

Military Highways

By Joe P. Wilson

In the early years of The Lost Decade of The Last Century, the United States had some very unpleasant conversations with the government of Great Britain. The engineering forces of the United States were authorized by Congress to survey and locate two transcontinental military highways.

In compliance with Congressional mandate a route was surveyed, located, and later constructed from New York to San Francisco and designated the Lincoln Highway. The Lincoln Highway was constructed and is maintained as a military highway at the expense of the Federal Government today and will continue to be maintained by it, probably for future generations.

The Second Highway—strictly a military highway—was surveyed, located and designated by the Federal Government, by act of Congress as “The Old Spanish Trail.” The Old Spanish Trail was located and routed from Saint Augustine, Florida to San Diego, California.

This important military highway, paralleling the Gulf Coast and the Mexican Border; a military highway of major importance was never constructed by Federal appropriation.

The Old Spanish Trail ended Federal authority; it has never received any substantial appropriations from the Federal Government. The major cost for this third-class travel way, totally inadequate for military service, passable only for light vehicles, is borne by local taxation by the United States, counties, and municipalities through which it passes from coast to coast.

This military highway, the most important and necessary project before the nation at this hour should receive high consideration by the National representatives as this highway would protect the port cities of the South from whence comes more than 80% of the nation's foreign and coast-wise traffic.

ROTARYGRAMS

OF BEAUMONT



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Slants at the Meeting

Sam Rosinger by way of introducing Father Kirwin told a delightful story, illustrative of the universality of mankind, when he said a rabbi and a priest thrown together on a bitter cold night, on the Western Front, had to share the same cover, and a keen observer remarked next morning it was perhaps the most peaceful time an old and new testament had ever spent under the same cover. It's the writer's opinion that the God-fearing men had temporarily abandoned the moral code and gone under the blanket code.

So that was Columbus day . . . 1492—1933 Four Hundred and forty one years since Christopher looked over the gunwale of that old “tub” Santa Maria and got the first glimpse of this land of Nuts, Nudists and Necromancers.

You can visualize the hardships that Geonese sailor had trekking up to Granada, importuning Madam Queen Izzy to jar aloose from a few shekels to finance the party on that westward jaunt.

We imagine dinero was just about as tight in those days as Sally Rand's underwear is now, and whatever he chiseled out of the queen wouldn't be regarded as easy pickings.

Of course, Colombo had a lot of goofey ideas that sounded just as reasonable to the populace as technocracy does to a modern ditch digger.

The old Navigator told them that by going West he would be going East just as we feel that when we are going South we are going nuts.

It maybe that Columbus brought us a national LEG-acy but Mae West is to be thanked for giving us a community chest.

Long before Christopher started those week-end excursions to this land there was a feller by the name of Lief Ericson scouting the shores but he wasn't a member of the NRA so we just pass him by like a thumb tourist.

That bunch of unemployed he picked up were just about as peaceful as the religious zealots of

High Standards

By Samuel Rosinger

George Clark, one of our cleverest cartoonists, depicted in one of his "Side Glances" sketches, the tragic position of an idealist when confronted with the sordid realities of life. The cartoon pictures a dreamy musician with an expression of helplessness in his looks, at whom his wife darts scowling glances. It bears the legend "We are five months behind with the rent, and you still turn down un-talented pupils."

In every walk of life we find men who have a code of ethics engraved upon the tablets of their hearts that binds them to a high standard of conduct which they will not lower for any consideration on earth. These men have a pattern of perfection before their eyes, which they must follow by an inner urge that is irrepressible. No mercenary motives, no lure of pelf, no pressure of poverty or any other force of circumstances can induce them to deviate from their lofty ideals and compromise with the shoddy or sham, the mediocre and the commonplace. You will find these men among the lowbrows and the highborn, among cobblers and cabinet ministers.

The code which demands of them scrupulous honesty in workmanship or service, has no penalty provision. Its enforcement requires no human authority. No effort whatsoever is made to evade compliance with its most stringent stipulations. Those who live up to this code do not complain of the sacrifices which its observance entails, nor do they denounce competitors who thrive on misrepresentation, deception and other shady practices. They follow the straight and narrow path by heavenly compulsion, even as a loyal soldier obeys the orders of his superior implicitly. Most of these men whom the world regards as eccentrics and extremists, live in poverty and obscurity, and share the fate of many a rare flower that blooms in the desert unseen. A few battle their way to the fore, and attain recognition by the sheer power of their rugged personalities that tower above their environment like lofty mountain peaks rising in the heart of a plain.

These choice souls, who follow the visionary gleam without hope of fee or reward, aye, often in the face of discouragement and persecution even unto death, are to me the most irrefutable evidences of the divinity that dwells in us, and the most conclusive proof that morality is not a man-made convention, but a covenant branded in the human heart by the fire of God. These men are the beacon lights of God on earth, the burning bushes, set flame by the Divine spirit in the wilderness of this world.

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—R—

Jonesboro, Arkansas. They would pray awhile and mutiny a bit.

The greatest debt we are due Columbus is that he never left a posterity like the Mayflower. By actual count there were one hundred twenty seven million great, great grandfathers who came over in the Mayflower. The most prolific people that ever spawned a race.

(The second installment of this historical narrative will be Oct. 12th, 1934).

Remember, Father Kirwin made a beautiful talk and we are not quoting him verbatim but just relating in our off-hand manner a few of the hardships as depicted on that memorable occasion.

—Check.

—R—

Advance Notice

Due to unusual nature of our next two meetings we are breaking a rule and announcing them in advance.

TODAY: Our guest speaker will be no other than Dr. Charlie Green; the big President of the Houston Club. Charlie will give you a real treat.

NOV. 1ST: OFFICIAL visit of our District Governor, Roy E. Smith. He has a message for all. Let's give him a 100% attendance.

—R—

ABSENTEES

Members we have missed since September 20th:

A. J. Coburn
T. R. Murphy
R. W. Pack
V. A. Smart
C. E. Walden