

# **THE WRESTLER**

SEPTEMBER 1972

25p

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# WRESTLING

# IN THE NORTH



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AIRDRIE 3rd & 5th Friday  
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**WORCESTERSHIRE**  
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**YORKSHIRE**  
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BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion 1st Monday 7.30 p.m.  
DONCASTER Sports Hall, Race Course 4th Friday 7.30 p.m.  
LEEDS Town Hall 4th Monday 7.30 p.m.  
SHEFFIELD City Hall 1st & 3rd Wed. 7.30 p.m.  
WHITBY Spa Pavilion 1st Thursday 7.30 p.m.

The above venues and dates are correct at the time of going to Press.  
Unless otherwise stated the tournaments listed are for September, 1972.

See Local Press and Posters for Further Information

# THE WRESTLER

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## CONTENTS

	Page
Wrestling in the North	2
Decade of Champions	4 and 5
Wrestling Round-Up	6 and 7
New Zealand Scene	8 and 9
'Tiny' Pat Lee	10
These Fantastic Frenchmen	11
Steve Logan	12 and 13
Robin—Heavyweight Title Chance At Last!	14 and 15
Wrestling Notebook	16 and 17
Action on the Mat	18 and 19
Round the Amateur World	20
The Manx Men	21
Calgary Stampede '72	22-31
Soviet Judo Team for Olympics	31
S.P.A.R.K.S.	32 and 33
Likely Lad—Humphrey Mendoza	34
Best Bouts of the Month	35

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Cover Photo by Wrestling Write-ups

MASAMBULA

# 1962 - A DECADE of

That the official British wrestling championships under the Lord Mountevans rules have grown in significance over the years is due in no small measure to the stature of the wrestlers who first held them.

Ten or a dozen years later there is not one of the seven original champions holding on to the same laurels so how do today's title campaigners compare?

A decade or more ago the champions could almost have been forgiven for regarding the Lord Mountevans gold belts as their personal property. By comparison titles now seem to change hands with undignified regularity.

As 1962 opened the champions were all well established and an at-a-glance guide to the weights

revealing the title holders then and now reads as follows:—

## *Heavyweight:*

Billy Joyce	1962
Albert Wall	1972

## *Mid-heavyweight:*

Norman Walsh	1962
Mike Marino	1972

## *Light-heavyweight:*

Ernie Riley	1962
Billy Joyce	1972

## *Heavy-middleweight:*

Eric Taylor	1962
Bert Royal	1972

## *Middleweight:*

Tommy Mann	1962
Brian Maxine	1972

## *Welterweight:*

Jack Dempsey	1962
Vic Faulkner	1972

## *Lightweight:*

Melwyn Riss	1962
Jim Breaks	1972

The name that really strikes the eye is that of Wigan's evergreen *Billy Joyce*, heavyweight champion ten or a dozen years ago and still in the listings today having moved down a couple of stones to the lightweight limits.

In his heavyweight hey-day, Joyce, sometimes controversial although always a wrestler of great tactical skill, ruled the roost despite great pressure from Yorkshire's *Ernie Baldwin*, *Geoff Portz* and newly emerging stars such as *Bill Robinson*, *Gwyn Davies* and *Albert Wall*.

The reign of Joyce was drawing to a close before present champion Wall came to the fore but there are many worrying similarities in their styles and approach, neither man worrying too much about adopting border-line tactics to get a quick result.

Possibly Wall would have the edge in sheer strength and staying power and for this reason I think he would have toppled the old master.

*Norman Walsh* brought to the mid-heavyweights a type of action all his own and he had many rousing battles with *Mike Marino*, present holder of the title. In quite a number of bouts Walsh seemed to spend



Billy Joyce turns Leon Arras for a single leg boston

# CHAMPIONS - 1972

as much time out of the ring as in it but the solidly built title holder from Thirsk never worried about a tumble or two through the ropes.

At that time Marino did not show any great inclination to get involved in British title issues but usually the ring wise Anglo-Italian had the edge.

Billy Joyce may not have the weight to tangle with the heavyweights these days but his years of know-how makes him a difficult opponent in the 14 st. 2 lb. division and I would dearly love to have the chance of seeing again bouts between Joyce and his predecessor *Ernie Riley*, a wrestler from the same Wigan wrestling stronghold.

Once again I think the present champion would have the edge but in the heavy-middleweight division there would be a good deal less between past champion *Eric Taylor* and his successor *Bert Royal*. Although we don't see him in Joint Promotions rings anymore Taylor is still wrestling, and with all his old skill and character.

Good as he is, I think Royal would have had his work cut out toppling Taylor and possibly the division where there is the least to choose between the kingpins of 1962 and 1972, is middleweight.

What a fascinating match it would have been, explosive *Tommy Mann*, in one corner, 'King of the ring' Brian Maxine in the other. Rugged Mancunian Mann is one of my all time wrestling favourites and no one in the 12-13 st. range could toss in elbow slams with his ferocity.

But few of Mann's adversaries in the 1950's and 1960's had Maxine's staying power and spirit and from whichever side this intriguing struggle is viewed I believe an honourable draw would be the only outcome.

Dour *Jack Dempsey* was yet another Wigan trained champion and while this welterweight champion represented the old school, *Vic Faulkner* his 1972 successor is very much apart of wrestling's space-age image.

The stylists of the day seldom made much impact on Dempsey who relinquished the title rather than lost it in the ring but I would back Faulkner's combination of speed and skill to have come out on top.



Vic Faulkner holds Al Nicol in a side head lock  
(Photo: H. G. Stevens)

Although he lost it for a period it was present lightweight champion *Jim Breaks* who took the title from *Melwyn Riss* back in 1963. The lithe Rochdale grappler looked impregnable until Breaks popped up to bring off the shock result of the year at the Royal Albert Hall.

That result is good enough for me and quite clearly our present crop of champions have earned the right to stand squarely along side the great names of the recent past.

RUSSELL PLUMMER



# WRESTLING

*Steve Wright*, the very popular young wrestler and holder of the open belt championship, has just returned from a highly successful three months stay in Germany. He took part in the *Gustl Kaiser* tournaments and became a great favourite with fans and wrestlers alike, so much so that he has been invited to return on September 15th for a further two months appearances. He has also received offers to go to Japan, Casablanca and Mexico in the near future.

While in Germany, Steve has increased his weight by 6lbs. and has perfected the suplex under the guidance of *Horst Hoffman*, the German heavyweight champion, who regards Steve as a certain future European light-heavyweight champion, and has given him every encouragement.

*Mustafa Shikane* has also taken an interest in this young wrestler, and has shown Steve the training methods used in Turkey, which Mr. Ted Betley, Steve's trainer, is confident will be of great help to him in the future. He has been matched against top amateur wrestlers in the gymnasium of Gustl Kaiser with great success.



Steve Wright

songs on the disc. The disc took more than two days to make.

*'Goldbelt' Brian Maxine*, Middleweight Champion of Britain, who—as reported in this magazine last month—recently signed a recording contract with E.M.I. for a series of 'singles', has now cut his first L.P. record. On this, he sings both Rock and Roll and Country music.

Maxine, who accompanies himself on the guitar while singing, has himself composed one of the

Irish heavyweight *Sean Regan*, due in Japan later this month for a six week tour, is rather worried about 'Lady', his new pet boxer bitch. His last boxer, 'Sheba', missed him so much during Sean's last wrestling tour of Japan that she pined away and died.

# ROUND-UP

Sean, being Irish and a schoolmaster, probably knows quite a lot about ancient Irish history, but I wonder if he is aware that wrestling was a prominent sport in his homeland as far back as 5,000 years ago?

Irish historians go as far as saying that wrestling was a popular sport in the Emerald Isle long before the Greeks seriously took up wrestling. They point out that the first mention of wrestling by the Greeks is to be found in the 23rd book of the Iliad, which seems to indicate that wrestling in ancient Greece was being practised by about 1,100 B.C., with the sport not being introduced into the Olympic Games until 704 B.C.

However, the Tailtean Games of Ireland, founded by Nuaguid the Strong Arm in memory of Queen Tailte, were taking place by 3,000 B.C. These games saw wrestling as a major sport, with the country's strongest men locking themselves in mighty combat. Peasants trudged many miles to see their favourite champions in action.

Lay-offs due to ring injuries may be shortened in some instances by modern advances in medical treatment. I see that the Olympic Medical Advisory Committee, among other up-to-date aids, are providing electronic muscle-toning units for use by competitors.

### Much modern therapy for sprains and strains



**Jeff Kaye recoils from a smash by Brian Maxine**  
(Photo: Geo. Reid)

and other injuries takes the line that activity is better than rest (I know of several wrestlers who have defied doctor's orders and have returned to the ring more quickly as a result by exercising instead of resting). These newer electronic gadgets come in between both schools of thought, exercising muscles by electronic stimulation while leaving the body itself quite passive!

JOHN RACKHAM

# THE NEW ZEALAND WRESTLING SCENE

Wrestling continues to draw large crowds here with the Americans coming in regularly. In recent weeks we have seen *Mark Lewin*, *Big Bad John*, *Bob Roop*, *Spiros Arion*, *King Curtis Iaukea*, *Tiger Jeet Singh*, *Buddy Wolff* and *Bulldog Brower*.

Currently packing them in is the Samoan sensation *Peter "Fanene" Maivia*, who is back in New Zealand for a few short weeks with his wife Leah. Peter has put on some weight but his wrestling is better than ever and he's still a great favourite everywhere he goes. The local Islanders here love him, and it is great to have him back. On his way to New Zealand he stopped off at his native Samoa and took part in a match with *Brutal Bob Miller*. When he was thrown from the ring Peter landed on a broken bottle so his leg was heavily bandaged for his first New Zealand appearance.

Big King Curtis the popular Hawaiian is proving a big favourite out here. Curtis sends his best wishes to all his fans in the North of England. Another wrestler to appear in British rings is *Spiros Arion* who is an extremely talented wrestler.

With the Americans now competing here our own heavyweights are benefiting immensely from the tough competition. *Brutal Bob Miller*, Scotland's *Johnny Scott*, *Frank Lipanovich*, *Onno Boelee*, *Bruno Bekkar*, *Steve Rickard* and *Gorgeous Teddy Williams* have all shown great improvement this season.

*Johnny Scott* recently hopped across the Tasman to Australia and won 13 contests. His only losses came at the hands of the much heavier *Sweet Daddy Siki*, *Big Bad John* and *Bulldog Dick Brower*. John certainly makes up for his lack of weight with his great wrestling ability and can certainly show the Americans plenty of tricks.

*Robert Bruce* has also been in Australia wrestling for American promoter *Jim Barnett*. Robert was unfortunate to break two fingers there but is now back in action in New Zealand. The Scottish powerhouse is a great favourite here.



Top—  
The Maori Tag Team Tahu Hirini and Hori Paewhenua

Centre—  
Curtis Iaukea and Spiros Arion

Bottom—  
Peter Maivia with his wife Leah



Pat Barratt is wrestling all over New Zealand and is very busy with his Pizza bar in Christchurch. Pat is married to a New Zealand girl as also are King Curtis Iaukea and Robert Bruce.

Giant Aussie rulebender *Tiger Collecutt* whose wife is also a wrestler, is these days in excellent shape. The big 19 stone Aussie grappler hopes to leave on a world tour in the very near future.

