



At Jack Neumann's Ruby Life Master luncheon, he was lauded with [The Ode to Jack Neumann - A Real Bridge True Man](#) by Barbara Harrid and our poet laureate



The Ode to Jack Newmann – A Real Bridge True Man

This is the story of Jumping Jack of his journey to become a bridge aficionado – and these are the facts – Jack.

In the early days, like so many of a certain generation and ideation, Jack played so much bridge in his college dorm, he worried he might come to scholastic harm. Later, he played bridge with his folks and friends and even they wouldn't let him win.

Seeking a challenge, he played bridge with a balance and parry, and a good old friend. Remember Barry? Jack discovered duplicate and the bridge center in 2002, and not long thereafter, Barry came too.

He and Barry were so confusing, not everybody found it amusing. Yet their methods won them points; they were like twins combined at the joints!

And even though Jumping Jack claimed not to know what his partner was bidding; when we looked at the leader board, we all exclaimed, "You've got to be kidding!"

Before the points requirements increased, while corresponding regional venues decreased, Jumping Jack was fortunate enough to play in nearby regionals here in El Paso, Albuquerque, Ruidoso, and Salt Lake City. (And that some of these locals are no longer on schedule – now ain't that a pity!)

Jumping Jack garnered his necessary points playing successively and progressively with Barry, Big Jack Jordan, Beloved Alvis, and Peter Peter (among others).

Now we came around to Jack of Clubs – a position devoid of flowers and bulbs.

Jack doesn't complain; he would never defame, but since 2000 one one (2011) it's not been all fun – and games – very few games – since he must deserve and serve non-playing director and be available for single, partnerless expectors.

Furthermore, he subs for Sun City on numerous occasions when Craigs are off to other locations.

Now the following insert is contributed by our resident poet laureate.

When the opponents have erred, you sometimes need a protector, so, the other day I called "Director, Director, Director!" A phone ringing off the wall causes him to snore, but a cell phone vibrating in a purse in the closet really makes him sore! We all know a lot about Jack And he's not all doom and gloom. For example, everyone in the place, I think, knows he wears Fruit of the Loom! (Not I! I lead the 5th.)

When it comes to being a director, I think he's the best in the club. He never has to look in the rule book 'cause if he doesn't know it, he makes it up!

Now the remaining narration goes back to the original oration – (me!) As to the Jack of Clubs' hosting duties; at guacamole, he's a master! And his brownies are no disaster. But, should that be attributed to Benita? For Jack, there's no one sweeter.

As Jack of Clubs, he's Jack-of-all-trades: maintenance, construction, contracting, purchasing, supplies, security. It's a marvel his head doesn't swell and rotate 360° with impurities!

He politely attends to the coffee tankers, but to all, it's apparent he's no coffee drinker.

Even though to some these duties may appear onerous and ponderous, Jack dispatches them with aplomb (and apples and oranges). He even adds to them assisting Rex, Jay, and CJ with beginners' bridge lessons. Though I must confess – often the teacher digests as much or more than the students.

In spite of this myriad of responsibilities, hindrances and roles, Jack has made a steady march toward his goals. In the intervening years, he's played locally with Pat Handly, Sandy Myers, Evelyn Kennedy, Rex, and Ashok primarily, and with me with infrequent regularity.

The hindrances and obstacles I've already enumerated and opined, but Jack illustrated achieving 500 more points is no lightweight goal. Attaining the rank of Life Master Ruby cannot be achieved by a player who's booby. It takes patience, determination, attendance, luck, and consistency and can only be won by one with tenacity.

