



We begin this issue's "Grapevine" with Dr. Ken Rosa's impressions of the annual gathering of the Oldetime Barbell and Strongman Association.

THE OLDETMERS GATHER

I was finally there, in the prestigious New York City Downtown Athletic Club, home to the Oldetime Barbell and Strongmen reunions. As I exited the elevator on the thirteenth floor I was elated to see that Jim Mitchell of Channel 9 TV was there interviewing the Hammer Man, Slim Farman. Jim had telephoned me a couple of weeks before to express an interest in covering the reunion, and I put Jim in touch with Vic Boff to coordinate the details.

The world famous Heisman Room was packed with iron game enthusiasts of all ages. The energy in the room was palpable. Jim Mitchell was interviewing me when the elevator doors opened and out strode a woman possessing a pair of the greatest muscular, shapely calves ever to grace the Heisman Room. I knew instantly that this had to be Laurie Fierstein, the attractive strongwoman-bodybuilder. Whereas traditionally at the reunions the men and women are usually dressed in non-revealing suits and other such garb, Laurie was fashionably attired in an outfit which concealed very little of one of the most muscularly developed physiques I have ever seen!

With superhuman effort I diverted my gaze from those magnificent thighs and focused back on the program. We were to be treated to an abundance of really great speakers. I looked around the room and couldn't avoid noticing, a 6'5", 275 pound mass of muscle, Carl Braun, the top hammer thrower in the world. At first I thought he was from Scotland because he, like Dave Webster, was wearing a kilt, but Carl wore the kilt because he competed in the Highland Games. He's actually from Virginia. Big Guy. Seated near him was another big guy—Gregg Ernst—who is a modern day Louis Cyr in appearance and in strength having recently performed an official back lift with 5,340 pounds! [Ed. Note: On January 1, 1994 Gregg increased his record, unofficially, to 5,618 pounds. The weight consisted of two upright pianos and eighteen men, plus the platform.]

Now let me tell you, I enjoy listening to Terry Todd speak so when he introduced another of my favorite speakers, Dave Webster, I was totally captivated. These days, Todd said, the iron game is not the way it used to be. It used to be like a family. We knew one another, We were friendly rivals. Today the game is split apart. We (Olde Timers) come together because we like to remember those days. Dave Webster symbolizes those days. Dave Webster won weightlifting titles in Scotland. He was a powerlifting competitor. He was a bodybuilding competitor. He was a handbalancer. He had a set of steel expanders and nobody could stretch them like he could. He's an organizer of the Commonwealth Games and is greatly involved in United Kingdom meets. He is a prolific writer who has authored, among other works, *Barbells and Beefcake* and *The Ulti-*

mate Physique. He is a collector of strength books and paraphernalia and until his retirement was the director of a Recreational Center in Scotland. He has made an enormous contribution to the game. With those glowing words Dr. Todd introduced a man I respect very much, Dave Webster. Vic Boff then presented Dave with the Highest Achievement Award of the Oldetime Barbell and Strongman Association.

What a treat it was to sit back and listen as Dave said that "people are more important than places. The older guys have shaped the fitness boom of today. When I came into the game we were warned that weight training would give you dandruff and ingrown toenails. I remember back about 1946 or so I saw a photograph that was of a man whose physique was absolutely unbelievable. Of course, it was the incomparable John Grimek. I said to myself that's what the sport is all about." Dave is an eloquent and captivating speaker, and I was glad to be present as I again furtively glanced at Laurie's forearms. Just amazing.

Master of Ceremonies, Steve "The Mighty Stefan" Sadicario, introduced the USWF's Artie Drechsler, who spoke about the exploits in competitive weightlifting of Chuck Vinci, who was not present. Vinci was the gold medal winner in the Melbourne Olympic Games of 1956 and the Rome Games of 1960, and in 1965 as a 148 pounder he did a standing Olympic style press with 285 pounds! Vinci was also an outstanding arm wrestler.

