

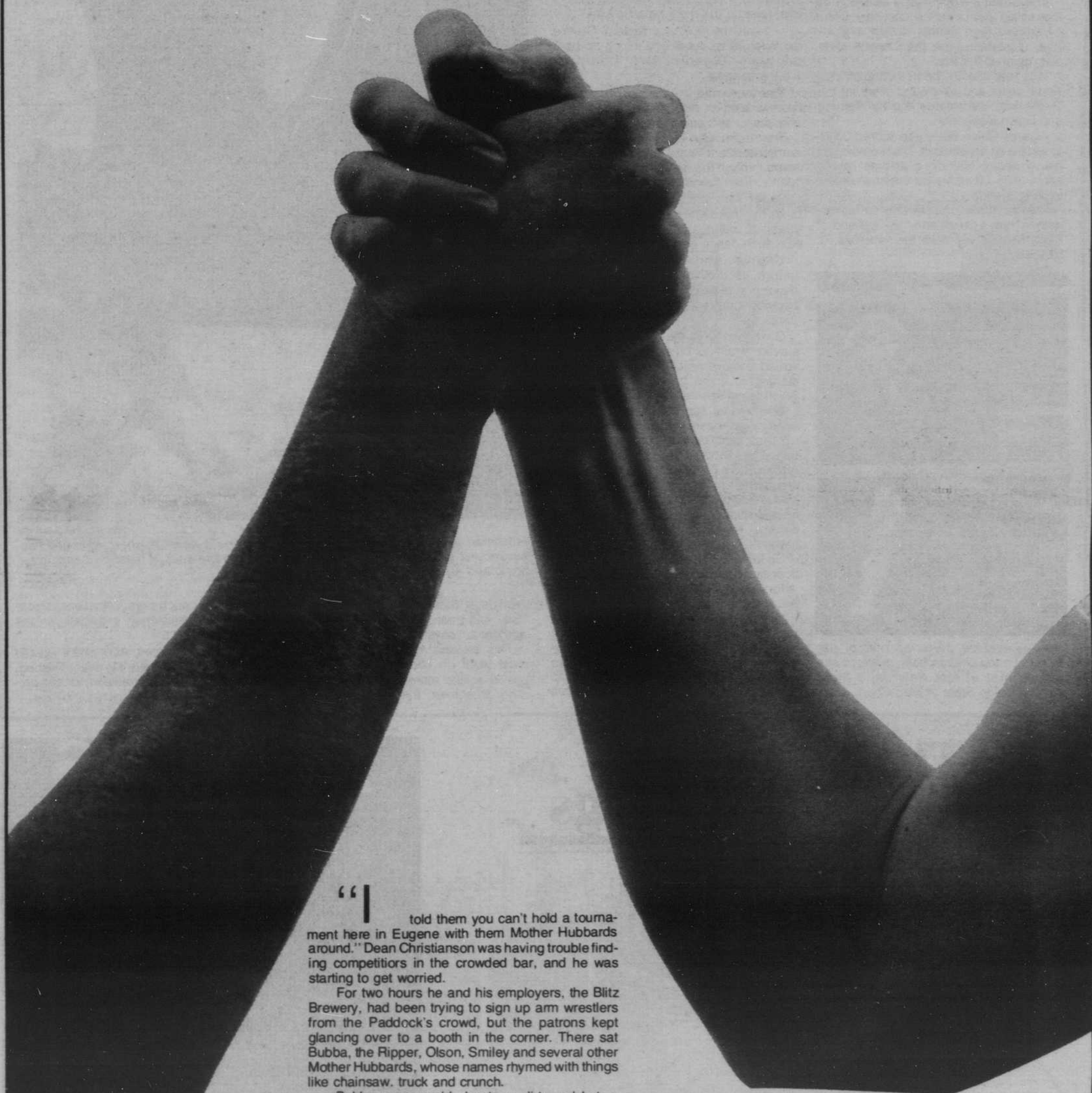
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Ready, wrestle!



“I told them you can't hold a tournament here in Eugene with them Mother Hubbards around.” Dean Christianson was having trouble finding competitors in the crowded bar, and he was starting to get worried.

For two hours he and his employers, the Blitz Brewery, had been trying to sign up arm wrestlers from the Paddock's crowd, but the patrons kept glancing over to a booth in the corner. There sat Bubba, the Ripper, Olson, Smiley and several other Mother Hubbards, whose names rhymed with things like chainsaw, truck and crunch.

Bubba wore muddy boots, a dirty red hat, a loggers shirt, and grimy long-johns that poked out around the arms.

Occasionally he would stride into the middle of the bar and address the crowd. “If you don't get this started soon we're starting it without you.”

Christainson, a top-flight arm wrestler himself, leaned his 300 pounds against a gunfight computer game. “Even when those Mother Hubbard's ain't entering they scare away the contestants. Their reputation does it alone.”

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