

THE WILD WHAMPOO OF THE WHAMPOLO



A Rib-Tickler of the Grunt, Groan and Grepse Racket
(Rassling, to You)

by TOM THURSDAY

A rassling freak was the Wild Whampoo, and he uncorks a bag of brand new tricks for the
carnival rassling fans

IN THE first place, Doc McKeezo didn't like the looks of the guy; in the second, he still didn't like his looks and, in the third, his looks he did not like. So what and so who?

Okay—let's go!

The World of Joy Carnival opened the season at Cactus Canyon, New Mexico. It was a thirty-two car trick, with nine separate shows, four rides and a flock of spindle joints. The leading attraction, ask Doc McKeezo, was the King Wrestlers, an alleged athletic exhibition, usually staked in the center of the midway.

Two semi-decayed moan-and-mangle men were to join the King Wrestlers, but they didn't show up. The object was to meet all the natives, or towners, and give them a cash reward if they could remain perpendicular at the end of five or more minutes of wrestling with the show's wonder men. If a native showed signs of holding out, the troupers showed signs of putting out the lights. When the glims were doused, so was the challenger. In other words, when the lights went off, so did the native hero. He was usually found in the center of the ring, in a very horizontal position, with the show's wrestler

standing on his chest, which same was breathing extra heavy. A six-foot stake, swung accurately in the dark, saved time, also the twenty-five dollar reward.

You now have a short portrait of King Wrestlers with Octave Olivio's World of Joy Carnival. Octave was as honest as the day was long, but he rarely got up till the sun went down. He'd stand for anything that got the money and, as King Wrestlers got the gelt, he stood for them.

It was Old Man Olivio who brought the Wild Whampoo of Whampolo and his manager, Professor Carlos Shann, to the ballystand and introduced them to Doc McKeezo. The Wild Whampoo was tall, dark and handsome. His skin was the color of a Jap, his eyes were dark and shifty, and he wore a check suit that no mail order house could sell and remain honest. His weight was two-hundred-and-eighteen on anybody's scale and he had muscles that the sports writers called rippling.

"I want you to meet," began Olivio, "Professor Shann and his great discovery, the Wild Whampoo of—"

"What is it?" broke in Foghorn McAbner, combination bally spieler and referee.

The Wild Whampoo struck an attitude, a cross between Ajax defying the lightning and Dizzy Dean defying the bleachers. He folded his arms and scowled. The professor arched a delicate brow and appeared offended.

"What d'yer mean, what is it?" demanded Olivio. "Does he look like a hummingbird?"

"He looks like a bird," said McKeezo, "but I'd say a buzzard that ain't humming."

"Professor Shann," went on Olivio, "is a famed explorer. He has just returned from the very darkest part of Africa."

"That darkest Africa stuff gives me a pain in the whiffle-tree," said Foghorn. "Why don't the bums use candles?"

"Perhaps," drawled Professor Shann, "the—ah—gentleman does not understand. You see, Umgum—which is the native name of what I have decided to call the Wild Whampoo of the Whampolo—does not speak a word of English."

"He ain't got a thing on us," sniffed Foghorn.

THE PROFESSOR ignored the sally. He patted his well-waxed mustache and tapped Umgum on the back.

"I wrote to Mr. Olivio," went on the professor, "and explained the great possibilities of Umgum as a wrestler. I am sure he will be the next heavyweight champion of the world with a little practice. Mr. Olivio wired me to come on and join his honorable show."

"What did this ape ever wrestle, besides four meals a day?" demanded Foghorn.

"My dear sir," retorted the professor, with becoming dignity. "Umgum will be the greatest wrestler the world has ever known. Of course, according to the true tenets of wrestling, he is naturally very crude at the moment, but his very great strength is marvelous. He was the only man in the whole of Whampolo land that could wrestle lions and tigers."

"Why the hell don't you exhibit him in the animal tent?" asked Doc McKeezo.

"If you will shut up, stupid," said Olivio, "maybe you can see the big idea. Er, go on, professor."

"It is Mr. Olivio's idea that we should join the wrestling show and meet all comers. He will be a positive novelty and is strong enough to meet two men at the same time."

"Listen, lug," snapped Olivio to McKeezo, "can't you see the great ballyhoo possibilities? The guy will be a natural, the greatest attraction we ever glaucumed!"

