

# The Weapons Of Democracy

By Samuel Rosinger



According to Napoleon, God is on the side of that nation that has the biggest guns. History, in general, and Napoleon's fate, in particular, categorically refutes this statement. As long as Napoleon was inspired by true patriotism, as long as he fought the battles of democracy, his lofty ideal endowed him with a magnetic power, and rendered him invincible. His soldiers idolized him and followed him blindly into the very jaws of death. But when he became intoxicated with success, and used his victories for self-aggrandizement, then his strength commenced to wane and his downfall was inevitable.

History sets the seal of truth upon the diametrically opposed statement of the prophet who declared that 'not by strength shall men prevail'. Physical strength, whether it be engendered by the muscle or by machine, does not sustain a people. The weapons by which the battles of life are fought and won, are spiritual. It is ideals that lend strength to a people, and that surround it with a bullet-proof armor. All the batteries in the world cannot kill the spirit of a people, if that spirit is virile, and represents imperishable ideals. The spirit is beyond the reach of bullet and bayonet.

There are a great many zealous patriarchs who would like to convert our democracy into an armed military camp. They advocate a preparedness that would outdo any country or continent in the triple defense of land, sea and air. Of all competitions, competitive armament among the nations is the worst evil on earth; as, upon the least provocation, it may lead to bloody warfare. A democracy's purpose is to engender a spirit of amity and good will among the nations, and to establish friendly cooperation among the members of the human family.

Rotary, in advocating International peace and good will, is truly expressive of the sustaining spirit of our democracy. And while venal politicians scare the people and coerce the government into putting their trust in the biggest guns, the true children of democracy will continue to uphold the imperishable ideals of peace and harmonious relationship with the nations of the world, upon which America has been founded.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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### SLANTS AT THE MEETING

**B**ACK in the mauve decade transportation was almost synonymous with railroads but in this present scientific period "railroads" are just one phase of this rapidly developing industry and you might say the sluggard of the bunch. Perishable commodities, urgent orders and hurried deliveries are now made over-night in trucks to distant towns and cities of several hundred miles without waiting for the slow, cumbersome details of transportation by the railroads. To say nothing of the almost instantaneous deliveries made by air. Besides mail, passengers and freight is now being transported on water in some instances even faster than by trains. The rail systems of this country must be rejuvenated and a transfusion of "speed" administered to keep pace with progress.

The program last week was in the hands of a few railroad men of this city but outside of a little local, irrelevant data that might prick the pride of few enthusiasts, it was like the old table top . . . "flat."

Dad Sheeks provoked a bit of merriment in reading an old tariff on different commodities between Beaumont and Houston. One item in particular elicited attention, as we are struggling in this hectic flush of alcoholic hysteria. The tariff indicated a charge of \$168.00 per bbl. on whiskey from Houston to Beaumont along about the '64's and \$8.40 per bbl. on flour. Evidence that inequalities in rates existed then. Your Secretary was immediately importuned by a number of members, to use his good offices in securing 512 bbls. of this "flush" fluid at the ridiculously low rate but not a single order for flour . . . too much money for so little "dough", they said.

A little concerted action on the part of this bunch was apparent, i. e., in the mileage of their roads, Santa Fe, 14,000, Mo. Pac. 16,000 and S. P. 17,000. The K.C.S. representative was absent. Maybe due to the lack of mileage or trying to follow the flight of that crow, symbolic of its straightness. Too, the representative of the Duff lines was conspicuously "without" . . . perhaps without time to hitch-

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#### Rotarygrams

hike between a few cotton patches and lumber camps to reach Beaumont for the meeting. We were particularly anxious to get a slant on this latter line, that is, if visibility would permit or physical phenomena not interfere.

You could hardly say the railroad problems add to the "gaiety" of nations"; rather the complexities of life, as they are ever with us like poor relatives and the itch; the tariff question and the prohibition issue. More like the jury system, imperfect but indispensable. They have given to Beaumont what President Hoover has to the Nation . . . a commission (of seven), like the keys to Baldpate) and taxed the ingenuity of her citizens devising detours, tunnels and elevations, concentrations and consolidations.

Unlike Floyd Gibbons condensation intime will have to turn you back to NBC (natural bull clouters) and sign off.—C. E.

#### Rotarygrams ROTARY VISITORS

The following visitors were present at today's Rotary Luncheon:

E. McTappe, Houston, Texas.

H. B. Oxford, Jr. City.

J. O. Davis, Houston, Texas.

F. Z. Zeigler, City.

E. J. Sullivan, New York, N. Y.

H. G. Wenzel, New York, N. Y.

Sam R. Sholars, Bay City, Texas.

W. S. Davenport, New York, N. Y.

Co. Harve Haines, Port Arthur, Texas.

J. L. C. McFaddin, Beaumont, Texas.

H. C. Earle, Beaumont, Texas.

Charles Butler, City.

Beaman Strong, City.

E. A. Blackburn, Houston, Texas.

Roy Spangenberg, Houston, Texas.

Walter Moore, Dallas, Texas.

C. E. Johnson, Kansas City, Mo.

Ed Wise, Houston, Texas.

Gustav J. Gruendler, Sr., St. Louis, Mo.

Walter V. Thomas, Port Arthur, Texas.

C. S. Flanagan, Port Arthur, Texas.

Joe F. Gilbert, Beaumont, Texas.

## The Phelan Anniversary

WE have often heard it is well for an individual to have a secure feeling but we know now it is better for a town to have a Harry Phelan.

Your scribe was one of the four hundred that got mired-up in Oriental plush at Caed Mille Failte last evening. For the benefit of you rice-growing coterie CAED MILLE FAILTE is early Gaelic and not Late Prolific, meaning a thousand welcomes.

Sauntering through the rooms of splendor with our mouth ajar like the open gate that had been nailed back we were told the furniture was of different periods, which accounts for so many steps.

We were informed the host was concerned about some of the furniture being chippendale. We worry about our chipping-off. Then there were pieces that go back to Louis the 14th. Ours would have to go back to Montgomery-Ward the 15th, if not paid for.

Our meanderings led us into the seat of activities, the dining room and kitchen, and off to the starboard about 10 degrees there hove in sight an anniversary cake about the size of a subdivision seeking entrance in the census circle.

Without figuring variations of currents and winds but by dead reckoning we found ourselves in a spacious patio where delectable viands were two-stepping down our gullet to the strains of music and physical man rejoiced.

On out into the beautiful grounds we discovering the sunken gardens all sprayed-up with pulsating fountains like an infected throat with an antiseptic solution.

Becoming docile we were carried to higher levels, into the magnacient ball-room, where the peals from the organ were falling in rhythmic cadencies like those from the hands of a dexterous cook making an onslaught on the potato family.

The best room in the house is the chapel but by the time we arrived our mental mechanism was so over-worked its bearing ceased to be lubricated and that period of quiet meditation and reverence was denied us.

Into that gorgeous music room we went where the walls are of brocaded silk taken from some ancient palace of Austria and where the very room itself would "sooth the savage beast."

Then as we strolled down the marble corridors, making sure that Morpheus had not fouled us with a low punch but still awake we passed on out through the entrance portals into the night air heavily charged with the dust of Eleventh Street and thanked God that we could eat our proverbial "peck" for the privilege of being a guest of the inimitable hosts Mr. and Mrs. Harry Phelan and wishing that the town had a thousand more like them.—C. E.