



Dear *IGH*:

Great to receive the Jan-Feb issue of *IGH* with the announcement of the Lucher Stark Center. This is indeed Ulysses' "Some noble work of note"! You have a great location for the Todd-McLean Collection, on the campus of UT, which has one of the largest and most impressive libraries in the world.

I look forward to new issues of *IGH* just as eagerly as I did to *Strength & Health* in the early 1940's to get news of Grimek, Stanko, Terpak, Terlazzo, John Davis, John Terry, the Self-Improvement Contest, editorials by Bob Hoffman, and just pure motivation.

Channel surfing not long ago, I saw a TV program on "superhuman strength," in which you were interviewed about steroids. Very impressive were a 97-lb. girl snatching a heavy weight overhead and a professional strongman of not large size, bending all sorts of metal objects with great tensile strength. [Ed. note: That was Dennis Rogers, the "Grandmaster of Grip," who pound for pound is the strongest man in the world in such feats.] Being of normal size, I always admired men that had great strength in small frames (Adrian Schmidt). My greatest hero was "the Incredible Shams," the title of an article in *Strength & Health*, many years ago. If memory serves me well, he was 5'9" and weighed 142, and cleaned and jerked well over 300! That is pure tensile strength.

"Yearning for Muscular Power," was a very informative essay. Do you remember Hoffman's editorials in *Strength & Health* in which he praised the quickness and athletic ability of his lifters as opposed to the ponderous Cyr and Swoboda? Now with Savickas *et alii*, we have men of four hundred pounds, enormously strong and explosive, but perhaps not "healthy"! Remember the big nosebleed at the Arnold Show awhile back? High blood pressure could be a problem with these "dudes." I have had blood pressure problems for years, probably from trying to match Arthur Saxon and Mac Batchelor with drinking beer! Keep *IGH* coming. I will try to come to the opening of the Center in 2008.

Les Longshore

Ed. note: I've known Les Longshore since the late

1960s, at which time he was the tennis pro at a country club in Birmingham, Alabama and I—having retired as a powerlifter—had gone up with a friend to play doubles in a tennis tournament there. Les had read of me in the lifting magazines, and was surprised and pleased that I'd gone back to tennis as a way to lose weight and stay in condition. We've remained in touch since then. An outstanding tennis player and a former president of the U.S. Tennis Association of Teaching Professionals, Les was a serious weight trainer back in the days when you were considered to be deranged if you lifted. In his later years Les continued to train, but he also began to do long distance running—completing many marathons in the process. He also remains deeply devoted to his favorite beverage, and is fond of quoting the famous line from A.E. Housman, "Malt does more than Milton can, to justify God's ways to man." A man of many parts, Les also taught Greek at the college level for many, many years.



Dear *IGH*:

Jack Lano loaned me your *Iron Game History* for May to read; enjoyed it. I like the old time stuff, like Colonna's Picnic. My lifters from the Old YMCA in Akron, Ohio and I went to a couple of his picnics back in the late thirties and early forties. I remember that he used to have them on this island out in a river by his house. I always looked forward to them, but now I can't remember too many names of people I met there. But I do remember we always had a good time.

Enjoy reading about how we used to enjoy lifting and going to the shows—because we did enjoy them. I like reading about the "old" guys, as it really takes me back to an enjoyable time of life.

Out here in California there is not much lifting. They do have Powerlifting down at Venice Beach where I referee, but that's about it. I see some of the old time bodybuilders down there but not many lifters. I still go to all the World Weightlifting Championships now that I'm retired. The IWF treats me pretty good, and I always have a good seat.

Again, I enjoy your magazine. Please find enclosed a check for \$60.00 for a subscription. (I'm not buying for a longer time—might not be here long enough. I will renew if still kickin'.) Hope you're both well and enjoying life.

Jack H. Hughes

Ed note: Jack has been lifting competitively for more than sixty years, and we both remember him refereeing during our own lifting days and in the decades since that time. He was always willing to lend a helping hand and has been a tireless worker for the Iron Game.