"Natural what?" whinnied Foghorn. "Suppose this monk gets flopped over on his canolo, what happens to your prize dough, hey?"

"Not a chance," said the professor. "I am so certain that I shall even underwrite it, if Mr. Olivio so desires. I am positive of his great strength and dexterity."

"What more d'yer want?" barked Olivio. "Besides, them two other monkeys failed to show up, and this guy is here. Put him on and slough your big trap!"

"Okay by me," said McKeezo. "It's your coffin—hop into it!"

Within the next few hours a giant banner was hastily painted. It showed Umgum, the Wild Whampoo of the Whampolo, astride the back of a lion—and he had the lion flat on his flanks. The banner was a gem of genius, geared to knick the natives for a ticket to the exhibition.

Before the King Wrestlers opened that night Doc McKeezo had a heart to head talk with his ballyhoo talker, Foghorn McAbner. Foghorn had

gained his appetizing sobriquet due to the fact that he had a pair of lungs that would chase the whistle of the Queen Mary off the ocean. The lad could really yell on the ballstand and any townner who couldn't hear him was a treat for the embalmer's attention.

"What d'yer make of this new gibboon?" asked McKeezo.

"He looks strong and plenty tough."

"So did Dillinger—but they floored him. What I wanna know is, can he really wrestle or is he a opera singer?"

"What of it?" said Foghorn. "It's Old Man Olivio's show and his dough that he's risking."

"That's the answer," said McKeezo. "If he gets knocked on his fannyolo, the Old Man can hoist him up."

When McKeezo and Foghorn gave the first ballyhoo that night, half the town was out front. It was the banner that got 'em. All tough-looking hombres, such as cowboys, rangers and what have you on horseback, George O'Brien. They had brought along a lad that they was proud of, no less than the champion of Cactus County, and he had won all the steer wrestling tournaments in the state. So if Buckaroo Smythe could toss Umgum for a touchdown, it would have to be done with mirrors.

"Gents," boomed Foghorn, from the ballstand, "gents, we offer from far-off Africa one of the most amazzz-ing exhibishuns ever seen in the Golden West! I say to you—"

"Nuts!" cracked a rangy cowpoke. "Yuh read that Golden West stuff in the books. Us guys have to work fur a livin' and we don't git it!"

Foghorn waited for the laughter to subside. Under other conditions, Foghorn would have jumped off the ballstand and socked the smart smack on the zeal. But there was something in the looks of the eggs before him that seemed to hint that they were not used to having strangers smack them around without permission.

"Gents," went on Foghorn, "this great exhibishun is here for your entertainment and culcher. We have placed on exhibishun for the first time in any city, town or even country, Umgum, the Wild Whampoo of the Whampolo land. The management offers twenty-five dollahs reward to any man who can remain in the ring with him for only five minutes, without having his shoulders pinned to the mat. But—remembah—no shooting or using knives. This is a rassling match and a ree-

fined entertainment for gents who appreciate art. Now, gents, the price of admisshun is only two-bits or even a thin or fat quarter. The ticket boxes are on either side. I thank yuh kindly!"

THE CROWD stormed both ticket boxes, entered the tent and sat on the hard seats. In the center of the tent was a regulation ring, with ropes that were a bit raggy. However, the four posts looked substantial, while the canvas was practically new—four years ago.

As the crowd sat around the ring, Umgum was not in sight. He was out in the back in the dressing tent. Each time that either Foghorn or McKeezo went into the tent, Professor Shann began some speedy talk in Umgum's native tongue.

"What a langwidge!" exclaimed Foghorn to McKeezo. "Sounds like two flat tires going around a curve."

"That's the answer," said McKeezo. "But I still don't know whether the guy is a wrestler or a toe-dancer. What d'yer make of him? Them muggs out there are primed for trouble and I don't care to be wedged under a slab in the local headstone sector."

"Forget it," soothed Foghorn. "If the big baboon blows the contest, all we have to do is pay off the winnah."

"But suppose he murders some guy?"

"That answer is easy—they'll murder him right back."

Foghorn entered the ring and made the usual hackneyed announcement. He asked if there was anyone in the audience who would care to come up and wrestle Umgum. With a loud whoop from his pals, Buckaroo Smythe ambled up to the ring and hopped through the ropes.

"I shore aim to win thet reward," said Mr. Smythe.