Then up to the microphone strode the man I call Captain Marvel. Why? If any of you have been around long enough to remember Whiz Comics and may still have some well preserved issues as I do, look at the Captain and you'll also expect at any moment to hear Al Thomas say the magic word SHAZAM and become the Worlds Mightiest Mortal. Physically powerful, Al Thomas speaks with a passion and forceful fluency that seems to cast a spell. Thomas was there to introduce a man who I grew up reading about and being inspired by in the pages of *Strength & Health* magazine. Thomas was in good form as he spoke about a youthful seventy-six year old athlete who has a suntan and looks like he comes from California; actually, he's a New Yorker who lives in California. He was born in Coney Island and trained in boxing by the great Benny Leonard. He also lifted and wrestled at the Brooklyn Central YMCA with Walter Podolak, the Golden Superman. He is a man who helps people. He is a doctor of chiropractic and at one time he had his office in Bothner's Gym. He placed fifth in the 1940 Mr. America which was won by the unbeatable John Grimek, he taught hand to hand combat in World War Two to the armed services and, after the war, Louis B. Mayer put him in charge of MGM's physical training studios where he trained people like Clark Gable and Mario Lanza. Rocky Marciano, when he was in California, would live in this man's house and they would even spar sometimes. He is now the general manager of the Century West Health Club. Earl Leiderman called him "the man who lived a Technicolor life." A tremendous round of applause greeted the man about whom Thomas was speaking, Terry Robinson.

Robinson was marvelous as he spoke about his memories of Coney Island and Flo Ziegfeld who brought Sandow over and how Thomas Edison used Sandow in his early motion pictures. He spoke about Joe Bonomo and the Mighty Atom, and then he pulled a real surprise. He said that music is the universal language (he's right) and he introduced Joey Loren, a professional opera singer, who dedicated "Thine Alone" to John and Angela Grimek, who were cele-

brating their fifty-third wedding anniversary. The Grimeks are obviously still very much in love and it was, indeed, a beautiful moment, Robinson told us, “we have to get old but friendship never gets old.” He concluded with a quote from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, “come grow old with me, the best is yet to come.” The applause was tremendous and well deserved.

If there’s anybody I like to listen to as much as I like to listen to Terry Todd it’s Jan Todd, who was next on the program and reported on their work at the Todd-McLean Collection. Jan informed us that Mabel Rader had recently donated the *Iron Man* archives to the Collection. Mabel and Peary Rader were the founders and publishers of *Iron Man* magazine for fifty years, and she wanted to see the records of the magazine’s earlier era preserved in a university setting. Jan also told us that the pioneer of women’s bodybuilding, Pudgy Stockton, had also donated many things to the Library. I don’t think anyone disagreed when Jan affirmed that “if we don’t look after our own history no one else will look after it.”

Each of the honorees received a magnificent painting done by the bodybuilding artist Jim Sanders, along with the specially inscribed plaques presented to them by the Association.

Showtime. The moment for which so many had been eagerly waiting. Strongmen and a fantastic physique artistically displayed. There are people who love to see phenomenal displays of pure raw strength, there are those who want to see magnificent physiques adroitly displayed and there are those who like to see both. We had both. We all tried to position ourselves to better see Dennis Rogers tear apart lengthwise, one at a time, six New York telephone books. Easy? Try it. Then big John Brookfield ripped apart a deck of cards wrapped in duct tape. Dennis Rogers came back to amaze us as he bent a black steel bar across the back of his neck. Rogers is not a huge man but he is exceptionally strong. [Ed. note: Rogers recently demonstrated barbending and phonebook tearing on the David Letterman Show.] Back came big John Brookfield to astound us as he bent and then broke a hardened steel chisel. A hardened steel chisel. Impossible? But John Brookfield did it.

And talk about great physiques natural bodybuilder Russ Testo stepped onto the posing platform looking even bigger and more muscular than a couple of years ago. He posed to the music of “Over the Rainbow” and included lip-synching in his routine and I was moved to tears. He is a very imaginative poser and when he was rewarded by tremendous applause he expressed his thanks and said he was thrilled to be performing for the people who had inspired him when he started to train in 1972 and was reading the bodybuilding magazines of the 1960s.

What a fantastic evening. Every year it gets better. I think many people were sorry the evening was ending and were already looking forward to next year. Did I leave with Laurie? Tune in next time.

Ken Rosa
Brooklyn, New York



Dear *IGH*,

Sign me up for another couple of years as a McLean Fellowship Patron, and keep *Iron Game History* coming. Since much

of the subject matter of the publication deals with the era that I participated in, each issue revives memories of a very exciting period in my life.

I particularly enjoyed your vivid verbal portrait of Bob Hoffman. You accurately and eloquently pictured the man as I knew him. As you indicate, he was an incessant promoter of all he strongly believed in—weightlifting, Hi Proteen America and above all, himself. I was not unaware of his faults, but I always had a very high regard for him, partly because I was never able to completely divest him of the aura I, too, had built around him as a teenager. Also, because he was always fair and considerate of me, and would even pay my expenses to compete against York Barbell men Tony Terlazzo, Frank Spellman, and Stan Stanczyk. But most of all because he was the best thing that ever happened to US weightlifting.

