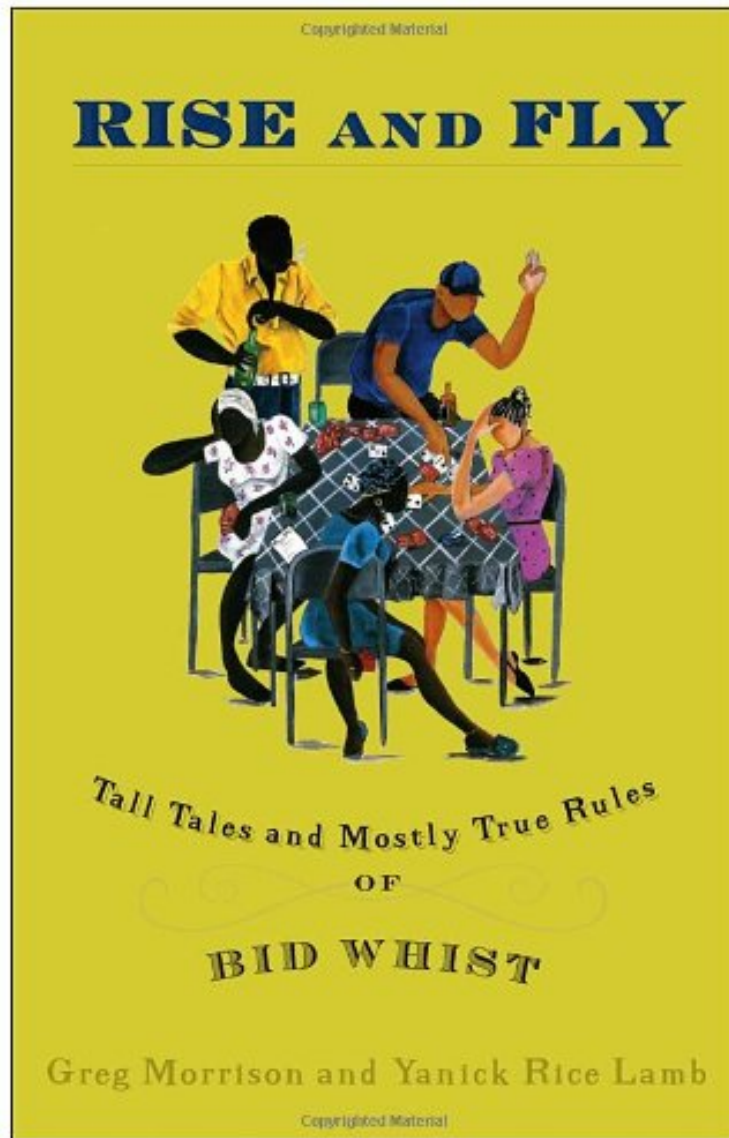


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Rise and Fly: Tall Tales and Mostly True Rules of Bid Whist

Greg Morrison, Yanick Rice Lamb
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Greg Morrison, Yanick Rice Lamb : Rise and Fly: Tall Tales and Mostly True Rules of Bid Whist before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Rise and Fly: Tall Tales and Mostly True Rules of Bid Whist:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Entertaining and helpful!By Kelley A. BergamoI learned how to play bid whist about four years ago and this book REALLY helped me learn some good tricks of the trade. Nothing though, beats practice, so I would say to any beginner, play as many live games as possible. This book was

entertaining too, with some humorous anecdotes about the concept of "Rise and Fly". I would say that for novice player, or for a more experienced player who really wants to understand the rules of the game, get this book! I have turned from a novice to someone who regularly gets 30 year veterans up from the table! Buy it today! 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. You are not the only one with crazy family and friends By K Foster This book has a target audience. We know who we are, and those of you who know what it's talking about will enjoy knowing you are not the only ones with crazy family and friends. I enjoyed it and the memories it invoked. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars By cody w henry good

Proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all these more important undertakings where mind struggles against mind. Edgar Allan Poe, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* Ha, ha, fool, ya lost! Rise and fly, %@#! Uncle Ralph after running a Boston, Jones family reunion, 2002 Heres a rollicking celebration and guide to bid whist, the official game of family reunions, cookouts, backyard barbecues, and house parties. In *Rise and Fly*, veteran journalists Greg Morrison and Yanick Rice Lamb explore the deeper secrets of the game, including: strategies for beating the stuffing out of your opponents hints for successful trash-talking the official rules and exotic variations to keep things interesting tips for organizing tournaments resources for taking your game to the next level a whole slew of recipes for whist-worthy snacks Full of history, lore, and the personal recollections of celebrities and regular folks alike, this is the first all-in-one book of bid whist, a treasure for anyone whos ever pulled up to the table and been dealt in.