Barry Drage one of our smaller heavyweights is wrestling extremely well and should be in line for a New Zealand title match shortly. Barry has plenty of wrestling ability and is also an extremely colourful performer.

Rex Kyle, a comparative newcomer to New Zealand wrestling looks like being a topnotcher. Rex has just returned from Australia where he worked for promoter *Hal Morgan*.

Willem Schumaker the Dutch heavyweight star who has lived in Australia for many years, seems to have settled in New Zealand. Willem's beautiful daughter Monica took part in New Zealand's first ever ladies' wrestling contest.

Villainous *Doctor Death* flies out to California this month for several important contests. The Doc's wife has been in England and he is due to meet her in California. Dr. Death is quite a character in New Zealand wrestling, and never fails to turn on a good display. When the Doc and *Big John Da Silva* get together fans are always assured of an excellent contest.

New Zealand fans were expecting *The American Destroyer* back shortly but I have just had a letter from him written in hospital as he had a cartilage operation and will be out of action for a few months yet.

New Zealand's biggest and strongest grappler would undoubtedly be the Maori giant *Mighty Tarema*. He is very anxious to go to Australia and meet some of the leading Americans there.

Greek star *Clem Lakis* who now lives in Australia is returning to New Zealand in October. Clem has been tag teaming with former English star *Phil Ward*.

*Tahu Hirini* is currently in good form and has found a new maori partner in *Hori Paewhenua*. They seem a very formidable combination and prefer the scientific approach.

Newcomers in New Zealand wrestling in recent months are Irishman *Casey O'Connor*, *Noamu Tipene*, *Kel Poulson* and *Rewa Ririnui*.

"Wild" *Don Scott* is on top of the world after his victory over Mexican star *Manuel Gonzales*. Don is a tower of strength in the light-heavyweight division and it will take a good man to topple him.

*Thunderbolt Patterson* the American negro star is the best negro to appear in New Zealand rings since the late *Jack Claybourne* was here many years ago.

DAVE CAMERON

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# MEET THE MAN WHO THRIVES ON SETBACKS **'TINY' PAT LEE**

If determination is the secret of success in the wrestling world then *'Tiny' Pat Lee* seems sure to get his name up there with the big boys one-day.

Despite numerous setbacks over a period of years, Lee has doggedly pressed on and having achieved his initial aim of breaking into the professional ranks he is now establishing himself in solo and tag team bouts.

Coming from the Doncaster area, *'Tiny'* began training in his late teens at the Yorkshire town's gymnasium run by *Kit O'Lave*. First problem came when his training partner met with an accident and could not continue.

Undeterred Lee pressed on alone until making contact with another grappling fanatic and the pair switched to a gymnasium at Barnsley and in a couple of years of training they learned a lot from established wrestlers, among them *Leon Arras*.

But just as a real break-through seemed imminent *'Tiny's'* friend moved away from the area and once again he was faced with the problem of having to make new arrangements.

An approach to the Doncaster Y.M.C.A. to see if they had anywhere available for a spot of solo training finished up with Lee running a wrestling and judo club for the local youngsters.

This went well for time but as often happens with teenagers the interest started to flag and one by one the boys drifted away and not for the first time *'Tiny'* was on his own.

Despite the initial disappointment he continued to do some weight lifting and one evening *Dave Shade* and *Gary 'Catweazle' Cooper* came into the club. This proved to be a turning point and before very long Lee was travelling over for more tuition at *George de Relwyskow's* gymnasium in Leeds.

Before this he had made his mark in the small halls of independent promoters in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire and parts of Durham but last year Lee made his debut in Joint Promotions rings and now he tags regularly with *Tom Jowett*, brother of well known campaigner *Terry Jowett*.

With both wrestlers hailing from the Doncaster area it is not surprising that the name they use for the team is *'The Dons'* and among their most exciting team contests was one earlier in the year against the speedy *'Flying Scots'*, *Jim McKenzie* and *Bill Ross*.



At present *'Tiny'* is only a part-time wrestler, managing to combine the rigours of wrestling with lorry driving, but it is a combination which seems to work pretty well—at least so far.

But Lee is ambitious and would like to wrestle further afield and with characteristic dedication he is quite happy to keep plugging away until the chance comes.

*RUSSELL PLUMMER*

# These Fantastic Frenchmen

---

France has produced some remarkable wrestlers—and some unusual ones. The weirdest, the tallest, the smallest . . . Look to France, and you will find that its wrestling history is dotted with matmen who, in some instances, can only be described as unique.

Probably the daddy of them all for strangeness was *Maurice Tillett*, better known as *The Angel*, who was discovered in Paris by Lithuanian heavyweight *Karl Pojello* and the British wrestler and promoter, *Atholl Oakeley*.

The Angel was a sensation when he first visited Britain in the 1930's. He was so deformed-looking and ugly that several women in the audience fainted at the sight of him! A blaze of advance publicity concerning his first appearance in this country brought over 20,000 mat fans scrambling to get into the Nottingham venue. Most didn't really believe the publicity, which told of a 'Neanderthal-type monster', but nevertheless, their curiosity was strongly aroused.

But when The Angel went into the ring, the audience must have wondered if the wording of the publicity had been descriptive enough, for before them they saw a wrestler who almost defied description.

He was only 5ft. 6ins. tall, but weighed over 24st., but it wasn't the disproportionate weight to height that caused the crowds to gasp in astonishment. A huge chin and nose jutted out from his face, and his forehead receded like a caveman's. While his skull was hairless, his body was covered with thick, black hair. His exceptionally long arms hung down like an ape's, and his fingers sprouted out at the end like large bananas.

His strength was fantastic, and trained full-time for over a year by the brilliant Pojello before he was even allowed to enter the professional ring. The Angel packed the halls throughout Europe.

Such was his crowd-pulling capacity—there was a near riot once when 30,000 attempted to force their way into a Manchester venue to see him wrestle—that promoters clamoured to engage him, and it is said that he died a millionaire as a result of his tempestuous wrestling career.

The Angel was, in fact, an acromegalian—that is, he suffered from a condition where there is over-activity of the pituitary gland, causing his bone structure to not only grow larger, but to grow disproportionately as well.

*Quasimodo* (*Vincente Castilla*) saw his mat career flourish in France, after being brought to Europe by a French promoter from the obscurity of South America, where he was born. This strange-looking wrestler—who has been likened to the Hunchback of Notre Dame—has sometimes been compared with The Angel, but older wrestling fans who have seen both men in action will confirm that The Angel was by far the most fearsome and bizarre in appearance.

French heavyweight *Jean Ferre*, at 6ft. 11ins., is probably the tallest matman to be found in the wrestling rings of the world at the moment. To his towering frame and great strength he can add first class wrestling skill, and his appearance on a programme is guaranteed to pull in the fans. But this mighty Frenchman cannot claim to be the tallest wrestler ever, for *Kurt Zehe*, the German wrestler who appeared in London in 1952, stood 8ft. 4ins. tall, while a couple of other wrestlers have reached over 7ft.

At the other end of the scale, France can claim to have the lightest professional wrestler in the world (outside of the genuine midgets, of course, such as *Little Brutus*, *Sky Low Low*, and the like), for *Alberic D'Ericourt*—more popularly known as *Le Petit Prince*—weighs only 10st.

A big draw in France, he is often matched with wrestlers outweighing him by more than two stones, yet he still manages to make them look foolish, frequently emerging victorious against such comparative heavyweights. His visit to Britain a year ago saw him thrilling audiences here with his great athletic ability and his cavalier treatment of some well-known British matmen.

There have been, and there still are, French wrestlers who have a touch of the unusual, even the unique, about their personalities both as wrestlers and as men—wrestlers who bring something different and colourful to the mat sport. Vive le difference!

JOHN RACKHAM



# Steve Logan

*Photos: Geo. Reid*



The mat sport's Iron Man, the fierce and feared *Steve Logan*, is still whipping up the fury of mat fans across the breadth of Britain after many years around our rings, and looks likely to continue with his rampaging for some years yet.

From the day he initially set foot in the ring as a professional—his first bout was against Eltham's *Charlie Fisher*, nowadays better known as a referee and M.C.—Logan has proved himself to be one of the hardest men to defeat, except on a disqualification verdict.

Disqualifications seem to have fallen thick and fast on the mighty shoulders of the South Londoner

during his mat career, for he seems to treat both opponents and referees with contempt. He is quick to anger, and when his face clouds over with rage, not only his opponent, but the referee too, must be prepared for the worst to happen—and usually, it does!

Frequently, Logan's total disregard of the rule book brings a speedy disqualification verdict from the referee, but sometimes such a decision goads the London matman to further excesses, and it is no unusual sight to see him being held back by officials as, with arms flailing and curses upon his lips, he tries to rush at his opponent.

Steve Logan's toughness is unquestionable, as most of his opponents will testify. And if their words aren't enough, his medical history will confirm his resilience to pain and injury, for the injuries he has received in the ring would have finished most wrestlers as far as their mat careers were concerned. But Logan has brushed off his spells in hospital, and has returned to full training as soon as possible in an effort to repair his battered body so that he can smash into ring action once again.

Naturally, the ring ruggedness of men like Logan doesn't originate from a milk-sop childhood. He was brought up in the tenement-lined streets of the toughest part of South London where street fights between roving gangs of boys were commonplace.

A desire to fight better than most led him to the only gymnasium in his area, which was run by the Y.M.C.A. There, he took up amateur boxing and judo. Later, he joined in the training sessions for wrestling, and quickly discovered that he enjoyed this sport most of all. If the boys didn't always stick to the rules, well it was that sort of neighbourhood where you had to break some of the rules to survive, so the instructors learned to live with such deviations from the textbook. It seems that the future of Steve Logan was already beginning to take shape!

Remembering this early history, it seems natural that when the time came for Logan to serve his country, he should decide to join the commandos. And that after his military service, he should seek to become a professional matman. And that later, when he had established a mat reputation, that his tag partner should be the equally villainous *Mick McManus*.

Logan is possibly best known for his partnership of terror with McManus, though as a solo performer, if his bouts are savage, at least he is not a man to leave audiences lolling languidly in their seats. His brand of action will bring fans to their feet as they respond with rage and more than a little excitement to the violent spectacle taking place before their eyes. There are certainly no half measures with Logan, and as a result, fans are not likely to feel that they're missing out on their full moneysworth!



Steve Logan with a straight finger jab to Tony St. Clair

Steve Logan is currently wrestling at his heaviest ever—13st. 4lbs. He trains assiduously, and this fact added to his regular wrestling engagements keeps him busy enough, but he also has developed wide business interests. There's not much time left for hobbies, but he enjoys swimming, sun-bathing and reading—his preference being for autobiographies and fast moving novels.

JOHN RACKHAM

# Robin - HEAVYWEIGHT

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Last minute snags permitting, and promoter *Ted Beresford* is confident that this time there won't be any, the on-off championship clash of heavyweight rivals *Albert Wall* and *Andy Robin* will finally take place this month.

The persistence of Robin's challenge to the British heavyweight champion has been matched recently only by the determination of Huddersfield promoter Beresford to put the bout before the public.

Earlier in the year, soon after Robin slapped down the challenge that officially signalled his move into the top weight division Beresford tried to bring the pair together at Nottingham.

The controlling body refused to sanction the match, ruling that Wall must first meet other longer established contenders, notably *Gwyn Davies* and *Steve Veidor*.

Doncaster-based Albert Wall disposed of Davies at Nottingham in April and again retained his title and belt in a Royal Albert Hall clash against Veidor on the last day of May.



