

## Timely Topics

By Samuel Rosinger

I would advise every man who is fired by a vaulting ambition to attain fame, to read the syndicated pictorial feature "Twenty five years ago today" that appears in our evening paper. Few of the celebrities who basked in the limelight of publicity a quarter of a century ago, have stood the corroding test of time. The halo of popularity surrounding those personalities less than a generation ago, has faded, and names which once one could conjure with, have sunk into obscurity and vanished into oblivion. In truth,

"Our fame is like the Summer flower  
Which blooms and dies in one short hour."

Hence, let life's aim be not the blowing and chasing of the iridescent soap bubble of fame that bursts even while we try to catch it, but deeds of loving kindness which will live and endure long after our names will have died away from the memory of man.

Time and again, readers of this page have been kind enough to compliment this scribbler on his literary effusions, especially if he expressed views that harmonized with their thoughts and sentiments. However, he has a few loyal and devoted readers who not only peruse this page from alpha to omega, but even keep it on file and preserve it as a literary relic. One of these appreciative souls is Rotarian Red Herring. Easter Sunday L. B. Jr. surprised this pen-pushing preacher by an armful of the most glorious red radiance roses which Spring's magic wand has ever produced. A nationally known columnist is advertised by his syndicate as the nation's highest paid writer. Since Easter Sunday I have been contesting this title and I am strutting as the country's highest paid writer. And every time I look at the gorgeous roses, I become more convinced that getting paid a dollar a word is poor compensation compared to the beautiful floral tribute with which I have been rewarded for my literary efforts.

That hitch-hiker who strung himself up on a billboard on the Orange road, weighs on my conscience and clings to my mind. I can somehow place myself in his position: wearing his soles out in walking and numbing his thumb in a vain effort to catch a ride and dragging himself wearily without a spark of hope of getting a job, or even some pick-up work. As long as there are millions who still lack employment, the government had no right to abolish the transient bureaus and camps. As it is, a down-and-outer who is too dignified to beg and too honest to steal, has no other choice but to do away with himself. Human life is still the cheapest commodity in America. Yet, the true criterion of civilization is the tender care and solicitude which society bestows upon the preservation of its most precious asset, to which whole creation is subservient,—human life.

# ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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## Slants at the Meeting

An international Interlude, sponsored by Sam Rosinger, the chairman of that Service.

Sam begins his program with Music . . . . the language of all races, creeds and colors.

The personae dramatis . . . . Harry Gordon, Albert Boyd and Sam Rosinger.

The trilogy, authored by S. Rosinger, seeking to eliminate misunderstanding, hatred and ignorance of other people and their customs and countries through travel.

It's hard to understand the other feller until you know his language, environment, education and condition.

The human race throughout the world reacts to about the same emotions, dependent largely on their education.

Sam's spirit of democracy is perennial and he is free of the racial taint that engenders ill feeling.

The Rotary Club has accepted this effort as conducive to better understanding, good will and international peace.

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We liked Merry Merritt's introduction of guests . . . It varied from the humdrum stereotype of bungling that too frequently assails us.

Sam Solinsky was deceived by the passing of cigars . . . he thought it was a gesture of friendliness from a candidate for president.

Charlie Babcock was much perturbed by the smile employed by Harry Gordon in depicting the hoarding characteristics of the tumble-bug.

We, ourselves, were confused over the serving of motzers and pork-chops simultaneously . . . perhaps one neutralized the other.

Little Jim Edwards—Lum—digression into fiction and story-telling through the "voice of bologn-

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ey” prompted that little carillon ditty, entitled STOP, by the president. If this was part of the Major Bowes twist it was indeed opportune.

These innovations of the younger set breaking the tedium of programs produce a few guffaws and at least add color. We endorse the idea of everybody participating in the meets.

Check.

—R—

## The Rubber Industry

By H. P. Jennings

The manufacture of rubber goods began with the discovery of vulcanization by Charles Goodyear in 1839—indeed, it was made possible by that momentous discovery. By the beginning of the twentieth century it had become a rather considerable industry in such lines as rubberized clothing and footwear, packing, belting, hose, and the like. But its real expansion into a billion dollar business, and its merger as one of the great industries of America, has come only within the last 25 years.

That tremendous expansion largely coincides with the growth of the automotive industry.

Looking back a few years when all tires were built of cross-woven fabric and delivering possibly 5000 miles of service, it is difficult to conceive of the many changes in the construction and manufacture of tires that has been necessary in order to keep pace with the needs of present day motorists.

With safety always of prime consideration, recently a new inner tube has been perfected which is radically different from the conventional type giving absolute protection against blow-outs.

## Special Message from Marshall, Texas

To all of you bugs that like to swat the pill on the greensward the chairman of that Service invites you to be present Sunday afternoon; laying aside your conscientious objections, of course.

They will probably play in the dry-lakes where soil erosion has not set in yet. A nine hole course awaits your best brand of profanity and display of ill-temper.

We just have a sneaking idea that these Marshallites are going to have a bevy of beauteous damsels cavorting around the course as gallery, adequately supplied with that modern contrivance called THERMOS to slack any undue thirst that might develop.

Golf is the game that holds you by its obstinacies.

—R—

#### A WORTHWHILE PROGRAM TODAY

We have been tipped off to the fact an unusual program is in the offering . . . one that appeals particularly to the business man, the civic minded individual and the student of our economic situation.

—R—

## The Conference, May 3, 4, 5

I have never mastered the bazooka, neither am I gifted with the journalistic finesse of Harvey Steinhagen, nor do I have “hot and cold flushes” like my friend, Walter Edgar Winchell. But when the time to go to Marshall for the district conference draws near, I fairly effervesce enthusiasm.

Last year when I went to Lufkin the first of May, I attended my first district conference since I became a member of Rotary. Before that conference was over, I began looking forward to attending the next one, even before the conference city had been selected. The Lufkin club did itself proud last year in the very efficient way in which they took care of both the business and social activities of the conference.

From the very reliable information I have at hand, I know that the Marshall club has really stuck its neck out. The boys up there have arranged a program that is a knockout.

Governor Keith has done a good job in the district the past year and we owe it to him to make his conference the best yet.

ON TO MARSHALL! — SEE YOU THERE!

Spencer Blain, SR.