Our sport sorely needs another Bob Hoffman but I’m afraid the combination of attributes that made Bob Hoffman and the circumstances in which he operated, will not come together again in our lifetimes.

Peter T. George, D.D.S.
Honolulu, HI



Dear *IGH*,

Thank you for your phone call recently regarding my desire to locate more information on the lives and writings of two physical culturists from the “past”: Walt Baptiste and Joe Southard. If any readers have something to share, I would be grateful to learn of them/it.

As some readers may be aware, Walt published *Body Modern*—a little known magazine with a holistic approach to weightlifting that, perhaps, was an effort ahead of its time. Joe had many advertisements in *Iron Man* for courses, etc. He strongly believed that we should practice what we preach.

John Mauceri
Wolcott, CT

Should anyone have information on Baptiste or Southard for Mr. Mauceri, please send it to *IGH*, Room 217, Gregory Gymnasium, The University of Texas, Austin, Texas 78712. We’ll be happy to forward it.



Dear *IGH*,

Enclosed is a check for a two year renewal. I enjoy the journal and wish it could be larger and published more frequently. With respect to the last issue:

“Remembering Bob Hoffman”—I also met Hoffman for the first time in 1958. Very few of us give him the true praise and respect he deserves!

“Bringing Back the Backlift” I am amazed that you provide no date or picture to confirm this event; a description of the platform and the method by which the load “was carefully reweighed.” I am not doubting that “what Gregg has done is to walk with the giants of the past.” But it seems, as with many of the odd lifts of the past

there is only a written, vague description. If you would like to see and record the results of current day lifters on such things as the hand and thigh lift, the hip lift, the harness lift, the neck lift and the more painful Zercher and Steinborn lifts, Bill Clark and I are ready!

Dale E. Friesz
Annandale, VA

Although we have several photos of Ernst's two recent backlifts, none were very good. It was raining and windy as he made the lifts in the outdoor arena and it was difficult to protect the lens. The lift was videotaped and was shown on national television in Canada. It was also shown in October at the annual meeting of The Oldtime Barbell and Strongman Association. The platform he used was the same one on which he lifted the team of oxen two years earlier. [See Vol. 2, No. 1] The two cars, the two drivers, the "drag weights" and the platform were individually weighed on the official fairgrounds scales. The scale was checked earlier in the day for accuracy by the county official in charge of weights and measures. The weighing was observed and verified as to accuracy by the local district attorney; the Director of the Bridgewater Exhibition where Gregg made the lift; and by Jan and Terry Todd. We are both anxious to attend one of the AU-Rounders' Events you and Bill Clark are promoting.



Dear *IGH*,

Want to tell you how much we enjoyed your articles. Terry, your article on Bob had me almost falling out of bed with tears running down my face, as I read your story relating Bob's telling about Grimek and Steve's gas. Marge wondered what was going on. I laughed so much I could hardly read it to her. The other incidents you relate were so typical of Bob I almost felt I was there.

Ed Jubinville's death grieves me greatly. Ed appeared in my shows from 1940 until the early 1950s. He was a master of muscle control and a true professional. Ed, like myself, was not endowed with great muscle size or strength. We worked hard in those years when weightlifting advocates were branded "muscle bound morons" to dispel this misconception—Ed by performing anywhere and everywhere and I, by presenting physique contests and performing with Marge and the kids. It was such a pleasure to renew our friendship at the Oldtimers banquet after my hiatus from the barbell game and my years teaching and practicing organic gardening. I will always be grateful to my good friend Joe Lembo, one of my pupils many years ago when I ran the gym, for telling me about the Oldtimers banquet. From this renewal of our friendship, Ed and I developed a closeness I was looking forward to enjoying for many more years. In just this short time we corresponded regularly. He helped me find old lifting friends and new oldtimers like John Gorton, that phenomenal eighty-six year old lifter. Our last visit together was in White Plains, New York at a lifting meet. How good it is to once again be back in the barbell game, if only as a spectator. Ed told me he had begun lifting again with an eye toward competing in some senior citizen's contests. He joked about the poundages he was lifting. I, in turn, sent him a canceled check for \$10 with which I paid him for performing on my show in the forties.

