some of them have been operated on; however, it doesn't seem to prolong life just shorten things.

We like Charlie. He's the lad that's got the fortitude to cry down pseudo-professional ethics, a cancerous growth that holds some of the medical charlatans. Come again, we welcome you.

—Double Check.

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—R—

Texas Debt to Oil

(State Press in Dallas News)

The United States accounts for 60 per cent of the world production of petroleum and Texas accounts for 40 per cent of the Nation's total. East Texas alone produces more oil than any other country in the world except Russia and Venezuela, even with its production held down under proration.—Progressive Texans, Inc.

The oil which Texas produces accounts in considerable part for the higher average of economic conditions in Texas, as against most of the other States. Those who produce the oil complain, and no doubt justly, of the low returns. But the aggregate return serves mightily to keep men at work in the petroleum industry and other industries. It greases the gears of the mercantile, the manufacturing and even the agricultural machinery. Oil is a big part of our State's wealth. It helps pay our taxes. It is in such large quantity it will last a long time if properly conserved. But no finite quantity is inexhaustible. Texas petroleum will come to nothing unless protected from the waters. A dry oil field means a discouraged community, but all fields can go dry and will go dry unless guarded against reckless exploitation. Of course, the foundation of Texas wealth is its fields and pastures. Agriculture and animal husbandry made Texas and will keep Texas after the more ephemeral resources have evaporated. But a farmer who exhausts his soil, who allows it to wash into the drains, thence to the river and the sea, is in a class with the oil landowner who allows his underground capital to be dissipated in a little time for all time.

Next Meeting

NOVEMBER 1ST: ROY E. SMITH, District Governor wants to meet all you boys.

Let's make it a 100 per cent attendance.

—R—

This Business of Living

Most of the great men of the South's day of glory were planters and what is left of courtly manners and sensitive honor is found on the farm or bred there. Living under the open sky with the soft earth under foot, collaborating with nature to wrest a living from Mother Earth; waiting patiently and trustfully for the rains and the harvest, or the cessation of rains that the harvest might be gathered; hearing no factory whistles or the roar of traffic, but only the birds and the animals and the soughing of the trees; living where nobody calls attention to laws or the need of them; having time for meditation and enjoying solitude; being free of all restraint save those self imposed by conscience—all these combine to give a man a fine sense of values and a simple wholesome philosophy of life developed in no other atmosphere. Country people do not aspire to conquer the earth or care particularly about impressing it, for that matter. Ambition is not always gnawing away at their vitals. They know that the business of life is living. If they drink it isn't done in the glare of blazing lights where all the world may look on and comment upon their capacity to hold it. It is no more than a dram or two of decent corn on a frosty morning or maybe a good-night shot before turning down the sheets. They know that nothing matters particularly but the daily bread, good neighbors and right living. There are many of the old breed left 'way back on the quiet country roads and it will be a sad day for this country when they are gone. I never see a farmer happy and content around his own fireside where he is king that I don't envy him a little. And yet I wouldn't go back for ten million dollars. I have been there before.

—B. B. B.