

The College Cougar

By Stanley Paul

*Out on an Idaho potato farm
there lives a happy wrestler.
Doris is with him. And why
not? Doris managed the plot*

THE big mystery of the wrestling game is why didn't Hopping Herbie the Hornet answer the bell for the second fall in the bout which he and I had in N. Y. for the fair and square championship of the world; when already he had the first fall won from me?

This is a mystery which is talked about wherever there are wrestlers and managers. It is also talked about by sports writers. There are two people who know what happened and that is all. One is Doris, the big Boston blonde. The other is I. And I am so sick of picking up some newspaper and reading: "Here is what really happened to Hopping Herbie the Hornet" that I will tell the whole thing right, and there will be no more bolony going around about it.

It is some little while ago that this all takes place and it begins in Boston. There are three wrestling spots for what you might call big dough. They are Boston, Chicago and N. Y. The choice spot is N. Y., and the champion there at the time I am telling you about is Chenski, the Wild Russian. I am then the champ around Boston and there is a champ out in Chicago, but that is so far away that no one worries about it. Now the customers in each place think that their champ is the real McCoy because wrestling at that time is such a low-brow sport that the papers do not carry much of what takes place in other cities. I am hailed in Boston as Skull Darnegan the Terrible Tad, which makes things aces for me and my manager, Snivel Hart. It is a sweet racket.

That is, it is sweet for quite some time. Then the college boys begin to come into the game and things begin to go sour. I am not blaming this on the college boys, as they are full of dives and butts which the customers like to see; but it is because they are in the game that the newspapers begin to pay some attention to it and that is where our trouble starts. One of the morning rags lets a young reporter loose on me and he follows me all around and pretty soon he is yipping that I am a fake, and that I am meeting the same guy under different names for the championship all over New England, and that this guy is not able to throw a bag of wool down even if it is pushed for him. The other papers take up the yell and pretty soon we are in a bad way, as the honest matches which we put on are not so much fun for the customers to watch.

THINGS go on like this for quite a while. I mix once or twice with a college boy but there is not much money and no action in that, although once in a while I let one of them get a fall on me to please the customers, and I am about ready to go over and challenge Chenski in N. Y. for the sake of a work-out, when things begin to happen.

Chenski is on one of his parties and is trying to show a Broadway babe how good a champ, who is full of panther sweat, can drive a twelve-cylinder car, when he turns it over on top of himself and the car crashes the back of his neck with a two-ton rabbit punch and Chenski is all through for anything but weaving baskets.

That throws everything wide open. The N. Y. papers begin to thump for a match between me and the Chicago champ to see who is the real goods to take Chenski's place. The Boston papers take it up and say that now is my chance to square myself with the public by going down to N. Y. and taking on this Chicago champ honest and see who

is the real champ of the both of us, instead of me throwing a broken-down old wrestler all over New England under twenty different and horrible sounding names.

"Who," I ask Snivel, "is the world's champ out in Chicago today?"

"A college guy," Snivel replies. "He is known as Hopping Herbie the Hornet, and is full of trick jumps and butts like all the college boys and gets his name from the fact that he is in the air more than he is on the mat. He will not say what college he is from, but his manager told the boys he was from Custer College, which no one has been able to locate, and the sports writers all call him the College Cougar."

I laugh because I have seen so many clucks trying to cash in on this college-boy stuff.

"What do you think?" I ask Snivel.

"I think," says Snivel, "that I will take a run down to N. Y. and see Jeff Tuke, the promoter."

SNIVEL is gone for a week and when he comes back he is all smiles.

"Skull," he says, "it is on the griddle. Tuke grabs the match and will ballyhoo the pants off it. The Hornet comes East next week and we meet him to sign. Now Tuke says N. Y. is nuts on college-boy wrestlers, so instead of throwing one in the ring at a time we will throw two. You are the other one and will be billed as the University Uhlán."

"What university did I go to?" I ask.

"That is not important," says Snivel, "but if it should be I will think one up for you."

