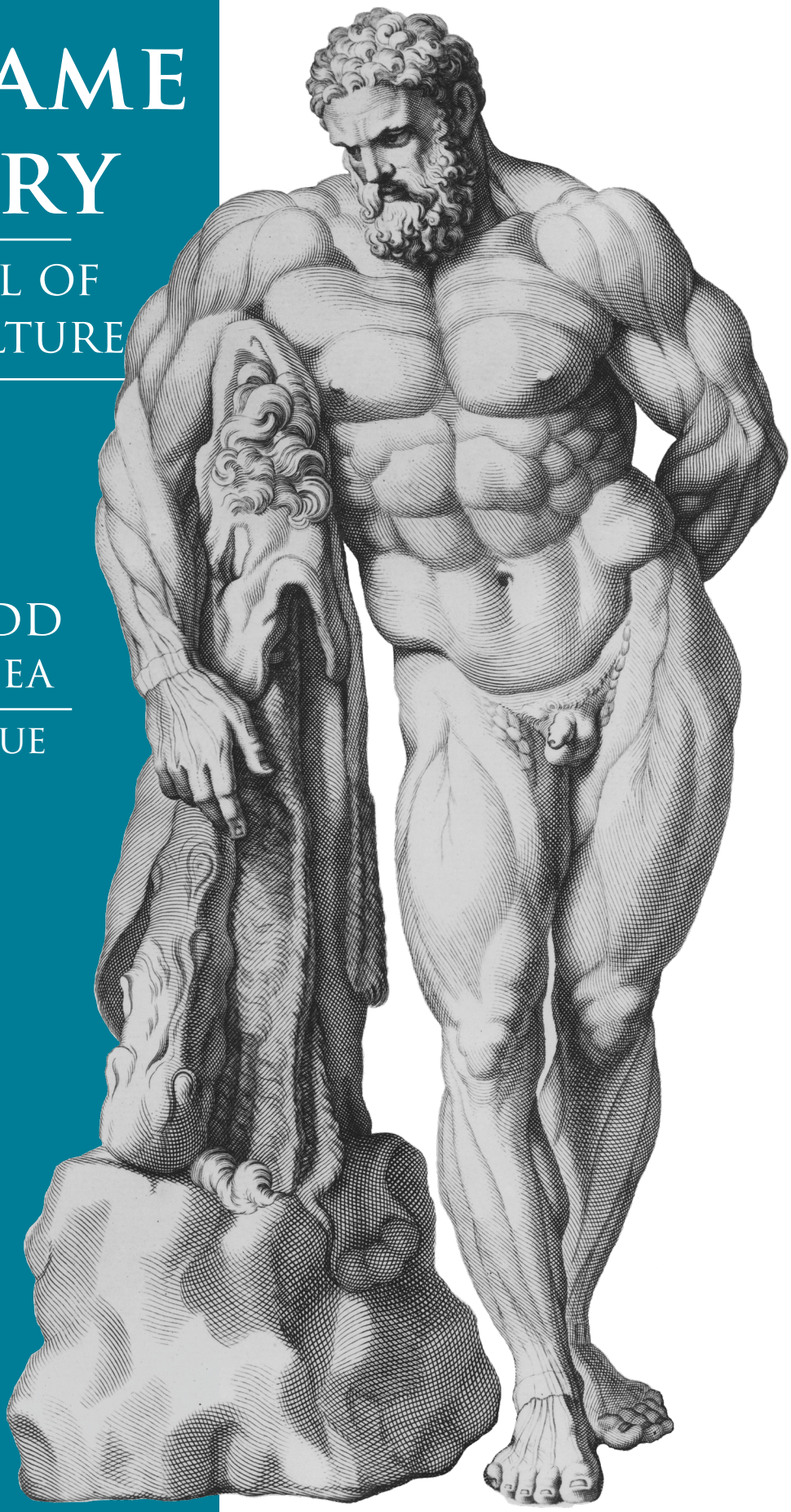
Iron Game History

The Journal of Physical Culture

The Terry Todd Collectanea

A special issue



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Iron Game History: The Journal of Physical Culture...

was founded in 1990 by Terry and Jan Todd who wanted to promote academic scholarship related to the history of the strength sports, exercise, nutrition, training for sport, and other aspects of physical culture. Like the Stark Center itself, *Iron Game History* defines physical culture as "the various activities people have employed over the centuries to strengthen their bodies, enhance their physiques, increase their endurance, enhance their health, fight against aging, and become better athletes." The journal has published a wide variety of articles over the past thirty years exploring physical culture from historical, sociological, anthropological, and gender and race-based approaches.

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Submissions

Please visit our website for complete article submission details: https://starkcenter.org/research-2/iron-game-history/.

Like other academic journals, *Iron Game History* is peer-reviewed, non-profit, and welcomes contributions from scholars at all stages of their careers and from all academic disciplines. It also welcomes memory pieces and other kinds of articles that are not traditionally "academic." Please write if you have an idea for an article so our editorial team can discuss it with you.

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A Terry Todd Collectanea

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It has now been more than two years since Terry Todd passed away. I began thinking about creating a special issue of *Iron Game History* about him within weeks of his passing but other realities soon intruded on that plan. I found my days filled instead with a complicated series of life events triggered by his death—the settling of his estate, the sale of our home in Austin, finding and then moving into a new home, the moving of my mother to Florida and then her subsequent death, the sale of our weekend property in the Texas Hill Country, the completion of two overdue Rogue Legends movies on Katie Sandwina and Arthur Saxon, and the completion of the manuscript for his last book, *Strength Coaching in America*, co-authored with Jason Shurley and me for University of Texas Press. It was published in December 2019. And then, just as I was beginning to feel like I'd made it over the big hurdles and was beginning to see some blue sky, I was involved in a major accident last May that left me with 11 broken bones and set this project back for another six months while I've been healing.

Terry Todd in 2010, in the Reading Room of the H.J. Lutcher Stark Center for Physical Culture and Sports at the University of Texas at Austin. Terry regarded The Center as his most significant accomplishment.

Although I regret that it has taken so long to get this finished, those various interruptions allowed me more time to think about what I wanted this special issue to be and to also consider what Terry might like best. And so, rather than have a variety of people write tributes to Terry as we've done in the past for other Iron Game luminaries, I decided, instead, to share with you both published and private writings from different phases of his life that help to reveal who he was as a man.

The articles are organized chronologically and you will notice that there are far fewer after 1990 when we began publishing *Iron Game History*. Many of his pieces in *IGH* are among his best work, yet I have chosen not to use any of them in this issue because all the back issues of *Iron Game History* are now online and freely available at www.starkcenter.org. On that website there are more than one hundred entries connected to articles Terry wrote in *IGH* or his blogs and other commentaries.

In case you're wondering about the title of this special issue, a "collectanea" according to the *Oxford English Dictionary* is a word from old Latin used to describe collections of assorted types of writings—short passages, remarks, letters, and articles—that have been gathered together and curated by someone. It's a word I discovered in graduate school as I was looking at old books from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries on health and medicine. In those centuries it was frequently used to describe a collection of writings instead of the word anthology. In casting about for a title for this memorial issue, it came back to me, and now that I've finally made choices on what to include, I'm happy I remembered it. It fits what follows.

This has been, as I'm sure you can understand, a deeply personal project for me and one that's also proven to be emotionally challenging. Not only was Terry a prolific writer as evidenced by his seven books (plus dissertation) and more than five hundred articles, but he was

also constantly writing—letters, poetry, humorous notes, emails—and he saved everything. Going through his papers for this project has brought me both joy and profound sadness. It has been hard to choose what to share and also hard to relive so many memories knowing he is no longer here beside me.

In the pages that follow you will find 20 pieces written by him that I suspect will be new to many of you. For each I have written a short preface to help you understand what was happening in his/our lives at that time and why I believe this piece of writing matters. I have also included two memorial tributes for you. The first is a verbatim copy of the remarks I made at Terry's memorial service at The University of Texas at Austin in July of 2018. At the end of this issue is a tribute written by Dr. Jason Shurley from the *Journal of Strength and Conditioning Research* that captures much of Terry's academic legacy.

As for the photographs in this issue, they are primarily from our personal and family archives with the exception of the pictures from Bruce Klemens of Naim Suleimanov and Mark Henry. Many of the images in this issue were taken by me, some by members of Terry's family, some by staff at the Stark Center, and others were sent to us along the way. I apologize for the poor quality of some of the photos and I ask forgiveness for not identifying all the photographers. I mean no disrespect; in many cases I just don't know who took the photo.

In a diary Terry was keeping in the summer of 1976, he noted that he'd found himself surprised by how hard it had been to actually begin writing about our life on the small farm we'd just purchased in Nova Scotia—surprised, he noted, "because beginnings are usually easier for me. The *planning* of beginnings is easy. Dreaming is the easy thing." This project has felt exactly the same way for me. I found it very hard to get started on this special issue although I thought about it all the time. And, even as I wrap this up, I'm not sure I've managed to fully capture his spirit and brilliance. But, here it is. I hope you like it. I also hope that you (and he) appreciate the fact that I tried to give him the last word.

Three days before he passed away, Terry and I shared a bottle of champagne on an overlook above the Pedernales River in the Texas Hill Country at sunset. Terry loved to watch the gentle waning of the day as much as he did a spectacular sunset, finding a special beauty in the gloaming and the birds and animals it set free. These pictures from that evening are the last photos ever taken of him.

Celebrating the life of Terry Todd

Remarks by Jan Todd

28 July 2018

Preface: There were two services for Terry, who died on Saturday, 7 July 2018. Strongman Dennis Rogers presided at the graveside service we held on the Wednesday after Terry passed. Several weeks later, on Saturday, 28 July 2018, we held a public memorial service at The University of Texas to honor Terry and celebrate his life and accomplishments; more than three hundred people attended, including some of the strongest men in history. At that ceremony, seven men spoke briefly about different aspects of Terry's life: Mark Henry talked of him as a father figure and coach; Jim Lorimer spoke about his founding of the Arnold Strongman Classic; Dr. Thomas Hunt talked about Terry as a personal role model and academic mentor; Dr. Jack Berryman spoke about the importance of his academic research; Michael Joseph Gross discussed his humor, his writing, and broad cultural impact; Dr. Bill Crawford spoke of his impact on powerlifting and the sport of Strongman;and Timothy Ray, our nephew who lived in the same house with us when he was a small child, talked about what it was like to have Terry Todd as his uncle. Dr. Colin Duerden, who became our friend in the 1970s when we first lived in Nova Scotia, Canada, was master of ceremonies. Following the remarks of all these men, I came to the stage, joked to the audience that Title IX demanded we have at least one female voice in this gathering, and then read the remarks below. I share my comments here in their entirety (and without editing them) because they provide context for some of the readings that come later in this special issue, and because I want to say, again, how grateful I am to those who surrounded me with love and support when Terry passed away. Thank you. I have been truly blessed to have such friends and family.

Thank you Colin, and let me first thank the speakers for your kind words about Terry, and also thank you in the audience who made time to be here today. Terry would not have wanted us to make such a big fuss—which is how he would have described all this—but I'm glad that others feel, as I do, that he deserved one, and thank you all again for being here.

I'd like to begin by particularly thanking Cindy Slater, Kim Beckwith, Connie Todd, Stacey Metzler, Ryan Blake, Waneen Spirduso, and Andy Miller, for helping me plan today's memorial, my sister Linda and niece Jill for being here with me this week, and the entire Stark Center staff and our grad student volunteers, and my faculty colleagues for their support. I'd also like to thank Dennis Rogers for leading Terry's earlier graveside service, and I'd particularly like to thank Bill and Caity Henniger of Rogue Fitness and filmmaker Todd Sansom for the many things they've done over the past three weeks for me and Terry—and especially for making the beautiful slide show that played before we began and for the film that concludes the formal part of today's celebration of Terry's life. Following the film please join us just across the street at the Stark Center for the reception, where we will have refreshments and hopefully tell more stories —led off by Dr. Bob Goldman and Bill Martin.

Ok . . . now on to the hard stuff . . .

So what do you say at the memorial service for your husband? I've been asking myself that for three weeks. He was larger than life—funnier than anyone I've ever known—fiercely proud of his family and Texas roots—and in many ways a force of nature. He was fearless—he wasn't afraid to take risks—and he worked incredibly hard—as he/we did in creating the Stark Center—where he was bull-headed and stubborn enough to keep trying to find the right way to make things work—even if it didn't the first time. It took 25 years for us to get the university to finally agree to allow us to build the Stark Center—with the caveat that we'd have to also raise the money to build it and keep it running—but he was undaunted by the enormous challenge of that. And, thanks to Walter Riedel and Tad McKee and the Stark Foundation of Orange, Texas—and Joe, Betty and Eric Weider—and many other donors in the years since then—large and small—and our great friend David Onion, who's advised us in so many ways, Terry rose to that challenge.

He was, quite simply, strong. Strong in body, strong in mind, and strong in his sense of self. Terry believed—as I do—and no doubt as many of you do in this room today—that physical strength can be transformative—in *Inside Powerlifting* there is, in fact a short passage where Terry talks about how men *and* women need strength to live not only in their bodies but through them, writing there, "It takes strength to be gentle and compassionate, strength to love and be free."

Freedom to him was everything—and he loved his academic life because it allowed him the freedom to study and work on those things he found most interesting—and for most of his life—what fascinated him—enraptured him really—was the complexity and importance of human strength…which no other academic had paid much attention to before him.

I met Terry at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia—where he was a faculty member and I was an undergrad student in 1970. The first time I saw him was at a lecture that he gave—dressed in jeans and a short-sleeved shirt. He walked across the front of the auditorium and then—in those days before PowerPoint—turned his back on the 150 freshmen seated there to write the title of his lecture on the blackboard. I clearly remember how struck I was by the big, wide shoulders, his large biceps, and the muscular forearm attached to the hand holding the chalk. He looked like no man I'd ever seen before—for he was the first person I ever met who'd trained seriously with weights.

The other freshmen sitting in the audience with me were part of an educational experiment—which was in large part Terry's doing—an experiment to see what would happen if students had greater educational freedom—and so we had almost no required courses, could take most of our classes pass/fail, and once a month we met for a special lecture delivered by one of the faculty leaders of the program that connected to books we'd been reading on big topics like the environment, or racism, or women's rights, or, on that particular morning—the value of freedom and independence.

The width of Terry's back hid what he was writing, and so when he finished, turned back to us, and moved off to the side with a smile on his face, the room erupted in whispers and then outright laughter as we saw that his title was "The Educational Value of Hucking Around." At a small Baptist college like Mercer, it was a risky title even if he did go on to talk about Huckleberry Finn, one of his favorite books. My friend Bob Goodwin—who's here today and sat in that auditorium with me will confirm, I suspect that Terry's audacious lecture title is still remembered by most of us who were in that lecture hall, even if they didn't notice his muscles that day as I did. It was exactly the kind of bold thing Terry did again and again in his life.

Mark Twain's story of the smart, adventure-loving, and fiercely independent Huckleberry Finn isn't too bad a metaphor for Terry's own life.

Terry and I married on 17 November 1973 in this house, called The Millhouse, which Terry owned outside Macon, Georgia. The house had originally been a gristmill and was located on Rum Creek. Our wedding was a small, informal affair and no one took pictures. This photo, from January of 1974, is the first photo I have of us together. The dogs are Pooh Bear, our English mastiff, and Aggie, my pet from before we married. The Millhouse no longer exists; it was destroyed by a flood caused by Hurricane Alberto in 1994.

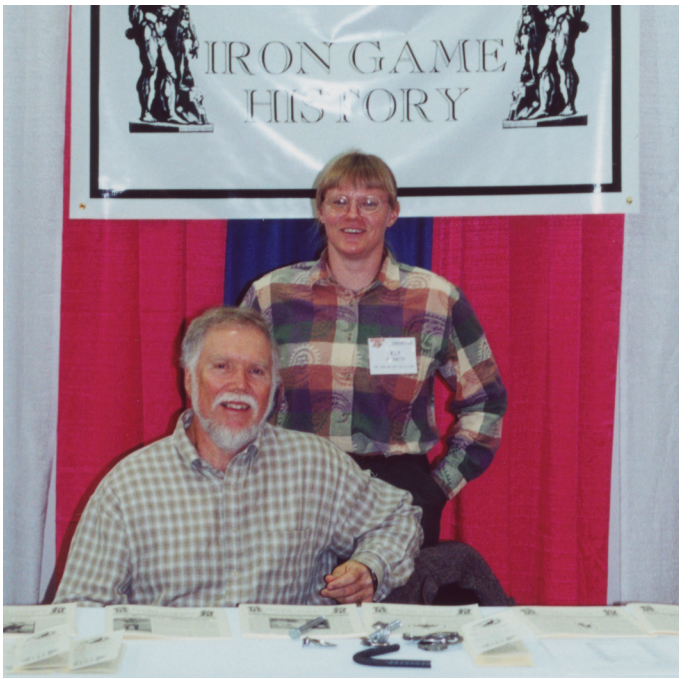
Guitarist Dickie Betts of the Allman Brothers Band stopped by to visit Terry and Muffin, our new English mastiff puppy, in the spring of 1974.

Terry joined the faculty at Mercer University in 1969 and is shown here at a faculty party with Patricia Nordenhaug, the wife of Terry's good friend and academic colleague Theodore Nordenhaug, who was also involved with the creation of the Experimental Freshman Program. At age 31, he still looked and was very strong, even though he'd dropped nearly a hundred pounds from his days as a superheavyweight.

Like Huck, Terry was also kind of an outlaw—going against the advice of coaches and other authority figures—generally believing more in himself than what others suggested he should do, and his life—at least the part I saw after we married in 1973—was a great journey filled with adventures, media work, fascinating friends, collecting, movies, music, fires, floods, a talented and accomplished family—*and many large dogs*. We lived for a time on an island three miles off the coast of Nova Scotia—where he learned to drive an old Cape Island boat and navigate by compass in fog so thick you couldn't see the bow; we hung out with the Allman Brothers in Macon who owned a farm near ours; he marched for Civil Rights and found himself driving to Memphis just to be there after Martin Luther King was killed; he founded Black Studies at Mercer; he ranched 300 acres along the San Marcos River and delighted in owning a horse that weighed 2400 pounds; he coached several of the strongest men in history; wrote the first book on the sport of powerlifting; and somehow along the way, he even managed to do some academic work. But the way Terry reminds me most about Huck, is that he, like Huck, went through life lifting people up, helping them find their own their path—their own strengths—and empowered them to be more than they might have become had they not met him—as I'd have to say he did with me.

It is no secret that Terry—like Twain's other great character, Tom Sawyer, was also magically able to find people to whitewash fences for him when needed. I often think about the hundreds of UT students who helped us sort books and magazines and make lists of things in our collection before we opened the Stark Center—and the incredible men—led by Steve Slater who's here today—who do the real work in running the Arnold Classic for us—and Cindy Slater who does far more than just work as a librarian at the Stark Center, and Kim Beckwith who's been willing to be part of dozens of Terry's grand schemes over the years, and Richard Sorin, and now Bill & Caity Henniger—who spent incredible numbers of hours designing and building the equipment that we've used in the Arnold over the years simply because Terry asked for their help. Thank you, thank all of you, for helping him—and helping me.

But having said that, Terry actually worked harder than just about anyone I've known. He never tired of



In 2001, Terry, Kim Beckwith and I travelled to Columbus, Ohio, at the invitation of Jim Lorimer, and saw the Arnold Sports Festival for the first time. While there, we also set up a table to help spread the word about *Iron Game History* which Kim Beckwith helped manage. Kim has helped produce *IGH* for 30 years now and she also serves as a judge at the Arnold Strongman Classic each year. She is a friend extraordinaire.

thinking about strength, or learning new things about its history or, especially, talking with his dear friend David Webster, who flew in from Scotland to be here today. And he loved, over these last 17 years thinking about the Arnold, and what to do at the next show. In fact, Jim Lorimer and Terry even had a joke they played on me each year as he'd begin preparations for the Arnold—which did admittedly take up enormous amounts of Terry's time—and Jim would call and remind me that I should lighten up on Terry for the next couple months—that his great mind was not to be bothered with things like dishes or housework—because as Jim always told me, I needed to remember that I was married to a visionary.

Caity and Bill Henniger, our close friends and the owners of Rogue Fitness, stand on stage with Terry at the 2016 Arnold Strongman Classic in Columbus, Ohio. The Hennigers, who are passionate about the history of strength, building great equipment, and encouraging participation in sport, have been the lead sponsor of the Arnold Strongman Classic since 2014. They are also significant donors to our work at the H.J. Lutcher Stark Center, for which I am deeply grateful. On a more personal note, I'm not sure I would have made it through these past two years without Bill and Caity at my side.

I loved those personal calls from Jim—but I'd known Terry was a visionary before we even married—he was brilliant in the true sense—not just intelligent but creative and inventive—which coupled with his incredible memory and limitless confidence that he could make things happen if he set his mind to it—meant he was constantly coming up with new ideas for things ***we*** should do—projects ***we*** should start—and many of those were big dreams—big projects—with big impact.

He would never have remained engaged, for example if The Arnold was just a regular strongman contest—because if he was going to be part of it, it had to have the best equipment, the biggest prize money, it had to connect to history—and it had to *have the biggest, strongest men in the history of the world* as its competitors. And, at this moment, I just wanted to say thank you to the historic men who travelled here today—Hafthor Bjornsson who won both the Arnold and the World Strongest Man this past year; and Brian Shaw who's won the Arnold three times and World's Strongest Man four times; and Dimitar Savatinov who's been America's Strongest Man; and the legendary strongman Odd Haugen, who also helps us run the Arnold; and to Stefan Solvi and Andri Reyr Vignisson—who came all the way from Iceland to honor Terry, and who appear with Thor in the last documentary Terry helped produce called *Fullsterkur*, a film about strength and the culture of Iceland. Terry never talked of retirement, and actually felt in many ways, I think, that he'd just hit full stride. He took great pride in the role the Center was playing in preserving UT's athletic history and was so happy that Augie Garrido, our former baseball coach had contacted him last December, well before Augie's own death, and that the two of them had met and Augie agreed to give the Stark his collection. Terry was also delighted by the recent gift of Olympic weightlifter Tommy Kono's collection—which John and Sarah Fair helped make happen—and he was particularly overjoyed when after a 30-year quest to save the collection of famed strongman Milo Steinborn—who introduced the squat to America—we were finally able to bring it home to the Stark Center last year.

He particularly loved in recent years working and travelling with film director Todd Sansom and Tim Irwin, and J.P. Kaukonen—his crew members—as we made documentary movies about strength and culture and the Iron Game that are unlike any films ever made before. We were, in fact, scheduled to head to Germany to work on two films with our friends on the day after he passed away. But the Rogue documentary films, which are freely available on the internet, may well live, I believe, as a kind of capstone to Terry's long career—and it won't surprise me because of the nature of the internet if, in time, they aren't remem-

bered more than his writing for *Sports Illustrated*, his books, or his hundreds of articles.

I apologize for speaking so long—I have just a couple more things I'd like to say.

Terry was especially blessed to have a truly remarkable soulmate in his sister, Connie Todd, who was his sounding board, his favorite film critic, and I'd have to say, his closest friend. And he loved my mother, Wilma White, who has lived with us for the past 20 years—tending several generations of big dogs I might add—and also tending to us—and making it possible for Terry and me to have more time to work on projects like the Stark Center and the Arnold.

Because we waited to have children while I was lifting, and then I had ovarian cancer, Terry and I never had any biological children of our own. However, we've never felt like we have not had children. When I married Terry we lived in a big house that we shared with Terry's sister Connie, her husband Frank Ray, and her son Tim—whom you met earlier. Watching Tim grow up and become the man he is today was like having our own son—and Terry and I both are so very proud of him and all that he's accomplished—including the very wise choice he made when he married Sheri. And along with our son Mark Henry—we have been blessed to have his beautiful wife Jana, and our grandchildren JoJo and Jacob in our lives—and they brought him much joy. In truth, Terry and I have always felt that we had "children" everywhere—for one of the joys of coaching and teaching is that bonds form and strengthen over time—and the fact that so many of you who were taught or coached or worked with him over the years have come back today—or reached out in other ways—leaves me without words.

Terry's sister, Connie Todd, stands with her son, Timothy Ray, in front of the family's giant Christmas tree. Tim now works in cyber security and was one of the speakers at the memorial service. Connie, also a bibliophile like her brother, directed The Wittliff Collections at Texas State University in San Marcos.

Terry as we all know—was never without words and its ok if you laugh at that. He loved to talk, to tell stories and he always had great stories to tell. But he also, always…always seemed to know exactly the right words to say in times of stress or trouble—like the day in 1988 when I'd been diagnosed with ovarian cancer and the doctor told me that the mortality rate for my form of cancer was about 75%. As soon as we got out of the office, however, Terry turned that around for me—saying "Well, you know there is another way to think about this," and then asking me, "when have you not been in the top 25 percent?"

This was only one of many times that Terry found the right words to inspire me—and others—to possibilities we could not envision without his help. I've watched him do it when coaching Mark Henry, and Bill Kazmaier, and Joe Hood, and former grad students—like Jason Shurley, and Tommy Hunt, and Charlie Kupfer—who've now gone on to their own academic careers—and with the dozens of members of the Longhorn powerlifting teams we coached over the years. I'm not sure how exactly to explain it, he just had a truly unique ability to make you believe you could do more—and be more.

Mark Twain never tells us what happened to Huck Finn in later life—there is no volume two—but I like to think that when Huck headed west—he found something to be as passionate about as Terry was about strength—and he used that passion and enthusiasm to make things better for future generations as Terry did. Although it will be harder—without him at my side—the Stark Center—his great legacy to future generations—will go forward. I could not have said that back in 1973—but he made me into a stronger and more self-reliant person too.

While this is, obviously, a bittersweet day for me personally, I am grateful that he was allowed to live up to that old Southern saying—which he first heard from his grandmother Todd—

"It's a good life, if you don't weaken,"…And, he never did.

Thank you.

Which Is Best—Barbell or Isometric?

By Terry Todd

Iron Man (June 1962): 22-23, 43-50.

Preface: Terry's first published article appeared in Iron Man *magazine in June of 1962. Peary Rader was clearly impressed with the piece, describing it in his editor's note as,"one of the most enlightening articles we have had the pleasure of presenting." Terry was then a doctoral student at The University of Texas where he also worked as a graduate assistant and taught weight training classes. As a lifter, he had not yet made the turn from weightlifting and like many other weightlifters of that era, he had begun experimenting with the latest training fad—isometric contraction. He even built his own power rack for this experiment.*

The study he organized at the University of Texas was inspired by a Strength & Health *article written by Bob Hoffman in the November 1961 issue, called "The Most Important Article I Ever Wrote." Hoffman's article extolled the benefits of isometric contraction as a training methodology on one page of* Strength & Health *and carried an ad for a new product—the power rack—on the facing page. Terry later wrote about Hoffman's advocacy for isometric contraction in an article for* Sports Illustrated *called "The Steroid Predicament," published on 1 August 1983, in which he discussed the synchronicity of the rise in popularity of isometric contraction with Dr. John Ziegler's introduction of anabolic steroids to members of the York Barbell weightlifting team. In this* Iron Man *article, written when Terry was just 24, he has not yet had that moment of insight. I've included it because it was both his first published article, and his first research article. It was also the first piece for which he received money. Rader paid him $15.00.* ~ *Jan Todd*

EDITOR'S NOTE

by Peary Rader, Editor of Iron Man

We had prepared an article reporting the progress and activities of readers who have been working with the isometric and isometronic systems of training as presented in *Iron Man*, but just as we were about to go to press the following article came to our desk and we felt it so significant that we replaced the other article with this one.

I know that you readers want to know what others are doing and it has been our plan to tell you this by printing letters from readers. Some advanced lifters have reported amazing gains in their lifts. We hope to present these letters next issue, and if you have had a good experience with isometric training, just let us know.

As you may recall, your editor tested this system on himself and during the period of test did no barbell exercise whatever, and made most amazing gains in a few workouts, at the age of 52.

The following article details the testing of the system with two control groups under conditions as even as possible, with one group doing nothing but isometric contractions and the other group (not idle as in most cases with control groups) using what has been considered the most effective, to date, system of strength and bodybuilding.

While we have not recommended isometric contractions for muscle building even though some of the men have made gains, because while initial gains seem possible, these muscle building gains do not seem to continue (perhaps newer methods of application will show us how to continue these gains), we note that the isometric contraction group made bigger gains in measurements than the barbell group. Also bear in mind that these two groups were new to both the barbell and the isometric exercise.

Incidentally, while talking of isometric contractions, we wish to point out that the use of contraction, in

In 1961, when this photo was taken, Terry had not yet become a powerlifter as the sport wasn't officially recognized. He competed as a member of the UT weightlifting team, run by Roy J. McLean (back right), who served as its coach and faculty sponsor. In 1963, Terry won the AAU Junior National Weightlifting Championships—the term "junior" meaning only that competitors in this contest had never won a "senior" or major national title. In 1964, he switched fully to powerlifting.

this instance, is wrong. There is no contraction (shortening or drawing together; see your dictionary), there is only tensing in true isometric exercise and we should not term it contraction, for then it becomes isotonic. Even the word isometric is not an exact description of this exercise, but it has been applied and I suppose it will stick.

One more remark—we have found a few fellows who seem to get a severe headache from doing maximum isometric exercise. This is probably not the fault of the type of exercise, but due to lack of condition on the part of the person using it. In other words, there is something wrong somewhere and this is usually due to a system overloaded with fatigue poisons. We have noticed the same reactions from heavy barbell workouts. In other words, if a man has become overworked, tired and worn out over a long period of time, he is likely to suffer from headaches from either barbell work or isometric exercise.

Now for one of the most enlightening articles we have had the privilege of presenting. The author, Terry Todd, is a barbell man of some ability, having recently made 320, 265 and 365 for a 950 total while weighing 280 at 6'2". His snatch was a power snatch, without squat or split. He has also made: power clean 330; dead lift from knee height, 905; jerk 400; cont. press 385. He wears size 58 suit coat and 20½ collar, the only measurements we know about since, like many other strong men, he cares little about measurements. His arms are a bit over 20 inches though.

Incidentally, he is also an outstanding tennis player, having attended university on a tennis scholarship. He was also shot-put champion and table tennis champion, something most people could not conceive of so big a man doing.

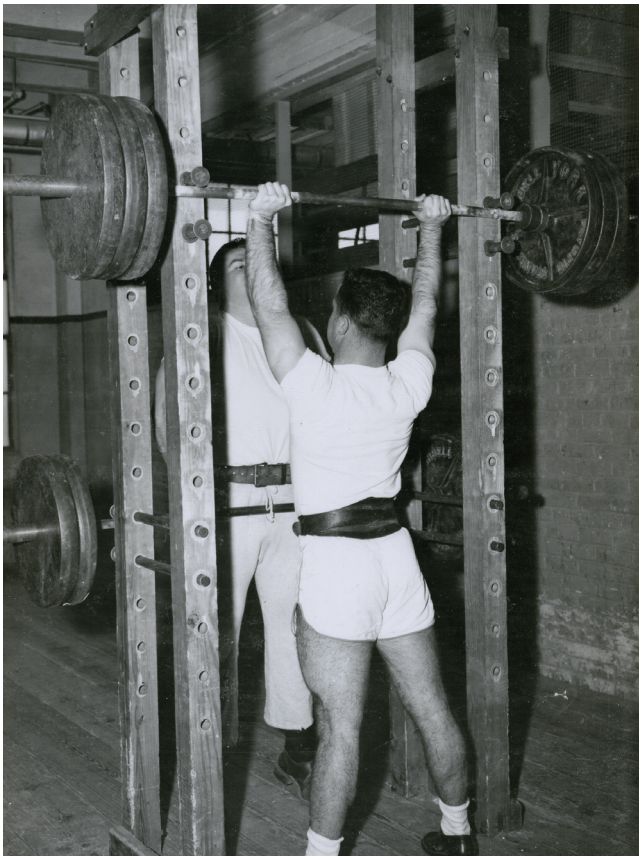
Note the photos with this article illustrating the construction and use of another homemade power rack for both isometric and isometronic exercise. —P.R.

During the fall semester of 1961-62, in the large, well equipped weightlifting room at the University of Texas, an experiment was conducted, in which an effort was made to compare the relative merits of isometric contraction and regular progressive barbell exercise. A group of young men, predominantly of Freshman and Sophomore rank, who had enrolled for a beginner's weightlifting class, were the test subjects. The class met twice each week and each meeting was for approximately fifty minutes.

Being well acquainted for several years with Louis Riecke, I had been fortunate enough to be an eyewitness at most of the weightlifting meets in which he made his astonishing improvements. There was much conjecture as to what program Riecke was using to achieve such results, but Lou was not talking. It was not until the Senior National weightlifting meet in California in the summer of 1961, that I learned from Riecke what this new system was—isometric contraction. Since then much has been published about this revolutionary technique, and having read all of the material available on this subject, including Mueller's original study, I decided to test a class of beginners in a slightly different manner, the difference being that these beginners would practice I.C. only twice each week, and test themselves with barbells only once every three or four weeks. Most studies had been based on daily practice with regular weekly workouts with weights, and we were interested to see if progress could be made with much less frequent training.

I decided to conduct an extensive program of conditioning and barbell practice before attempting to divide the class. This decision was made to insure that the class was divided as evenly as possible, based on bodyweight, height, strength, and measurements.

The class was given two weeks or four workouts of vigorous calisthenics and running, both jogs and wind sprints, followed by three weeks of specialized training on the three exercises that had been chosen as the test lifts. The exercise program was designed to put the emphasis on strength, not skill, so the I.C. group would be at no technical disadvantage. Bearing this in mind, I chose the two-handed press, power clean and dead lift. During this three week period, the class worked on learning correct position and performance of the three test lifts. After a session of calisthenics consisting of side-straddle hops, good morning exercises, push-ups and squats, they practiced each of the three lifts, two sets of six repetitions. After three weeks on this program, each student was carefully tested to determine his single effort limit on each of the test lifts, and the following workout each student was measured before any exercise was taken. The measurements taken were the neck, normal chest, right and left upper arm, right and left forearm, waist, thigh, and calf. With this data at hand, the class was divided into two equal groups.



On the rack that Terry made for his research study, the subjects pushed against pins over their heads to strengthen their pressing power, and pulled against pins in the top position of the deadlift.

The I.C. work was carried out on a rack installed in the fall of 1960, before the advent of the I.C., as a widespread form of exercise. It was designed by the author to serve as a squat and bench press rack, as well as for heavy support work at various levels. It was constructed to be serviceable on both sides at the same time, and as the accompanying photograph illustrates, it is built of four 4x4s secured at the ceiling and floor, with holes bored at four inch intervals. The lowest hole is ten inches from the floor and the highest is ninety inches. To save on expense, the pegs were made of old heavy duty exercise bars, cut into the desired lengths and welded so as to form a secure notch. This type of rack is simple, economical, and capable of supporting enormous loads with maximum safety by placing the bar in between the 4x4s. These pins at four inch intervals make the rack ideal for I.C., and the fact that both sides can be used simultaneously was very important since the rods had to accommodate about fifteen or twenty men in a short period of time.

The I.C. group was briefed very thoroughly on the theory behind the system they were to use, and seemingly as a result of this, they maintained a high degree of enthusiasm toward the program. This group started the first day with one press, one pull and one squat, but by the third meeting they were on the workout they followed for the remainder of the semester. The program was based on six efforts and was preceded each day by the four calisthenics mentioned earlier. These calisthenics were done to insure that each man was ready and able to exert maximum force with minimum chance of injury. The six efforts were: the press at chin level, press at the top of the head, pull just below the knees, shoulder shrug, quarter back squat, toe raise, with a middle curl thrown in once each week or every other workout. The taller men worked on one side of the rack and the shorter men worked on the other, thus facilitating the program by decreasing the number of height changes of the bar.

The regular exercise group practiced exclusively on the three test lifts plus the parallel squat. Each day they performed three sets of five repetitions in the two hand press, power clean, dead lift, and parallel squat. Every

third workout they performed two sets of six repetitions in the two hand curl. This group also started each class with the same four calisthenic movements done by the I.C. group. Every effort was made to see that this group had the opportunity to improve as much as possible on this system of training. Because of our ample equipment, this group had a York Olympic Standard Barbell for every two men, and a 30'x40' platform on which to lift. They were carefully supervised and encouraged to add weight whenever possible.

The semester started with 39 young men, but due to drops, excessive absences, and such injuries or disabilities as made practice of one or all of the test lifts impossible, we wound up with eleven in the regular exercise group and ten in the I.C. group who had been present for all the tests and measurements and passed all the above requirements. The results are in the chart. The gain in body weight was approximately two lbs. for each group.

It can be seen from the data presented that the I.C. group showed a decided superiority in anthropometric gains while each group picked up almost exactly the same amount of weight. This is quite thought-provoking since it is the opinion of some that the great value of I.C. lies in the field of strength and not in that of increased muscular size.

The data contained in the table reveals that the groups were fairly close in regard to strength gains, even though the I.C. group suffered from the handicap of practicing the lifts only about every three weeks when they were tested. It is interesting to note that the lift in which the regular group surpassed the other was the power clean which requires more practice to perfect than the other two, since it is a snappy movement when done correctly.

Gain in Inches		
	Regular Group	**Isometric Contraction Group**
Neck	3/8"	5/8"
Chest	1/4"	1 7/8"
Right Biceps	1/8"	3/8"
Left Biceps	1/8"	3/8"
Right Forearm	1/16"	1/4"
Left Forearm	--	1/4"
Waist	Minus 1/8	1/4"
Thigh	--	3/4"
Calf	--	--
Gain in Pounds		
Press	16 9/10 lbs.	16 ½ lbs.
Power Clean	21 4/10 lbs.	13 lbs.
Dead Lift	52 3/10 lbs.	62 lbs.

