

Moses Versus Moley

By Samuel Rosinger

The other day I passed by a large cotton field in full bloom. The purple-white, ball-shaped flowers, waving in the breeze, resembled iridescent bubbles floating on a green sea of foliage. The field presented a picture of rare beauty, a diurnal counterpart of the resplendent, star-studded skies of Southland. And while my eyes were feasting on this superb sight, my heart felt a twinge of sharp pain at the thought, that this flourishing field, holding the rich promise of Divine blessing, would soon be deliberately despoiled, at least in part, of its precious fruitage. History records instances of destruction of crops by the ruthlessness of an invading foe, but the perpetration of such vandalism by one's own government, is unparalleled in the annals of man.

It is the height of presumption to pit my puny intellect against the collective wisdom of the mighty brain trust that guides the destinies of this nation, at present. Yet, I cannot help but believe that there must be a wiser way to overcome overproduction than by destroying growing crops. In the Land of Promise, which, even as our own country, was flowing and overflowing with milk and honey, Moses solved overproduction by ordering a complete rest for the soil every seventh year. Restriction of production, and not ruination of the product, was the sensible measure adopted by the Hebrew legislator.

When, but a few years back, the old Farm Board recommended a partial plowing-under of the growing crop, the country shuddered with horror at the suggestion. Now, it seems, that the same proposal that was regarded as a criminal waste, when put forth by the Republican elephant, is considered an act of constructive wisdom, when advocated by the Democratic donkey.

The trouble with our economists is that they still live under the delusion that our country suffers from overproduction. However, not overproduction, but under-consumption lies at the root of the evil, and not wasteful destruction of our resources, but their wise distribution offers the only permanent cure for our protracted illness.

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Japanese Militarist Misrepresented

A reply to those in America who have been hearing in recent months about the so-called domination of Japan by militarists, is voiced by Yosuke Matsuoka, Japanese delegate to the League of Nations last winter, in an article appearing in the July Rotarian Magazine.

"It is a fantasy," says Mr. Matsuoka. "Nothing has been so much misrepresented as the Japanese militarist. The officers of the Japanese army come from all walks of life."

For examples, he points to the minister of war, Araki, who rose from very poor beginnings; and one of the famous military leaders in Japanese modern history, Baron Tanaka, who was of a very poor family of umbrella makers.

"The Japanese people have supported the military in the recent crisis," he continues, "because they firmly believed the nation's existence was at stake. When they were not so convinced—and that happened in the Shantung Affair, the government was unsuccessful in its military endeavors.

"The Japanese people are of intensely independent disposition. They will not be dictated to, by the military or anybody else. If a Japanese feels he is being dictated to, he will fight; that is one reason he was ready to fight the entire world rather than yield at Geneva when he believed he was in the right. On the other hand he will listen to argument and reason, and more often than not is willing to be convinced."—From the Rotarian Magazine.

—R—

MEMBERS MISSING LAST TWO MEETINGS

Hy Blieden, J. T. Booth, A. J. Coburn, C. W. Duperier, Steve King, Jno. F. Pipkin, H. A. Perlstein, T. F. Rothwell, G. P. Williams, Dr. W. G. Wallace, N. A. West.

Ralph Chastain

A feller's chance for writing a biographical sketch in this man's town and getting away with it is just as thin as a slice of ham in a sandwich at a circus and which would blow away if it wasn't anchored down with mustard.

Those monopolists, Sam Rosinger and Dennis McCarthy, hold all the over-riding royalties and underslung privileges. They catch him in the flush of youth and carry him along to dotage of manhood, whether he has pink toes or tooth brush.

Before he attains his majority Dennis has him staggering under hobbies like a drunken sailor under Jamaica rum, and Sam imbues him with so much modesty that he won't undress in front of a mirror.

Now my subject never has hobbies and modesty is just as foreign to him as clean ears are to a school boy.

Ralph Chastain, if you please, WAS born under a lucky star. It wasn't Acturus the stellar lad that started that ray of light forty years ago just in time to kick-off the Century of Progress Fair, but under his big brother, Nunn-Bush with double lasts and arch supporters calculated to relieve men's soles.

As the story goes Ralph was dropped in the corner of a fence by the stork, in the red clay hills of old Georgia, where they put skirts on peaches and bottle their corn.

He spent most of the stone-bruise period in Alabama, along the banks of the Tom Bigby, where "niggers" were thicker than stock gamblers in '28.

Next we find him in Beaumont fitting calves to the pedal extremities of mankind and gratifying the soles of womanhood.

We skip the renaissance period and come down to last year when Ralph threw the lasso over the neck of the program group and proceeded to do a little fancy riding.

He was as "programatic" as a Hollywood star setting her marital song to new music and as efficient as the time-locks on Press Doty's old safes.

We want to present to him the scott-tissued ice bag and wish him more luck than green grass in a goose. He has done about the neatest piece of juggling in human emotions we know of, in keeping the discontented placated and the contented agitated.

—Check.

Cut the Wage Lag

Maybe it's the inflation, maybe it's because so many shelves have been so long empty, but the fact is that throughout the United States there is a quickening of industry. The stock market shows it; so do reports released by official Washington. Concomitant with this development, there is an increase in prices for commodities. However, if history repeats itself, wages will lag.

This is not desirable. It is not sound, economically. If the machine age has taught us anything, it is that the success of mass production is contingent on buying by the masses. Money must be placed in the hands of the people before they can spend it for goods to turn over the merchant's inventories, to busy the jobber, to keep the manufacturer's wheels turning, to make a demand for raw materials. Hasty and unwarranted increases in wages are, of course, as illogical now as indiscriminate salary slashing was a year ago, but surely there is a point in reducing the lag of wages in an upward trending market that no employer should overlook.—From the Rotarian Magazine.

—R—

Why Bother?

(An Editorial from the Rotarian Magazine)

Why bother about the other fellow? If he is having a tough time of it in business and his personal affairs are out of joint, isn't that his concern, not mine? If he is flat on his back in the hospital, why should I visit him? If local politics reek with corruption, well, isn't that just politics anyway? If there's crookedness and double-dealing in my line of business, why should I trouble myself so long as it doesn't hurt me?

Maybe this isn't the answer, but it comes to mind. Some Hindu, whose name has long been forgotten, first stated it. Generations have repeated it so often that it has taken its place among the proverbs of the East. It is:

"Help thy brother's boat across and lo! thine own has reached the shore."

—R—

"Brother Jones," said the deacon, "can't you-all donate to the fund for fencin' in the cullud cemetery?"

"I donno as I can," replied Brother Jones.

"I don' see no use in a fence 'round a cemetery. You see—dem what's in dere can't get out, and dem what's out sho' doan wanta get in."