

4/7/72

COMEDY WRESTLING IN SYDNEY

Meet Mr. Frederick Atkins and Chief Little Wolf, two of the friendliest, most sociable characters ever to drop on the mat at Sydney Stadium. The Chief is only a Little Wolf....here's a mere sixteen stone twelve. They do this because it feels so good when they step. If you must be technical, this is a forearm jolt....so is this....and this. Little Wolf forces Atkins back against the ropes. Just like brothers, aren't they? You can't tell them...or tear them...apart. There's some knee action. He'll be down in a minute madam! I'll bet the Chief would rather be back in his wigwam. But Little Wolf can hand out punishment too. Here he gets Atkins in his favourite hold...the Indian deathlock. Atkins knows the ropes too. But it's a fall to Little Wolf. He's coming madam! Would you mind, Mr. Atkins? Thank you so much. There he is - madam!! Ragged wrestling thrills the record crowd of 12,000. It's all in wrestling style. Nothing barred - pardon - there's the arm bar. Now Atkins has his leg around the Chief's leg which is around Atkins's leg, which is around well, you work it out. But it's a fall to Atkins. Him heep Big Chief. Hmph. Him big heep. Hey, don't scalp him. Just as well this bits not in sound, the Chief's remarks at this point are just a little bit indelicate. Now Atkins really gets mad and the crowd is thrilled to fever pitch. Little Wolf pays a flying visit to the ringside seats. He decides it's nicer up there with Atkins. And what a reception he gets. That's one Wolf kept off the floor! Referee Noman pushes Atkins away, but there's no holding him. He's out after Little Wolf's scalp. It's one fall all. The next is the decider. Little Wolf tries to get back, but Atkins is just giving him rope. Busy man, the Chief....he's tied up right now. It's a magnificent contest, but who'd be a referee. Mr. Noman must have been in the air force. Watch this three point landing. Atkins has gone berserk. Don't touch him Mr. Noman. Be careful. Look out! Now Atkins is disqualified, but that doesn't stop him. He doesn't know. Put out the lights, call the cops, play the National Anthem. Come in here, somebody, thank you, sir! I hope you're insured! Say, who's wrestling who here tonight? Look, the Chief's making a come back. He doesn't know it's over - now he does. Quick, duck! The Chief's not coming back and I don't blame him. After all, he's only a Little Wolf....Atkins is a Big, Bad one.