All of which is O. K. by me, so I find myself the next week in N. Y. It is Tuesday and we are up in the office of Jeff Tuke, the promoter, waiting for this Herbie Hornet to show up and sign. All of a sudden the door opens and in come two guys wheeling a low truck with a three-hundred-pound sandbag on it. Walking behind them is the biggest blond bozo I ever seen outside of a bad dream. He has got inches on me in height and reach and has a chest on him like the front of a granite quarry. He is dead-pan with a face like a he-doll and his hair is all yellow and wavy. He has no marks on that handsome smush at all, which is strange. He is followed by a fly-looking gent in a derby, who walks up to the desk and sticks his mitt at Snivel. It is Skipe Bonomo, the Hornet's manager.

"As I live and breathe," Bonomo says, "my old pal. And you, Mr. Tuke—"

But no one is paying any attention to him as we are all looking at this blond baboon who has now pulled the sandbag off of the truck and has a scissors on it on the floor. That doll face of his has gone vicious and all of a sudden he snarls and heaves the sandbag up in his arms and runs across the floor with it and crashes it against the wall. So help me, I thought he'd go through to the street. The office shakes and some pictures fall off the wall.

"For gosh sakes!" says Tuke getting out of his chair, but no one hears him as we are now watching the next act.

The big blond has backed off and is bobbing and weaving like a pug and then he leaves his feet and dives at the bag through the air. His head goes in with a chunk, right up to his shoulders, and one end busts and sand pours out on the floor.

"NOW, Herbie," says Bonomo, "that's enough for now. You know," he says to us, "I can't keep him out of training a minute. Herbie," he says, "come over and meet the boys."

Herbie growls and bites several large chunks out of the carpet which is on Tuke's floor, but finally he stops and gets up; brushes himself off and comes over to the desk.

"How do you do, gentlemen?" he says.

I went tight all over at the sound of his voice. It was smooth and velvety and went with him like cream with a tiger. Bonomo does the introductions all around. I shake with Herbie and a knuckle cracks, he gives my mitt such a crusher.

Tuke says: "Let's get this over with, boys. It's simple. I take thirty per cent; you boys take seventy. Yours is split fifty-fifty. Right?"

"Right," we all say, and sign.

Most always you can pass a few kind words with any wrestler when you are signing as there is nothing to be sore about when reporters ain't around. So I says:

"What college did you go to, Mr. Hornet?"

"Hopper," he corrects me. "I am not saying what college I went to, as my college is sacred to me. I was only

there for the football season, but that makes no difference. I would not let it be known what college I am from while I am a wrestler, because wrestling is a dirty game, and while I am in it I am even dirtier. I got ideals. What university did you go to?" he comes back at me.

"The same as you," I says with a grin, but I don't like the look that comes into his eyes, so I say quick: "Ideals is a bad thing to have in this game. If you got those, then why are you in it?"

"Because," says Herbie, "it is one way of making money, and college men with brains are a drug on the market. When I have made enough money I will leave the game and buy a potato farm in Idaho. That is another one of my ideals."

"Well," I says, watching him toss a swivel chair up to the ceiling and letting it bounce off his chest on the way down, "I wish you luck."

"THANK you," says Herbie, picking up one of them small steel letter files and crushing it between his forearm and biceps. "There's just one thing, Mr. Darnegan: I do not like to maim a man, so when I am ready to fracture your spine I will stop long enough to give you a chance to say uncle. In my match last month with Horrible Horrigan, Mr. Horrigan was stubborn. I had to pull out three of his upper teeth with my fingers and break his clavicle before he would say uncle. In fact, he would say uncle only when I grabbed the clavicle and threatened to tear it loose and throw it to the customers. I hope you will not be like that."

I knew I was supposed to make big talk right back at this bozo but somehow I couldn't put my heart in it.

"No," I says, "I won't."

Well, a few mornings after that, while we are in training, I say to Snivel: "What is your real opinion of this Hornet guy?"

"Well," says Snivel, "there is a lot of talk about how they have to rebuild his camp every night on account of the way



he takes it apart every day. But that is just a lot of talk."

"Snivel," I say, "how about fixing this thing up?"