Adding to this is the fact that the I.C. group would have benefitted from another pull done at groin level, but because of the difficulty of balance and the time factor, it was not included.

Perhaps the gains in strength and muscle size seem a bit small, but when it is borne in mind that after the class was tested and measured the first time, they worked out only sixteen more times during the term, and when you subtract the four days of testing limits, it is seen that each group, working on its separate system, realized these improvements from twelve days of exercise. In the light of this, the fractions of inches begin to take on a bit more significance.

The real value of the study, however, seems to be that these gains were made in such a short period of two day a week training on I.C. Equally as important is the fact that the subjects only lifted weights every three of four weeks. Each of these facts violates the general principles of I.C. training, but the results speak for themselves. Perhaps daily I.C. workouts and weekly lifting would bring even greater results. However, it would certainly seem that this more strict system of training is not necessary for marked improvement at the beginner's level.

In any program of this sort there are many time-saving and beneficial steps that can be taken to insure a greater degree of success. First, always keep several 45 pound Olympic plates or something else of comparable thickness and durability so that the subject performs the effort at the correct height. These can be easily slipped under the feet of the shorter men. Second, it is wise to have some gymnastic chalk around to prevent the hands from slipping from the bar on the pull and shoulder shrug. Third, the men should be encouraged often and be convinced that the program is beneficial, since it is easy to loaf on a system without movement. Finally, I think the calisthenics program should include a vigorous waist exercise such as the jackknife, since the I.C. workout does not provide enough activity to keep weight from accumulating around the midsection.

We realize that this small bit of research falls far short of answering all the questions concerning the relative merits of I.C. and regular progressive barbell work, but it has given us cause here at Texas to look deeper into a field which may one day, because of its simplicity and brevity, revolutionize the field of heavy exercise.

Mighty Mitts

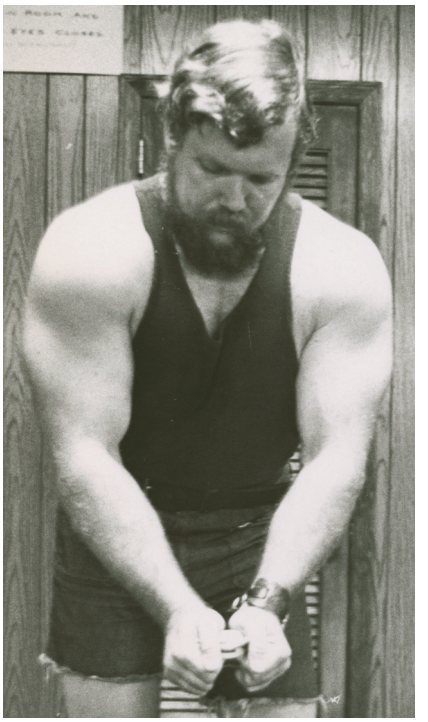
By Terry Todd

Strength & Health (March 1965): 20-23 & 72.

Preface: In 1964 Terry moved to York, Pennsylvania, where he became managing editor of Strength & Health *magazine and represented the York Barbell Company in lifting contests and public appearances. Terry met with his greatest lifting success while at York, weighing at that time well over 300 pounds. In talking about his York experiences, he always claimed that working for the York magazines taught him a lot about the process of writing, and more than once, he speculated on how his life might have turned out had he stayed there and not become a professor. Among the most memorable articles he wrote while at York in the 1960s was a two-part feature called "Mighty Mitts" that appeared in the March and April 1965 issues of* Strength & Health. *Like many of his articles, the first "Mighty Mitts" installment is filled with personal observations and autobiographical details. It also introduces a subject—grip strength—that fascinated Terry throughout his life. One reason this article made such a big impression was the photograph that ran with it showing Terry's hand next to the hand of his acromegalic friend, August Hartkopf. Because Terry was known for being unusually large, the contrast of his hand to that of August's was memorable.* ~ *Jan Todd*

As long as man has kept account of his actions on this earth, a vice-like grip has been a source of envy and admiration. A strong man has always been known by the strength of his hands. Perhaps man's universal respect for a powerful grip can be traced back into the dawn of our history, when the difference between life and death was often the ability to scamper up a tree or to cling tightly to our mother as she darted to safety. A well-accepted phenomenon known to physiologists is the gripping or clutching reflex of monkeys and anthropoid apes. This instinctive need to grasp and hold is inborn in these animals, enabling them to survive in their arboreal world. When swinging along a hundred feet or so above the ground, a weak grip is not much in demand.

Whether this psychological explanation is valid or not, the fact remains that a powerful paw has always been a cherished attainment and a point of real pride. History tells us that Plato took time out from his strolls through the olive grove at Academus to acquire superior strength of grip. Richard the Lion-Hearted and Genghis Khan were noted for their physical vigor and the stories are many of the bludgeon-like swords they wielded that were so heavy that few men could handle them. George Washington was reputed to have the strongest hands in the land in his day and it is said he could crush the shell of a walnut between his thumb and forefinger. Abraham Lincoln is another of our presidents who was renowned for the might in his fingers and forearms. His feats with axe and sledge are both legend and legendary. The infamous King Henry VIII of England was respected throughout Britain and Europe for his awesome digital strength. We are told that he often amused himself after a two-hour-long session at the dinner table by rolling the handles of the spoons into the cup.



Although he weighed only 245 in this photo from 1972, Terry could still crush beer cans with ease.

The annals of strength history are

filled with men who are famous for the power of their hands. The bending and breaking of horseshoes by John Gruhn Marx, the coin-breaking of Fritz "Cyclops" Bienkowski, the tennis ball-tearing of Charles Vansittart, the barrel-lifting of Louis Cyr, the shouldering of an automobile engine by Arthur Dandurand, the bottle-cap bending of Ian "Mac" Bachelor, the one-finger chinning by Eugene Sandow, the one hand, no-hook-grip deadlifting of 554 pounds by Herman Görner, the raising of over 10 pounds on the "Weaver Stick" by John Grimek, the license plate tearing by Bill Pearl, the bar bending by Louis "Apollon" Uni, and the pinch-grip chinning of heavyweight Al Berger are feats which stir the imagination and quicken the blood. They are feats at which the world of strength marvels and they are feats which will be remembered as long as the life of man.

"The hand on the right is the hand of the 6'2", 325-pound author of the article, Terry Todd. It is dwarfed in every respect by the massive hand of August Hartkopf of Austin, Texas. August is 6'5" tall and weighs around 285 pounds, and his hands must be seen to be fully appreciated. He owns his own garage and specializes in drag racing and has held the E Gas NHRA record (3 yrs.), the D Gas NHRA record (2 yrs.), the E Gas AHRA record (2 yrs.), as well as 30 or 40 track records. He can crumple a beer can almost as easily as a normal man can crumple a paper cup, but he adjusts a carburator with the dexterity of an eye surgeon." (Original Caption)

The employment and demonstration of hand and wrist strength is an entirely different matter from the employment and demonstration of bodily strength. Almost anywhere you look you can find ways to utilize the power of the grip and forearm. Such commonplace things as a chair, a table, a bottle cap, a stick or a book can be used as a means of testing and developing the muscles of the lower arm and fingers. On the other hand, cumbersome apparatus and athletic attire are usually necessary for the demonstration of bodily strength, particularly for the execution of the Olympic and Power Lifts.

Perhaps this accounts to some extent for the enthusiasm generated in the average man upon seeing a feat of hand strength and the relatively blasé attitude taken by the same man upon seeing, for instance, an Olympic lift. Just as surely as Mr. Average American would not pay much attention to an athlete pressing 200 pounds, he would be impressed and attentive if the same athlete lifted a 200-pound man to arms' length. This is illustrative of the fact learned many years ago by the early professional strongmen—*lift weights that the public can appreciate.* People who wouldn't have given Arthur Saxon's monumental bent press of a 386-pound barbell a second look were awestruck as he raised in the same style a bar with his brother Kurt on one end and his brother Herman on the other. The Saxons and other strongmen realized that they had to relate to the people—they had to hit them where they lived.

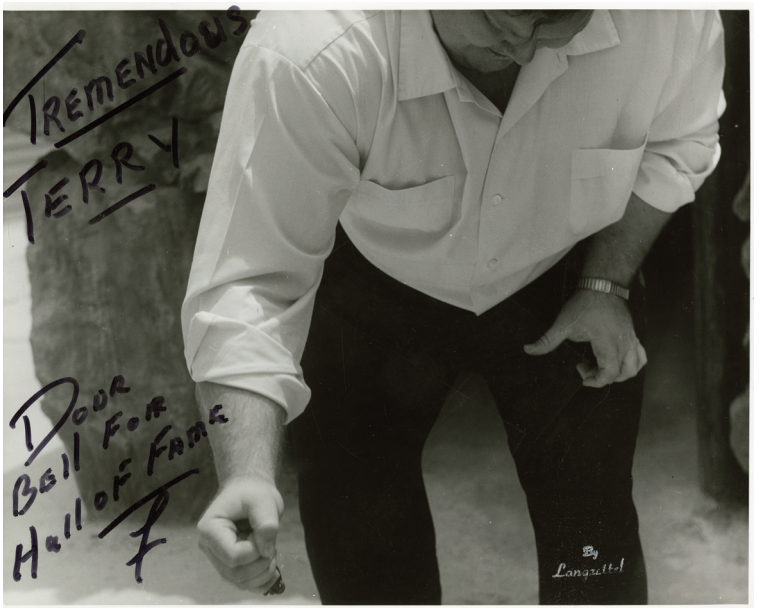
The truth of this concept of the manner in which the general public views strength was strongly substantiated the other evening when Tommy Suggs and I gave an exhibition and lecture on physical fitness to a local public school P.T.A. meeting. As I was to deliver the bulk of the lecture, Tommy was good enough to perform some Olympic lifts for the several hundred people present. He worked up to some very respectable poundages—ones that only a handful of men in the whole country could match. In return for this excellent lifting, he was given a warm and enthusiastic ovation. However, when I crunched up a few metal beverage cans that I had brought along to prove that not *all* of my flesh was excess baggage, you would have thought from the applause that I had taken Tommy's last Clean and Jerk weight, added Anderson on one end and Zhabotinsky on the other, and then knocked out a few reps with it.

The above incident should indicate the value to a man who trains with weights of a fairly strong pair of hands. For one thing, when someone who is unfamiliar with our sport innocently asks that maddening, but invariable, question, "How much can you lift?" you can save yourself a lot of breath by merely pinch-gripping his ears off. Seriously, strong fingers and wrists serve the weight trainer in other ways besides being a portable and relatively easy method of proving your strength. For one thing, strong hands help you to perform all exercises in a correct

manner. Your wrists won't give out on the last few reps of a set of curls, your hands won't slip when you power clean or deadlift for repetitions, and you won't experience pain as a result of front squats. For another thing, the possession of a good grip is almost always seen in conjunction with the possession of an impressive pair of lower arms.

John Grimek has a powerful grip and his forearms look like they got stuck in an angry beehive. Wilbur Miller is very strong-handed and to look at those meat hooks of his, you can't help but wonder if he bothers to use a lug-wrench to change a tire. Norbert Schemansky almost never uses a "hook" grip, either in training or in competition (says Ski, "I hook in desperation, not in preparation."), and his forearms have to be seen up close in person to be fully appreciated or, for that matter, even believed. Bill Pearl amuses audiences by ripping auto license plates asunder and twisting spikes, and his lower arms are also a bit on the bulgy side.

Forearm strength and development isn't reserved for the stars of the sport, however, for there is a young man in Austin, Texas, who is possessed of a pair of the mightiest mitts in captivity. This young man is Jack Fritsch or, as he is referred to by many of his friends, The Mighty Fritsch. I have known Jack for most of my life, as we grew up and attended the same public schools and university together. We have passed many afternoons in hard training and good conversation.



On a visit to California in the mid-1960s, Terry visited Bob Zuver's Gym in Costa Mesa, famed for its oversized equipment and exotic strength tests. Zuver called the gym The Hall of Fame and everything was big there. The water fountain was a fire hose, the door reportedly weighed 4000 pounds, and to ring the doorbell you had to squeeze one of the toughest grippers Terry ever tried. However, he closed it, and Zuver sent "Tremendous Terry" this picture to honor the achieve-

As long as Jack has been interested in the weights, he has had a special fondness and aptitude for feats of hand and wrist strength. Although I was able to out lift him on any regular exercise due to my greater size and more regular habits of training, I was almost never his equal in feats of gripping power. His fingers are the strongest I have ever seen and I have seen many of the best men in the world. To see him pinch-grip a pair of 45-pound York Olympic plates with the smooth sides out is a sight I will never forget and one that I don't expect to see duplicated. I may be wrong, but I seriously doubt that any man in the world at the present time can match this feat. Many genuinely strong men are unable to pinch grip even a pair of 35-pound plates which are much thinner, but Jack can clean them with either hand. I have seen him simultaneously clean and *press* a pair of solid 75-pound dumbbells using only the middle finger of each hand, and if you think that sounds easy, you either haven't tried it or you should be in a zoo. Several years ago, as Jack and I were hungrily poring over the pages of *Strength and Health*, we read of John MacLoughlin's two-finger deadlift of 410 pounds. I talked Jack into trying himself out on this lift and he worked up to 340 with no trouble at all, but when he tried 360, the skin tore completely off the first digit on each of his two middle fingers. I'm not sure what he could have done had his skin not torn, but the 340 certainly caused him no strain.

The can-crunching that I mentioned earlier is a stunt that I learned from Jack. We have timed him, and he can flatten a beverage can to a height of an inch and a half in *less* than two seconds. He has crumpled as many as a hundred in a row in a matter of just a few minutes. Besides being able to mangle these beverage cans, he can also tear them in half after bending them only once. Another of his favorite feats is to take a regular can and bottle opener, wrap one hand around the bottom half and with the other hand, snap it as you would snap a popsicle stick. He does it with no padding and performs it so easily that it seems that anyone could do it. Jack is six feet tall and weighs about 225 pounds, and is quite strong in all exercises, but he has taken his naturally powerful hands and through hard work, turned them into veritable vices of might.

Teacher To Teacher: A Letter to Edgar Friedenberg

By Terry Todd

Katallagete 4(Fall-Winter 1972): 66-71.

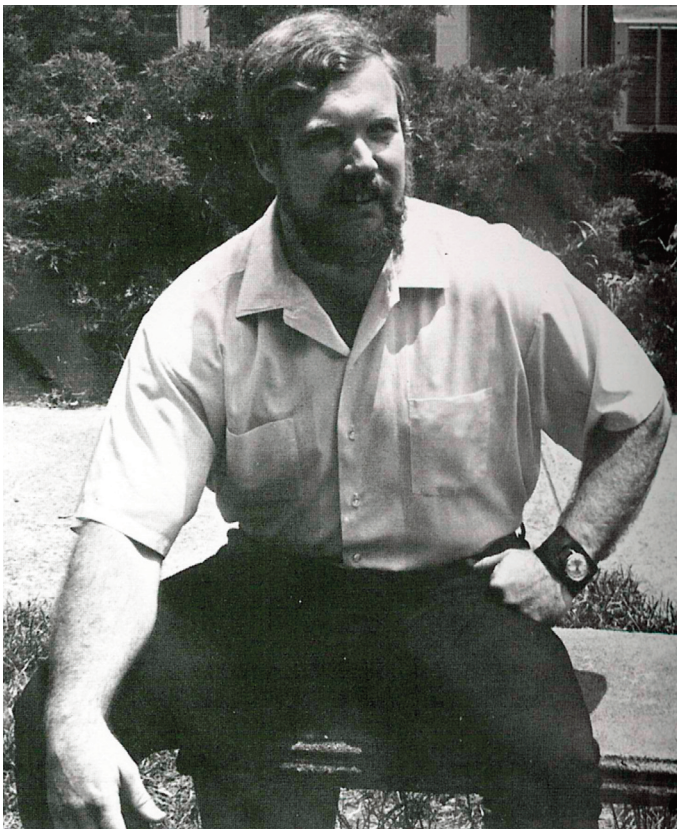
Preface: Terry began teaching at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, in 1969, and bought twenty acres of land with an old gristmill that had been converted into a home shortly thereafter. Terry lived in the expansive Rum Creek Millhouse—as it was known—with his wife, Jean Ford; his sister, Connie; her husband, Frank Ray (who also taught at Mercer); and their son, Timothy. By 1972 when this was written, Terry had largely set aside his interest in powerlifting and was playing tennis again. He had become interested in organic and subsistence farming and his intellectual focus had shifted to the plight of America's schools. At a summer institute he attended at Harvard University in 1970, Terry became friends with the brilliant sociologist Edgar Z. Friedenberg, whose books on the problems of the educational system ignited much debate in this era and caused many educators to question their role as teachers and professors. Several years after their first meeting, in a small journal called Katallagete*, Terry and Edgar published a pair of letters that reflect Terry's growing conflict and his attempts to find meaning in his life as a professor. At the time this was written, Edgar was a faculty member at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and it was because of our friendship with Edgar that Terry and I moved to Nova Scotia in 1975 where he also joined the faculty at Dalhousie. Because of space limitations, I am only reprinting Terry's letter.* ~ *Jan Todd*

Dear Edgar: Early last month, when you and Judy and Bev visited us here at the Millhouse, we talked about a good many things, almost all of which bore at least a tangential connection to what I hope to make the heart of this letter. Maybe we can talk of this again when I come up to see you in Nova Scotia later in the Fall, but for now let me start out by trying to tell you a little more about the interrelationship between my home here in the country, my work at the university, my family, and me than I told you when you were down.

About three miles west of here Little Deer Creek crosses the old Taylor place and then joins with and becomes Deer Creek which continues on through the woods until it gathers strength by merging with and becoming Rum Creek which runs as you know almost under my house. We had a good rain last evening and so the sound of falling water that Judy said was like a steady surf comes to me full-voiced as I sit at my table by the open window. It's the first of September in Georgia and the wind has with it the first edge of Fall. All of my family—Jean; my brother-in-law Frank; my sister, Connie; and my nephew, Timothy—are asleep now as it is very late and so I am alone with the sound of falling water, the smell of late summer, and the task of shaping from words some semblance of myself.

I'm not sure I know how to do this. One thing I do know is that this wonderful old Millhouse and the land and stream accompanying it are beautiful to me in a way beyond my skill to tell. I know another thing. I know that they would almost surely not be registered in my name at the Monroe County courthouse had I not undergone the process (Do you recall the use of the word "process" to describe the hair treatment used by black folks to punish and manipulate their hair until it behaved in a way quite obviously contrary to its nature?) of higher education.

One thing I don't know or at least can't justify is how a person no older than I and possessing no inherited wealth could, leaving aside should, possibly own such a piece of property. Had I learned in college anything that, on its own, a reasonable man might consider valuable, perhaps I could begin to understand or even justify my



Terry sitting in the quadrangle of Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, in the fall of 1972.

ownership of house and land; but of course I learned nothing of the sort. What I did learn was that there was a direct connection between being in college and ever having the choice of owning such a place. Only later, after I left school and began my education, did I begin to see some of the implications of what I had learned. You were chief ophthalmologist.

And here I finally am with you, sitting upwind from the ass-end of the lectern, growing increasingly leery of my role as professor or, more precisely, of the role *of* professor. You remember, I'm sure, how Boaz explained himself to Unc in Vonnegut's *The Sirens of Titan* by saying that, "I found me a place where I can do good without doing any harm, and I can see I'm doing it, and them I'm doing good for know I'm doing it…" Barely credible as it may now seem, I actually did have a couple of years in which I believed that in college teaching I had found me such a place. So long ago.

I guess what brought it all home for the first time was an experience I had with a small class of undergraduate students at Auburn University a few years back. They were what would be called in some circles an "ideal" class—meaning, I suppose, that they were enthusiastic, bright, worked well together, and seemed genuinely to like my way of handling things. As an ironic validation of this, I was told subsequent to the end of the quarter that the class had drawn up and unanimously signed a statement addressed to the dean which said that they had learned more from the course than from any course they'd ever had, that they had also enjoyed themselves enormously, and that I was the best instructor under which it had ever been their privilege to study, etc. etc. The dean himself showed the statement to me under circumstances which, had I known them would have at that time been puzzling to me. The circumstances were that the very same dean who proudly shared with me the students' praise was simultaneously in the process (there's that word again) of assisting in the arrangement of events which would leave me with very little choice but to resign, establishing once again the fact that if you have a bit of conceptual dissonance that needs handling, get ahold of an administrator of any of our modern institutions and he can, I guarantee, take care of bidness. They sure took care of mine. Reminiscent of Nixon eulogizing the war dead. Or Crisswell sermonizing on reconciliation. Or Todd placing *Deschooling Society* on the reading list for his course (required for teacher certification) in Foundations of Education.

The point of all this is not, God knows, to trot out my liberal credentials, but to frame the background for a discussion of a little conceptual dissonance of my own. In the midst of my Boaz period when I was shown the statement the students had written, I found myself one day happily reviewing, in light of the statement, the events of the class when I remembered something I'd selectively forgotten. I remembered that one morning during the previous quarter after what had seemed to me to be an exceptionally successful class, I asked the students to decide what we should do the next day—go more deeply into what we'd be animatedly discussing or simply take a day off. Guess what they decided? I tried it again later in the quarter with the same result.

In my review of all this after the quarter, the unanimity and vigor of the vote for holiday began more and more to collide with the substance of the students' statement until finally even an old boy like me, kinda slow and all eat up with hubris to boot, began to put it together. The fact of the business is that a group of 15 young people, mostly seniors, who were supposed to be attending the university to gain wisdom, insight and reflectivity, when

presented with a choice between attending a class which they unanimously agreed was the best they'd ever had and not attending the class, chose, every manjack there, not to attend. And you know what, Edgar? I was glad. And once I understood the one thing and admitted the other, I've been a changed man. So it goes.

To be truthful, I'll admit that I tried a few times to get back into my Boaz mood, but my heart, the *sine qua non* of a Boaz mood, just wasn't in it. Given that analysis, what does a man do? I'd already blown my big chance several years before by saying no to a filthy lucrative contract to enter professional wrestling. I turned it down because I felt called to become an educator. Professional wrestling might have made an honest man of me. But Edgar, when you're too old to break into the wrestling circuit and your eyes have widened to include a view of the function of other institutions, what do you do? Nothing on the outside that I could do looks much good. As you mentioned the other day in response to my remark that institutions these days just couldn't bear the load they were asked to bear, bearing the load may be less of a problem than the fact that no matter what load you're bearing and where you're going, there's already too much of it there when you arrive. A sort of universalized Newcastle.

As I told you last month, I'd just as soon be Fred Wiseman as anyone, but I just don't have the courage to strike out on my own as he did. I am trying to do a little work on my courage these days, but it's mighty hard when you've paid as much of it out in tuition over the years as I have. Having the horizontally extended family that we have here at the Millhouse seems to me to be good for what ails all of us. It's especially good for me because I'm able to learn from my brother-in-law, Frank, who knows so much about so many physical things, but it helps us all because we learn to share the chores, we ride together to work, we try to become more considerate, and we talk these things out from time to time as we go along. We're trying to learn what our limits are for sharing, independence, and doing-without, so that we can begin to extend these limits little by little. We've seen so many folks come to grief by picking up more than they could pack off that we decided to do our best to find out what we could and couldn't do so that by doing what we could and sustaining one another we might be able to turn some couldn'ts into coulds. All very easy to say, of course, and quite probably self-serving, but it seems to make at least a little sense and so here we are. Of course we all get our feelings hurt once in a while and either sull up or holler,

The Millhouse during a rare snowstorm in Central Georgia. When it was a working mill, the waterwheel was located behind the heavy pilings supporting the first floor and a millrace brought water to it from Rum Creek. Below, Terry and our dog, Muffin, explore Rum Creek behind the house.

depending on our style. I sull.

Being in the country is another aspect of my courage training. Having a little land to work, some woods to walk, a few animals to watch grow and the responsibility that it all entails all seem to me to be healthy. And it's good to have a place like this to share with your friends. All of these things may not be scientific objectives, but they do seem worthwhile. I have a friend back in Texas, Edgar, who recently left college teaching and work on his dissertation because he said he began to feel he was paying a price he couldn't afford. He has a little tree trimming business now and has bought himself about 40 acres of bottom land on which he's planted several hundred pecan trees. He works hard at his job and he told me that it pleased him to be able to give a little more life to a tree and to be able to feel the pride of being fairly paid for a good day's work. He's doing a little poetry again. I've known him all my life and I've never seen him more at home with himself than he is now. I wish I was as much of a man.

But I'm not and may never be and so I'm back again to the same question I've answered up to now by a

yearly decision to remain within the institutional womb. I feel a bit like the farmhand who mused to himself one hot day while chopping a long row of cotton that, "You know, this sun's so hot, and this work's so hard, I believe I'm called to preach." So I remain in the institution, scuffling to make do. Whether this decision to remain results from a legitimate social philosophy, rationally arrived at after having carefully weighed the alternatives or from Marcuse's one dimensionality, what with the Millhouse and all, I'm not sure. But the closer I look, the flatter I appear. I've been getting by for the most part simply by trying to make my work and the work of those with whom I share my life space a little better. I've drastically lowered my expectations. Of just about everything.

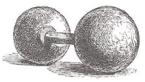
In that regard, I do, however, still believe that the words "better" and "worse" have some contextual importance in an educational institution. One of the few things happening now on our campus that seems positive is that there appears to be more discussion among both faculty and students about a matter that should be the driving wheel of any university—the nature of education. I am now asked, by more students than used to ask, my views on whether or not I regard as mutually exclusive the term "college education." In response, I can say, do say and hope to be able to continue saying that although college does lie on a dark prairie, there are fires to be found at which warmth and sustenance can be had for the asking. And that these fires may or may not—but probably won't—have much or anything to do with classroom work or outside arguments. And that these fires are not so numerous that chance should be trusted to turn them up. And that turning them up may require sacrifice. And that to receive maximum warmth and sustenance from those who find will almost surely necessitate a certain disregard for the regular academic program. And that this disregard has a price. And that this price should be paid. And that the average institution, such as a college, one might chance to meet in this technolotrous society is without question a dangerous mother and should be seen for what it is and resisted, as its aims are almost always in direct opposition to the enhancement and survival of any and all opportunities to make true and human use of our human minds and bodies. And, finally, that the students may 1) take what I say and use all or any part of it they want, 2) accept it *cum grano salis*, or 3) reject it completely.

A majority of the students thrown by fate and the computer into contact with me opt for either #2 or #3 above for a variety of reasons not the least of which is that, as any physiologist will tell you, twelve or fourteen years of confinement and inactivity tends to cause stiffness and frailty instead of flexibility and strength. But you do what you can. You arrange a variety of outside experiences in the schools for your students so that they can see more objectively the system through which they have come and how that system has both helped to make them what they are and hindered them from becoming what they might have been. You remember how you were yourself that first year in college and how much you wish someone had said to you then what you now try to say as clearly as you know how to these young folks with whom your life intersects and you say these things even though you suspect you would probably have heard no more willingly than they. But you do what you can out of a combination of concern for all of your students, hope for what some of them (and you can't always tell which ones) may become, and resentment for the years you might have put to better use.

In the Fall of the year 1972 Mercer looks, because of this discussion, just a little bit better to me than she did a year ago. For whatever reason, that's not an easy statement to make about an institution these days. Now that's not to say that I think this discussion will result in anything serious being done at this institution. You can, after all, eat only so much of your own foot. But it is better than it was and I believe I can live with that. At least for a little while longer.

Edgar, I've read and listened to you long enough to know that you don't sit all that easy in your endowed chair up at Dalhousie, and as I deal as best I can with the dilemmas of our profession, I often wonder how you've handled them over the years and how you handle them now. When you told me sadly that the freedom and self-determined grading procedures you gave the students your first year at Dal had attracted such a high percentage of second year rip-offs that you had decided to give some quizzes and other required work this year, my suspicion that insight into a problem doesn't necessarily include the problem's solution was confirmed. But then I never loved you because of your solutions.

I think I'll go downstairs now and fry some sausage and decide how to spend the rest of the day. I hope this letter finds you and your fine young folks well, and that my remarks provide at least a point of departure for your own analysis of how you're bearing up after 20 some years as a member of the world's second oldest profession.



Developing Size and Strength:

Bob Peoples: Super Deadlifter

By Terry Todd and Paul Anderson

Muscular Development (January 1973): 28-29, 48-49 & (February 1973): 22-23, 46-48.

Preface: In May of 1971, Terry Todd and Paul Anderson published the first article in their popular "Developing Size and Strength" series in Muscular Development *magazine. The articles were always written by Terry, but Paul was a major source of information, and it was not uncommon for Terry to drive from Macon to Vidalia, Georgia, where Paul then lived, to get in a training session with Paul and to discuss ideas for future articles. Over the several years that they published together, they helped lifters understand the fine points of bench pressing, pondered the question of who deserved to be called the world's strongest man, discussed the merits of gaining body weight, talked about Bob Hoffman's maxim of "making lifting first in your life," explored the architecture of big arms, and profiled pioneers of strength like George Hackenschmidt and Bob Peoples.*

Terry made his first trip to Johnson City, Tennessee, when he and Paul decided to profile Peoples in their series. Peoples was, after all, a legitimate pioneer and physical marvel, who played important roles in the careers of both Terry and Paul. It was Bob Peoples, as most strength afficionados know, who helped Paul Anderson get started in the early days of his career. For Terry, it was his desire to break People's all-time deadlift record that kept him heading to the gym and then the fridge. To write the two-part article, Terry travelled to Johnson City in 1972 and left there having found a new friend. In later years, Terry and I often stopped to visit Bob and his wife, Juanita, whenever we were in the area. Those visits ultimately allowed us to save two significant pieces of equipment Bob invented—his power rack and his wooden barbell—both now at the Stark Center. ~ *Jan Todd*

Part One: This month the authors begin a two-part investigation into the lifting history and training secrets of Bob Peoples of Tennessee, a man who is considered by many to be the Iron Game's greatest deadlifter.

In the wonderful rolling hills of Eastern Tennessee, in a section near Johnson City called Sinking Creek, a boy child was born in the year 1910 into a sturdy Scotch Irish farm family. As the boy child grew into young manhood, he helped his father work the farm and as he worked and ate the rich and nourishing natural food—chicken, fresh river-caught fish, greens, cornbread, sweet milk, churned butter, field peas, orchard apples, etc.—that an active mountain boy in the South would eat, he began to grow strong. His hands began to thicken and his shoulders took on that slope of power you still sometimes see on men who work the land in the few rural sections of America where the farmhands haven't been mechanized into puny caricatures of what they used to be. His robust nature was challenged during his adolescence by a pair of solid, 50-pound dumbells his father owned and sometimes lifted. At first, of course, he was no match for these unwieldy bells, but the perseverance that was later to result in his worldwide fame was already a part of his nature and so he returned again and again to these weights until he mastered them.

During this period he loved to test his growing strength against that of his father in wrestling matches on the grassy hills of their farm and, although powerful and active for his age, he was no match for the mature strength of his dad. Faced once again with a challenge, the young man persevered until one lucky day while shopping in Johnson City, he came across a copy of the old *Physical Culture* magazine. He bought the magazine, took it home and read it again and again as he seemed to

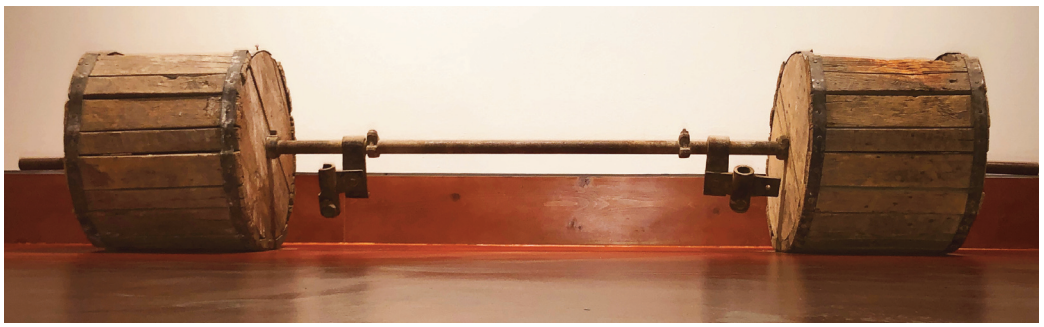
somehow intuitively know that the information it contained would make it possible not only for him to throw his father in wrestling, but to acquire the great strength which held for him such profound fascination.

The article which served as his greatest inspiration was written by David P. Willoughby, the lifting historian. It outlined a system of progressive resistance exercise with plate loading barbells and dumbells, neither of which our mountain boy could afford. Not being able to buy the equipment he so desperately wanted might have put the quietus on a lesser man but young Bob Peoples responded to the challenge by making a barbell out of a 1¼-inch bar and two wooden drums into which he would put weights of various sorts (rocks, pig iron, plowshares, etc.) in order to increase the resistance. This apparatus could be loaded to 1000 pounds and it was so well crafted that it remains usable to this day, over 45 years after it was built. With this crude but efficient barbell, young Bob was able to deadlift 350 pounds.

This was one of Terry's favorite photos and he sent it to *Muscular Development* to be used with the introductory article in the "Size and Strength" series in 1971. Terry also sent a copy of the photo to his parents and told them in his letter: "The reason I am laughing and so is Paul is because just before the picture was shot, he stepped up on a stool to make himself taller than me. Actually, he's only 5'9" or 5'10" but he must weigh about 370. So, we make up about 700 pounds of happiness in the picture, not to mention handsomeness, suaveness, dapperness, and just all around cuddly cuteness."

A year of sporadic training brought his deadlift up to 450 pounds and his overall strength up to the point where he was a fair match for his bull-strong father. At this time he was enrolled in Happy Valley High School, where he excelled in athletics and represented his state in the National Livestock Judging Show in Kansas City, Missouri. Upon graduation, Bob entered East Tennessee State College and played football for a year, but his love of the farm and the difficulty of doing justice to both the university and the land, not to mention his beloved barbells, made it seem reasonable to forego any further pursuit of formal education. College, even graduate work, though, would have presented no difficulty for Bob; his deep and brooding intelligence shines through his taciturn appearance.

As a result of the pressures of the farm, he trained intermittently for the next several years during which time he kept no records. His first official entry into his training logbook states that he was capable of a 500 pound deadlift, a 300 pound squat, and a 150 pound one hand clean and jerk. The date was November 1, 1935—Bob was 25 years old. For the next four years, Bob trained as he would for almost his entire lifting career—completely alone. No training partners. No spotters. No sideline encouragement. No coaching. No friendly workout competition. Alone. Never-



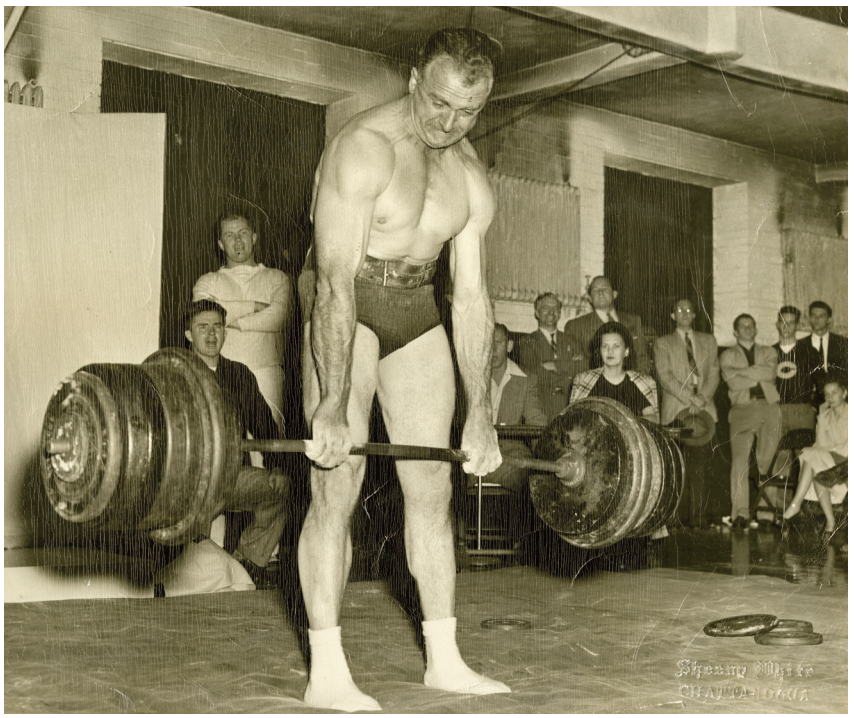
Bob Peoples' wooden barbell is on display at the Stark Center under a large photograph of Bob's world record 725 3/4 pound deadlift. The barbell is 96 1/4" long and weighs 112 pounds.

theless, his strength increased even with this handicap and the further one that he was never to escape-seasonal layoffs forced by the demands of the farm.

In 1939 he entered and won the Tennessee State Light-heavyweight Olympic Lifting Championship. Following his official performance, he treated the crowd to an exhibition of his growing prowess in the daddy of the brute strength movements—the deadlift. He easily registered 600 pounds and made a good try with 625. But then came 1940 and the war years.

Bob was sent to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, for induction but during the examination it was discovered that he suffered from an obstructed kidney tube. This condition made him ineligible to serve and it became necessary for him to have major abdominal surgery. This he received at the eminent Oschner Clinic in New Orleans, in the form of an 18-inch incision and a post-operative warning by Dr. Oschner himself against further weightlifting of any kind. But we guess you know what happened—within six weeks old Bob was back at the barbells, although the pressure on all farmers during the war years was so great that he did only sporadic training until after 1945.

