

"Attendance is the Price of Membership"

Amusing Criticisms

It is amusing to suggest to critics of business practice that they back up their ideas with money and action.

A certain man loudly proclaimed that "they" were going to put stocks down as soon as "they" have distributed them.

"Why don't you sell short?" he was asked. He made no answer.

Another man complained that the banks of his city were stifling business enterprise by refusing to advance capital for enterprises to new, struggling companies.

"If you had \$100,000 how would you invest it?" he was questioned.

"I'd buy first mortgages," he answered promptly, failing to observe inconsistency between preaching and practice.

A third critic asserted that the play producers in New York were stupid.

"They don't know their own job," he said.

"It's easy to rent a theater," he was told. "Why don't you raise a thousand dollars and show them up?" No answer was forthcoming.

Nothing is perfect, and a lot of practices aren't even good; but the field for competition is wide open. Is the system of distribution bad? By backing their ideas with a little capital, the founders of chain stores have become millionaires. Most of the New York play-producers were once poor men who acted while others talked. An outstanding success in book publishing today is the achievement of two young men who backed their ideas with a little money.

Business men are the most dangerous of all critics. The bankers don't fear those who spout at luncheon tables. But they tremble when a young man puts a new and a good idea into practice and makes it work.

Criticism! The business structure is under piercing scrutiny every day. Not the scrutiny of muck-rakers. That doesn't hurt as much as the scrutiny and criticism of potential competitors who have the courage to say, "That's wrong. I'm going to do it the right way."

Rotarygrams
PRICE CUTTING

Any child can throw a glass of water on the floor, but all the wisest scientists in the world can't pick that water up. Who gets the benefit of price-cutting? Nobody. The man who sells makes no net profit, and the man who buys soon finds himself getting an inferior article. No manufacturer can permanently keep up the standard of his goods if the price is persistently cut. Pretty soon he is compelled to use cheaper materials, and to cut down the wages of his workers.—Herbert N. Casson.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

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On Board The Rotary Ship Albertha

By Samuel Rosinger

According to the by-laws, the administration of our club is entrusted to ten directors. This year, however, the number of the directors who guided the destiny of Beaumont Rotary was eleven. There was an intruder, an interloper, a usurper in our midst, of whom, hard as we have tried, we could not get rid. If we met behind locked doors, he sneaked through the keyhole into our assembly. And, though unelected and uninvited, he dominated our councils. He took all the pep out of us by his gloomy forebodings and calamity-howlings.

By this time the sagacious reader will surmise that the eleventh director was the universal nuisance "Old Man Depression." Before relinquishing our responsible charge, we, the outgoing directors, felt it our bounden duty, to free the incoming administration from the baneful spell of this cursed old chap. Fortunately, one of our directors is a Southern Planter who came to our aid when we were on the point of despair. "Fellows," he whispered in the sotto voce of his "thoughtful service," we will take Old Man Depression for a ride on the good Rotary ship Albertha, and drop him, with a millstone around his neck, in the sea, somewhere beyond the twelve mile limit." The brilliant idea received the unanimous endorsement of all the directors, and consequently last Thursday night the conspiring directors found themselves aboard the Albertha, the guests of its skipper Keith.

Hardly had the bonny craft left the docks, when Old Man Depression started his pessimistic palaver.

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MILLARD McMASTER—Petroleum Iron Works Co.
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KEITH HOTCHKISS—Pipkin & Brulin.
BARNEY STEINHAGEN—Steinhagen Rice Mill Co.
PERK BUTLER—American National Bank.
BEEMAN STRONG—Yount-Lee Oil Co.

—Rotarygrams—

Then, in accordance with prearranged plans, Irving the Cheerful, passed around a trayful of large tea glasses containing some aromatic soft drinks, ornamented with sprigs of mint. Old Man Depression's cup contained a goodly measure of knockout drops, and no sooner had he avidly gulped down the beverage, than he fell into a deep stupor from which he never arose. Barney indicated our arrival at the twelve mile limit by singing, in his inimitable tenor, "Sweet Adeline," and the writer buried the victim with the following eulogy:

"Old Man Depression,
You who lack discretion,
And intrude everywhere
To spread worry and care,
Go you, inopportune,
To the sharks of Neptune.
Hades' shades be your portion's cup,
And may the sea never give you up."

President Jim concluded the impressive funeral by giving three salvos in his booming bass.

To speak in a more serious vein, it would take a Lucullus to describe the feast spread by the host, and a Shelley to do justice to the beauty of the moonlit night, the tenderness of the caressing breeze, and the silver mirror of the water reflecting the starry splendors of the sky. This meeting was a glorious finale of the symphony of service performed by the directors of the club during the year. To the credit of all those present be it said, when the Albertha slipped into her dock at midnight, every one of her passengers negotiated unaided the steep steps leading to terra firma.

Your New Scribe

You fellows advised our past scribe to go West, so he boarded the train for Seattle, and I was put to work without the customary two weeks notice.

I want to inform you that my vocabulary is limited to the English language, sometimes very simple, and that I will not be able to quote phrases or words from ancient Greek, or resurrect words that have been buried two thousand years or more, but I have a proposition to offer you, and will show you where you have the axe on me.

The proposition is this, I will have to write for this page, but you do not have to read it, as you can simply turn over to the next page.

Last Wednesday's meeting was short and sweet, and stopped just in time to save a great many wilted collars. The Theremyn which was played by Mrs. Ben Jackson, was on its misbehavior. Probably becoming cross with our own amplifier, or was jealous because our amplifier sat at the head table, as you know instruments of this kind are very sensitive and timid. In fact it was so timid it cried when Mrs. Jackson tried to play it, but after much coaxing, it was finally induced to play a solo.

The Ambassador from Bayou La Fourche, Joe Landry, is an old story teller, but he always has a new one. Not very long ago I heard him tell a story that he composed and told some twenty years before, but dotted the I's and crossed the T's and darned if he didn't have a brand new story.

—Burt.

—Rotarygrams—

ROTARY VISITORS

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

John L. Henning, Lake Charles, La.
A. J. Kaulbach, City.
Jack Orrick, City.
W. M. Crook, City.
F. W. Wheeler, Dallas.
V. P. Warren, Atlanta, Ga.
John L. Bartlett, City.
B. E. Quinn, City.