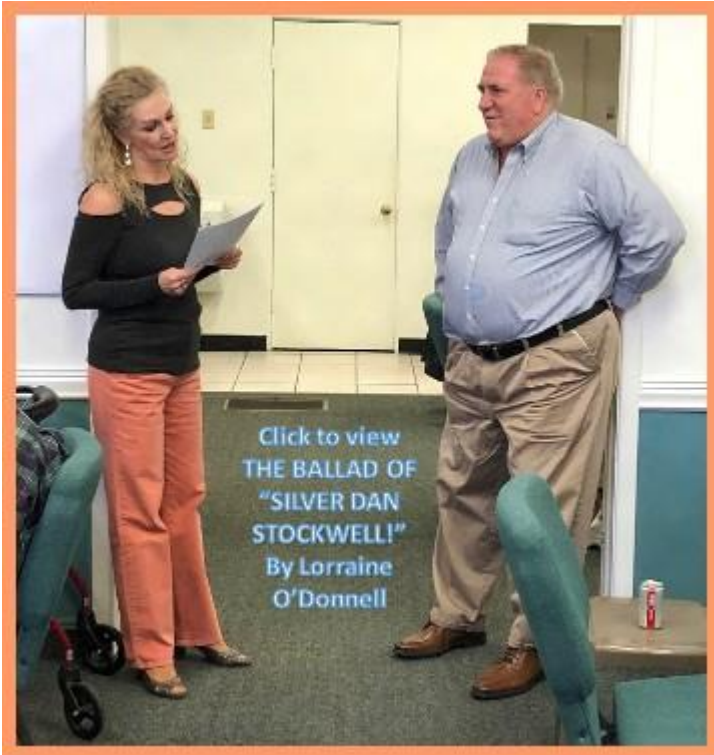
Now back to Jumping Jack. You probably wonder why I call him that. It's because Jack's taken to preempting in the auction and sometimes Jack lacks caution, but mostly his strategy proves wise – more against me than with me (whether as his partner or opponent).

Jack loves his family, his dogs, his sports (even or especially the Miners) and us! Otherwise, why would he make such a fuss?

I called Jack to find out what constitutes a Ruby Life Master. He said, and I quote: "1500 points of specified pigmentation – handsome, witty, and eleemosynary (which he misspelled as elimosnary) but defined as generosity of heart."

Part of his definition is absolutely true. Which part, I leave to you.





THE BALLAD OF “SILVER DAN STOCKWELL!”

I'll tell you all the story
Of a man named Silver Dan!
A fella with over a thousand points—
That guy could really play a hand!

He's something of a legend,
He's travelled near and far,
Yet, it's like he's still in this room!
That's just the way legends are!

He came out West to El Paso,
That's where he made his mark!
But suddenly left for California—
As to why? Well, we're all in the dark

Then one day, he was back again!
It was like he'd never left.
The stories—they were a-flyin'!
But he never said much hisself.

Years later, there came a traveler,
A visitor from another land,
And for a whiskey, he'd talk plenty--
And he claimed to know the Dan!

He said there was no California!
That Silver Dan was Vegas bound!
That he set his sights for the big time;
That he bragged he'd take the town!
Soon Dan found himself at the casino,
He'd been drinkin' pretty hard,
And started boastin' 'bout his thousand
points,
Said no one could beat him at cards!

He talked trash about the locals,
Hell, sober, he'd a never done the same!
But next thing you knew Silver Dan,
Got invited to a high stakes game.

Now poker in Las Vegas—
Well it's a pretty, serious score!
The players keep their pistols packed,
And tensions run high, that's for sure!

Well—weren't never really clear what
happened!
Which in itself, is kinda funny!
But the trouble seemed to start when Dan
said,
“You best lay down your hand, Dummy!”