But by 1946, Bob was ready. He was now 36 years old and he was gunning for the world deadlift record. So when the Tennessee Championships rolled around, Bob defended his Olympic lifting crown and then, before a host of national officials, pulled up the world record weight of 651¾ pounds. He weighed 180.5 pounds. In 1947, one of the historic clashes in early powerlifting occurred when 180-pound Bob Peoples ran head-on into 275-pound Bill Boone of Shreveport, Louisiana, a rival for the title of world deadlift champion and a man of great bodily strength. But, as big and strong as Bill Boone was, he was no match for the man from the mountains. On his final attempt, Boone managed the record weight of 680 pounds and then settled back as old Bob stepped up to a bar that was loaded to the symbolic barrier of 700 pounds. He began his long pull and the bar bent and swayed under the great weight; but he would not be denied and the bar was locked into the final position amidst the roars of a partisan Chattanooga crowd. The bar was weighed and was found to be one disappointing pound shy of the magic 700. But did this fluster our man? Not a bit of it; in fact, a most amazing thing happened—a thing perhaps unprecedented in the annals of athletics. It seems that the newspaper photographer assigned to cover the contest had failed to get a picture and so what does Bob do? Yep!—he steps right up there to that 699 pounds of iron and hoists it a second time.



In a world without fellow powerlifters, Bob Peoples used homemade equipment fashioned from wood and pipe and trained without partners in his basement. Yet he built a level of strength in the 1940s that inspired Terry to try his own hand at powerlifting, and later, to see that Peoples was remembered and honored for his pioneering role in helping to establish the sport Terry grew to love. This framed photo hung in Terry's office for many, many years.

The 700 barrier wasn't left standing long, however, for in 1947 in Nashville, Bob hauled up 710 pounds at a bodyweight of about 185. Although he lifted over 700 pounds on many occasions, official and unofficial, the apex of his lifting career was reached in 1949, at a show in his own hometown. Lifting before his friends, neighbors and kinfolk, this gentle and widely respected man set a record in 1949 that has not been equaled to this day. Bob weighed only 181 pounds that night and he was facing the immense poundage of 725 ¾. As he approached the bar, one of the old mountaineers in the auditorium could bear the suspense no longer and yelled out in a clear voice, "Thar's our man—come on, Bob, I know you can lift that dang weight."

As the bar began to move, it looked as if Bob might at last have met his match but somehow he kept the weight going until it was locked out. As the referee signaled the completion of the lift the East Tennessee folks went wild in proud and joyous praise of their man—Bob Peoples—the greatest deadlifter in the world!

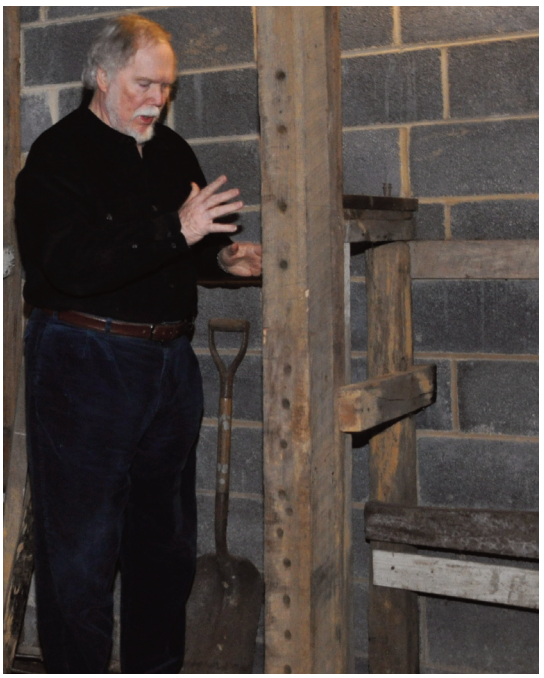
Part II: This month Paul Anderson and Terry Todd discuss the training genius of the man considered by many authorities to be the greatest deadlifter in the history of the Iron Game!

We mentioned last month that Bob Peoples grew up and still lives on a farm in what is called the Sinking Creek section of East Tennessee, just outside of Johnson City. The section derives its name from some unusual limestone deposits which have caused in the past, and still cause, creeks to go suddenly underground only to reappear some distance away. These deposits and the underground water supply also cause other "sinkholes" to appear which are unrelated to the creek-beds in the area. One of our favorite Peoples' stories involves one of these sinkholes—a sink hole which was down the hill a good piece from Bob's farmhouse. The story, which came to us from his wife, Juanita, involves the fact that old Bob, as much as he loved to lift, would from time to time get so exasperated and angry about his training that he'd load up his barbells and assorted weights and haul them down the hill and throw them all into the sink-hole. Then he was sort of sullen for a few days and just moped around the house with a hang-dog look on his face until finally Juanita would see him out the window trudging up the hill from the sinkhole, packing his weights to the house so he could get back to his training.

We hope Bob doesn't mind us telling that story on him. We tell it because we share with him the experience of frustration and lonely rage that all advanced lifters must face and transcend if they are ever to head the hounds. The important thing about the story is not that Bob carried the weights down the hill and threw them into the sinkhole but that he got them out, hauled them back up the hill and began again to train. What he did with the weights once he got back to the house is what this article is going to attempt to describe. What went on between Bob and those weights at the top of that hill is much, much more important than most of *MD*'s readers would ever suspect. Listen.

When you next use a power rack, think about Bob. When you next use straps to aid your grip in training, think about Bob. And when you next employ in a conscious way the rounded-back style in the deadlift, think about Bob. In all of these areas—each crucial in powerlifting—Bob Peoples broke new ground. He was a pioneer and his solitary trial and error efforts—his trips back and forth to the sinkhole—have made it easier for all of us who have followed.

Consider the power rack. In an article published over 20 years ago, Bob explained his invention and use of the power rack. He wrote, "I have also fixed two posts in my cellar when I train in winter. These posts have holes bored in them about every four inches. I insert pins in the holes to hold the weight at the desired height for various types of lifts. I also have holes on the sides of these posts into which I insert pins to hold one end of a pipe or bar with the other end resting on a horse at the proper height. I feel this apparatus is an absolute necessity for anyone training alone as I do. I insert the pins in the proper holes for a quarter deadlift, for instance, so that the bar will come just below the knee caps. You can set the supporting bars at any height and do almost all the power lifts known, such as half deadlifts, half squats, half bench presses and a lot of others too numerous to mention."



Bob's daughter, Alta Barwick, and Bob's neighbor and friend, Bill Anderson, worked with us to save Bob's power rack—the first one ever known to exist in the world—and move it to the Stark Center so it could be preserved. Terry is shown here in Bob's basement planning how to disassemble it for safe transport to Texas.

Consider the wrist straps. Discussing an incident that occurred a quarter of a century ago, he wrote, "In July 1947

For the second article, Terry grabbed Bob's cane, to illustrate deadlift technique. In the photo on the left, Terry is set in the traditional flat-backed position recommended by most experts. On the right, Terry demonstrates the rounded-back starting position used by Peoples for his record pull of 725 pounds at a bodyweight of 181 pounds. That record was not beaten by another man of similar size for 25 years.

I did a deadlift of 600 x 5. I was finding it difficult to hold the weight in my hands for high reps and often had sore hands, so I fashioned a device to tie my wrists to the bar for repetitions. This was composed of a couple of hooks and wrist straps. The practice of holding heavy weights in the hands in the finish (top) position is very important. The use of hooks strapped to wrists will help on repetitions because your grip usually gives out before anything else. However, always be sure your grip is strong enough to make your single attempts for records."

Consider the rounded-back deadlift, the style that has been seriously advocated in articles on power training only during the past year or so. Old Bob figured all this out several decades ago. He correctly reasoned that a rounded back helped the leverage in the deadlift by shortening the lever arm (the back) and therefore increasing the amount of weight that can be lifted. His thinking went far beyond even this, however. As an innovator, he was a true radical—he went to the roots of cherished assumptions and transformed them so that they bore better fruit. The established experts of Bob's day (and most "experts" today) all insisted that the correct deadlift position involved the following things: (l) A flat back throughout the lift (2) Hips low at the start of the lift (3) Head up throughout the lift (4) Chest full of air and (5) Either a reverse or a "hook" grip or both. Consider then, Bob's following statement, made over 20 years ago. "On October 4 I finally made a new world record deadlift of 700 pounds. At this time I was lifting on normally filled lungs. However, I then started lifting on empty lungs and with a round back—that is I would breathe out to normal, round my back, raise the hips, look down and then begin the lift. I feel this is much safer than following the customary advice of the experts. By breathing out you lessen the internal pressure and by lifting with a round back you lessen the leverage—all of which adds many pounds to your lift. I have used the reverse grip and also the overhand hook grip but I have now changed to the palms up or curl grip (with hook) and will experiment with it for a while to see if it helps."

Last month, we visited Bob in Johnson City (see accompanying photos) and he told us that although he made his record of 725, weighing 181, with an overhand hook grip, he found that the palms up or curl grip (also called supinated) allowed him to lift a little more weight than any other method of hand placement. He argues that

the curl grip provides a slight leverage advantage, and logic as well as physics seem to back him up on this. You might give it a try. If you do, let us know how it works out.

Another "modern" innovation involves the lowering of heavy weights—called "eccentric contraction." As you might suspect, Bob was into this before a lot of you reading this were born. This is how he did it. He had a Ford tractor and the tractor had a "lift" on it, and Bob rigged up a long stick with which he could activate the "lift" without leaving the rear of the tractor where the barbell was. He would take the weight at the top position and slowly lower it and then try to stand back up with it. He usually failed and then he'd activate the "lift" and raise the weight up again. He told us that he finally got to where he had to help the tractor up with the weight because he'd gotten stronger than the tractor. Another drawback he recalls is that this training procedure didn't work too well when the weather in the East Tennessee mountains turned cold in the wintertime.

Bob also favored heavy supporting work as a means of developing overall basic strength. One of his favorite stunts was to take a heavily loaded homemade barbell (described in last month's article) off the power rack, carry it down the hill in front of his house, walk across a small footbridge, climb the steps to the road and then turn around and retrace his steps. He also put in many training hours in supporting work in the deadlift. He would set the pins in his rack so that he would have to lift the bar only about an inch in order to reach the final or finished position in the deadlift. After lifting the bar, he would hold it for several seconds before replacing it on the supporting pins. His best in this training feat is 1200 pounds, which he did without straps, using only his bare hands.

Yet another "myth" Bob exploded involved the age at which a man could do his best lifting. He was in his prime between the ages of 35 and 42 and he set the still-standing record of 725 when he was in his 40th year. When he was 55, he was able to regularly lift 650 pounds at a bodyweight of approximately 190 pounds. (*MD Editor's Note: The present light-heavyweight deadlift record stands at 689 but was exceeded in the recent World Championships here in York with a record lift of 735 pounds, although it took more than 25 years to surpass it!)* [*IGH* Editor's Note: The 181-pound class record was broken by Vince Anello.]

Bob used a great many "routines" in his lifting career, but most of them revolved around the deadlift. Before his big contest against William Boone, Bob did the following workout every day for several weeks:

Deadlift—450 x 20, 500 x 15, 550 x 12, 600 x 10, 625 x 5, 650 x 2, 670-690 x 1.

Press—many sets of varying reps.

Squat—200 x 5, 250 x 5, 300 x 5, 325 x 5, 375 x 5, 400 x 5.

Another method he used successfully was to work entirely on deadlifts until he felt himself going "stale," at which time he'd switch to the squat until he felt stale again, then switch back to the deadlift and so on. In general, he favors daily training if you can stand it, low reps working up to heavy singles, Lots of partial lifting and supporting work, good nourishing country food, and an individualistic and creative approach to training. He suggests that beginners follow these rules as a way to begin but that they should feel free to experiment on their own with a variety of exercises and schedules. Bob's a strong advocate of a program of instinctive training built around a good solid core of the basic, heavy lifts.

We hope the readers of *MD* have enjoyed and will profit from this two part article on Bob Peoples. He was and is more than a great lifter—he's a good man and he's been a good man for a long time now. When we visited him and his wife the other day we stopped down on the main highway to get a drink of water and fill up with gas and the owner of the little country store asked us where we were from. We told him Georgia and that we'd come to see Bob Peoples. When he heard that, he began to tell us about Bob and about how the people of the area felt about him. He finished filling up our tank and as he screwed the cap back in place he turned toward us and said with a smile, "Around here, Bob's spoke of high."

We both believe that for many reasons Bob Peoples "ought to be spoke of high," he's earned it. He introduced one of us to the world of big time lifting, to the intricacies of the Olympic lifts and to the benefits of heavy partial movements. For the other one of us, he served with his world record deadlift of 725 as a standard toward which to strive, and even though the mark was reached and exceeded, we knew that on this lift, when bodyweight, competition, era, and training aids were considered, Bob was a better man. There may never be one so good again.

Is Hard Physical Work a Good Bodybuilding Medium?

By Terry Todd

Iron Man (November 1976): 14-15, 94.

Terry Todd and Peary Rader at the 1988 Association of Oldetime Barbell and Strongmen Award Dinner at which Peary and his wife, Mabel Rader, were honored for their myriad contributions to the Iron Game. Terry gave the presentation speech for his good friends.

Preface: One of the attractions of country living for both Terry and me was that it provided opportunities to get exercise without having to go to the gym. Although we always trained with weights during our 44 years of marriage, we also enjoyed outdoor work of various kinds and often "took workouts" by gardening, cutting down trees, moving rocks, and other strenuous tasks. The story about the hay in this article happened in Austin, Texas, when Terry was just 20. The tree-cutting party was in Macon, Georgia, in 1974. In a very Tom Sawyer-like move, Terry invited some Mercer students to come out to the Millhouse and help him fell a white oak tree and to turn it into wooden shingles using only primitive tools. The shingles were to go on an 1812 log cabin he intended to reconstruct on our property. When he was offered the chance to move to Nova Scotia and teach at Dalhousie University, one of his greatest regrets was leaving behind the still unfinished cabin and the large pile of shingles we'd created by that time. ~ *Jan Todd*

EDITOR'S NOTE
by Peary Rader, Editor of Iron Man

This article will bring back memories to the older men as well as to some of you younger fellows who have been "through the mill" so to speak. In fact, we have recently received numerous letters from fellows who have found it necessary to do hard physical labor for a living because no other work was available and it is sometimes a bit of a shocker until you get used to it. We have several articles coming up on "workouts for the working man" for fellows who have to work at physical labor and still want to train.

I well recall my own youth when I had to work at this type of labor and how my fellow workers almost continuously "put me to the test" and I could tell you a lot of stories about it. I also well recall while working on the railroad how the bosses, knowing that I was a weightlifter, always came for me when they had some heavy work or heavy lifting to do. They used to have me work in the wheel plant, where car wheels weighing up to 850 lbs., had to be lifted and rolled into the wheel plant where they were machined and fitted to the axels. It took a lot of power to lift one of these and then balance it while you rolled it about half a block to where it was used. I would first unload a carload of these and stack them, then as they were needed I would roll them into the wheel house. There was a great deal of other heavy lifting that I was called on to do, and while I felt just a little "used" by this policy, it was also quite a thrill to be able to do this

work which no one else could perform. I never felt better and tougher in my life. I'm sure that many of our readers could relate interesting experiences of a similar nature. Just remember, hard work can be an asset sometimes to lifters and bodybuilders.) —P.R.

Almost everyone who has ever trained with barbells long enough to have any sort of a reputation as a weight man has found himself in a situation where he was either asked or challenged to do some hard, heavy work and "prove" how good weight training really was. Sometimes these situations have happy endings; sometimes sad ones. I have heard more stories than I care to remember about lifters or bodybuilders (especially bodybuilders) who, when confronted with some heavy work, either refused the challenge or failed to meet it. Bodybuilders are more vulnerable because their muscles are "showier" than those of the average lifter, and because they are often better at displaying these muscles. And many average working men, who feel threatened by the display of muscle size, are happy to see a man fail whose muscles were gained from "working out" rather than "working."

I clearly recall the first time I received a challenge of this sort. It came from an uncle who had a cattle ranch, and who was himself a vigorous, powerful man. He had just cut several fields of hay, and the bales lay by the hundreds under the normally cloudless Texas sky. But a series of thunderclouds threatened rain, and my uncle called for help to stack away the hay in barns and sheds and save it from rotting and I went, knowing that the work would last on into the night as we raced to beat the rains. I had then been training about a year and a half and had gained about 35 pounds, and both my training and my gaining had been the subject of considerable family ribbing. And so it was with a good deal of genuine apprehension that I drove through the ranch gates that day and on down to the first field where the loading had just begun.

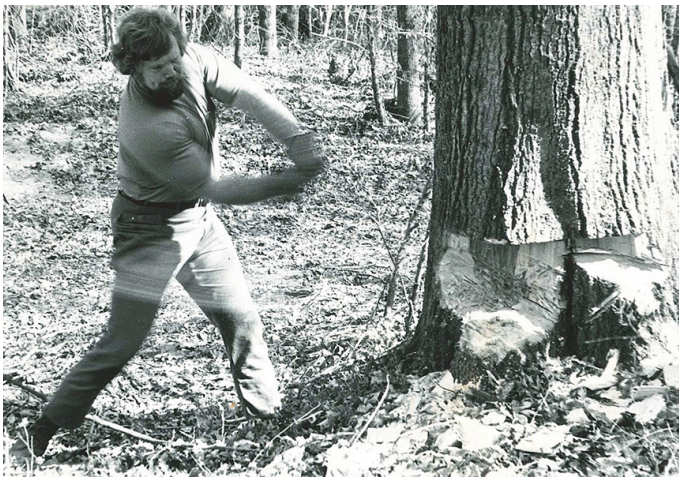
Terry and his brother-in-law, Frank Ray, sharpen the cross-cut saw before beginning the ambitious task of using only nineteenth century tools to take down the giant white oak tree.

My uncle waved me over, pointed first to the hay and then to the thunderheads handed me a hay hook and said, "OK muscle man, let's see what you can do with this hay."

Well, we worked till it was "slap dark" as they say, and then we worked on by the truck headlights, sprinting against the rain. We'd load the truckbed, rush to a barn, stack the hay, then rush again to the field and load some more. My grandfather drove, and my uncle and I handled the hay. These particular fields were planted in alfalfa and so the bales were in the 60-80-pound range and were bound with metal wire.

As I worked beside my powerful and work-hardened uncle, I could sense that he was testing me by the pace he set. We ran from bale to bale,

I can't recall all the last names but the work party consisted of: Frank Ray, Gene and Ernie, Terry and Jan Todd, Mike Gengler and Mary Betz (standing), Roger, Richard, and Mickey Parker standing behind the tree, and Timothy Ray, our nephew, holding the axe. Bob Goodwin took the photo.



Felling the big white oak began with axework. Although Terry was skilled in using an axe, he had all the students also give it a try. They found it hard work, and by the end of the afternoon there was considerable moaning.

tossing them into the truck and throwing them far over our heads again and again as we filled the dusty barn and sheds. And it seemed that as we worked, the pace increased, as we drove ourselves to save the hay and I began to be aware that there were more races than one being run that evening. My uncle was 42—I was 20. He weighed 185 pounds—I, 220. And he had come to the fullness of his strength by hard, lifelong work, while I had attained the most of mine in a gymnasium.

So the classic confrontations of age vs. youth; small vs. large, and "natural" vs. "manufactured" were all being played out in that rain-threatened Texas hayfield. He was in the high prime of his masculine power, but he knew it would soon begin to fade, whereas I had only begun to be aware of my own physical potential. He was rock hard and thickly compact at 5'8" while I was somewhat soft yet, not fully filled out, though I towered over him at 6'2½".

And so we strove against the clouds while it was light, against the raincool wind after nightfall, and all the while against one another. Our hands began to cramp, and lock around the hayhooks; and our backs and arms began to stiffen in the chill wind, but we drove one another on. And then the rains came, sprinkles at first and then great drops, and we worked the last hour in a thunderstorm, and flashes of lightning illuminated the dwindling bales as we stacked our final loads.

And when at last I handed the final one of the 2000 bales to my uncle, he hooked it, boosted it on his knee, stacked it, and then turned to me as the rain rang on the tin roof of the barn and softly said, "Thank you, son. You're much of a man." That night, more than any other, served as my *rite de passage*, my rite of passage, into manhood. Young Highlander Scots became men by being able to place the *clach cuid fir* (manhood stones) on a waist-high fence, adolescent Zulu warriors were expected to kill a grown lion, but I left boyhood behind forever that evening as my uncle and I fought the storm and each other on that Texas hayfield.

Terry is using a cant hook—a tool to move logs. It consists of a sturdy wooden handle that works like a lever, with a movable iron hook that is snugged into the log to hold it in place. He's trying to roll the log over so it can be cut with the crosscut saw from the other side.

Since that time, I have had countless occasions to use my strength on, and develop my strength with, other things besides barbells and dumbbells. I live in the country and have quite a few acres, so there are chores of all sorts which are made easier by the strength I built and

After the tree had been felled, Mercer student Bob Goodwin helped Terry use a crosscut saw to cut the tree into lengths suitable for making shingles and firewood.

Terry and Bob Goodwin work together to split some of the white oak logs into chunks suitable for shingle-making using a hickory maul and an axe as the wedge.

maintain with weights.

Lately, I and some students of mine have been making roof boards (shingles) to go on a big log house that we're working on. We decided to do the work the old way—that is, we decided to cut the big white oaks down with axes and a two-man 'gator tail (cross-cut saw), section them into two foot "rounds" with the crosscut, roll them with cant hooks, split them with hickory mauls and dogwood wedges, and "rive" the shingles with a locust wood mallet and a froe. At the turn of the century virtually all homes in North America were roofed with shingles and all shingles were split or "rived" by hand. We decided to do it this way for two reasons. For one thing, nothing we could read could ever "teach" us as well about how hard our ancestors worked; and for another, we decided that the exercise would do us good. None of my students had ever used a 'gator tail, or a cant hook, or a maul, not to mention a froe, and very few of them had even used an axe in a serious way. But when we tackled those big white oaks, everybody got all the exercise he wanted and then some. The accompanying photographs only hint at the nature of the task we set for ourselves when we decided to turn a 100-year-old white oak into shingles.

Almost all 'gator tails (crosscut saws) you see are in the five to six foot range, although 18 footers are available to cut the truly immense trees (firs, sequoia, redwood, cypress, oak, poplar, etc.) Sawing is really wonderful work for the shoulders, upper back, arms, forearms, and hands. It's a good combination of resistance and repetitions, guaranteed to give a deep and thorough pump.

Handling an axe is also a complete upper body exercise, one which works all the muscles involved in sawing, and several more besides, such as the muscles of the waist and sides.

Work with a cant hook is the "deadlift" of lumberjacking. A big cant hook will weigh 12-20 pounds, but with it you can roll a 4000-pound log that five men couldn't budge. It gives you leg, hip, and lower back work, as well as some work on the upper body.

And now a word about the maul. Anyone who has ever used a 20-pound maul and has seen the force with which it drives home a wedge, can truly appreciate the word "mauled" (as in "Yankees maul Red Sox"). In the old days, iron was so expensive that people made their own sledgehammers out of hardwood and called them mauls. And they made their wedges out of even harder wood and called them gluts. The way a log was split was to place an axehead along the grain, drive it in with the maul, and then place the longer and wider wooden glut into the split opened by the axehead, and then drive the glut into the log with the hardwood maul.

We've made our mauls out of hickory and locust, our gluts from locust and dogwood. An afternoon spent swinging a twenty-pound hickory maul is an afternoon long to be remembered. Everything is worked, if the maul is swung properly, especially the upper body. During our work on the trees, which took a month, I didn't touch a weight, but my arms, particularly my forearms, increased in size. And all of my students reported feeling larger and stronger from all the work. Hard as it was, most of us felt sad when we were through.

Now of course most of you will never have the occasion to get in the hay or to fell a huge tree and section it up with axes, saws and mauls, but all of you will have opportunities, even challenges, to do some "real" work. When this happens, accept the challenge. No better way to prove the value of progressive resistance exercise exists than being able to outwork someone doing a hard and heavy job. And while you're promoting the iron game, chances are you'll be adding to your own size and strength by working your body in a vigorous but unusual way. So when all this is added to the simple joy you'll get from a job well done, those who refuse a challenge of hard work by saying, "It would upset my routine," or "I'm not due to work out til tomorrow," or "I might get an injury," don't seem to be helping anything or anyone, especially themselves. As the good book says, "Whatsoever cometh to thy hand to do, do it with all thy might."

INSIDE POWERLIFTING

CHAPTER 1: POWERLIFTS AND POWERLIFTERS

By Terry Todd

(Chicago: Contemporary Books, 1978), 1-7.

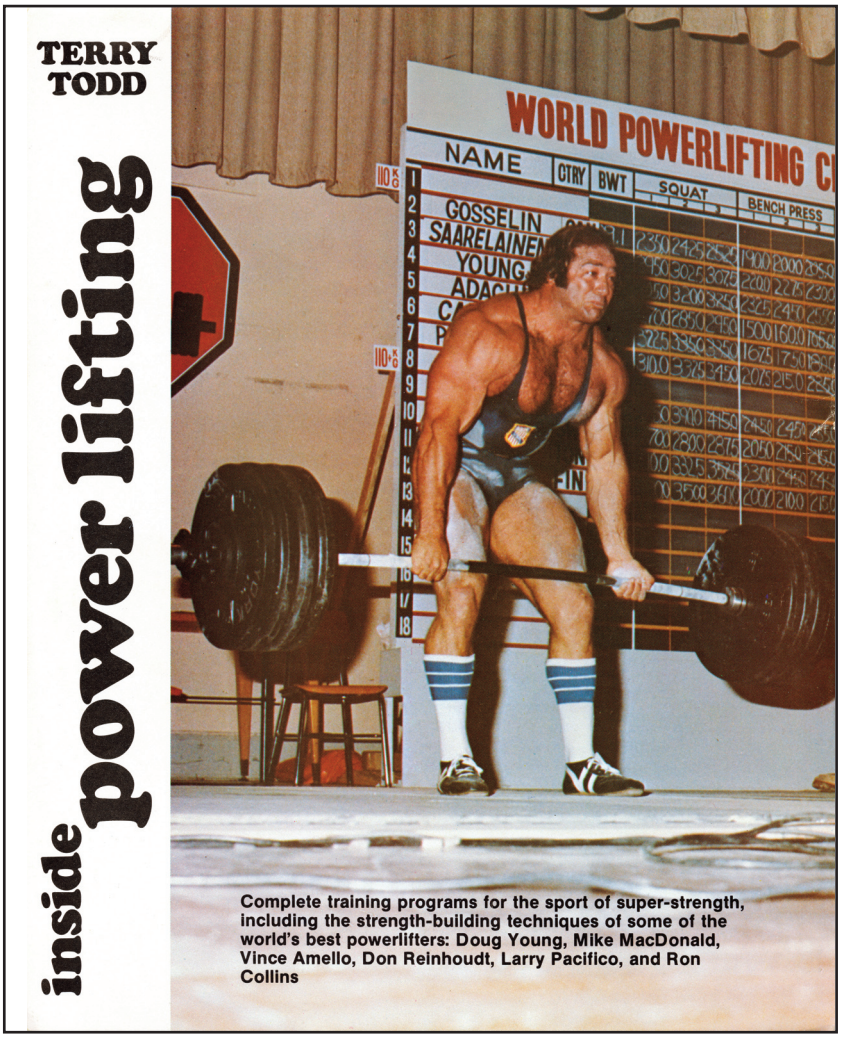
Preface: Inside Powerlifting *was not Terry's first book. His first was* Fitness for Athletes*, published in May 1978 by Contemporary Books, with co-author Dick Hoover. The editors at Contemporary asked Terry to re-write and complete Hoover's manuscript and his success in revamping and completing the book gave him the courage to propose a book on the relatively unknown sport of powerlifting for Contemporary's "Inside ___" (name your sport) series. His editor was not immediately sold on the idea, but Terry proved persuasive. The end result was not just the first book ever written on the sport, but a book that many believe truly launched powerlifting.*

Terry wrote Inside Powerlifting *in Nova Scotia where we lived on a 185-acre farm in Lunenburg County. He used ballpoint pens and yellow tablets to draft his chapters, and his "office" was both the yard outside our nineteenth-century farmhouse, and a room in our large barn previously reserved for chickens. The barn also housed our draft horses, pigs, rabbits, our own chickens, and, often, a large dog or two. Although the book is inscribed,"To Jan, who brought me back," I've always felt that it was the writing of* Inside Powerlfting *itself that moved Terry away from his academic interest in schools and education—and back to his first love—the pursuit of strength. The publication of* Inside Powerlifting *marked an intellectual shift in Terry's life. It allowed him to imagine a future filled with thinking about, talking about, and writing about strength. With apologies to Robert Frost, Terry "took the road less traveled by"after writing* Inside Powerlifting*, and that choice"has made all the difference." Because the book has been out of print for many years, I am releasing a new edition of* Inside Powerlifting *in 2021.*

As I sit here by my garden, watching my heavy horses graze the green grass, I feel a sense of real reluctance and sadness as I begin the end of this book on the sport of strength. This is so because I realize that when I am done my interests and commitments will lead me to other things and the concentration I have focused on powerlifting for the past few months will be diffused. I will not, of course, *leave* powerlifting or *forget* it, even if I wanted to or could, but I doubt that I will ever again return to it so completely. Never again will it possess me as it has lately and as it did even more so during my years of competition.

Terry wrote the opening lines and a lot of the rest of *Inside Powerlifting* while sitting under this tree on our farm in Barss Corner, Nova Scotia. Muffin and Nessie, our bullmastiff puppy, kept him company.

I imagine that the wellspring of my reluctance and sadness is the fact that the unsparing passion which I brought to the sport when I first began it provided me with what I now can see were the happiest times of my life. From what I've seen through the years, this is true of many serious athletes. I remember Ronnie Ray, one of the founders of powerlifting in the 1960s and now a millionaire gym owner, turning to me last year at the Nationals and saying, "You know, I've made a lot of money, but in all my life my happiest times by far were those when I was in top shape, hump-



Terry's decision to feature the nine best lifters of the mid-1970s made celebrities of Larry Pacifico, Don Reinhoudt, Ron Collins, Vince Anello, Mike McDonald, Marvin Phillips, big-armed Doug Young of Texas, and even me. The dramatic cover photo was taken by renowned photographer Douglas White at the 1976 World Powerlifting Championships. Doug's physique definitely helped book sales.

ing that iron."

People have often asked me how I was able to push myself with such relentlessness in a sport in which there was no monetary reward and very little publicity outside the lifting magazines, and the question always brings to mind the remark a track coach once made about long-distance running. "When you see them late in the evening, often in the rain," he said, "driving themselves to run just one more mile, you should never, never pity them, for they are the happiest of men." There is a sense in which this total dedication to a sport—the sort of total dedication manifested in the lives of the nine athletes in this book—tends to blur the clarity and diminish the importance of everything else in a person's life.

Whether this is ultimately good or bad for the individual involved or for the society in which he or she lives is a fascinating question, but it is not the subject of this book. Instead, the true subject of this book is the lives of the nine people who have been good enough to share their knowledge and insight and background with me. Through their lives run the common threads of sacrifice and single-mindedness—the two universal traits of world-class athletes—binding them together in their dedication to what can only be called excellence.

During the months that I've talked to these people, corresponded with them, and gone over the details of their lives, I've felt myself being drawn again into that intense cocoon of absorbed commitment that I thought I'd left behind forever when I retired in 1967. For me, doing this book has been like a homecoming, a going back to simpler, less troubled times. And although my life is now lived so that I can afford no more than a visit, it was enough to have gone back this once, especially in such damn fine company.

From the outset, I decided not to write powerlifting's first book completely out of my own experiences because I wanted to provide not simply information which was *adequate;* I wanted to provide a breadth of material which would come as close as possible to defining what the sport offered and what it demanded. My aim was not necessarily to write an instructional book, though this certainly is one, but to use the lives of the athletes themselves and the sport of powerlifting to distill the essence of all sport.

In order to do this I asked nine people I had come to know well through the years—nine people who are the aristocracy of powerlifting—to work with me to make this book something of which all powerlifters could be proud. To the degree that the book succeeds, most of the credit should go to these nine extraordinary people because they held nothing back. "Secret" routines, one-of-a-kind family album photographs, psychological tactics, personal dietary habits, contest strategy—everything

In this photo, Terry's interviewing Doug Young for NBC TV at the 1977 IPF World Championships in Perth, Australia. It was the first time powerlifting was covered by TV and Terry served as color commentator. Young became a hero that weekend, as he broke three ribs during the squats yet went on to win the 242-pound world title. His courageous lifting helped America cinch the team trophy and also made for dramatic TV. As for Terry, the fact that he was articulate, had a memorable voice, and possessed a deep knowledge of lifting, brought him many more opportunities to do TV work in the years ahead.

is here. And to the degree that the book fails, lay the blame on me for not being skillful enough to weave the wonderful material I was given into a pattern which would meet the needs of powerlifters everywhere, be they old or young, male or female, novice or veteran.

The fact that "officially" powerlifting is a relatively new sport and has no books of its own increased the pressure I felt to see that nothing was held back. Olympic lifting and bodybuilding, the two other primary sports involving progressive resistance, both have had dozens of books devoted to their various aspects, but, as of mid-1977, powerlifting has had none. In a way this is strange, as powerlifting has already moved well beyond Olympic lifting in popularity throughout the English-speaking world during the past 15 years.

Perhaps one of the chief reasons for powerlifting's rapid gain in public acceptance is that, relative to Olympic lifting, little time has to be spent on technique, as the powerlifts are comparatively simple to perform, strength being their main requirement. The Olympic lifts, on the other hand, require a high degree of flexibility, balance, and coordination, all of which demand proper training for a beginner as well as constant practice. Another cause of powerlifting's popularity may stem from the complex nature of Olympic lifting, for while the physical intricacies of a record clean and jerk are beautiful to a connoisseur, the average person, unable to follow the action and *relate* to the lift, is often unimpressed. But the same person watching the primeval simplicity of a heavy deadlift is unfailingly captivated by the struggle of the lifter and the bending of the bar under the conflicting forces.

Unfortunately, one of the results of this popularity has been a rift between powerlifters and Olympic lifters, an alienation of one group from the other. It puts me in mind of the squabbles I used to hear years ago in Texas between two groups of Baptists, the Hard-Shells and the Footwashers. Back then, it always seemed to me that both groups would have been happier, not to mention a good deal closer to God's word, had they concentrated on their similarities rather than their differences. These days, I feel the same way about powerlifters and Olympic lifters.

I competed as an Olympic lifter way back in the days before there *were* any powerlift meets in the U. S. Within the past year I watched the Olympic Champions David Rigert and Vasily Alexeyev train and then break world records. I even went out to supper with them one night. As wonderful as they are to watch and as impressive as they are in person, I don't see how anyone can seriously try to make a logical case that Alexeyev and Rigert are somehow better men than powerlifting's Don Reinhoudt and Larry Pacifico. All *four* are good men–extraordinary men–and they are each the best in their weight class that their respective sports have ever produced.

The point is that Alexeyev, Reinhoudt, Rigert, and Pacifico are all *lifters*—each of them develops and maintains his strength by *lifting.* To argue that one form of lifting is better than another is absurd, and I suggest that both Olympic lifters and powerlifters admit this and stop making fools of themselves. You can, after all, *prefer* something without maintaining that your preference is intrinsically better than the preference of someone else. The French writer Francois de La Rochefoucauld put it this way back in the 17th century: "Happiness lies in our tastes, and not in things themselves; a man is happy in doing what he likes, not what others like."

Terry and superheavyweight world champion Don Reinhoudt look happy on the eve of the 1976 IPF World Powerlifting Championships after demolishing the seafood buffet at the Hotel Yorktowne in York, Pennsylvania. Reinhoudt would win his fifth, and last, world title that weekend. In the contest he made lifts of 859 in the squat, 562 in the bench press, and 826 in the deadlift, after trying and missing 904. Terry did many of his interviews for *Inside Powerlifting* that weekend.

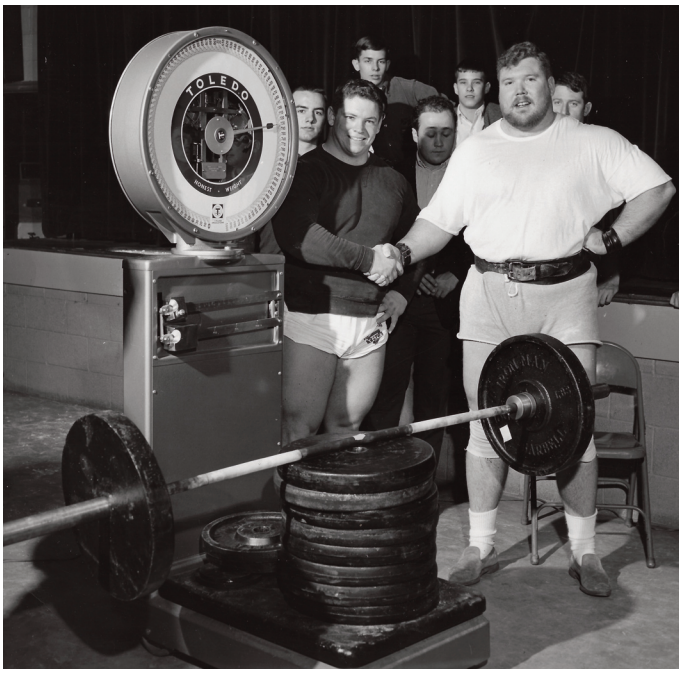
Those for whom happiness is doing or watching the powerlifts, all I can say is that they—we—have chosen a sport which is as basic and ancient as any in the world. Historians suspect that the earliest forms of competitive sport were footraces and tests of strength involving logs and boulders. Picture an early man bending over to get a good handhold on a big chunk of sandstone while his community stood around and urged him on. The muscles of the hands, forearms, back, hips, and legs that would've been used to haul the boulder free of the ground tens of thousands of years ago are the exact same muscles that Don Reinhoudt or Vince Anello would use today to pull their world-record deadlifts.

