

THE SEABROOK CRAB

**Commemorating
Visit of Houston
Press Club**



FIRST, LAST
AND ONLY
EDITION
OF THIS PAPER



**Largest "Nit"
Circulation
In Texas**

100

VOL. I.

DECEMBER 1, 1912.

No. 1

SEABROOK'S GREETING.

Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, we greet you! Ours is a happy family. After today you will see we speak the truth. We welcome you to Seabrook, which we consider the finest resort in the great State of Texas.

* * *

We are contented because the Almighty has given us advantages over other people inasmuch as we have been endowed with a splendid harbor, the best facilities in the world for regatta purposes, and our picturesque situation is unsurpassed.

* * *

We again greet you because we need you. We want you, through the different agencies with which you are associated, to tell the world about Seabrook. Its praises are worth singing. It is as yet in its swaddling clothes. It is a worthy object for your pen.

* * *

We welcome you because we know you are all good fellows. If it were not so you would not be our guests today. We have provided for you an entertainment which we trust will be to your liking. If there is any feature on our program which does not come up to your expectations, be frank and tell us so. We will remedy it.

* * *

We want you to enjoy yourselves. We want you to throw dull care away. We want you to forget for the nonce that you have a paper coming out on the morrow. We have endeavored to provide for you a program which we trust will be to your liking.

* * *

Seabrook is yours for the day. Take it. Enjoy it, and when you leave us give us a kindly thought. Remember we did our very best to entertain you. We have our knockers, but let the good Lord forgive them on this occasion. Once again we welcome you. Be happy. Let your wives and sweethearts enjoy themselves to the utmost. Let them carry away from Seabrook only kindly remembrances of a kindly and happy people bent on making others happy.

* * *

Again Seabrook says welcome; aye, a thousand welcomes!

JOTTINGS OF OUR TOWN.

We are beginning to do things in Seabrook.

* * *

The three-day regatta which we will hold next July will be an affair of importance. W. H. Bailey, our respected president, is, even at this early date, planning for the celebration. When our genial president takes hold of anything he does so with a determination to make a success of it. We want you newspaper men to give Seabrook all the prominence in the future which, after today, you will be convinced is our due.

* * *

If you hear an unusual noise on your arrival at the Seabrook Sunday, look for it. It is the sound of Bailey's automobile, which once in awhile becomes ostreperous. It's quite harmless, however.

* * *

One of the features of Sunday's program will be the rendition of the beautiful sacred piece entitled "The Palms." This number has been assigned to Postmaster Dick Larrabee.

* * *

The hog question is a live one among us at present. Whether they should be allowed to roam at large or be penned up until killing time is a problem which we are striving to solve. It's a porker of a question.

* * *

While it is invidious to mention names, it has to be admitted that Brother Ledje has done yeoman service in connection with our Press Day. Big Bill Whittridge has been a hard worker, too; but, in fact, all the boys have been enthused over the affair.

* * *

Saturday was cleaning up day at the Club House. All the prominent ones were on hand early in the morning and worked like Trojans. You will be the judges of the success of their efforts.

* * *

When you read the Seabrook fish stories in your papers after this, you will say that the correspondent is not such a liar, after all.

The *a la carte* service at the Club House is proving a big attraction to Houston people. During the past week one hundred visitors partook of meals at the Club House.

* * *

Our very own Frank Anello, who has got over his spell of hook worm, is now as lively as a cricket, and with his fund of experiences in such matters as entertainment was of invaluable help to the committee having the entertainment in hand.

* * *

Have a good time today, and come out and see us occasionally. You will always find a hearty welcome awaiting you, and the latch string at the Club House will be always out.

* * *

Seabrook's best friends are W. S. Cochran, president of the Fish and Game Club, and Joe Fisher, secretary of the same institution. These two gentlemen never tire of singing our praises. We expect you to emulate them after this.

* * *

The ladies on the committee having today's arrangements in hand are deserving of mention. They have gone to much trouble to make the affair a success, and it pleases them to have the entertaining of so many bright minds as belong to the Houston Press Club.

* * *

A telegram was sent to Sir Thomas Lipton, who is in British Columbia at present, inviting him to be present at today's function in Seabrook. As we go to press the following wire came in from the eminent sportsman:

Secretary Seabrook Water Carnival Association, Seabrook, Texas.

Sorry can't be with the newspaper boys of Houston Sunday. Have been reading about Seabrook in the Scotch papers. Particularly anxious to meet Warner and Gillespie. We claim Scotland for both of them. Am endeavoring to arrange matter so that I will have an entry in your regatta next July. Keep me posted as to the aquatic doings in Seabrook.

