

Cagers Seek Fourth Win Against Cadets

Chick'en In The Rough

By CHICK SHIELDS

Now about this stuff called BRIDGE. Bridge is defined by THE WINSTON DICTIONARY (College Edition . . . price \$3.60 at the local book store), as, "... anything resembling a bridge in form or use . . . a frame for holding teeth in the head . . ." and so on down the line. After scanning many odd and sundry meanings we can still put no exact finger on just what the game of BRIDGE is. It is definitely an indoor sport. Bridge can be played under most any circumstances but it is preferred in the quiet confines of a sorority room where the volume is always kept below 9,000 amps. The "sport" can never be attacked, in the full sense of the word, on the windy slope of a hill, or while swimming under water or in the process of engaging in any other athletic event or match.

The game, from a pure moron's viewpoint, looks a wee bit like this: The scene is the aforementioned sorority room where deathly silence is reigning supreme. Suddenly a voice cracks the dead stillness and says (we will quote), "... hey, where in the %&%X&% is a fourth." Before we go too much farther there is something that must be brought to light. Four people play the game of BRIDGE. Football has its eleven, Baseball has its nine and Bridge has four. It is then classed as a sport. But to get on: After the call has been put out for the fourth man to play (women play this game, too, there is no bodily contact unless you kick at your partner or anybody else under the table!) the sides are chosen with a minimum of confusion. The game of BRIDGE employs the ole pasteboards-cards. A table is also pressed into service. (The ones with four legs are preferable. Then each player has one to stand on.) Well, the chairs are pulled out from under other people and used by the participants to sit on. We forgot to mention that BRIDGE players always sit down. They never stand unless they are plenty mad at somebody at the table. The game is more enjoyable when sitting anyway.

As Football has its kickoff and Baseball has its opening pitch so BRIDGE has what they call a "deal." A member of the smiling clan has been chosen as the most lucky, so he deals. This includes passing an equal number of cards to each player, getting the signals straight with his partner and uttering a few choice remarks about anything handy. This could include Love, Studies or Dandruff.

The game is on. Each man has an equal number of cards, each is comfortably seated and each is trying like h— to get the "word" either to or from his partner. Out of a clear blue sky one of the players says, "... GRAC-i-ous, I don't have a thing here." We swore that she had a handful of cards. Some of them are pretty, with pictures of people on them. We think they are famous people, too. Well, the other players agree that they haven't got too much either, so they "bid." Now this bidding is the tricky baby. You've gotta watch it. The English language is the universal tongue, but in BRIDGE they only use it once in awhile. Thoughts like, "three hearts, four clubs and two spades," completely befuddle the previously mentioned moron. He casually offers, "Pardon me, but where does an alien go to register?" One of the party fires, "New Orleans," without even looking up from the table.

The game progresses and each individual throws all of his cards out on the table, one at a time, and one of the foursome picks them up. A small shot of prestidigitation helps quite a bit at this point. If you're quick and very alert, you're set! It seems that they tally the score by counting the number of piles (each with four cards, due to the fact that there are four players) and then proceed to start the process all over again. Soon somebody gets tired and passes out but there are always many reserves to be called on. Like we said it's an indoor game, or else the person who has just passed out might die of exposure.

Concentration, Son

By DON BARTON

"Ya know, Hank, you amaze me wit the placidity which ya maintains while you're rackin' up them two pointers from the middle of the court. And all the time that crowd is tearin' your eardrums to pieces."

Rookie Lou Budzinski openly expressed his admiration for Henry Wrycko, leading scorer for the Hower U. quintet. Hank had that same night sunk a last minute field goal to give his team a narrow margin over the visiting Belo Normal outfit.

Hank put his oversized hand on the freshman's shoulder. "Concentration, my boy. Ya gotta keep your mind on what 'cha doin'. Forget that there's anyone in the stands."

"Yeh, but how can ya? It ain't easy to ignore five thousand noisy people — 'specially when they're in the same room wit'cha."