**Andy Robin double locks Jock Cameron**  
(Photo: Geo. Reid)



# TITLE CHANCE AT LAST!

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Despite these results it seemed as recently as last month that the powers that be would again veto a Robin v Wall match at the Nottingham Ice Rink on September 11th and Veidor again seemed right in the running for another crack at the crown.

But early last month a delighted Ted Beresford told me that the big clash was definitely on and that the Auchterarder axe-man would be stalking the champion around the Ice Rink ring in just a couple of weeks' time.

Robin has beaten Wall in a non-title match north of the border and his move into the heavy-weights has included a tremendous run of victories in which top line opponents including *Bruno Elrington*, *Mal Kirk* and top ranking European *Mihyali Kuti* (*Micha Nador*) have all been beaten.

Significantly Robin did not need his power lock submission speciality in any of these bouts, clear defence in the face of the jibe sometimes heard from south of the border that he is a one hold wrestler.

For the rest of the Ice Stadium bill on September 11th, Beresford has produced the usual star studded array of contests. Robin will not be the only Scot seeking a major title, *Bill Ross*, who made such an impression in the same hall last year, getting a second bout with *Jim Breaks*, this time with the European championship at stake.

The last Nottingham meeting of Breaks and Ross was also for the former's European title but it was a bout under special rules with two falls deciding up to 40 minutes of wrestling, or the first fall thereafter.

As is now history, Ross more than held his own with the champion for 40 minutes of continuous wrestling, losing by the only fall a few minutes later.



Sialemate between Bill Ross and Jim Breaks

There will also be a sequel to the Albert Hall tussle of *Pallo and Son* against South London tag stars *Mick McManus* and *Steve Logan*. The father and son combination are great favourites with the Ice Rink regulars and they are certain to get all the popular support that is going as they attempt to reverse that defeat in May.

Completing the line-up is a two part judo and free-style wrestling contest between European mid-heavyweight champion *Billy Howes* and the masked sword bearer *Kendo Nagasaki* and a catchweight bout between two real extroverts of the ring, *Adrian Street* and Gary 'Catweazle' *Cooper*.

RUSSELL PLUMMER

# WRESTLING NOTEBOOK

By *RUSSELL PLUMMER*



**Frank Malmoa**

More top ranking continental stars are likely to be seen in the important monthly tournaments at London's Royal Albert Hall during the coming winter, two of them in the curtain raiser to the new season on September 20th.

Belgian mat star *Al Bastian* clashes with Bradford 'clown prince' *Les Kellett* in one of the evening's featured contests while Swedish-born *Frank Malmoa's* rugged style will be seen against *Johnny Eagles*.

Malmoa also wrestles a great deal in Belgian rings and I hear that there is a chance we shall see the tremendously talented *Bert Mychel* in Britain again in October.

Kellett usually makes short work of Continentals at the "Albert," leading French mid-heavyweight *Jacques Lageat* suffering a comprehensive drubbing a couple of years ago.

Bastian is a noted ring stylist but Kellett is such an unconventional opponent that even the most calm and collected of his rivals can lose their composure.

Johnny Eagles, newly returned from a longish stint in the United States, should have no doubts about the approach of rule bending Malmoa, a man with the reputation of *Mick McManus* on the other side of the channel.

Welsh wizard *Tony Charles* has also been on the missing list of late but he is due back from the United States at the same time as Eagles and gives away quite a bit of weight in an Albert Hall bout with *John Kowalski*.

The other featured contest of the tournament brings Viewsport Tag Trophy winners *The Borg Twins* into the firing line against the controversial *Hell's Angels*, *Adrian Street* and *Bobby Barnes*.

The popular Maltese youngsters will be giving away a lot in poundage to the Angels but speed and skill is the basis of their success and they beat heavier opponents including *The Lapaque Brothers* to win the tournament back in April.



**Butts Giraud side  
headlocks his opponent**  
(Photo: Geo. Reid)



**Ian Campbell with an arm lever and lift on Enrique Shabasco**

(Photo: Geo. Reid)

Heavyweight interest at the Albert Hall is provided by a bout between ever popular *Steve Veidor* and Canadian *Butts Giraud* while the evening's scene setter promises lots of speedy lightweight action, *Johnny Saint* facing *Julien Morice*.

It seems that we will not be seeing much of Scottish heavyweight champion *Ian Campbell* in the South of England, at least in the immediate future. After some years as one of wrestling's most travelled stars, not only throughout Britain but Europe as well, Campbell has decided to stay a little closer to home.



**Al Bastian**

He has bought a butchery business in Leeds but is still to be seen extensively in the major venues of the north and midlands.

Promoters *Ted Beresford* and *Norman Morrell* are still confident they will have *Bill Robinson* on bills later this month, as reported in the August issue of 'THE WRESTLER'. No dates or venues were available as we went to press but Beresford told me Robinson had sent a message to him from the United States.

The message that Robinson was anxious to wrestle in England again was passed on to Beresford by his son *Steve Clements*, soon to be back in our rings himself.

After many postponements Steve is expected home around September 9th, and having left initially for a stay of a few weeks in Mexico tipping the scales in welterweight-middleweight limits, Clements will return to compete in the light-heavyweights.

We have been disappointed so many times in the past, as recently as last winter when *Dick Boyer*, best known as *The Destroyer*, had to call off his trip, that I suppose we had better whisper that another big name American could be here soon for three or four special contests.

*Verne Gagne*, due for bouts in Belgium and other European countries is reported to have expressed an interest in stopping off in England on his way back to the States.

A holder of versions of the world heavyweight title on more than one occasion in his career, Gagne will be probably the biggest heavyweight name to come from the United States since the late *Luther Lindsay's* brief tour.

After disappointment with Boyer and before that *Buddy Rogers*, we can only keep our fingers crossed and hope it will be third time lucky!

Japanese sumo wrestling may be a little out of the normal province of this column but even 'THE WRESTLER' must join in the acclamation of 28 year-old Hawaiian wrestler *Jesse Kuhlua* who hails from Maui.

Campaigning under the name of *Daigoro Takamiyama* (towering mountain) he has become the first non-Japanese to win a sumo wrestling tournament.

A personal message of congratulation from President Nixon was one of the rewards for Jesse's triumph when he won one of the six major sumo tournaments in the Japanese wrestling calendar.

In these events strictly ranked wrestlers take part in 15 contests and at Nagoya in Western Japan, 356 pound Jesse defeated 13 of his opponents to take the title.

First of this winter's long stay visitors from the Continent look like being two Hungarian-born campaigners, now resident in West Germany.

*Mihyali Kuti*, usually known as *Micha Nador* in the big German tournaments will be making his second visit this year and at around the same time *Josef Molnar*, the official European light-heavyweight title holder will be arriving.

Molnar usually wrestles in the mid-heavyweight division and we can look forward to some outstanding action when he meets up with our top stars such as *Mike Marino*, *Bill Howes*, *Peter Roberts* and *Tony Charles*.

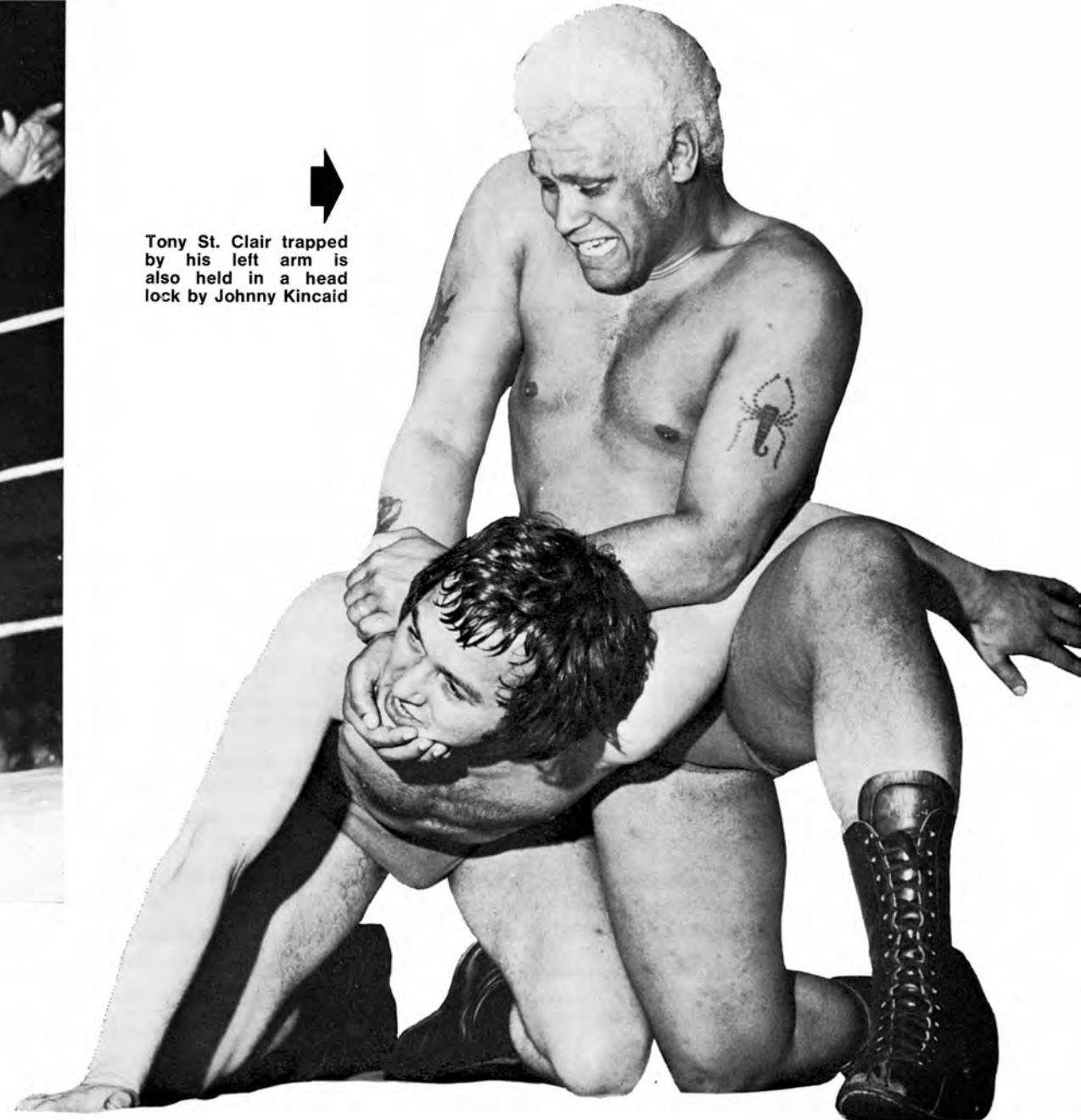




Tommy Jowett uses his knee to pile pressure on the straight arm lever on Peter Kaye



Prince Kumali with a knee drive to Roy St. Clair



Tony St. Clair trapped by his left arm is also held in a head lock by Johnny Kincaid