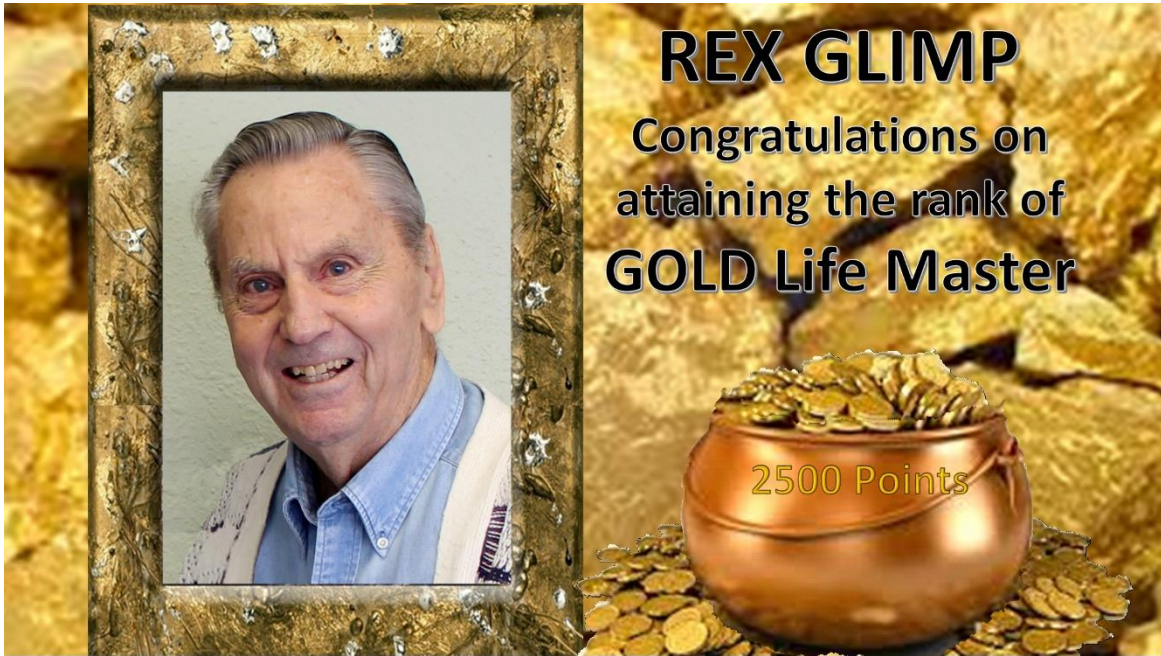
At first it got real quiet,
And then all hell broke loose!
Someone shot the lights out,
And another got a noose!
Someone kicked over the table,
And a switchblade missed him by an inch!
Over the screamin' and yellin' Dan cried:
“I thought we were playing bridge!”

Maybe the story's all wrong!
A tall tale, a myth after all!
But one thing I do know for sure:
He never goes to the Vegas Regional!

But either way, we're glad he's back,
And that he avoided disaster!
Cause Ashok wouldn't be throwin' this
bash,
And he woulda made Diamond Life Master!

Congratulations from all of us, with special
thanks to Ashok Bhakta

Dr. Lorraine O'Donnell
February 2019



GOLDMASTERSAURUS – REX

He plays, undetected, among us;
Not ferocious, nor even bold;
But--in endless search of his victim quest:
His constant hunger for gold!

With strategy he tracks it,
In ways both simple and complex!
And you know that I'm speaking, of course,
Of Goldmastersaurus Rex!

He'll come and sit at your table,
Ever so nice and slow,
And he won't get mad and you won't
feel sad
Even as he lands you a blow!

For he's not just a common bully;
No, this one is nobody's fool!
In fact this species is so gifted,
He's got his own Goldmastersaurus
School!!

But he's ever clever in his guise,
As one of us, just so;
And so deft is he in his human form
That one would never know!

He calls himself just "Rex" for short,
And please don't think me a simp,
But I could not find one appropriate
word,

To rhyme with the last name Glimp!

Oh, there are a few words out there;
And I'll give you just a hint--
But I felt I couldn't use such words
As chimp, or wimp, or pimp!

He used to be an aggie;
Studied animal husbandry I'm told,
But made his fortune in insurance.
Even then he was after the gold!!
He started first with car insurance;
But his clients all felt it a hex
To buy their auto policies
From someone whose first name was
Wrecks!

He used to be married to a Rockette!
And strummed guitar for a while;
And he takes great pride in a job well done,
And he dresses in first class style.

He's got a pretty girlfriend,
But Sis doesn't seem to think he's a
catch;
I'm not sure what the reason is!
Could it be that his shoes don't match?

He started rather late in life
To learn this game of bridge;
But he certainly made up for lost time
And he showed he was a whiz!

A dedicated mentor of others,
He's brought dozens to the game,
And when you think of teaching
excellence,
You'll be thinking of his name!

He serves on the ethics committee,
He doesn't make a big show,
But act like an idiot at the table (as if!)
And he will surely know!

Now, the title of Gold Life Master,
Is about as good as it can get!
And because he's won 2500 points
He's now named among our best.

