

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



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THE CITY OF PALMS

By Samuel Rosinger

The palm is the most characteristic tree of the tropics and the semi-tropics. When we think of the South, the palm looms up before our mental view. A child knows that a picture of a landscape with a palm in it represents a southern scene. Considering this intimate association of the palm with the south, and the fact that the palm is excelled by no tree in beauty and grace. Wonder why we do not cultivate the plant more largely and systematically, so that our city, even as Jericho of old, would merit the poetic name "the City of Palms."

It is with deep regret that I read of the decision of the Park Superintendent, to replace the palms enframing Wiess Park by other trees. If he would know how many admirers these palms had, he would hesitate in making the change. That square of palms was a veritable showplace for the northern visitors. I observed a good many of the tourists feasting their eyes on those stately trees with ecstatic delight. Far from decreasing and discouraging the cultivation of the palm, let us plant this tree profusely. Let us replace those that died and line every residential street and avenue with the "Queen of trees."

The ancients, with their deep sense of values, evinced a far greater appreciation of the palm than we moderns. They called the palm a "tree of life," and used its branches in religious services. Among the Romans it was a symbol of victory, and was used in martial processions. King Solomon's Temple was profusely decorated with palm leaf designs. The woman judge, Deborah, scorning the artificial thrones of the oriental monarchs with their studded jewels and fantastic carvings, held court under a palm tree.

I wish that some true southerner, who must have an innate and a passionate love for the palm, would institute a movement for its systematic cultivation in our city. The palms that line Broadway were planted through the enterprising spirit of one of our florists. At a small margin of profit carloads of palms could be disposed of in our city. I hope that last year's frost far from diminishing our ardor, will stimulate us to plant more palms until Beaumont will be known far and wide as the "City of Palms."

THAT BOAT TRIP

IT finally came off like a mustard plaster on a sore back, with great relief. There had been so many rumors about this party the membership had begun to surmise the committee was sterile and the prophecy would not be fulfilled.

Incongruous as it may sound the HARRY LEE, the sister of ROBT. LEE, stuck her nose down stream at 7 P. M. with her decks animated by loose chatter and tense emotions for the big event was about to unfold itself.

After that period of abdominal expansion known as killing hunger, things began to take on a terpsichorean aspect and while the orchestra's repertoire was a bit antique adhering to the cadence of the slow waltz that does not fatigue the elder element, the program as a whole was indulged in with a good deal of eclat.

Hull-Daisetta, Liberty and Port Arthur were generously represented with their coterie of Rotarians and-Anns, and a large number of local guests together with about half the membership of Beaumont club, comprised the 500 on board.

It does seem impossible to enthuse the entire club in parties. Some of you "rams" don't even manifest the gregarious habits of mankind. It looks like passivity, lackadaisicalness and diffidence have rendered some of you callous, you don't react to the companionship of man or woman. There was enough pulchritudinous femininity aboard that night to make hot waves of emotions chase up your old spinal column like monkeys up a grape vine. Sparks of passions would have about as much effect on your cardiac region as bits of humor would on a bull calf, and you respond to the duties of fellowship like a dirty tramp does to a clean bath. If some of you would brush the dust out of your optics, and the cotton out of your ears; take the real estate from under your nails, change your underwear and put on a fresh suit and alarm the wife with the startling news you are going to take her on a Rotary party and have a big time, even your children would think more of you despite the fact you are perpetrating the grand lie.

Thank God there's about 60% of this club active and right here I want to pay tribute to this Boat Ride committee, Harry Gordon, Kyle Wheelus, Burt Morrison, Keith Hotchkiss, Ray Gill, Kelsey Lamb, Sol Galewsky and Lil Dimmitt. This was the greatest party ever offered the club for the price—boat ride, dance and meal—three in one for the infinitesimal sum of one buck. Even if you have false teeth, a wooden leg and mal de mer with all your ancestors Scotch and your purse anaemic it's worth the money. This Show Boat is an asset to the city and could be made the medium of many happy parties as well as noonday lunches. All you got to do is bury the grudge, wipe that snarl off your mug, shake your old palsied torso and get on some active committee to help put on an animated, superheated program and experience the tingling sensation of throbbing blood cursing through your veins.—Check.