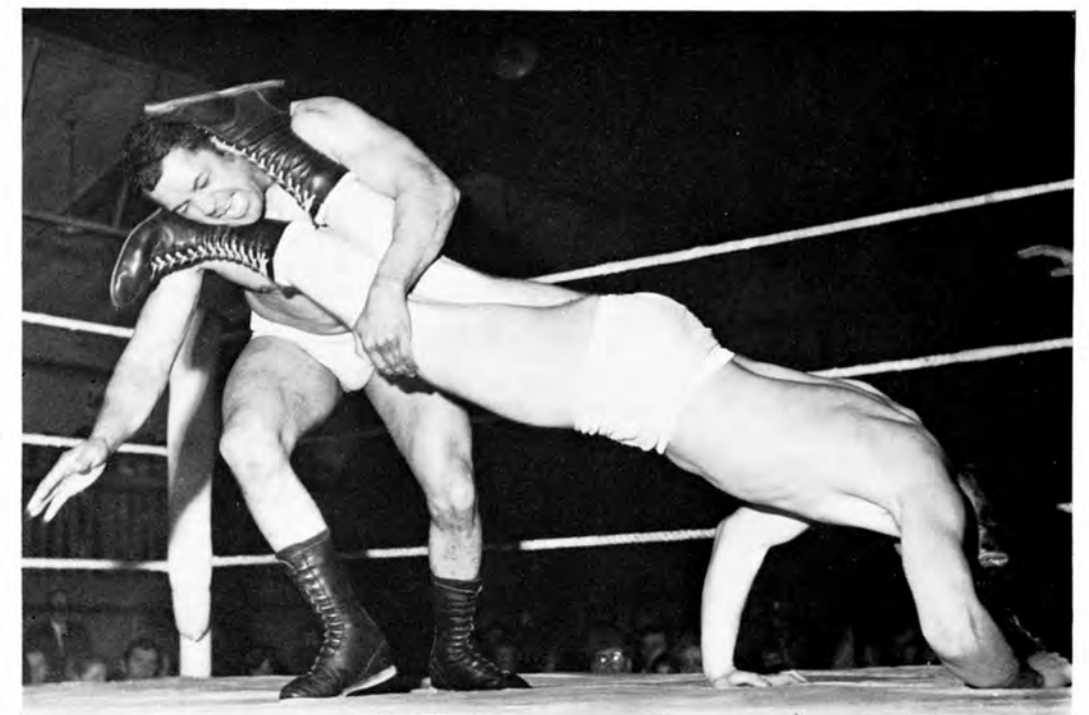


George Kidd with a neat variation on an arm lever

# ACTION



Martin Jones throws Bobo Matu with a head scissors



(Photos: Geo. Reid)



# ROUND THE AMATEUR WORLD

By the time this magazine is published the wrestling at the Munich Olympics will be well under way.

I will be at the Games and will give an account of the wrestling in the October magazine.

It may be of interest to our readers to know how an amateur wrestling bout is conducted. The following are the rules under which Olympic Games, Commonwealth Games, International Matches and World Championships are conducted.

A bout is of nine minutes duration, three rounds of three minutes with a minute rest between rounds. A fall terminates the bout at any time (a fall is when the two shoulders are held to the mat for a count of one by the referee).

The officials in charge of a bout are a Referee, one Judge and a Mat Chairman. A Referee gives a fall and if the Judge agrees, that is final. If the Referee gives a fall and the Judge does not agree the Mat Chairman decides, this is final.

Points are given to the wrestlers by the Referee, who signals the points by raising his hand aloft using the thumb and first two fingers to denote the points one, two, or three as the case may be. The Judge raises a baton with the colour of the wrestler either one, two or three. If he disagrees he raises a white plaque, and the Mat Chairman decides, and his decision is final.

The wrestlers wear costumes. One in red and the other in blue. The Referee wears a shirt with a blue sleeve and a red sleeve.

One point is given to a wrestler who brings his opponent down to the mat and is in control; one point is given to a wrestler who escapes from the underneath position to the top position and is in control; one point is given to the opponent of a wrestler who is given a public caution either for passivity or an infringement of rules.

Two points are given to a wrestler who applies a correct hold and places his opponent in danger of a fall and holds him in this position for less than five seconds; two points are given when his opponent is in an instantaneous fall, accidental fall or rolling fall.

Three points are given to a wrestler who keeps his opponent in danger of a fall and holds him in this position for five seconds; a series of rolling falls or bridges for five seconds continuously will count for three points.

The Referee uses his arm to signal the seconds.

If no fall the wrestler with the larger number of points will be declared the winner.

In a Competition, or Championship the contestants draw numbers, which regulates the matching of the contestants.

*Example:—* Nine competitors

Round one: 1 v 2 3 v 4 5 v 6 7 v 8 9 Bye.  
Round two: 9 v 1 2 v 3 4 v 5 6 v 7 8 Bye.

Bad marks are given at the end of a bout:—

Win by a fall ... ..	0 bad marks
Lose by a fall ... ..	4 bad marks
Win on points with ten or more points between contestants ...	$\frac{1}{2}$ bad mark
Lose on points with ten or more points between contestants ...	$3\frac{1}{2}$ bad marks
Win on points with less than ten or more points ... ..	1 bad mark
Lose on points with less than ten or more points ... ..	3 bad marks
A drawn bout with no score or one or two cautions each ... ..	$2\frac{1}{2}$ bad marks
A drawn bout with points scored ...	2 bad marks
If a wrestler is declared loser or is disqualified ... ..	4 bad marks

If a wrestler is injured and cannot continue he receives four bad marks and his opponent no bad marks.

A wrestler who receives three public cautions in a bout is declared loser and receives four bad marks his opponent no bad marks.

When a wrestler accumulates six bad marks he is eliminated from the Competition or Championship.

The Competition or Championship continues until three competitors with less than six bad marks are left. These contest the final. The bad marks obtained by them in the previous rounds are withdrawn, and they wrestle each other. Should they have met previously the bad marks obtained in that bout are brought forward to the final. The wrestler with the fewest number of bad marks is declared the winner.

It some times happens that the three finalists finish with an equal number of bad marks. If one has beaten the other this will stand for qualification.

*Continued on Page 31*



# The Manx Men



Sean Ryan

With the summer season coming to an end Manx wrestlers once again face a fight for survival. Frequent shows during the summer months means regular bookings for the local boys, but their careers reach something of a crisis during the winter when only monthly shows are presented.

This summer a number of very clever young local wrestlers have been facing the invading stars with very encouraging results. The dedication of these young professionals to the mat sport is indisputable, I doubt if but a few wrestlers could face their handicaps and make a courageous attempt to succeed, let alone actually do so.

There are over a dozen wrestlers resident on the island at the present time, and all were trained at the *George Barnabus A.W.C.* George Barnabus started the club five years ago and amongst the club's earliest members were the Island's major stars, *Phil Barry* and *Bill Kennedy*.

Phil Barry lists his toughest opponents as *The Outlaw*, *Steve Veidor* and *Brian Maxine*. Weighing in at around the 14½ stones mark Phil stands slightly over six feet tall and is immensely popular both on the Island and on the mainland. During his career, which has lasted only two years to date, Phil has gained many admirers around the country. He would welcome nothing more than a television contest with *Bert Royal*.

Another popular wrestler on the Island is the very first Manx lightweight champion, *Bill Kennedy*. Bill comes from Onchan and at the time of writing is hopeful that a bout with *George Kidd* may materialise soon. Bill gained a lot of amateur experience around Great Britain, including a period at the *Dale Martin* gymnasium, before coming to the Isle of Man when he made his professional debut against Lancashire's *Ian St. John*.

As I said earlier, *Bill Kennedy* was the first Manx lightweight champion, and the man he defeated to take the title was *Mike Young*. Mike originates from Birmingham, but made his debut at the Isle of Man holiday centre in 1967, drawing with Birkenhead's *Dave Wade*. Eventually Mike would like to return to the mainland and wrestle

as a full-time professional, but not before he has gained considerably more experience.

On the Island Mike is the managing director of a building and engineering company. He is married with two children, a six year-old boy and nine year-old girl. Mike's wife enjoys watching her husband wrestle, especially when it is an evenly matched contest with plenty of good moves.

All the wrestlers mentioned so far have been favourites of the Manx audiences, but *Le Masque Rouge*, rumoured to be a wealthy Parisian businessman, does not fall into this category. *Le Masque Rouge* angers the Manx crowds with his unruly tactics, but whenever he decides to end his fleeting visits from the Continent the Manx wrestling scene simply will not be the same. *Le Masque Rouge* is at his worst when he teams up with another masked wrestler, *The Executioner*, of whom very little is known.

Another wrestler pleasing the crowds during the summer months was *Zulu*, who was featured in the July issue of 'THE WRESTLER'. *Zulu* made his professional debut against *Doctor Death*, who is a regular visitor to the Isle of Man. *Zulu* was trained for the professional ring by *Bill Kennedy* and *Sean Ryan*. Sean was born in Huddersfield in 1945 and was introduced into the professional ranks by *Ian St. John*. Sean made his debut against *Leon Smart* at the Isle of Man holiday centre, and during his career has met a number of men heavier than himself. Sean's ambition in wrestling is to become a full-time professional and meet *Al Nicol*, *Alan Colbeck* and *Vic Faulkner*. These three would pose a tough test for a relative newcomer, but a wrestler as dedicated as Sean Ryan would stand a better chance than most of coming through the test with honours.

These are the Manx Men, a small band of dedicated professionals who deserve your support. If you see any of these men booked at your local hall go along and watch them wrestle, they are all good, and they are all getting better and better.

ALAN BAMBER



# "CALGARY STAMPEDE '72"

with  
**BOB LEONARD**

The sights and sounds of the Calgary Stampede, the world-famed summer spectacular dubbed "The Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth", washed over the three wrestlers the moment they arrived in the foothills city.

*Dory Funk, Jr.*, World Heavyweight Champion, grinned broadly as he stepped off a jet after a 3,000 mile flight from the United States east coast. Happy memories of the swirl of Stampede events mingled with rapid-fire recollections of his close calls in the ring here . . . "*The Stomper*", the most dangerous man in wrestling, was glad to be home. A fifteen month tour of almost the entire western hemisphere was behind him, and now he was on hand to headline the biggest mat extravaganza in Stampede history . . . *Geoff Portz*, headliner of cards on all five continents, gazed intently at the horses and cowboys and chuckwagons and Indians. So this was the fabled Calgary Stampede, the wild west show that topped them all; this was where they turned cowboys loose in the streets, and served mounds of flapjacks and bacon to every person in sight in the downtown area.

Funk, The Stomper and Portz all had one thing in common: the World Heavyweight Championship. They were all in Calgary because of it—Funk to defend the solid gold belt, The Stomper and Portz to try with all their might to tear it away from him.

A quarter of a million people jammed downtown Calgary for the Monday evening parade that traditionally features the Stampede, and the grapplers were there in force. Dory and *Jimi Funk* shared their open car with a smiling *Geoff Portz*, The Stomper and his pretty niece *Shirley Levins* followed in a second convertible, *Tiger Joe Tomasso*, midget stars *Sky Low Low* and *Farmer Jerome*, *Dynamite Dan Kroffat*, masked man *Super Hawk*, Spanish sizzler *Frank Butcher*, muscular *Beautiful Brutus*, manager *Rene Trudeau* and others brought up the rear in a decorated ring . . . and all to some of the loudest cheers of the parade, almost surpassing the welcome extended to special guests such as television's *Bob Cummings*, country and western singer *Wilf Carter*, and Indian-turned-actor *Chief Dan George* of 'Little Big Man' fame.