"Fine," enthused Foghorn. "Give the lad a hand, fellows!"

He got a whole flock of hands. The applause was interjected with assorted cowboy yells and semi-Indian howls. Buckaroo Smythe stood under the dome lights and beamed to his playmates. He was bronzed and muscular.

"What's your name, brothah?" asked Foghorn.

"They call me Buckaroo Smythe, and I work for the Bar G Ranch, out yonder."

"Okay, Brothah Smythe," smiled Foghorn. "Now, before you rassle Umgum, you understand that the management of this show is not responsible

for broken bones or any accidents what the so ever?"

"Tell thet to yore own fellow," drawled Buckaroo Smythe. "I don't reckon I'll get nothin' busted!"

That statement pleased the crowd. They roared and whooped again.

"You are to remain in the ring," went on Foghorn, "for five minutes, without your shoulders touching the mat, in order to win the prize. Understand?"

"I shore do. Bring on thet wild stallion. I aim to bust him loose from his hinges!"

A three-piece band, consisting of a snare-drum, a fife, and a small calliope, let out a blast that sounded like a cross between Yankee Doodle and three days worth of the Spanish Revolution. This was the cue for Professor Shann and Umgum to come prancing down the aisle. They were greeted with enough boos and hisses to corner the world's boo-and-hiss market.

Umgum, tall and leonine, entered the ring first, followed by the professor. Side by side, they looked like an ostrich and a bantam hen. The Wild Whampoo bowed to the right, the left and the middle. He received catcalls from the right, the left and the middle. More, he got the Royal Order of the Razzberry, fourth class. As an added decoration, they gave him the bird.

"Gents," boomed Foghorn, holding up both hands for silence, "these men will wrestle catch-as-catch-can style. I will be your fair and square referee!"

Not so good. It seemed that the pals of Buckaroo Smythe cared not for anything so fair and square as Foghorn McAbner as referee.

"We have brung our own referee!" yelled a fat-bottomed cowboy. "Go ahead up, Alonzo—and do yore stuff!"

A suntanned giant emerged from the center of the tent and strode toward the ring. The lad was hefty, healthy and packed a brace of guns for good measure. His mustache must have been copied from the latest in walrus social circles. It actually waved as he climbed through the ropes.

Foghorn and McKeezo promptly put their heads together.

"What are we up against?" whispered McKeezo.

"Don't ask me," said Foghorn. "I ain't psychic!"

"Have we gotta let that ape referee?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," retorted Foghorn.

The big fellow walked up to McKeezo and Foghorn.

"Muh name is Alonzo Santa Ana," bellowed the large hombre. "The boys want thet I should see that a square deal is given to our rassler."

Big and loud applause from the customers.

"Mr. Santa Claus—er, I mean Santa Ana," said Foghorn, "it is against the rules to have two referees."

"Rules—hell!" snorted Santa Ana. "I have been see-lected to be referee and I aim to be the same!"

"Have you had any experience?" asked Foghorn.

"Don't need none, pardner. I'll get it now. Besides, I kin make up muh own rules and there ain't gonna be no crooked bizness."

Another deafening whoop from the ringside.

"D'yer know the difference between a half-Nelson and a head-lock?" asked McKeezo.

"Ain't no diffrence fur as I know," said Santa Ana. "All I wanna know is, is the fellow's back on the floor or ain't it on the floor?"

"What about the rough stuff?" went on Foghorn. "Will you permit all holds?"

"Everything goes with me, except guns. This is gonna be a rassling match, not target practice."

PROFESSOR SHANN walked to the Senor Santa Ana and placed his arm around his shoulder.

"My dear fellow," beamed the professor, "I am afraid that you do not understand that two referees are not permitted in the ring at the same time."

"Who's this heah pansy talkin' to?" demanded Santa Ana. He gave the professor a shove and he landed in the lap of his protege.

"It is the rule of this exhibition that our man should referee," said McKeezo.

"Who cares?" barked Santa Ana. "Le's both referee. I aim to be nice and social!"

"Okay by me," said McKeezo. "Two referees is a novelty to me and it's screwy!"

Foghorn called the men to the center of the ring for instructions. Santa Ana followed him and stood by his side.

"Gents," said Foghorn, "all holds will be permitted except the dangerous strangle."