Ed was not only a gentleman, he was a friend and I fight the tears as I think of all he meant to me. His passing only brings home how tenuous our hold is on life at our ages.

I intend to utilize every one of my remaining thirty to forty years living life to the fullest. As comical as that statement is, with a mother who died just short of ninety-eight and a brother who died last year at ninety-one and with brothers of eighty, eighty-four and eighty-five and a sister close to ninety maybe I have reason to be confident. Especially with a blood pressure of 120 over 60 to 70. Of course, these could well be my famous last words.

We visited with John Hordines recently who said he turned eighty-five on the tenth of October. A good friend of his whom we also visited while we were there said John didn't really know how old he was because he was born in Poland and had to accept what his parents told him. This information didn't jive within a couple of years with what I wrote in my first article about John forty-five years ago. The idea that he left weightlifting after conducting the first "Mr. America" contest is not true. He was instrumental in introducing barbell training in one institution after another for many years culminating in being the first person to bring barbell training to the blind in which endeavor he spent me last thirty years of his working life. I will verify this with his letters to me, still in my collection. They relate his activities as he moved from one institution to another. He has given me permission to give these to you. Like Ray Van Cleef's letters, I myself am stunned by the number I have accumulated and the facts they hold.

What made John's contest so outstanding was that it was the only contest in which professionals and amateurs competed until the AAU's stranglehold on physique training was broken some years later. Speaking of the AAU, I fought this dictatorial organization all my years in bodybuilding, insisting physique contests were not athletic events and that the AAU had no right to control and restrict such events to AAU members.

Bob Kiphuth, the famous swimming coach at Yale, and a fellow board member of the Connecticut AAU, so despised weight training he restricted the student's lifting facilities to a small room, about twelve by twelve feet, at the top of the tower of the Payne Whitney Gym. Heaven forbid if any of his swimmers were caught lifting a weight not attached to a wall pulley. They were immediately banished from the team. In fact, his program of physical fitness—a program of calisthenics—was compulsory for all students. I had no quarrel with this program, feeling any exercise was better than none, but when finding out Henry Jacob was one of my pupils, he made Hank stay after his class was completed and repeat the entire program with the next class to the extent of exhaustion. This despite the fact that Hank was in far better condition than ninety-nine percent of the other students. Of course this was an effort to prevent him from coming to my gym. I never understood the story that Kiphuth changed his mind in later years about weight training. He insisted that performing exercise with wall pulleys was fine but not free lifting. His dictatorship was so complete at Yale that even the wrestling coach didn't dare let his team members lift weights. His contempt for weightlifting was an obsession for him and he was a thorn in my side all the years of our relationship and to this day I have nothing but contempt for the man.

Kiphuth's dislike of Bob Hoffman dated from the time the Olympic athletes were on board ship traveling to the 1936 Olympics

at Berlin. During a heavy swell of sea, the boat tipped and Rosetta, Hoffman's wife, fell and managed to pull a man's pants down as she grasped for something to hang on to. Of course, Kiphuth turned just in time to see the end result. Rosetta's vulgar language didn't help.

Alton Eliason
Northford, Connecticut



Dear *IGH*,

I hope all is well with you. I am fine, just lonely alone. I hope you have a great Christmas. I sure enjoy *IGH*; it is a high day when I see it in my mailbox.

I heard from Bill Good the other day. He is fine, trains with barbells twice per week, does lots of sets. He sees Walter often at the nursing home. At eighty-five or eighty-six, Walter can barely walk. Harry, at ninety, is thin but doing well: their sister Mary, aged eighty-eight is also well. Bill is eighty-three. What a tough family. Mary and another sister (whose name I don't know) were shown in Mark Berry's book called *Physical Training Simplified* in the 1920s. I had the book, it was great.

Here is my latest chinning picture. On June 1993 I did twenty-four chins at age 81. I was thrilled to read in the latest *IGH* what Joe Assirati said about George Ives who lived 111 years, and that such a great man over in England had noticed me. Joe is right about exercising the internal organs. I do some 170 hanging knee and leg raises per day. Love to all the *IGH* boys.

Curd Edmunds
Glasgow, Kentucky

Enclosed with Curd's letter was a copy of a letter he received from Harry and Emma Good dated September 28, 1993. Curd gave *IGH* permission to print the following from Harry's letter. We agree, to quote Curd, that Harry was "super strong at only 170 or so pounds in those early days."

I was close to twenty-two years of age when I started to exercise with barbells. These are some of the lifts and I did many stunts and barbell juggling on feet and hands weighing over one hundred pounds. Also kettlebells.

