

## Disciplined Freedom

By Samuel Rosinger

**D**URING his visit to our country, Premier Laval uttered a phrase which ought to be engraved upon the heart of every American, and emblazoned in fiery letters across the skies of our Commonwealth. The French statesman spoke of disciplined freedom. There is no better definition of true and genuine democracy than disciplined freedom.

Democracy is indeed a discipline of the highest type. It demands of every citizen to place the common weal above self interest. It charges him with the responsibility to maintain order not by police force, but by voluntary submission to the law. It requires of him co-operation without coercion, abiding by the rule of the majority, and yet, having due regard for the convictions of the minority. Disciplined freedom means that tolerance and broad-mindedness which accords every one the right to embrace the truth as revealed to him in the light of his conscience. Disciplined freedom means self control and mastery, and not unbridled license and indulgence. Without disciplined freedom democracy cannot endure, but must give way to class conflicts and end either in the dictatorship of capital, or the despotism of labor.

Would, that we possessed the wisdom to realize the noble destiny of America. Would, that we had the insight to understand, that our country receives its distinction not from its vast territory with its inexhaustible natural resources, but from the lofty ideals underlying its government and institutions. Would, that we felt in our heart of hearts, that our purpose is not the attainment of material greatness or mechanical supremacy, but the fulfillment, by our disciplined freedom, of the fervent hopes of the fathers of our country, so aptly expressed in the inspired words of our martyred president, "That a government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

May disciplined freedom be the guiding star of our country, and may it lead this nation to sublime heights of righteousness and nobility.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, Nov. 4, 1931 No. 44

## Check Passes the Buck

"Snorky" Capone, the pudgy gangster, derisively dubbed "Scarface" or affectionately called "The Boss", depending, of course, whether you are on the sidelines or in the huddle, is nothing more than cracked crystal compared to us in eluding service.

Wednesday we received a sudden summons from out of town so we had the office boy swear out a writ of supersedeas, get a change of venue, maintaining our status quo without inflicting abrasions on our e pluribus unum and departed.

We know the program was a little off-side with a few incompleated passes due to our absence but you can't tell from where you sit how you stand anyway.

The Courts try a man for first degree murder and convict him on a breach of etiquette. He is subpoenaed in his back yard with his habeas corpus in suspense while a few of the disciples of Blackstone are trying for a touchdown on his astigmatized assets. His outgo depends on his income and if he can't alibi in "57 varieties" he has no more chance of freedom than a stick of macaroni on a wet day has of being a full fledged flag pole.

The courts are almost as bad as the "curative cliques". A surgeon will operate on you for appendicitis and remove your potential worth. We know a chiropractor who cracked a feller's back to cure his grandfather's disposition. Some of the modern scientists and faith healers with remote control, make you goofy enough to believe your wave length is attuned to a constellation of good health when common sense dictates that your old back is popping with pain like a bunch of fire crackers on the 4th of July.

This is not a diatribe nor an anathema; it's a fulmination to relieve your lazy editor from getting callouses on his index digits beating type to fill space.

Elsewhere in this "shoddy sheet" a substitute has been kind enough to shoot the "slants."

—Check.

## "Attendance is the Price of Membership"

### OFFICERS

JIM EDWARDS ..... President  
CHESTER EASLEY ..... Vice-President  
IRWIN FERAY ..... Secretary  
P. B. DOTY ..... Treasurer

### DIRECTORS

JIM EDWARDS—J. S. Edwards & Co.  
CHESTER EASLEY—Seaport Coal Co.  
IRWIN FERAY—T. H. Mastin & Co.  
SAM ROSINGER—Jewish Congregations.  
MILLARD McMASTER—Petroleum Iron Works Co.  
BARTOW COUSINS—San Jacinto Life Insurance Co.  
KEITH HOTCHKISS—Pipkin & Brulin.  
BARNEY STEINHAGEN—Steinhagen Rice Mill Co.  
PERK BUTLER—American National Bank.  
BEEMAN STRONG—Yount-Lee Oil Co.

### ROTARY VISITORS

The following guests were present at last week's luncheon:

Miss Fay Wilson.  
C. G. Greenlay, Houston.  
Frank K. Gooding, St. Louis.  
R. F. DuBois, City.  
W. L. Stewart, Houston.  
C. L. Sojourner, Houston.  
C. R. Dollinger, City.  
C. F. Gyderson, Houston.  
B. H. Smith, Houston.  
Dr. Frank A. Andrews, City.  
C. G. McGraw, City.  
And all the Fire Chiefs, Fire Marshals, etc.,  
guests of Steve O'Conor.

—Rotarygrams—

## Cotton Week

This is cotton week.

It comes at a time when we have every reason to permit our optimism to express itself. For the traditional monarch of the Southland, King Cotton, shows every sign of recuperating from his long and serious illness.

\* \* \*

He may never be as hale and hearty and absolute a ruler as once he was. As a matter of fact, we don't want him to be. We want the Crown Prince of Industry and the Duke of Dairyland to assume a portion of the royal responsibility. They deserve an opportunity to parade before an admiring throng.

\* \* \*

Peculiarly enough, the ailing King showed his first improvement immediately his subjects despaired of the mail-order prescriptions shipped in from Washington. So soon as our own family physicians took upon themselves the task of curing the King, and pumped a few million bales of congested cotton from the patient's stomach, lo and behold, the King rose from his couch and walked!

## "He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

Now we will celebrate the King's improved condition by decking ourselves out in new cotton shirts and dresses. We should replenish depleted supplies of cotton table cloths, and replace worn-out cotton underwear. We should spend at least a dollar for some form of finished cotton material. It is hoped this proof of our loyalty will give the old King new spirit and new life. That is what Cotton Week is for.

\* \* \*

We may be thankful that Cotton Week came at this time. Had it come a month ago, it would have been royal wake more than a joyous celebration and Thanksgiving.

\* \* \*

## Slants At The Meeting

### POLICE! POLICE!! POLICE!!

—and plenty of Firemen—we did not know whether we were at a Fireman's Ball or a Policeman's Ball. Personally I think the Fireman's Ball would be most preferable, as you could get hot, whereas if you went to the Policeman's Ball you would more than likely get a chain with it.

The part of the picture which showed the wet goods vanishing brought an awful groan from \$\$\$ and H. O., and E. S. Jr. remarked that the noticeable decrease of wet salesmen was fully explained. Big Chief Carl and his committee put on a highly instructive program, and I for one would not undertake the profession of Burglary even if business gets worse, as it would not be long before Chief Carl would be insisting that I become a member of the chain; and chain is rated very low on the stock market just now.

Steve's address was along the Straight and Narrow Path, and we thought possibly that his classification "Criminal Law" would eliminate him from the Program, as the Police Department may use it on him as evidence when he represents a client before Judge Casey.

All done and said the program was good all the way.

—Substitute.