

## "Attendance is the Price of Membership"

out many a crook in the roads. For while a winding road is a picturesque sight, yet it is a waste of effort. What the state does for the highway, education does for the road of life. A great deal of our very short life is wasted in aimless motions in travelling on curves and bends established by customs and traditions. One who in this age of aeroplane, still clings to the use of the oxcart trail, be it in business or theology, is sure to be left behind in the march of progress.

—Rotarygrams—

### Not Everyone Can Run A Store

That typical American who, getting some money ahead, "starts a store" in hopes of an easy living, is one of the prime tragedies of the commercial world and is responsible for a large percentage of retail bankruptcies, according to Dr. Julius Klein, U. S. assistant secretary of commerce.

"There is an appalling tendency to regard store-keeping as an easy way of making a living—simply an affair of making pretty piles of goods in windows, and on shelves, tying up neat packages, and extending the 'glad-hand' to customers," Dr. Klein writes in the current "Rotarian Magazine". "Anybody, they think, can tie on a white apron, weigh sugar, count oranges, and make change. But the overwhelming weight of evidence proves that this attitude is tragically mistaken.

"Successful retailing is today a science, even perhaps, a profession. It requires an extensive background of knowledge, an understanding of many complicated problems, a high degree of insight, a capacity for careful study, a specialized proficiency, and skill—all in addition to robust health."

Studies conducted by the U. S. department of commerce show scant economic justification for many stores. Often the location is inept, and chosen without regard to proximity of competitors, the nature of the surroundings, convenience to car-stops, advertising necessities or the numbers, types and destinations of passersby. But most significant of all, is the lack of ability and experience in the personnel.

Competition is vastly over-rated as a source of retail bankruptcies, accounting for but two to seven percent of the failures in American business, according to department of commerce and other statistics.

"The independent retailer can in most cases," Dr. Klein concludes, "withstand competition if he is prepared to meet the principal challenge embodied in that competition—the challenge of efficiency. If his attitude is right, if his approach to the problem is practical and scientific, if he is mentally equipped and temperamentally fitted to introduce methods of rigid efficiency in addition to his advantages of special service, he can weather the storm of competition and come through with colors flying."—From "The Rotarian" Magazine.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



## WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Texas, July 8, 1931 No. 27

### Slants at the Meeting

The following conversation was over-heard in the corridors of the Country Club last Wednesday night:

First Sardine: "Wouldn't you hate to be packed in like this Rotary Party?"

Second Sardine: "Boy, that would cramp my personality."

The proverbial habitat of that piscatorial party would, indeed, look like the "wide open spaces" compared to that congested room. In fact, she ran over a wee bit but that did not detract from the hilarity nor the high quality. The writer firmly believes that if we could ever get some of the delinquents out to these Induction parties the self-forming habit might be established. Of course, they are the losers; but like the old Chinese axiom, "Where ignorance is bliss why crack nuts with a hammer."

We are now imparting the information to you that you have a real president without reflecting on the wonderful coterie that preceded him. He acquitted himself like Twenty Grand at the Kentucky Derby, only at times he was so far out in the lead with that heavy stuff we were a little groggy, hanging on to the rails trying to assimilate his speed. He dug into the lower strata of Rotary just like the Nautilus is going to bore under the North Pole but encountered more warmth than Sir Wilkins will ever find on the sleeping porch of an igloo.

The Kansas City delegates, in flight, hesitated long enough to inform us of the safety, sanity and swiftness of travel by plane. They had a peculiar idiosyncrasy for making border towns. You can guess whether it was for good cheer or good beer they were after.

The trundle-bed orator, George Roark, encountered young America in its virulent form while endeavoring to 'orate'. He slipped us the information publicly that, as far as he was concerned, the Pope would never have to issue an encyclical against birth control unless they put a three quarter inch choker on adolescent lungs. The repercussion from a few Tom Sawyers down on the river banks were

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### Rotarygrams

about as upsetting as a cup of hot coffee on your spinal column.

The "outboard" entertainment suffered due to the inclement weather. The "inside" pastimes were enjoyed, particularly by the prize winners.

Next week starts off with a bang or a slam, we don't know which. Why try to analyze noise? Sam and Jim are in entirely different keys and you will have to adjust your own wave lengths.

—Check.

### Rotarygrams

## WORK and PLAY

(An editorial from "The Rotarian" Magazine)

In a certain English town, hard hit by industrial depression, unemployed men are enjoying sports on a field provided for them by the Rotary Club.

"Scandalous!" says Aunt Granny. "Sakes alive," echoes her sister Grundy, "the idea of encouraging men to play when they should be looking for work!"

But Aunts Granny and Grundy do not understand. When jobs are not to be had, there is a very profound reason why men, idle through no fault of their own, should be given an opportunity to play.

Play provides a release for physical energies, but more important than that, it provides a healthful outlet for those complex intellectual tensions which determine a man's morale. And that is a very important thing.

Beggars and convicts and would-be suicides are persons with a low morale. With self-respect gone, a man either turns against society with a vengeance born of desperation, or he drifts into the easy belief that society owes him a living—a debt he may not be loath to press on the street corner with a tin cup, or in a bank vault with an acetylene torch. In either case he is anti-social.

Men who play may have hard luck, but if they keep on playing, they are going to keep their moral fibre intact longer than the man who mopes and sighs and fidgets.

Tell that to Aunts Granny and Grundy.

## Roadside Philosophy

By Samuel Rosinger

From Beaumont to Amarillo I passed through belts of the three most important staples which Texas produces, namely, rice, cotton and wheat. The emerald fields gave a promise of rich harvest. And, yet, I pitied the poor farmer to whom a plentiful crop is by no means a blessing, inasmuch as his product becomes a drug on the market. Something is radically wrong with our system which penalizes the farmer for supplying the consumer abundantly. The precarious condition of the farmer is strikingly revealed in the godly number of white women and children one sees doing work in the fields. Such a sight is common in backward European and Asiatic countries, but the subjection of women and children to the drudgery of field work, even in times of depression, casts a black shadow upon our much-vaunted American civilization and high standard of living.

The hard times we are going through, are also reflected by the large number of hitch-hikers, who, at every turn of the road, piteously beg for a ride. One does not have to stretch his imagination to realize the discomfort of these wanderers. If the breeze produced by our speeding car strikes us like hot lava, those exposed to the full brunt of the baking sun, must experience the torture of Hades. My heart bleeds for them. Yet were I to give them a lift, my heart might bleed not for, but through them. It is unfortunate, many of them are wolves in sheep's clothing. Yet, it is a pity that the innocent should have to suffer on account of the guilty.

I like the black, or white line that divides the pavement in equal halves, and tells me exactly how much is my part of the road. This arrangement prevents a great many collisions, or close calls, as on a narrow road many drivers lack the proper judgment of equable division with every passing car. The time will come when a line marking the division between mine and thine will run through the human conscience, and thus avert deadly collisions between men and nations, due to lack of proper judgment.

The main highways of Texas still contain long stretches of loose, or rough gravel and dirt roads which are almost impassable after rain. What a pity that a pennywise-and-pound-foolish legislature rejected Gov. Sterling's wise measure of road construction that would have lifted Texas out of the mud, and attracted tourists to use our state, especially in winter, both as a playground as well as a thoroughfare. It seems that with the type of men we send to the halls of the Legislature, it takes the acrobatic demagoguery of Huey P. Long to put any piece of constructive legislature over.

Since the state has taken over the upkeep of the highways, an effort is being made to straighten