## Frank Butcher v. Sonny Rogers

The desire of youth matched the experience of years in the kick-off bout to the Stampede spectacular, as Canada's 19-year-old *Sonny Rogers* tried everything at his command against the slick rhythms and smooth matwork of Spain's veteran Frank Butcher.

Holds and counterholds spiced the bout, with a slight advantage falling now to Butcher, now to Rogers; Sonny's speed gave him an edge with offensive moves like arm drags, dropkicks and leg dives, while Frank's experience let him slip out of potentially dangerous situations. A ring-rattling brace of body slams almost starved the veteran, but the time limit clamped down to rule the bout a draw.

**Sonny Rogers up-ends Frank Butcher for a slam to the mat**

## Pepe Villa and Sugi Sito v.

## Dynamite Dan Kroffat and Bob Pringle



**Dan Kroffat gaining height to come down hard with a kneedrop to the arm of Sugi Sito**

The Mexican-Chinese alliance of peppery *Pepe Villa* and slippery *Sugi Sito* ruggedly double-teamed up-and-coming *Bob Pringle* in the early moments . . . but got it back in spades when a fired-up Dynamite Dan Kroffat showed the improved calibre of grappling that has boosted his stock in the United States, Canada and Japan in recent months.

Kroffat nailed the pair with jolting dropkicks, jaw-busting elbow smashes, and dizzying flying head scissors for several minutes; slowing down, though, he ran into a concerted effort by Villa and Sito until a revitalized Pringle charged into action. Clearing the decks with a double-barrelled attack, that included a barrage that knocked Villa right out of the ring, Pringle tagged off . . . Kroffat blasted into Sito, backdropped him twice . . . setting himself for a third drop, Dan went down to a last-second karate kick by the oriental . . . firing his victim into the ropes now, Sito scored with a judo slash . . . again the shot into the ropes, the rebound . . . Sito missed the slash, as Kroffat ducked low under it!

Confused by the miss, Sito was barely aware of Kroffat seizing him around the waist, running him headfirst into the ropes, then bouncing him backward to roll him up in a small package for the pin and the win!

# Tiger Joe Tomasso and Beautiful Brutus v. Super Hawk and Ironman Dave Ruhl

With the International Tag Team Championship in limbo due to recent injuries sustained by *Gil*

Beautiful Brutus neatly tied up by Super Hawk



Georges Gordienko hoists 20st. Big Bud Osborne with one hand

*"Madman" Hayes* in a motorcycle accident, Tiger Joe Tomasso turned to Chicago powerhouse Beautiful Brutus to partner him in this semi-final event . . . and then turned back every time he saw *Ironman Dave Ruhl* headed after him!

The Tomasso—Ruhl vendetta traces back almost a year, with every collision of the pair ending up more blood-spattered than previous battles. Letting Brutus carry the early fighting against super-charged Super Hawk, the mysterious Spaniard, Tiger Joe entered the fray only long enough to get in his licks, then get out before Ruhl cornered him. Meanwhile, Brutus took a bashing at the hands of his two foes. Ruhl punished him with Indian deathlocks, stinging punches and attempts at his full nelson that Brutus only escaped by using the ropes; Hawk zeroed in with reverse dropkicks, double kneelifts and driving forearm blows.

Finally faking Tomasso into making his move, Ruhl locked the bearded belter in the nelson . . . wild-eyed, Tomasso raked his eyes to break the lock . . . Brutus, meanwhile, found himself locked in Hawk's deadly flying legbreaker, once, twice, three times . . . Ruhl snapped Tomasso into the nelson again, though they were both in the ring illegally . . . Hawk soared down on Brutus' bent leg a fourth time, hard enough for the shaven-headed roughster to scream his submission . . . raking Ruhl's eyes again, Tomasso scrambled right out of the ring and straight to the dressing room! And in so doing, Tomasso proved once again that he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day.

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## Georges Gordienko v. Big Bud Osborne

The bigger they are, the harder they fall, and Canadian native son *Georges Gordienko* proved the old adage once more when he conquered fellow Canuck *Big Bud Osborne* with a victory snatched from the jaws of defeat.

Osborne started fast and rough, smashing Gordienko to the mat repeatedly with vicious elbow blows, driving his size 14 boots into the handiest



part of his anatomy, raking his always-present wrist bandage across his eyes. Dazed by the harsh attack, Georges backpedalled, then struck. Powering Osborne into an arm bar, he swung him into the ropes, thundered a huge shoulder to his midsection on the trip back. Retreating now, Bud caught a volley of elbow uppercuts to the chin; shocked into action by the attack, he roared back with knee drives to the stomach, a whip into the turnbuckle, and a follow-up knee to the chest.

Again using his immense power, Gordienko reversed their positions, drove his concrete shoulder deep into Osborne's middle. At long range now, Osborne snatched a Japanese armlock momentarily, tore free when Gordienko switched it into a back hammerlock; closing up again, Osborne pounded massive blows to Gordienko's lower back, driving him down onto one knee.

Driving home his advantage, Osborne yanked Georges erect, twisted him into an abdominal stretch . . . strain etched into every line of his rugged face, Gordienko mustered his power, suddenly tore his trapped leg free, then cross-buttocked Bud over him. Driving for victory, he hoisted the stunned Osborne aloft in a ring-rattling slam, then crashed down right on top of him for the press that ended the bout.

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## The Stomper v. Tor "Killer" Kamata

"The Battle of the Brutes", the advance advertising had called it, in what had to be the classic understatement of the season!

The big man in the big boots, Calgary's own Stomper, basked in the resounding cheers that welcomed him into his hometown ring . . . then heard the terrified shouts as Japanese juggernaut Tor "Killer" Kamata charged him from behind just as the bell rang. The shouts came too late though; Kamata sliced his taller foe to the mat with karate slashes and kicks, dragged him to his feet to slam his scarred forehead into the turnbuckle a dozen times, rocketed him off the ropes to catch a throat-ripping chop on the rebound.

Agonized, The Stomper fled the ring for a moment's respite, clutching his throat in pain. Kamata caught him again as he came onto the apron, ran him full speed into the ringpost, then dragged him back onto the mat. The Stomper is



The strain of combat shows as The Stomper runs into a karate slash thrown by Tor "Killer" Kamata

most dangerous when he's hurt, though, and this time was no exception . . . as Calgary fans have watched him do a hundred times, he drove his huge boot into Kamata's stomach full force, then gouged the leather in right under the stricken oriental's heart!

Under a full head of steam now, The Stomper catapulted Kamata into turnbuckles, plastered him with kicks as he rebounded . . . until the wily Japanese sidestepped, then leaped high in the air in a last-ditch karate kick. Rocked by the blow, The Stomper felt himself sailing into the ropes then arcing over Kamata's head in a backdrop.

Jarred back to life by the landing, The Stomper let himself take the toss into the ropes again . . . but rampaged off them to aim a tremendous kick at Tor's chest as he bent for the backdrop! Kamata toppled backwards, perfectly positioned; The Stomper seized the chance, slammed into the ropes behind him, launched a leap five feet in the air, splattered his 'head stomp' right between Kamata's eyes!

" . . . Two . . . three!" And victory belonged, as it usually does in Calgary, to the big man in the big boots!

# The Heavyweight Championship of the World

## DORY FUNK, Junior (Champion) v. GEOFF. PORTZ (Challenger)

"Any wrestler who can go hour-long draws against Georges Gordienko and *Les Thornton* within seven days deserves a chance at the world title," *Stu Hart* said when he announced Bradford's sparkling Geoff Portz as the first Stampede test for World Heavyweight Champion Dory Funk, Jr. And right from the opening bell, Portz went all out to show just how deserving he was!

The challenger opened fast, narrowly missing several attempts at takedowns before he snared the champion with a leg dive. Master defensive grappler that he is, Funk immediately slithered free to counter with a reverse headlock; slipping that, Portz bounced back with arm drags, then nailed Funk down with a forearm bar, hooking his free arm with his leg.

Hold followed hold for nearly 20 minutes, with no clear advantage emerging . . . at the 22 minute mark, Funk dazed Portz with a shoulder block off the ropes, rocked him even harder with a second charge. Sensing the advantage, Dory ricocheted off the strands again . . . but wait! Portz ducked under his rush, caught the champion across his shoulders! Here it comes . . . the airplane spin, the big winner here for Geoff Portz!

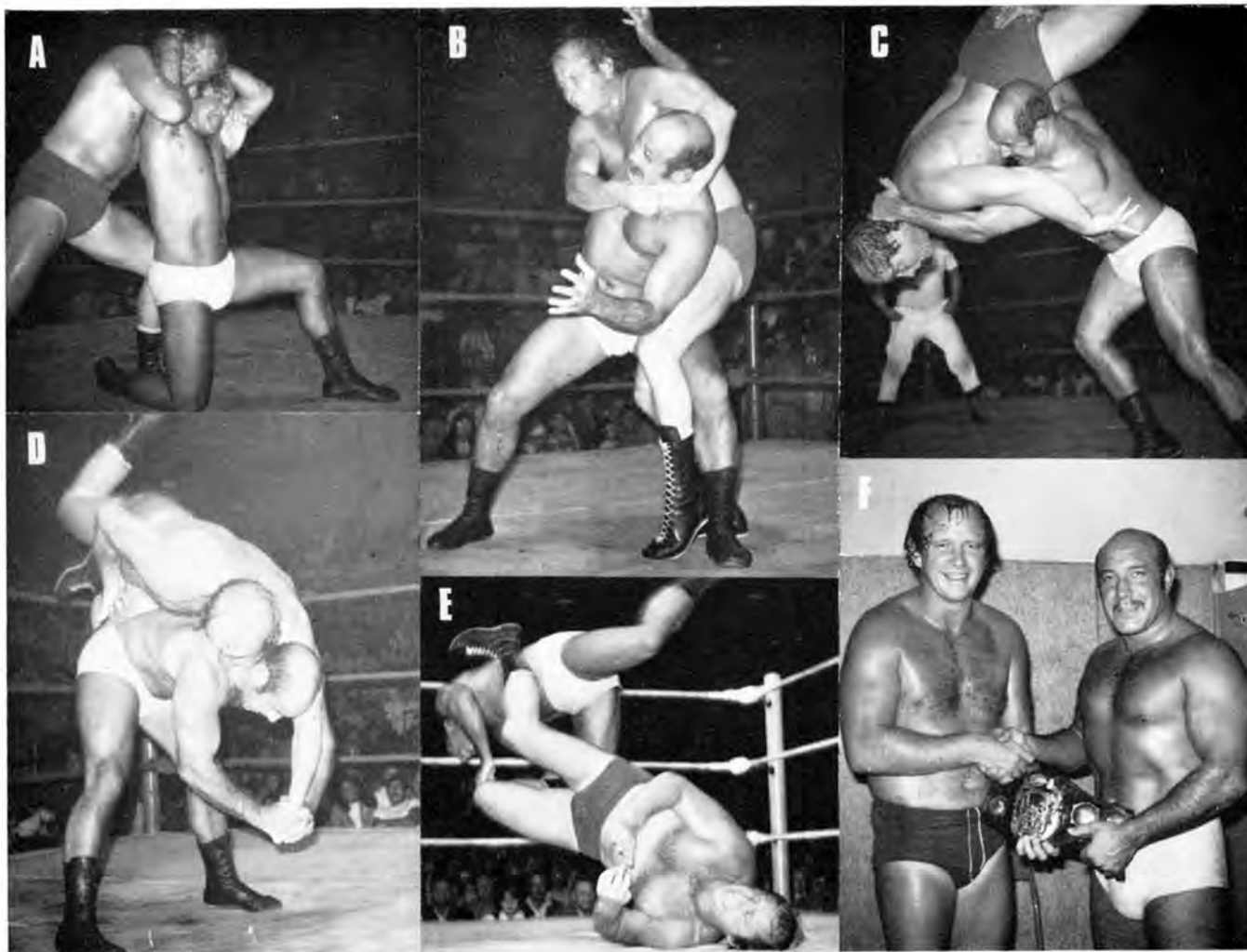
The champion's blue eyes glazed as his head spun crazily around . . . slack-jawed, he crashed to the mat as Portz flipped him off his shoulders . . . "three!" and Portz rocketed into the lead!

