

# The Chinese Influence

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Oil for a troubled marriage.  
Dr. Yin does the pouring

THE conventional thing, Peter Flournoy thought, was to go out and get drunk. "The conventional thing to do," Peter tried it aloud to the drawing board, "is to go out and get drunk." The drawing board stared back at him accusingly.

He walked back down the little hall, into the bedroom, stared around a moment as if he'd never seen it before, then turned and stumbled out, tears half clouding his eyes. He came back and looked at the drawing board with the penciled notations thumbtacked to its borders:

Six weeks of decent sample strips and the Flournoys are in the chips.

Forty a week ain't my peak.

I don't want to be vindicated. I want to be syndicated.

"Very damned funny," Peter said aloud. "Very damned funny. Your wife leaves you. That's very damned funny, too. Caricaturing the pitfalls of marital domesticity, that's material for cartoons, that's wheat in the mill, and what better pitfall than a guy's wife hauls off and leaves him. Why, if you weren't anything but a lousy sports cartoonist you'd have a strip running now and a wife too." Peter Flournoy got up and walked over and put on his overcoat and went out and rang for the elevator.

Down on the street it was cold and the wind cut into his legs. "No," he muttered to himself, "you don't talk about your troubles to people. You just don't do that. You don't talk about them, you go crazy instead."

Walk, don't think. Walk, don't think. Count a hundred steps, count a thousand steps. And this is the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat da da da da da that lay in the house that Jack built. And this is the maiden all forlorn . . . Nope. With a rowly-powly spinach and gammon, heigh ho, said Anthony Rowley. And here is a Chinese restaurant and old Flournoy's cold and hungry, broken heart and all. Sock the Sake to Me, John, Boy. Infinitely better than the original, and what was the original?

Peter Flournoy turned in off the street and made his way to a table. There was only one other customer in the place, a tiny Chinese dexterously wielding chopsticks. Peter looked up at the waiter.

"I want a bowl of soup," he said. And little you reckon my fine, inscrutable

He tore the five-dollar bill and gave half of it to the waiter. "Tell him," he said, "he gets the rest of it when we get back. It oughtn't to take over an hour." The waiter's face seemed to be clouding with bewilderment but he nodded

friend that under that commonplace remark there lurks a broken heart.

The waiter nodded and moved off. As he came abreast of his other customer's table he stopped and said something in Chinese. The waiter was pleased and deferential when the other answered him, and at that moment Peter Flournoy had an inspiration.

WHEN the waiter brought his soup, Peter looked up at him and, keeping his voice low, said, "Does that fellow speak English?" And he nodded toward the little man with the chopsticks.

The waiter beamed and shook his head in emphatic negative.

Peter didn't try to keep his voice down as he went on: "Tell him that I'll give him five dollars if he'll walk around with me for an hour."

The waiter shrugged and looked over at the man with the chopsticks, who was looking at them now. Peter reached into

his pocket and took out a five-dollar bill and some change. He tore the five-dollar bill and gave half of it to the waiter. "Tell him," he said, "he gets the rest of it when we get back. It oughtn't to take over an hour."

The waiter's face seemed to be clouding with bewilderment but he still nodded cordially and smiled. Peter's voice became pleading. "I know it's a screwy proposition," he went on, alarmed by the waiter's expression, "but it's awfully important."

The waiter started to say something but the little Chinese barked in his native tongue and the waiter scurried over to him.

They conferred a moment and Peter, watching, saw with relief that the little man took the half bill and put it in his pocket. Then he got up and came over. He bowed formally and smiled. Peter had a moment's shame noticing his beautifully tailored clothes but quickly smothered it. "He took the money fast enough, didn't he?" he growled to himself.

Peter Flournoy stood up. "Let's go," he said, and he pointed toward the door. Out in the street he turned and started uptown. The little Chinese, almost trotting, fell in beside him.

"We got married," Peter said bitterly. He looked at the man beside him. "But she's gone home to Mother now. And do you know where home and Mother are? No? Sutton Place! Sutton Place is veddy veddy." He stopped and lengthened his stride into the cold wind. His companion now had to break into an occasional jog.

"I was at Bar Harbor," Peter went on,

"I don't know what the hell I was doing there. Greatest mistake of my life. I had sold a couple of cartoons to magazines and I had saved my money and I had a steady job on the Globe. I was a sports cartoonist. Still am. I swam out to a raft. There she was. What a girl! What a figure!" Peter scowled at the little man. "Though that's none of your damned business," he added.