"Whut's thet?" demanded Santa Ana. "Besides, I object. Let the boys play any ways they wanno!"

"D'yer want to see a murder?" demanded Foghorn.

"Why not? The boys out thar want to be entertained!"

"Aw right!" snapped Foghorn. "You asked for it. Let 'er go!"

The bell!

Umgum, with an abysmal growl, leaped from his seat and, without attempting to shake hands with his adversus, made a grab for Buckaroo Smyth's extra-big feet. Smythe evidently did not care to have any one annoy his dogs and, just as Umgum was about to grab them, he lifted his right knee and it smacked Umgum right on the chinolo. The ringsiders were naturally delighted. Neither Professor Shann or his palsy-walsy could see the humor.

The professor claimed a foul. Foghorn admitted that it was a very flagrant foul and turned to Santa Ana for confirmation. Santa Ana said he did not see it and to go ahead with the match.

Again the boys met in the center of the ring and this time, Umgum, feeling his sore belly, was a bit cautious. Smythe tried for an arm-hold but Umgum socked him in the left eye with his right hand. This caused considerable disapproval from Mr. Smythe's friends in the seats.

"It's a damned foul!" roared Santa. He turned to Foghorn for confirmation. "Hey, you—whut about it, hey?"

"I don't know," said Foghorn. "I didn't even see it."

Which made them even on the foul stuff.

Umgum began to show his teeth and chatter in his native tongue.

"Whut's thet gorilla callin' me?" demanded Santa Ana.

"Ask him," snapped Foghorn. "Do I look like his brother?"

And then the fireworks went off.

Umgum, with a lightning leap grabbed Buckaroo Smythe around the neck and clamped on a stranglehold. Putting on enough pressure to cause Smythe to show the audience the condition of his tongue, Umgum proceeds to toss him over his shoulder. He hit the mat with a Fourth of July bang—and a moment later his shoulders were even with the mat. He was out as far as a pelican's beakus!

The Smythe followers claimed sixteen fouls, Eastern Standard Time. They even hinted at concealed horseshoes. Just where a horseshoe could be concealed in a bare hand they failed to

demonstrate. Exit, Buckaroo Smythe, the champion of Cactus county.

So much for the debut of the Wild Whampoo of Whampolo.

The next stop of Olivio's World of Joy Carnival was in a whistle-halt burg entitled Rawhide Falls, in the center of the state. It had a population of about five thousand and most of it was still popping. The natives would fight at the drop of a sombrero and, if you didn't drop it, they'd knock it off.

OLD MAN OLIVIO was well-pleased with the drawing powers of Umgum and had Jazzbo Thomas, the press agent, play him up big. So, by the time the show reached Rawhide Falls, Umgum was plastered all over the front page of the Rawhide Falls Beacon, a weekly that came out when the advertisements came in. Two striking photos of Umgum appeared in the sheet, along with a write-up that would have made the Brothers Grimm toss their fairy tale books into the ashcan.

Just before King Wrestlers exhibition opened that night Professor Shann, Doc McKeezo, Foghorn McAbner and Jazzbo Thomas held a conference in the private Pullman of Old Man Olivio. It seems that the professor had a large notion that was enthusiastically okayed by Jazzbo Thomas. In short, now that Olivio was convinced that Umgum was invincible as a wrestler, why not raise the reward to one hundred bucks?

"Yeah," said Olivio, "but suppose some stewbum knocks Umgum on his tail?"

"In that case," guessed Foghorn, "you would knock Umgum for a second trip on his tail."

"Gentlemen," said the professor, in a mollifying tone, "there is no danger of any living human being defeating the Wild Whampoo of the Whampolo. He is a master of physical man and the most perfect specimen of genus homo sapiens ever seen on earth."

"The accent," said Foghorn, "is on the 'sap'."

"I guess I'll raise the ante to one hundred cherries," said Olivio. "But if some punk should flop him over!"

"That," remarked Foghorn, "will be very sad, indeed."

Rawhide Falls had a strong beezark named Sergeant Mike Mahooey, of the local police force. According to the natives, the serge was hot stuff; in fact, no one in that section had ever succeeded in

cooling him. He was a big jollypop and weighed nearly two-hundred-and-forty in his stepins. His stomach was in full bloom, like he had swallowed a football and failed to digest it. Moreover, he had a set of whiskers that many an eagle must have tried to rent as a nest.

