

In Memoriam

Ed. Stedman

In contradistinction to his son, who inherited many of his father's virile qualities, but not his massive physique, the close friends of Ed Stedman referred to him as "Big Ed." The epithet "big" befitted him in a higher than physical sense. Ed Stedman was a big-visioned and big-willed man. Whether it pertained to his personal affairs, or to the civic enterprises he was connected with, he was always thinking and planning along big lines and executed his big designs by his big industry and driving power. He figured in a big way in our city's development. The movement for a bigger and better Beaumont had not a stauncher supporter than he. But, above all, he was a big-hearted man. He was most generous to his dear ones, to his host of friends and his employees. He was big in his love for the Boy Scouts, whom a small nucleus into a big army. I was he fathered and fostered and built up from his guest at Camp Mitigwa on many a Stedman Night. He acted on these, perhaps the most joyous occasions of his life, not as the bountiful host, but as one of the boys, with whom he mingled with the intimacy and informality of a pal.

Ed Stedman exercised his bigness of heart in all his varied activities. He was happiest when he gave of himself, shared his pleasures with his fellowmen and brought cheer and sunshine into their lives.

His sudden death at a comparatively early age is deeply mourned by the whole community. May the Heavenly Father receive his soul with that big love in which he was universally held by his fellowmen, and pour His balm of comfort upon the bleeding hearts of his bereaved family.

Samuel Rosinger.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

An innovation of the president's—having new members get on their Feet, but keeping off other people's toes.

Eddie Ham, a novitiate, nervous at first, Budweiser, in his initial role of introducer dispensing hospitality like the old sleek-haired, mustachioed bartender flitted the froth from the foaming mugs.

Fuzzy Roane's observation that John Newton threw off the greatest Rotary speech he had ever heard; consisting of about 10 words. Brevity endowing it with virtue.

Perk Butler, Rotary's perennial midwife, attending to the transition from candidate to member with the same suavity, verve and naivete (pardon the V's but that's the only way we can get the use of one in connection with a banker) as Dr. Defoe in that little melodrama entitled "The World's Greatest Delivery."

Ben Woodhead, endowed with great forensic powers, clamoring for a debate between two good "slingers" of the Club on modern Civilization's assets and her responsibilities.

In a moment of abstraction our unexcelled brain lapsed and we didn't get the full significance of Jink Jenkins CHALK CHAT in bisecting the word ROTARY. We know what ROT and AIRY (ary) mean and transposing them into the words airy rot is right down our alley, for we feature that ourselves.

The GUY that was talking on leisure may have been PLUM good but we are EASLEY better on that subject as our resistance to it is nil. We have

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a lot of loose imagination but we could never expand it to embrace the idea of a farmer working only 5 hours daily as a complete chore. He'd soon be wilder than the jimson weeds in his garden, trying to maintain a balance in idleness after all these years watching old Beck's equator for 14 hours per.

Tel McCoy shot us with a double barrel program right when we were gasping for breath under the Summer heat. These intramural club programs ought to develop something.

Check.

—R—

The Modern Parable of the Cow

Ten men who were financiers chipped in ten dollars each and bought a fine cow that gave ten gallons of milk every day. The milk was divided at night and each man received one gallon as his share.

Soon the neighbors far and near heard about the wonderful cow and said to one another, "Think of getting a whole gallon of milk every day. What a wonderful return on a ten-dollar investment! I wish I had a share in her."

When this talk was repeated to the ten men they held a meeting, one one of them said "Let us give these people what they want. Our shares in the cow cost us ten dollars each and we can sell other shares at the same price."

So they went to a printer and obtained one thousand sheets of paper bearing the legend, "One share in the cow." Then they sold five hundred of

these shares at ten dollars each, which brought them five thousand dollars, and divided the other five hundred among themselves as their reward for being smart.

Each man of the ten now had fifty-one shares, whereas in the beginning each had but one.

But one of the ten began to worry, "Look here," he said, "every fellow who bought a share in this cow will expect a gallon of milk tonight, and the cow gives only ten gallons. When the milk is divided into one thousand and ten parts these new shareholders won't get a spoonful. Shares will drop to nothing. We'd better unload while we can."

So the ten men went out on the street to find investors, each of them sold the fifty shares that had been awarded to him, and thus they obtained a second five thousand dollars to divide among them. But now night was drawing near, and again one of the ten began to worry. "There will be a row at milking time," he said. "Hasten abroad and persuade each of the shareholders to sign a proxy, which is a joker, authorizing you to cast as you think best the vote to which his share entitles him. Then return with the proxies and we shall do some voting."

At twilight the men met at the barn, and in their hands were one thousand signed proxies to represent the absent shareholders and the ten were entitled to represent the absent shareholders and the ten were entitled to vote in their own right, for each still held his original share. "Now," said the one who did the talking, "we must reorganize. This company needs a president, a treasurer and eight vice-presidents. That gives each of us a job. And since there are ten of us and the cow gives ten gallons, it is moved and seconded that each of us receive a salary of one gallon of milk per day. All in favor say 'Aye.'" The motion carried without a dissenting vote.

And then they milked the cow.—Printopics.

—R

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other doctors seem to differ from you in their diagnosis of my case."

"I know," replied the medical man cheerfully, "but the post-mortem will show which of us is right."