

## LETTERS TO THE BULLETIN (Originally published June 1965)

Some of the gratifying aspects of editing our local *Bulletin* have been the letters and comments received. They turn up regularly, five or six each month, and they come from doctors, other medical bulletin editors, ministers, businessmen, newspaper people, and a scattering of friends. There have been scribbled notes from as far west as Portland, Oregon, and as far north as New Hampshire, and in the south, from Virginia, South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida. Nearly all have been complimentary and flattering.

Our Muscogee *Bulletin* will never receive one of the national merit awards given annually by the Medical Society Magazine Group as its contents seldom conform to the prescribed and acceptable patterns of county society bulletins. While most of the material published, if a point may be stretched, does have at least a tenuous relationship to the profession of medicine, it has been the *Bulletin's* policy in the last few years to shy away from a straight and exclusive reporting of scientific, medical fact. The physician, more than any other professional individual, is buried, daily, weekly and monthly, under an avalanche of journals and scientific publications. All of these are admirably suited to the task of providing accurate and voluminous medical and scientific information to the profession; much more so than any local, one-horse publication. Unfortunately, most of the articles in our medical journals are conceived and written with a seriousness that is seldom relieved by the occasional lapse into humor or whimsy so characteristic of British medical literature. Especially in the last decade or two, have the pages of our medical journals been filled by the academicians and researchers, all pursuing their own dull interests in an esoteric phraseology stifling in its conformity.

The influence of the dictum, "Publish or perish," on the academic advancement of these prolific medical writers, has only encouraged them to fill more pages with increasingly dismal material. Since our *Bulletin* could perish at any time without affecting the course of medical progress one whit, we have felt no obligation to publish only articles limited to science, medicine or administrative and committee work. In wandering sometimes far afield, into politics, education, reminiscence and fantasy, there is at least a little relief from the tedium of medicine. This, perhaps, is why some of our small number of readers seem to enjoy it and occasionally take the trouble to write and tell us about it.