

SPORTS

VIEWY NOTES

—YACOB—

It was Sunday, April the first, and the little bunnies had ceased their laying of "aigs." The writer had just finished a big Easter dinner, and had hied himself down to Penfield. Finding himself sleepy he lay on the bed but before he could slip off into the land of nod-diness, Gordon Reddick and his crew of "bullshooters" dared to invade the privacy of our sanctum.

The bright sun pouring in the window cast a wide sheen across the sheet as we turned our face to the wall. The conversation grew heated, Reddick was gesticulating with his hands—Olsson bellowed as he tried to make himself heard over the sonorous voice of Gordon—McQuig obsequiously said "nerfs" when Gordon tried to tell him how he could make a million in two years out of fifty bucks cash—and then—

"A Mr. Reddick to see you sir. He says he once knew you when you were in college. Shall I tell him you are busy, or shall I show him in?" said the cute little blonde secretary of mine.

"Show him right in, Mary, but if I press your button, go down in the press room and get Ike and Mike to throw him out."

"Hello there Yacob, how's the world treating you, how much money have you made, would you like to make any more?"

"I know then that old 'Seattle' had not changed a bit, other than the big bay window he was now sporting.

"I'm doing fine, Gordon. I've been sports editor of the Times for two years now, and I'm also doing articles for syndicates. Maybe you have seen some of my work."

"Yeah, I have Yacob, and that is why I came to see you. I have a racket that will make us millionaires if you'll string along with me. You can help me, and I have the material to help you."

"Well, you know me, Gordon. I'm always ready to make an extra nickel. Shoot!"

"Well, Jake, you know I've been fooling around with promotion of sporting events since I left Mercer, and I've finally corraled a fine bunch of athletes. By the way, most of them are former Mercer men: I have 'Swede' Olsson under contract. As you know, Swede is just a fair wrestler, but with your help I can make a champion out of him."

"Besides Olsson, I also have K. O. Moseley under contract. You remember him. That blonde pug from Byron. He's a comer, if I'm any judge of boxers. And I also have Daly Smith, the Davis Cup player, signed to a professional contract, and I am holding out for more money to sign up with Tilden. Besides these three, I have a string of three more athletes, all under contract to me. Now if we can get together, we will both make the dough, and although these boys will be doing the work, we will just give them enough money to keep them from getting suspicious. You and I will pocket the real jack."

"But tell me, Gordon, what in the hell have I got to do with all this? Maybe you want me to lend you a couple of thousand? Well, if that's it, I can't do it. I just closed a deal last week that cost me 100 G's, and that's all the ready cash I had."

"No Yacob, all I want you to do is to hallyhood these athletes. I know that if you get behind them and play them up before the public in the Times and the syndicated articles you write, it won't be long before the big promoters will be wanting their services, and then I can make them meet my figures."

"But I can't do this, Gordon. It's against the ethics of my profession."

"Aw, to hell with the ethics, think about all that big dough. Why we can make a million off Olsson and Moseley alone. And if Smith happens to beat Storfen, we will make a quarter million off him."

"But I can't conscientiously do that. These athletes haven't proved themselves worthy of that much publicity. I might lose my job if I played them up too much and they turned out to be huns."

"Yeah, Yake, but just think if only one of them comes through. Look at the greenbacks we can have."

My conscience wavered. My hand inadvertently reached out for a cigarette. I lit it, and as the smoke curled upward, I envisioned myself as another Tex Richard.

The door opened and Ike and Mike, two press-room huskies, laid violent hands on Gordon. Before I could stop them, they had him out the door. He struggled madly, but to no avail. Before I could reach him, they gave him a quick shove downstairs. The building echoed as Gordon's massive frame bounced from step to step. I stopped sadly back to my office. All the dreams of financial independence went up to the ceiling with the smoke from my cigarette. I must have touched that fatal button.

I was happily awakened from my troubled dreams by the still gesticulating Reddick. "If I only had five hundred dollars, I could retire in five years," he was saying.

Sadly, I turned my face back to the yellow Penfield wall.

Hero Worship

"Are you a hero worshiper?" "I am," answered Senator Sorghum.

"Are you said when a hero disappoints you?"

"Yes. But I don't hold him personally responsible. I realize that I made him up largely out of my own imagination."

On Little or Nothing

"I must tell you that my daughter can bring a husband only her beauty and her intellect."

"I don't mind—many young couples have started in a very small way."

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CIMPERMAN WINS OPEN CROWN AT MERION CRICKET CLUB

"Barborton Buster" Takes First Major Tourney Of Career; Overcomes Paul Runyan

By Yacob Trommerschauer

Johnny Cimperman, Mercer '34, brought much praise and glory to himself and to his Alma Mater when he spread-eagled the field in the National open held at the Merion-Cricket Club last week. His score of 277 set a new record for the open championship and left him six strokes ahead of his closest competitor, Paul Runyan of White Plains, N. Y.