He got the weird notion that he was a wrestler because, one day, he caught a rustler and pinned him to the ground with a body-scissors. But he did not know it was a body-scissors. For all he knew, it was an angels-twist. The serge was the logical opponent to toss Umgum on his end-cushion, and the tent was jammed for the great occasion. Even the serge's pet blonde lap-ornament, who weighed enough to be adult quintuplets, was at the ringside to see the show.

The serge sat in his corner with whiskers waving and enough hair on his chest to live warmly in a tree. His round map was all smiles and he was probably figuring what he would buy his lady friend with the prize award.

Clang!

Umgum left his corner cautiously and came to the center of the ring. Sergeant Mahooey rose slowly, ponderously, and also majestically, then blew a kiss to the gal of his dreams. Of course, some dreams are nightmares, but who brought that up? However, turning his head was a major error on the part of the good serge.

The Wild Whampoo, with the leap of a panther, grabbed the sergeant by both ears and began to jerk them with great gusto and apparent pleasure. This caused a high roar of foul and Foghorn tapped Umgum on the shoulder to desist. Umgum looked surprised and dropped his ear-holds, sensing that all was not kosher in the ham factory. He turned to the professor and made a few remarks in pure Whampolo. The professor smiled and replied in the same tongue. After which, Umgum returned to his labor.

It had irked the sergeant to have any one twiddle his cameo-like ears and he began to show his great displeasure by glaring at Umgum in a ferocious manner. Umgum returned the glare with excellent interest. He displayed his tusks but the sergeant wasn't worried about any such exhibition. He also had teeth and, just to show his contempt for those of Umgum, he parted his lips and showed his. This, however, was a slight error on his part. The teeth slipped out and hit the floor with a grand bounce. Embarrassed, the sergeant stopped to retrieve them

and it was then that Umgum got down to serious business. While the sergeant was bent over toward his straying molars, Umgum made a flying leap to his back and, while the sergeant had his teeth in his left hand, clamped on a pip of an arm and leg lock. The sergeant was obliged to drop the teeth in his haste to see what Umgum was trying to do. They rolled out of the ring and fell at the feet of his lady love. The crowd roared and she put on a haughty stare.

The sergeant twisted and squirmed but the more he did so, the more Umgum turned on the pressure of the locks. Someone bellowed foul, just as a matter of routine, and the crowd took it up as one man. According to that audience, everything that the other fellow did was a foul. However, wrestling being what it is—if it is.

Sergeant Mahooey began to do some choice and fancy wiggling and also waggling. His grunts, beginning with some basso-profundo notes, ascended to some high C's in less than no time. Finally, the good sergeant, greatly exasperated and duly annoyed, gave a mighty lurch and became free of the devastating torture holds. He then promptly took a bite out of Umgum's left ear. This pleased the crowd immensely. There was no foul in biting the other guy's left or even right ear. In fact, if you killed the other guy it was just an unfortunate accident. Their heads were just that shape.

The sergeant continued to chew on Umgum's ear.

"Hey," yelled Foghorn, "no time out for lunch."

The sergeant let go of his ear-sandwich and puffed to his feet. Umgum looked toward the professor and the professor mumbled a few instructions in the original Whampooish. Umgum nodded, gritted his teeth and got down to real business. First, he backed against the ropes and swayed to and fro for a few times. Sergeant Mahooey, trying to figure out what the hell he was doing on the ropes, walked to his corner and blinked at Umgum. It was then that the Wild Whampoo relieved him of all further suspense.

LIKE a human rocket, Umgum bounced off the ropes and, gathering much speed, leaped off the canvas. In midair, he brought up both knees close to his stomach, holding them tight with both arms, and then—zam—both knees and hard head of Umgum crashed into the solar plexus of Sergeant Mike Mahooey. It was a new one and a freight car

would have been knocked kicking from the impact. The sergeant let out one mighty belch, all the wind he had in stock, and collapsed to the mat. In a flash, Umgum was astride and a second later, his shoulders were glued to the canvas. The sergeant was out—like a Republican in the White House.

Old Man Olivio was suffocated with pleasure at the new flying tackle.

“What is it?” he asked the professor.

“That,” replied the professor, with becoming modesty, “is one of my own inventions. I have called it the Whampoo Wallop. Very forceful, is it not?”

