

## "Attendance is the Price of Membership"

falls for the quack with his boundless promises, and for the patent medicine with its sure cures.

With all its limitations, the medical profession has performed great miracles. Within the last half century, it has prolonged man's life-expectation by more than a decade. In the field of public health and sanitation, it has conquered the contagions of smallpox, typhoid, yellow-fever and diptheria. And with organized effort and self sacrificing industry, so characteristic of its labors, it is bound to subdue all those stubborn diseases which still take a heavy toll of human life.

The medical profession has, indeed, been an inestimable blessing to society, and it deserves not only the moral support of humanity, but also a generous meed of its gratitude.

—Rotarygrams—

### *Back to the Small Town*

(An editorial from The Rotarian)

That cheerful spokesman of small-town life called the country newspaper has of late been receiving some warm commendation at the hands of Sherwood Anderson, the novelist, words which may be applied with equal pertinency to any business institution which stoutly resists the depersonalizing stamp of the machines.

It will be recalled that about three years ago, Mr. Anderson bought two country weeklies, the Marion (Virginia) Democrat and the Smyth County (Virginia) News, and in association with his son has been having the time of his life as he weaves the wealth of his personality into the fabric of town and countryside.

At the outset of his newspaper career, Mr. Anderson did all of the work himself, even to collecting the advertisements. As he mingled with his fellow-townsmen, he caught their point of view and learned to know their needs. He hung artistic pictures on his office walls and made the newspaper shop a cheery place for groups to congregate. Acting on his suggestion, a lot used as a village "dump" was transformed into a place of greenery and happy recreation. Citizens named the park "Sherwood Park" in token of their appreciation of this stranger who showed them in what favored surroundings they lived and worked.

So successful and invigorating has been his newspaper venture that Mr. Anderson is emboldened to urge talented young men and women to turn their backs on the big cities and to stay by the small towns where their energies and capabilities may have abundant opportunity to flower and develop, and where rewards are not measured in bank balances, but in a genuine joy of friendly associations and full-orbed living.

# ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, May 6, 1931 No. 18

### *Slants at the Meeting*

THE program well merited every member's presence last week. It was of a triplex nature . . . appealing to the intellectual, epicurean and the curious

The Intelligentsia, of course, revelled in that splendid exploitation of social thought pertaining to Motion Pictures. Sam just naturally has a knack of grabbing off the fair haired linguistic chaps. It seems those Jewish priests that come from Austin are endowed with a Domosthenic versatility that's either due to the minor town or the capital influence. Maybe this rock-ribbed city gives them a good foundation. Boy! they can ride a vocabulary better than Paul Revere ever rode a horse: and what I mean inform the "villagers" of the revolutionary tendencies.

The Epicureans smacked their 'chops' over the delectable cuisine offering, "Chicken a la King" and the food fussers are willing to apologize to Tom (Dick) and Harry, the committee, for any opprobrious indictment hereto or hereafter—provided they keep it up . . . the standard.

The Curious were regaled (?) with the announcement of new officers:

Jovial Jim, the boy with the queer mug or old "funny face" they call him in song, will sit upon the throne of "noise" for the ensuing year. We predict that platitudinous piffle of his is going to react on you like a soothing salve.

Then there's that second officer "Check" and in this fast moving modernistic time he feels honored to be your "latest Vice" and hopes to prove worthy of the crime. He admits tho, that if "Silence is golden" he's just a low grade of ore.

Next we have the old dependable SEC, the lad who gives you that glad grin, Irwin.

Then comes the veteran Treasurer, whose stability makes the Rock of Gibraltar look like a cone of cream . . . the redoubtable PRES.

In the light of recent events it looks like this "Sheet" to remain upright has got to get a downright copyright to protect itself from plagiarism.

—Check.

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MILLARD W. McMASTER ..... Vice-President  
PRESTON B. DOTY ..... Treasurer  
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ED STEDMAN, JR.—Stedman Fruit Co.  
CARL S. DICKENS—Magnolia Petroleum Co.  
IRWIN J. FERAY—T. H. Mastin & Co.

ROTARY VISITORS

The following visitors were present at last week's meeting:

J. E. Gonzales, Port Arthur.  
J. Russ Wait, Houston.  
K. V. Goodloe, Galveston.  
Bob Sealey, Galveston.  
L. F. Burdett, Lynn, Mass.  
W. S. Streater, Lake Charles, La.  
W. E. Sampson, Houston.  
J. E. Miller, Dallas.  
T. B. Reed, Houston.  
Carl Markley, City.  
J. Swift, Galveston.  
W. O. Monroe, Houston.  
G. P. Sampson, Houston.  
J. P. Thomas, City.  
Walter Bell, Houston.  
J. Sharfstein, City.

—Rotarygrams—

## A Sensible Mother's Day

(An editorial from The Rotarian)

Mother's Day, as an institution, is growing up. Time was when this May day was marked throughout the United States by little more than spoken sentiment, often mawkish. Fortunately, that condition is changing.

Perhaps this is due to the disquieting announcement of statisticians that the United States trails twenty countries of the world in practical care for the new mother. It is difficult to fashion eulogiums to motherhood in face of the fact that for every thousand babies given life, six mothers sacrifice theirs, while in The Netherlands the rate is just half of that.

Saving lives of mothers is, we believe, a much nobler way of voicing respect for womanhood than tingling words, no matter how impressively spoken, or lilies and carnations, no matter how fragrant. And organizations that sponsor observance of Mother's Day are increasingly awake to that fact.

## The Medical Profession

By Samuel Rosinger

THE medical profession is a noble, yet a most trying and thankless calling. Next to the ministry, the practice of medicine requires the greatest tact, patience and forbearance with human frailties. People are not too-sweet dispositioned even when hale and hearty; but when sickness upsets their tempers, it takes the hypnotism of a lion-tamer to overcome their crossness and cantankerousness. Yet, were the physician to deal with the patient alone, he could reason with him, and, if not open to reason, could put a quietus on him by the administration of sedatives. But the physician has to deal not only with the patient, but also with his whole family, all his close and distant relatives, a large circle of friends and business associates and a coterie of neighbors, living within the radius of a score of blocks.

Every one of these well-meaning and sympathetic people, offer the patient, gratis, a royal remedy, a sure cure, tried and tested often for generations back, and urges him with the utmost persuasion to take that panacea in preference to the physician's prescription, or, at any rate, supplementary to it. And, if the patient does not recover, or, at least, radically improve in a few days, the same volunteer army of meddlers will insist on an immediate change of doctors, or even on the removal of the patient to some fashionable distant clinic on which wealthy neurotics make as heavy a run as panicstricken depositors on a bank, rumored about to close its doors.

No wonder, the family physician belongs to the extinct species of the medical practitioner. The strain of saving the patient not from the throes of sickness, but from the folly of friends, killed that good old soul. And the surviving species of the medical profession should be extremely grateful to the founders of those cults which forbid the employment of medical aid. For these cults gather in their fold the neurotic fringe of humanity the descent of which upon the medical fraternity would work a havoc in their midst, too-horrible even to contemplate.

But even the normal person, forgetting the limitations of the physician whose efforts depend very largely upon the responsiveness of the patient, expects the physician to be a magician, a miracle-worker, endowed with the power to stay the hand of the Grim Reaper and snatch men from the throes of death. And, since no honest physician can fulfill such an irrational demand, the credulous public