

## Rotary and Politics

By Samuel Rosinger

I am greatly beholden to my anonymous, though friendly critic, who advises me that I devote this page more to philosophy and less to politics. This admonition indicates that my readers need more instructions in politics than in philosophy, and, inasmuch as it is the dogged habit of perverse human nature to do the opposite of what one is advised, I shall forthright proceed and tell my critic that there is no antithesis between philosophy and politics. Every philosopher has included in his system a plan for the remodelling of the state and the reconstruction of human society upon what he considers an ideal foundation. No, philosophy is not a mere idle speculation about impractical things, but an effort to induce bungling and blundering mankind to cease groping in the dark and use the ray of reason and the light of wisdom in working out his destiny. Had business men applied philosophy to politics, business would not be in the dumps and politics would not have degenerated into a system of spoils.

The primary purpose of a civic club like Rotary ought to be the wresting of politics from the hold of misfits and malfeasants and its commission into the hands of capable and conscientious citizens. Unless Rotary translates its ethics into civic righteousness, it is not worth the paper it is printed on. If Rotary will be as shy of politics as the Victorian age was of sex matters, it is bound to degenerate from a mighty force making for civic betterment, into a farce of boosting and boasting Babbity.

And while speaking of politics, let me warn you against the baneful lure of the nrgelaeTHAR,TH against the baneful lure of the general sales tax. Even as some of the most dreaded diseases are painless in their incipency, and, therefore, the more treacherous, so also the general sales tax, though painless at the beginning, leads in the end to ruinous exploitation. The sales tax is a tax of the poor to whom the penny means more than the dollar to the rich. The indispensable necessities of life into which the poor man's wages go, must remain tax-free. This is the elemental requirement of Divine justice.

# ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

Vol. X Beaumont, Texas, Jan. 9, 1935 No. 27

### *Slants at the Meeting*

You wouldn't think Tom Murphy, a man of so much "dough", was juggling the truth when he said the program was arranged between 8:30 and 11:30 Wednesday morning in time for the luncheon.

While we can't condone the practice of procrastination we can congratulate Tom on the rapid denouement of such a program.

As the president suggested maybe it was a better program with Charlie Babcock, the chairman, absent than if he had been "messing" around with it. In this case it seems Time has handicapped him to the point of worthlessness.

Then, too, Charlie is an ardent follower of the pig-skin and trying to get his "pie-grapplers" in the Sugar Bowl down in old New Orleans would militate against anybody.

Anyway, the program was abbreviated, syncopated and dehydrated as Fuzzy Roane would like it. He says it gives a man chance for relaxation and opportunity to think of other things . . . such as selling a Chevrolet or trading trucks during an interval between fishing and hunting.

A retrospect at the past and a squint at the future, handled by a couple of Eugene McDonald's proteges, impersonating Pee Dee Renfro and Judge Strong.

George Camp's resume of the year 1934 was in a little more concrete form and something you can tie to; but Joe Sullivan seemed to get the acclaim with his prophecies of 1935.

Of course, there has been a lot of guys looking into glasses lately and lying like dogs (to their wives) without revealing any prophetic signs. This young crystal gazer seemed to have sensed much for Beaumont in 1935.

The boys did well . . . the program short and we got out early, all commendable.

—Check.

## PARDON US

Anent the matter of umbrage taken by a couple of thin-skinned, hypersensitive lads at our comment on the Christmas party.

And did they fly back at us like steel springs and get sorer than festered thumbs?

One attacked us with a frontal charge and the other tried to kick our slats out as he passed out the back door.

They were trying to hang some dirty linen on us but got overboard and were "wetter" than a saturated didy.

One writing under the initials of GHS with his adolescent preamble laid down three premises; all of which were wrong. He would have made more errors but he ran out of premises.

First. He said we should have attended the meeting. We were there but the guy was strutting so he got cock-eyed and couldn't see us.

Second. He said anyone could sense the meeting was going over in a big way. Yes it was . . . a way over with a thud.

Third. He said we should contact 10 or 15 and get reaction . . . What does he think we are; a statistical bureau to ascertain sentiment or holding a plebescite to determine action? We give our own views.

Suggestion: Re-read your Rotarygram.

The other guy parading under the non de plume, "Not Me" while a little more subtle was a little less cruel. In his last spasm he charged Sam and us with eternal monotony in his analogy of the "Hoops & Dumb Bells" number.

We admit our comments are WEAK at times . . . we modulate them to harmonize with the commitments.

An unjust thrust at Rabbi Sam whose "Timely Topics" are as boundless as the universe and as varied as man, written with a facile pen and garlanded with perfect diction, masterpieces of comments on human conduct.

And thus ends the first and final Episodes of Kicks, permitted under special dispensation and killed by privileged ukase. Controversial trivia are taboo.—Ed.

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## *In the Limelight in the Broadcast*

Stand by "while thousands cheer" for

Ray Gill and Charlie Weinbaum

the lads who put Fun & Facts in the W S M, National Life, salutation program last Wednesday night, from Nashville, Tenn? A fine gesture of friendship and a manifestation of deep interest in Beaumont's future and port.

Besides quips and data furnished by Charlie and Ray, a beautiful program of music had been arranged which was interspersed between bon mots and tonnage figures.

The manager of station W S M being our own Fred Stone's brother gave an added and personal touch to the program.

Again, hats off, to these two live Beaumonters.

—R—

## *How's Your Bridge?*

Saturday, January 12th, 1935, is test-day. You are either just a kibitzer ducking the issue; or you are a loyal citizen ready to support the men who have patiently and arduously worked to correct a bad situation in this county.

As a tax increaser the BRIDGE is practically nil; as a benefit to transportation an established fact; and as a healer of open wounds a godsend.

Don't squat on your lazy haunchies in an air of indifference and phlegmatic resentment and fail to go to the polls to VOTE. This is a vital question and the solution rests with you.

Jefferson County is no better than its citizens and the citizens will never rise above their efforts. Do your duty and vote Saturday for the BRIDGE.