About the Author Greg Morrison has worked as a producer for BET News, NBC News, and MSNBC. Yanick Rice Lamb was the founding editor of BET Weekend magazine and was editor in chief of Heart and Soul magazine. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Chapter 1: WILD, WILD WHIST On the wall of the foyer in Myra Js home in Atlanta hangs a mahogany-framed print of Annie Lees famous painting *Six No, Uptown*. The painting depicts four women playing cards around a kitchen table. One sister is kneeling on a chair with her right arm reaching toward the heavens, elbow bent, ready to slam onto the table the winning card that will make her opponents wither in shame. Although faceless in the painting, that ruthless woman symbolizes Myra J, comedian and cohost of the Tom Joyner Morning Show, which is syndicated on more than 120 radio stations, reaching 6 million listeners daily. Myra is a bid whist players bid whist player. She pities the fools who dont play bid whist, and she wont let them play any other card game in her house. And if youre a bid whist player of the losing variety, she might just let you starve or even freeze. Ive given parties whereby we didnt just play rise and y, we played rise and go stand out on the porch, Myra recalls, her hazel eyes sparkling as she throws back her blond locks in a sly but hearty laugh. You get one chance. You lose; youre out of here. You couldnt even come in the house. It would be so funny, cause the porch would be all crowded with everybody saying, You almost through? No! You dont get no barbecue. You dont get nothing to eat. You are not worthy of eating any food in my house, because you cannot play cards! While Myra is a bid whist player in the extreme on the verge of needing a 12-step program shes not alone. And the ranks are growing. Some are lifelong players like Myra, who gambled for a quarter or fifty cents a game in high school and played all through college. Others are recent converts, who saw the error of their ways and have abandoned spades, tonk, and other diversions to play a real card game like bid whist. Since bid whist is considered a shit-talking game, it stands to reason that bid whist players are a wild bunch. Theyre loud enough to wake the dead and scare sleeping children. Theyre ruthless enough to win by any means necessary. Even a mild-mannered journalist will strategically place a butcher knife near the card table as a playful warning to his partner about avoiding screwups and to his foes against cheating. Melannie Cunningham of Takoma, Washington, recalls a spectator who was scared the rst time she watched a bid whist game. If they dont understand, they think were mad and about to ght because were talking so much stuff. Bid whist players invite such behavior. After all, theyre addicts, and unpredictable behavior is a predictable part of any addiction. They welcome fellow players to join them on the edge and to cross the line. Its expected. Bid whist is a friendly game but not a polite one. Youre supposed to talk trash, sell wolf tickets, play the dozens, blaze em, kill em, diss em. Get the point? Myra J started crossing the line early. We used to get in trouble in high school for gambling, playing bid whist, she recalls. It became so prevalent at our school that they actually opened up the cafeteria early to keep us off the steps. It was like, Fine. Bring them in here; give them some donuts and some milk. Just dont gamble. It was a good deal for Myra Co., but it didnt go exactly as educators had planned. We just learned to pass the money under the table, Myra admits. Boldness has always been part of Myras game. Once she went to a bid whist party in Chicago that a friend was unable to attend. She didnt know a soul. Me and this guy sat down and played all night long. We never lost. People accused us of cheating. In a house full of strangers, she continued to talk trash until the very end, when she announced: Im tired. Im going home now. Youre not worthy. Fatigue, morning light, too many Boston thats the kind of stuff that can nally bring a bid whist marathon to an end for people like Myra. But not even the urge to use the bathroom was enough to end a late-night game for one group of campers. It took a bearor at least the threat of an approaching bearto nally end the game. It turned out to be a false alarm, a dirty prank by another group of campers. Former Congressman Earl Hilliard of Alabama is a die-hard player, too. I max out at everything I do, Hilliard says. When I play cards, I max out. When he was on the Hill, he and his partner repeatedly left a path of