Backlift 3,000 pounds. 3,017 weighed. Harness lift approximately 3000 pounds. Five times in succession: 2750 pounds. Eighteen times in succession: 2500 pounds. Twenty-five times in fifteen seconds. These lifts were all made in public. Sony, there were no moving picture cameras to take them. Harness lifting is different from deep knee bends. I never did any heavy deadlifts or deep knee bends after 1928 because of pulling ligaments in the lower back.

In the two-hands anyhow I did 313 pounds, an official World's LighthheavyRecord. Done at Baltimore, Maryland if I remember. Did over 320 pounds at York show three times but could not straighten right arm with kettle bell, the angle of the barbell interfered and I was unable to change it. It did not pass. Clean and Jerk: 292.5 pounds correct weight. Sorry I did not practice on it to get over 300 pounds. That would have given me three lifts over three hundred pounds. Two Hands Snatch 225.5 official. Two Hands Press: 197.5.

One Hand Clean and Jerk: 181 pounds at the AAU Championships. Bill did 220 pounds at the same contest. Teeth lift: 451.5 pounds, official, in 1928. One complete Leg Press: 380 pounds. Three times in succession, in public. Cleaned and Jerked 160 pound barbell [with one hand] and lay down flat on back with it and get up again. I practiced mostly on various stunts, etc., instead of lifting and for that reason I was offered to perform at Coney Island side show in 1930 to take Warren Lincoln Travis' place. I have the letters to prove. Instead, I went to York with Hoffman when he went in business. I also bent two of the softer sixty-penny spikes at one time and also straightened out the tougher ones after bending them.— **Harry Good**



Dear *IGH*,

I was fascinated by your article in *IGH* that revealed the "real" Bob Hoffman. Modern bodybuilding magazines completely ignore his role in promoting weight training in America. I read my first copy of *Strength & Health* back in 1945 at age 13, when Clarence Ross was featured on the cover as that year's Mr. America.

Over the years, I've regretted never having made the pilgrimage to the York Barbell Club during its heyday when Grimek, Stanko, Terpak, Terlazzo, John Davis, Gord Venables, Ray Van Cleef, etc., were all present. However, from your account, I would have been greatly disappointed by the rundown condition of the gym, if I'd gone in the 1950s.

None of the writers for *S&H* ever even hinted at Hoffman's tendency to exaggerate his physical accomplishments or his ongoing affairs with women. How wonderful to discover after all these years that Bob Hoffman—who seemed to me from his articles in *S&H* to be overly conservative and somewhat of a prude—was in reality an outrageous human being.

An old-time English weightlifter, William Barker, lived in my hometown (Napa, California) during the 1950s and 1960s. Although I never met him, his wife told me he could muscle out two forty-five pound kettlebells when he was in his late seventies.

Al Cardwell
Napa California



Dear *IGH*,

Enclosed is my renewal for a Patron Subscription. As we spoke, the Mr./Mrs. America "could" be in Texas next year and, if so, I will certainly be by to visit your collection. I also wanted to sham with you, and your readers, a few thoughts about the passing of my good friend, Ed Jubinville.

I have to go back to all the wildly entertaining shows at Maintain Park in Holyoke, Massachusetts with prompter Ed Jubinville doing everything from hanging a spotlight on a "rigged" frame for posing, to carrying in the weights, to emceeing, to cleaning up. That was the type of life that kept Ed going and what made him a true member of the Iron Game.

I first met Ed approximately twenty years ago. We were both judging a bodybuilding show. I can't recall where, since in those days we would be in a different place each week. Ed would

always act as “Head Judge.” With his distinguished background in the sport, we even designated a method of scoring as the “Jubenville System.” Ed’s character and integrity were certainly never to be questioned at any meet. Whenever he was involved, the shows just seemed to move without any problems as to honesty and fairness. As we began to work more shows together, it was only a matter of time until I began judging and competing at the “legendary” Mountain Park competitions. In those years, anyone who was anyone in the area in the sport was there, either as a competitor, guest poser, judge, or spectator. Even the original *Pumping Iron* movie was filmed at Mountain Park. I’ll never forget the craziness there that day. Cameras all over the area with people jumping out of their seats and Ed having everything under control.

Most Mountain Park people will remember Ed’s first New England Strongman competition. Ed was never one to ask for help and at this competition, like the others, Ed was setting up tire throws, dumbbell runs, bench presses, etc. The late Al Leroux and I were judges, and Ed did some judging himself, in the middle of running down a hill with a ninety pound dumbbell in each hand, back to the starting point.

