

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

California has disgraced herself by the unconscionable crime of lynching. The mob that perpetrates such an act of violence is a greater menace to orderly society than the criminal against whom it's unbridled fury is directed. The governor of the state has condemned this outrage to the majesty of the law, in strong terms. Yet, unless he proves the sincerity of his words by a vigorous prosecution and punishment of the mobsters, his censure is merely hypocritical mouthing. Not until mobocracy is stamped out in the land, shall we have the right to be counted in the ranks of civilized nations.

As my wondering eyes gaze with a feeling akin to awe upon the boundless expanse of the Pacific, the thought comes to me that America's future will, probably be as closely bound up with this ocean, as its past was intimately linked with the Atlantic. Europe is strangling itself by the fumes of the relentless hatred which the deadly jealousy among its contentious peoples generates. Another war, which seems to be inevitable, will spell the final doom of Europe as the predominant continent, and civilization will return to the Orient, its original source. Therefore, it is just a question of time before our Asiatic policy will have to undergo a reversal, and instead of regarding the Orientals as our inferiors and treating them with contempt, we will look upon them as our honest neighbors and cater to them as our good customers. I am convinced, had we loaned Japan, China or even Mongolia ten billion dollars, they would have put forth every effort to pay us and not resorted to filching a la France and England who in their conceit regard themselves as the upper crust of civilized humanity. At any rate, the airplane, unless it be employed chiefly to hurl death-dealing bombs from the skies upon hapless humanity, is bound to bring the nations of the earth closer together, and eradicate primitive race-prejudices which constitute, at present, such a prolific source of strife and discord.

In rock-ribbed republican San Francisco the howl of the rich against the President's "raw deal" makes the welkin ring. I have always pitied the poor rich. Whenever I hear a plutocrat groan under the excessive weight of worldly goods he carries upon his bent back, I am always seized by a sympathetic urge to rush to his relief and put a part of his load upon my unencumbered shoulders. Wealth means worry under the most ideal conditions. It is generally conceded, it takes greater effort to conserve wealth than to create it. The shiftless, the indolent, the ne'er-do-well that comprise the major portion of mankind regard the rich as a bandwagon upon which everybody is entitled to a free ride. There is the noisome tribe of poor relations to pester them, the retinue of menials to rob them, the troop of charity mongers to despoil them. City, state and federal governments bleed them by confiscatory taxation, yet they have to maintain their own special guards to keep them safe from racketeers and snatchers. They are the ready targets for the poisoned arrows of socialists, communists, liberals and the whole discontented rabble that neither toils nor spins yet lusts to loll in the lap of luxury. Heretofore they could confidently turn to Washington for protection against all the predatory parasites that attacked them. But since Washington has become Moscow and Roosevelt changed into Stalin, who shall shield the rich from the pack of ravenous wolves that snarl and snatch at their heels? Brother, if you have a sympathetic tear to spare, shed it for the poor, poor rich.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

Vol. XI Beaumont, Texas, Aug. 14, 1935 No. 6

Slants at the Meeting

The five members of the oleaginous quartette, the Mobiloile harmonizers, kinder struck a responsive note in the old club, judging from the applause.

Maybe it was the tunes that reacted on the memory of the decrepit members that provoke the intense plaudits.

Personally we have always felt a bit of chagrin for the human race when we saw a big stalwart feller singing tenor in a quartet, and we have cajoled ourselves into the belief such a calamitous situation only came about in a moment of abstraction.

Once more the acoustic deficiencies of the ROWS RUM were starkly thrust upon us when our guest speaker could not be heard in the remote reaches of the chamber.

Mr. Jones, of the Kellogg Co. possesses the rare quality of depicting a scene, relating a story or revivifying an experience that holds his audience, and many expressions of regret could be heard over the loss of audibility.

How's that? We didn't hear you.

Check.

—R—

Attention

Under the sponsorship of Rotary International John W. Inzer will address this club next Wednesday, August 14th, on **The Orient**.

This is always an interesting subject and the fact R. I. fosters the address is ample assurance of its high quality.

