

Individual Responsibility

By Samuel Rosinger

We have been in the throes of one of the severest economic depressions now for over two years. It is a part of human nature to blame for our troubles everybody, save ourselves. Consequently, we have spent a good deal of our time and effort in finding scapegoats on which to unload our sins. We have censured our government, Wall Street, bankers and brokers and multi-millionaires for the slump in which we find ourselves. We also used up a great deal of our limited brain power in advising those whom we hold responsible for our plight, how to pull us out of the dumps. America is the Paradise of patent medicine, and it would take an army of workers to catalogue the panaceas proposed for the cure of the depression. The remainder of our energy we have wasted in weaving the false and futile hope that somehow or other conditions would adjust themselves of their own accord, and that elusive prosperity would return as unexpectedly as it had vanished unawares, and then stocks would again soar into the stratosphere, and real estate boom to the bursting point.

It is high time for the individual citizen to awake from the delusion of his blamelessness, and point the finger of accusation for the depression at himself. It is high time for everybody to stop shifting the responsibility for his troubles upon somebody else, and place the guilt upon his own conscience, where it rightfully belongs.

When Louis Fourteenth made the boastful remark, "The State! That is myself," he arrogated unto himself rights with which he was not invested by any authority, save his autocratic will. But an American citizen is empowered by constitutional rights to claim "The State! That is myself." And, therefore, if the American government is weak and inefficient, if American institutions do not hold up under the strain of a crisis, the fault for such a deplorable state of affairs must be laid at the door of the individual citizen, who elects his government and establishes his institutions. And, whenever the individual citizen will take his franchise seriously, and regard it as the palladium of his liberty and welfare, his government and institutions will be the embodiment of wisdom and strength, and will not only pull him, but keep him out of depressions. Whenever the individual citizen will look upon his ballot as the die which decides his fate, America will be permanently cured of the dreaded disease of depression.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

There are mitigating circumstances—besides the inherent one—why this report might not be accurate, and in the language of Stephen Austin Smith, our imminent barrister, we would say the Round Table was the *causa sine qua non*. BUT, we are afraid to delay this as the New Year's tidal wave might completely engulf us.

This feller Sam as pace-maker for Israel's tribes has proven himself such an entrepreneur and arrayed so much talent we are floundering around like a loose leaf in a wind storm trying to find a landing.

We used all of our digits in computing the represented nations—10—in this international program. In listening to the different contributions by each to this polyglot civilization of ours we were wondering after all if world affairs aren't based on Rotary principles, that we get out of it in proportion to what we put in it.

Prof. Dhossche tackled a difficult job when he attempted to play the national or familiar air of the various countries. And, if some of them sound like we heard 'em we can't blame them for leaving home. After a couple of efforts he gave up completely trying to get the Holland air . . . maybe realizing it was better to try for Holland gin. As for Russia, he simply passed that up and we congratulate him, for the members would have to adopt a five-year plan to be able to understand it. We still think the Marseillaise is the most stirring of all national anthems, if you pardon a personal opinion.

Recognizing our liguistic handicap in portraying to you a picture of the fair representatives . . . Purest English (by permission of Mrs. Lovell), Dog Latin, Cajun Jargon and Depression Stutters.

The folk-dances were in keeping with the international aspect and our terpischorean knowledge prompts us to commend most highly the clever ex-

Sam Rosinger

Algebra of Taxation

There is a Tax Problem in Texas

There will be a tax problem in Texas until taxpayers are convinced their tax dollars are buying one hundred cents worth of good government, and until the total tax bill is recruited equally and indiscriminately from the various interests of the state.

* * *

In a state where justices-of-the-peace may earn two and three times the compensation given the governor and the attorney general, you may expect to find a tax problem. In a state where as many as twenty separate and distinct tax-levying and tax-collecting agencies levy upon and collect from the same people, the economist would be surprised did he not find a full-grown tax problem. In a state where the unit of government—the county—has retained all of the limitations imposed by horse-and-buggy transportation, where three county clerks serve a territory one could serve and where three sets of county commissioners do the work that one could do, it would be surprising indeed did the taxpayers' dollar purchase one hundred cents worth of efficient, economical government.

* * *

The Texas tax problem is a compound problem in that it embodies two separate and distinct "unknown quantities." First is the "X" that represents the minimum amount of money that citizens must contribute to secure a maximum of good government. To solve this equation, it is necessary to weigh the benefits of county consolidation, of city-county consolidation, of the elimination of unnecessary offices and the merging of others, of modernizing procedure and of plugging the holes through which waste and extravagance seep into the machinery politic.

* * *

This done, but not until this is done, it is time to attack the rest of the Texas tax problem. When we have put our government in good working order, we can intelligently attack the problem of how best to raise the money necessary for its operation.

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When the first unknown quantity is found, the tax problem becomes a simple algebraic equation.

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Rotarygrams

hibition of Miss Lugenbuhl in that delightful Hungarian number.

Our weakness for horse tails and cat guts assembled about a Stradivarius urges us to cast our vote for the maestro, young Kaplan, as the outstanding (there goes that abused word) feature of the program.

We repeat that Sam has the knack of grabbing off the premier performers and when he reached out and snatched that fair-haired lad he just about riveted up the pot of good things.

That piece by the Russian composer, Snatchoff-thelidsky, had everything in from the cat's meow to angelic grunts.

Even during the regime of Sam and the Period of Preachers we have not been so regaled by a program.

—Check.

Rotarygrams

Life of Philanthropist Unenviable

Many persons think that if they had a million dollars they would be philanthropists. Perhaps they would, but they should not assume that it would be much fun.

A professional money-raiser says that the life of a rich philanthropist is unenviable. He is besieged by the worthy and unworthy. He is flattered, cajoled, and unmercifully exploited by his artful friends. Since no purse is deep enough to satisfy all, those who do not benefit from his generosity hate him more than they would if he gave to none.

My friend says that the real joy of giving is reserved for the man of modest means. The few dollars he lends to a needy neighbor or a fellow workman, the occasional check he sends to a married daughter, the quarterly gift he mails to his aged mother, and the present he forwards to a maiden aunt—these bring rewards that are denied to the multi-millionaire. The rich man would like to indulge in his emotions and sentiment, but he does not dare. One can be sentimental with ten dollars, but not with ten million dollars.