“Yeah,” said Olivio, “if we all don’t get pinched for murder in the first, second and third degree.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about that tackle before?” moaned Jazzbo Thomas. “Boy, that’s a natural for forty yards of publicity! The Whampoo Wallop, hey? From now on, you guys watch my stuff in the sheets!”

During the next two show dates, at a couple of duck-in-and-duck-out hamlets, Umgum went over like Niagara Falls, big and bouncing, his challengers playing the part of the falls. But, as a finished and artistic wrestler, Umgum was not so torrid. He had great strength and some natural ability, also fair balance and leverage, but just how he would show against a lad who knew what it was all about remained to be seen. And heard. To date he met only mere punkalookas, almost guaranteed pushovers, who were born in the bag and didn’t have to be put in one.

The blow-off came in a slab named Winford City, Arizona. This town was on the boom, due to some new gold mines that had been discovered in the hills beyond. From a sleepy-eyed village of less than five hundred souls—and a few heels—it had leaped, overnight, to some fifteen thousand wild-orbed prospectors and adventurers. The lads were sly, snide and unhandsome. The burg was so tough that even the sparrows sang bass.

While the tents were going up on the midway another conference was being held in the private Pullman of Old Man Olivio. The boss loved to have a conference, and sat with both feet—extra large—resting on the desk. Among those present were Doc McKeezo, Professor Shann, Foghorn McAbner and Jazzbo Thomas, nature’s gift to publicity, most of which was screwy.

“Gents,” began Olivio, “we must admit that we have one swell attraction in Umgum. I find that the

King Wrestlers, with him, is doing more biz than any other four shows put together. It’s far ahead of the ten-in-one and even the hootch. I am greatly pleased with what results we have got.”

Professor Shann cleared his throat. He was about to make a speech. You could always depend on the professor to make a speech. Especially if it was in favor of Umgum and himself.

“Mr. Olivio,” began the professor, “I understand that you now believe that Umgum is not only a great attraction but is also invincible. Is that correct?”

“Yeah,” admitted Olivio. “The guy is good. Positively good show biz. Er, what’s on your mind?”

“I am going to suggest that you raise the prize winning money to five hundred dollars,” went on the professor.

“Great idea!” enthused Jazzbo Thomas. “Fine ballyhoo, what I mean. And listen, I got another idea!”

“You prob’bly got a dream that come down a pipe!” sniffed Foghorn.

“Shut up, Foghorn,” snapped Olivio politely. “Er, what is your idea, Jazzbo?”

“We are booked to play this slab for three days, see, and right away I go around to the leading jeweler, clothier, shoe store, grocery, and the et cetera, and get them to add extra prizes, see? It will be a swell hook-up for all concerned. The extra prizes will be announced in the paper and we can have them on exhibition in the tent, see?”

“Excellent,” exclaimed Professor Shann. “I must congratulate Mr. Thomas on his wonderful idea.”

“Why and the hell didn’t you think of that before?” moaned Olivio. “It’s a pipolo. Go to it, kid; I’m right for it down the line!”

Before the show opened that night, Jazzbo Thomas had succeeded in getting five of the local merchants to offer additional prizes to anyone who remained five minutes with Umgum. The clothier put up two of his best suits, the jeweler added a gold wristwatch, the shoe man contributed three pairs of his best shoes, while a grocer put in ten dollars worth of groceries. On top of that Old Man Olivio had boosted the prize to five hundred dollars, in real money, not coupons.

The afternoon paper, the Winford News, gave the act a big spread and the midway was jammed before the show opened. No outside ballyhoo was

necessary. As soon as the two ticket boxes were open the towners raced for ducats and then blew into the tent. Within fifteen minutes the two sidewalls were bulging with standees.

FOGHORN McABNER asked for volunteers to win the prizes and a short, lithe fellow came up to the ring. He gave his name as St. Clair Montmorency and the crowd laughed. He appeared half the size of Umgum, although when stripped, he was well-knit together and his muscles did not seem to be bound in knots. He was a welterweight and the smallest man that Umgum had tackled to date.

Foghorn looked him over and grinned.

"I hope the ambulance service is good in this town," said Foghorn.

"Me, too," said Montmorency. "That big potato over there will need it."

"You understand," went on Foghorn, "that you are rassling Umgum at your own risk and that this show is not responsible for broken bones or even heads?"