Now that is a new one for me to be thinking of because most always I am the one which needs to be fixed.

"Well," says Snivel, "I been thinking of that, Skull. The main thing is to get this guy out of the way. If you lose to him you will not be able to even go back to Boston to wrestle, unless you will take a twenty for a grunt in the prelims. If you win, however, you will be the world's champ and can wrestle anywhere for big sugar."

"See what you can do," I says.

Snivel is back in a couple of hours.

"It is no go," he announces. "What is more, Hopping Herbie is very sore at us for thinking he would take a dive."

"How high did you go?" I ask.

"I went seventy-five twenty-five," says Snivel.

"Cripes," I says. "He could buy three potato farms with that."

"Yeah," says Snivel, "I pointed that out to him. But he says he



would rather buy one potato with honest-earned dough than a whole farm with sugar earned from a dive. Then he reached up and pulled a chandelier down and wrapped it around his arm for a bracelet and sent his regards to you."

"That's bad," I says.

"Don't worry," says Snivel. "I will think of something."

"Well, hurry up and do it," I says, rolling over on the bed and feeling very unhappy as something tells me I am going to get stung by this Hornet.

Then Snivel gets up and goes to the phone.

"Who are you calling?" I ask.

"Long distance," he says. "I am gonna get Doris down here from Boston."

Now all of a sudden I see which way Snivel's mind is working, and I am very pleased by his wonderful idea. Doris is just the person to help us in our spot. Doris is a large, old-fashioned girl of around two hundred pounds, but she is nevertheless cute and likes money as well as the next one. She is not in the least ignorant of wrestlers and how they work. And, as I happen to

know that Doris is trying to get enough so she can settle down in the country somewhere without worry, I say to myself that for a consideration maybe Doris will know some way to appeal to what this Hopping Herbie uses for his better nature and thereby save me from being torn limb from limb.

WELL, Snivel gets her on the phone and sells her the jump down, which she agrees to take if he will wire the car fare, and the next day she is in N. Y. with us. Snivel lays out the whole set-up for her and shows her what a spot we are in, and that she is the babe who can pull us out.

"And if I do," she asks, "what do I get?"

Snivel says: "I will give you an agreement that cuts you in fifty-fifty on Skull's first bout after he is champ, which ought to be good."

"It ought to be," Doris admits. "So write it up."

During the next few days the ballyhoo breaks loose, and the bout looks like a sell-out even with a five dollar top, and Snivel and I are plenty sore to think we have got to take an even split, but console ourselves by thinking of the takes we will have when I am the champ, providing Doris is making the grade with Herbie.

Which she is. How we know is she calls us up and says:

"I have met Herbie. You neglected to tell me that he is one good-looking baby."

"Nuts!" says Snivel. "Are you building him up for a dive?"

"I'll call you again," says Doris, and hangs up.

More time goes by and the bout is only three days away. Snivel and I are picking the mattress to pieces, we are so nervous, and I am not even making

believe I am training. Then Doris shows up at my camp.

"Boys," she says, "I have put it on the ice for you."

"Yeah?" we both say.

"Yeah," she says. "Here is how it comes about. I have been spending a great deal of time in Hopping Herbie the Hornet's company, which he does not seem to hate, and I am at work on him all the time from this ideals angle. I am telling him that an intelligent gentleman like himself should get out of this dirty wrestling racket any way he could. And if he has a chance to get out and clean up big at the same time he may still be a gentleman but he is no longer intelligent unless he does it."

"So?" says Snivel.

"SO," DORIS goes on, "I then let on that I, too, have ideals about such things as potatoes and chickens and things like that from the country, only I do not say that mine would have to be on a platter under gravy. That seems to make quite a hit with Hopping Herbie the Hornet, because before I know it he is asking me if I would consider being Mrs. Hopping Herbie."

"That's a laugh," says Snivel.

"Yeah," says Doris, "isn't it! And I do not say whether I would consider it or not but I am careful not to say no, and he says: 'Dot—that is what he is now calling me—'Dot,' he says, 'I have decided to take this dive. With the whole purse—'"

"With the what!" yells Snivel.