Still wobbly after a minute's rest, Funk fended off the charged-up Portz, shook his head to clear the last of the cobwebs. Boring in now, Portz was nailed in a picture-perfect drop toehold; following

up smoothly, Dory rolled into a tight toehold, clamped the pressure on tight, then switched to an intricate single leg deathlock. "Ask him, ref!" Arbiter *Gordon Grayston* got a harsh 'no!' from Portz, then Funk crashed backward, bringing tremendous pressure on Geoff's knee and ankle. "Ask him!" Again and again Dory wrenched the leg, but each time Portz hung on . . . until Funk lingered a second too long after landing, a second that gave Geoff time to snatch his head with his power-packed arm, and literally tear him free of the hold.

Limping badly, Portz went down under a leg dive; in an instant, Funk had started his deadly spinning toehold, his grappling family's trademark. Again Portz miraculously escaped, by snatching Dory's free-swinging arm as he spun, and yanking him to the mat. A second try at the finisher failed for Funk; switching tactics, he careened Portz off the ropes, dumped him again with a drop toehold, instantly released it. Firing the challenger into the ropes again, Dory fell victim to a shoulder block that came out of nowhere; staggered, he let Portz aim another charge, then shadowed him right into the ropes. Forcing the Briton to hit them head-on, Funk grasped him around the waist, let the spring of the strands catapult Portz over him, then rolled back over him. Small package! and Dory Funk, Jr. had the equalizer!

Just over 40 minutes now, and the pair roughened up their styles, shooting elbow uppercuts at each other in an effort to force a break in the match. A leg dive downed Dory, set him up for a boston crab. "Go, Geoff, go!" came the chant, as the Bradford belter strained to overturn the champion; finally he went over, and Portz bore down, the world title



**A** Portz in control with an over the shoulder reverse headlock, but Funk is quick to try and convert to a full nelson

**B** Funk's abdominal stretch, one of his best holds, almost nailed Portz

**C** Supreme effort is portrayed in Portz' expression as he drives Funk to the mat in a body slam

**D** Up and over goes Funk, as Portz decks him with a unique version of the hip toss

**E** Funk uses all his power to send Portz sailing out of a try for a boston crab

**F** Funk and Portz congratulate each other on a fine bout

almost in his grasp. Massing every tough fibre in his body, Funk suddenly straightened his legs, flipped Portz headfirst out of the hold. Portz grabbed the hold again, flipping Dory over fast this time; too fast, as Funk used his momentum against him, to leg-power him into a wild flip to the mat.

The time was right . . . tearing the champion from the canvas, Portz blazed him into the ropes, caught him across his shoulders in a perfect airplane spin! Whirling madly, Portz dizzied the champion . . . he had him, he was sure, this was it! . . . off his shoulders in a slam . . . no! Dory Funk

locked his legs and arms around Geoff's own two arms, bringing the Briton right with him as he crashed to the mat!

Funk landed on his side, his head still swirling . . . Portz took the force of the fall on his head and neck, his legs twisted back over his body . . . thrashing desperately to get off his shoulders, he heard the hard slap of Gordon Grayston's hand on the mat, once, twice, three times!

And the winner, and still the World Heavyweight Champion, Dory Funk, Jr.!





Bob Pringle goes to work on a head twist on Tiger Deepak Singh

## Bob Pringle v. Tiger Deepak Singh

Calgary comer Bob Pringle made it look almost easy, the way he handled surly *Tiger Deepak Singh*; obviously not used to the North American style in his first bout here, Singh was bounced from pillar to post in the early going.

Finally finding the range, Singh trapped Pringle on the ropes, laced him with shoulder blocks to the midsection, shook him with punches to the chest. Urged on from ringside by manager Rene Trudeau, Deepak's mentor in Canada, he belted Bob to the mat, tied him with a body scissors. Freed of the grip after a struggle against the Indian's powerful legs, Pringle came on strong . . . elbow smashes set Singh up for body slams, then a chinlock, then an agonizing surfboard.

Pringle forced Singh's wrists closer and closer together . . . planted a foot in his back to increase the pressure . . . "don't submit! Don't submit!" shouted Rene Trudeau . . . and then it was over, the time limit rescuing Tiger Singh by seconds, and declaring the bout a draw.

## Beautiful Brutus, Sky Low Low and Little Brutus v.

## John Klokied, Sonny Boy Hayes and Farmer Jerome

Mix the madcap midgets with the mighty maulers, and you've got a tag tangle with a difference . . . while the rules call for an automatic change when a wee guy tags his big partner, that just isn't the way it turns out!

Farmer Jerome, in his first experience in a mixed tag bout, fell victim to the heavy-handed methods of mammoth Beautiful Brutus early; depending on partners Sky Low Low and *Little Brutus* to hold Jerome in place, Brutus levelled his tiny foe with boots to the belly. Farmer didn't take long to catch on . . . once he escaped, he waited for *John Klokied* to fingerlock Brutus in mid-ring, then ran right up his partner's back to sail into the stunned Brutus with fists flying. *Sonny Boy Hayes* got his licks in too: he dropkicked Brutus right in the chest, stamped over his stomach, chest and even his face as he chased his midget foes around the ring, then added a final insult when he leg-dived the burly belter to the mat!



Sonny Boy Hayes tramples over Beautiful Brutus held in an arm stretch by John Klokied

Low Low and Little Brutus were busy too; Sky dropkicked Klokied right out of an armlock he held on big Brutus, while his tiny partner shot punches into John's body when he was trapped in their corner. But in spite of all the tiny tusslers tried, it was big Brutus who finally ended the bout, snaring Klokied in an over-the-shoulder back-breaker that brought a scream of submission in seconds.

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## Geoff. Portz v. Georges Gordienko

Wrestling in its purest form dazzled the capacity crowd from the bell onwards, but neither Portz nor Gordienko could come up with enough advantage to nail down the victory. Geoff came out on top in the early moments, switching from reverse headlocks to leglocks to body scissors to reverse headlocks again; Gordienko bided his time, then clamped down tight with a twisting toehold, reinforced by sudden yanks on the trapped limb.

Finally breaking free, Portz reversed the trend with a riding body scissors, steering Gordienko around at will. Snaring Geoff's arm in a bar, Georges tore him off his back, snapped him into a Japanese armlock. Portz countered with a flying head scissors while Gordienko still held the armlock; though he went down, Georges hung on tight to retain the hold, though Portz tried the maneuver three times.

Holds and counterholds were the rule from there on, blinding speed coupling with near-pins to bring the crowd to its feet time and again . . . nearing the 30-minute time limit, Gordienko tried to open Portz up with elbow uppercuts, but rocked backwards when Geoff used the same tactic . . . a series of body blocks saw each man go down twice . . . more elbow uppercuts, neither man giving an inch . . . and the bell rang, putting the bout into the books as one of the classics.



Geoff Portz tightens the head scissors on Georges Gordienko

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## FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD

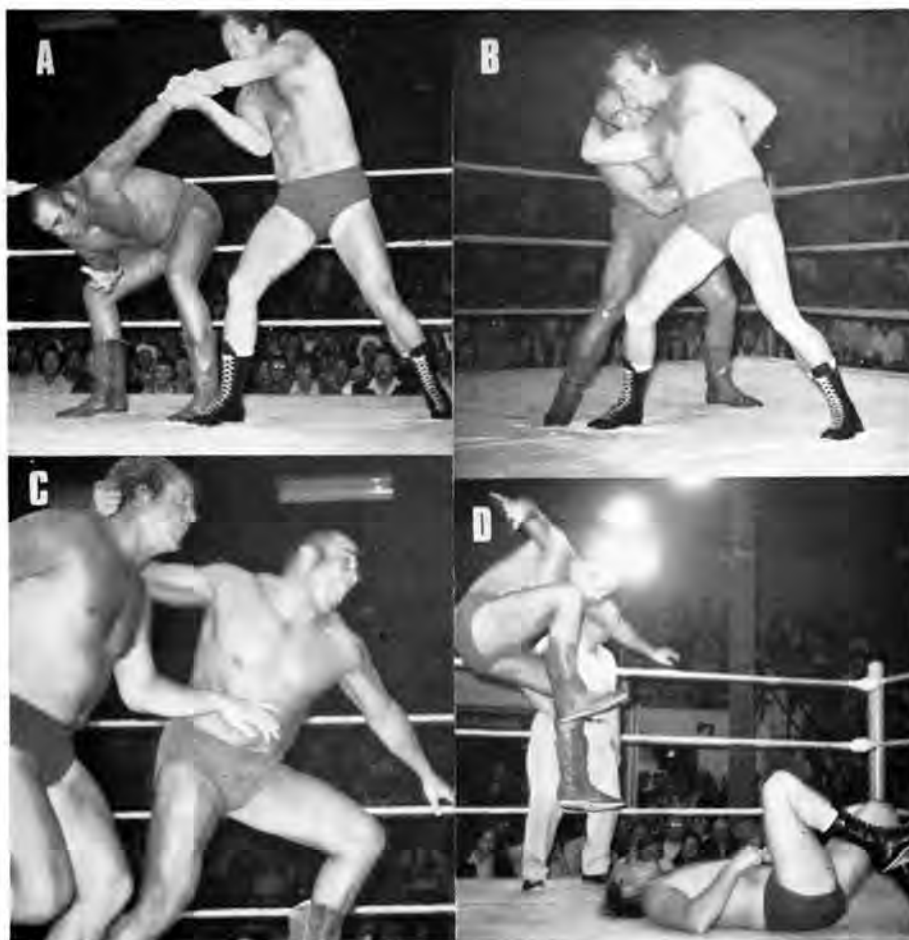
**Dory Funk, Junior**  
(Champion)

v.

**The Stomper**  
(Challenger)

Cheers for the challenger almost drowned out those for the champion, as the Stampede City's greatest wrestling export tried for his sport's top prize . . . "If anyone can take Funk," many ringsiders claimed loudly, "The Stomper is the man!"

The challenger started almost gingerly, feeling Funk out, gauging his chances, watching his reactions. The third lock-up exploded when The Stomper dumped Dory with a leg dive, slammed down beside him to seize a headlock, then came erect again as Funk struggled up. Whipping his body suddenly, Funk blasted the challenger into the ropes, tried for an arm drag on the return trip, but missed when The Stomper blasted him halfway across the ring with a body block. Following up fast, The Stomper shot into a controlling position with top wristlocks, leglocks and a paralyzing head scissors that had Funk in serious trouble.