"Save that chatter for the bum in the other corner," said Montmorency.

"You don't even look like a rassler to me!" snapped Foghorn.

"That guy over there don't look like anything to me," was the comeback.

The bell!

They touched hands in the center of the ring. Umgum tried for a left-wrist hold but missed from here to Shanghai. Montmorency stepped politely to one side and grinned. The crowd roared. All except Old Man Olivio and the donors of the added prizes. The heart of the jeweler missed six beats.

The Wild Whampoo showed his teeth. Evidently St. Clair Montmorency had seen teeth before. At any rate, teeth did not scare him in the least. He winked jovially. Perhaps his pater was a dentist. Again the crowd bellowed its joy and approval. Here was a little guy, going after a giant, and he didn't give a damn about him. Hot stuff.

Umgum circled around his enemy and tried for a leg-scissors. St. Clair was coy and leaped to one side like a fox in front of a cross-eyed hunter. Umgum landed—blam—right on his sitolo. The crowd shouted encouragement to the small challenger. Advice, most of it lousy, came from all parts of the tent.

The Wild Whampoo became wilder. He jumped

to his feet, eyes flashing, nostrils distended. Montmorency saluted him—with thumb to nose and fingers waving like Kansas wheat in the breeze. Then he circled around Umgum like a faun, fast and daintily. Umgum got a cramp in his neck trying to follow him.

Two minutes of the five were up. Three more to go. And not a hold had been taken! The smaller man was not only speedy, he was plenty crafty and clever. If he didn't know much about wrestling, he had sense enough to keep away from one who did.

Suddenly, Umgum, with a furious lunge, grabbed Montmorency around the legs and upset him. Then he got a left toehold. Or so he thought. St. Clair released his foot from his shoe and let Umgum have it for a souvenir. Umgum roared in guttural yelps. The yelling from the crowd became semi-hysterical. Hats went in the air and the tossers didn't care where they landed.

Foghorn looked worried. But you should have seen the pan on Old Man Olivio! Ah me, alas and alackaday! He was about to hop into the ring and wrestle Montmorency himself. As to the jeweler, clothier, shoe man and grocer—woof! were they fit to be tied!

"Hey, big boy," yelled someone in the audience, "why don't you use that Whampoo Wallop?"

Foghorn also wondered about that. He looked toward Professor Shann and that merry mullah also looked worried. Then the professor caught the eye of his protege and gave him a signal. Umgum raced back against the ropes, in preparation for the dangerous tackle. Montmorency stood across the ring and smiled broadly. Nothing seemed to daunt the little runt!

Propelled by the force of the ropes, Umgum zizzed through the air toward Montmorency. Down went his head, up went his knees—which was supposed to be the end of St. Clair Montmorency.

But it wasn't—and how!

Montmorency simply wasn't in the line of firing. He had leaped to one side and Umgum crashed with head and knees, against the ring post. Listen to that mob howl! They had a field day.

One minute and a half to go—and St. Clair Montmorency still doing business at the same old stand.

Umgum, with a dazed look on his face, blinked stupidly at the dome lights.

"Do it again, fellow," yelled some wit—or maybe half—"ah didn't see it the furst time!"

Umgum appeared groggy from the blow against the post. It seemed that the dumb wonder had knocked himself out. Old Man Olivio rushed to the ringside and beckoned to Foghorn McAbner.

"Tell 'at big monk to wake up!" snarled Olivio. "I got five hundred smackers to lose!"

"Tell him yourself," snapped Foghorn. "I don't speak a word of Umgumish!"

Umgum walked around the ring, feeling his head.

"Wanna couple of aspirin?" whinnied some townner.

"Ever try hoss liniment for the shins?" glooped another ringsider.

Montmorency began to circle around Umgum. His usual grin was now replaced with grimness and determination. Suddenly, he rushed toward the ropes. Umgum continued to appear in a semi-stupor. His hands were dangling at his side and he continued to blink at the dome lights.

And then came the hurricane!

Montmorency pushed his back into the ropes. They expanded. Then he released himself and shot through the air like a bean out of a shooter. He shot across the ring, straight for the dazed Umgum. Halfway toward Umgum, he lowered his head, raised his knees and—bam—he hit Umgum in the solar plexus with enough force to sink a ship.