"With the whole purse," says Doris.

"This guy has got ideals, ain't he?"

"What ideals!" says Snivel.

"Shall I go on?" asks Doris.

"You will anyway," Snivel says. "So what?"

"So there is your proposition," says (Continued on page 38)

Illustrated by
Harry Beckhoff



"So there is your proposition," says Doris. "The whole purse and Herbie retires to a potato farm in Idaho." "Is this on the level?" asks Snivel

Catching Up with Japan

By William G. Shepherd

THE press room of the Navy Department! That's where the reporters all rushed that morning a few weeks ago. This writer rushed there with them.

The day had started off quietly enough. The town was full of businessmen code-makers. General Johnson's NRA office was holding the spotlight and the white marble Department of Commerce building was the center of the nation. Over at the White House the President, who had just returned from a trip on the 2,000-ton Nourmahal, was presumably again taking up the job of national recovery.

At 11:30 that morning he was to see the newspaper correspondents as usual, two hundred or more of them; famous writers, cub reporters, women news gatherers, reporters from every corner of the nation.

But something unexpected had happened in little Cuba late the previous evening. The army had risen and had overthrown De Cespedes, Cuba's new president. The morning papers had only meager news about it, so the Washington public, including officialdom itself, was not greatly disturbed. But newspaper men don't wait to read newspapers to know what's happening. It wasn't until deep in the forenoon that the public of Washington knew what the newspapers had not yet printed.

The situation in Cuba was very threatening. Cuban officers had been kicked out of the army. The privates were on the loose. There was no government in Cuba. Americans were in danger.

The news spotlight in Washington shifted from the Department of Commerce to the Navy Department. Reporters covering industrial recovery were not bothered by telephone calls from their editors. But every reporter in Washington who had ever "covered" the Navy building suddenly found himself under orders to "see what the Navy is going to do about Cuba."

And that's why there was the rush to Commander J. H. Ingram's room in the long, low, rambling Navy building—the press rooms, where there are telephones and typewriters for reporters and where all questions are answered for the press. The question this morning was:

"Going to send any battleships to Cuba?"

Headlines in the Making

Lieutenant Mentz of the Navy's press staff is trying to answer this question. He has the unique authority of being able to call up the highest and mightiest officials in the Navy with requests for such information as is proper for the press to have. He can call up Secretary of the Navy Swanson, himself, for instance, and say:

"The reporters are here asking whether we are sending any marines to Cuba."

We didn't hear him call up Secretary Swanson, but we did hear him telephone to half a score other Navy officials. He couldn't get Admiral William H. Shandley, chief of naval operations, though we heard him try it repeatedly. He even left his desk and went to Shandley's office, but Shandley was suspiciously busy. No wonder. He was at the White House, though we didn't know it at the time.

Abruptly a reporter came out of a telephone booth, to which he had been called by his office.

"What does it mean," he asked Lieu-

Why is our Atlantic Fleet spending its second year in the Pacific? It's not a strategic maneuver to let the gobs enjoy the beach at Waikiki. The Fleet is there because our Navy Department has been turning anxious eyes on Japan. Her navy, theoretically smaller than ours, is not actually weaker. She's been building to the treaty limit; we have not. But we're going to. Here Mr. Shepherd shows you how and why

tenant Mentz, "when three hundred marines in Philadelphia are ordered to go to Quantico, in marching equipment? What does that mean? Going on a Boy Scout hike? My paper says the Philly marines are packing up now."

"I'll find out for you as soon as I can," replies the officer.

He telephones to some official who is supposed to know about marines.

"Yes," he replies, as he hangs up the receiver. "The Philadelphia marines have been ordered to go to Quantico." And then he adds more news: "And about three hundred marines here in Washington have been given the same orders." Reporters dash to the telephones.

