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What Goal Posts?
by Jean Metcalf and Rachel Roewe

"But, Joe, where are the goal posts?"
And another blossoming romance is nipped in the bud at a basketball game.
You've seen the lovely, fragile blonde who spends the first twenty minutes fixing her hat and hair, and applying lipstick and the next ten minutes getting the details of the hat on the girl on the left bleacher three rows in front of her. She then remarks, "I don't see why the athletic department doesn't get those boys some decent looking trunks. Now, if I were doing it, I'd get white satin trimmed in cardinal, wouldn't you, Dick?"

Or if you've missed this girl, you've probably heard the vivacious brunette saying, "Oh, Jim, who is that adorable blonde man playing center? Jim, you simply must introduce him to me. I just know he's a good dancer." If you haven't already guessed it, there's nothing that makes a fellow any angrier than to rave on about another fellow.

Missing one's dinner to get to the gym in time to get a seat—any seat—alters the mood of the gayest girl. Do you remember the girl who "never did like basketball. It's really an awfully silly game anyway, isn't it? And to think all these people come here and apparently enjoy it—or at least pretend they do. Well, I prefer a good game of bridge. Oh, George, how much longer does this last? Are you really enjoying it?" She is cutting her own telephone lines as far as that fellow is concerned.

"Miss Smartie" is the girl who "Just knew Number 12 would never make that basket from way back there. Now if he had played to center and then to Number 14 it would have been a cinch."

After just one basketball game with "Miss Party Girl," George will remember to call the "other one" for the homecoming game and week-end next fall.

"Miss Party Girl was a cute number, but, gosh, did I get sick of that incessant humming and foot tapping, not only when the band played, but all during the game. Then after the half, she was in such a dither to be off to the party, I missed all the good plays trying to keep her quiet."

One really should not shut up like a clam. A few intelligent remarks and much observation of the game will suffice to make you a "good sport." George is there because he is enthusiastic about the game itself. So let him enjoy it—and you will, yourself.

The modern girl not only attends basketball games, she plays in them. Nothing brings out a person's true character like a hot, earnest game against another dormitory team in the gym. It is equally difficult to be a good winner and to be a good loser. So "play for the game, not the honor it will bring!"

Never in the background is the boastful grandstander who yells, "Let me have that ball, we need to win this game!"

The excuse-maker fumbles the ball, misses a basket, or runs with the ball. "Oh, I slipped" or "I got my fingers twisted," she shrieks. Results not excuses are more important.

Typical on the floor is the serious, determined, strong-headed athlete who, if the score is on the wrong side, protests, "They get all the breaks. I've never yet seen a square referee." A little humor on the subject should help that attitude.

It is easy to remember others who fit into the characters of the poor loser, poor winner, bragger, hesitator, excuse-maker, ball-hogger, and do-or-die players. And then forget we ourselves may be showing those qualities as we "give our all" in an intramural basketball game.