



A "Welcome" Address to New Members

The Golden Rule:

Five Minutes Examination By a Younger Member Named Sam.

Mr. President and Members of Kiwanis:—In introducing to you these new members, I pray you one and all to be very considerate towards one another.

You will wonder why I, so young, am entrusted with this task. The Education Committee have a way with them of placing a very backward member on the Committee—to bring him forward and to instruct him in Kiwanis; then they give him five minutes to say "Tell all you've learnt."

Once upon a time there was a man who, if asked "Vancouver beautiful?" would growl "You can't live on scenery." Asked about the legislature, would reply "Grafters, country going to the dogs." City Council? "Boneheads, a child could make better decisions." Kiwanis? "Waste of time." Underprivileged Child Movement? "Sentimentality." If you murmured "Golden Rule" in connection therewith, he would say "There isn't any Golden Rule in the world; it's everyone for himself."

At length, why or how, there's not time to say, he joined Kiwanis. In Committees he met the very government men he had once vilified and found them gentle, simple, kindly and wise with all.

He met with members of the City Council on such problems as the Civic Research Bureau, etc. He found that these problems were not child's play, but were so difficult, due to contending interests, that they needed a Solomon for judgment, and a Solomon who knew the inside meaning of the "Golden Rule": not tit for tat, not order for an order, but to think of others as we all hope they will think of us when we are in a tight corner, make excuses for apparent errors in others as we make excuses for ourselves.

And then he found in Committee and in the Clubs kindness, cheerfulness, consideration and tolerance.

My once-upon-a-time man took stock, became a changed man, and from some further reading and observation he discovered the very things he had found in Kiwanis—kindness, cheerfulness, consideration, Golden Rule—were held up by the great philosophers, scholars and

statesmen, as the *summum bonum* of human endeavour.

Yes, my once-upon-a-time man learnt in Kiwanis what great statesmen sometime discover, only after ruling kingdoms with the weight of vast responsibility and years of experience. Do you not believe these things do constitute the highest form of education. I will convince you from right within this club. You all know Dean Coleman—do you know he is a Ph. D. (Doctor of Philosophy)? And yet day by day we see him on Committee mixing with Tom, Dick, Harry and Sam, listening to their crude statements, as he is listening to mine today, yet never have we seen him impatient or contemptuous; no, but as now, while listening to my uninformed remarks, wearing that benignant, benevolent smile of tolerance.

Such will Kiwanis do for you.

I met my "once-upon-a-time man" yesterday and asked him "Is it everyone for himself in this world?" "No," he said, "I know well the world would fly asunder in two weeks if such was the case—brother murder brother—all would be wild beasts again." How do you like Vancouver scenery? He replied "Ah, that needs a poet's tongue, but as I have it not, I can only copy Rudyard Kipling:

"God gave to men all Earth to love
But since man's heart is small
Ordained to each one spot should
prove beloved over all.
Each to his choice, but I rejoice the
lot has fallen me
In a fair ground, yea, a fair ground,
Vancouver by the Sea. . . ."

A Curiosity in Communtiy Service

We have said before that not merely an article but a book could be written on the revelations of human nature through experiences with a publication's subscription list. There's the type of self-satisfiedly "smart" businessman who knows no more of British business courtesy than to answer a note mailed to him in a closed envelope by using the phone and through it saying things he would not, in cold reason, write—such as "When I subscribe to the Saturday Evening Post"—Without offense to our brethren of the United States, or belittlement of their most remarkable (untaxed) values in printers' ink, may we remind any B. C. M. readers tempted to reason from that basis that—we are Canadians in Canada, of the British Empire yet.

That's not our present story; the man who is to us something of a curiosity is one who will welcome not merely membership but prominence in a community service club. Kiwanis or other, subscribe without a murmur or word of dissent to the club's periodical—printed and published in **another** country—and then when he is asked to join, or continue connection with, the subscription

list of the COMMUNITY SERVICE MAGAZINE IN HIS OWN HOME CITY OR PROVINCE, will hesitate, delay, or somehow excuse himself from doing so, even though the "Community Service" publishers (as in the case of the B. C. M.), reduce the rate to the minimum one of a dollar a year, which, literally does little more than pay for the mailing and handling of any periodical.

Vancouver Kiwanis Club Outlook for 1926



By George S. Gamble
1926 Vice-president

Scattered sunshine may be bright and pleasantly warm. Still, when we know the heat and power of three feet of concentrated sunshine, how it will melt through steel plate as easily as we burn through paper with a red hot point, then I vision the power within our club if our energies are concentrated for definite service during 1926—a Kiwanis club building a city where the citizens place service above self, practice good fellowship, extending friendship to the underprivileged.