

Open Tournament for food-checking Sam would surely have been a Texas-All-State entry according to his reputation.

On September 9th in 1925, Sam married Miss Betty Pinto, a Galveston girl, and could he tell her how to manage her grocery lists! About this time Sam had become the leading light-weight prize fighter in the Galveston territory. During the four or five years he fought all comers, he was never beaten. His retirement came about a year after his marriage when his wife and boss got together and decided the occasional shiner he came up with on Monday mornings was not exactly a help to the selling of plain and fancy groceries.

Plowing this extra energy back into the business, Sam was made Assistant Manager of the Galveston store in 1927. On February 16th, 1931, he was transferred to Beaumont as Manager of the ABC Store at Fannin and Park Sts. where he continued to do better each year. When a vacancy appeared as General Manager of all three Calder-ABC Stores here, it was Sam all the way. He has held this position ever since that time, March, 1935.

Sam lives at 1805 Cartwright Street with his wife and two daughters, Betty Elizabeth, 11, and Mary Louise, 9. Besides his grocery business, Sam is a contender for the City bowling championship and for several years has been the shining light as Soft-Ball Pitcher for the ABCs. (N.B. Snow, let's make it the Rotaries this year!). During hunting season he manages to crack down a bit on squirrels, duck, and deer, especially on C. C. Kelley's ranch. In the above shot of Sam at home, we found that even on Sunday nights Sam is busy digging up new lay-outs for his *strictly fresh* ones.

Sam joined the Club on February 23rd, 1938.

We are glad to have you with us, Sam!


.. Eldo.

● *Rotarygrams* ●

I received a letter from a lad asking me for an easy berth. To this I replied: "You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer or a soldier or a sailor; don't study, don't think. None of these are easy. O, my son, you have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave!"—*Beecher*.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT
WEEKLY BULLETIN



Membership Secretary, Phone 932

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Slants at the Meeting

Beaumont owes a real debt of gratitude to three of the ladies who graced the head table last Wednesday, for it was largely due to the efforts of the organizations respectively headed by them that such a large number of women voters paid poll taxes in our town this year. . . So, to Mrs. Marguerite Dimerling, president of Pilot Club, Mrs. McDuff Burrell, president of Business & Professional Women's Club, and Miss Florence McClusky, president of Altrusa, we make

TODAY:

NO NOON LUNCHEON!

TONIGHT:

SILVER JUBILEE BIRTHDAY
PARTY — 7:30 IN ROSE ROOM

BRING YOUR ROTARY ANNE!

our deepest bow—without taking any credit from Norrie West and the Y.M.B.L. for their fine work.

It is a fine thing for the Civic Clubs of the city to get together every once in a while, with or without excuse, for it certainly shows each of us that his own club does not hold a monopoly of the ability, character, and personality of the town. But we do think the crowd we had here would compare favor-

ably with any similar gathering anywhere in the country.

Kyle Wheelus may have gotten a little bit out of bounds when he invited "every one in the room" to attend Pres Doty's stag party, but it isn't likely anyone misunderstood the invitation. Anyway, Kyle still holds the pinch-hitting championship in our book.

The "reckless introduction" given by our "shock absorber", Fuzzy Rcane, got Chairman Bobbitt off to a good start, and, in a very pleasant manner, in a talk interspersed with much good humor, that gentleman drove home to us all the value of good sense and good will as a means of obtaining good roads. The point of this was obvious even to the "hard shells" among us, as a plea for a united Jefferson County, and at least an implied promise that a combination of good sense and good will on the part of our citizens would get for this section the good roads we need and deserve.

We don't have space enough this week to give a further resume of this fine talk, but will only say that Chairman Bobbitt apparently made a hit with everyone present, and we hope to hear from him again.

. . . Bill.

● Rotarygrams ●

Perhaps a few of us realize the feelings of gratitude with which many of its beneficiaries regard the Student Loan Fund of the Beaumont Rotary Club, and it is fitting, therefore that we reproduce here a letter received from one of our city's fine young professional men, in whose education we are proud to have had a part:

Gentlemen:

Ten years ago you came to my aid financially in such a way that I was helped out of a tight spot in my schooling.

On February 11, 1938, I managed to retire the last of the notes for the monies you advanced to me. I wish to express my sincerest appreciation for your help. I hope that your wonderful organization will carry on in this piece of work to the end that many boys and girls will be given an opportunity for higher education.

The community is fortunate in having such an organization and I sincerely hope that some day, whether or not I am fortunate enough to become a member of the Beaumont Rotary Club, that I may have some funds to place at your disposal.

Yours very truly,



--Eldo

SAM

Samuel Savage — Groceries Retailing

* * *

Born in Bunkie, Louisiana, on the 18th of March in 1905, Sam was the tenth child among the thirteen of Mr. and Mrs. George Savage. Soon after his first birthday celebration Sam moved with his family to Gregory, Texas, where he began his schooling.

Cotton farming was not all it might have been around Gregory when Sam finished the seventh grade and, instead of entering high school, he went to work for a large oil company at a nearby pump station. This proved to be only a short job, however, and the next three years he spent in market-fishing, running a shoe-shine stand, and any other odd job he could scrape up.

When he went to work for Mr. W. H. Williford's ABC Store in Galveston at the age of 15, he had really found a job that he could sink his teeth in. For the first year, Sam spent his days stacking cans and fruits into the vari-colored fancy designs calculated to entice the wandering housewife into buying a bit more than she intended. Soon his habit of getting-the-job-done had him promoted to the stock room and to keeping the shelves and bins fully loaded. Another promotion made him checker by 1925. This job proved to be a natural for Sam and vice-versa, for it was not long until people came in and shopped just to see him whiz through their high stacks of odd groceries. Had there been a National