THOMAS J. LIPTON.

* * *

The Seabrook Fishing Club was not baiting for lobsters or suckers when they invited the Houston Press Club to be their guest. It was the real game variety they were after, and they got a bite.—George Blandone.

* * *

"The pen is mightier than the sword," and it is safe to say that the "quill drivers" of the Houston Press

Club will establish a new record for supremacy when they measure appetites with the "gunmen" at the Seabrook "feed."—F. H. Jones.

* * *

Houston and Seabrook have discovered two clubs that the women's federation has not cornered.—W. B. Ruggles.

* * *

The Houston Press Club is located at Prairie and Fannin. There is a big sign hanging outside. That sign spells welcome to every citizen of Seabrook all the time.—Harry T. Warner, President.

* * *

Seabrook is the sesame to the Houston Press Club for every resident of the finest resort on the Texas Coast.—J. R. Montgomery, Treasurer.

* * *

The Houston Press Club with an ample supply of Southern Select in Seabrook! Houris in paradise with ambrosia, would be the only synonym.—Bud Randolph.

* * *

There may be other towns in Texas than Seabrook and Houston, but they have not yet been discovered by the Houston Press Club.—Jeff McLemore, Editor of State Topics.

* * *

There is a Link between Seabrook and Houston already; especially during the heated term when Seabrook comes into its own.—J. R. Montgomery.

* * *

Trenton has nothing on Seabrook; Woodrow isn't any better looking than W. A.—S. H. Dixon.

* * *

Seabrook is like a chess game in that it has a bishop.—H. L. Millis.

* * *

Seabrook's fame as a resort was assured when it Columbused the Houston Press Club.—Paul Edwards, Vice President.

* * *

Mayor H. Baldwin Rice extends his best wishes to the citizens of Seabrook and is certain that they will have the time of their lives with the Municipal Band. He gave positive instructions that Charlie Lewis, the leader, should eat oysters for both the mayor and himself.

(By Regan.)

"To draw, or not to draw—that is the question. Whether 'tis shrewder to play with the two pair already within our grip or give evidence of an unfilled hand by saying, 'one, please.' The question doth perplex me mightily."—From the Soliloquy of W. Fisk Wamsley.

THE SEABROOK CRAB

Why is Music, and if so, how many/ For expert testimony seek Jefferson McLemore, Dr. S. O. Young or H. Trowbridge Warner.

To the young songbird whose repertoire consist of "Beautiful Lady" and "Billy," we respectfully suggest that he spend at least one second per day increasing it. Variety is the cloves of life around a press club, as elsewhere.

Voice in the distance: "Come on, fellows, spend something more than your time here." Business of Gray scurrying across the room, crown caps being removed from Houston-made brew. Gurgle-gurgle.)

Stewart—"Yes, and if I had that much in front of me you would be certain to be raised."

Ruggles—"Yes, old Mr. More; and if I had a million dollars I'd be a millionaire."

Montgomery (at the telephone talking to a greatly mistaken party)—"Madam, I beg to assure you that the suit was not left with us. Ours may be a press club, but we deal only in roasts."

One of Maurice Wolf's friends request that we ask him what kind of a looking bird is a "Yiddisher Eagle."

* * *

We have always been convinced that Dick Montgomery was made of that "Editor stuff," and are glad to hear that he is going to try himself out, even if he does expect to give his papers away free to get rid of them.

* * *

Some people are born great, others achieve greatness and still others have red hair, which probably accounts for our friends' recent sojourn among the bronze plumaged "Trotters." "I did not use fowl language while in Cuero, but it was all I could do to keep from refusing the usual light and dark meat on Thursday. From soup to nuts, at the "Turkey Trot" we feasted on the "moighty boid," said Wamsley.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE PRESS CLUB.

Harry Warner, managing editor of the Houston Post and president of the Houston Press Club, is Harry Warner always. Despite the fact that he is president of the liveliest press club in the United States, noted for its entertainments. he is approachable at all times. He has always a kind word for the "devil," as he has for his subordinates in the editorial department. In fact, he is a classic. He understands the art of entertaining better than any man whom the "Crab" has ever met. Best of all, however, he is associated with a news-

paper which we in Seabrook, to a man, read religiously every morning. Mr. Warner is a gentleman. Some may call him a rough diamond on account of the hat he wears, but notwithstanding, as Bobbie Burns says, "a man's a man for a' that." Good luck to you, Mr. President of the Houston Press Club.

H. C. Taylor, Chronicle artist, has been found guilty of going to Germany for inspiration and the press for drinks. This is a clear case of inversion. ~~from the~~ ^{from the} should get his beer from Germany and his art from newspapers.