Although the three earliest historical records we have of contests of strength are some drawings done on the wall of a funerary chapel at Beni-Hassan in Egypt some 4,500 years ago, some accounts dating back to 1896 B.C. from what are now known as the British Isles, and a wealth of information about the pre-Christian classical period in Greece and Rome, we can be certain that what we now call the deadlift is far older and has been done competitively in one form or another ever since mankind has been far enough advanced to take a breather from either hunting or being hunted. Quite likely one of the reasons for powerlifting's rapid growth, as I said earlier, is its primitive, artless quality. People love it *because* it is uncomplicated, because it is *pure.*

There is a huge block of volcanic rock in what is now Italy which bears the 6th century B.C. inscription, "Eumastas the son of Critobulus lifted me from the ground." There were no *tricks* involved in what Eumastas did and the pride he felt, which was great enough to cause him to carve that inscription, must have been very like the

pride I felt the day I broke Bob Peoples' 25-year-old world deadlift record. Tricks have no more place in stone lifting than they do in deadlifting, and if Eumastas was at all like me—and God knows he must have been—that fact was a large part of his pride.

Of course this is not to say that there are no shortcuts in powerlifting because, as this book makes clear, there are. One of these shortcuts, in fact, goes too far, according to some powerlifters. This too short shortcut is the use of anabolic steroids to increase strength and muscle mass. I was around when steroids—usually methandrostenalone (Dianabol)—began to be used, and I've watched their growth with real fascination. From a "secret" experiment on several members of the 1960 Olympic weightlifting team, the use of these male hormones has spread throughout the athletic world so fast and far that it was estimated by some observers that as many as 30 percent of the male and 20 percent of the female contestants in the Montreal Olympics had used anabolic steroids as part of their preparation for the Games.



In February of 1965 in Chattanooga, Tennessee, Terry made history by breaking Bob People's all-time record in the deadlift with a 730-pound pull. He's shown here having the record officially weighed and certified, and is being congratulated by his main competitor in this era, Gene Roberson. In this contest, Terry also set a new world total record of 1870 pounds. He was the first man to total 1600 pounds in the three lifts, which he did in 1963; he was also first to total 1700, 1800, and 1900-pounds.

Without getting unnecessarily technical, I should explain that the word anabolic refers simply to the building of body tissues and that the word steroid refers to a fat-soluble organic compound. Several decades ago, researchers began to look for a way to separate the anabolic effects of the male sex hormone, testosterone, from its androgenic (masculine-characteristic producing) ones, such as voice deepening, increased hairiness, a stronger sex drive, etc., so that they could treat various types of physical problems without causing over-masculinization.

Their research led to the creation of anabolic steroids which could be administered either orally or by injection, and soon the big drug firms were producing them under such trade names as Dianabol, Winstrol, Durabolin, Deca-Durabolin, Anavar, Nilevar, etc. In the beginning they were used to treat such problems as severe burns (because of the tendency of the hormone to promote nitrogen retention), postoperative muscular atrophy, geriatric (aged) debilitation, and cases involving hormonal imbalance. But before long athletes began to realize that if these steroids could strengthen the weak, they might also strengthen the strong. So they jimmied the lock on Pandora's box, and we entered the era of pharmacology.

I use the word "we" advisedly, for I was among the first to take them. I took them quite simply because I believed that they would help my lifting, and there is no question in my mind that they did. Today, if I were to reenter competition, I would take them again. In all honesty I should add that I took them only after reading everything I could find on the subject at the Texas Medical Association Library, only after undergoing a complete physical examination (liver function test, etc.) by the best internist in town, and only as prescribed by my doctor. I wanted to win all right, and I wanted to win bad, but I wasn't stone crazy.

Beginning in the late 1960s and continuing through the 1970s, many articles have been written on the subject in scientific journals. Some of the articles report research which claims that steroids do *not* produce gains in size and/or strength; some of them report research that says they *do* produce such gains; and some of them report research which says they do *only* in the presence of other factors, such as rigorous exercise and a diet rich in protein. One conclusion which *can* be drawn from this conflicting research is that while steroids may or may not enhance muscular development and strength, they are definitely not a sort of sure-fire magic potion *guaranteed*

to make you strong. If they do help, the help they give is percentage-wise quite small. *However,* if we supposed for argument's sake five percent in strength, this seemingly small five percent translates to 25 pounds when you're in the 500 pound range. In other words, if you were able to deadlift 500, a five percent increase in your strength would allow you to deadlift 525. And as contests are often won or lost by only five pounds on the *total* of the three lifts, a five percent increase in strength begins to seem monumental. So goes the thinking of those of us who have taken them.

I realize that to have mentioned them at all in this book will cause some people to criticize me, but I felt that it would be dishonest to omit this aspect of powerlifting. I wanted this book to be a truthful one and I have done what I could to make it so, but no one should interpret my remarks about steroids as a recommendation for their use. They are not without their possible dangers, such as cholestatic jaundice, mild hypertension, liver toxicity, suppression of spermatogenesis, and the termination of linear growth as a result of closure of the epiphyses. Anyone contemplating their use should proceed cautiously, *if at all,* under the watchful eye of a physician, preferably a specialist in internal medicine.

In *Inside Powerlifting,* Terry chose two men to profile related to squat training: Marvin Phillips and Ricky Crain; two men for the bench press: Mike McDonald and Doug Young; two men for the deadlift: Don Reinhoudt and Vince Anello; and three people for the total: Ron Collins, above left, Larry Pacifico, above right, and me. Collins won seven world titles in the 165 and 181-pound weight classes. Pacifico won nine straight IPF world titles.

As you read through this book, you'll notice that none of the exercise routines and diets of the champions mention any use of steroids. This was done because their use in amateur sport is illegal. I refrained from asking the powerlifters in this book whether or not they took steroids because I didn't want to put them in an awkward or compromised position. Except for Jan, who has never used them, I have no *direct* knowledge that *any* of the men use steroids, but I consider it likely that some of them have done so. However, had steroids never been introduced into heavy athletics, I haven't the slightest doubt that these same lifters would still be the strongest men of their weight in the world. They are, after all, the greatest champions in our sport, and they got where they are through a combination of genetic heritage, will, and good fortune. Pills and injections had very little, *if anything,* to do with it.

As for *other* shortcuts, the pages that follow are full of them. I doubt that ever again will so much personalized material on powerlifting be gathered together in one book. I say this because no longer does the United States dominate the sport as it did in the early days. I can imagine a future in which the world champions in the ten bodyweight classes will come from six or eight different countries. Last year—at the sixth world championships—four of the gold medalists were from the United States, four were from Great Britain, one was from Canada, and one was from Japan. And, for the first time, the United States lost the team championship, bowing to the lifting, coaching, and luck of the wonderful English squad. What this means is that it will be increasingly hard in the future for one person to get to know the best people in the sport as I know the ones whose stories make up this book. Geography, language, and the secretiveness and politics which go hand in hand with the internationalization of any sport will combine to make it almost impossible.

I feel fortunate—undeservedly fortunate—to have been so much a part of the birth and growth of powerlifting and to have been in a position to write the sport's first book. I consider it, as they say, an honor and a privilege and I trust that those of you who read what I have written will feel that I have neither dishonored the sport nor abused the privilege.

I am the teacher of athletes,
He that by me spreads a wider breast than
my own proves the width of my own,
He most honors my style who learns
under it to destroy the teacher.

—Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

Notes on Vasily Alexeyev and David Rigert

By Terry Todd

Unpublished, October 1978.

Preface: In 1978, Terry was asked by Sports Illustrated *to attend the World Weightlifting Competition in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Terry had begun to build a relationship with the magazine and had already had his first article published in* SI*—on arm wrestler Al Turner ("Arming Himself for the Fray,"* Sports Illustrated*, 9 October 1978)—but at the Weightlifting World Championships he'd been assigned to help Bruce Newman, one of their regular staff writers, conduct interviews and understand the sport. During the weekend Terry kept notes on yellow tablets—as he always did— and typed up his notes when he got home to send to Newman. If you read "Russia Keeps Coming on Strong," published in the 16 October 1978 issue of the magazine, you'll see that Terry's notes on Alexeyev and Rigert were put to good use by Newman. I missed the eating contest described below, as I arrived in Gettysburg several days after Terry, but I heard him tell that story several times that weekend. I was, however, in the audience when Alexeyev tried to clean and jerk 240 kilos (529 pounds) and pulled a muscle in his hip. After that injury, Terry and I gave Alexeyev a ride to his hotel in our car and then stayed in his room, drinking vodka into the wee hours of the morning with him and our other friends on the Russian team. It was a sad night; we all knew the injury was serious, and possibly meant the end of Alexeyev's career. He never truly recovered. (Terry wrote a memorial tribute to Alexeyev in* Iron Game History *in 2011 after he passed away, that may also be of interest. I've included instructions to find both articles online.)* ~ *Jan Todd*

Alexeyev: He is 36 years old, not 37, 6'1½"-6'2" and he weighed 370 pounds in his workout gear following our session at the groaning board last Wednesday. For the record, it all began in the training hall when, after having finished working out, he picked up his gym bag, rubbed his massive hands up and down over that marvelous cowcatcher of a belly and said to me with a smile, "Vasily push, now Vasily eat. Come." I came.

The booth doesn't look quite big enough to hold Terry, American weightlifting champion Phil Grippaldi, Vasily Alexeyev, and American and world champion Norbert Schemansky.

Actually, I was driving him that day and so went to the car and I began the trip back to the hotel where all the lifters were being fed when I thought to politely inquire what he thought of the food that had been provided. Was it, I asked him, "*Khorosho* or *nyet khorosho*," to which he replied with a downward stroke of that huge right arm, "*Nyet khorosho!* Chit food!" Chit is a Russian word with which I am unfamiliar but it was used in such a way and in such a context that I feel justified in assuming that it was used in a far less than complimentary way. So, I decided to take him to a place down the road which had lacked the

Alexeyev at his full size, during a training session in Gettysburg. When we saw him in the gym, his sweats had holes from all the pulls he'd bounced off his thighs, the elastic was shot at the waist, and his narrow weightlifting belt was helping to avoid an international incident. His wrist wraps were tattered, his t-shirt was not exactly fresh, and yet none of that mattered. He was the king—and everyone in that training room knew it.

foresight to take down an "All You Can Eat" sign.

Once there, having been a bit of a trencherman myself at one time and wanting in the spirit of good fellowship and hospitality to keep Vasily from feeling lonely as he trudged back and forth to the heaping buffet, I decided to see if I could match him swallow for swallow or, as it turned out, chicken for chicken.

We began with a *platter* of salad apiece, consisting of onions, lettuce, spinach, mushrooms, peppers. garbanzo beans, pickled eggs, olives, cheese, bean sprouts and four tomatoes, washed down with a pitcher of beer apiece. When we took our seats I asked him if he cared for beer and he brightened, nodded and said "Da, Da, *cold* beer." The pitcher came, along with heavily frosted glasses which hardly had time to bead before they were emptied, filled and emptied again, after which Alexeyev closed his eyes, leaned back, smiled that wonderful smile and said "Cold beer. I love."

Then came the chicken—drumsticks for him, thighs for me—along with heavy duty side orders of vegetables and more salad, especially more tomatoes (five more each, altogether) and eggs, which he cradled in his huge fingers and called "little chicken" before plopping them into his mouth.

Finally, just when I realized that my combination of gluttony and hospitality had carried me as far as it could, he pushed back from the table and said, "No more. Finish!" All in all, besides God only knows how much salad and vegetables, we each had nine tomatoes, 2½ pitchers of beer and 24 pieces of chicken. And as for "little chickens," I hesitate to mention the total for fear of doing a disservice to the memory of Cool Hand Luke.

Jan: Vasily had met Jan in Montreal and had heard of her recent world records in lifting and of her growing reputation as the strongest woman in the world and he was looking forward to seeing her again. "Strongest man, strongest woman," he kept saying, so when she arrived from the airport, I picked him up and brought him to our motel. Once there, I parked, leaned out of the car window and shouted "Jan! Jan!" a couple of times with no response, at which point he leaned out and thundered "Jaann!" Perhaps she was just about to open the door anyway. In any case, she came out and walked toward the car and he smiled to me and said, "Looking nice, looking strong."

Later, in the training hall, they posed for the thronging photographers and he kept introducing her as "My woman," to their, her, and apparently his own delight. Once while they were being photographed, he asked her to lift him but when she tried to encircle that 60 inch girth her arms wouldn't reach, so he got not a lift but a hug. Later, in his room, we gave him one of Jan's necklaces for his wife Olympiada and he gave Jan a bottle of perfume and me one of Russian champagne.

Later that evening, he told us about Tamara Press, the women's world record holder in the shotput in the early 1960s, "Half woman, half man," he said of Press, then pointed to Jan, smiled, and said, "Nyet. All woman."

Alexeyev: Because of his colossal size, because he speaks very little English, and perhaps even because his fame derives from his body rather than his mind many people in the US see him as an oaf—a huge fat clown who simply happens to be uncommonly strong. What these people fail to see, or to realize, is that to become the world superheavy-

weight champion and to remain so for 8 (9?) consecutive years requires a singlemindedness and a sense of oneself far outside the reaches of even the cleverest of oafs.

Actually, Alexeyev is a quite complex man, a man who seems almost quintessentially Russian in his ursine unpredictability. Like a bear, his moods are alternately playful and fearsome. Konrad Lorenz once said that "if you have an enemy, give him a tame bear." Through the years, media people and autograph hounds around the world have learned, regarding Alexeyev, who is in so many ways like Ali, that some days you eat the bear, some days the bear eats you.

Stuff to Ponder:

Alexeyev—"A sportsman dies twice and the first death is the most painful." Remember how Zhabotinsky looked that night during the autographs and the interview?

Two other men, both Americans, have won eight world championships—John Davis and Tommy Kono.

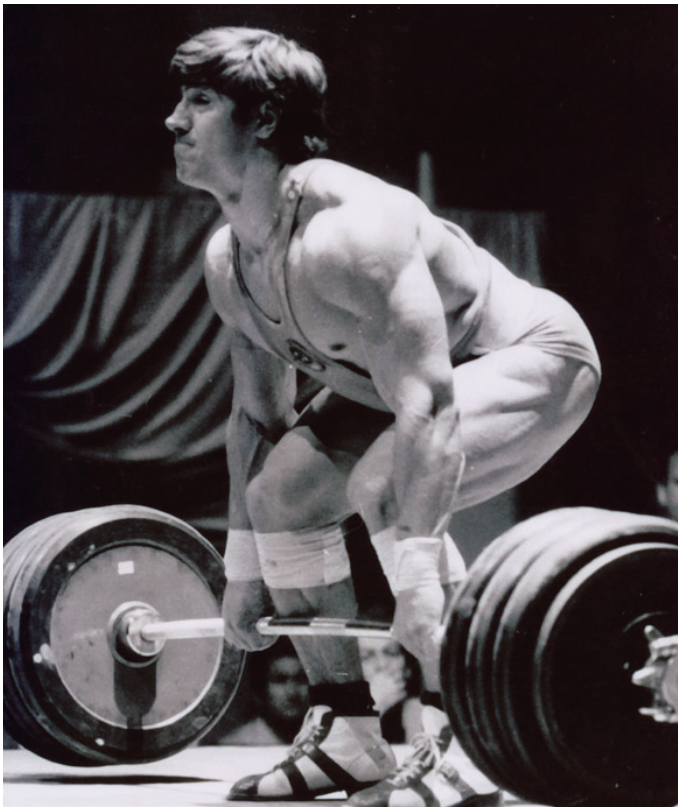
He doesn't like even to *talk* about retirement, responding to a question about his plans after Moscow, "I think not of Moscow but of Los Angeles."

Plukfelder and Igor Kudiukov, the USSR chief coach, upon hearing that Plachkov had snatched 418 in the training hall a few days before the meet, both laughed and held their arms out and shook them to show how they felt Plachkov would react when faced by an adamantine Alexeyev *on the platform.* "Too much competition before competition," they added.

Two things sustain him—the fact that he knows he brings great honor to the Soviet Union and the fact that he is the strongest man in the world.

Rigert—lounging on his hotel bed, smoking a long thin cigar—cleft chin jutting forward with confidence so confident it disquiets. On lifting: "The weight cannot be feared. It must fear you. Many lifters—many strong lifters—fear the weights and if the weights resist them they yield to the resistance without a struggle. Big muscles, great strength, but no gold medals."

"Often I have exceeded world records in practice, but so have many lifters. The practice hall is quite a different place from the competition platform. I am thinking always—resist the weight, resist the weight, never yield."



David Rigert was the other media darling of Gettysburg. Despite moving up to the 220-pound (100-kilo) weight class, he was, as usual, in amazing condition. His heavy musculature awed everyone when he appeared on stage in a singlet, revealing skin so thin that he looked more like a bodybuilder than a weightlifter. Terry joked, in fact, that it looked to him like Rigert's striations even had striations. During his career, Rigert won six world championships, took home a gold medal at the 1976 Olympic Games, and set 65 world records.

"Darwin applies except I would say that in lifting, rather than that the strongest shall survive, the strongest *willed* shall survive."

"Timidity is a great disadvantage in heavy athletics—*tyazhelaya atletica.* When you are alone with a great weight you must be very, very brave. Many men are brave when they are with other men but timid when alone."

"Lifting is *individual* sport, not team sport. In team sport you can sometimes play hooky hooky. In lifting there is no chance for hooky hooky."

"My fathers and brothers are strong. I am the shortest among them yet I was always strong, even as a boy. Both physically and psychologically, I think a man must be a born lifter."

"All feats of strength fascinate me. The powerlifts (squat, bench press, and deadlift) done in the US interest me. I think that if I were to concentrate on them for a time I could prevail over the champions, although your Pacifico is very, very strong and would be difficult to overcome."

"In Russia we have not only the lifting of barbells but the lifting of stones, bags of flour and barrels, and we play the game with the arms." (through the interpreter) smiling, "yes, arm wrestling."

"There is much talk today in heavy athletics about anabolics. I will tell you a story. In Russia we have a proverb that you can train a mule all you want, feed him all you want, and provide him with the best rider yet he will still be outrun by a horse."

Another memory from Gettysburg was meeting Yurik Vardanian, shown here with Terry in the warmup room. Vardanian made a big impression on us by demonstrating his vertical jumping ability one day at the motel. The motel was on the side of a hill and there was a fairly high retaining wall along the parking lot behind our rooms. Alexander Gavrilovets, a friend of Terry's and a Russian journalist who spoke fluent English, told us about Vardanian's ability and got him to agree to show us what he could do. We went outside and Vardanian, wearing blue jeans, took no warm ups and simply walked over, stood for a second to gather himself, squatted down and jumped right to the top. It was incredible. Although no one had a tape, we all agreed it was at least a 48" jump—made with no warmup—and the vodka had not yet been opened.

Rigert General Stuff: He is coached by Rudolph Plukfelder and lives in Shahkty. He is 5'7" tall and competes in the 90 kg (198 pound) class as well as the 100 kg (220 pound class), holding world records in both.

He is Dom Perignon to the lifting connoisseur; Alexeyev is strong beer for the masses. As he enters this championship he has held 58 world records. Alexeyev has held 80.

His suspension was for a year, and it kept him from trying for a fifth world title in the World Championships of 1977. Since his suspension, however, he has been stronger than ever, creating world records in both the 90 and 100 kg classes. The suspension followed a brawl which followed a drinking bout and it was for Rigert "a time of very great sadness." According to his coaches and the Soviet journalists in Gettysburg who have followed his career closely, the suspension seems to have improved him and made him more consistent in his platform appearances. It has made him, according to journalist Alexander Gavrilovets, "once more hungry."

In the Soviet Union, his fame is equal to that of Alexeyev. There and in countries where lifting is followed (107 nations are members of the International Weightlifting Federation) he is known and respected for his marvelous appearance and dramatic competitive style as well as for his 58 world records and four world championships.

Additional Reading:

1. To read Bruce Newman's article in *Sports Illustrated* go to: *https://vault.si.com/vault/1978/10/16/russia-keeps-coming-on-strong-to-the-surprise-of-no-one-the-ussr-team-won-the-world-championships-in-gettysburg-helped-by-david-rigert-who-has-been-overshadowed-by-the-great-vasily-alexeyev.*

2. Terry Todd, "I Remember Vasily Alexeyev," *Iron Game History: Journal of Physical Culture* 11, no. 4 (January 2012): 1-6.

1978 World Power Champs

By Terry Todd

Iron Man (March 1979): 44-50.

Preface: In his introduction to Inside Powerlifting*, Larry Pacifico wrote about Terry's coverage of lifting events saying:*

"I truly feel that one of the main reasons our sport has grown so rapidly . . . is because of Terry Todd. . . . . His unique descriptions of powerlifting and powerlifters have literally changed the sport. Rarely, if ever, has a sports journalist been able to influence in a major way the sport he writes about, but that's exactly what Todd has done. I can say flatly that I would have retired in 1974 had it not been for his coverage of a couple of key meets. He put things in a new perspective for me and changed my attitude 100 percent. His words made me realize how much the game really meant to me. . . .When he shows up at a lifting event, that event becomes more important, because lifters know that what they do with him watching will live on through his accurate, honest words. His presence helps lifters extend themselves—they make lifts they otherwise wouldn't be capable of just to see how Todd will write about it. He writes with drama, with an understanding of the adventure of big-time lifting, and with a perfect feel for down-home humor."

Although Terry covered many lifting contests, I chose this article on the 1978 World Powerlifting Championships in Turku, Finland, because Larry Pacifico plays such an important role in the piece, and because its a great example of why Larry felt Terry deserved such effusive praise. *~ Jan Todd*

Because many, if not most, of you will already know about which lifts by which lifters won which championships at this year's world meet, and because so often reports of such meets only touch on a very few of the highlights in each class, I thought I'd depart just a bit from the standard format and try to take you with the team on the trip as they trained, lost weight, shopped, boogied and in general did their best—which was more than good enough to put the whammy on the rest of humanity in the 1978 version of the world powerlifting championships. Come with me and watch them gather in the VIP suite at the Finn Air terminal in the gigantic Kennedy Airport, laughing and shaking hands, pawing at the new uniforms laid out for them on the long row of tables, and swapping lies about their recent training lifts. Besides the ten lifters—Lamar Gant, 132; Mike Bridges, 148; Rick Gaugler, 165; Walter Thomas, 181; Vince Anello and Steve Miller, 198; Larry Pacifico and Dennis Reed, 220; Terry McCormick, 242; and Doyle Kenady, superheavyweight—the following people were on the charter: Bob and Alda Hoffman, Margy and Christy Schaeffer (the Hoffmans' daughter and granddaughter), Joe Zarella, Lyle Schwartz, Bob Packer, Dennis Burke, Clay Patterson, Ramona Kenady, and your roving reporter (we were joined later by Ed Jubinville, George Zangas and Tony Fitton, among others).

Before long, the pawing, laughing, handshaking and lying were over and it was time to board the monstrous plane for the ride across the big water. As we boarded, carrying way more than our share of luggage, we made a point of seeing that big Doyle was seated in the exact center of the plane as we wanted to be sure that the plane was properly balanced so that our overnight flight to Helsinki via Amsterdam and Copenhagen would be safe and smooth. Which it was, landing us finally in Helsinki in late morning just in time for us to have a mouth-watering reindeer steak (yes, Virginia, there are reindeer, and they're tasty) before taking the half hour flight to Turku, the second largest city in Finland and the site of the forthcoming championships.

We were met in Turku by Jaarmo and Dina, a handsome young couple who were among the many people recruited by the Finnish Powerlifting Federation to assist in the competition. Jaarmo, himself a powerlifter, and Dina, also a lifter and one of the loveliest women I've ever seen, took us outside to board a chartered bus for the

15 minute ride through historic Turku and on to Hotel Ikituuri, the site of both our living quarters and the lifting to come. During the ride Jaarmo welcomed us over the loudspeaker and pointed out to us many interesting things about Turku, such as the fact that it was soon to celebrate its 850th anniversary. As we rode through town, we also noticed that on virtually every wall and fence there were posters advertising the world championships—literally thousands of posters—with each one showing the one and only Vince Anello at the completion of a heavy deadlift. As we drove along in silence, contemplating the countless images of Vince, the bus grew quiet, til finally the silence was broken by a deep voice saying, "I don't know. His shoulders don't look back to me." Much laughter.

Once at the hotel, all wearily made their way to their rooms for some much needed sleep, all except me and Pacifico, who figured that if we slept in the afternoon we'd never sleep that night. And besides, we'd heard so much about the Finnish saunas that we couldn't wait to give one a try. Thus it was that 20 minutes later we were naked as jaybirds, groping our way up to the top tier of by far the biggest, darkest sauna either of us had ever seen. Gradually, as our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we saw two fair-headed men sitting across from us, smiling. "Americans?" one of them asked, to which we replied, also with a smile, "yes." This seemed to please them greatly, and they looked at one another, smiling even broader smiles, as one of them reached for the dipper in a bucket at his feet, and said to us, "A little hotter, yes?" as he flipped about two quarts of water onto the huge pile of electrically heated rocks. I should point out that it was already so hot, sweat pouring out of and down our bodies, that when that half gallon of water hit those rocks, the first shock wave of heat felt like it gave me at least a first-degree burn. Pacifico, to my right, leaned over to me and said softly, "Doc, I can't breathe, let's get out of here," to which I replied, also quietly, "Take a look at our two buddies. Now Pacifico doesn't see too well without his glasses, but what he finally saw was two men whose smiles now seemed to take up half their faces as they watched us expectantly, nudging one another in the ribs from time to time.

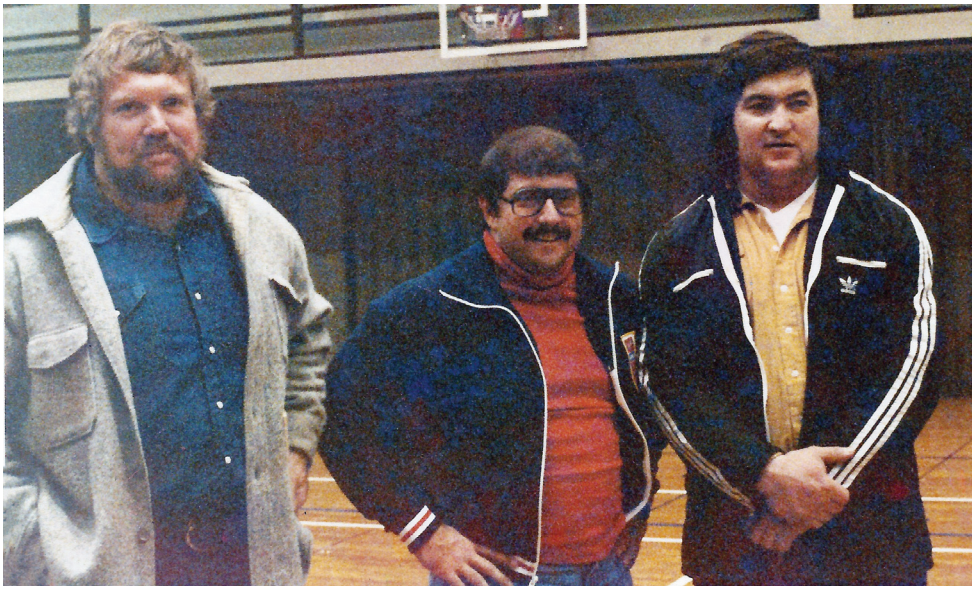
That did it. No one who knows the true extent of Pacifico's competitive nature would have been surprised at what he said when he saw the two big grins across the room. "I'll stay here til I'm medium rare before I'll let a couple of pencilnecks like those two run me out of a sauna," was his position on the matter, a position I knew

Terry and Larry Pacifico were good friends and roomed together at the 1978 World Powerlifting Championships in Finland. Sitting stageside, they're chatting with Bob Hoffman, founder of the York Barbell Company, who also made the trip.

would result, as it did, in another pair of grins, another, "More hotter, yes?" and another two quarts of water being flung onto the glowing rocks. Well, by now I was afraid to move for fear my skin might split, and I was afraid to take anything but the shallowest of breaths as I figured that second degree burns on the outside of my body were bad enough without having second degree burns on the inside. I could hear Larry muttering to himself and I could see his fists clenched and I thought to myself that maybe, just maybe, we could stand it when all at once I heard the dreaded, "A little hotter, yes?" and heard the water hit the rocks. At that point things got confused, as Pacifico and I broke for the door at the same time, only to find ourselves wedged in the doorway with the very guy who'd been dishing out all the water. Finally, we got out, all four of us, and the two Finns, who were laughing out loud by now, grabbed our hands and said, "Joke, joke, a little joke, yes? For our American friends. Come, now we take ice bath."

Although murder crossed my mind briefly, as I'm sure it did Pacifico's, I reasoned that whatever satisfaction I'd get would hardly be worth spending my life in a Finnish prison, so I went along with the others to the edge of a huge, ordinary looking indoor pool, which I imagined would be of moderate temperature, thus allowing our bodies to cool off a bit before taking the "ice bath." So, without a moment's hesitation, I dove toward the water,

as did Larry. But as my hands and forearms hit the frigid water I felt my whole life flash before my eyes and I realized that I was on my irreversible way into the "ice bath," which was obviously a suburb of heart attack city. But, to my great surprise and joy, instead of dying I was revived, as was Mr. Mole, my companion, yet as invigorating as was the swim and as relieved as we were at coming out of both the sauna and the ice bath with no permanent damage, we knew for a fact that we were no longer in the U.S. but were, instead, strangers in a strange land.



Terry, Larry Pacifico and Russian superheavyweight weightlifter Sultan Rakhmanov, unexpectedly met in Finland where the Russian weightlifting team was competing in a town close to Turku. Rakhmanov and Terry were already friends from time they'd spent together at the 1978 Weightlifting World Championships held a month earlier in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. (Rakhmanov ended up second in Gettysburg, losing on bodyweight to Jürgen Heuser of Germany.) Because he had missed a training session to go with Terry to see the Russians, Pacifico did a demonstration at the end of the weightlifting and deadlifted 755.

The following day most of the team members found their way to the well-equipped gym, run by Jaska Parviainen, who organized the contest, and they began to work out the kinks of a long and enervating journey, which included swollen feet, vertigo, stiffness, and a sore tail. The gym was on the lower floor of the hotel, next to the dreaded sauna and the scary but invigorating ice bath, and it quickly became the central meeting place for the lifters of various nations as they began to arrive. Fortunately, at least for the lighter lifters, we arrived a full week before the first day of the four day competition, so our men had plenty of time to get over the effects of the trip and to get in a couple of good workouts before the meet itself.

And some heavy iron was moved, let me tell you. Mike Bridges, in particular, had the Australian team shaking their heads in disbelief as he exceeded four world records in one workout, handling 633 in the squat with power to spare; even the fact that he was seven or eight pounds overweight didn't dim the magnificence of that workout. But our men weren't alone as they handled all those scary poundages—little Precious McKenzie was right with them, exceeding the world records in both the squat and the total, and topping off his amazing performance by climbing up to the chinning bar, hanging from it with one hand for five seconds or so, then smoothly pulling himself up for a perfect one hand chin, then lowering himself back down, hanging for five more seconds, pulling up again, then switching hands and repeating the process. No tricks, no gimmicks, just four perfect, dead-hang chins, two with each hand. Not bad for a 42-year old man.

Not to be outdone by the little guys, old Doyle unlimbered that mountain man strength of his one afternoon and treated the open-mouthed troops to an 860 deadlift and a 550 bench; and no one, other than perhaps Doyle himself, seemed more pleased about all this than the Japanese team, all ten of whom together weighed about what Doyle did. They all seem to have incurable cases of what I'll call for want of a better name, "Sumo Fetish." Not having great size themselves, they have a reverence for it that seems almost religious. They could often be seen standing close to Doyle, or walking around him, as you might walk around a shrine, gazing at him and chattering happily to themselves.

And while I'm on the subject of big guys, listen to this improbable but true story, the background for which was a week I spent with the Russian lifting team in Gettysburg before and during the recent world championships. During that week Jan and I deepened our friend-

ships with Vasily Alexeyev and Sultan Rakhmanov—and made other acquaintances on the Soviet team—to such an extent that I felt real sadness when they boarded the plane for the USSR as I felt sure that it would be at least six months before I would see them again. Thus it was that I felt a mixture of disbelief and amazement on Friday when one of the Finnish officials said to me one day, "Say, Rakhmanov and several other Russians are lifting early this Sunday afternoon in a small town about 50 miles away. Would you like to go?" Is a 300-pound bulldog fat? Seeing my enthusiasm, which included telling him that I'd pay for all the expenses of the trip, he said he'd arrange for a couple of cars if I'd find the people to fill them. Which was no problem, as everyone on the U.S. squad who hadn't scheduled a training session wanted to see the Russians, especially Rakhmanov, about whom I'd gotten them all interested. One of our men, in fact, who had scheduled a deadlift session for Sunday afternoon decided to cancel the session rather than miss the trip. This was our buddy Pacifico again, eager not to miss out on any of life's experiences. Not wanting to see him miss a session, however, I spoke to Jaska, the organizer of the world championships, and asked him to offer the organizers of the Russian exhibition a chance to let their crowd get to see some world class powerlifting as dessert to the main Sunday dinner of snatches, cleans and jerks. Accordingly, this was arranged and so about 18 of us piled into three cars and headed for the small town of Forssa and a look at the biggest set of pins in the iron game.

As we got there a bit late, the lighter Finnish lifters had already taken their first attempts, so I walked over toward the door leading to the warmup room but was met by a stern-faced official who was guarding the entrance. Then, all at once the huge form of Sultan Rakhmanov strode past the door, glanced out, saw me, did a classic doubletake and then charged through the doorway—almost knocking down the guard as he did so—and grabbed me in a classic bearhug, saying over and over, "Terry, cannot believe, cannot believe." What all our team couldn't believe were the legs on the man, and the forearms. For shape, size, and muscularity combined, I don't think any superheavyweight—power or Olympic—has ever had their equal.

And with such a great start how could it help being a great afternoon? For not only did our guys get to see Sultan in all his primitive magnificence—looking like a Frazetta cover on a Conan book—but they also got to see Yuri Zaitsev, the world 242-pound champion, Sergei Arakelov, the young man who tied the legendary David Rigert in Gettysburg in the 220s, losing only on bodyweight, and several other Soviets of truly alarming strength. And on top of that, when they were through, Pacifico treated both the audience and the Russians to a deadlifting demonstration in which he worked up to an easy single with 755, which brought down the house. And the good thing was that although the crowd had come to see the greats of Olympic lifting, they respected strength in any form, and the ovation they gave Larry as he pulled the 755 was equal to any they'd given to any of the Soviets, including Sultan himself.

Sultan Rakhmanov's massive forearm were other-worldly, and I say that after living with a man whose own forearms would never be described as "spindly." This shot of the three of us was taken in 1978 in Gettysburg. Rakhmanov later won the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow.

When the applause had died down, Sultan took me aside and said, "Terry, come to hotel. We drink, talk. Also Pacifico." So, we went, we drank, we talked, we exchanged gifts and we made hopeful plans to meet in Leningrad at the Friendship Cup competition in March, finally leaving when they had to dress for an official banquet. Thinking back on it all, one of the good things to see about this somewhat historic meeting between some of the best men of both sports was that each had such great respect for the other.

Without question Pacifico has as much regard for Rakhmanov as the big man has for him. In the hotel, Sultan placed his hand a couple of times across Larry's ham-like upper arm and said, "big, big," to which Pacifico would reply by pointing at Sultan's forearm and saying, "bigger." It was good to see.

One of the events of importance which always accompanies a world championship is the Congress of the International Powerlifting Federation, in which legislation of consequence to the sport is considered. This year, in particular, several critical changes occurred in the structure of our sport, one of which was the inclusion as full partner of women's lifting as part of the IPF. World records will now be "official," and, in 1980, the first world championships will be held. Appropriately enough, these championships will be held in Nashua, New Hampshire, and will be promoted and organized by Joe Zarella, U.S. powerlifting chairman and patron saint of women's powerlifting. Another big change that the American delegation (Bob Hoffman, Lyle Schwartz, and Dennis Burke) fought for and finally brought off is the official recognition of the 275-pound class (125 kg). Although the first world championships to include this class will unfortunately not be held until 1981, all other meets whether local, regional, national or international may include it now, and world records at that weight may be submitted immediately. In my view, this is a great step forward for our sport and I know that powerlifters everywhere join me in thanking the three U.S. representatives who fought so hard and so well, against surprisingly stiff opposition, to see that the new class got adopted. One of the delegates, in addition to his other good work, also placed a bid, which was successful, for the 1979 world championships. The delegate was the almost 80-year-old Bob Hoffman, who sees the tremendous potential of powerlifting and has committed himself to matching the magnificence of the Finnish meet, which was by far the most elaborately staged competition in the history of our sport. Bob plans to hold the meet somewhere in the York area and he says he plans to give the U.S. fans something to remember.

