



YOUR reporter was recently regaled ("lamp" the three R's) by a little pastime called "21 or bust"—a mathematical enigma we say. We are not sure whether the last word in this game is a noun or verb.

Now we have been on a omnibus, and we have seen them all bust; yes, bust-in and bust-out but we have yet to see some one bust-up this game.



We called this a game for lack of a better word. The alienists have not yet classified it.

Goofey Gus and Psychopathic Pete are two of the game's head-knockers.

There are a few prominent features of the game, that stand out like the boom on a dredge boat, or your enemy's faults to a sensitive eye.

A man who has suffered a double fracture of the equipoise is mentally qualified to "sit in".

Anytime you see a bunch hurdled about a table like buzzards around carrion you know this thing "21 or bust" is in play.

After every man receives a card down and one up. You hear some inquisitive guy say "do you want any?" Incidentally if he plays this game long he wont be able to get any). A card is dealt him and he says "just right." Then the next man says "bust" and you don't know whether they are talking about the same thing or not. "Gazooka" is exclaimed, meaning the dealer is about to get something uncomfortable.

This game causes high blood pressure and low vitality. It will make you both nuts and numb. We have seen them stroll in and stagger out.

The intriguing part about is the flexibility of the rules. You ether break 'em or bend 'em. If you "double" and your down card is up you can get an up card down but as a whole you go down instead of up.

You ask what this got to do with the ideal of service. We say everything. Humans might play the game sometime, and these comments are in case of casualties.

Now we know there are other games and like the nations of earth we believe in parity. and this question should be settled with Geneva and not at Geneva and then your Uncle Sam would not have to have his naval probe.

We propose this game to aid in getting an international peace. We think the Dourkubors in Canada, who seem to live a bare life, ought to become apt at it. They can tell about a "bust" without articulate enlightenment.

ROTARYGRAMS OF BEAUMONT



WEEKLY BULLETIN

Membership Secretary Phone 932

Vol. IX Beaumont, Tex., Oct. 2, 1929 No. 39

Slants at the Meeting



THE contingent from Buffalo Bayou where seventeen railroads are corroding in the sea, catfish are suntanned by exposure and gars are taking on amphibian habits for lack of aquatic surroundings, put on the program under the guidance of Uproar Piemental.

President Tim unburdened himself of an enthusiastic exhortation on International Service. He, being the club-host in this country, to a dozen or more over-seas States or Sovereignties, is well qualified to carry out the international aspect of work outlined by Rotary for the year 1929-30.

Bob Jolly's versatility was recognized in song, pianoforte and "orating." Bob made an impassioned plea for closer fellowship and filling of classifications in Rotary clubs.

Uproar Pime slung a few "hot ones" nonchalantly at the multitude but his theme song, while a little off-key dwelt with the "high frequency" of intercity meets. Too, his delicate sense of humor betrayed in the subtle sarcasm employed in his peroration anent his extensive acquaintance in Texas Rotary was highly enjoyed.

The meeting showed the good spirit of old Howston (as they say down in Florida, where the fruit flies, cowpeas and cocoanuts milk) and the program chairman hopes to return the visit soon.

Recently several members of the Club have fallen prey to the poetic must and their offspring has been exhibited in the Rotarygram. Thanks. A little prose from others wouldn't be amiss. We dare you.

—Rotarygrams—

To beintroduced:

Herman A. Philipson, Optometry.

Tom Fenlon, Port Master.

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Rotarygrams

ATTENDANCE RECORD, BEAUMONT

ROTARY CLUB

September 25, 1929

Present	149
Excused	24
Absent	15
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Total Membership.....	188
Percentage Present	79.25
Percentage Present 9-18-29.....	85.63

ABSENT WITHOUT EXCUSE

Geo. T. Adams, Chas. Babcock, J. W. Perry, Ed Cary, J. C. Clemmons, D. M. Hall, Roland Jones, Jr., E. D. Leach, M. G. Muse, R. A. Prather, Curtis Plumly, V. A. Smart, Wm. Saenger, Fred D. Turner, Bernard Way.

ABSENT WITH EXCUSE

Geo. Adsit, A. Babin, Conway Broun, Geo. Brown, Tom Fenlon, Curtis Fuller, W. C. Gilbert, Ed Gildart, Wm. Gusfield, Jack Holtzclaw, Alfred Jones, W. C. Johnson, A. J. Kaulbach, W. H. Longe, Wm. Lawlor, L. Perl, Joe Rosenthal, Ed Stedman, Sr., L. Paul Tullos Ben Woodhead, Jake Westbrook, C. E. Walden, Chas. Weinbaum, W. H. Sutton.

Rotarygrams

MUCHA GRACIOS!

DURING the regime of this Rag of Reason some of the members have been kind enough to indulge in expressions of appreciation of the work done and it is indeed gratifying to the editorial elders. Even you, may get snake-bitten sometime.

We would say with modest blushes and high elation e received two commendatory letters from Ben S. Woodhead and Stuart R. Smith. Coming from these master technicians, boy, we value them. With the humility of the colored boy garnering the crumbs that fall from the white man's table, we hope in a small way to prove ourselves worthy.

Saluting A New Member

BY a little detective work we got hold of the past of Albert H. Boyd's life. His latest important act was joining the Rotary Club.



He is either modest or sensitive about his past and this much information is the result of our sleuth work:

He came to Texas with his father to Alto from New Brunswick, Canada, when he was 8 years old. He graduated at Sam Houston Normal in 1916; engaged with the Cotton Belt Railroad in its agricultural and immigration department for a time and went to the University of Texas, and the war interrupted him and he went over seas and was a noncommissioned officer in trench artillery. Out of the war he was superintendent of public schools at Alto for a time and resumed his course at the University, graduated in law in 1924 and came to Port Arthur. Was assistant City Attorney there and came to his present position with Smith, Crawford & Combs, in May, 1927.

He is a quiet guy but they say he wears well.

Rotarygrams

A Thankless Task

THE staff of this yellow sheet is, indeed, performing a thankless task. Outside of the linotypist and proofreader, it has as few readers in the club as the Bible in Bolshevik Russia. I recall that after the Armistice an enterprising newspaper asked its readers to suggest some exemplary punishment to be meted out to the Kaiser, who was the prime mover in embroiling the world in that wholesale slaughter which goes by the name of the World War. Some pious subscriber suggested the dire penalty of compelling the Kaiser to read and re-read the Bible from kiver to kiver for the remainder of his natural life.

Those fellows who consign this publication to the oblivion of the waste basket without even deeming it worthy of a cursory glance or hasty perusal, ought also to be condemned to read it week after week from alpha to omega.—S. R.

Rotarygrams

THE PROPER USE OF THE "MIKE"

The mike, fellows, has very sensitive ears and therefore it resents all shouting. If you talk into the mike let IT do the loud speaking and not you. If you holler into it it will drown your voice, which will sound like a saxophone played by a donkey. I would suggest that a circle be drawn on the floor to indicate where the speaker should stand, and to instruct the speaker that he should speak in hte natural pitch of his conversational voice.—S. R.