

Not Forgotten

By Samuel Rosinger

In a storm not only the dry or diseased branches of a tree break off, but, often, even the strong and healthy limbs, laden with precious fruit, snap under the strain. So also in the economic whirlwind that has blown over us, it was not only the gambler and speculator that went under, but also conservative men who had never resorted to get-rich-quick schemes. Many a man and woman working for modest salaries, saving and scrimping in order to provide for a rainy day, lost all they had laid aside, though invested in what was regarded as rock-ribbed securities. But the most pathetic victims of the economic upheaval are the men of generous impulses who used to give of their means freely and willingly and employed a good part of their wealth for public welfare. One's heart aches to see such men who scattered sunshine on the path of life, encircled by the gloom of poverty and enveloped in the darkness of want. People feel profoundly sorry for the sad plight of these men, both because of what appears to be their undeserved fate, as well as the loss which their respective communities have suffered that used to enjoy their beneficence and benevolence.

Yet, of all the men of wealth whose fortunes were swept away by the tidal wave of depression, the generous-hearted ones, though deserving the most, need the least sympathy. These men, even if they have been reduced to beggary, are still rich. They may no longer figure in public life, or play a part in social circles, yet, they are still prominent and distinguished. Their benefactions are an imperishable wealth which no economic cataclysm can destroy.

Let the storm of adversity blow with hurricane force, it will not extinguish the light of joy and happiness which burns in the consciousness of these men, enkindled by the knowledge that they were not sordidly selfish in the use of God's gifts, but shared his bounties with the poor and employed them for the benefit of their fellow men. The names of these generous-hearted men have not vanished in the collapse of stocks and bonds. They live perennially in the appreciative hearts of their fellowmen, both of those who were inspired and those who benefited by their deeds of loving kindness.

The corroding teeth of time crumble everything into dust and ashes. The stars grow dim in their sockets, and their flames die out. Fortune's fickle wheel moves up and down. Everything on earth is fleet and transitory and perishable. But names built on the human heart are immortal. They will live as long as a heart throbs with love and yearns with pity and sympathy.

ROTARYGRAMS

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Slants at the Meeting

We know silence is golden but we're on the silver basis, otherwise we would keep our 'trap' closed tighter than a Pharaoh's tomb.

Harry Shepherd and Tom Walker, chairmen of the last two programs, just crossed us up like fence rails on the farm. Had the first been last and vice versa we would be sitting as pretty as concrete in the sink.

The Sam Rosinger decorations were still intact and refunding the wanton waste like an amortized obligation.

The little Judge from cowtown slung a plethora of jokes at us like city sins assailing a country lad, and we were groggier than a gander fattened for the feast.

The violin and vocal numbers were splendid and help assuage the sensitive. Yes, we understand there will be a dance next year.

—Check.

—R—

That Thing Called Culture

To deprecate the common people because they are more interested in "vulgar" things—prize-fights, scandal, etc., than they are in a political situation in the Far East, a symphony orchestra, or a theory of evolution, is to overvalue this thing called "culture." Who reads scandal, prize fights and the baseball score? Common people! Yes, that's right, but just as eagerly the cultured gentleman in his club. That apex of collective intelligence, the Supreme Court of the United States, goes to ball games; the educated go-getters, with suavity and dignified manners, most of them enjoy prize-fights, scandal and murder stories as much as the ash-man.—Art Young in "On My Way."

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—R—

General Johnson Tells a Story

In a recent speech on the Blue Eagle, General Hugh S. Johnson made some cryptic remarks about people who fail to insist that merchants and manufacturers display the NRA emblem. The following was among his comments:

"The way to enforce what you want is not to write letters that go either to the waste basket or a form clerk—but to insist on the Blue Eagle. It means something and it is going to mean more. As the Angel of Death, at the Passover, omitted those houses that showed no crimson palm mark on the lintel, so do you pass by any shop-window or advertisement that does not display the Eagle—and that recalls another story about people who ease their indignation by writing letters: Casper Milquetoast in a fit of public spirit wrote to the Pullman Company about insects in his berth and promptly received a complimentary and apologetic letter two pages long. He proudly displayed this to his friends as proof that corporations do have souls, until some cynic discovered and pointed out to him a faint penciled note on the back 'Send this S. O. B. the bug letter.'"

—R—

The worst pun of the movie season has come to light. It happened on the "Flying Down to Rio" set where a six-foot gigolo was having difficulty keeping his forehead glued to that of his five-foot partner during the "carioca" dance sequence. "Keep your conks together," howled the director. "Can't you keep your conks together?" "Sure," retorted the lanky culprit, "it's just that I hate stooping to conk 'er!"

Describing the Brute

A city man down in Mississippi got a job as an appraiser for a federal farm loan organization. Knowing nothing about farms and rural life, he obtained all the literature he could get about agriculture and crammed day and night, like a college boy preparing for examination.

When he went out to make his first inspection, the first animal he ran into was a billygoat. He tried to recall a description of farm animals printed in the books on agriculture, but could not classify the species. The goat simply didn't fit in.

Ashamed to display his ignorance at headquarters, he telephoned to a friend, giving a description of the animal, and asked what it might be.

"He had large, sad eyes, a strangely long beard, rough and unkempt hair, and his behind was bare," the appraiser explained.

"Man, that wasn't an animal!" his friend shouted back. "That was the farmer who applied for the loan."—Cassville (Ark.) Democrat.

—R—

A Thought for Fathers

Something for fathers to think about:

A group of 369 high school boys and 415 girls were asked to check a list of ten desirable qualities in a father. The quality that received the largest vote was "spending time with his children." The quality that received the second largest vote was "respecting his children's opinions."

Other qualities were rated in the following order:

Third, being an active church member.

Fourth, being a college graduate.

Fifth, never nagging his children about what they do.

Sixth, making plenty of money.

Seventh, being well dressed.

Eighth, being prominent in social life.

Ninth, having a love of music and poetry.

Tenth, owning a good-looking car.

The investigation was made by Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Lynd, authors of "Middletown."