



If only one man and one woman could be chosen to symbolize sunny California's mid-20th century physical culture, body-oriented lifestyle, the man would be Steve Reeves and the woman would be Pudgy Stockton.

A King Meets a King

by Pudgy Stockton

I remember the Hawaiian Islands in 1949, when Steve and his friend, George Eiferman, and Les and I were invited to appear as the guests of honor at a big show in Honolulu. We were all so young—just starting our live's work. We had no thoughts of the ending of our abilities—that time could shut down any of us, even in the twilight of what we expected would be our long lives. It is now many years since our short sojourn in the lovely Hawaiian Islands—but a memory remains of a young, handsome man with a smiling face who thrilled the audience at the Civic auditorium in Honolulu with his classic physique and his wonderful posing routine.

Few people are privileged to spend an entire week in close association with a celebrity they respect and admire, and then to have that celebrity become a lifelong close friend. In any case, we were in Hawaii performing four shows in the islands, sponsored by the Nuuanu YMCA—an AAU benefit affair with proceeds helping to send Hawaii's "iron men" to the AAU Nationals in Cleveland, Ohio in May, 1949. Our hosts and hostesses gave us interesting, fun tours of each destination we reached—and Steve had the ability to trade joke for joke with George and Les. Through humor and a shared love of the game we had a truly special time together. Wonderful memories!

The shock of Steve's death for Les and I was profound. In our minds he was still a young man riding his horses and keeping in shape on his beloved ranch—even his 74 years were young years to us. It is with deep sadness that we say farewell to Steve—a true King.