ANYWAY, that's the way it started, out there on the float. Just us. You know what she said when the minister asked her, 'Do you take this man et cetera'? She said, 'I do' like that, kind of a high, questioning squeal like she didn't realize what she was doing. It broke up the first two pews completely and I could see the parson working for control. Me, I was too scared. I didn't even smile."

They swung across 14th Street and Peter laid a course for Fifth Avenue.

"I'm mixed up," Peter said. "We were on the float. Well, it was fine. Liked the same things, you know—community of interests and all that. Little did I know. Well, one of those cartoons I sold was the one where I had a bunch of Roman Catholic priests up to some solemn rite and it was going wrong and one of them was turning to another one saying, 'There's a Methodist in this madness.' You don't like it, eh? Well, they bought it anyway. I always heard Orientals didn't have any sense of humor. I forgot you couldn't speak English. Skip it. Well, I learned later she was telling people around that it was her idea. Can you imagine? I threw the ski boot at her

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Line Coach Jim Smith (kneeling), Backfield Coach Doug Locke and Head Coach Mose Simms watching a Rattlers' dummy scrimmage as Co-captain Homer Burkett hits the line

## Backs in Motion

By Kyle Crichton

**F**OR the sake of argument, let us say you own a college and have a football team and want to book some games. Do you know what you would do then? You'd wire down to San Antonio and locate a man named J. C. (Mose) Simms and before you could get out of the telegraph office you'd have a message back that would say only one thing: "How far away are you?"

If you could prove by maps of the Geodetic Survey that you were at least 1,000 linear miles removed from San Antonio, you would then have another almost instantaneous wire saying that your splendid institution was now on the schedule of St. Mary's University (Texas).

Whether from an ardent desire to get out of Texas or for less weighty reasons, St. Mary's likes to play games away from home and it likes to play them after a journey that would knock the brains out of a motorman. Since football was "recontinued" at St. Mary's in 1935, the "Rattlers" have averaged over 10,000 miles a year on football trips. At present they are jouncing about in a double-decker monster that seats fifty-three passengers, but originally the jaunts were made in an ancient school bus, the kind in which reluctant youths

from Podunk Township are dragged to the Podunk Consolidated School. In that period the grid-maddened Texans played in such widely divergent points as Scranton, Montreal, Washington, D. C., San Francisco, San Diego, New Orleans, Topeka and Baltimore.

The old jallopy, which seated twenty-three victims and had a striking similarity to a motorized sardine can, was driven by Guy Todd, brother of famous Dick Todd of Texas A. & M. Other members of the party, unable to squeeze into the bus, rode in a station wagon and two sedans. In spite of roadside practices they managed to average 400 miles every day, with Todd leaping from the driver's seat to his position as quarterback at the mere sight of a green plot of ground.

**The only reason why the St. Mary's Rattlers of San Antonio, Texas, haven't a game scheduled at the North Pole is merely because there are no football teams available up there. The Rattlers have traveled practically everywhere else and still consider a home game a novelty**

The genius behind this astonishing menagerie is the aforementioned Mr. Simms, who has the build of a private dick and the imagination of a hashish eater. When the present season opened, Mr. Simms was attempting to form a college band that would end all such. Each of his musicians was to be garbed in a uniform loaned, given or stolen from some other university band. His virtuosos, thus outfitted in a fashion to bring memories of Coxey's army, would then march into the stadium and go through maneuvers of such intricacy as to assure a broken limb for every third member of the assemblage. They would end by playing the college anthem in four different keys.

However, this is only one of Mr. Simms' good notions. The Rattlers are

already the most frighteningly dressed gridsters to be viewed between two end zones. The Rattlers' streamlined uniforms, which they insist were designed by a grid-crazed descendant of Betsy Ross, are star-spangled sensations in red, white and blue.

"If the boys are too tired," comments Mr. Simms, "we expect the uniforms to stand up and sing The Star-Spangled Banner after the game."

On the kickoff St. Mary's makes it a bit confusing for the opposition by having two kickers rush at the ball from different angles, thus making it difficult to know who is going to kick and in which direction. On defense they have eleven different formations and for a time it was doubtful if the Rattlers would ever be asked to play San Francisco University again because of their use of a 2-4-4-1 formation which left only the two guards on the line of scrimmage and bumfuzzled the Golden Gate ladies no little. In the old days they had a barefoot punter, one Hampton Potts, who not only bumped them fifty yards at a clip but completely fascinated the sports writers.

Back in 1937 they had Douglas Locke, the 145-pound back, who led all scorers  
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