Other things of importance were also discussed and voted on at the Congress, but space prevents their discussion here, though perhaps I should mention that a new, "improved" version of the Schwartz Formula was adopted that gives the smaller and larger classes a chance against the classes in the middle. And that no longer will the spotters be allowed to lower the bar to the lifter's chest in the bench press. And that no longer will the spotters be allowed to help the lifter backward with the bar in the squat, though they will still be allowed to help the lifter in lifting the bar upward off the rack. And that women the world over will not have to worry about insecure, petty officials who sometimes seemed to enjoy harassing women by invoking a strict interpretation of the rules and insisting that the women be weighed nude in front of one or more male officials. Now, the world has adopted the U.S. policy of having the male officials delegate the weighing-in responsibility to a woman. In this regard, I told a rather amazing young woman I met in Finland the story of a recent confrontation in Canada in which several male officials forced a young woman to either be weighed nude by one of them or drop out of a certain meet. Apparently, when the Canadian woman told the officials that in the U.S.the policy had for some time (even before it was adopted as the official policy) been for the male officials to delegate a woman to do the weighing, the chief official snapped, "That's the U.S. This is Canada. Either you weigh-in nude in front of a male official or you don't lift." Anyway, the young woman to whom I told this sorry tale looked at me when I finished and said simply, "I would have given him a kick he'd have never forgotten." And as this particular young woman holds a very high belt in karate and has spent years in that sport and in aikido and as she can bench press 215 at a bodyweight of 132 and as she is quite probably in better overall shape than any woman in any sport in the world, spending an average of six hours a day in vigorous exercise of many kinds (bodybuilding, ballet, swimming, running, tennis, and, of course, karate, and aikido, along with powerlifting), I rather doubt that he would either have forgotten or gotten over it. Look for some more information on this amazing athlete in one of the forthcoming issues of *Iron Man*.

Now, rather than going through the contest lift for lift, I'd like to talk a bit about the members of the U.S. team and about how they trained and relaxed and a bit about the three world champions who came from countries other than this one. And who would be a better subject on whom to begin than the marvelous little Japanese, Hideaki Inaba, who this year won not only his fifth consecutive world championship, setting world records in the squat and total, but was chosen the best lifter—the champion of champions—for 1978. The things I remember about Inaba are, besides of course his lifting, his wonderful disposition and the capacity he has—so out of proportion to his stature—to have a good time. Although he

stayed pretty well clear of the discos prior to the lifting and during the time when his teammates were competing, when the meet was finally over he really cut loose, buying everyone drinks, kissing the ladies, and doing a solo dance complete with powerlifting and Olympic movements (not to mention a wondrous amalgam of the martial arts) —a real showstopper. I spent a couple of hours in Finland interviewing this fine little guy, through an interpreter, and got loads of fascinating information which, as time permits, I'll try to pass along to the powerlifting public.

But as precious as Inaba was, he was no more precious than the 42-year-old New Zealander who won the world 123-pound (56 kg) championship, the aptly named Precious McKenzie. That dapper, stylish little man, besides shattering the minds of everyone in the warmup room, as I explained earlier, made his new world record squat with 479 so easily that I felt sure that he had a bit more, and when I asked him about it later he said he was "saving back a bit" for an exhibition the following week in England (and in which, as it turns out, he broke the record twice more, ending with the scary weight of 496). But not only did Precious dress well and lift well, he even sang well at the party Jaska arranged for everyone following the conclusion of the meet, standing up there with the band and belting out a very professional version of "More" and several other standards to the extreme delight of the big, happy crowd.

As for my man Lamar Gant, he also has a great love for music but his affiliation with it is more terpsichorean than vocal. Lamar, in short, can get down, drawing the attention of everyone at the disco as he would swirl, spin and glide across the dance floor smiling like a possum up a ripe persimmon tree. And old Lamar didn't wait til he was through lifting before he boogied—no sir—he hit it, along with Pacifico, every night, proving that the way a man prepares for competition as far as spare time is concerned is as individual as the way a man trains. Different strokes for different blokes, as Tony Fitton should've said even if he didn't. And the fact that it worked for Lamar can be easily seen in the fact that not only did he break the world record in the deadlift (with 623) and the total (with 1410), but he beat the great Eddie Pengelly in the process, racking up his fourth consecutive world title.

The thing I remember most about Mike Bridges, more even than his world record squat of 622, his world record bench press of 402, or his world record total of 1609, is a night several evenings prior to the competition in his class, when I happened to look up from the table where I was sitting, watching Lamar and others dancing, to see Mike, all alone, standing on the lifting platform at the other end of the cavernous hall of Hotel Ikituuri, apparently lost in thoughts and dreams of the lifting to come. The thing that seems to stick in my mind is that although Mike is a rather small man and although he was over 100 yards from where I was sitting, his concentration—his presence—was such that rather than seeming small he seemed almost to fill the platform. He was on that platform, by himself, making plans, and as his plans solidified, he appeared to dominate the stage. Finally, after at least an hour of meditation, he stepped at last onto the top—the winner's position—of the dais, standing there for several minutes gazing out over the empty hall. At that moment, any doubts I might have had about Mike's ability to come through under the intense pressure of international competition were stilled. I knew then even more than when watching him make world records in practice that Mike would not only win but would in all probability create new standards for his class. And he did.

And now comes the sad task of discussing the unfortunate failure of Rick Gaugler to get a squat and thus stay in the meet. Who knows for certain why he bombed? Hindsight would suggest that in light of the fact that he did no heavy squat training during the week before the meet in Finland and that he made "only" 617 at the senior nationals, his opening attempt was too high, 25 pounds or so under your recent contest best being perhaps several cuts too close to the bone, particularly at the world championship, when team points must be considered. Perhaps both Rick and the coaches should have realized this, but wherever the blame falls, I think Rick's misfortune was the saddest thing to bear for the entire U.S. squad, along with the failure of Dennis Reed to total in the 220 lb. class, because Rick is such a fine young man, so well liked and respected by everyone on the team. It was simply heartbreaking to watch as he got caught by the clock on the first attempt and then dumped his next two over his head as he was on his way up out of the bottom position. He was in such splendid condition, or so it seemed, that we were virtually certain that he'd dominate his class. But as it turned out, the original hard luck kid, Peter Fiore, who in the past seems always to have been the bridegroom but never the groom, hung on for a very popular victory. As for Rick, following his failure, although it must have taken enormous courage for him to do so, he

came right back to the hall to help his teammates, refusing to give full expression to the grief he must have been feeling by either getting tanked or by holing up in his room or both. It took a man to come right back to the hall in the face of lost face lost so publicly.

What can I say about Walter Thomas, other than that he was his usual loud self, almost always drunk, with four or five women with him, hollering and shouting some obscene story or other and telling everyone around about how he was the greatest lifter in the world and that Ron Collins was nothing, man. Does anybody believe what I just wrote? I surely hope not, but I just couldn't resist having a little fun with one of the nicest, quietest, straightest, strongest, and most modest men in our sport. Anybody who knows Walter could probably not even Imagine him doing any of the things I had him doing in the first sentence. Walter drunk? You must be kidding. Walter hanging out with loose women? Come on! And as for him tooting his own horn, the real truth of the matter is that he's actually like the horse named King in the story about the farmer who had two work horses, Prince and King, and who was all the time bragging about how strong old Prince was, and how tough and about how he just couldn't be beat and so on until finally one of the other farmers who lived nearby and who knew how good a horse King was, asked how come the only thing that got talked about was how tough Prince was and how strong Prince was and how come there was never any bragging on old King, at which point the horse-owning farmer just smiled and said, "All you have to do is watch old King work. He does his own bragging." Walter squatted 672, benched 413, deadlifted 716 and totalled 116 pounds more than his closest opponent. That's all the bragging a man needs.

One addendum to my comments about Walter has to do with how much he loved the Finnish people and how he responded to the amazing way they treated him (and all of us). It seems that Walter's wife had their fourth child on the very day he won his gold medal and that in honor of the Finnish people and their remarkable hospitality, he named his child "Ketos," which is Finnish for "thank you." To me, this signifies more powerfully than anything else I know the depth of feeling Walter and the entire U.S. contingent had for the fantastic Finns. I say it again—ketos.

All I have to report about Brother Anello is that when he finished lifting, lowering that bar-bending 815-pound deadlift to the floor, every man on our team was proud of how he had come through under pressure and of how he had made those thousands of posters come to life, with his shoulders back, Jack. It wasn't easy for Vince. Pressure seems to bother him a bit and Steve Miller, who had tied him at the Seniors, was looking mighty strong in the pre-meet training sessions, so strong in fact that quite a bit of usually smart money had shifted to Steve rather than Vince for the gold medal. But when the contest began, Vince was there with the goods and Steve pulled up injured—injured twice, in the upper thigh and shoulder—leaving Vince all alone at the top. For some people, Vince apparently among them, too much human contact the last day or two before a big meet is bad, because the talk always turns to lifting and the talk is exciting and the excitement causes the old adrenaline to begin spurting, thus depleting the supply for the competition. Obviously, Vince understands this about himself and so a couple of days before he was to lift he began keeping more or less apart, drawing a cloak of silence and concentration around himself and readying himself for the time when he would walk to center stage, bend down, wrap his muscular, calloused hands around a bar loaded to 815 pounds, and then pull both it and the audience into the air in defense of his cherished world crown.

Perhaps I shouldn't say these kinds of things about Pacifico, he being a living legend and all, but I'm going to say them anyway. After all, everyone knows that he'd held more world records than anybody else and that he's won every world championship that's ever been held, but how many people know that he snores like a 400-pound asthmatic orangutan. Or that rooming with him is like living in a clothing store in the garment district of New York City. The thing about rooming with him which in a moment of weakness I was talked into doing, is that he brings about 9,000 super-suits and 15,000 sets of superwraps along and turns his room (my room!) into a kind of bazaar (it's bizarre, all right, especially if you have to live there). What happened was that at any time at all, day or night, the door would be knocked and outside would be standing a little group of foreign guys, waving dollar bills or Finnish marks in their hands, smiling and saying over and over, "Pacifico, Pacifico." Lord have mercy! Personally, after having to live with him for two weeks and put up with all of that plus blow dryers and the loudest clothes this side of Disneyland, I was glad to see his 804 squat and his 523 bench get two red lights each even though the squat was deep enough and the bench never stopped. Served the stocky little rat right. So he

won his eighth straight world title. Big deal. Try rooming with him sometime.

Terry McCormick. The very name signifies consistency and pressure lifting. All of us who know him were pleased that he had a good chance to win this year, though we were saddened by the absence of Doug Young, due to what now looks to be an injury that won't keep him out for much longer, praise be, and we felt sure that he'd turn in his usual solid, workmanlike performance. Which he did, winning convincingly over the fearsome Finn, Haanu Saarelainen, a man who also came to win and who was still so full of confidence the evening after the lifting that he came up to Terry, poked him gently (well, as gently as Haanu can poke) in the chest and said with a look that could freeze blood, "I know who is the best man in Finland." To which Terry replied, being as smart off the platform as he is on it, "So do I, Mr. Saarelainen, so do I." Actually, Terry's superiority was even greater than the lifts indicate as he decided not to take his third squat and his third deadlift, feeling a bit off form and thus disinclined to risk injury when he felt he had the meet wrapped up. So, although he didn't get his usual nine for nine, he still batted 1,000, going seven for seven and winning his first world championship.

The thing about Doyle Kenady's performance that took everyone's breath away was that he faced two of Finland's greatest lifters, one of whom is the most popular strength athlete in the country, 1977 world superheavyweight champion Taito Haara; that he faced them in front of 2000 Finns who had come there to see their men win, and that he was able by the clean, no question style of his lifting to not only gain the respect of those 2,000 rabid partisans but to bring them to the point where they were on their feet screaming for him to succeed with his 885 world record attempt in the deadlift. His squats were so deep and his benches were so powerful and his deadlifts were so awesome that by the end of the meet even the Finns themselves knew that Doyle Kenady was cut out of the same cloth as Don Reinhoudt and so deserved to be the champion of the world. And not only is he a champion, he thinks like a champion, as the following story clearly demonstrates. What happened was that the CBS television people (yes, there will be coverage, nationwide, of the meet) asked me to do an interview with Doyle prior to the lifting, during which interview, at the conclusion of a bunch of questions about how he thought he'd do in the meet, I hesitated for a moment, turned to him and said "Listen, Doyle, I've been wanting to ask you something. Do you think Bruce Wilhelm is really the strongest man in the world?" To which the big man instantly replied, without a trace of a smile, "Definitely not." I repeat, he thinks like a champion and as so often happens, the thought is father to the act.

And while I'm on the subject of television, let me say how happy we all were when arrangements were finally concluded with CBS which resulted in their coverage of the meet. I worked with them throughout the lifting and they seemed to be genuinely impressed, as well they should have been, with both the way the contest was conducted and with the quality and excitement of the lifting. Their original plan called for the creation of only one 25-minute segment for their "Sports Spectacular" show but after seeing what a hot property they had they have apparently decided to do two 25-minute segments. I'll do my best to get the word out to all the appropriate publications as soon as I know when the show will be aired, but for now let me say again what I've said before. Which is that when the show does come on, please take five or ten or fifteen minutes and write a letter or send a telegram to Eddie Einhorn, CBS Sports, 51 West 52 Street, New York, New York 10019. Believe me when I say that your letters and telegrams last year had a great deal to do with the fact that you're going to be able to see the lifting from Finland this year. And believe me when I say that if you want to continue to see the sport of strength televised, you simply must do your part to let the head guys know that we've got one terrific sport and that there are lots of us.

I hardly know what else to say except that it was a real privilege to me to be able to make such an exciting trip and to be able to do my little bit for the sport I love, especially when I did it in the company of such fine, dedicated, purposeful men—athletes as well as officials. All of you who didn't get to go can rest assured that you were represented in Finland by men of whom anyone would be proud. We're the best in the world now, no question, and if we can continue to field teams like this one, I have an idea that we'll be the best for a long, long time to come.

Team Winners

U.S.A.	92 Points
England	85 Points
Finland	82 Points
Sweden	55 Points
Australia	49 Points

Periodization for Powerlifting

By Terry Todd & Mike Stone

The Powerlifter 1(February 1981): 16-17.

Preface: In 1979, Terry and I moved to Auburn, Alabama, where Terry opened the National Strength Research Center at Auburn University. With funding from exercise equipment company Diversified Products, the Center's goal was to bring together academics studying strength—like exercise physiologist Mike Stone and biomechanicians John Garhammer and Tom McLaughlin—with elite-level athletes in varsity sports as well as powerlifting and weightlifting. Most athletes in the early 1980s were still relatively unsophisticated about training methodologies, and the idea of varying the volume and intensity of workouts was not commonly practiced. The unique mix of athletes at the Center—powerlifting greats like Bill Kazmaier, Lamar Gant, Joe Hood, and Lars Hedlund;our collegiate teams in Olympic weightlifting and powerlifting; and, of course, the highly successful varsity athletes of Auburn University—allowed Stone and these other pioneers of strength science to experiment with training methodologies and to help others know what worked best.

In 1981, after being introduced and experimenting with the idea of using periodization—a still relatively unknown training method outside the Soviet bloc—Terry wrote this article for the official United States Powerlifting Federation magazine, The Powerlifter. *There was only one national powerlifting federation in America at that time and the magazine was sent to all registered members. This was the first article ever written about using periodization as a training methodology for powerlifters. Based on the number of letters Terry received after its publication, it had a major impact on the sport.* ~ *Jan Todd*

In response to several recent letters and telephone calls, we decided this month to discuss the basic principles of cyclical training or, as it is sometimes called, periodization. To "cycle" simply means that instead of using the same sets and repetitions for months at a time you would pick a certain period of time (three months, for instance) and then vary your sets and reps within that three month period, after which you would begin the cycle again. Through trial and error, athletes in many sports found that if they tried to maintain maximum strength or condition at all times they would go stale and suffer setbacks in their training. Many of them noticed that if they began with a lot of moderately hard work early in their cycle and then as their contest or meet got closer switched to heavier work but less of it that they had better results.

Through the 1960s and 1970s many powerlifters discovered this on their own and most of the top men and women used some sort of crude cycling or periodization. One of the principles used by these powerlifters was that of doing high repetition and lighter weight early in a cycle, then switching to moderate repetitions and heavier weight, and finally concluding the cycle with low reps and very heavy weights. One of the reasons this works well was brought out in some research by Morehouse and Miller in 1978 which observed that enlarged (hypertrophied) muscle has a greater potential to gain strength and power than non-enlarged (non-hypertrophied) muscle. And, since Morehouse and Miller along with some earlier research had shown that muscle enlargement could, most effectively be achieved by doing 3-5 sets of between eight to ten repetitions, the top powerlifters were "proven" to be doing the right thing by beginning their cycles with high rep, "body-building" movements.

Back in 1961, the Russian sports scientist Matveyev first described how this concept of periodization worked when he analyzed the yearly training cycles of hundreds of world class athletes. This analysis showed that these athletes went from a high volume-low intensity program early in their cycle to a high intensity-low volume program just before their competition. In powerlifting, "volume" would be the number of total repetitions done

and "intensity" would be the heaviness of the weight. In other words, a program of five sets of ten reps in the bench press with 200 pounds would be a high volume-low intensity routine whereas a program of three sets of two reps with 300 pounds would be a high intensity-low volume program, assuming a best in the bench of around 315.

In the late 1970s, Dr. Mike Stone adapted Matveyev's findings to several research studies in weight training in an attempt to determine whether or not periodization was a better way to produce strength and power than the traditional method advocated by most physical education textbooks (three sets of six reps at maximum weight). One of the studies involved a high school football team, lasted 12 weeks, and used the bench press, power clean and squat as the testing lifts. The 30-man team was divided into two groups, one of which used the traditional method of three sets of six reps the other of which followed an approach involving four stages—hypertrophy, basic strength, strength and power, and peaking—each of which used increased intensity (weight) and decreased volume (repetition).

High School Football Study— Training Methods						
		Weeks 1-3	Weeks 4-7	Weeks 8-10	Weeks 11 & 12	
Periodization Group		5 sets x 10 reps	3 sets x 5 reps; 1x10 lighter	3 sets x 3 reps; 1x5 lighter	3 sets x 2 reps; 1x5 lighter	
Group Using 3 sets x 6 reps		3 sets x 6 reps	3 sets x 6 reps	3 sets x 6 reps	3 sets x 6 reps	
Changes After 12 Weeks						
		Body Wt (Kilos)	Vertical Jump (CM)	Squat (Kilos)	Clean (Kilos)	Bench (Kilos)	Total (Kilos)
Periodization		2.2	4.3	23.4	9	14.7	47.1
3 x 6		3.2	2.6	15.7	5.9	11.1	32.7

Listed above is the training program and the results in centimeters (cm) and kilograms (kg). Each group trained four times a week. Both groups squatted and benched on Monday and Thursday and did pulls from the floor, pulls from the mid-thigh and shrugs on Tuesday and Friday, with Thursday and Friday being a lighter (85-90%) day.

This study and several other similar ones Stone conducted all suggested that a cyclical approach to training works better than a standard approach in which the same sequence of sets and reps is used over an extended period of time. One of these studies has involved Olympic lifters and the results have led Dr. Stone to put the lifters at the National Strength Research Center on a sophisticated system of cycling in which several mini-cycles are put inside the larger 12-week cycle, in which two workouts a day are taken during most of the cycle, and in which the predicted poundages include seven different levels at an intensity ranging from very heavy (100-120%) to very light (65-70%). This approach has produced excellent results for the NSRC Olympic lifters and we will have more to say about it in future columns.

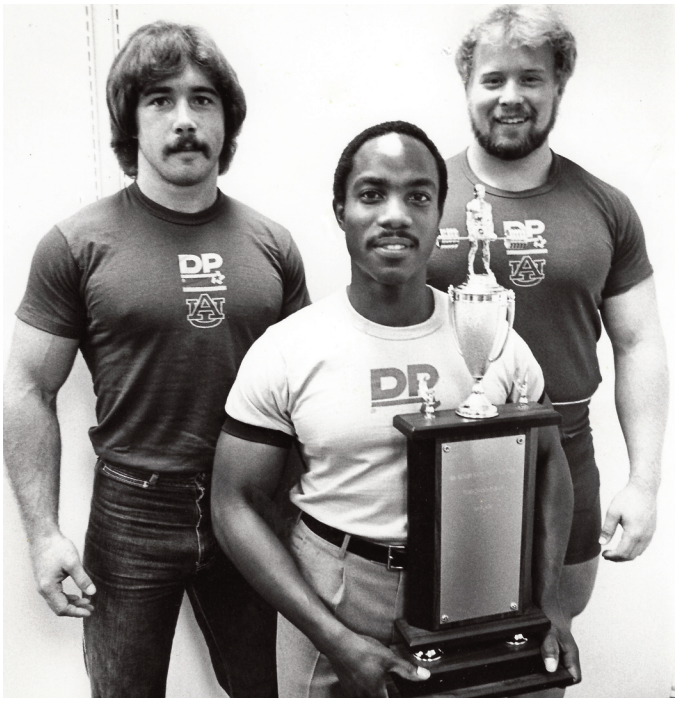
At this point our men and women powerlifters here at Auburn follow a program which is similar in basic nature but far less sophisticated in approach. In time, as we learn more, we hope to refine it. It should be pointed out that the program used here by our collegiate powerlifters is also the one which forms the basis for the routines of Bill Kazmaier and Jan Todd. Bear in mind that there are many approaches to cycling or periodization. Many paths exist to the top of the mountain.

Periodization Program for Powerlifters

In all cases the sets and reps indicated on this routine are indicative of the goal or desired workload for the day and not the entire number of sets of that particular exercise that should be done during the workout. For instance, during the hypertrophy phase, each exercise marked 3x10 would also include a warmup set x10, an intermediate set x10 and then, the final 3x10 at the goal weight for the day. In the peaking phase, the 2x2 would also include a number of warmup sets before the lifter was ready to try his two heavy sets of doubles. However, to get the full results of the cyclical approach, the lifter should not, under any circumstances, max out during the earlier mini-cycles when the routine calls for sets of 10, 5, or 3. Work up to your heavy sets for the day, try to do them well and then let it go for the next week when you'll try to move up in your poundages.

Hypertrophy: January 11-February 1

Sunday: Squat 3x10, Rack DL (below knee) 3x8
Monday: Wide Pulldown 3x10, Dumbell Row 3x10, Cable Row 3x10, Shrug 3x10, Curl 3x10
Tuesday: Bench Press 3x10, Narrow Grip Bench Press



Fifteen-time world champion Lamar Gant (holding trophy) was coached by Terry at the National Strength Research Center and used a periodization-training program similar to the one described in this article. Standing with Lamar in this photo from 1981 are Auburn students George Herring (left) and Bill Davis. The three men had just competed in the USPF Senior National Powerlifting championships where the trio won the team trophy. Herring took third in the 165-pound class, Davis won fifth in the 242-pound class, and Lamar—to no one's surprise—placed first in the 132s. For college students to do so well in the Senior Nationals was unusual and helped validate periodization's efficacy in Terry's mind. Terry later wrote an article on Lamar for *Sports Illustrated* called "He Bends, But He Doesn't Break." It is in the 22 October 1984 issue.

3x10, Forward Raise 3x10, Triceps Press 3x10
Wednesday: Rest
Thursday: Medium Squat (85-90% of Sunday's workout) 3x10, Deadlift from Floor 3x8
Friday: Same as Monday except do Barbell Rowing first for 3x10 and skip the Dumbell Rowing
Saturday: Same as Tuesday

Basic Strength & Power
February 2 to February 24

Sunday: Squat 3x5 plus 1x10, Half Squat in Power Rack 3x5, Partial Deadlift (below knees) 3x5
Monday: Pulldown 3x5 plus 1x10, Dumbell Rows 3x5 plus 1x10, Cable Rows 3x5 plus 1x10, Shrugs 3x5 plus 1x10, Curls 3x5 plus 1x10
Tuesday: Medium Bench Press 3x5 (90% of previous Saturday), Narrow Grip Bench 3x5 plus 1x10, Forward Raise 3x5 plus 1x10, Triceps Press 3x5 plus 1x10
Wednesday: Rest
Thursday: Deadlift 3x5, Light Squat (80% of Sunday) 3x5 plus 1x10
Friday: Same as Monday except do Barbell Rowing first and skip the Dumbell Rowing
Saturday: Bench Press (heavy) 3x5 plus 1x10, Assistance work as outlined on Tuesday

Peaking: February 25 to March 14

First week: do previous week's workouts but do triples with the same weights you did fives with the previous Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. This will allow freshness to return.

Second and Third Weeks:
Sunday: Squat 2x2 plus 1x10 (light), Partial Deadlift 2x2
Monday: Pulldowns 3x5, Dumbell Rows 3x5, Cable Rows 3x5, Curls 3x5
Tuesday: Bench (90%) 3x2 1x10, Narrow Grip 3x2 plus 1x10
Wednesday: Rest
Thursday: Deadlift 2x1, Squat (Medium Light) 3x2 plus 1x10
Friday: Same as Monday
Saturday: Bench Press (heavy) 3x2 plus 1x10, the rest as on Tuesday

Note: Last heavy squat day should be the Sunday before the meet, and the last heavy bench day the Saturday before. The last heavy deadlift day should be the Thursday nine days before the Saturday meet on March 20. It you have to combine workouts, combine Monday and Tuesday or Friday and Saturday. The final week should be as follows:

Monday: Same as the previous Monday with 90% of the weight
Tuesday: Same as the previous Tuesday
Wednesday: Squat 2x3 (75% of the previous Sunday's session) Deadlift 2x1 (75% of previous Thursday workout)
Thursday: Same as previous Monday but 15% lighter
Friday: Rest
Saturday: Competition

Behold Bulgaria's Vest Pocket Hercules

By Terry Todd

Sports Illustrated (10 June 1984): 32-46.
Photographs of Naim Suleimanov by Bruce Klemens

Preface: Terry began writing for Sports Illustrated *in 1978 and his most well-remembered* SI *articles are undoubtedly his profiles of pro-wrestler Andre the Giant (12 December 1981), and football star Herschel Walker (4 October, 1982), and his lengthy analysis of drugs and sport called,"The Steroid Predicament" that appeared on 1 August 1983. The article I've chosen for this special issue, however, is Terry's less well-known, but equally important, article about weightlifter Naim Suleimanov. I chose"Behold Bulgaria's Vest Pocket Hercules" because the finished article turned out to be much more than he or his editors had expected when they sent him on assignment, and because he was willing to take a personal risk to get the story. At the height of the Cold War, for an American journalist to witness how elite communist athletes trained was almost unimaginable. But, somehow, Terry talked his way into Bulgaria and didn't even have a visa to travel there.*

Terry had proposed to SI*—and been given permission—to go to Vitoria, Spain, to cover the European Weightlifting Championships and write about the lifters who might be stars at the 1984 Olympic Games. He was especially interested in a young Bulgarian named Naim Suleimanov. When he arrived in Vitoria, Terry found a soulmate in Angel Spassov, a multi-lingual Bulgarian coach who helped him interview the Bulgarian and Russian lifters. The two got on so well that, as the contest was winding down, Angel invited Terry to return to Bulgaria with the team on their special plane. The fact that Bulgaria was a staunchly communist country in 1983, that he didn't have a visa to get into Bulgaria, and, that he had not been authorized by* SI *to go to Bulgaria, didn't stop Terry from accepting the invitation. I have clear memories of his phone call from Spain as he told me he wasn't coming home after the championships as planned, that he had no idea when he'd return, and that he also wasn't sure what would happen when he landed in Bulgaria. Despite my protestations that this all sounded dangerous—what would happen if they thought he was a spy, I remember asking—he told me he just had to go. It was too great an opportunity.*

Thankfully, when the plane landed, Spassov talked him through what passed for customs and his lack of visa was miraculously overlooked. Terry always claimed that his week there was one of the most interesting of his life. He couldn't believe the level of strength displayed in the Bulgarian team's workouts, or what he learned from the sport scientists he met. After the article appeared and people read about the Bulgarians' multiple training sessions per day composed of high-intensity, single-lift workouts, it sparked great debate within American weightlifting circles and in the world of strength coaching. Angel Spassov was later brought over by the National Strength and Conditioning Association to give clinics in different American cities about the "Bulgarian System" and in 1990, after Bulgaria was no longer a communist country, Terry assisted Angel in moving to Austin to become the first women's strength coach at the University of Texas. He remained our close friend until his death in 2017.

As for Naim Suleimanov, thanks to Terry, he would be referred to as "The Pocket Hercules" for the remainder of his all too short life. He did not lift in the 1984 Olympics as the Bulgarians boycotted the Games, but he did win gold medals in 1988, 1992 and 1996. He passed away at age 50, after defecting to Turkey in 1986 and changing his name to Naim Süleymanoğlu.

~ Jan Todd

The new, brightly colored weightlifting hall hard by the Black Sea on the grounds of the Grand Hotel in Varna, Bulgaria was quiet. Most of the men who had filled the hall with clanging action only minutes before had drifted out to stretch themselves on the dark green grass, have a smoke and enjoy a few minutes of rest in the late spring sun, but two remained. One, whose creased, wan face and haunting eyes made him seem a decade older than his age of 52, drew on a tablet that was carefully watched by the other, whose stature and physical proportions gave him the appearance not of a man or even an adolescent, but of a boy, perhaps even a child. Yet this boy-child—barely 5 feet and weighing only 123 pounds—had, less than ten minutes before, lifted 375 pounds, more than three times his own bodyweight, from the floor to full arms' length overhead.

Naim Suleimanov was the star of the 1983 Record Breakers tournament in Allentown, Pennsylvania, just as he was in Vitoria, Spain. In this photo, taken at the after-meet banquet, his tender years are readily apparent.

What the man drew and the boy watched was a stick-figure explanation of a slight flaw in the lifting technique the boy had used, a flaw that, when corrected, the man explained, could result in even greater poundage. At last the man turned in his chair to face the boy. "Never be satisfied. Never," he said firmly, leveling his old, knowing eyes on the barely opened but hyperalert ones of the boy, who nodded somberly, turned and went outside to join the others.

The man in the training hall was Ivan Abadjiev, head coach of the Bulgarian National Weightlifting Team, which, the week before, had won the European championships in Vitoria, Spain, taking six of the ten weight classes—and sending the Soviet coaches and officials into apoplexy. The boy was 16-year-old Naim Suleimanov, who, at Vitoria, had become pound for pound the greatest weightlifter in history. Together, Abadjiev and Suleimanov symbolize not only the remarkable success the Bulgarian weightlifting team has had over the past 10 to 12 years against other Eastern bloc strongmen, but also the almost total devaluation of the Olympic medals to be awarded this summer in weightlifting as a result of the Soviet-led boycott of the Olympics.

In Los Angeles, the wunderkind Suleimanov would have stood out with a special brilliance. This is so not because Suleimanov happens to be the best weightlifter in the world, but because he happens to be the best weightlifter in the world at the age of 16.

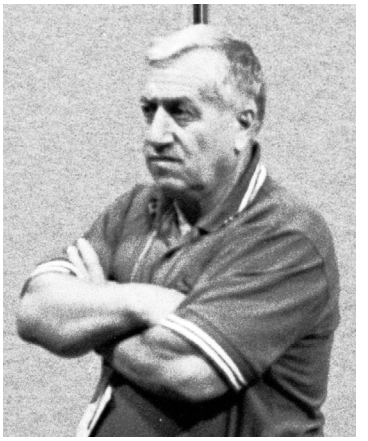
What Suleimanov has done is unprecedented; in fact, it is almost unbelievable. One might as well expect a world-class jockey to emerge from a group of sumo wrestlers, or a record-holding high jumper to appear among the Ituri rainforest Pygmies, or a contender for a gold medal in boxing to step forth from Culture Club as expect a boy to lift weights that not even the strongest of mature men can lift. Before Suleimanov, "world record-holding 16-year-old weightlifter" would have been a contradiction in terms.

Unlike the mayfly sports of swimming and gymnastics, in which we have come to expect athletes to reach and pass their peaks before they reach their majority, or even tennis, in which teenage phenoms are an almost yearly occurrence, weightlifting at the highest levels was thought to require the full-grown, well-seasoned muscles of a man in his 20s or even 30s. After all, were not the greatest lifters—Tommy Kono, John Davis, Waldemar Baszanowski, Paul Anderson, David Rigert and the one and only Vasily Alexeyev—well and truly grown when they were at their finest? And were not the triumphs of young men like America's Pete George, who was 18 when he won a gold medal in the 1947 world championships, so rare as to be the exceptions that proved the rule that lifting would never become a playground for children?

Yet Suleimanov exists, a vest-pocket Hercules laboring to shatter our concept of human possibilities. And as incredible as his lifting is for a 16-year-old, it was perhaps even more startling when he was 15 and already held a world record; or when at 14 he exploded onto the international scene with a performance at the world junior championships in Sao Paulo that, when reported on wire services around the world, was dismissed everywhere but

in Bulgaria as a misprint. But it was no typographical error. Lifting in the 52-kilo (114-pound) class, Suleimanov not only won the 19-and-under world championship but also fell just 5½ pounds short of the world record in the total in the open division, with 551. He then tried to break that record, and though he failed, he did not fail to get the attention of the weightlifting community, once its members had been assured by more complete reports that indeed a boy barely in his teens had equaled a senior world record.

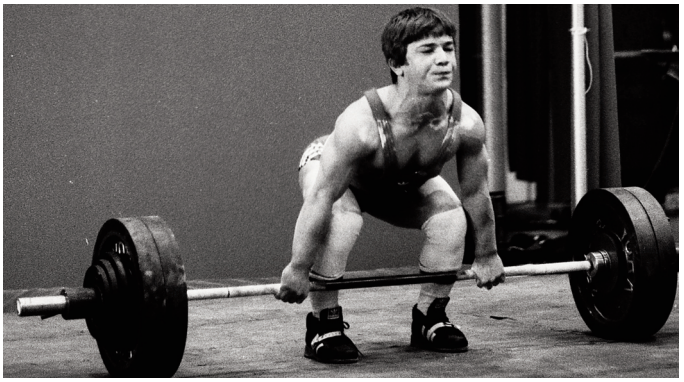
How did this happen, everyone wanted to know. And was Suleimanov really only 14? And what new wonder drug must he be taking to do so stupendous a thing? And was it "healthy" for a boy so young to be lifting weights? And so on. To find the answers to such questions, a good place to begin might be the tiny Bulgarian mountain village of Ptichar, in what was once known as Thrace, where Naim was born in November 1967.



Ivan Abadjiev was head coach and chief training architect of the Bulgarian team when Terry visited. Abadjiev had to push for boys to begin training in weightlifting at age 12, but once allowed by the authorities, the new policy played a major role in Bulgaria's international success. The photo was taken in 1996 at the Atlanta Olympics.

Like many villages in rural Bulgaria, Ptichar is populated by men and women who are hardly strangers to a life of manual labor and simple peasant food. It is exceptional only because, being roughly 75 miles from the Turkish border, it has far more people of Turkish descent than would be found in other areas of Bulgaria, a country with a population of 8,900,000 and a land mass comparable to that of Tennessee. Bulgaria was ruled by the Turks of the Ottoman Empire for almost 500 years, until, with the help of Russian armies, the Bulgarians were able to drive the hated Turks out in 1877 and '78. Even today many Bulgarians remember with bitterness the cruelties their forebears suffered under Turkish dominion, and there is almost no intermarriage with countrymen of Turkish ancestry.

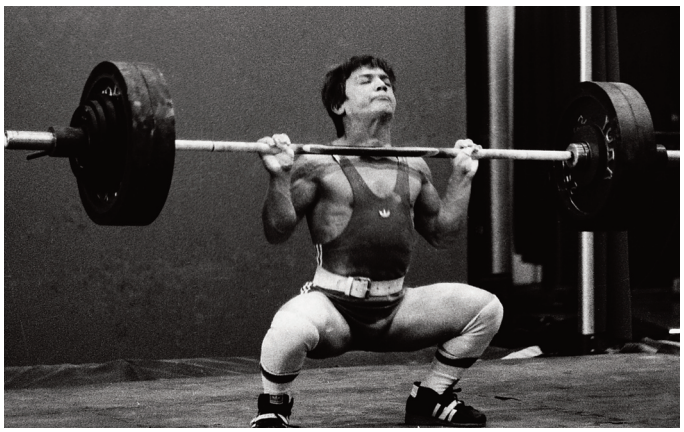
In short, people of Turkish descent are perceived by the average Bulgarian as second-class citizens. Naim Suleimanov is Turkish. Turkish and poor. And small. A weightlifting coach who teaches in Kardzhali, a town near Suleimanov's village, remembers what an unusual boy he was, and how desperate he was to get involved in weightlifting, which, along with wrestling, is one of Bulgaria's most prestigious sports. "When he was only nine," Enver Tulumov says, "he was pestering me about lifting the weights. But he was only 115 centimeters [3'9"] and 25 kilos [55 pounds], and I was telling him no, he was too young and small. But always he was asking."



Several months before Terry travelled to Spain, Suleimanov astonished the weightlifting world by setting a new world record in the clean and jerk with 160 kilos (352 1/2 pounds) at the Record Breakers in Allentown. He's getting set here to begin the pull.

Angel Spassov is a lecturer in weight-lifting and power training at the Higher Institute for Physical Culture and Sport in Sofia and is a member of the Bulgarian national coaching staff for weightlifting. He first saw Suleimanov at a lifting competition in Kardzhali, when the boy was 10. "I was noticing this so small boy on the platform helping to load the bars for the competitors," Spassov recalls, "and he was watching the lifters like wolf. Like wolf! He was missing nothing. He was loading the weights and then sitting down and watching everything the lifters are doing. And so careful he was to be moving the bar each time between lifts and to be putting it in the best place so the lifter will be having the best chance for a good result. I am never forgetting this boy because he was so small—he was looking maybe five or six—but he can handle the heavy plates and load the bar like a man."

Fascinated by the monomaniacal mite, Spassov asked his friend Tulumov about the boy and learned of Suleimanov's compulsion to become a weightlifter. Unable to convince the coaches to allow him to train in the gym, Suleimanov lifted rocks and logs—anything he



Photographer Bruce Klemens captured Naim's historic lift just as he's pulled the bar into his chest at the bottom of the clean. This weight is almost three times Naim's bodyweight.

could find to tax his strength. And whenever he could, he went to the training hall in Kardzhali to watch the older lifters. Like wolf.

