

We Do Our Part

By Samuel Rosinger

I hate slogans. Even as patriotism often serves as a cloak for cowards, so slogans afford easy subterfuges for slackers. I am sick at heart when I think of the tragic anti-climax in which America's high-sounding war slogan "To make the world safe for democracy", ended. Judging by conditions abroad as well as at home, our sacrifice of men and money has helped to make the world not safe for democracy, but dictatorship. I am distressed to death when I think of the state socialism that is being grafted upon the tree of life of American democracy, be it even as a measure of emergency only. After more than a century and a half of intense training in the principles of democracy, what a reflection it is on this nation to deliberately surrender its inalienable right of self-government, and supinely submit to a dictatorial regulation of the most drastic kind.

But, unfortunately, inordinate greed and selfishness headed us toward the rocks of chaos rather than the haven of co-operation, and, but for governmental interference, our ship of state would have been wrecked on the reefs of our rapacious individualism. Yet, even now, when we are driven like slaves by force to co-operative effort, we still use all our ingenuity for evasion and circumvention. We shriek vociferously "we do our part," yet our practice is at variance with our profession. Read what Time, one of our most reliable news weeklies, has to say on the hypocrisy hiding under the slogan "We do our part."

"There was other evidence last week that business, kindly as it felt towards the Administration's recovery efforts, loud as it was in declaring so, inevitably had other interests at heart. Hardly a business man in the whole U. S. but has taken forehanded measures tending to nullify the recovery program temporarily: has bought supplies or manufactured goods for future use before the new codes and higher prices go into effect. Obvious result is to lessen the amount of employment that will be available after wages are raised, hours shortened."

"We do our part." We rather do it, and do it not reluctantly and superficially, but sincerely and conscientiously. Otherwise we will sound the death knell of democracy, and business will be regulated by a bureaucracy that will put us on rations and provide us, even as Stalin does his bewhiskered Bolsheviks, with food cards. Let us do our part not only to help the recovery of business, but the recovery of our manhood and the recovery of our sense of liberty, that will constrain us to govern ourselves not by authority imposed from without, but by the light of our reason and the dictates of our conscience. Let the slogan "We do our part" be engraved not on posters, but on our hearts and minds.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



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Slants on T & T (This and That)

First one thing and then two is what makes plural endings tho it may be singular.

It's seldom this corner is tossed a bouquet but this one leaves us as fragrant as a sacheted poodle in a dowager's lap . . . Quote . . . "Your comment on brother Mayhew's address was so good, I mailed him my copy of Rotarygram. Now that is real service, if you ask me? Hubert". We are wondering if the gentleman will flinch or faint.

A short time since Ben Woodhead announced the approach of an able speaker. Ben was so much better than the gentleman we are still ha-haing pass our wrist watch.

Hard on this catastrophe Pres Doty introduced another "able" gentleman and Pres' diction and dialect laid him lower than a snake's belly on the grass. And still we turn up our nose at local talent like potato chips on a hot griddle.

Last week's Rotarygram contained an article by Sam Rosinger entitled "True Manhood" and in this he turns the searchlight on "temperance" revealing to you a picture that ought to convert even the pharisaical hypocrites as well as the innocuously bumb. Read it again . . . it deserves it.

In my official capacity as dispenser of the NRA insignia, I have just been asked by a beautician 'how long a finger wave ought to be' and the best answer I could give was 'it depended on whether you are going or coming', but the office boy demurs and says it ought to be longer.

—Check.

A Postmaster's Report

Back in 1857, President James Buchanan named Isaiah Johnson postmaster at Summon, Illinois, with the usual instructions that he was to mail a quarterly report to the President. Not knowing just what was expected of him, Postmaster Johnson sent the following as his first report:

"Mr. James Buchanan, President of the United States:

"Dear Sir—Been required by the instructions of the Post Office to report quarterly, I know heer-with foolfill that pleasin duty by reportin as follows. The harvestin has been going on peerty and most of the nabors have got their cuttin dun. Wheat is hardly a average crop; on rolan land corn is yallerish, and wont turn out more than ten or fifteen bushel to the aker. The health of the community is only tolerable, and cholery has broke out about two and one-half miles from here. There is a powerful awakening on the subject of religion in the falls naborhood, and many souls are bein made to know their sins forgiven. Miss Nancy Smith, a nere nabor, had twins day before yesterday. One of them is supposed to be a seven monther, a poor scraggy thing and won't live half its day.

"This is about awl I have to report the present quarter. Give my respects to Mrs. Buchanan.

Isaiah Johnson."

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Who Has an Odd Job?

The Rotary Club recently made it possible for more than 30 underprivileged youngsters to attend the scout camp at Camp Mitigwa. Money was advanced to take care of their actual expenses. Now these youngsters are anxious to show their appreciation. They are eager to "work out" their debt. So if you want a car washed, your lawn trimmed, your hedge cut or have any sort of odd job about your premises give Walter Gunn, scout leader, a ring and a scout will be on hand, pronto.

—R—

ABSENTEES

Last three meetings:

Roy Kennedy
S. R. Smith
Rube Stuart

Last two meetings:

Ed Gildart
Steve King
Pete McChesney
L. H. Matthis
L. H. Mabry
V. A. Smart

—R—

Woodrow Wilson was once the guest speaker at a women's club meeting in a mid-west city. The president of the club gave a lengthy and flattering introduction which Mr. Wilson acknowledged thus: "Madam President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Last fall I was troubled with dizziness. My physician said it was due to my liver. I now know it was my eminence."

Can You Stand the Steel Test?

If you were to visit the testing department of a certain steel mill, you would see pieces of steel set upon a special kind of platform and repeatedly pounded with a huge weight. This great weight is dropped again and again upon the steel to be tested, and the men in charge can tell the quality of the metal by the way it holds up under the punishment.

The pieces of steel may look perfect upon the outside, but have some hidden flaws inside. If they have, this pounding with the weight will reveal them.

Most of us look pretty good upon the outside, but it takes a real pounding to show what kind of stuff we are made of inside. And we get this pounding in the little troubles that come to us from time to time. If we are sound stuff inside, we stand up under trouble, meet emergencies without flinching. If we have a flaw inside, it shows up when the weight of trouble drops on us.

What kind of steel are you made of?