

Danger Signals

By Samuel Rosinger

In our town, which is criss-crossed by railroad tracks, you cannot help but observe the strenuous efforts of flagmen, stationed at busy street crossings, to warn motorists and pedestrians of the danger of approaching trains. They blow shrill whistles and wave frantically the red flag to induce human and vehicular traffic to come to a standstill. The locomotive of the slowly rolling train reinforces this warning by the strident notes of its siren. And yet, some reckless pedestrians and motorists will disregard all this alarm, and cross before the very nose of the moving train.

Even as a flagman warns us of an oncoming train, so also nature gives us startling signals before an impending danger. We very seldom take seriously ill, without being amply warned beforehand by aches and pains, dizziness, loss of appetite and all kinds of out-of-sorts feelings. And were we to heed these forewarnings, and take the proper precautionary measures, we would preserve our health and prolong our lives. But unfortunately, we take foolhardy chances, and defy danger, until sickness knocks us off our feet and lays us on our backs for a long and weary siege.

And what is true of physical danger, holds equally good of spiritual peril. The violent waving of the danger signal by the flagman is naught, compared with the blasts of alarm which the conscience sounds, when man is ready to break the moral law, yield to temptation, or in any other way jeopardize his soul. O, what a powerful volume and piercing quality has that "still small voice" which dins into our ears the divine danger signals of the "thou shalt nots." But, again, unfortunately, we disregard the alarm, and senselessly risk and often lose everything that we treasure most in life, character, reputation, dignity, respect.

There are, no doubt, misfortunes and disasters which we cannot guard against, or ward off with all the care and caution we may muster. Yet, let us honestly confess, most of our troubles and the ills that beset us, individually as well as nationally, are of our own making, and can be prevented, if we heed the danger signals which we receive from that Power "in whose hands are the souls of every living and the spirit of all flesh."

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

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Slants at the Meeting

Now that we have gotten the "School Girl Complexion" on Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness in an academic way we are just as wise as three owls in a barnyard.

Home Economics was given the once-over from the front door to the back gate and her various phases left cleaner than a cornfield in a Kansas cyclone.

The Co-Eds revealed everything from the artistic to the commonplace including the feeding of father to the fondling of Fanny.

They dealt with material, men and measures and you can form your own conclusion from a peep through the key hole of the family closet whether a trip will lead to Niagara Falls or Reno.

They had blue prints of the family boudoir showing everything from sister's lingerie to father's misplacements.

During the program we had begun to harbor resentment at the isolation of "brother" but he was finally given the opportunity, in the person of Dwight Morrison, to defend the puerile roll in the family group, and he DID.

We don't think the scholastic standing of Home Economics suffered at the hands of McDonald's menage but rather took on a lilting zest from the expounding by so fair a coterie.

* * *

Facing in an opposite direction we were amazed not to find Graham MacNemee announcing the Farmers Program but delighted to hear the sonorous voice of Baxter Willis in measured tones, telling of the approaching treat. A tip to you program boys. He's good . . . get him.

Millard McMaster in one of his best pedagogic moods and with a non-leak smile, graciously referred to the teachers as the inspiration of the program.

—Check.

Farmer's Day

The Rotary club will meet Wednesday and "chaw meet." It is the "farmer's day" program and will be staged at the fair grounds under the able supervision of Baxter Willis, who knows his yearlings and is familiar with the approved methods barbe-cuing. It is believed there will be an attendance of approximately 300 Rotarians and farmers from nearby communities. Letters of acceptance are being received by the committee in charge of arrangements by the dozens. S. R. Hogabar, writing under a Port Arthur date line, says: Many thanks for your kind invitation to graze in your pasture November 22. Fodder has been pretty scarce for some time down this way and we are not in good condition to butcher. We are a little thin in the flanks and new holes have been cut in our belt straps. But if our tin Lizzie is agreeable and don't kick too hard we will try and be there a little ahead of time in order that we may be sure of getting our nose in the feed trough at the first helpin'. But juicy barbecue and all that goes with it to make a tasty meal, will not be all. Baxter and his committeemen have arranged a program that should be of vital interest to every business man and farmer present. The committee is especially anxious that all club members be at the fair grounds on time, renew friendships with their neighbors from the farms and see to it, personally, that the visitors are made comfortable and have a good day.

—R—

Opportunities for Service

There isn't a great deal a man can do to justify his existence. Just to make money for the mere sake of owning a lot of greenbacks that never get into circulation is childish. Fame merely tickles the vanity for a little while and is gone with the year of the century. There remains the job of helping people who need it, extending succor to the maimed and helpless and making this world a more pleasant place in which to live. For that job this village affords field enough and to spare. More help is needed than a thousand men can comfortably give. And no one man, even a combination of Solomon and Socrates, could purge the town of all ignorance, prejudice and folly and superstition. If any man who aspires to be useful thinks this place is too small he isn't right bright. He probably fell on his head when a baby. What he means is that the town doesn't offer the applause he covets and knows him to darn well to make a hero of him.

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Conditions Might Be Worse

When y' get up in th' mornin' with an ugly sort
o' grouch,
Forgettin' all th' pleasant dreams that hovered
'round yer couch,
When y'd like t' kill your neighbor, an' upset
the world that is;
An' put your brother merchant man completely
out of biz—
Just remember, you're an atom in this great big
universe
An' thank your Lord that you're alive—conditions
might be worse.

When y've got t' patch yer britches that y' wore
last year and try
T' scrimp an' save an' dig and slave, in order
t' get by,
Just remember, that yer Daddy, an' his Dad
ahead o' him
Foun' pickin' for their livings at times most
awful slim;
So quit yer kickin', brother, an' sing instead o'
curse—
Yer life can't all be sunshine—conditions might
be worse.

When y' fail t' make a "home-run" in th's puz-
zlin' game o' life,
An' yer strength seems all too little fer to battle
'gainst th' strife;
When yer feelin' blue an' lonely, an' y' don't
know where t' steer
Fer t' find some true companion who will drive
away yer fear—
Just remember there are fellers who are ridin'
in a hearse
Who'd be glad t' have yer chances—conditions
might be worse.

—Unknown