devastated opponents in their wake at tournaments during the Congressional Black Caucus weekend each fall. One of his staff members joked that the only requirement around here is not to be his partner. Another marathon player, Dennis Clayton, learned to play bid whist as a rite of passage in Akron, Ohio. It was a big social activity among the men, and we called it beer whist, says Clayton, who has transplanted the tradition to New York. That meant we played until the beer ran out or someone went out and got some more beer from the store. Spencer Christian, former meteorologist on Good Morning America, also grew up playing bid whist in rural Virginia. By high school he was cocky and thought he had mastered the game, but he got his comeuppance at Hampton Institute. There was a ruthless, in-your-face, sell-wolf-tickets, and kick-your-butt aspect to bid whist I had not encountered before, Christian told the syndicated bid whist columnist Angel Beck. But after many humbling sessions of play, in the late-night hours, I reneamed my game to the point where I, too, could strike mortal fear in the hearts of my opponents. In fact, I spent so many nights competing in the great dorm room contest of cards that I often feel I should have earned a varsity letter in the game. Then as now, the game has been a source of excitement, intrigue, and frustration, he says. Even popular culture has tried to capture some of this excitement, intrigue, and frustration, from plots incorporating bid whist on the radio soap opera *Its Your World* to one-liners spouted by stand-up comedians. In Malcolm Lees debut film, *The Best Man*, a prewedding, homeboy reunion takes place at a bid whist table. One reviewer was initially down on the movie and one of its main characters, Quentin, portrayed by Terrence Howard. The trash that fell from his lips annoyed me until I realized that it was just much talk and bravado, covering up the deeper side of Q, explains the film critic Rose Bams Cooper. The bid whist scene is what turned it around for me. Patricia Smith managed to weave in a reference to bid whist in a column about President Clintons apology to survivors of the governments infamous Tuskegee syphilis experiment: I hear all of you swear-scowling, gold-tooth giggling over games of bid whist and craps, your thin shaky voices laying waste to a blues lyric bout a matchbox too small to hold your clothes. Dozens of authors have done the same in their books. In *Wouldnt Take Nothing for My Journey Now*, the author Maya Angelou says that her Aunt Tees employers tried to sample a taste to spice up their mundane life. Her aunt worked as a live-in housekeeper for an elderly couple in Bel Air, California. On Saturdays shed invite a chauffeur with whom she was keeping company, her best friend, and her husband over for an evening of fun. Aunt Tee would cook a pot of pigs feet, a pot of greens, fry chicken, make potato salad and bake a banana pudding, Angelou wrote. The four would eat and drink, play records and dance. As the evening wore on, they would settle down to a serious game of bid whist. Naturally, during this revelry, jokes were told, fingers snapped, feet were patted, and there was a great deal of laughter. One night the elderly couple cracked the door open and summoned Aunt Tee. We hear you and your friends laughing every Saturday night, and wed just like to watch you, the woman told her. We dont want to bother you. Well be quiet and just watch. The pianist and University of Pennsylvania professor Guthrie P. Ramsey Jr. reminisces about his familys bid whist parties in his book *Race Music: Black Cultures from Bebop to Hip-Hop*. And then the show would begin, says Ramsey, pointing out that in his family, the word party was a verb and not a passive one. Heeeeey now! Hand-clapping, foot-patting, nger-snapping, neck-popping, shoulder-shrugging, hip-rolling, pah-tee-in! . . . A kitchen full of food and drink, rise-n-fly bid whist, poker, loud music, jivin and signifyin, laughing, and dancing completed the agenda. Whenever this scene and its beloved cast of familiar characters shuttled through our front door, my chest would ll with a breath-gripping anticipation. We knew we were going to have a ball. In *West of Rehoboth*, Alexs D. Pate details how twelve-year-old Edward Masseys mother is totally caught up in her bid whist game with other mothers sitting on blankets at Lemon Hill Park in North Philly on the Fourth of July. Edward sits with his back against his mothers reading a detective book, *Poirot Investigates*, for which hed get a dollar upon completion. His goal for the summer is to read three books a week. As he sat reading, he felt the pressure of his mothers body against him. When her time came to play...