Wilber Wamsley did not come from Salt Lake City. There is evidence that he passed through, however, one day during his youth. For you may break and you may shatter Wilber if you will, but the odor of skirts will cling to him still.

In line with advertising, Maurice Bright visited the infant department of a local store. The young woman in charge said: "Nothing doing much until February." Asked why February, she replied: "I guess June brides."

SEABROOK IN THE OLD WORLD.

The following article from the pen of a citizen of Seabrook appeared in the "Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser," a Scotch paper, in the issue of November 8. It was signed by the writer's *nom de plume* "W. W." (Woodrow Wilson):

Seabrook, Texas, U. S. A.,

October 23, 1912.

It is such a long time since I sent you a letter, Mr. Editor, that I am puzzled to know where my last one was dated from. If I remember aright it was from Valdez, Alaska. Well, from that point to South Texas is a long jump, but here I am. A thousand miles in this great country is neither here nor there. It is such a country of distances that one gets accustomed very readily to speak of a thousand-mile railway trip as one would of a ride from Castle-Douglas to Glasgow. I have been in this great State—the largest in the Union

THE SEABROOK CRAB

—since the beginning of the present year. I have studied the Texan; I have ingratiated myself into his graces; and I have gotten to like him. He is altogether different from the average American one meets up North. Texas is his world. But you can't tell him anything about the North. He pities the Northerner. He feels that the Almighty did wrong in having had people born outside of Texas. He suffers them to come to his land; he may probably sell him a parcel of it, but it takes a long time before he will trust him.

Texas is a country by itself. It was formerly a part of Mexico, but eventually became a republic, and was later annexed by the United States Government.

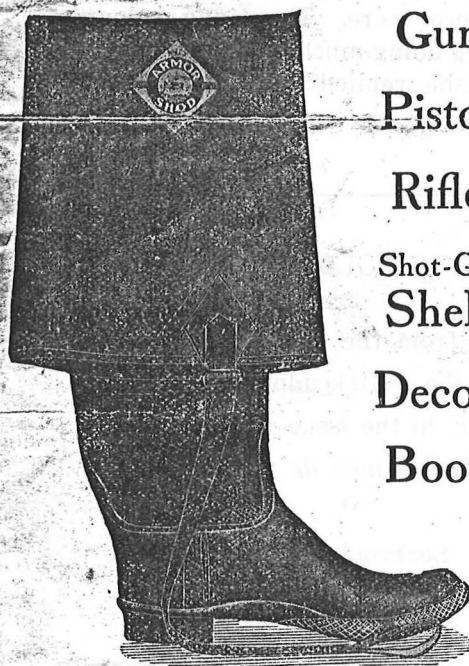
This point from which I write is situated midway between Houston and Galveston, on the Gulf of Mexico. It is the aristocratic watering place of Texas. It is famed for its crabs and fish, and it has a national reputation. An annual regatta was established here this past summer, and next July will see a three days' event, which will be the envy of all America. Your Sir Thomas Lipton has been invited to enter one of his craft, and it is expected will do so. Perhaps nowhere in America is there a finer sailing course than around

Seabrook.

Only yesterday I had the pleasure of meeting a Gillespie, or rather the Gillespie. His name is Charles, and he has kin folks around the Stewartry, although their exact location is unknown to him. "C. B.," as his friends affectionately call him, is managing editor of the Houston Chronicle, a daily paper, whose meteoric success during the ten years it has been in existence is the marvel of the entire South. "Charlie" is Scotch to the backbone. He knows Burns and Scott and Carlyle, and anything of the blend appeals to him. Mr. Gillespie is inclined to think that his forebears came from the Stewartry, and is also of the opinion that some of them were Presbyterian ministers. I can remember of a well-loved minister of Crossmichael of that name and one in Mouswald, Dumfriesshire.

Well, this is a somewhat rambling letter, but in the near future I will do better and will send you something more interesting about this great State of Texas. I get the Advertiser every week, and can assure you that, although it is a long time since I was one of your staff, I read the K. A. with as much avidity as when I was among you.

W. W. THE EDITOR.



Guns
Pistols
Rifles
Shot-Gun
Shells
Decoys
Boots



Grass Suits, Coats, Hats, Caps

\$2.75 for Bering's Paper Decoys.

Weight 4 pounds

C. L. ^A_N^D THEO BERING Inc.
The Big Sporting Goods House

HOUSTON, On Main Street TEXAS

First National Bank

ORGANIZED 1866

Capital Stock . . . \$2,000,000

Surplus \$350,000

Assets \$15,000,000

HOUSTON,

TEXAS