At last the day came when Suleimanov could take the test he'd been waiting, it seemed, all his short life to take—the sports school exam.

"I was wanting so much the sports school," he recalls, "that my mind was losing everything. I was having a hunger for the weights. I was lonely for them." This hunger and loneliness is still shared to some extent by thousands of young boys in Bulgaria as they near the age of 12, the time when the sports schools offer what we would call athletic scholarships to promising young athletes in a variety of sports. Many of them are encouraged by particular coaches, as Suleimanov was, to take the test—a Bulgarian version of recruiting. In Bulgaria, such testing occurs early and often—first at the age of three, in kindergarten—and the results circulate through the coaching community. Suleimanov was, of course, accepted.

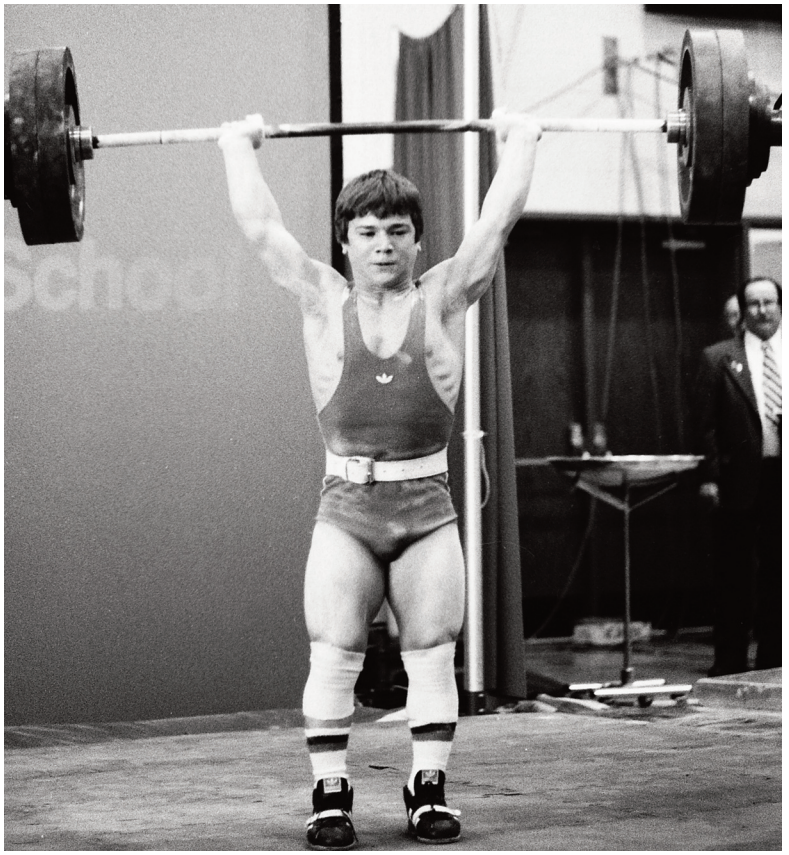
Both boys and girls are invited to take these sports school tests, which are designed by the scientists and coaches at the Higher Institute for Physical Culture and Sport. The purpose is to single out the youngsters with the greatest potential for the various disciplines in the national sports program. The tests are relatively simple, involving such tasks as a 60-meter sprint, sit-ups to failure, push-ups to failure, chin-ups to failure, a standing long jump, an 800-meter run. For the potential lifter, there is a flexibility test in which the boy lifts an unloaded exercise bar, weighing perhaps 15 pounds, over his head with a shoulder-width grip, and then attempts to keep the bar overhead while he lowers his body into a full squat. In addition to these athletic tests, the children are weighed, measured and X-rayed to determine their level of maturation. Next, the coaches of the various sports study the results and offer the scholarships. Often, a boy or girl will be offered a scholarship in more than one sport, and then the youngster must decide which to choose. It is an important decision, because subsequent switching is rarely allowed.

There are 22 sports schools in Bulgaria, and they have 85 trained coaches who work full time on weightlifting with the approximately 2,000 boys specializing in that sport. The sports schools are boarding schools, and they have smaller academic classes than the average public school, to compensate in part for the fact that the students spend so much time at sports training. All of the students live and take their meals at the schools from age 12 until they graduate, at 18. The food is free, of course, and, as Suleimanov says, "So good is the food. It is of the best." Warmup suits, T shirts, lifting belts, singlets and lifting shoes are also provided; and in return the boys train year-round, hard. Like dog.

Except for the first year, when the boys practice other sports and train three times each week with light bars, the normal schedule calls for breakfast at 7, academic classes from 7:30 to 10, training in the weight room from 10 to 12, rest from 12 to 12:30, lunch from 12:30 to 1, a nap from 1 to 2, classes from 2 to 4:30, weightlifting again from 4:30 to 6:30, rest from 6:30 to 7, dinner from 7 to 7:30, supervised study from 7:30 to 10, snack from 10 to 10:30, and then bed. This is the Monday-through-Friday schedule. There are also two hours of lifting on Saturday mornings, after which the boys are free to visit their families, who in most cases live in the same town or city, or one nearby.

This intensive training of a large group of young athletes carefully screened for strength, explosiveness and flexibility has paid big dividends to the Bulgarian national lifting team. It has dominated teenage lifting for the past 10 years or so and has produced many world champions, the most spectacular being Suleimanov. More than any other country, Bulgaria is responsible for the ever higher standard of lifting among teenagers, and it all began, in a way, by accident.

Apparently, Ilia Nikolov, a coach in Vidin, a town in northwest Bulgaria on the banks of the Danube, had in 1960 a young boy who was so obsessed with a desire to lift that Nikolov allowed him to train at the age of 14, which was contrary to national policy. The boy, Rilko



With the massive weight locked out overhead, Naim's Lilliputian stature is even more apparent. It just doesn't seem reasonable that a boy so physically small, and still so young, could also be so mighty.

Florov, repaid the gamble by establishing a junior world record in the 60-kilo (132-pound) class in 1963, when he was 17. Florov's performance prompted Nikolov to theorize that perhaps it would be helpful for all boys to begin at a younger age. He discussed this with another coach, Abadjiev.

Though he has become the *éminence grise* of Bulgarian lifting, Abadjiev was then only a struggling young coach. He was clever, though, and determined. It is impossible to understand the flowering of a talent such as Suleimanov's without some insight into the work Abadjiev did to break the ground and prepare the soil. Some years before Florov's junior world record, Abadjiev had come to a conclusion similar to Nikolov's. However, when he presented his ideas to those then in control of Bulgarian lifting, they were rejected, partly because Abadjiev was already in hot water with the authorities for having helped organize a national teenage championship in 1959. But, as Abadjiev says, "If you are fearing the bear, do not be going into the forest."

It took Abadjiev—and the growing number of supporters drawn to his uncompromising ideas—years to convince the Ministry of Sport to go along with the idea of early training, but in 1969 the sports schools finally began to admit lifters at the age of 12. Abadjiev was made coach of the national team that same year, and soon he made it competitive with that of the Soviet Union, despite that country's vastly larger population. Today, the U.S.S.R. has more than 340,000 registered lifters and 2,500 full-time coaches: Bulgaria has only 4,000 to 5,000 and 185, respectively, but Abadjiev's lifters hold 12 (of 30) world records and three world championships.

In his 15 years as boss, Abadjiev has had so much international success with both his junior and senior lifters that he is now regarded as something of a legend. But he seems suspicious of success, as if it must be treated guardedly lest it escape. He is a serious man, and he seldom smiles as he watches his championship lifters, each of whom is accompanied by a personal coach. In fact, Abadjiev often upbraids the coach as well as the lifter if he sees something wrong.

Watching Abadjiev direct his coaches and lifters, one sees a technique not unlike the one ascribed to Vince Lombardi. Recently, during a workout at Varna, Abadjiev intended to forestall an out-break of what he calls "star illness." It was the fifth session of the day and would be the heaviest in the clean and jerk. Twenty-five weary men in the room listened quietly.

"You are all looking happy from Vitoria," Abadjiev began, "but I warn you, is not good to be too happy. Chief of Soviet delegation is telling me in Vitoria not to think it will be so easy the next time we fight. He is home now in Moscow and is sending the word all over that big country that they must be having better results. So do not be too happy. Be working hard. And thinking hard. And then harder. Do not think the top of the mountain is easy for the standing."

After Vitoria, the top of the mountain is exactly where the Bulgarian team did indeed stand. The European championships are considered to be second in importance in weightlifting only to the world championships or the Olympic Games (the worlds are not held in Olympic years). Each country tries to send its strongest possible team, and this year was no exception. The Soviet Union

entered the men thought to have the best chance for medals; Bulgaria did the same, except perhaps in the 148-pound class, in which Abadjiev entered 21-year-old Georgi Petrikov, whose mother had died less than a month before, rather than one of Bulgaria's most consistent international competitors, Yanko Rusev, 26, who has set 38 official and unofficial world records in his distinguished career. "Rusev has won many times," Abadjiev explained, "but Petrikov was maybe having only this chance. He was loving so much his mother." When you're hot, you're hot, and even this decision of the heart paid off for Abadjiev.

Petrikov won, and his victory was part of a string of what would become six in a row for the young Bulgarians—their average age was 19—over the Soviets, who went home with wins in only the final four classes: 198, 220, 242 and over 242 pounds. In the lightest class (114 pounds), Bulgaria's 19-year-old world-record holder, Neno Terzyiski, won as expected, but it was Suleimanov's consistency and contempt for world records that set the tone for what followed. Suleimanov was opposed by a small bundle of fast-twitch fibers from Soviet Armenia, Osken Mirzoyan, who had beaten him in the world championships in Moscow last October. But Mirzoyan, who held the world record in the snatch (288 pounds), was perhaps unnerved by the fact that young Suleimanov had chosen to start the competition with a weight of 275½ pounds. In any case, Mirzoyan missed all three attempts in the snatch, and he lost any chance at best total (snatch plus clean and jerk). Suleimanov, on the other hand, didn't miss until his third try, when he barely failed to snatch 292 pounds in an attempt to break Mirzoyan's world record.

In the clean and jerk, however, Mirzoyan roared back with a new world record of 364 pounds, only to receive in reply an immediate face job from Suleimanov, who, on his final attempt, elevated a majestic 370 pounds. Suleimanov thus became only the second man in history to hoist three times his weight overhead. Moreover, Suleimanov's total of 656 pounds made him the greatest lifter in history as measured by the Sinclair formula, a series of coefficients used by the International Weightlifting Federation to decide who is Champion of Champions.

The Bulgarians were on their roll, and they won the 132-pound, 148-pound, 165-pound and even the 181-pound class, in which Assen Zlatev upset five-time world champion Yurik Vardanian, like Mirzoyan a native of Soviet Armenia. As these victories followed each other, the growing consternation of the Soviet contingent was matched by the unabashed joy of the Bulgarian journalists. The press center was behind the weightlifting platform, and after each win the Bulgarian journalists would rush to the phones, chatter excitedly to Sofia, then return to report smilingly on the jubilation back home as championship after championship was broadcast on national radio and television.

To an outsider, it is hard to understand fully the pride a small country takes in such victories, especially in sports that are paramount in that culture, and it is equally hard not to be charmed by this happiness. "We are deciding two years ago to dedicate ourselves to 1984," Spassov explains, "and we are all knowing it will be a hard thing to beat the Soviet Union. We are not so large and we must work harder. We all decide this—the coaches, the lifters, the science workers and all those helping the team. I am taking time off from my teaching at the Sport Institute, and all this year I am working with Zlatev. I am knowing Vardanian for many years and he is a great champion, but we are all pushing to bring down some of the great champions of Soviet Union. We knew we could do what we have done in Spain. It makes me want to cry like Gypsy to hear Bulgarian anthem so many times when they raise flag for winners."

A week after Vitoria, the Bulgarian team was back in Varna and listening not to the national anthem but instead to music with such startlingly improbable lines as, "You can't hang a man for killin' a woman/Who's trying to steal his horse," and "he cried like a baby and screamed like a panther in the middle of the night." True-blue kickers will recognize those lines as coming straight from Willie Nelson's album *Red Headed Stranger*.

"U.S. country music is good for training," Spassov explains to a flabbergasted visitor. "The boys are loving Mr. Nelson, and Mr. Cash also." Actually, the visitor would have been more astonished had he not heard, only minutes before in the lobby of the hotel Muddy Waters moaning over the speaker system about a "jack out with his jennet, waaaaay on over the hill."

While country music may play a big part in the Bulgarian training system, it isn't used in the training hall without Abadjiev's approval. However, it is played each afternoon and evening when the lifters unwind, record their daily training poundages in their diaries and relax before sleeping. Suleimanov is especially fond of such music. Asked who his favorites are, he says, "I am liking all country songs," then adds with a shy smile, "maybe

Mr. Rogers' Gambler is best."

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the Bulgarian system is that its designers, like Mr. Rogers' gambler, leave little to chance. Diet, rest, recovery, sleep, massage, water therapy, food supplements, psychological assessment, training-hall surroundings, relationship between coach and athlete and training theory are a few of the many items factored in as members of the national team prepare for a competition. Their diet is unexceptional, derived, sensibly, from such nutritious local favorites as yogurt and an outstanding fetalike cheese made from sheeps' milk; but their actual training system is indeed revolutionary.

For years, lifters around the world trained three times a week, believing that the body required at least 48 hours to recover properly from the rigors of heavy exercise. Now that belief has been challenged by several modern training systems, particularly Bulgaria's. Pushing against the limits of human performance, Bulgaria's sports scientists and coaches have determined, to their satisfaction at least, that the body of a young, carefully chosen lifter can benefit and recover from as many as seven sessions of lifting each day, Monday through Friday, and three sessions of lifting on Saturday, Sunday being an off day.

Only a person who has trained seriously with weights can fully appreciate the workload involved in such a series of training sessions, but anyone can appreciate the time and effort required to do the workouts the national team did in Varna on Friday, May 4, 1984.

•10—10:45: Snatch—10 to 12 sets of one or two repetitions, working up in increments to approximately 90% of the lifter's best competitive lift.
•10:45—11:15: Break.
•11:15—12: Clean and jerk—10 to 12 sets of one or two repetitions, working up to 90% of best competitive lift.
•12—12:15: Break.
•12:15—12:45: Eight to 10 sets of front squats with either one or two repetitions, working up to 90% of the lifter's best training poundage.
•12:45—1: Walk to hotel.
•1:00—1:30: Lunch.
•1:30—3:45: Rest, nap, Mr. Cash, Mr. Nelson.
•3:45—4: Dress and walk to training hall for afternoon sessions.
•4—4:45: Clean and jerk—10 to 12 sets of one or two repetitions, working up to approximately 100% of lifter's previous best.
•4:45—5: Break.
•5—5:45: 10 to 12 sets of one or two repetitions, working up to 95% of previous best in clean and jerk.
•5:45—6:15: Break.
•6:15—7: Snatch—10 to 12 sets of one or two repetitions, working up to approximately 100% of previous best.
•7—7:15: Break.
•7:15—7:45: Regular or back squats—10 to 12 sets of one or two repetitions, working up to 90% or 95% of previous training best.

To make clear how this routine translates into poundages, Suleimanov—remember, now, he had snatched 286 pounds in Vitoria, barely two pounds under the world record, and clean-and-jerked a world-record 370 pounds—snatched 275 pounds in the first session, clean-and-jerked 352 pounds in the second, clean-and-jerked 375 pounds (!) in the fourth, cleaned-and-jerked 363 pounds in the fifth and snatched 297 pounds (!) in the sixth. Taken together, these seven workouts in one day simply had to be seen to be believed, especially since everyone on the team was doing essentially the same thing. Even more shocking was that the next day, Suleimanov and his teammates came back to the training hall and duplicated the three morning workouts.

Although the entire team handled heavy weights during these sessions, only Suleimanov actually went over the world records. Even among a crowd of other world-record holders, Suleimanov stood out for the ease with which his stocky, efficient body popped those big bars over his head. In their own proud way the other young lifters understood and honored Suleimanov's uniqueness, looking at one another, shaking their heads or winking as their prodigy stacked more and more and always more plates on the ends of his springy steel bar. It became clear that he is a favorite among them, though he seemed the most reserved of the lot. Occasionally he would join the lighthearted banter that flowed through the lifting hall between Abadjiev's brief lectures, and he smiled happily when he won a friendly bet with Antonio Krastev, the talented young superheavy, in the sixth training session.

When Suleimanov actually approached the bar and lifted, though, every one of his 152 centimeters and 56 kilos was dead serious. Like wolf. He would tighten his tiny belt, chalk his stubby fingers, which are so short he must let his thumbnails grow so he can take a properly

secure "hook" grip on the bar, approach the weight with short steps, bend slowly at the waist and hips to grasp the bar, flatten his relatively long back so it became slightly concave and close his heavily lidded eyes for a moment. Then, with a slight preparatory shudder, he would begin to pull the bar at what seemed at first to be too slow a speed but which became, once the bar reached a position five or six inches above his thighs, a blur of plate-rattling speed as he extended his body fully and then dropped under the bar to fix it either at his chest or at arms' length overhead.

As to how the bodies of these lifters, even a body so ideal for lifting as Suleimanov's, are able to recover from so seemingly impossible a training program, we just don't know for sure. Several factors could come into play. For one thing, the Bulgarian training relies heavily on massage and water therapy; the coaches believe it would be ideal to have a masseur for every lifter, but their budget doesn't permit such a luxury. They can afford water, and if no whirlpool is available, the lifters use the tubs in their rooms, or even a swimming pool. The Bulgarians believe that massage and water help dispel the effects of heavy training and prepare the body for the work to come. They also hold the opinion that by always remaining slightly hungry and by fasting, except for drinking a small amount of fruit juice, for one day in every 10 or 11, their bodies naturally produce more of the hormones needed for heavy athletics.

The Bulgarians' no-stone-unturned approach stems from a problem they had in 1976 when two of their premier performers, Blagoi Blagoev and Valentin Christov, tested positive for anabolic steroids at the Montreal Olympics. "It was so big a blow to our system when they were failing the test," Abadjiev recalls, "but it was helping us to put more work from that time to now on proper methodics. Anabolics are a terrible thing because they are making the coaches and lifters lazy. Any problem? Take steroids. We decide to change and work without always the anabolics."

Other members of the support staff of the national team echo these remarks in private conversations, explaining that there are many ways to safely enhance the body's own production of such substances as testosterone and growth hormone, and that these are the methods used by Bulgaria's lifters. Dr. Kristo Glovov works full time as the team's physician, and he says he prescribes steroids only twice each year—for a few weeks at a time during the heaviest period of training, to speed recovery. "But we are doing X-rays on our lifters," he says, "and so we know when they are finished in tallness. Suleimanov is so young we think he will have more tallness, so he is without anabolics in his life."

But while Dr. Glovov, the coaches and the other "science workers" who assist the Bulgarian team deny that steroids play a significant role in their scheme of things, other lifters and officials are, to say the least, highly skeptical, speculating that anabolics must be behind Suleimanov's stunning achievements. In any case, the Bulgarians are proud of and excited about their new system and the effect it is having on the muscles of the lifters. Abadjiev explains, "Power is coming from the way the muscle fibers are organized, and at the Sport Institute they were teaching us that fibers and their number come only from genetics—from the mother and father. But we know now this can be changed by much work with heavy bars. We can change the genetics and split the fibers. This is a new thing for us and we are doing this with no anabolics. Only good methodics and hard training."

Glovov and the other sports scientists with the team have done muscle biopsies which revealed, they say, that the muscle fibers of these lifters had increased not so much in size as in number, a phenomenon called hyperplasia, which is believed by the majority of scientists around the world to be impossible in muscle fibers. But one U.S. researcher contends that the claims made by the Bulgarians may indeed be legitimate. Dr. William J. Gonyea is professor of cell biology, director of the Anatomy Department and Distinguished Professor of Exercise Science at the University of Texas Health Sciences Center in Dallas, and since 1977 he has conducted studies in which cats undergo heavy resistance training. His report that microscopic analyses of the cross sections of the trained muscles revealed that the fibers had indeed split in some way and increased in number was met by doubt or outright disbelief in the scientific community. When told of the Bulgarian training methods and claims of hyperplasia, Gonyea said, "In my judgment it is entirely possible they have found a way to produce hyperplasia. There is no doubt in my mind that in our cat models the fibers were increasing in number and, given that, it should happen in humans if the stimulus is sufficient."

Wherever the truth resides, Abadjiev is fierce in his pride in his "methodics." "We must have a testing for anabolics by the International Weightlifting Federation in which they are going to all countries and testing the top lifters with no warning. Only in this way are they solving

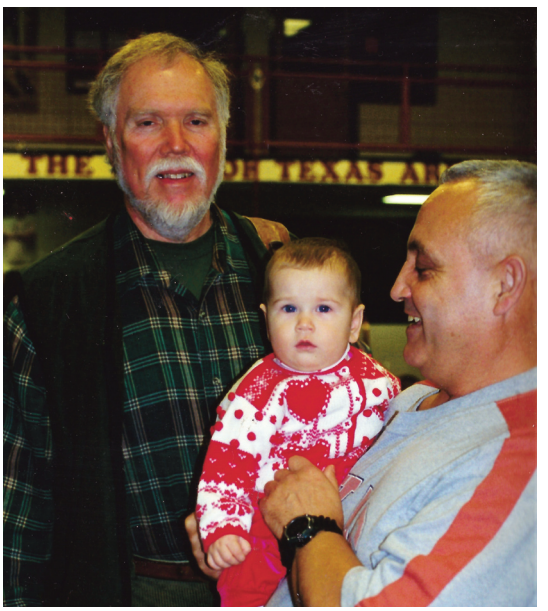
so big a problem. And I am wanting it solved because then we will be winning more medals than before. I am not liking to put anabolics into a boy."

Asked whether it was natural for a 15-year-old boy to lift world-record weights, Abadjiev replied, "No, Naim is not a normal boy, and what he is doing is natural only to him. But I am thinking there are other boys who can do this, maybe even younger boys. I was not foreseeing this before it happened, and the science workers were not foreseeing it. And then came Naim. I am telling you, only God could have foreseen such a thing. But I want no boys younger than Naim. A boy needs to have his time to be a boy. Even if big results are possible when younger, is better to wait and be getting the results later. We forget because Naim lifts a man's weights that he is still half boy."

It is indeed hard—given his round face and unshaven peach fuzz—to see Suleimanov as anything but all boy. His relatively short arms and large head give him the appearance of being much younger than 16. His proportions and limb shape bring to mind the small folk made famous by J.R.R. Tolkien: the Hobbits. And as Hobbits are begotten by other small folk, so too Suleimanov, whose father, a sometime miner, sometime farmer, is exactly the same height as Naim, though eight or nine pounds heavier, and whose mother is a whopping 4' 7½", weighing in at 83 pounds. And as perhaps befits a family of diminutive Turks in Bulgaria, they are unusually close—so close, in fact, that not long after Suleimanov enrolled in Kardzhali's sports school, which required him to both eat and sleep there, even his beloved barbells failed to keep him from running away and going back home. But after being consoled by his mother, who was also of two minds where the sports school was concerned, he decided to return and concentrate on his lifting.

He remained at school in Kardzhali until April 1982, and then, because of his meteoric rise in the national rankings, joined the national team in Sofia. He trained there during the four months preceding his historic performance in Sao Paulo, but because he was still homesick he was allowed to return to Kardzhali for the next academic year. In the summer of 1983, as the pieces for the 1984 Olympic Games were being put into place by Abadjiev and his minions, Suleimanov was brought to Sofia for good.

His life in that bustling, handsome old city with its backdrop of hillsides covered with fruit trees and the looming beauty of the Vitosha mountains is rather different than his life was in Kardzhali. At the sports school he was just one of the boys and girls—albeit more famous—attending classes, training, doing homework, and looking forward to weekends at home. But in Sofia, because of the obligation Abadjiev feels to train the team with regularity and severity sufficient to "split the fibers," Suleimanov has no time to be enrolled in one of Sofia's sports schools and little opportunity to travel the 150 miles to his home. But he keeps up with his schoolwork—a tutor comes in evenings—while his teammates watch TV and listen to songs about pickup trucks, trains, prison and love-sick blues on their sound systems.



The friendship between Terry and Angel Spassov, begun during this remarkable trip to Bulgaria, lasted until Angel's death in 2017. Spassov moved to Texas in 1990 to work at UT-Austin and was soon joined by Galia Tzvetkov with whom he had two daughters—Kalina, shown here in 2002, and Boriana. Angel was a major force in introducing Bulgarian methods to the United States' strength coaching community and was much loved by his UT athletes.

All in all, life on the national team is a full but rather narrow one for a boy of 16. Yet Suleimanov seems to feel a sense of responsibility, even destiny.

"I know I am a so special boy," he said quietly, two days before the Olympic boycott was announced, "and I am knowing this for a long time. I am getting much strength from nature, but I must train hard with the heart to make big results on platform. This I will do. I am hearing so much about your California and I am dreaming about seeing that so special place. It is a big dream for a so small boy. But I know there is talk that the chiefs will be keeping us from California. I can't understand this but maybe I am not having enough years. Each night I am praying to come."

Of Oxbells and Christmas

By Terry Todd

Sports Illustrated (24 December 1984): 111-120.

Preface: In an unpublished memory piece written in 1976, Terry first wrote about his fascination with draft animals, a fascination that ultimately led us to buy our own team of draft horses and to learn to use them on our farm in Nova Scotia. "Twelve years ago," he wrote,"I went to the Pennsylvania State Fair in Harrisburg and I saw (paid attention to, actually) my first draft horses. There must have been twenty teams or so entered in a pulling contest and I was so taken by their power, their great grace, their willingness to do what was required, and to me what was their beauty, that the memory of that night is still clear in my mind. How fine it would be, I thought, to own and work such animals. I was 26 years old then and to the best of my knowledge, I'd never seen an animal hitched to work."

During our time in Nova Scotia, we had many opportunities to see horses and oxen hitched to work (and to work them ourselves) as we lived in Lunenburg County along the South Shore of Nova Scotia and its small farms were so rocky that horses and oxen were preferred over tractors for many farm tasks. Most of our neighbors also lived as we did, heating their homes with wood, not electricity; cooking on wood stoves much of the time; raising gardens and putting up vegetables for the winter; and raising and butchering their own animals for meat. The Gates family described in Terry's article were close neighbors and good friends and they taught us a lot about living from, and being good stewards of, the land. Writing "Of Oxbells and Christmas," was one of Terry's favorite Sports Illustrated *assignments. It allowed him to pay homage to a way of life that was vanishing in North America; it allowed him to spend time with large, powerful animals; and it allowed him to honor men like Harold Gates, who had the ability to control huge beasts with a quiet word and the smallest of gestures. Terry understood that Harold's was a special kind of strength. ~ Jan Todd*

Lunenburg County is a handsome piece of real estate on the rocky south shore of Nova Scotia. Settled primarily by Germans in the 1750s, the county enjoys its greatest fame as the birthplace and home of the undefeated schooner Bluenose, but it also deserves to be known for two other reasons that intertwine like the spiky branches of a holly wreath. One is that Lunenburg County's combination of soil and climate has made it the center of the Christmas-tree industry in northeastern North America. In its damp dells the steeple-shaped balsam fir—the *ne plus ultra* of Yuletide decorations in Canada and on the East Coast of the U.S.—is a hardy native, springing up unrelentingly no matter how many times an area is cut over.

The other reason to celebrate Lunenburg County has to do with the fact that when the original settlers landed along the south shore, they brought with them a tradition: the castration of young bulls and the use of the resulting oxen in yoked pairs as draught animals. And a useful tradition it was, in the heavily forested, boulder-strewn places the settlers shaped into homesteads. That it thrives can be seen any July when more than a hundred beautifully groomed oxteams glisten fatly in the sunlight as they parade at the Lunenburg County Fair. All those well-broke oxen in the fair are a clear indication that there are hundreds more in the surrounding area whose owners chose not to go to the trouble of exhibiting them. It's likely that there are more working oxen in and near Lunenburg County than in all of the rest of Canada.

In the summer of 1870, John Gaetz drove an oxteam from Riverport, near the mouth of Lunenburg County's Lahave River, to New Germany, 40 miles upstream, then turned right and headed farther inland to reach the Stanburne road. He'd bought the old Goudey place there—225 acres, with a house that was even then the oldest in the community—and he was bringing his

In 1976 we purchased our first draft horses, a well-trained team who were half Belgian and half Percheron. We named the mare Cindy, and the gelding Don, in honor of Don and Cindy Reinhoudt, the famous powerlifters.

family and possessions with him in a wagon. The house had, and still has, 36-inch-wide baseboards of pine that were cut on the place, and many of the doors in the house are simply single pieces of old heartwood pine.

John Gaetz was known as a good ox teamster—and there were many such in those days. The oxen he drove up to Stanburne were probably not the first to graze that hilly farm, but they are the first still well remembered. The senior rememberer now is his grandson, Sumner Gates, the old name Gaetz having been abandoned generations ago as being too "Dutchy." "Them oxen of my grandfather's was the first around here we know about for sure," Gates recalls, "but there's been many a one to follow." And Sumner has seen most of them himself, having lived on the farm for 92 years. "Since we came here the place has never been without the sight of oxen and the sound of ox bells," is the way he likes to put it, speaking quietly from his couch by the wood cookstove, tobacco smoke lifting straight as a sunray from the bowl of his pipe. "Ox teams don't just happen, you know. You've got to get the creeturs when they're small, and mate them well for size, and lead them by their halters with ropes. And then you've got to put the head yoke onto 'em. That's when the fun begins."

The head yoke to which Gates refers is different from the more common bow yokes seen in U.S. museums or in history books. "Bow yokes fit around the shoulders of the oxen sort of like a horse collar," Gates explains. "But the German-style head yokes we use up here are all hand carved from yellow birch to fit the head and horns of each ox in a team. And with a young team you have to carve a new one every year till they're six years old."

As Gates talks, shortly before last Christmas, surrounded by the woven smells of mincemeat pie and baking bread, he often glances out the window and seems to be listening for something. And then he hears it. The heavy, unmistakable ringing in the December air of the ox bells on the straps around the necks of Bright and Lion, at more than 2,000 pounds apiece the largest oxen in the county, as they ease up the ice-slick hill from the barn toward the farmhouse. They're led, as they always are these days, by the voice and whip of Sumner's son, Harold, the fourth Gates oxman to work the family farm. "Haugh, Lion! Haugh! Hup!" he cries as the huge beasts heave themselves forward into Sumner's view.

"My Jesus, but they're some lovely," he says, as his old eyes follow them through the wavy, lightly frosted windowpane, the vantage point from which he observes what he can these days of the goings-on at the farm. "I don't get out and around now like I always did before," he observes, without rancor. "I usually just stay handy home here since my feet went religious on me."

"Religious?" a visitor asks.

"Oh yes, I was always quite a step dancer, you know. I even stepped on stage in Boston during the first war, but then here a few years ago my feet went religious and wouldn't dance for me. But by then Harold, although he can't step dance a lick, was a better teamster than I was, and I knew the farm was in good hands."

The hands in question are indeed capable—large, square and hard as wooden mallets—and they're attached to an equally capable body. Harold may be 63 years old, but at six feet and 195 pounds he still moves with the controlled power of a young Prussian soldier. Years of expo-

Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, the largest town in Lunenburg County, holds an annual summer fair where, in the 1970s, it was not unusual to see as many as 100 ox teams entered in the ox pull and conformation contests. These teams are waiting to participate in the pulling contest. Note the head yokes.

Terry's strength was a useful commodity in rural Nova Scotia. Here he assists Harold Gates—the subject of the *Sports Illustrated* article—tie one of oxen's rear feet to a stanchion so Harold can change its shoes. Like horses, oxen wear metal shoes to protect their hooves, although theirs have two parts because of their split hoof.

sure to the sun and wind have burnished his face to the deep red-brown of mahogany, and his movements around the farm have the surety of well-learned recitations.

The farm is of the same type and size it was when Gaetz first arrived. "We do a little of everything here," Harold says, "and it keeps us some busy. We have the animals, of course—the old and the young yoke of oxen, the chickens, the pigs, the beef cattle, the milk cow and Champ, my big Percheron. The money comes from selling off a big, well-broke oxteam as I bring my young ones along. In fact, I may sell Bright and Lion soon [in fact, they were sold five weeks ago, to be replaced by a pair of 2-year-olds also named Bright and Lion, as have been all the family's oxen since John Gaetz arrived in Nova Scotia]. They're the heaviest team I've ever had. The off ox, Lion, girts over nine feet, which means he weighs well over a ton. Of course, we sell a few beef cattle and pigs every year—them we don't eat. And we raise extra turnips and potatoes to sell, and other vegetables, too, by times, but our main money crop comes from our woodlots."

Thirty of the Gates's acres are cleared, and the rest are covered by a mixture of hardwoods, including several varieties of poplar, birch, oak, ash and maple, and softwoods, including assorted hemlocks, pines, spruces and firs. "We always cut in a cycle here," Harold explains, "so we never take more than the land can grow. We've got more wood on the place now than there was when the family came. I sell a big junk of pulpwood every year, and some firewood and saw timber, and the odd lot of fence stakes every now and again. But our big cash crop for years has been our Christmas trees."

Forty acres of the Gates farm is set aside for a Christmas-tree lot, all of it now in balsam fir. The lot was created by felling the tall trees from those 40 acres for pulp or firewood so the young native fir could sprout and grow unshaded; it is maintained by cutting back the young trees and brush of other varieties so they won't crowd out or misshape the firs.

"I go into the woods in April, before the new growth starts, to do my trimming and shaping for the coming Christmas season," Harold says, "and I work there until I have to begin my later spring chores on the farm. I cut the brush back with shears and an ax, and I do most of my shaping with a long knife I made out of an old crosscut saw blade. I use it like them Indians use machetes—I cut downward and out from the center o'er the whole tree to make the branches even. Most are even by their nature, but I help 'em along a bit.

"Late in the fall I begin to cut and stack the trees beside my woods road. That would be the first week of November, and I'd not think it's a good day unless I cut and drag and stack 200 trees. Some men always cut with a chain saw, but I often still use an ax with a good sharp edge onto it. The sap from the cut fir smells fresh without all that gasoline and oil to get in the way, and it's so quiet without a saw that the woods are more interesting. Just the other day I was in the tree lot, cutting, when I heard an eagle cry, and when I looked up, I saw him dive on a rabbit. And by God if he didn't miss the rabbit on the first rush but catch him by half flying and half running along the ground. I've never seen the beat of it, and if I'd been using a power saw I'd have missed the whole thing."

After Harold has piled several hundred trees beside his narrow woods road, he'll go to the barn, take the yoke down from its peg, strap it to the heads of the oxen, lead them from the barn, hitch them to either a rubber-tired wooden wagon or, if there's snow on the ground, a double-runnered sled and drive them out to bring the trees up nearer the house where they can be picked up by the local wholesaler.

Dale Joudrey has run Scotia Best Xmas Tree Ltd. in Elmwood with the help of her two sons since her husband died in 1981. "We don't go over 30 miles or so away from Elmwood to buy," she says, "and there we're only one of the wholesalers. We hope to ship almost 50,000 trees this year of the 750,000 that come from Lunenburg

County. Our peak time to ship comes from American Thanksgiving till about the 10th of December.

"Our best trees are what we call single ties. They're perfect, and we don't tie them with another tree. The ones we do tie, we bale with between two and eight trees, depending on size. We tie them by hand, and the taller they are the fewer we put in a bale. Once we're hard at it in the fall, we'll have 28 to 30 people working for us, grading and stacking and baling and loading the trucks that carry the trees down south. Some of the other shippers will go really far south, as far as Atlanta. And the demand's growing, so I guess as long as them fellows in the States have Christmas we'll send 'em down our trees."

All of which suits Harold just fine, because trees provide him with a reliable, renewable cash crop as well as a good reason to use his beloved oxen out in those quiet, sweet-smelling woods. And to a man like Harold, oxen give greater pleasure than he could ever derive from work with a machine. No doubt only someone who has raised a calf and carefully mated it, then cared for and trained it over a period of years so that it would grow from a spindly, mewling baby into half of a two-ton extension of his teamster can understand what Harold feels. And no doubt only someone who walks every day of his life on the same paths his father, grandfather and great-grandfather walked, following behind them in the dailiness of a small farm's patterns, using in the living woods cries learned from men long dead to control the power of the yoked team, can understand what it means to find a good way to live and then, by God, hew to it.

Bright and Lion wait patiently as Harold Gates throws Christmas trees high in the air while loading the sled for the first part of the trees' journey to the south.

"The young men from the agricultural college say doing work with our cattle isn't efficient," Sumner says with some heat. "Not efficient! Able to break the land, sow the seed, cultivate the corn and oats, mow the hay, haul it to the barn and so feed themselves and us besides, fertilize the soil while they're doing it and even reproduce. And yet they're not efficient. Well, you can't eat your tractor when it breaks down, and you can't put old crankcase oil on your turnips. And why work away to make the money to buy $100,000 worth of equipment so you can farm quicker, when if you didn't work away you'd have enough time so you wouldn't have to work as quick?" As he says this, Sumner leans his spare body slowly against the back of the couch, smiles and says, "But I'm just an old man and probably don't understand."

One thing that's not hard to understand, sitting around the wood stove after a belt-stretching meal of food grown almost entirely on the place and prepared by Sumner's wife, Hazel, and daughter, Minnie, watching the lights flickering in the emerald triangle of balsam fir in the front room and listening to a group of neighbors who've brought their guitars, spoons, harmonicas and voices to share them on a Christmas evening, is that underlying the festivities is a constant bass note of plenty. It resonates from the potato, apple and carrot bins and stacked heads of cabbage in the basement, from the fresh milk, eggs and churned butter in the kitchen, from the nearby woodshed fairly groaning with dried stovewood for the cold nights to come, from the hay piled high in the watertight barn, from the smokehouse hung full of sausage and ham, from the cud-chewing ruminations of old Bright and Lion.

