

Punctuality

By Samuel Rosinger

Punctuality is one of those practical virtues, the cultivation of which cannot be commended too highly. Punctuality is a criterion by which man's character may be correctly judged. One who is punctual reflects conscientiousness in the discharge of his duties, and reveals regard and thoughtfulness in his relation to his fellowmen. Punctuality means that one is a man of his word and scrupulous in keeping his agreement and promise. Punctuality evinces a discipline which gives one mastery over his time and freedom to dispose of it at his will.

Seeing the favorable light in which punctuality sets off those who practice it, I wonder why it is not cultivated more generally. I, for one, have no use for the man who is not punctual in keeping his engagements. Unless he can justify his tardiness by valid reasons, he has forfeited his right to my respect and confidence. His breach of courtesy and lack of consideration build up in me a strong bias against him, and while, ordinarily I am of a congenial disposition, my good nature changes into stiff resentment, when a fellow shows up half an hour, or an hour behind his appointment, and thinks that his inane excuse will compensate me for the loss of time he caused me by his delay.

Artisans lose many a customer because of their lack of punctuality. If someone promises to finish a job for me, or fill an order, at a certain time, unless prevented by untoward conditions, I hold him to his promise, and, if he fails to keep it, my dealings with him come to an abrupt and final end.

And let me pay my left-handed compliment to the man, or woman who leisurely saunters down the aisle in the middle of a meeting, creating a distraction which diverts the attention of the audience, from the proceedings, and more especially from the speaker. It is the ardent wish of every speaker that a trapdoor might open in the floor through which these belated nuisances would silently vanish.

Especially would I advise young men, who often are so prodigal with their time, to cultivate the habit of punctuality. Many a precious opportunity is irretrievably lost for failure to catch it on time. Success beckons not those who are dilatory in their habits, but who take time by the forelock. It pays to be punctual. Punctuality gives us that feeling of inner satisfaction which is the chief reward of every virtue, and it also wins for us the esteem and goodwill of all those who appreciate dutifulness and dependability in man.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Tex., January 3, 1934 No. 26

Man's Short Memory

New Copy in

"The horrors of the Great War," General E. J. Higgins, international leader of the Salvation Army, observes in the *London Daily News* of recent issue, "are receding from the mind of the present generation, and unless it is possible to create a will to peace based upon the moral and spiritual convictions of the peoples of the world, passions will be as readily aroused tomorrow as in 1914, and we shall find ourselves launched upon a 'next war' that will be absolutely catastrophic—indeed, the grave of civilization."

If you think General Higgins' analysis is wrong, you need but ask any boy or girl under twenty to give his or her impressions of the Great War. Quite likely you, whose recollection of the "war to end war" is so keen, will be surprised. Despite history books, even the realism of moving pictures, a glamor of romance seems to be increasing in the picture of war carried by young minds.

Perhaps, as a cynic once remarked, man is the animal that has no memory.—The Rotarian Magazine.

—R—

The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them.—Thoreau.

—R—

If we do less than our best for two months, we'll find ourselves doing work we're ashamed of at the end of three months.

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—R—

Slants at the Meeting

May it please the Court, and you, gentlemen of the Jury:

I feel sure that you have already made up your minds to return a verdict in favor of Fuzzy Roane and his committee in spite of the spell of gloom which the first three speakers on their Happy New Year program cast over the festivities (?), but perhaps a few words of defense may aid you in doing so.

Knowing that the banks had all the money, Fuzzy naturally expected a banker to offer to put some in circulation, and give a cheerful aspect to the meeting at the start. But Tom Nees declared that he can't make money till the rest of us make some, and we can't make any until the banks make some and lend it to us to work with. And where the vicious circle will stop, Tom doesn't know. But, anyhow, he does think we have got a good President, and he is counting on the good old stand-by, "Human Greed", to pull us through. If the rest of us can just make some money in 1934, Friend Nees thinks the banking business will be fine. But why he had to remind us of the Dryden's Ferry Bridge, and the prospective loss of the Navy's fuel oil business, I don't know. You can bet Fuzzy didn't ask for that one.

And then, having sold so many automobiles in 1933, Fuzzy naturally thought a gasoline manufacturer would be optimistic, and he was totally unprepared to hear from John Newton that the oil refiners not only don't know where they're going, but are not even sure they are on their way. Mr. Iekes tells them how much they can make, how much they can have on hand, and almost tells them what they can charge for it. But John is hopeful, anyway, that President Roosevelt may be able to bring about a general upturn in business, which will put the refineries in the black, even though

they don't have any black ink and would have to go in the red to buy it.

It must be admitted, too, that Dirt Dealing Jim, though he found the Government taking the subsistence farm business away from the realtors, yet struck an optimistic note for the future, and believes that if people can just get hold of money enough to buy real estate now, they will make lots of money in the future. In other words, this year, like every other year you ever heard Jim mention, is a good year to buy real estate.

And didn't the last three speakers paint a rosy picture for you? Didn't you hear Millard McMaster listing more encouraging things than there were oats in the barn of the famous Mr. Carter? Dollar oil, new chemical plants, new oil refineries, barge lines, new postoffice building, subsistence farm colony (and he didn't even mention the school teachers' party),—these fell from his lips like a string of diamonds, whose brilliance dispelled all gloom, and prepared us for Ben Jackson's scintillating array of "points"—not fourteen points, as President Wilson had, but seven, chief of which are President Roosevelt and the codes. Ben says he has bought 120 new cars, without seeing one of them or knowing the price, and if that's not optimism, what have you?

Jerry Donaldson almost had the club singing "Sweet Adeline", to conclude the meeting, when he told of the cheerful attitude of butcher, baker, and candle stick maker in New York since the Repeal of the 18th Amendment, and Jerry cannot even foresee a headache on the morning after, so rosy is his view of the changed conditions brought about by repeal and other elements in cooperation.

So let's give three cheers for Fuzzy and his committee, and return a verdict in favor of more programs like this: snappy, informative, cheerful, and put on by our own home folks.

—R—

Conflicting Choices

Dr. Arthur Morgan of Antioch College wrote a series of articles on "The Sense of Validity." Before we can become enthusiastic about anything we must feel that it is important, Dr. Morgan contended.

This, it seems, is a shrewd observation.

The sense of validity can be a source of irritation. Many men seize upon business as their foremost passion, whereas their wives choose poetry or the drama. Perhaps the wife has no respect for the husband's choice, and the husband has no respect for the wife's. She wants to entertain actors and poets whom he finds insufferable. She is equally bored by the business friends he brings to dinner.

Each has a right to a choice, but it is unfortunate that they conflict so miserably.