The recent flare-up of the Nipponese temper over the caricature of its Supreme and Divine Ruler ought to afford the speaker opportunity to reveal something of this mystifying people and their intense nationalism.

We anticipate an enjoyable discussion. Be on hand.

Pediatrics

OR THE HYGIENIC CARE OF CHILDREN

Fifty years ago a great medical authority was asked to write a text book on "Diseases of Children." He replied that the subject had been exhausted and any other text would be superfluous.

If that doctor were living today he would probably be the first to laugh at his own statement. If that had been true the mortality rate from diphtheria would still be 65 per cent and higher. The erroneous belief would still exist that children seldom have tuberculosis and tuberculosis would still head the list as "captain of the men of death." If his statement had been true the huge toll of infant life which formerly occurred every summer would still be considered as the high price demanded by "teething trouble" and would be meekly and piously accepted as an act of providence.

Allowable space would forbid the briefest listing of the nothing less than miracles of medical science which have occurred in fifty years as applied to children alone. Also it must not be forgotten that the specialty known as "Pediatrics" did not exist fifty years ago. In these days when the child specialist is accepted as a matter of course, it is hard to conceive that Columbus required no more daring to sail due west into the vast unknown than was required by the pioneers of Pediatrics in pushing a new idea over the uncharted seas of professional and lay ignorance and prejudice.

The original meaning of the word "pediatrics" is "to stand by a child", implying the treatment of a sick child. Nowadays, not only does the sick child have better treatment than formerly but Pediatrics has taken on an added meaning in that the well child is given preventative treatment and a chance to show the very best development possible. In the final analysis, the chief function of the Pediatricist is to build a race.

Walter D. Brown.

—R—

Tom Reed

We have just received information from our delegate at large to the French Court, Tom Reed. Tom is another one of those curiosity took advantage of and betrayed into buying a ticket on that old sloop NORMANDIE.

We are advised that not only the hoi polloi of christendom but the polygot masses of this mundane sphere were congesting all space from steerage to hurricane decks.

Could you visualize a wash-day aboard this craft with all the varied hues and shapes of intimates unfurled in the salt-tang of North Atlantic breezes? Wouldn't the kaleidoscopic spectacle inspire com-

ment; provoke sympathy and excite merriment? The rainbow would look like a drab, bizarre sight compared to this picture.

France is a republic with a phobia for royalty and there are more dukes, duckesses and no-counts parading under the opprobrium of "blue-blood" than there are boll weevils in a devastated cotton-patch.

Judging from the tenor of Tom's note he was enjoying this variety of color and class and we are sure the program committee that induces him to reveal his observations will certainly make a hit!
—Ed.

—R—

A Neighbor's Complaint

An anonymous writer in the *Houston Rotary Bulletin*, sobriquet "Ever N. Anon" has registered his disapproval of music during the luncheon period.

We are in closer accord with him than a mustard plaster is with a sore back; but we are happy to say that it has been many moons since the welkin has been cluttered-up with that cacophonous interlude phonetically "dished-up" to us as *Music*, at this Club.

The gentleman is a little less violent in his protestation about those flamboyant abortions thrown at us as symphony orchestras to diffuse dulcet sounds during the 'period of indigestion', than we would be.

This you understand does NOT pertain to the program but during that hiatus from the time you are seated until 'trouble' really begins, or while you are trying to take the cuticle off your neighbor's body or chisel your competitor out of four dollars and a quarter on a shady deal.

Peace at least ought to prevail during the moments of gormandizing when nature needs all the assistance possible in her processes of assimilation, so our sympathy goes out to the brother like a flying tone to a squawking cat in the alley.—Ed.

—R—

POINTED

This epitaph stands above a New England grave:

"Beneath these stones do lie,
Back to back my wife and I!
When last trumpet the air shall fill,
If she gets up I'll lie still."

—R—

ROTARY SOFT BALL

George Adams has been selected as captain to pilot our team pennantward in the last half.

Last Game Result:

Rotary 4 — Reed 3

Games Scheduled:

Rotary v. Stuart Abstract, Thursday August 15th.
Rotary v. Stedman, Monday, August 19th.