On the Gates farm Christmas is a holiday as it remains in our oldest dreams, and even the young evergreens down the hill grow slowly toward the day when they will play their part in the season's amplitude.

The Myth of the Muscle-Bound Lifter

By Terry Todd

National Strength and Conditioning Association Journal 7, no. 3(June 1985): 37-41.

Preface: The founding of the National Strength Coaches Association (NSCA) in the late 1970s launched the strength coaching profession and created new publishing opportunities for those interested in the academic study of strength. As an early member of the NSCA and strong supporter of its goal of helping strength coaching become recognized as a true profession based on scientific knowledge, Terry was also an early contributor to the NSCA Journal *and was the first person to publish a historical article in it. In 1984, he authored "Karl Klein and the Squat," an article that helped debunk Professor Klein's research on the knee and squatting—research that caused many coaches and physical educators to suggest that squats were dangerous and should be avoided* (NSCA Journal *6, no. 3 [June 1984]: 26-31.)*

The following year, Terry published this article on the origins of the myth of muscle-binding. It was particularly satisfying for him to see this research in print, as Terry's athletic career—and later life—had been so deeply impacted by the long-held belief that lifting weights would hinder athletic performance. (I've retained the original footnote formatting used in the journal for this article.) *~ Jan Todd*

Although evidence exists (10, 30, 31) that resistance training was practiced in many early cultures, it was applied both variously and vigorously in the development of physical prowess for athletes and warfare during the classical period both in Greece and also the Roman Empire (9, 10, 21).

The most famous athlete of that era was the sixth century, B.C. wrestler, Milo of Crotona, who had a prime which lasted nearly 30 years, during which he was wreathed six times at Olympia, seven times at Pythia, nine at the Nemean Games and ten at the Isthmian (33). Milo is reputed to have regularly carried a heifer across his back and shoulders as it grew to maturity—until he could finally walk with it—in order to progressively strengthen himself (21).

Nor was strengthening exercise limited to such crude approaches; the physician Galen, in fact, describes in detail many ancient strengthening exercises as well as how the Greek hand weights—called *halteres* and employed first in jumping—came to be used in much the same way as we use dumbbells today (9). As for the Romans, they continued many of these exercises, although their aim was always more rigidly utilitarian and aimed at success in battle. Gladiatorial training, for example, often included the overload principle in the form of chopping at a wooden post with swords much heavier than those used in actual combat (8).

But with the fall of the Roman Empire, the philosophy of Christian asceticism, in which the body was considered fit only for contempt and battle, achieved a prominence that was to last for a thousand years. Writings such as Galen's *De Sanitate Tuenda* were preserved, however, and as early as 1531, Sir Thomas Elyot referred to the ancient exercises:

> Teaching such exercises as may be used within the house as . . . laboring with poises [weights] made of lead or other metal called in Latin *alteres* (sic), lifting the heavy stone or bar . . . and divers sembable exercises, (Elyot 1962, pp. 59-60).

During the Renaissance, writers such as Camerar-

ius (14) and Montaigne (19) continued to refer to the use of resistance training as a way to improve health, strength and, by extension, dominance in combat. These attributes crossed the Atlantic at least as early as 1786, during which year the octogenarian Ben Franklin, who had by then lifted for at least 14 years (26), wrote to a friend, saying, "I live temperately, drink no wine, and daily use the exercise of the dumb-bell," (Van Doren 1938, p. 743).

Gradually, then, as more people began to have a bit of spare time for exercise and sports, other inventive minds in addition to Franklin's turned their attention to training. One of the most influential of these was George Barker Windship, who began his lifting career while a student at Harvard Medical School and went on to become an active proselytizer for the benefits to be had from progressive resistance, particularly for a form of partial deadlift he called the Health Lift.

> I was nearly seventeen years of age before I seriously undertook to improve my physical condition. I was then but five feet in height and a hundred pounds in weight. I was rather strong for my size but not strong for my years and my health was not vigorous. I am now 26 years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and one hundred and forty eight pounds in weight. My strength is more than twice that of an ordinary man, and my health is as excellent as my strength, (Windship 1860, p. 129).

Another American pioneer lifter was William Buckingham Curtis, who was later to become one of the founders of both the New York Athletic Club and the Amateur Athletic Union. The 5'7", 165-pound Curtis was a real all-rounder, being capable in 1859 not only of "putting up from the shoulders to full arms' length above the shoulder two dumbbells at the same time, one in each hand, each weighing 100 pounds," (Spaulding 1923, p. 67), but also of excelling in many other forms of athletics, such as sprinting, long jumping, skating, swimming, single sculling and throwing the hammer (31).

This fortuitous combination of weight training and athletics continued as the twentieth century began, and the use of weights as a means of improving performance in other sports began to be more and more frequently recommended. Yet, those who championed the weights found themselves in the position of having to defend lifting—as Albert Attila does here—from an ominous, growing tide of criticism:

> Many attacks have been made on weightlifters as being slow . . . [but] I will show you how you can participate in [your] sport and yet retain elasticity and suppleness of movement, coupled with tremendous energy and vitality," (Attila 1903, p. 15).

At about this same time, the phenomenally gifted strongman, Arthur Saxon, for years a center ring attraction with the Ringling Brothers Circus, published an excellent book, *Textbook of Weightlifting,* in which he wrote,

> It is and has been said that by developing one's strength to the degree of coping with weights of two or three hundred weight, a man will transform himself into a species of clumsy elephant, a kind of navy. . . . In short, totally incapable of anything resembling delicacy or skill.
>
> Very serious objections, these, and quite sufficient to put any man off weightlifting altogether—supposing them to contain even a tittle of truth. But do they?
>
> . . . while it quite possible to point to several weightlifters who are slow in movement, conception and execution compared with such a man as [boxing champion] Tommy Bums, for instance, it will invariably be found that these men are naturally and constitutionally slow and cumbrous, and that, if their whole record is examined, they have become far *quicker* men since they took up weightlifting than ever they were before, (Saxon, pp. 12-13).

As to why so many coaches and physical educators of the day came to reject such staunch and honest support of weight training, several explanations offer possibilities. For one thing, people in the U.S. during the early part of this century were familiar with horses and horsepower in ways almost unimaginable in today's auto-

In March of 1981, Terry presented an earlier version of this research at an NSCA regional conference held at The University of Virginia. His talk was called "The Myth of Musclebinding," and it was, as far as I can tell, the first time he addressed this topic at an academic meeting.

erotic world. They knew how a saddle horse looked and how a draft horse looked and how both horses moved. They knew that the smaller, lighter horses were faster and more nimble and they knew the relatively ponderous draft, or workhorses—who pulled heavy loads—were far stronger, but also far slower. They also knew that most of the top circus strongmen of the day, compared to an average athlete, looked quite "drafty" and massive. Was it then not reasonable for the general public to conclude that the thick-bodied lifters with their rolling gaits were the result, not of heredity and overindulgence at mealtime, but rather of the very lifting for which they were famous?

Another, and related, piece in the puzzle has to do with the effect over time of a very influential book, published in 1879, by William Blaikie—*How to Get Strong and How To Stay So* (2). It must be remembered that in the late 1800s and early 1900s, local book and magazine stores—assuming there were such things in any given locale—did not bulge with row after row of books and magazines on various aspects of fitness. This being the case back then, the few books that were written had a considerable impact, especially if they contained a broadside—as Blaikie's did—leveled at another form of exercise: in this case, Dr. Windship's Health Lift. Blaikie wrote, "Again, in the city, there are establishments where the chief and almost sole exercise is with the lifting machine. . . . The writer, when a lad of seventeen, worked a few minutes every day for six months on a machine of this kind; and while it seemed a fine thing to lift six hundred pounds at first, and over a thousand toward the end, there came an unquestioned stiffening of the back. . . . There came also a very noticeable and abnormal development of three sets of muscles: those of the inner side of the forearm, the lower and inner end of the front thigh just above the knee, and those highest up on the back, branching outward from the base of the neck . . . out of all proportion compared with that resulting from the other work. . . . We have seen it make one very stiff and ungainly in his movements, and it is natural that it should; for he who does work of the grade suited to a truck-horse is far more likely to acquire the heavy and ponderous ways of that worthy animal, (Blaikie 1879, p. 99).

Blaikie's no doubt well-intended criticism of Windship favorite form of progressive resistance was based in large part on his support for a type of lighter, calisthenic-like exercise just being popularized by a young instructor at Bowdoin and Yale who was to go on to become one of the giants in the field of physical education—Dr. Dudley A. Sargent. As is made clear in several of his books, Dr. Sargent, who was to serve for years as the director of Harvard's renowned Hemenway Gymnasium, recommended decidedly sub-maximal resistance using either small dumbbells or, more often, wall pulleys (23,24). That this "keep it light" approach had a sustained impact can be seen from the fact that, as late as 1960 the U.S. Naval Academy published a book on conditioning and exercise which recommended a few wall pulley movements but no free weight work at all (20). As late as 1963, the trainer at the University of Texas, Frank Medina, believed that no one needed more than 50 pounds in any exercise, no matter how big they were (20, 31).

In any case, Blaikie's and Sargent's positions gave way to a growing body of criticism of a much more

venal and shameful sort as various entrepreneurs sniffed around the spreading edges of the physical culture boom looking for ways to make an easy dollar. And though it is sad and ironic, it seems to be true that the single most powerful reason for the myth of the muscle-bound lifter came from the unconscionable advertising campaigns of rival "experts" in the early 1900s. These experts realized that, because weights were so expensive to mail, the margin of profit to be made from the manufacture and mail order sale of iron dumbbells and barbells was a small one. And so they began to search for alternative systems of exercise, even though they, themselves, were outstanding lifters.

What happened was that, in their pursuit of a hypertrophied profit-loss statement, these men all "discovered" a personal course of instruction which offered either very light equipment—read "cheap to mail"—or, in a brilliant, though dishonest, insight, no equipment at all. Thomas Inch, for instance, a record-holding English lifter who sold stretchable chest expanders, argued that,

> Taking it all around, I have decided that a chest expander is the most suitable instrument with which to train for any sport. It strengthens the boxer and does not reduce his speed, (Inch, no date. p. 1-2).

And "Professor" H. W. Titus, a lifter who sold another device in which resistance was provided by the stretching of elastic cables, had this to say about lifting and lifting machines, neither of which he sold.

> Weightlifting machines and lifting are to be avoided as one would the plague for they stiffen one and bring about a muscle-bound condition in a short time that may never be overcome. One young man came to me recently who had used such a machine for two months. He was so badly muscle-bound that a boy could excell (sic) him in any exercise requiring agility, (Titus, p. 6).

But it was Max Sick, or, as he was professionally known, Maxick—a 5' 2" German who was perhaps the greatest pound-for-pound lifter of the first third of this century—who showed Angelo Siciliano (a.k.a. Charles Atlas) that big bucks could be made selling a course of instruction that recommended no apparatus whatsoever. Maxick's particular gimmick was "Muscle Control," which involves flexing and tensing the various muscle groups of the body, and although he built his futuristic muscles and majestic power with weights, he nevertheless maintained in his 1911 book that:

> If your sport requires speed, avoid weightlifting as you would the devil; because if you indulge in it to the extent of using barbells heavy enough to admit of the name weightlifting being applied to it, you will surely become slow, (Maxick 1911, p. 21).

One of the results of the claims and scare tactics of these mudslinging charlatans was that many people began to distrust anything positive any lifter said, especially any claims that lifting could improve athletic skill. And this skepticism was reflected in turn during the early part of this century in the work of influential writers such as Jack London. In *The Abysmal Brute*, for instance, the hero of the story is described thusly: "'Tis the true stuff. Look at the slope of the shoulders. . . . Clean, all clean. . . . Not a muscle of him bound. No weightlifter or . . . exercise artist there."

So, with fifth columnists such as Maxick and Inch publishing self-serving attacks on the very system through which they obtained both their own physical strength and first fame, the U.S. coaching and physical education fraternity—not to mention the literary fraternity—can be at least partially excused for taking so long to disenthrall itself from the notion that weightlifting would cost an athlete more in terms of finesse, suppleness and speed than it would gain him in strength. And in all fairness it must also be admitted that at least part of the blame should fall on the broadening shoulders of those thousands of young men who, through the years, have fallen so in love with the burgeoning muscles lifting produced on their bodies that they seem almost constitutionally unable to walk down the street in public without spreading their backs and expanding their chests to such an extreme degree that anyone who sees them move is put in mind, not of a lithe jungle cat, but of an almost terminally constipated crab.

Narcissism, after all, was in principle and practice far less acceptable in those naturalistic days than it is

Table One: Mainstream Sports and Training Books Denigrating Weightlifting: 1900-1960

1. Allen, Edian. 1956. *Winning Baseball*. New York: The Ronald Press Company.
2. Allen, George H. 1954. *Encyclopedia of Football Drills*. New York: Prentice Hall, Inc.
3. Antonacci, Robert J. and Barr, Jene. 1956. *Baseball for Young Champions*. New York: McGraw Hill Book Company.
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now. In football, for instance, it was thought almost unmanly to do too much preparation for fall practice. "Hell, fall practice was preparation," was the way Bully Gilstrap, a former college player and coach, put it in an interview. "It was all we got and more than we wanted. What we wanted was to play," (Gilstrap 1983).

Gilstrap is 83 now and comfortably retired, but he's been a football man nearly all of his life. He came to the University of Texas as a freshman in 1920 and he was an outstanding athlete during his college career, lettering several times in basketball and track, as well as in football. He returned to the University of Texas to coach in 1937 and remained on the staff for 20 years.

> "All we did to warm up and all was a few jumping jacks. Then we'd run plays or scrimmage. It was pretty much the same in basketball and track, too. The boys scrimmaged in basketball and they practiced their events in track. That was it. I don't know what they done in baseball," (Gilstrap 1983).

As far as baseball is concerned, the words of Bibb Falk, now in his 86th vigorous year, are instructive. Falk played at Texas for three years, beginning in 1917, then went straight to the big leagues where he played for 12 seasons. He returned to Austin in 1932, served as assistant coach until 1940, then coached the Texas team until 1968.

> We did a little of what we called P.T. in the early days, but only when it rained. Other than that the boys ran and threw and played. We wanted long, loose muscles and the word back then was that lifting would tie you up. To be honest I never even heard of a ballplayer using weights. Not in college and not in the bigs. Now Hack Wilson and Babe and some of the others did a lot of lifting, all

> right, but it was done a glass of beer at a time. The key to baseball is power and power comes from speed and we were leery of anything that might slow us up. When I played and for most of my coaching career we always believed that if a man ran enough and threw enough he'd be strong enough, (Falk 1984).

That this attitude prevailed in other sports as well, and at other schools than Texas, is made clear by a survey of mainstream sports and training books published during the first 60 years of this century, almost every one of which either denigrated weight training or ignored it altogether. Hundreds of such books were examined but the list appearing in Table 1 should suffice to make the point.

All too often, even well into this half of the century, the attitude in such books concerning conditioning in sports such as football was summed up by a line from a book published in 1958 by the freshman coach of the Yale squad, "The pros say that conditioning is just running, running, running," (Holgate 1958, p. 13).

But these attitudes among the leading coaches and athletes and physical educators were simply handed down as "received wisdom" from earlier authorities and treated as gospel. Early books by such important figures as Dr. R. Tait McKenzie fell like hammer blows against the claims of lifters. In 1907, for example, McKenzie first published a book that included the photograph of a man who, for those days, was heavily muscled (though he was, of course, less heavily muscled than an average varsity level running back today). The photograph was accompanied by this caption. "Extreme muscular development without a corresponding increase in heart and lung power. This man could not float in sea water and died prematurely," (McKenzie 1924, p. 22). This caption bears close examination, as the two statements, "This man could not float in sea water" and "(this man) died prematurely" seem to imply a causal relationship, though one may not exist. Neither, for that matter, is the cause of death given, so it could have been the case, for instance, that the man was run over by a milk wagon driven by Dr. McKenzie.

Even Bernarr Macfadden was held in the sway of the myth of muscle-binding, as evidenced by his 1912 statement,

> In taking up weight lifting, it would always be well to take some exercise for speed and flexibility to counteract the tendency to become slow. Weightlifting alone has a tendency to make the muscles slow, (Macfadden 1912, p. 847).

Naturally, such early sentiments found their way into the belief system of well respected college coaches—such as Dean Cromwell, UCLA track coach—and the myth continued to flourish.

> The athlete . . . should not be a glutton for muscular development . . . If one goes too far . . . he can defeat his purpose by becoming muscle-bound and consequently a tense, tied-up athlete in competition, (Cromwell 1941, p. 236).

And again, later in the same book and speaking of shot putters, the UCLA coach said, "Weightlifting is not advisable. Although it develops sinew, it tends to destroy muscle elasticity," (Cromwell 1941, p. 260).

Even the great Rockne was not immune. Referring to exercise apparatus for football, he wrote, "nor do I believe in any other artificial apparatus," (Rockne 1931, pp. 10-11). It seems that all coaches feared the dreaded condition they referred to by the term "muscle-bound." But what exactly is it, this state of being muscle-bound?

That was the question John Capretta, a young physical education student at Ohio State, attempted to answer over 50 years ago when he mailed a questionnaire to 45 leading physiologists, all of whom were asked to define the term, muscle-bound (3). Capretta justified the question by pointing out that,

> Physical educators today [1932] agree that we have very little, if any, scientific information upon the condition called muscle-bound. Authors of our text-books of physiology seem to have avoided the issue and have left the subject without discussion, (Capretta 1932, p. 43).

Of the 45 questionnaires, 22 were returned, but only seven ventured a definition and even these seven were in considerable disagreement, coming together as a majority only through the rather obvious observation that,

"The condition of muscle-bound is associated with hypertrophy," (3). But just because the leading physiologists of the day were at loggerheads over the definition of the term did not mean that they questioned either the reality or the harmfulness of the condition or their belief that being muscle-bound was primarily a product of resistance exercise, especially standard weight training. The author of the questionnaire, in fact, reports no challenge to his premise, only a general puzzlement. Nor did the next 20 years provide much in the way of clarification·

As Edward Chui wrote in 1950, "Very frequently, in the classroom, on the gymnasium floor, and on the athletic field, the term 'weight training' is associated with 'muscle boundness,' a condition supposedly resulting in a general slowing down of the contraction speed of the muscular system. No scientific evidence, however, has been advanced to support these beliefs," (Chui, p. 188).

But soon, as a direct result of men like Chui, scientific evidence would begin to mount which, in time, would be added to the empirical observations of the growing number of weight trainers to give the final quietus to the myth of the muscle-bound lifter.

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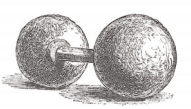
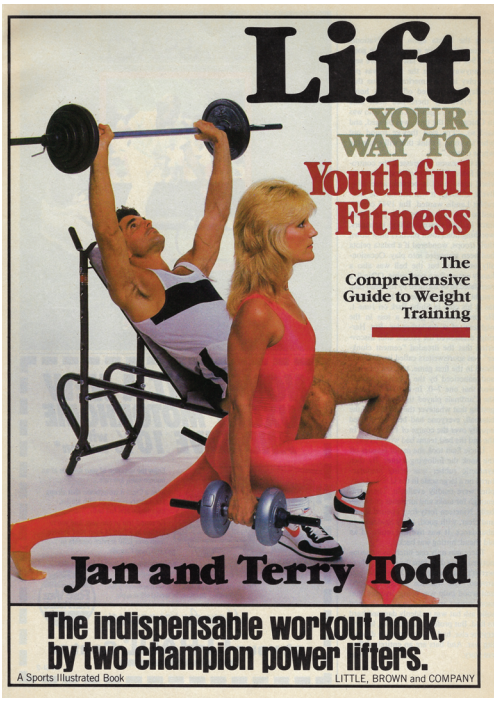




This full-page advertisement appeared in *Sports Illustrated* upon the book's release. Bill Pearl, Eleanor and Bill Curry, Judy Gedney, Sam Loprinzi, and Doris Barrilleaux were also featured in the book.

Terry's Story

By Terry Todd

Lift Your Way to Youthful Fitness,
(Boston: Little Brown & Co., 1985), 11-15.

Preface: In 1985, Terry and I co-authored Lift Your Way to Youthful Fitness *for the Little-Brown Publishing Company of Boston. The book was listed as"A Sports Illustrated Book,"and I clearly remember the excitement we felt when we saw a full-page ad for it in* Sports Illustrated *magazine. Terry and I were both proud of* Lift, *as it broke new ground in several ways. It was the first book to describe how to use periodization theory for general fitness training; it described how weight training was being used to fight aging by Bulgarian scientists; and, it included the results of two research studies we ran at Auburn University in which middle-aged men and women trained with weights and got remarkable results. Terry and I worked on different parts of the book, although we both read and edited each other's drafts throughout the project. This autobiographical chapter was written entirely by Terry. I've included it as it explains his training and athletic life prior to 1985. He was 47 at the time the book was published. ~ Jan Todd*

In the early sixties, John F. Kennedy created the President's Council on Physical Fitness, and Americans in increasingly large numbers began jogging, playing handball and tennis, spreading by word of mouth how much their new exercise program had improved the way they looked and felt. But even before those early years, I was involved in what almost everyone then considered a waste of time. I was a weightlifter. But my first athletic love was tennis.

From the time I was about thirteen until I was a sophomore in college, I spent the major part of my springs, summers, and falls on the courts. Throughout my high-school years I played on the tennis team, playing well enough to go to the state tournament, and upon graduation I went to the University of Texas in Austin and managed to earn the number-one spot on the freshman team. During my senior year in high school, I'd reached my full 6 feet 2 inches in height, and I starved myself so that I stayed around 185 pounds. I wanted to look just like a tennis player was supposed to look, and though my big frame was pretty spare back then, I had an image to maintain. The summer before I entered the University of Texas, however, I took a break from tennis and decided to begin doing a bit of

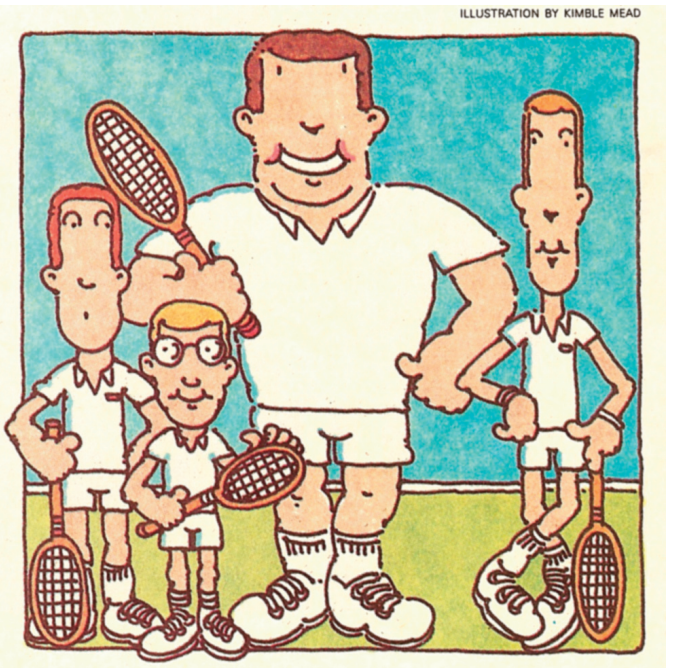
Terry at age five. Baseball was Terry's first sport and when Little League began in Austin in 1950, he signed up to play and his father helped coach the team. Terry stopped playing baseball when he got serious about tennis.

dumbbell training for my left arm, which, to me, was embarrassingly small in size compared to my right. One of my friends trained with me that summer, and what had started as work for one arm gradually became a full routine as I found both the increased strength and the increased size interesting. I gained 30 to 35 pounds that summer but during my freshman year I played better tennis than ever, finding the additional strength and quickness that the weights produced an asset to my game, not a hindrance. I lettered my sophomore year and continued to lift and get bigger, reaching 230 or so that spring. In the fall of my junior year I won the team tournament at a weight of 245 pounds, and though my game was still improving, I looked like anything but a tennis player.

Terry in his Travis High letter jacket during his senior year in high school. He had not yet started lifting.

Terry began weight training just after his graduation from high school in 1956. When he entered The University of Texas that fall, his lanky tennis frame had begun to fill out with muscle—a fact that caused his tennis coaches much consternation.

That was the late fifties, remember, before weight training became a part of the football conditioning programs, and in my junior year, I was larger than all but two of the linemen at UT, and, naturally, my new tennis coach took some ribbing about my size. However, my first college coach, Dr. Daniel Penick, actually seemed to like my size. He was eighty-seven years old when he retired and his eyesight was failing him a bit, but I remember him calling me over one day to the bench, where he sat in the sun watching the team. "Todd," he said, "you're my favorite player." I was shocked, and I managed to mumble my thanks before he went on to say, "Yes, you're my favorite. I can't tell the other men apart very well now if they're very far away, but you, Todd, you have a very distinctive silhouette." But my new coach liked neither my size nor the ribbing. Finally, he gave me an ultimatum—lose weight or lose your scholarship— despite the way I was playing. The implication was also clear—stop lifting weights. The unfairness of this rankled, and so I just quit, spending my last year and a half as an undergraduate concentrating on the barbells.



Terry wrote a short article about his contentious relationship with his tennis coaches at UT-Austin that appeared in *Sports Illustrated* on 16 May 1983 ("Nostalgia: A Tennis Coach of Classic Stature Praised the Author's Unique Form," pp. 102-103). Kimble Mead's illustration graced the story.

When I was no longer putting in the hours of regular practice on the sunny Texas courts, I not only had more time but more energy for the lifting. My strength increased dramatically, as did my size. For the next several years, as I finished up undergraduate work and began my graduate work on the history of sports, I lived the ideal athlete's life. I ate at my mother's bounteous table, and though I was, of course, interested in my research and

Once he quit tennis and trained for strength, Terry quickly gained weight. He's shown here at the end of a workout in the early 1960s with his first training partner, Danny Hodnett, on the left; Queenie, his bullmastiff, who often went to the gym; and an unidentified friend. Queenie was the first of 22 bullmastiffs or English mastiffs he/we would own.

course work, I was able to focus a major part of each day on my training, spending long hours in the gym. In three years' time, I weighed over 300 pounds and I won my first National Championship, in Olympic lifting. At about the same time, a new sort of lifting competition was being organized, called powerlifting, and I fell in love with it.

Unlike the Olympic lifts, which require great speed, flexibility, and considerable technique, the powerlifts—squat, bench press, and deadlift—require mainly brute strength. The people at the York Barbell Club decided to hold a national-level meet —the first ever, in the summer of 1964—and I began to train with renewed interest, for though I enjoyed Olympic lifting, I began it too late to develop the flexibility in my hips and shoulders needed to reach the highest levels internationally.

Powerlifting came along at a convenient time, and I participated in the superheavyweight division of that first big meet, winning and outdistancing the man in the weight class below by 375 pounds. I "totaled" (squat plus bench plus deadlift) over 1600 pounds in the three lifts that year and went on to become the first man to break the barriers at 1700, 1800, and 1900 pounds officially over the next few years of my competitive career. At my peak I weighed 340 pounds and I measured 61 inches around my chest, 36 inches around my thighs, 22 inches around my biceps, 46 inches around the waist, and 17 inches in the forearm. My personal bests in the powerlifts (in the gym) although they are well behind the best of today, were 800 in the squat, 525 in the bench press, and 800 in the deadlift. I was a big, strong lad. But the critical thing here is not how large or strong I was but how unbelievably different I was from the bony high-school senior who was unable to chin himself even once. The photographs shown here tell part of the story but only part; they don't explain the fact that even though I had gained 150 pounds, I could leap higher into the air than I could before I began lifting, or the fact that at 340 pounds, I could chin myself fifteen times. To me, and to many who saw the changes, the transformation did seem almost miraculous. And the trip back down was no less exciting.

In 1967, having been at or near the top for four years, and having set fifteen records in powerlifting, I finally finished my Ph.D. and took a job teaching at Auburn University in Alabama. I decided then to concentrate my energies on teaching and academic work - not on barbells and beefsteak - and so I began to cut back on both my training and my eating. No more bent-forward rowing

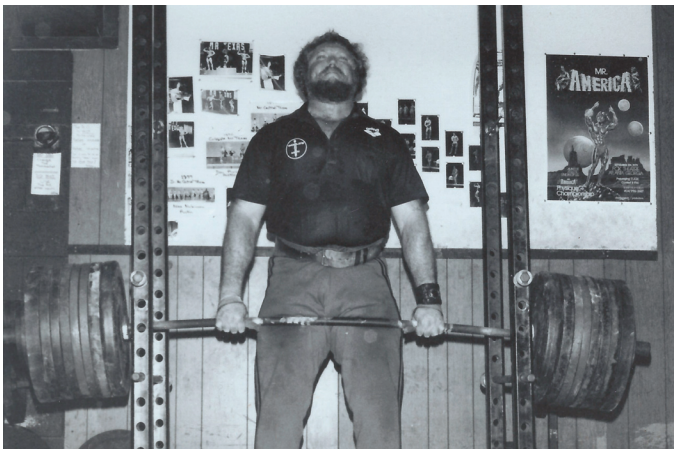
Terry won the first AAU Men's Senior National Powerlifting Championships in 1965 with lifts of 675 in the squat, 475 in the bench press, and a 740-pound world-record deadlift. His 1890-pound total was also a world record. Wilber Miller on the left took third place, and Gene Roberson, right, placed second.

Terry returned to tennis after retiring from powerlifting and is shown here in 1968—still bigger and more muscular than a "normal" tennis player. At Auburn University, where he was then teaching, he even began playing in tennis tournaments again.

with 500 pounds, no more size 60 suits and two pounds of steak at a sitting. Within a year I dropped 90 pounds, down to 250, through a combination of diet, tennis, and a reduced and radically altered weight-training program. Since that time, almost twenty years ago, I have continued to train regularly for fitness and health purposes. Rather than being the means to the end of competition, weights have become the means to another end—fitness and the maintenance of strength and vigor.

I left Auburn in 1969 and moved to Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, where Jan and I married in 1973, and during those years in Macon, I played tennis regularly but I still managed to get to the gym a couple of times each week

When Terry joined the faculty at Mercer University in 1969, there were no barbells on campus. A lifting fan donated a set in his honor, but with such limited equipment, Terry chose, instead, to train at Macon's European Health Spa until we married in 1973. The Spa did not allow men and women to train together, however, so when I wanted to train with him we moved to a gym called Powerbuilders where I was the only female member.



Although Terry never competed again after his retirement, he did return to heavy training on several occasions as he was working with athletes like Canadian powerlifting champion Terry Young. He continued to include heavy partial deadlifts in his workouts for many years as he believed they were a great way to stress the whole body. He's in his mid-forties in this photo.

for thirty to forty-five minutes. I found even during the winters, when I would go for months without playing tennis, that as long as I trained, my weight stayed roughly at 250, and the quickness and flexibility of my body remained fairly constant. My routine takes very little time from the rest of my life, yet still allows me to continue to retain the musculature and power of a much younger man, to eat almost as much as I wish, to sleep well, and to have excellent health and energy. For the past eighteen years I have spent an average of no more than an hour or so a week lifting weights, yet this hour, along with a little seasonal tennis or squash and the odd day of wood splitting, has allowed me to feel terrific and to maintain, at forty-seven, the physical characteristics of a twenty-year-old athlete and the health of your average horse. I could train harder, I know. Jan often rags me about it—but I'll be satisfied to hold my own for a while yet and not have to become a slave to the gym or the running track to do it.

Through the years, I've been able to use weight training to produce a variety of effects on, and to exercise control over, my body. As a teenager I used the weights to gain weight and to improve my performance in tennis; in grad school I used them to gain more mass and size and so became a competitive lifter; after retiring, I used them to lose that great body weight, and for the past eighteen years I've used them to maintain my health, fitness, and appearance. Properly done, weights can work magic. I know.

Bob Hoffman Passes Away

1898-1985

By Terry Todd

Iron Man (November 1985): 42.

Preface: Terry met Bob Hoffman for the first time in 1958. He was still playing tennis for the University of Texas at the time and was on his way home from the Intercollegiate Tennis Championships in Baltimore when he and several teammates took a detour to York where they visited the York Gym and managed to meet Hoffman. The "Father of American Weightlifting," made an indelible impression on Terry. Over the decades that followed they spent a great deal of time together—during the years Terry worked for York Barbell, at various lifting contests, and on the various visits Terry and I made to see Bob and Alda whenever we were near York. Although Terry's longer memory piece,"Remembering Bob Hoffman" published in Iron Game History *in September of 1993, contains several amusing stories about Bob and his endless self-promotion, I chose this obituary because it more clearly reveals Terry's respect for all that Bob had accomplished for the Iron Game, and because it reveals how Terry saw him as a role model for his own life's work. As I said in my remarks at his memorial service, Terry, like Hoffman, was also a man of large dreams.* ~ *Jan Todd*

"Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you." –Carlyle

On Thursday, July 18, at 10 p.m., Bob Hoffman died quietly in his sleep at the hospital in York, Pennsylvania, the town he made famous. Bob's fierce will to live was finally over matched by the inexorable passage of years, but as hundreds of his friends and relatives gathered to pay their last respects in the spacious, beautiful Weightlifting Hall of Fame where his bemedaled body lay surrounded by flowers, it was difficult to even imagine a future in which his name and contributions would not be remembered. Whatever else may be said about him by sports historians, Bob Hoffman will without question be viewed as the dominant figure of the 20th century in the field of resistance exercise.

Bob was a man of large dreams and one of his dreams, having been born barely 13 months before the arrival of the year 1900, was to live in three centuries. And for well over 80 years he had dreamed of the day when all athletes would use weights to help them, as he liked to say, "in their chosen sport." And even though neither dream was realized, he did live 86 vigorous years and he did live to see his once-ridiculed ideas about the benefits of weight training for athletes accepted and used by almost everyone. Perhaps no better definition of a productive life could be found than that a man aimed high and almost reached his aim. "If man's reach does not exceed his grasp, then what's a heaven for?" And make no mistake, Bob's reach was phenomenal, as the following partial list of accomplishments will demonstrate.

He sponsored the York Barbell Club, winner of 48 national team titles in weightlifting.

He wrote more than 20 books and over 1000 articles in the field of health and physical fitness.

He built the York Barbell Company into a multi-million-dollar business.

He coached five Olympic teams in weightlifting.

He bent pressed 270 pounds even though he didn't begin to practice the lift until he was over 40 years of age.

He created and nurtured *Strength & Health* magazine until it became, in its prime, the most widely read and influential magazine of its kind.

He was a pioneer in the area of the successful marketing of health foods.

He was an early supporter of powerlifting once he realized the sport was here to stay, and he sponsored the first national championships in 1965, as well as the first world championships in 1971.

He provided the travel expenses for many bodybuilders to competitions in this country and to those abroad, such as the ones held by NABBA in England.

He delivered thousands of lectures through the years to promote the cause of weight training and good health.

He was a member of the President's Council on Physical Fitness for almost 30 years.

He was a philanthropist who gave millions of dollars to his favorite local charities, which included the YMCA, softball, the Salvation Army, the Boy Scouts and Dover Township, where he had lived many years.

So what if he wasn't the world's healthiest man or the world's polka dancing champion or whatever? The point is that he was a surprisingly healthy man considering how hard he pushed himself and, more importantly, that he spent his life in a remarkably successful effort to convince other men—and women, too—to live their lives so that they could become healthier. I'm sure that Bob felt that by putting an extra shine on a story about himself he could convince a greater number of people to adopt his rules for healthful living.

Different people reacted to Bob in different ways, of course, and he had his share of detractors, as any powerful, competitive man will have, but many, many people loved and admired him. I know that on my way to his funeral and in the few days since, he has been much on my mind. And in my own fashion, I've tried to honor him in ways he would, I think, have understood. One thing Jan and I did as we drove to York was to stop at the

Terry understood Bob wasn't perfect, but he nonetheless remained impressed and inspired by how Bob's efforts to promote weight training (and the York Barbell Co.) had changed the world. Terry viewed Bob as both a friend and role model, and as he says here, their relationship proved to be a major influence on Terry's own life. The photo was taken in 1978 at the IWF World Championships in Gettysburg, PA.

Shartlesville Hotel, a famous Pennsylvania Dutch, all-you-can-eat restaurant he introduced me to over 20 years ago. It was one of his favorite places and I, as he used to do, ate many platefuls in his memory. And later, in York, we went to the weight room he had equipped at the "Y" and I did a few power cleans with a York Olympic Bar and some one-hand swings with their set of solid York dumbbells. And after the funeral we drove with Vic Boff out to Brookside Park and walked among the tall trees where Bob used to have those wonderful picnics and where he lived in a little house and wrote his first and best book, *How to be Strong, Healthy and Happy*. And we drove up on the hill in York and looked at the big rock house and swimming pool he built in the 1930, abandoned now, but familiar to long-time readers of *S&H.*

And back home now in Texas, I have pledged to do what I can in the time I have left to help those who love the Iron Game to remember that as new lifting records are made, that as new standards are set in bodybuilding, that as athletes continue to turn to progressive resistance and that as more and more people train with weights in order to be strong and healthy, we would not be where we are had we not been carried forward in the arms of giants, the tallest of whom was Bob Hoffman.