Dear IGH:

The following is my account of a visit Marlin Weitzel and I had with the late, great Davey “Peppy” Moyer in November of 2003, several years before Moyer died:

I met Marlin Weitzel at Providence House, Eighth & Court Streets yesterday, and Marlin drove us to Davey’s home on Moss Street. Davey greeted us at the door with a bright smile and “Hello!” He had a wooden crutch under his right armpit, gray thinning hair, and a plastic “Extension Cord—his oxygen tube and “Life Line.” He invited us in and we followed him thru a second door into his living room, took off our jackets, shook his hand, then sat down on a sofa. The TV was on but he lowered the sound and he and Marlin talked about the work-outs at Coulson’s Barbell Club and Gym at Tenth and Marion Streets in Reading—all the carrying on with the guys there...Fun! Fun !! FUN !! Hijinks of all types, plus the serious hard work of pumping iron—training, lifting, bodybuilding—getting ready for weightlifting competition(s) and physique contests. Marlin and Davey reminisced about their many weightlifting competitions.

I explained how I got started going to Coulson’s Gym with Charlie Schell, Richard Palkon, Dave and Lane Garrison—brothers who lived down the street from Charlie. I started there around 1955 shortly after John Coulson brought Bruce “Ox” Hunsberger, Huck Hunsberger, Bob Schollenberger, and Davey Moyer to the Reading High School Gym one school day afternoon in September for a weightlifting demonstration. All the boys from tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades were assembled in the gym. Davey was in the locker room out of sight. John introduced Bruce, Huck, and Bob who in turn did cleans and presses, increasing the weight on the bar after each series of lifts. They also did clean and jerk lifts of higher amounts of weight. Next Huck and Bob demonstrated the technique of “squat snatching” the bar in one smooth pulling motion. Huck and Bob were very skilled at the squat-snatch technique even with a very heavy weight on the bar.

Then, John asked for a rousing round of

applause for the one and only Davey Moyer. As the applause rang out and loud cheers were heard, Davey ran from the locker room onto the basketball court doing a forward leaping flip high in the air landing on his feet followed by forward handsprings with blurring speed three quarters the length of the basketball court. After the last flip he jumped high in the air and with a twist of his body landed on his feet facing the locker room, to thunderous applause and deafening yelling and cheering. Then he ran full speed back toward to the wall adjacent to the locker room . . . it looked like he was going to run into the wall. At the last second he jumped up, about five feet, onto the wall with his feet then sprang off the wall doing an end-over-end backwards somersault twisting his body then landing on his feet with arms fully extended, raised high, and a big smile on his face! Ta ! Da !!! That piece of gymnastics by Davey blew the roof off the place—the huge audience of teenage boys went wild, yelling and applauding for a long time.

Bruce, Huck, and Bob did more lifting, and Davey joined in doing some very heavy cleans and presses as well as clean and jerk lifts. It was an unbelievable demonstration by these powerful young men giving it everything they had as a show of their strength, athleticism, dedication, skill, and perseverance—years of practice at the sport they loved dearly, unfolding there, in the moment, before our eyes . . . I will never forget it.

We continued our conversation with Davey until about 3:15 P.M., at which point Marlin asked if I was ready to leave, and I said yes. We thanked Davey for inviting us and he said he was glad we stopped by. He walked us to the door where we shook hands and said so long. Davey was smiling and so were we as we walked down the steps to Marlin’s car for the ride home.

Davey was on oxygen all the while we were there, but he was in great spirits. So “alive,” so full of life in spite of his life circumstance. I felt so privileged to be there with him and Marlin as we jumped in the “Time Machine” and went back to those good old days at Coulson’s Gym. I really enjoyed the conversation—about all the weight-lifting demonstrations and competitions—with unquestionably the strongest man, pound for pound, in Reading, Berks County, and even far beyond its boundaries. We have to remember that Davey was the first man in the United States to press twice his body weight and that he established national records in both weightlifting and powerlifting.

Arthur J. Rohrbach