Now news is being born. Within a few minutes, in every corner of the na-

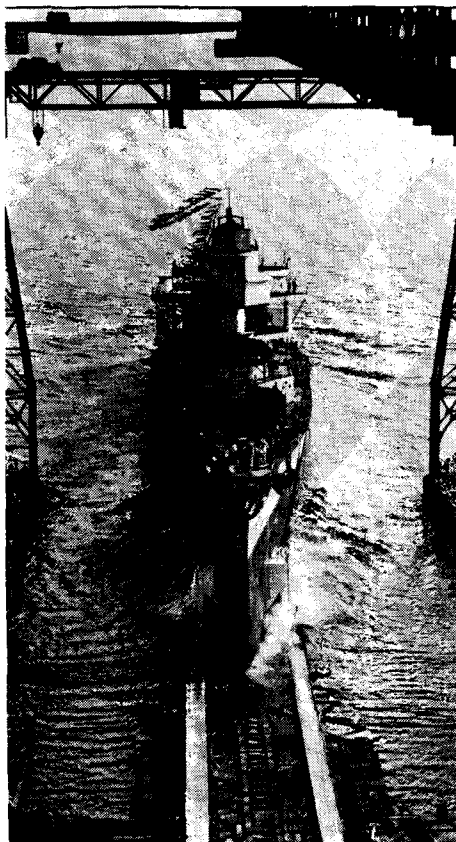
tion, page-wide headlines will be yelling in hundreds of cities the news that the marines are getting ready to go to Cuba—if necessary.

The hour of 11:30 has not quite arrived, the zero hour when the President, at the White House, will talk to the press. Then there *will* be news.

A milling crowd of journalists! The lobby of the White House offices hums with the greetings of perhaps three hundred news seekers. Eleven-thirty comes! The crowd pours into the President's office.

Within ten minutes it pours out. The President has answered the question. Yes, it may be necessary to send troops to Cuba to protect American interests there. No intervention! Cuba's government is her own affair. But lives must be protected, if Cuba has no government.

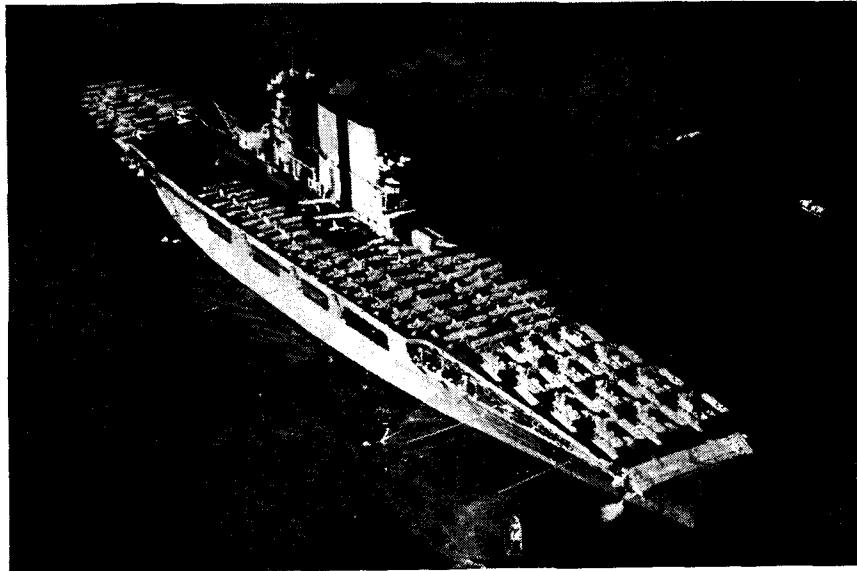
Quick! Back to that press room in the Navy building. The next move is the Navy's. It's answering a fire alarm. The Navy's going to get on the job. When do the battleships leave? Which ships will take the marines?



Hornets' nest, 28,000 tons. The Japanese aircraft carrier Kaga carries 60 fighting planes on her well-defended decks

Ship of State, 1933 fashion. The U. S. S. Minneapolis, 13th treaty cruiser in the 10,000-ton class, leaves the ways

Wide World



The U. S. S. Saratoga, converted battleship, now serving with her sister ship, the Lexington, as an airplane carrier

Wide World



Maneuver. Japanese reservists make rescues under bombing conditions

Acme