**A** The Stomper wound up like a spring as Dory Funk, Jr. lets loose with an arm twist

**B** Hammerlock for The Stomper headlock for Funk until the Champion flipped the Calgary grappler over to a hard landing

**C** On the rampage in the bout's later stage Funk is fired out of the ring

**D** The head stomp which won The Stomper the title! though the decision was immediately reversed

Dazed by the onslaught as he was, Funk showed what champions are made of, when he finally spun out of the scissors, slammed across The Stomper's chest to wind him, and came up on top with a tight headlock. Dory pressed his lead, pressuring the challenger with muscle-straining holds, exasperating him with the speed of his offense; angered by it all, The Stomper crashed his huge forearm across the back of Funk's neck in mid-ring, body slammed him twice, then flipped him to the mat, in a prelude that Calgary fans know well!

In an instant, The Stomper had rocketed off the ropes, leaped high in the air over Funk's prostrate form . . . splat! . . . the big boot landed squarely in the middle of the champion's forehead, with so much force that Funk's muscular body jolted stiff! Referee *Pat Moran* hit the canvas at the same split second that The Stomper slammed across Funk's chest; ". . . two . . . three!" and the challenger was ahead!

Again displaying his amazing ability to defend himself, the still-groggy Funk fended The Stomper

off early in the second fall. Finally clearing his head, he went back on the offensive, tried for the equalizer with stunning head-high dropkicks—and failed, tried again with a spine-snapping atomic drop—and failed, tried a third time with his spinning toehold—and failed, when The Stomper blasted a kick into his chest that sent him sprawling.

Back in command, The Stomper rocketed Dory into the ropes, caught him on the rebound with a crushing kick in the midsection. Slumping to the mat, Funk was wide open . . . launching his rush off the ropes, the challenger went for the head stomp again . . . zip! and Funk moved aside to let the boot smash into the mat. The Stomper aimed again, Funk moved again, dodging back and forth to avoid the deadly stomp. On his feet now, Dory absorbed another boot in the middle that should have downed him; thinking it would, The Stomper raced for the ropes . . . but Funk was right behind him! As he had done against Geoff Portz, Funk forced the challenger front-first into the strands, hooked him backwards over his head, then rolled up on top to small package The Stomper for the count!



The Stomper's bad temper erupted at the loss of the fall . . . at the third bell, he mashed Funk flat with a body block, gouged those big boots deep into his chest, drove kneedrops into his stomach. Dragging the champion to his feet, The Stomper drove the breath out of him with searing elbow smashes over the heart, then rammed his boot home at chest height to drop Funk on the spot! With a roar, he caromed off the ropes, drove the boot into Funk's chest again! Almost unconscious, Dory stayed flat on the mat . . . across the ring, The Stomper tapped the toe of his boot on the canvas, as if trying to lodge something inside the boot in place . . . referee Moran bent over Funk, to check his condition . . . The Stomper hit the ropes . . .

Splat! The sound of the boot driving into Funk's forehead cut through even the screams of the crowd . . . The Stomper thundered down across Funk's chest, Pat Moran checked his shoulders . . . "one . . . two . . . three!" . . . The Stomper was the new World Heavyweight Champion! The arena was in an uproar . . . The Stomper had something in his boot, the fans screamed . . .

Back-up referee *Bob Frank* thought so too; with promoter *Stu Hart*, he charged into the ring, spoke quickly to Moran, then the three cornered The Stomper. "Get that boot off," Moran ordered . . . refusing. The Stomper was backed into a corner, pinned there while Hart wrenched on the suspect boot; Dory Funk, Jr., barely able to stand after the attack, even tried to help . . . then off it came, and a chunk of tape-wrapped metal fell on the mat!

"Reverse that fall!" shouted Moran to the timekeeper. "Funk is still champion! The Stomper is disqualified!" . . . enraged, The Stomper tore his boot out of *Stu Hart's* grasp, smashed it down over the promoter's head, then kicked him as he lay on the mat . . . so enraged was he, in fact, that he didn't even see Dory Funk, Jr. take the world belt back . . . "that's the arch support out of my boot," he thundered at Moran and Frank, "and it came loose during the bout. That wasn't put there on purpose! You've been had! You're wrong! You've been used to see that I don't get that title!"

But it was all to no avail. Dory Funk, Jr. kept the World Heavyweight Championship, The Stomper stayed a challenger, and another edition of the Calgary Stampede "Tournament of Champions" went into the books as the wildest, woolliest . . . and perhaps the best . . . yet!

## AMATEUR WRESTLING

*Continued from Page 20*

But if equal: First number of falls during Competition or Championship; number of wins on points; number of draws; wrestler with the least number of public cautions. Should a tie still remain the wrestlers shall be rated as of equal merit.

I should be pleased to forward addresses of Amateur Wrestling Clubs to any of our readers who are interested in joining a Club. *A stamped addressed envelope please*:— Secretary B.A.W.A., 60 Calabria Road, London N5 1HU.

We also publish a book '*KNOW THE GAME WRESTLING*', price: 40p; which can be obtained from the same address.

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## SOVIET JUDO TEAM FOR MUNICH OLYMPICS

Six Soviet judoists have been selected for the Munich Olympics. They are all well known to judo fans in Europe, having won the European team title and some of them individual prizes.

Captain of the team is 27 year old *Sergei Sulin*, an army lieutenant from Leningrad. He weighs 63 kilograms. In the 70 kilogram class there is *Anatoly Novikov*, another serviceman from Kharkov (Ukraine) who is 25 years old. *Guram Gogolauri*, an army sergeant from Tbilisi, Georgia, is 28 years old and competes in the 80 kilogram division.

*Shota Chacheshvili*, a student of a teachers' training institute in Gori, Georgia, is the youngest member of the team at 22 years old. An Osetian by nationality, he grew up in a mountain village in the Caucasus. He competes in the up to 93 kilogram division.

The heavyweight in the over 93 kilogram class is 25 year old *Givi Onashvili*, collective farmer from the village of Patardzeuli in Georgia, who is studying by correspondence at the Tbilisi Agricultural Institute. The Soviet Union will also field in the heavyweight and absolute classification *Vitaly Kuznetsov*, a Moscow serviceman. He is 31 years old and was born in Tataria. Like his father and grandfather before him, he was a blacksmith before joining the army.

Coaches of the Soviet Olympic team will be *Vladlen Andreyev* and *Boris Mischenko*, who are optimistic about the chances of some of their men.

# S.P.A.R.K.S

On Thursday, July 20th, a spectacular evenings charity wrestling was presented by Ace Sports Promotions at Holmewood Tennants Association Club, Bradford on behalf of Action for the Crippled Child, an extremely worthwhile charity supported by the S.P.A.R.K.S. organization.

S.P.A.R.K.S. (Sportsmen Pledged to Aid Research into Crippling) is a charitable organization with a unique difference—every member is an active sportsman. Indeed, nowadays it is becoming better known throughout the country as S.P.A.R.K.S.—The Sportsman's Charity.

S.P.A.R.K.S. has, over the past few years, organized many hundreds of sporting events, (chiefly golf and cricket matches), but this was the first occasion a wrestling spectacular had been held on its behalf.

That this event got off the ground in the first place is largely due to the unstinting efforts of Mr. Alan Buckley (M.C.C. wicket keeper and author of several cricket books) and the promoter, Mr. Ron Farrar.

That the evening proved such an outstanding success is entirely due to the high quality of wrestling provided by no fewer than ten wrestlers, who, like the M.C., referee and officials, gave their services entirely free of charge.

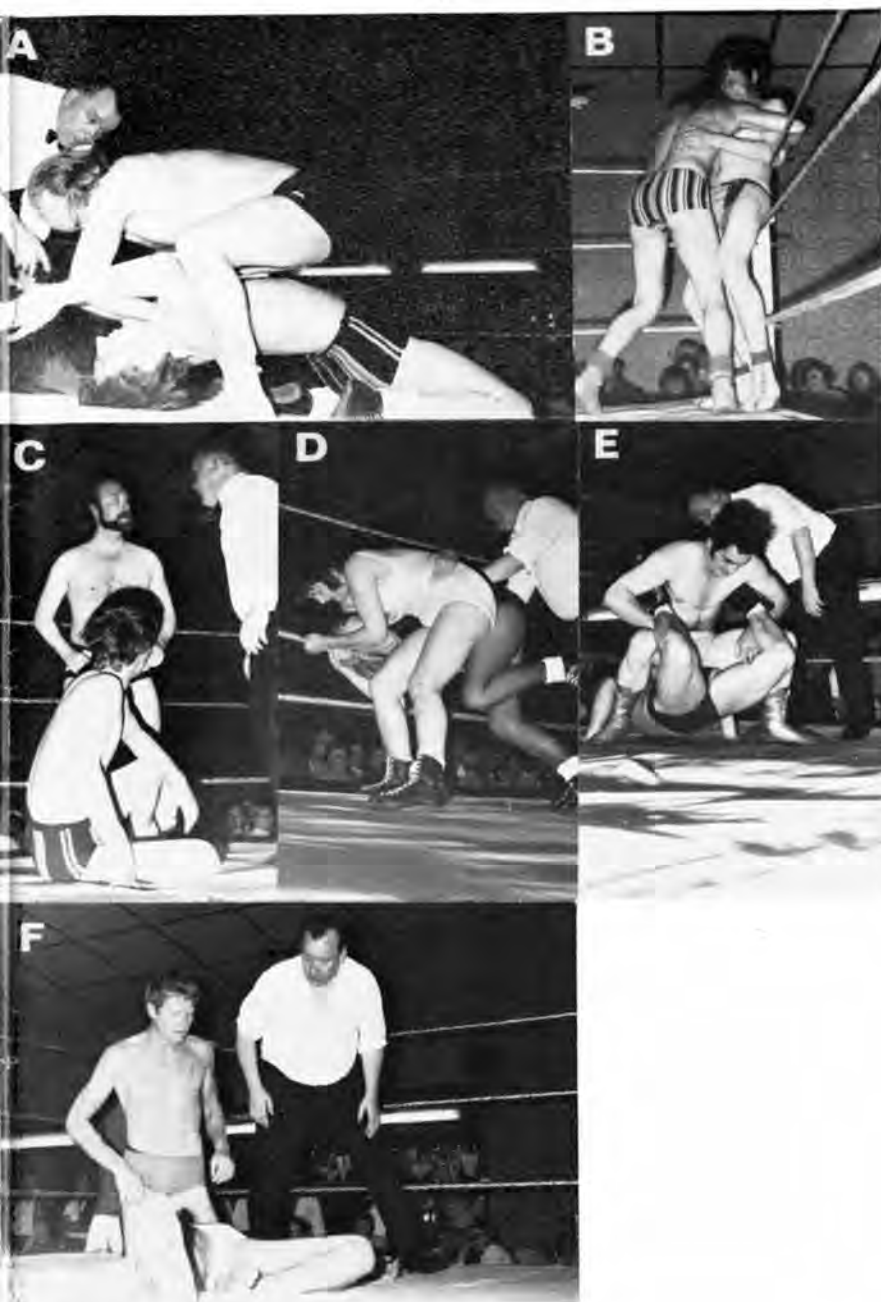
The show started before a packed audience with a fast moving match between local boy, *Ray Gordon*, and *Dave Cameron* from Batley. Although this was only Ray Gordon's third professional fight, he acquitted himself extremely competently, despite the rough tactics used by the Batley wrestler. By the time the referee, Mr. Fred Firth, disqualified Dave Cameron in round five the audience had worked themselves up to fever pitch, which put them exactly in the right mood for the second bout, which was a middleweight contest for the Sports Services (Men's) Trophy between *Alan Armstrong* from Wakefield, and *The Doc*.