I feel very fortunate to have been considered a friend by Ed Jubinville and to have known him in different lights. Those in the business world appreciated their dealings with Jubinville Health Equipment. There was no kinder, more polite, easy-to-deal with man than Ed. When I approached Ed upon wanting to open a gym, he took me “under his wing” and gave me the guidance that I later realized was from a very special friend and unique person in this business.

Besides the many bodybuilding, arm wrestling, and strongman shows that Ed promoted he was an accomplished weightlifter, holding many records and winning many titles, along with judging many top professional competitions such as the Mr. Olympia. With all this “stardom,” Ed was more modest than anyone in his field, although he received many awards. Ed would not tell anyone of these awards, and he would most humbly accept them without a speech. But at the same time, he was most honored that his peers held him in such high esteem. That’s the Ed Jubinville that we will always remember.

Ed had an extensive mailing list of friends and fellow lifters to whom, at his own expense, he would mail information about anything that was happening in the weight world just to keep everyone informed. As years went by, the mailings kept coming. I would always open a letter or package from Ed before any other mail. I knew there would be something interesting. Back in the early eighties, Ed and I were to meet in Maine to judge the “Old Orchard Beach” competition that Marty Joyce ran for many years. It was a very dismal summer day on the beach with constant rain and cold. I couldn’t find Ed in the crowd and when I asked Marty where he was, I was shocked to learn that Ed had suffered a stroke. It just didn’t seem possible. That cold day in Maine that couldn’t have gotten worse got worse. But weight training helped Ed to bounce right back as he did from his more recent multiple by-pass surgery. When I first visited him at his home, just days after his return from the hospital, he was extremely depressed. But with Ed’s always strong will and determination, he was back to his love, the “weights,” in no time. It’s not generally known but Ed died in the gym. Very few of us get to leave the present world doing what we love best. A man who has

given us so much and asked for so little died doing what he loved.

I will miss our talks, the travels we had together, the people he would introduce me to, his wisdom, his caring, his sincere dedication to a life of “iron,” his unselfishness, his unique business ethics, his devotion to his family, and most of all, his “real” friendship. I will miss him.

Fred Yale
West Haven, CT



Dear *IGH*,

Been wanting to tell you how much I’ve been enjoying *Iron Game History*—each new issue seems better than the last. I showed (and loaned) some issues to a semi-retired chiropractor—and weight training enthusiast—friend of mine, Bill Neal of Raleigh North Carolina, and he immediately subscribed. He was ecstatic about the article on Hackenschmidt and Hack’s writings about “cell memory,” etc. He was just awed at how far ahead of his time Hack was. He’s had whiplash patients, for instance, speaking of “cell memory, limb memory,” etc. who’d lapse into a repeat of the same spasms just from hearing loud brakes behind them. Trigger-point therapy kind of relates, too.

Being a longtime George Jowett fan, I particularly enjoyed John Fair’s article. Also enjoyed that very cerebral piece several issues back by Al Thomas about how a bodybuilder “is” his hobby. I’d only received three or four issues of the *Roark Report*, when Joe stopped producing them, so I’m glad to see his writings regularly in *IGH*, too. Anyway, I wanted to send you a few words of encouragement as a pleased reader.

I’m doing a painting for Dr. Grover Porter of Huntsville, Alabama. He visited with you in the library there in Austin and sent me copies of some pictures he took there. You had given him a great deal of encouragement and support on his cancer operation which he had at the hospital there (he seems to be recovering well).

Last year I had the good fortune to acquire two books I’d always wanted: George Jowett’s *The Key to Might and Muscle*, and a first edition of *Tarzan of the Apes*. Did I ever tell you the obscure trivia fact that John Grimek posed briefly for J. Allen St. John in Chicago when Grimek was modeling in the Art Institute? St. John did illustrations for several of the early Tarzan novels, and I have a *Tarzan at the Earth’s Core*, with a frontispiece of Tarzan having an unmistakable Grimek facial profile and rib-box.

Jim Sanders,
Garner, North Carolina

One of the nicest things about being honored by the Oldtime Barbell and Strongman Association this past year was that we received a beautiful painting, done by artist Jim Sanders, commemorating our careers. Sanders does a painting for each of the honorees; their presentation, at the close of the evening, is one of the highlights of the show. Thanks, Jim.