We're lucky to have him in our club!
We're lucky to call him friend.
We proudly share his accomplishments,
And we know they're not at an end!

Ninety years old and still going strong,
He's a credit to his sex!
But don't ever let your guard down,
Around Goldmastersaurus Rex!

CONGRATULATIONS, MY FRIEND!
Dr. Lorraine O'Donnell
October 2018



Bob Craig Emerald Life Master and Barbara Crews Life Master



Celebrating Two BCs

[Click here to read
Lorraine's terrific poem](#)

B.C. DAY

Today we gather together,
Not just simply to play,
But to celebrate the little-known fact,
That today is BC Day!

Well aren't we here at the B.C.
And having us a few laughs?
Honoring Ms. BC and Mr. BC?
Well, isn't that just a fact!

Now I've been asked to write some
poems,
And I've written more than a few;
But I've never been asked to write a verse
For an honoree who was really two!

But I jumped right in and did it!
I tried with all my might!
And I'll start by saying they're different,
But the BCs are also alike!

They both love this game we play,
And they work very hard for us!
They both like to do things well,
And they both don't like a big fuss!
They both are married to partners
Who like to play bridge as well.
So, they both know what it's truly like
To be on the quiet side of hell!

Barbara Crews as a new life master,
And Bob Craig of Emerald Green,
Both owe some of their success
To the very same person: Me!

I helped Barbara win gold points;
The first and last few! 'Twas incredible!
And every top Bob every got,
Was 'cause I was at the table!

Another way they are the same
(Though this you probably don't know),
Both of them (please keep this quiet)
Actually, have an alter ego!

Barbara has her "Babette,"
Who's her secret personality double.
This wild child, saucy minx
Gets Barbara into a lot of trouble!

With Bob, I had to give him one;
So, I nicknamed him Robbie!

I thought it would soften his image,
And he'd take up another hobby!

This thing of alter egos,
I can truly understand!
My family just shakes their heads,
When I am, "Lorrie Ann!"

So, yes! The BCs are alike!
But I need to be fair, you see,
Because they're also very different—
As different as can be!

Bob's first job was giving massage;
He was really very good at it!
But his wife had a tiny issue with that,
So, she made him give up the habit!

Then he became a bridge professional.
For money he was going to play cards!
But it soon became obvious to Peggy,
That they were gonna starve!

So, she made him become a director;
A job that really pays!
So, while he's not doing massage
anymore,
Now he rubs us all the wrong way!

He's very competent in his job;
I mean, this guy doesn't exactly slumber!
And I suppose my favorite thing he does,
Is to yell out loud: Take a Number!

He's a leader in the community--
A player, director, friend!
And though we give him a hard time
(Duh!)
He's someone on whom we depend!

Now Barbara was a vet;
But you probably didn't know
That from the animal clinic,
Well—they had to let her go!

The security tapes at night!
They turned out to be the snitch!
Because it seems that our friend,
"Babette,"
Was teaching the animals to play bridge!

She found the parrots were good at
bidding,

And the rabbits could really score!
The snakes could execute a brilliant
squeeze,
And the puppies always wanted to play
more!

Not looking at the other players' hands,
The horses found really hard;
Their favorite thing was a galloping suit,
And so, they liked playing cards!

The ducks always went to bed with their
ace,
(They're not called "ducks" for nothing),
And they frequently got the cards all wet,
Which made it even harder to hold them!

She had the most hope for the Labradors!
They're so smart and they played so well!
But she had to finally give up on them,
With a good hand, they wagged their tails!

The lizards preferred to kibitz,
And for hours the dogs could, well, sit!
The racoons excelled at holding their
cards,
But the cats really didn't give a shit!

But this is all BC history!
Because now they're part of our club!
We're proud of their accomplishments.
And I look forward to my next back rub!

We have now a brand-new Life Master,
And an Emerald Master, too!
This club has so much talent,
Among the best, and one of the few!

The BCs have earned their new ranking;
One near the start and one near the end,
But for all their talent and
accomplishment,
Aren't we proudest that they're just our
friends?

CONGRATULATIONS, YOU TWO!!

Dr. Lorraine O'Donnell/November 2018