Right from entering the ring *The Doc* justified his reputation of 'The Biggest Mouth in Wrestling' as he ranted and raved at his opponent, the referee, and the audience in turn. In fact it was this 'virtue' which lost him the first fall. As *The Doc* stood in the centre of the ring, angrily admonishing the referee who had grabbed him barely in time to stop him rushing across the ring to commence the bout before the bell had gone, when the timekeeper announced the start of round one and seizing his opportunity *Alan Armstrong* hurtled out of his corner and took *The Doc* with a rolling crutch and press, and gained the first fall in the opening seconds of round one.

This obviously angered *The Doc* who soon began dishing out some heavy, albeit rule breaking, punishment, (and also gaining two public warnings in one round) before taking the equalizing fall in round five with a succession of special "sideways" throws followed by a simple cross buttock and follow through press. Whilst *Alan Armstrong* was still weak at the commencement of round six *The Doc* swept in with a succession of similar moves and gained the winning fall.

Mr. Alan Buckley presented the trophy to *The Doc* who stopped gesturing to the booing spectators barely long enough to accept it, somewhat ungraciously.

The third bout (for the vacant Northern Area middleweight title) brought together *Mike De-Main* of Leeds and *J. Jay* from Huddersfield. With an important title at stake it was apparent that both men were loath to commit themselves fully, but the crowd were treated to a highly skilled, though defensive, contest, which was won by two falls to one in the seventh of the scheduled ten round contest by *Mike De-Main*, much to his delight. The championship belt was presented to *Mike De-Main* by *Bob Courage*, the Southern Area welterweight champion, who justifiably called for a big hand for a very cleanly fought contest.



- A The Doc forces Alan Armstrong to the mat
- B Ray Gordon trapped in the corner by Dave Cameron
- C The Doc receiving a warning from referee Fred Firth
- D Sue Brittain making illegal use of the ropes
- E Mike de-Main with a boston crab on J. Jay
- F Terry McQueen

The tournament continued with an international clash between *Milan Prica*, (Yugoslavia) and *Terry McQueen* (Manchester). The barefoot Yugoslav wrestler seemed to take a little time to settle down, apparently upset by Terry McQueen's incredibly fast moves, but eventually he gained the upper hand and beat the Manchester wrestler by the only fall required in round six.

The last bout on the bill presented the B.W.A. British Ladies' Champion, *Miss Sue Brittain*, (Pudsey) against the blonde bombshell *Milica Milan*. Miss Brittain not only proceeded to show her superiority against her opponent, but also against the referee who she threw out of the ring following a public warning. At first it looked as though the angry official was going to send Miss Brittain back to the dressing room, instead he gave her a private, though severe, warning, and she went on to defeat *Milica Milan* by a K.O. and win the Sports Services (Ladies') Trophy which was presented to her by *John Helm*, the sports producer of Radio Leeds.

The Sports Services Trophies were donated by the Sports Services Co., 43 Clarendon Road, Bingley (suppliers of ties and badges for all sports organizations).

The evening proved such a success for S.P.A.R.K.S. that already moves are being made to hold another later this year.

The S.P.A.R.K.S. organization is increasing in stature as more and more sportsmen, and women, thankful for their own fitness, and who feel they wish to do something tangible for the less fortunate who are unable to take part in active sports, enlist on its books. Membership of S.P.A.R.K.S. costs only £1 per annum, (surely a small price to pay in gratitude for one's own fitness) and is open to any sportsman or woman, whether professional or amateur, and for anyone wishing to write for membership the address is:—

Arden Camm, Secretary,  
S.P.A.R.K.S.,  
61 Oxford Street,  
London, W.1.

D.C.



## LIKELY LADS:

# Match the life of HUMPHREY MENDOZA for action and adventure

Ask a Norfolk wrestling follower for his or her opinion of *Humphrey Mendoza* and, especially if the speaker is a member of the fair sex, you immediately come on the receiving end of the sort of verbal barrage that is usually reserved for nationally known rule benders such as *Mick McManus* or *Steve Logan*.

Quite definitely Mendoza is a villain of the ring and by his own admission he no longer quite qualifies for the 'lad' piece of the title of this series. Nevertheless he is more adventurous in the wrestling ring than any teenager and few of the campaigners I have met over the years have led a more colourful life.

Born on a Thames sailing barge, Mendoza had some amateur experience at Woolwich in his early teens before running away from his family at the age of 15 and joining a travelling fair.

Within a year he had been taught to ride the wall of death and he travelled the country performing these spectacular feats on a motor cycle until the time came for national service.

Signing on for five years in the Royal Navy he became a frogman and saw service in Australia, New Zealand and Hong Kong. While in Singapore he approached the late *Emil King Kong Czaja* for some wrestling contests and over a period of two years appeared in some 40 matches at Singapore's famous Happy World Stadium.

After leaving the service Mendoza—it is not his real name, by the way—finished up in East Anglia and taking a liking to Norwich, decided to settle there, meeting his wife Kathleen and marrying a year later.

He tried his hand at speedway riding but had



Humphrey Mendoza also sometimes billed as John L. Hagger, pictured before a bout

to give up this sport after a bad fall. Then a chance meeting with Suffolk wrestler *Bill Pye* led to his return to the ring.

With Pye he went to *Brian Trevors'* well-known gymnasium and was soon appearing in solo bouts, later forming a tag team combination with Pye known as *The Stompers*, which is still going strong.

Tipping the scales at over 14 stones and with a total of over 300 bouts beneath his belt, Mendoza takes a bit of shifting from the mat and he has clashed with many experienced campaigners.

As toughest opponents he rates Bury heavyweight *Ray Glendenning*, 'Farmer' *Johnny Allan* and Hull's *Eric Leiderman*. On the tag scene Mendoza and Pye have suffered a number of disqualification setbacks in their time but the team's boast is that they have never been beaten by falls or submissions.

The crowded entertainments hall of a Norfolk Coast holiday camp may be a far cry from the Happy World Stadium in Singapore but there is always plenty of atmosphere and action when Mendoza is in the middle of the arena and the fans seldom complain.

LIKELY LADS, now in its second year as a regular 'THE WRESTLER' feature will continue to look for the up and coming hopefuls of the wrestling scene. For inclusion in the series, write to Russell Plummer, care of 'THE WRESTLER', Caxton House, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, BN4 6QD.

RUSSELL PLUMMER

# Best Bouts of the Month

## T.V. WRESTLING

by S. J. FLOOD

### JACKIE PALLO v JOHNNY KWANGO

The first bout this month was screened from Fairfield Halls, Croydon, and featured Highbury's Jackie Pallo and Johnny Kwango from Lagos.

Pallo was the first to attack and he quickly applied a wrist lock, then a side head chancery. He continued to set the pace with a leg lever until Kwango clamped on an arm lock. A neat back kick by Pallo floored Kwango, but "Mr. T.V." allowed himself to be distracted as he made a remark to ringside spectators and he found himself trapped in a side head lock.

Pallo bounced into the attack at the start of round two with a cross buttock. However, Pallo unwisely decided to use a series of fore-arm smashes and slaps to the chest. Head-butting specialist Kwango merely smiled and pointed meaningfully at his head. Pallo failed to heed this warning and after delivering another three chops was head butted to the canvas.

Later in the round Pallo cheekily tried a head butt of his own but collapsed after connecting with the West African's bullet-hard skull.

In round three Pallo, by far the quicker of the two men in both movement and thought, was slowed down by another head butt. He then received a public warning for an illegal move while on the canvas, but carried on the attack with three fore-arm smashes and a body check.

Kwango soaked up the punishment and both men took up boxing poses, until Kwango floored his opponent with one to the jaw. Kwango then clamped on a jaw hold—one of his specialties—and Pallo was thankful to be rescued by the bell.

Pallo opened round four with three fore-arm smashes. He then looked around to tell a spectator to "mind your own business" and was promptly floored. Within seconds he was thrown out of the ring and later found himself in another jaw hold. Two head butts failed to subdue Pallo, however, and he gained the only fall required with a cross press despite almost failing to take Kwango down to the canvas properly.

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### KEN JOYCE v ALAN SARGEANT

The following two bouts were both screened from Lewisham. The first one, between Ken Joyce and Alan Sargeant, was mid-way through round two when television viewers joined the ringside audience. Joyce was on top with a toe hold which he kept on until almost the end of the round, with Sargeant escaping just as the bell sounded.

Joyce was on the attack again in the third round with another toe hold. He then switched to a folding body press but Sargeant bridged his way out and applied a cross press until the ropes intervened.

Sargeant later clamped on a grape vine, followed by a head lock, but Joyce countered with a double arm lock and then a back breaker. However, when Sargeant found himself trapped in a full boston crab, he freed himself and tipped Joyce through the ropes.

At the start of round four Sargeant applied a full nelson. Joyce escaped but was soon back in the same hold. After several swift moves on the part of both men, Sargeant was able to apply a folding body press, only for Joyce to again break free. Joyce retaliated quickly

with a folding body press to gain the first and only fall required to win the contest.

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### MICK McMANUS v ALAN COLBECK

The second bout from Lewisham was a middleweight contest between Mick McManus of New Cross and Wakefield's Alan Colbeck. This proved to be of the usual type of rough and tumble that McManus is so often involved in.

He refused to shake hands at the start of round one and instead went straight into the attack with an arm lever. Colbeck countered with a back hammer and tried to throw McManus, but the latter caught the ropes with his arm and refused to let go.

McManus was later trapped in a head scissors and complained to the referee that Colbeck was stopping him breathing, though the referee did not believe him.

Towards the end of the round McManus obtained a head lock and strangle hold, but not for long and Colbeck countered with a back breaker.

In round two McManus was again straight out on the attack with an illegal move on the blind side of the referee until Colbeck retaliated with fore-arm smashes which sent McManus staggering across the ring. A public warning to McManus followed, when he punched Colbeck in the stomach.

Colbeck went on the attack with smashes and butts and McManus beat a hasty retreat to the safety of a corner. He refused to leave until ordered to by the referee. When McManus finally did so he received some punishment to his left leg from leg levers. McManus finished the round on the canvas after being thrown there from a back hammer.

McManus threw Colbeck twice in round two before Colbeck dived for his opponent's leg and pulled him to the canvas. Unfortunately both men became entangled in the ropes, with McManus hurting his right leg.

Colbeck then pinned McManus against the ropes and delivered a series of fore-arm smashes until he was stopped by the referee. Colbeck dished out more punishment when he grabbed McManus by the ears, something which he hates intensely, and threw him across the ring.

McManus took his time in getting to his feet and the referee had counted to eight before Mick got up again. There were plenty of rough tactics by both men, with throws followed by smashes and chops.

Fore-arm smashes in round four by McManus really weakened Colbeck and the New Cross tearaway followed up to gain the first fall with a folding body press only seconds after the start of the round.

McManus walked straight over to his opponent at the start of round five and delivered a fore-arm smash. Colbeck was not standing for this and attempted a shoulder press, but was thrown out of the ring.

Colbeck returned to use throws and weakeners, especially on McManus's ears, and finally dished out some painful chops. McManus often found himself on the canvas in this round and Colbeck threw him there again after the bell had sounded.

In round six, the last one of the contest, Colbeck attacked with vigour, using fore-arm smashes and chops. He finally followed up with a folding body press to obtain a well earned draw.



**DAVE SHADE**