

teems with life. And from the blue bay and graceful gulls my mind turns to our blessed land with its mountains bulging with treasure and valleys dripping with fat, and I bewilderingly ask myself, why shall its sparse population lack food by the millions and wage bitter internecine strife about trifling advantages wrested by brother from brother, when there is more than enough to go around and satisfy all. The more I ponder over the stupidity of the human race and muse over its infantile senselessness and senile helplessness, the more I wish that by some magic spell I would change into a gull and escape forever from man's troubles and misfortunes brought down upon his head by his own pettiness and perverseness.

When the government clipped the coin and slid off the gold standard, the public thought that our money had been debased enough. Little did we dream that the worst was yet to come. The ever hungry maw of the treasury has not filled up on cheap dollars, its voracious appetite craves also carloads of copper. Hence the contemplated coinage of midget money, the mill and the half penny. I recall that only a quarter of a century ago, outside of banks and postoffices, the paltry penny hardly had any circulation in Southland. Proud democrats disdained jingling pennies in their pockets. The nickel was the smallest monetary unit worth handling. And, now, shall we descend to the low ebb of toting in our pockets and rattling in our brains fractions of the dismembered penny? What is Democracy coming to, anyhow? If this monkeying with our monetary system does not come to a speedy stop, absorbing as I do the vile and violent anti-administration stuff, put forth by the Hearstian San Francisco Examiner, I fear that in the next national election my vote will be cast for the most reactionary Republican candidate.

Even as in Southern California there is no rainfall during the summer months, so also in the northern part of the state no drop of rain moistens the earth during the sunniest season of the year. Yet, what a bountiful crop of vegetation and fruit and flowers of the finest quality does human ingenuity and industry produce on this arid, desert-soil. And even in this crowded city no private residence or apartment house, but the frontage of which is profusely adorned with shrubs and courtyard lavishly embellished with plants and flowers, all kept alive by sprinkling and watering. And what amount of money and effort does this city spend on the splendid maintenance of its numerous parks, one of which, the famed Golden Gate Park, covers an area of over a thousand acres. I wish that the denizens of our town would take as much pride and pains in beautifying their premises and parks in the up-keep of which they are so generously assisted by nature, as the ambitious Californians who have to supply the life-giving rain to every blade of grass by their own effort.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary, Phone 932

Vol. XI Beaumont, Texas, Aug. 7, 1935 No. 5

Slants at the Meeting

We dislike to be classed as an irreconcilable or iconoclast and so when we inform you that we rather approved of the tenor of last week's program the declaration will not establish us as an orthodox Rotarian.

Remember we are not in accord with all the ideas advanced by the speaker, but what we mean is that we sanction a little controversial matter injected into the prosaic programs from time to time.

The doctor shot a hyperdynamic load of wisdom at intervals and poulticed up some of the false ideas prevalent about materia medica.

His frankness at times almost penetrated some of the veneer of professional ethics . . . particularly when he admitted that about 65 per cent of the curative power of the doctor was in the confidence imposed by the patient.

Of course, the doctors have had their ups and downs, like the elevator and struggled against the ledger getting more red than black and the pinch of poverty stings them as virulently as it does others.

The practice of therapeutics is not new. It dates back to the dim and distant past. The relief of human suffering is the greatest mission on earth. Modern times have brought new methods and whether you believe in them or not they still exist.

We have the back-crackers, muscle-rubbers, tootwisters, faith-healers and hordes of other quacks and charlatans expounding the virtue of their nostrums and panaceas beguiling suffering humanity into the network of their venal efforts.

Despite the fact we are opposed to some of the treatments and practices of the medical men we are still going to hang our hat up on a dirty rack and try to beguile the time in an antiquated magazine in a musty old office waiting for relief from them.

We maybe as wet as the ocean's bottom but until somebody produces more common sense and scientific knowledge than the medicos we will put-up

with their "intolerable professional ethics" . . . this latter the most absurd and obsolete form of social practice.

"Professional Ethics" prevents a man from asking a doctor what he will charge for an operation, (or rather it gives the doctor the right to evade the question). "Professional ethics" prevents one doctor from exposing a "crook" in their midst. Professional Ethics permits some doctors to perform operations behind closed doors that might not give the cult a savory odor . . . Professional Ethics" but what's the use we are still for them until you get something better.

—Check.

—R—

Prohibition

This caption is the word that throws 'em into nine fits and there isn't one in a thousand that emerges from the battle with a firmer stance or a steadier gait. As the negro says "you is or you aint", and after the argument you are just where you started.

You can discuss, dispute and debate until Hell isn't bigger than a gnat and you couldn't move some of the thick-heads if you had leverage extending to the moon.

On the 24th of August this State will decide whether we are to perpetuate this travesty "PROHIBITION" and have the revenue filtering into the coffers of the boot-leggers, pimps and degenerates or use the God-given sense we have acquired after generations of study and experimentation and cast our vote for regulation and license.

Anybody with half as much intelligence as a cockroach knows there is no moral issue in "prohibition" any more (if ever). This is an economic problem that ought to be settled and settled forever. Nobody but a nit-wit, nincompoop or juggler of figures knows there is any justification for prohibition. We have just as much likker and always will have whether you license it or not.

Why? Because prohibition is essentially foolish and a lot of these loud-mouth, narrow minded half-wits confuse "prohibition" with temperance. We know a lot of God-fearing, church-going people, dubbed "religious" that are the most intemperate individuals on Earth. We have seen them gluttonize and debauch themselves at sister Jones table . . . one of the most violent forms of intemperance and far more harmful than a little likker. They usually shout the loudest.

There are a lot of loose tongued tightwads cavorting around the country shouting "the country is drunk" and preying on the gullible for funds

to support them. It's far better to be drunk than crazy . . . for one is temporary and the other permanent.

—C. A. E.

(The Rotarygram does not foster anybody's opinions. This is just one members'. Let us have your ideas.)

—R—

Rotary Soft Ball

Ending the first half of the soft ball league, Rotary found herself ensconced firmly in second place. Beginning the second half, with five games played, she leads the league with a percentage of 1000. Games won, 5; games lost, 0. The results of these games follows:

Rotary 6 — Reed 3.
Rotary 3 — Metzgers 2.
Rotary 17 — Stuart Abstract 9.
Rotary 3 — Stedman 2.
Rotary 14 — Kiwanis 0.

Probably the "most valuable player" award for the first five games should go to Bryant. In each of the close games, Rotary v. Reed; Rotary v. Metzgers; Rotary v. Stedman, circuit wallops (home runs) by Bryant were the contributing factor that put Rotary in the "games won" column.

The class of play our club is capable of was demonstrated in the last game, when a triple play was perpetrated by our warriors on the hapless Kiwanians.

—R—

Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

While basking on the beach of the blue San Francisco Bay, I watch with rapt attention the graceful flight of a flock of sea gulls that glide over the gleaming mirror of the calm water. And even more than their graceful flight, do I admire their skillful fishing. A swoop and a dip of their sharp yellow beaks into the brine, and some poor fish glides down their greedy gullets. I cannot speak with the authority of an ornithologist, yet, judging by the vibrant vitality of these aquatic birds, they must be blissfully ignorant of the ogre of depression, and, at the price of due effort, all procure ample food from the boundless water that