

Ingratitude

By Samuel Rosinger

According to an ancient proverb, ingratitude is the worst of the vices. We may not all agree with the judgment of this proverb, as we can easily think of worse vices than ingratitude; but, we will all subscribe to the statement that ingratitude is one of the commonest of vices. We meet with it everywhere in life. Often the home is the most fertile soil in which this thorny weed grows. The relationship between parents and children is frequently vitiated by ingratitude. I know of parents who sacrifice their lives for their children, give them the best education within their power, set a personal example to them in love and devotion, and yet the children turn out wretched ingrates, who evince no respect for them, nor manifest any appreciation for the sacrifices they have brought for them.

However, ingratitude has been the reward not only of parents, but of most of the benefactors of mankind. Almost every page of history is stained with the blot of ingratitude. Persecution and martyrdom have been the fate of the teacher, prophet and saint. Pit and prison, stake and scaffold, were the rewards with which mankind has ever paid those heroic souls who have been its leaders, liberators and saviors.

The question naturally forces itself upon one; why should the best and noblest of the race be the victims of the world's cruel ingratitude? Why should the innocent suffer and the wicked thrive? Ancient as time is this query, and many are the answers it has received. To me the answer of Faith, which looks upon our earthly existence as a training and a preparation for a better and brighter life, is the one that most satisfies the longing heart. Who will contend that our brief sojourn on earth is the whole story of life, and not merely an introduction to those beautiful chapters the scenes of which are laid beyond the Great Divide? Who will contend that death marks the end and not merely a division in the book of life? I am firmly convinced that our earthly existence is merely a prelude to the heavenly symphony. Let, therefore, nothing deter us from following the path of duty. That path may be strewn with thistles and thorns, yet it is the only path that leads to God and glory.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

When Jane and her gang get on the floor, the audience gets on its toe, and the preachers get on the front row (Tom, Therone and Sam immediately back of 'em.)

We are not blaming them, except when they get in our way. Our terpsichorean proclivities rebel against obstructed vision when Jane dances.

Bill McGraw is the greatest non-political candidate we have ever heard. He doesn't clash with any ethical inhibitions . . . simply climbs over them.

If there was ever any doubt about Bill's sense of humor, that has been dissipated, and he has ensconced himself in the hearts of the members like a perfumed poodle in the lap of a dowager.

Individually we are going to leave Bill's name on our ballot next July unless Judge Dolan of Georgetown runs.

Speaking of the Judge we know a lot of euphonious appellations that we could apply to him without resorting to the poetical phrases of Nila Cram Cook, the ascetic zealot that was booted out of the temple of Few Pants Gandhi.

This Judge Dolan stands out as a shining beacon of legal knowledge. He never had a case reversed; he keeps his counsel to himself and his prisoners locked in jail. We are for you, Judge.

The American Airways picture was too long, too dim and too indistinct. Outside of these Sam O'Baugh still admits nothing.

But here I am encroaching on the untrammelled fields of virgin thought weekly exploited by my co-worker Sam and if I don't stop I will soon be on the back sheet.

Check.

News Is Indispensable

For a pleasant and complete breakfast a newspaper is indispensable. Many would as soon start the day without coffee as without the news. And who cares to finish the day without a knowledge of what has happened in the world?

The price of newspapers does not properly reflect their importance in our lives. We may spend less than ten minutes in scanning a forty-page paper, and see nothing that particularly interests us. No friends married or divorced; no change in the level of the stock market; no upsets in sports; no deaths; no announcements of mergers or bankruptcies. Yet the assurance that all is well in the world is important, because it enables us to handle the routine of the day intelligently. Incomplete rumors of a major disaster, coming when newspapers were not available, might cause us a wakeful night and send us to the office before daybreak the following morning.

Therefore, to the man who is mentally alive, accurate printed news is a precious commodity. To shut off the news would be like turning off the light.

—From the Imperial Type Metal Magazine.

—R—

Facts About Texas

Texas produces one-fifth of the American wool and four-fifths of the American mohair. But all of the Texas wool and mohair is shipped out of the State to be woven into cloth, much of it for Texans' wear.

* * *

Texas produces tremendously more fruits and vegetables than it can consume, and is a large exporter of these products in their natural form. But, while ranking fourth in their production, it ranks thirty-fifth in commercial canning, and is annually importing from other States and countries \$50,000,000 of canned and fresh fruit and vegetables.

* * *

Texas has thirty-two life insurance companies with 1,000,000 policy-holders and \$1,484,750,246 insurance in force. Total assets amount to \$188,292,817. The growth of Texas life insurance companies has been an amazing feature of the growth of Texas industry.

* * *

Between 1927 and 1932 the output of electricity in Texas increased 24.5 per cent, largely attributable to increased industrial development.

* * *

The first rolled-oats mill in the Southwest recently began operation at Sherman with a daily capacity for handling 7,000 bushels of oats.

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A Grand Idea

Editor Rotarygrams:

I understand there is a vigorous movement under way to send all the editorial force of the ROTARYGRAM to Detroit, June the 25th, The National Convention.

I haven't been able to figure out whether this is a compliment or a complaint. Whether they think we deserve the trip or just been disseminating tripe and feel we ought to be wised-up.

If this is anything more than a rumor I'll take a lower berth and agree to buy my own ginger ale. Please advise in your next issue.

Check.

Dear Check:

This is, indeed, a happy thought, Checko, and you will find me standing by your right hand helping to hold the bridge. It is a curious thing that nobody ever thought of this plan before. Certainly, an overworked, yet faithful, editorial staff is entitled to a few emoluments along with a brief vacation. Thrown in among the big shots of Rotary for a week would serve to broaden one's vision of club work and the crew might even find out what it is all about. It is my understanding that the club has about \$2,000 in the till and the directors are sitting up nights worrying about what to do with this accumulation of filthy lucre. Let the editorial staff get a whack at it, sez we. Having practised frugality, almost to the point of stinginess, it is conceivable that the entire trio could make the trip on, say about \$600. And that would be small potatoes, indeed, for four years of more or less faithful service. On with the campaign!

Fellow Slavey.