Wrycko stationed one foot on the dressing room bench. "Well, I guess it sorta runs in the family. My ol' lady was the talkinest woman in Brooklyn, but papa was about the most uninterested person in all New York. Pop could stare at a Police Gazette for hours while Ma unwound a roll of words on every subject under the sun. Did it bother the ol' man? Not on your life. He just sat there an' let clauses and phrases pile up into paragraphs; and paragraphs into monotony. Few words were able to break through his defense. I learned to do the same thing on the basketball court. I never

learned to do the same thing on the basketball court. I never notice the crowd."

Budzinski nodded his head in silent amazement and then asked hopefully, "Do ya 'pose I could develop my disregarding powers as much as you have? Then maybe I could get into a game some day!"

"Sure, kid. When you're out there warmin' up or while you're sitting on the bench, make it a point not to look at the spectators; not even once. Don't look up. Indifference is the secret to my success."

The ambitious youngster leaned against a faded green locker and bowed in silent meditation for a moment. He lifted his head again. "It's no use; I see everything that happens in the stands. I don't have your will power, Hank. For instance, tonight I observed so darn many things. Two urchins scufflin' in the end seats; a midget up behind our bench sitting on a Webster's unabridged; and two mugs bickerin' over a dame on the west side. I just ain't got the power to ignore. But, on the other hand, my lookin' around could pay off. Tonight there was a nice little dish in a purple sweater makin' eyes at me during the whole second half. I'll hafta look into that."

Wrycko sprang to his feet. "Wait a minute, bud! If you're referring to the blonde that was sitting on the eighth row up, on the east side, opposite the circle, just count yourself out. I've had my eyes on that for the last three games, and you ain't cuttin' in, see. Concentrate on your playing, son."

Birds Face Spring Work

Grind To Last Six Weeks

Head Coach Rex Enright has announced that spring practice for the 1947 Gamecock football team will commence the first week in February. These training sessions which enable coaches to observe new prospects and conditioning old players, will last for six weeks.

It has been a custom in the past to climax these pre-season workouts with an intra-squad game. Last year a game of this sort was played at night on Melton Field.

Prospects for next season appear fairly bright as a great many from the 1946 State Champions are returning. This nucleus will be bolstered by outstanding high school performers graduating this year, so the Birds should be able to tackle their enlarged schedule with confidence.

Intramural Basketball

Coach Joe Grugan, of the University Physical Training Department, announced that all Fraternities and Tenements interested in Intramural basketball may see him anytime in the Gym. Activities are slated to be many when, and if the Intramural League can be formed, so it is imperative that the leaders of the respective groups see him immediately. The same set-up that made the Intramural football such a success will prevail.

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Sororities Will Clash On Court

The Women's Athletic Association will sponsor a girls' basketball tournament to be held the third week of the spring semester, it was announced by Frances Smith, president. All sororities will enter teams along with several independent entries in the first of what is to be made an annual event.

Games will be played in the field house each afternoon until the two teams to compete in the finals are chosen. The championship contest will be played at night. A plaque will be made and placed in the gymnasium with the name of this year's winning organization inscribed on it. Other winners will be added from year to year.

Pairings will be drawn up in the near future.

Notice !!!

The Athletic Department of the University of South Carolina, sponsors of intra-mural sports on the campus, have announced they are short 16 pairs of football shoes from the recent football tilts.

They further said the shoes are needed for the regular players, and that unless the shoes are returned all intra-murals will be cancelled in the future.

All Fraternities and tenements have been sent notices of the loss, in hopes they will be returned, and the popular campus sports can continue.

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Oct. 6—Mississippi	Memphis, Tenn.
Oct. 11—Furman	Columbia
Oct. 22—Clemson	Columbia
Nov. 1—Miami	Miami, Fla.
Nov. 8—The Citadel	Orangeburg
Nov. 15—Duke	Durham, N. C.
Nov. 27—Wake Forest	Charlotte, N. C.

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