

An Editor Tells the Truth

Brother Charley Ledwidge digs up the following yarn concerning the marriage of "modern youth," which he credits to a North Carolina editor, who immediately left town following its appearance in cold type:

"Mr. Robert Chetway and Miss Alice Broadkin were married at noon Monday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Broadkin, the Rev. M. L. Gassaway officiating.

"The groom is a popular young bum who hasn't done a lick of work since he got shipped in the middle of his junior year at college. He manages to dress well and keep a supply of spending money because his dad is a soft-hearted old fool who takes up his bad checks instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs.

"The bride is a skinny, fast little idiot, who has been kissed and handled by every boy in town since she was 13 years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarets in secret and drinks mean corn whiskey when she is out joy riding in her dad's car at night. She doesn't know how to cook, sew or keep house.

"The house was newly plastered for the wedding and the exterior newly painted, thus appropriately carrying out the decorative scheme for the groom was newly plastered also and the bride newly painted.

"The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk. His pants were held up by pale green suspenders. His number eight patent leather shoes matched his state of tightness and harmonized nicely with the axle-grease polish of his hair. In addition to his jag, he carried a pocket knife, a bunch of keys, a dun for the ring, and his usual look of imbecility.

"The bride wore some kind of a white thing that left most of her legs sticking out at one end, and her bony upper end sticking out of the other.

"The young people will make their home with the bride's parents—which means they will sponge on the old man until he dies, and then she will take in washings.

"Postscript: This may be the last issue of my paper, but my life ambition has been to write up one wedding and tell the unvarnished truth. Now that it is done, death can have no sting."

—Rotarygrams—

Your TREASURER'S Observation:—

Some pay their dues when due
Some when over due
Some never do
How do you do?

—Ft. Worth Rotagraph.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. X Beaumont, Texas, Feb. 5, 1930 No. 4

Slants at the Meeting

Would you say Dru McMickin is a humorist or a satirist, or both, after pulling the program he did last week?

Old Boreas came down here on an extended stay, this Winter and with that expanding tool of his known as ICE, he ripped every joint, knuckle, nipple, ell and "tee" that he could lay his frigid fingers on. And believe you me, Phillistines, the sanitary plumbers have been digging, dredging and ducking ever since . . . digging into your risibilities; dredging your pocket books; and ducking responsibility. They work on inflated, deflated and belated time. From the time the cock crows until curfew rings the "plumber's friend" is pulling on your resources like the highly charged magnet on metal. His time begins after he does and ends after he does not.

And now comes along Dru with a human plumber. They call him a G-U man. We have G-E and O-G men, too. The G-E man charges you; the G-U man drains you; and the Oh Gee man disgusts you. These human plumbers get pus out of your kidneys; stones out of your bladder; and dough out of you. Your arteries may be hard but you are soft.

Dr. Folsom is a man that knows his "stuff" and handles his subject with consummate skill. He has a pleasing personality and grace of manner that holds his audience. Needless to say that we acquiesce in his views on public health work.—Check.

Private Beat a Star

We have just had two splendid talkers, the last two meetings, but there is something in store for you to anticipate with the keenest delight. And like the negro, after sentence to life, told his friend it was "from here on out" and that's what you are going to hear from us until Private Peat shows up. His lecture will probably be the "piece de resistance" of this administration.

you have copies

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ATTENDANCE RECORD, BEAUMONT ROTARY CLUB

Present 160
Absent 21
Excused 18

Total Membership..... 199
Percentage Present 80.90

ABSENT WITHOUT EXCUSE

J. M. Acker, A. E. Brainard, E. A. Cary, J. C. Clemmons, A. J. Coburn, F. P. Decker, Geo. Hodgson, A. J. Kaulbach, C. B. Holland, Collin Leavens, P. E. McChesney, Morris McGee, Glen Russ, Harry Sutton, S. S. Solinsky, Bill Schnick, Wm. Saenger, L. P. Tullos, Wm. Wahrmund, L. F. Westberg, Tim Whitehurst.

ABSENT WITH EXCUSE

Geo. Adams, Dr. L. Cox, P. B. Doty, E. V. Folsom, Ray Gill, Will Graham, L. B. Herring, W. G. Lovell, M. G. Muse, Curtis Plumly, Joe Rosenthal, N. S. Storter, R. E. Smith, C. S. Shoolroy, W. C. Tyrrell, Tom Walker, J. C. Wilson, W. P. Wallace.

SECRETARY'S SECTION

Rotary has 3270 Clubs.

150,000 Members.

48th District Conference . . . Marshall, Texas,
April 28th-29th.

Beaumont Club leads in Div. B this district . 79.94
(there are no other clubs in this Div.)

Rotary's Silver Jubilee Convention . . . Chicago,
June 23rd-24th.

Your Board of Directors; have

Opened CLASSIFICATION:—

Hospital Supplies—Retailing.

Executive's Special, Fire Insurance.

Education, College.

Accepted RESIGNATIONS:—

J. W. Anderson

Harry Sutton

lected NEW MEMBERS:—

Dr. Claude J. Hammonds,
2nd active to D. W. Davis.

Dennis Glass—Drugs Retailing.

E. Fortier—Mercantile Agency.

Constructive Criticism

By Samuel Rosinger

"Sweet are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." In this saw the wisest of kings endorsed constructive criticism, and condemned cringing flattery. Friendly criticism corrects, fawning flattery corrupts. Criticism is the surgeon's scalpel, which even though it hurts, heals, even though it cuts, yet cures; while adulation is a drug, which stupefies one's judgment and feeds one's conceit, pride and vanity.

The individual or nation that cannot stand criticism is condemned to stagnation, decay and death. Healthy growth and progress is possible only through the corrective measure of fearless criticism. Especially is this true of a democracy, the very foundation of which is the free press, with its prerogative to courageously criticize every citizen from policeman to president. Stifle or suppress criticism, and the rank weed of corruption will choke the precious flower of liberty.

If Rotary is to serve humanity well, it must court a fearless discussion of all problems that pertain to the common weal. It must offer an open forum at which vital issues are considered from different angles, giving proponents and opponents an equal hearing. If Rotary will pursue such a policy, it will be a clearing house of impartial and objective information to its members, and become a powerful educational factor in the life of the community. But if the Club will turn the meetings into second rate vaudeville performances, avoid the discussions of pressing problems under the specious plea of keeping out politics, swim with the current of the majority, discourage the dissenter, and canonize convention, then it will be the breeding place of Babbits, and will evoke not the respect, but the derision, of all right-thinking people.

"Sweet are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." The Menckens and the Lewises, who prick the vanity of Rotary with the shafts of their sharp criticism, do Rotary more good than those members who mouth the high-sounding mottoes of Rotary ideals, but lift no finger for their realization.

Speaking of Errors

In explanation of the frequent errors in this weekly report we wish to say Kelsey Lamb has a helluva printer. Why, that feller doesn't know any more about chirography, etymology and orthography than the writer. He's perhaps like our plumbers in such affluence that he worries about sur-tax and not syntax. Or maybe he has been taking one of those ultra-modern health courses—hundred year or hundred per cent,—and got his parenthesis mixed up with his paralysis. Anyway between the printer and writer you will have to be indulgent. "We" thank you.