Johnny developed his golf game while at Mercer, frequently going around the tough Idle Hour course here under par. While at Mercer he was far superior to any of the other students here, and experts predicted a brilliant future for the "Barborton Buster."

This is the first major tournament that Johnny has won, but as he only finished college a month ago, he had plenty of time in which to garner his share of titles. In fact, since his scintillating performance in the open, against the best professionals in the country, he is looked upon as a likely successor to Bobby Jones' title, the Emperor of Golf.

Entering the tournament unknown, Johnny proceeded to let the world know about his ability with a par scorching 72, to tie for the lead with Horton Smith and "Wiffy" Cox for the lead. But it wasn't until the second round that he began to show his heels to his competitors.

He started the second round in a rain-storm that commenced to pour down just before he teed off on the first hole. Under conditions that would have upset a more experienced golfer, he literally tore the course to pieces, coming in with a 66, six under par. This hole gave him a four stroke advantage over the "Joplin Ghost."

He came back on Friday with another sub-par round of 70 to give him a six stroke advantage over Paul Runyan in second place. Included in this round was a hole-in-one on the 315-yard fifth hole. On his tee shot, he blasted a terrific drive over the adjacent hill where he thought the cup was. His drive had tremendous carry, and bounced off the pin into the cup for his first "ace."

Knowing that he could hardly lose the championship with a six stroke lead, Johnny complacently toured the course Saturday with another sub-par round of 70, and although Runyan matched this score, he could not gain a stroke on the confident Ohio boy.

It was the largest margin ever held by an open winner, and according to Bobby Jones, who was present as a spectator, it was the finest golf he had ever seen.

Now that Johnny is a champion, we hope that he will come back to his alma mater and try to impart some of his wizardry to Bruin students. It is the first time that

DORMITORY FOR ATHLETES TO BE ERECTED ON CAMPUS

A. T. Whifflebottom, Mercer Alumnus, Gives \$50,000 For Construction Of New Hall

Mercer athletes were overjoyed when Dr. Dowell announced that a new dormitory was to be erected for them on the campus. The building was made possible by the donation of Aloysius Timothy Whifflebottom, Mercer '98, who gave \$50,000 toward the construction of the new domicile.

Mr. Whifflebottom visited Mercer last year, and while on an inspection of the campus, was taken down to Penfield, which has housed the many athletes who have enrolled at Mercer in the past three years.

"My goodness," chirped Mr. Whifflebottom, "this will never do. I'll see to it that you boys get at least a decent place to sleep."

Mercer has ever produced a championship golfer, and a huge welcome awaits our first champion.

Why my chauffeur has better living quarters than this."

The athletes are now seen wearing smiles all over their ugly pans, but that is likely to disappear soon, as it is feared that the administration plans to install a "house mother" to watch over the little chickens and see that they do no wrong.

O GLORIOUS SPRINGTIME!

The chief composer of editorial gasterpieces for the Fluster could not, nay, dared not, pass up this weather of warmth and solicitude without commenting on the subtle mysteries and feverish uncertainties of the springtime which several of the students are enjoying so much at this season.

New life seems everywhere. It is the dawn again when the hand of nature soothes the winter frozen eyes with glorious moonshine, gentle breezes, bursting buds, fresh plowed clods, tittering birds, leaves out the size of a rat's ear, and many other pertinent soothings not pertinent to this article.

I would that I could drift with the floating clouds, that college and all such could be forgot whilst I basket in the billowy billowness of those part responsible for rain.

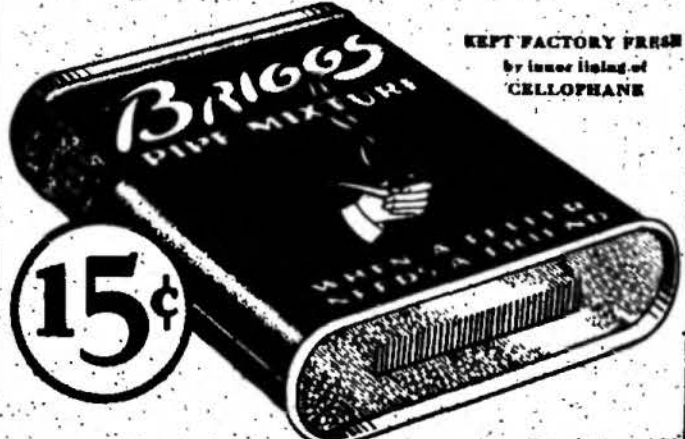
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"



Placed on the market a year ago, this pipe mixture made many friends before it had a line of advertising. Aged in the wood for years... BRIGGS is mellow, packed with flavor, biteless! Won't you try a tin and let genial BRIGGS speak for itself?



KEPT FACTORY FRESH by inner lining of CELLOPHANE



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