AND THE tackle he used was none other than the Whampoo Wallop!

It was all over but the shooting and the tumult. And the fainting. The jeweler keeled over into the lap of a fat miner. The grocer clapped his hands to his head and moaned. The clothier looked cross-eyed. The shoe man said "Nuts!"

As to the mental state of Old Man Olivio—woof!—he called Umgum all the names he could think of and they were healthy.

The crowd was in ecstasy. If Olivio had any idea that he was going to dodge payment of the five hundred, it was no sale. The boys in the seats demanded that St. Clair Montmorency be paid before they left the tent. Or else—

"No one evah called Octave Olivio a welsher!" roared the Old Man. "I have sent for the five hundred dollahs prize reward and it will be here in a moment. And, gents, I am happy that the best man won!"

Like hell.

The time is one hour later. The place is the

office in Olivio's private Pullman. We find him sitting at his desk, hands dejectedly in pockets, puffing a stale cigar butt. Mr. Octave Olivio is not feeling so good. Five hundred dollars to him meant only his right arm, his left eye and his entire liver.

The door to the office snapped open. Doc McKeezo rushed in, panting and red-faced from running.

"Hey, boss," he yelled, "I discovered something. If you wanna know something about your five hundred bucks, follow me!"

"Who put the ants in your pants?" demanded Olivio.

"We been framed!" went on McKeezo. "C'mon—snap out of it and follow me!"

"Framed, hey?" snorted the Old Man. "Well, I ain't no picture for nobody. Le's scam!"

Five minutes later they were in the Hotel Gila. They raced to the second floor. Halfway down the hall they began to tiptoe. When abreast of Room 34, they halted.

"Listen," whispered McKeezo. "You can hear through the transom!"

Several voices were jabbering together. Familiar voices. As he listened, Old Man Olivio's blood pressure rose higher and higher. His fists clenched and he began to mumble like the first notes of an impending volcanic eruption.

"Pretty soft, hey?" It was the voice of Professor Carlos Shann. "And yet they say that showmen aren't suckers!"

"C'mon—let's divide up that easy sugar!" It was the voice of St. Clair Montmorency.

"Yeah—gimme a feel of that dough, wilyer?" It was the voice of the man who couldn't speak a word of English—Umgum, the Wild Whampoo of the Whampolo.

The professor placed the five hundred dollars, which was in nice, new ten-dollar bills, on the table. Then he grabbed a handful.

"There's ten for you," said the professor. "And here's ten for you, and here's ten for me—"

That was enough for Old Man Olivio! He stepped back from the door and, with the full force of his heavy body, crashed against the worn panels. It splintered in all directions and the body of Olivio zoomed into the room.

He dashed for Professor Carlos Shann first.

"So!" he boomed. "I'm a sucker, hey? And you're dividing up the loot, huh? Well, get a load of this division!"

He swung a haymaker for the professor's nose and landed, dead center.

"There's one for you!" he roared.

A right uppercut caught Umgum on the chin. He went down for repairs.

"And there's one for you!"

A terrific one-two caught St. Clair Montmorency on the chin and in the stomach.

"And there's two for you!"

AFTER noting that his work was done with neatness and dispatch, Olivio picked up the five hundred dollars and, grabbing Doc McKeezo by the arm, walked down the hall and out into the street.

"Nice work," said McKeezo. "You don't do so bad with your mitts."

"Yeah," said Olivio, "I used to be a welterweight when I was a young brat."

"Five hundred bucks is five hundred bucks," said McKeezo.

"Tell me something," asked Olivio, "how come you got wise it was a frame?"

"Cinch," said McKeezo. "You see, I had a room in the hotel, but it was on the first floor. It was hot as hell and so I asks the clerk to give me one where I could breathe. He happens to put me next to them guys—and that's that."

"I appreciate it," said Olivio. "You are entitled to a reward for faithful service."

Doc McKeezo beamed all over. He could use some extra jack. It looked like he was about to get a break.

"Er, how much am I paying yuh now?" went on Olivio.

"Thirty-five a week," said McKeezo.

"Well, beginning next week, you go on the blotter for thirty-seven-fifty," said the big-hearted Octave Olivio, as he stuck the five hundred into his pocket.

The bell!

THERE'S ANOTHER SWELL YARN BY TOM THURSDAY IN THE DEC. ISSUE OF
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