Letter to Milo Steinborn

By Terry Todd

Unpublished; 18 November 1986

Preface: On nearly every trip that Terry and I took to see my mother in Plant City, Florida, we made time to drive over to Orlando (about an hour away) to visit Milo Steinborn. Milo's large home in Orlando was filled with Iron Game treasures, and listening to him tell stories about his early career as a wrestler and strongman was every bit as fascinating as you might imagine. After we moved to Austin in 1983 and brought with us the Ottley Coulter Collection and our own personal collection of strength materials, Terry began talks with The University and with other noted figures in the Iron Game about building a library and archive to preserve the history of physical culture. One of the collections we most desired for the archives was Milo's as it contained so many rare books, magazines and other materials—in German—that no one else seemed to have. We'd discussed our hopes and plans for the library with Milo during several visits in the 1980s, and were delighted to get a call from him in November of 1986 in which he told us that he had decided to donate his collection. We were elated.

Sadly, Milo died on 9 February 1989 at age 95, without leaving written instructions regarding his desire to donate his collection to The University of Texas. And so, despite several trips to visit Milo's son Henry who remained in the house and, later, his eldest son Richard, who lived in Milo's house after Henry, it was not until 2017 (more than 30 years later) that we were able to work out arrangements with Milo's heirs to purchase the collection from them and finally bring it to Texas so it could be preserved and used by scholars.

I've included this letter because it contains a detailed description of Terry's early vision and hopes for our own collection that led to the founding of The H.J. Lutcher Stark Center. It remains remarkable to me that so much of what he told Milo he planned/hoped to do has now been accomplished. In the letter there are references to Vic Boff, one of Milo's good friends and the founder of the Oldetime Barbell and Strongman Association; to Roy "Mac" McLean, Terry's weightlifting coach at UT who became the first donor to our work; to Henry, one of Milo's two sons who also lived in Orlando; to Cowboy, his African Grey Parrot who, like Milo, spoke with a heavy German accent; and to Tommy, his dog. Because of the length of this letter, I have made a few small edits to conserve space. ~ *Jan Todd*

Dear Milo, I'm writing this letter to let you know how grateful Jan and I are for what you've decided to do with your collection of material. As I'm sure you know we're honored by your decision and we'll do all we can within whatever years we have left to continue to strengthen the overall collection and to raise money for it so that it will go down through the centuries as the best and most complete in the world. This is important so that lovers of strength and physical culture can have a place to come and read about the pioneers who went before. Jan and I know that what you've managed to put together through all the years you've been collecting is far beyond what we could ever hope to assemble on our own, especially your German materials. In fact, we have no doubt that no other collection in existence could mean as much as yours does to the overall strength history library we're building here. Not only do you have a wonderful collection overall, but your holdings of materials in German are completely unparalleled in the English speaking world and perhaps even in Germany itself. And the fact that the very cradle of strongmen and lifting in the world was Germany and Austria means that for us to have a really thorough and complete historical record of what took us from the beginning to where we are

today we really need the German material. We've known for years that we needed it and we always hoped you might decide to place your collection here at The University of Texas alongside the collections of Ottley Coulter, George Hackenschmidt and Dave Willoughby, but we didn't want to bother you about it. We always thought if you could see for yourself what we've done here you'd understand how committed we are and how much we've already accomplished.

Milo Steinborn on the left, with his son Richard, who wrestled professionally as Dick Steinborn, and Henry (Hank) Steinborn (front), who served in the military, helped Milo run the gym, and later worked as a professional pianist. The three men are standing in Milo's gym, located on Orange Avenue in Orlando, Florida. After the gym closed, Milo moved the wrestling ring to his garage, and moved his antique globe weights and a few other pieces of equipment to his house where he continued training with them into his nineties.

. . . Let me shift gears here a bit and tell you how we got the library started. My own involvement began about 30 years ago when I first began lifting weights and reading the lifting magazines. My training partner had a bunch of old magazines and he let me borrow them and I used to read them by the hour. Gradually, I began to buy new ones and whatever old ones I could find around town and then a year or so later, I met Roy "Mac" McLean who taught lifting here at UT. Mac had a very good collection—many of the old books such as Berry's and Calvert's and Saxon's and many magazines going back into the 20s. He let me borrow them and after awhile I had read them all and by that time I was a nationally ranked lifter and I was hooked on the Iron Game. Soon afterwards I decided to concentrate on the history of lifting as the subject of my doctoral dissertation and for that I needed more than Mac's collection and the small amount of material I'd collected up until then. But since I'd accepted an offer from York to become the managing editor of *Strength and Health* at about that same time (summer of 1964), I knew I could use the collection at York.

Milo Steinborn with Terry and Tommy, Milo's Norwegian Elkhound, in Milo's backyard on a Christmas visit to Florida in the 1980s.

But, when I got to York I was really surprised because there *was* no big collection. Bob [Hoffman] had quite a few books and so did [John] Grimek, but the barbell company didn't have a collection in any one place. I did learn that they had bought Ray Van Cleef's collection from his widow a few years before but when I asked around no one seemed to know where the collection was. Finally, someone remembered that it had been put in one of the older warehouses and so I got a key and went over only to find that the roof was bad and that quite a few of the things were molding and almost ruined. I'm sure that if I hadn't gone the stuff would still be there and would be completely ruined

One of the few photos we have of Terry and Ottley Coulter together is this picture of them arriving at a York Barbell Company picnic in the mid-1960s. Terry is at his full lifting size in this photo and weighs about 340; Ottley is in the front seat. The other man is unidentified.

by now. Anyway, I brought the material out to the Hoffman Foundation and got it all dried out and built some shelves for it. And, as time went by I used it for my dissertation but I still needed more material and to get it I turned to Ottley Coulter, whom I had met some months before.

People who seemed to know said that Ottley had the largest collection in America and he seemed like such a nice man that I thought he'd let me use some of his books for my research. Fortunately, I was right and he was very kind to me, helping to dig through boxes of material and helping to fill in many of the gaps I had in my dissertation. I travelled to his home in Lemont Furnace many times during the 18 months I lived in York and I got to be a real admirer of Ottley. He was very knowledgeable but also very modest, almost too modest, and I think he was willing to help me because he realized I was paying tribute to the earlier times in my dissertation. He also told me that he hoped young men like me would come along who could take over where he left off and continue to collect material and write about the old days.

A year or so later, after I returned to the university and completed the writing of my 500 page dissertation, I invited Ottley to come down to see The University of Texas because I was working on an arrangement through which his collection would be placed here in the library of rare books. And so in the summer of 1967 he came down and spent a week or so visiting with me and Mr. McLean and my family and also with the people at the library. Unfortunately, my job fell through on that occasion and we had to drop the idea of bringing Ottley's collection down here at that time. But he knew how

Vic Boff, lifetime physical culturist and founder of the Oldetime Barbell and Strongman Association, was instrumental in helping the members of the strength community (including Milo Steinborn) understand the value of what was then being called The Todd-McLean Physical Culture Collection. He is shown here in 1986 in our main room in Gregory Gym, looking at materials from the George Hackenschmidt Collection with Terry.

This photograph appeared in *The Daily Texan,* the university newspaper, shortly after we arrived in 1983. That fall we moved 385 boxes holding books, magazines, and other archival materials from our personal collection and Ottley Coulter's collection into Gregory Gym. Twenty-five years later—when we opened The Stark Center in 2009—we moved more than 3000 boxes of materials and more than 100 book carts filled with books into the Stark Center's more than 27,500 square feet of space.

valuable I thought it was to maintain it in some way and he told his family he would like to see the collection come to me because he thought I'd find a means to preserve it. And, as you know, we did buy the collection about ten years ago from his family and after having it in Auburn, Alabama for a few years we brought it with us to Austin when I was offered a position on the faculty here at the University of Texas.

It was when I got the position here that Jan and I decided to give our collection to the university because we knew we'd be settling here for the rest of our lives and because the university had such a good reputation for housing various kinds of special collections. We wanted to be sure that if something were to happen to us, the collection would have a home. Anyway, when I told Mr. McLean about our decision to give our collection to UT, he seemed very pleased; and then a few months later he called me over to his house one day and told me he had decided to give *his* collection to UT and also to supplement his gift and my earlier gift with a donation of money. His idea was that the university would be impressed by the gift of money and would tend to give more of a place of honor to the collection. I agreed with him about this and I made arrangements for him to have a meeting with someone in the office of the university which deals with grants of money, but at that time I didn't realize that he intended to give so much. I thought he meant to give $5,000 or perhaps $10,000 but when I asked him he told me he had a gift in mind of $50,000. And that money was doubled because the university was then celebrating its 100th anniversary and it had decided to match any gift of this sort dollar for dollar. Thus it was that the Roy J. McLean Fellowship in Sport History was established at a level of $100,000.

The next chapter in this story took place a few months after I'd been helping an oilman from Midland get started on an exercise program. . . . I knew, of course, that he intended to pay me but we had never discussed money, so one day when he was here at the university going through some tests I told him that I'd prefer to have him make some sort of contribution to the library and not pay me any sort of fee for my help. I explained that I made enough to live on and that the library was very important to me and I also explained that if he made a donation to the McLean Fellowship every dollar of his contribution would be matched. Anyway, he wound up giving $50,000 too, so that means we have a total of $200,000 in a fund which will draw interest and keep on providing support for the library long after Jan and I are gone. We can only use the interest on the money the principal can't be touched. . . . so far we haven't used any of [the interest] to make purchases as Jan and I have been able to make the purchases out of our own money. This costs us quite a bit each year, but as we have no children we look at it as someone might look at giving to a worthwhile charity of some sort. . . . an and I think of it as an investment in the future of the Iron Game. However, since we think the future of the Game will be better if the past is honored and records of it are maintained, we're happy to do it as long as we have the

extra money to spend.

And, things have worked out here at the university just as Mac said they would, and the university has been very gracious and has responded to the sizable donations we've gotten and has provided us with more space as we've needed it. Vic may have told you but we now have over 4000-square-feet and six rooms but they are pretty well filled. . . . I think the McLean's are going to leave a bequest in their will and Jan and I will leave the bulk of our estate to support the collection because of the fact that as the university brings in more money to the university, the university is more willing to provide more space and extra equipment . . . But we feel that we've made a good, solid start and we know that even if something were to happen to both of us tomorrow the collection would continue and the university would hire someone to go forward with the work that has been begun.

Well, I'd better stop before this letter turns into a book. I do want to say that I've told only two people about your decision to see that your collection comes here to the university. One of the people was the head of my department here at the university, and I told her because I wanted to be sure we could have a particular room when we needed it to house the Steinborn Collection. [*Ed Note: In 1986, what was then called The Todd-McLean Physical Culture Collection was housed in a series of former faculty offices in Gregory Gymnasium.]* The only other person was Vic. Jan and I, of course, have talked about little else since our call and she keeps telling me how glad she is that she's been studying German. I'll close by saying again how much your decision means to us and how much it will mean to lovers of the strength sports in the future. The only way the collection here can be truly complete is if people such as you help us with our work. There's no way we can find and afford everything there is in the field and it's only through the generosity of people like you that the collection can fulfill its promise. Well, enough flowery stuff.

British physical culturist and Weider magazine author Charles A. Smith was our first volunteer after we moved our collections to UT. Charles sorted photos and clippings and his knowledge of the game was helpful in many ways. Terry wrote a memorial tribute to Charles in *Iron Game History,* vol. 1, no. 4&5 (March 1991): 12-13.

Terry stands alongside his weightlifting coach and graduate school mentor, Roy J. (Mac) McLean, as they examine some of the materials we brought with us to the University of Texas in 1983. Mr. McLean's early financial gift has grown significantly over the years and is one of several endowments that help to support the Stark Center.

Sincerely,

Terry

P.S. Tell Henry hello for us and give Tommy a pet. As for the parrot, tell him *Kraft Heil!*

Commentary:

Swimsuit Issue Embodies Traditional View of Beauty

By Terry Todd and John Hoberman

Austin American-Statesman, 12 February 1989, 56.

Preface: Between 1988 and 1992 Terry and his good friend, U.T. sports historian John Hoberman, wrote a column in the Austin American-Statesman *newspaper on Sundays. Their sports commentaries covered a wide variety of controversies such as drugs in sport, Olympic scandals, basketball coach Bobby Knight's bad behavior, and many things related to University of Texas Athletics. Terry and John alternated writing the columns, each choosing a topic/controversy that interested them personally. They then sent drafts to each other for proofreading before submitting to the paper. The main writer's name was placed first on the columns they initiated so readers would know whether John or Terry had done the heavy lifting that week.*

After he began writing for Sports Illustrated *in the late 1970s, Terry suggested to the magazine that they do a feature story about how the bodies of women athletes were adapting in the post-Title IX world as more women participated in sport. Many women had started weight training to be better at their sport, he argued, and because of this the bodies of women athletes were leaner and more muscular, reflecting a growing acceptance of muscularity by women athletes and the public. Terry was given the greenlight to write the article, and in 1983, he and* SI *photographer Stephen Green-Armytage went on assignment to interview and photograph several of America's best Olympians (Joan Lind—rowing, Lorna Griffin—discus, and Evelyn Ashford—track) along with Patty Barton, a female jockey, and Denise Christensen, a collegiate diver. The pictures turned out beautifully. Terry's editor loved his text. However, the story was never published by* Sports Illustrated. *It was scheduled several times, but always got bumped. Finally, his editor, Barbara LaFontaine, called to tell Terry that her boss,* SI's *Managing Editor, had decided it would never run because he thought it would add fuel to the controversy that already existed in this era about* Sports Illustrated's *policy of using only fashion models in the Swimsuit Issue. To describe how Terry and Stephen felt after getting this news as "disappointment" would be a gross understatement.*

This commentary in the American-Statesman *was inspired by this earlier attempt to get S*ports Illustrated *to begin treating female athletes seriously, and by Terry's own belief that it was wrong not to celebrate the beauty of women athletes.*

~ Jan Todd

The *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue came this week and, as usual, it was cause for contemplation. This particular issue provides a retrospective look at the 25 years the magazine has featured a photographic layout of young women in various stages of undress, and one of the things that can be learned by looking at the earlier models is that the body style of 1989 is quite different than it was back in the middle 60s. The primary reason this is so has to do with the dramatically altered relationship of women and athletics.

One of the realizations that accompanied the sweeping changes symbolized by Title IX which mandated that any educational institution receiving federal money had to provide support for women athletes as well as for

Terry and John Hoberman sit together at an academic meeting held at The University of Texas in 2003. Hoberman, who teaches in the Germanic Studies Department, is one of the world's most distinguished sport historians and specializes in the history of sport science and drug use in sports. His most recent book is *Dopers in Uniform: The Hidden World of Police on Steroids* (University of Texas Press, 2017).

men was that as a culture we had sustained an enormous loss of talent and beauty because of our traditional attitude about women and athletics. As the fields, courts and weight rooms of the country began to fill with young women avid for a chance to play, it became increasingly clear that the traditional notion about a woman's place being in the home, rather than rounding third and headed there, was ill-conceived.

To have denied women the opportunity to live not only in their bodies but through them, as men have lived, seems to have been not unlike restricting Babe Ruth to the mound. The philosopher W. Jennings once remarked that the only two things in life that make it worth living are a guitar that's tuned good, and firm-feeling women, even though the "good-hearted women-good-timing man" philosophy with which he is usually identified would result in women who were decidely nonfirm. Even infirm, since it holds that man is an oak to which a woman should cling, vinelike, for support. But this hard-soft, either-or sexual politics fails to take into account two crucial facts one: the bodies of both men and women respond to the rigors of physical exercise by becoming stronger, more flexible, more enduring or some combination thereof; and two: women, no less than men, can be ennobled by sport.

It is not necessary to believe that men and women are the same to understand that in many respects they are similar. For instance, part of what makes a man or woman "attractive" is the grace, shape and coherence of his or her particular body. Any general definition of beauty will argue that it is the relationship of the parts to the whole which is crucial; that absolute beauty exists only when any alteration of any part diminishes the effect of the whole. That this is theoretically no less true of a woman's body than of Don Budge's backhand seems obvious. What is becoming increasingly obvious is that a woman can be both beautiful and strong. What is less obvious is that the earned beauty many of our top sportswomen develop could be more aesthetically interesting than the generally accepted standard.

Most of what for want of a better word can be called "cheesecake" depends on a passive sexiness and either nudity or near-nudity for its appeal. And most women who are the photographic subjects of this "cheesecake" look the way they look (pre-implants, anyway) primarily because of their ancestry.

World class women athletes, on the other hand, have bodies which represent not only genetic good fortune but the effect of their will. Perhaps the measure of special beauty such women possess springs from the related facts that, as athletes, their bodies must move free of wasted motion and that this beautiful function creates the sort of form we regard as an aspect of beauty. They, unlike the average *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model, have in a very real sense designed, through the demands of their sport, how their bodies look.

This difference probably represents their yearning for perfection as part of the human condition. It's indeed ironic, and sad, that a magazine with the prestige, circulation and focus of *Sports Illustrated* would choose to overlook such women, in action, in favor of the ones they use, no matter how genetically blessed or surgically enhanced the models may be.

One of the profound changes our culture is experiencing involves the fact that in the very recent past most women who were dedicated athletes were willing to accept the physical differences their sport produced as part of the price they had to pay in exchange for the pleasure of play, whereas many sportswomen today embrace the differences proudly, seeing in them the result of their years of training. In the musky presence of such athletes a line from a letter George Bernard Shaw wrote to his friend William Archer praising Ibsen's play *Hedda Gabler* comes to mind. "I say Archer, my God! What women!"

The Ironbound Journals

By Terry Todd

Unpublished, Summer 1990

Preface: In 1975, Terry and I moved to Nova Scotia, Canada, and promptly fell in love with its small farms, horse pulls, the craggy coastline of the North Atlantic, and the incredibly kind people we met during the four years we lived there year-round. After we left, moving first to Auburn, Alabama (1979), and then to Austin, Texas (1983), we often talked about how much we missed Nova Scotia and vowed that one day—maybe when we retired—we'd figure out a way to spend time there again.

When I was diagnosed with ovarian cancer in 1988, however, we were forced to think about how much time we might have left together and decided that finding a summer place in Nova Scotia could no longer wait for retirement. So, Terry called several friends and asked them to keep an eye out for a place on the ocean for us. In the spring of 1990, Dee Hilburt, one of those friends, called to say that there was an eighteenth-century house with acreage for sale on a private island about three miles off the coast of Nova Scotia. We hadn't been thinking about living on an island as we knew it would be challenging and complicated, but Terry couldn't resist going and taking a look when he learned that the two-hundred-acre island was still an active fishing outpost, had only eight private homes on it, contained no stores or businesses other than fishing, and that it was magically named Ironbound Island.

Terry bought the property that weekend and we never regretted it—our days on Ironbound were among the richest and happiest of our lives. During the 1990s we spent three months there each summer (and several Christmas holidays), and our time on Ironbound taught us much about the power of community, living with nature, and self reliance. Although Terry was always writing something—letters, articles, poems, and so on—he had never kept a regular journal. On Ironbound, however, he felt moved to record what we did, what we learned, and how living on the island made us feel as we became Ironbounders. What follows are just a few selections from entries he wrote during our first summer. *~ Jan Todd*

July 20, 1990 (first entry): The island has us now. If we're up to its demands, it will no doubt have us for years to come, if they come. . . . Ironbound brings on feelings of care and of the fragility of things. It's so small and so heartbreakingly beautiful. . . .Neither can we forget our dread neighbor, the one Duke [*Ed note:* a reference to John Wayne who also dealt with cancer.] called the Big C. All the more reason to come to Ironbound while we have the will and the *huevos* to see it all and experience it fully.

It does seem to be a place that will test you. Trips to the mainland are either infrequent or costly and such a situation engenders both conservation and preparation. We've been growing more and more into the pace of the place, having been here for almost two weeks and having gotten the house mostly, if not very well, furnished.

We look forward to our walks and our swims—both lake and ocean—and later today, when the tide clock says it's time, we plan to take one of the latter. Jan's beside me at the table, taking notes, bearing down hard at the task of preparing for her orals. Earlier this afternoon she went down to the fishstore and set up a makeshift desk where she could read and take notes in peace. . . . *[Ed note: I prepared for my doctoral orals and wrote much of my dissertation on Ironbound. A fishstore is a building used for cleaning fish and storing nets and other gear.]*

The wind is up today more than any time since

This is the view as you arrive at Ironbound by boat. The large red buildings at water's edge are called fishstores, and it was in these buildings that the cod and other fish were cleaned, packed in salt in large wooden barrels to dry, and where various kinds of fishing gear were stored. Because it was one of the outermost islands in Mahone Bay, Ironbound also had a working lighthouse, located at the top of the hill. Our house was directly behind the fishstore with the boat in front of it.

we came and we're hoping for a much-needed rain. The island was as green as Ireland when we came and is green still but the water level is going down in both the lake and in our well. During our swim-bath today in the freshwater lake, we attracted our first leeches, tiny things attached to our feet. But they'll have to get a good deal larger before they drive us out and force us to swim only in the cold Atlantic.

Our first day therein on the sandy beach at the end of our four-acre barn lot, was three days ago. Dee [Hilburt] was with us and the hyperactive little rascal that he is, plunged right in. He also plunged right out again, even faster. Jan stayed in for six or eight minutes and I stayed for about 15. It was painful at first—a sort of burning—but once that wore off I was comfortable standing in chest-deep water without much movement. Not much by Vic Boff (of Coney Island's Iceburg Club) standards but stimulating for us. Hours later, our bodies were tingling and felt somehow refrigerated.

Later. . . .8:30 PM. Well, the weather turned dark and blowey so we decided to forego the swim and go down into the boggy field between our front windows and the back beach and chop down some of the spruce and fir blocking our view. And so we did, old Jan and I. I chopped and she hauled and we argued about who had the hardest job. We'll let the trees dry out a bit on the beach and one day when the wind is right, we'll burn them and shovel the coals into the high tide. After we cut and hauled the trees, we walked down to the Finck's fishstore and Russell [Finck] and Paul [Finck] were doing the last of the four boxes of fish Russell caught today. Each box weighs around 125 pounds, so he brought in about 500 pounds, mostly codfish, and more or less an average haul for a day on the water, from what I've seen in our few days

The freshwater lake on Ironbound where we took many of our baths was separated from the ocean by only a low barrier made of shells and rocks. We owned the open land just behind the lake which was called "Cow Pasture Head." The Head faced west and was our favorite place to watch sunsets.

Terry and Woola, our English mastiff, rest in the cranberry vines on the eastern end of Ironbound in 1990. Although Terry hoped he could convince Woola to help him find the pheasants after he shot them, she could always be counted on, instead, to head home as soon as he fired his shotgun and wait for him on the porch. He loved her anyway.

When Terry and his friend, Russell Finck, returned from fishing, they would transfer the codfish from the bottom of the boat to fishboxes with a special two-pronged pitchfork. The boxes were then carried in to the splitting table where the fish were gutted, split in half, and salted down in large barrels to dry out and become salt cod.

here. Russell fishes alone, in one of the Cape Island boats that are specially rigged with a wide keel so they can be hauled up on one of the launches and out of the water. He's an altogether wonderful man, kind as they come, and he'll take no money from us for codfish, pollock or mackerel. . . . I've been invited to go outwith him and spend a day jigging for codfish. I'll go, of course, but not without some trepidation about how I'll bear up in an anchored boat for a long day of fishing. I've never really been seasick but I've never been particularly tested. But the test day's coming; I can't resist the chance to go out. He leaves each morning about 5:00 and returns between 2:00 and 5:00, then he needs another few hours to clean the fish and salt them down in wooden puncheons that look as if they hold around 300 gallons.

He was pleased today because he caught a big codfish and he knew that I'd been wanting to take a photo of one so I could send it down to Texas with the story that I hadn't had time to really go out far that day and had caught this "small one" off the pier. He caught an even larger one—about 90 pounds—the first day we came onto the island and I told him I was sorry we hadn't gotten a picture. So we got our picture today of the 70-odd pound codfish and I just hope it turns out well so we can make a large copy for Russell and his wife, Maxine. If he won't take money for the fish he's given us almost every day, I'll have to think of things to give him. . . . the threatening skies finally let go and we had a nice albeit too short downpour . . . So I expect the lawn will green up to a high shine again and the seeds Jan planted yesterday will germinate right away, here in the rich kingdom of Ironbound.

July 24, 1990: Tonight we'll see if, full of wine and wild mussels, I can produce a readable journal entry. Probably not, I'd guess, but maybe the poet Jack Spicer's trick will work and the muse will show in response to the proper combination of location and libation. The mussels, by the way, were the result of the diligence of old Jan, who went back to the beach at low tide on the advice of Charlie Finck and, with the help of 11-year -old Liam Anderson, gathered about 15 pounds of the tasty little bivalves. I helped some but it was most-

ly Jan's deal and she did most of the work, chose the recipe, which involved garlic, butter, bay leaves, white wine and God knows what else and produced a real feed—mussels, homemade dark bread and white wine.

So we scored heavily with another meal consisting primarily of found food and the success of the mussel hunt took some of the sting from the loss of a hen pheasant I knocked down earlier in the day and then couldn't find, even with the help of Jan and Woola [our English mastiff]. The day was a repeat of yesterday—cool and foggy—and we decided to have a mid-afternoon walk and take the gun along in case we could raise one of Ironbound's many pheasants. And sure enough, about 100 yards past the pond, a big hen came up out of the long grass and headed toward the woods only to be hit by what I thought was a killing shot from the 12-gauge. But she went down in heavy brush along a creek and although we looked for about 45 minutes we were unable to find her.

Terry also got to help with lobstering when we first arrived in June and on our several Christmas trips. He's standing in front of a pile of lobster traps that he's just helped Russell Finck unload.

To lose a downed animal—one you've shot and wounded—is the worst part of hunting to me, and I honestly don't know if we just overlooked her in the heavy, fernfilled overgrowth or if she wasn't hit as solidly as she looked to be. But it left a bad taste and even though we hunted hard again once we reached Cow Pasture Head and then back down the bare headland above the lake we raised no more birds. But there are so many pheasants here—hundreds of them, with no natural enemies and I hope and intend to kill and eat a few before I leave.

July 28, 1990: Up at 4:45 today to have some coffee and biscuits, put on my rubber pants and meet Russell for a trip out beyond the island. He had set some nets out to see if the herring were running and I told him I'd be glad to go along and give him a hand. So by 5:45 we were passing a shoal called the Grampus and heading for the eastern end of the island. The day was overcast, but not quite as foggy as it's been all week and he had no trouble locating the large float he uses to mark the location of the herring net. As it came in view, he said, almost to himself, "Oh my God, what have we got here?" And when I asked him what he saw, he said the gillnet was full of herring. And so it was, drifting down out of sight in the bluegreygreen water, studded with the twisting, silvery fish. When we had hold of the nets, Russell took me to the back of the

Because Ironbound was three miles out in the Atlantic, you needed a heavily built boat with a special keel to land on the island. On an average day the tide would rise and fall six feet making it dangerous to leave a boat tied to the wharf. The Ironbounders, like Paul and Charlie Finck shown here, would drive their boats up on logs called "skids" and then pull the boat out of the water by hooking a cable to the front and starting a diesel engine located on the shore that pulled the boat up the skids. In earlier times, the men would return from fishing and then hook oxen to the boats to pull them ashore.

boat and set me up with a codfish jig, saying that I could fish while he hauled in and cleaned out the net. But I had no action in the first few minutes and Russell was working so hard at what I soon saw was going to be a long task that I brought up the jig and went to the bow to help.

In a very real way it was a terrible shame that the net was so full because it was Saturday and the fishplant was closed and so there was no way to save the thousand pounds or so of herring the net had trapped. Russell spoke of it himself, saying it was such a shame to have a net full of fish and a world full of hungry people and no way to save what had been caught. He was very surprised to see the herring in such numbers, and his plan was to see if they were running so he could set the net on Sunday evening and have something else to fall back on since the cod take had slackened off. Anyway, the fish were there, fast to the squares of Russell's father's net and they had to be taken or shaken out. Sometimes we'd shake the net and six or eight would fly out at a time, but usually we had to take them out with our hands. Perhaps one in 20 was whole and would live. The net was about 100 feet long and perhaps 15 feet wide, but stretched the way it was it came out of the water with a width of six feet or so. We were at least 45 minutes hauling and clearing it. . . .

So after the nets were safely back on board, Russell suggested we hunt for codfish. Off we went through the increasingly foggy morning, Ironbound passing out of view behind us; and, in a very few minutes, Russell killed the motor over a shoal 30 feet or so below and we unrolled the jig lines. No action. Russell said that if there were cod below in the sort of numbers that made fishing worthwhile he would usually get a strike within the first 15 or 20 seconds of the time when his jig was at the right height, which he says is about three or four feet off the bottom. The "jig" is a joined pair of large hooks, about twice the size of trotline hooks—the biggest ones I'm used to—and these hooks are just below a four inch lead sinker shaped and painted to look like a small herring. The motion of jigging is done by holding the line in your hands—hence the term "handlining"—and, keeping your arm straight and pointed downward from your shoulder and with the line running over, and resting on, the side of the boat, pulling the line about three feet in a fairly rapid. motion and then letting it fall back down and so on. And on. The jig, as it drops through the water, dives downward nose first and as it darts down it attracts the fish, which either strike it and are hooked in the mouth, or follow it down and are hooked in some other part of the body as it's pulled quickly back up as soon as it reaches the end of its downward swoop.

Except for the beach areas, the edges of Ironbound Island were cliffs made of craggy slate that was covered in many places with red rust from oxidation. From a boat, in the sunlight, the cliffs—rising at a slant from the sea—often looked almost red, as if they were truly made of iron.

They were not that thick this morning, however, and we moved twice more before we got a little action and caught four codfish, averaging about three pounds apiece. . . . Then off in the fog, but not so very far off, came the unmistakable—even for me who has never heard it—blowing of a surfacing whale. An indescribably LARGE sound—no small thing could have made it—and on the flat grey sea it was riveting. And humbling. It must have been fishing too, and we heard it many times before I saw it break out of the water on the starboard side of the boat, about 100 yards away. Russell said it was "only a little

Ironbound is narrowest in the center where the land is lowest. The small harbor is located there as are nearly all the buildings on the island. There were only eight houses when we lived there, but most homesites included barns and outbuildings as the island had historically engaged in farming as well as fishing. The wharf protecting the fishstores and harbor is shown here on the left—it faces the mainland; the water on the right is the Atlantic Ocean.

Minke," but it was hardly little to me, being at least as long as Russell's 28-foot boat. And, as we finally saw the whale, we began to hear a school of porpoise off in the fog, expiring air in a much more dainty way, no doubt playing in between snacks. No seasickness for them. And none for me, not while the whale was nearby. And not ever enough to make me really sick, for which I'm very grateful as I hope to the outer end of hope that I am able to go out on the boats with the men to help and learn.

Soon Russell said there was no use fishing for fish that weren't there and we hauled in and headed back for Ironbound, Russell for probably his several thousandth trip, and I for my first, full of amazement at the number of herring and the sound of the whale, humbled by the touch of sickness, and happy not to have lost my lunch to lobsters.

August 4, 1990: . . . Later in the day, I saw Russell and he told me there was a storm system working its way up the Atlantic coast and that it might make the seas so rough he would want to bring in his nets. Having seen how much work it was for two men to haul and clear the nets and knowing of Russell's past history of heart trouble, I told him I'd go with him in the morning if no one else came to him saying they'd go. No one came, so again I was up at 4:45 to prepare for a 5:30 departure. Russell's concern over the weather had deepened during the night as his special fisherman's channel was predicting that the storm, by now upgraded to hurricane status, was moving quickly toward Nova Scotia and was expected to strike somewhere just south of Halifax. Somewhere, in other words, right on top of Ironbound. Winds of 70 miles an hour were forecast, along with the heavy swells characteristic of a storm of that size.

As we rounded the eastern tip of Ironbound and moved out of the protected lee of the island, it was clear that we didn't need a weatherman to tell which way the wind was blowing. The storm-driven swells lifted the 30-foot Cape Islander like a toy and we both knew it would be a very different day. But as Russell said when we hit the heavy water, "If the weather was fine all the time everyone would be a fisherman." My first thought as we hit the open sea was that I was sorry I'd had only one Gravol [Dramamine] that morning, and I could imagine myself following in the wobbly footsteps of the Reverend Robert Hunt, a member of John Smith's 1607 Virginia Venture, who, it was said, became so sick on the trip that he wasted away, "making wild vomits into the black night."

But we had the nets to worry about and soon we were alongside the first and had the end of it hauled aboard. I think we both were glad there were fewer fish than the day before as we wanted to finish and get back in before the storm got worse. But the swells rolled the boat so badly that it was hard for us both (particularly me) to keep our balance. The push of the wind against the drifting boat was so strong that I had all I could do to haul the net aboard. It was my good fortune that almost all of the fish had been caught in the bottom

third of the net, so I could concentrate on holding and drawing in the rope to which the net was attached.

About a third of the way through the second net, Russell said, "Ahah, there's the devil's admiral," and I looked overboard to see a shark of five or six feet entangled in the nylon webbing. We'd been seeing tears in the netting that Russell said were evidence of the presence of a shark and now we had the culprit, drowned. Russell disentangled him and off he drifted to the lobsters below. We'd been back at our work for about five minutes when I suddenly became seasick, but after several vomitless heaves, I felt normal again, which Russell said was unusual. Apparently, once you become seasick, it generally persists until you reach the land, and sometimes well after that. I was relieved by my sudden recovery, both for myself and for Russell, as I could tell that he was worried about me. In fact, he began to hurry even faster than he had been and I urged him to slow down, knowing that no matter how sick I might become it would be far better to be sick than to be in the drifting boat of a dead man in a gathering storm, not understanding how to start the engine or use the communication system. In fact, this very knowledge may have done more to cure me than the effect of one capsule of Gravol on my 270-pound body.

I was fine for an hour or so, by which time we were about halfway through with the last net. But once again, after a few wild vomits, I felt normal again and we brought the last fish into the bucking boat. Russell cranked up the big diesel and we headed westward around the island in order to run with the swells. We could see the houses so clearly across the beach of Southeast Cove, that it seemed we could have almost jumped to the beach and we spooked a family of ducks as we drew near to Southwest Rock. Soon we were back at the government pier, called by the islanders the "wharf" to get Jan, who wanted to get a couple of things at the store in Blandford on the mainland. (Apparently a wharf runs parallel to the shore and a pier is perpendicular. But since the government structure comes out at an angle of approximately 35 degrees, I think the Ironbounders are well within their rights to stick with wharf.) In any case, since we had so few fish Russell didn't really need me to help him unload, and since I thought I should play it safe, I got out when Jan got in. I then walked to the house, got a drink of water and a plastic bucket and went down by the lake where I picked about a half-gallon of raspberries, raspberries some of whose fate it was to be turned by Jan into a pie later that afternoon and then turned by me into some small part of the energy I'm using to write these words. . . .

Later in the afternoon when the highest tides coincided with the continuing swells, we took a walk . . . all along the southwest shore the waves thundered in at our feet, throwing spray 30 and 40 feet into the air and booming into the many partial caves that dot that side of Ironbound. As we walked the sky began to clear to the west and by the time we reached Cowpasture Head on the southwestern tip of the island the sun was shining intermittently. We took a rest on the spongy softness of the cranberry vines and sat for a while in the strong wind, now coming from the north-northeast. Our vantage point provided a postcard-like view of the buildings on Ironbound and we were taking note of how beautiful it all looked and how lucky we were to have found such a magical place when out of the sky over the eastern end of the island appeared a rainbow. A rainbow, arching almost perfectly over the buildings and the lighthouse higher up, bringing to a fitting close the wondrous day which had blessed us all.

Although not the rainbow Terry mentions above, rainbows were not uncommon on Ironbound. This is taken from our front yard, shortly after Terry finished building the new wooden fence.

Mark Henry's Olympic Diary

By Terry Todd

Beaumont Enterprise, July 6, 20 & 27, 1996

Preface: In 1996 as Mark Henry was preparing for the Olympic Games, Terry suggested to him that he might want to do as many pro boxers do before a big match and isolate himself in a remote location so he could focus more on his lifting and less on the media blitz and hoopla surrounding the Atlanta Games. And so, in early June, Mark joined us on Ironbound Island to train with Terry as his sole coach as he prepared for his second Olympics. During the two months he stayed on the island with us, Mark and Terry agreed to limit media interviews and during that time they did only one magazine interview, for People *magazine, and one TV interview, for HBO. However, Mark's hometown of Silsbee, Texas, had always supported him as an Olympian, and both Terry and Mark wanted them to know how he was doing. So, with assistance from the local paper,* The Beaumont Enterprise*, Terry agreed to send weekly reports from our remote "training camp." Here are three of the articles that appeared in that series.* ~ *Jan Todd*

6 July 1996

When I first saw Mark Henry, he was sitting among friends at a high school powerlifting meet in Dallas, looking for all the world like a young African king surrounded by his children. Never had I seen such muscle size and bone structure. I've been involved in competitive lifting for 40 years and was the national champion myself in both weightlifting and powerlifting, so I've known all the top men in both sports for almost half a century. When I met Mark, however, I thought to myself that here was a man with the potential to be the best of them all in either discipline, maybe even both disciplines, at the same time.

Powerlifting is a low gear sport—it both tests and develops basic strength. When I first saw Mark, it was apparent that he could have quickly become the best powerlifter in the U.S., but it seemed to me that he would have a brighter future if he turned his attention for a time to weightlifting, which is the only form of competitive lifting done at the Olympic Games.

Mark stands beside Powerlifting Collegiate Champion Eric Fomby, on his first trip to Austin in June of 1990. Mark was 19, stood 6'3" tall, and weighed about 380 pounds. Eric weighed around 170.

Weightlifting is very different from powerlifting—it requires balance, coordination, timing, flexibility and explosiveness and as I watched Mark that day in Dallas move around and lift, it was easy to see he had unusual flexibility. He also got around like an athlete, and so I asked him if he had ever considered trying his hand at weightlifting. He told me that the first person who inspired him to become a lifter was the huge Russian Olympic gold medalist Vasily Alexeyev, but that there was nobody in Silsbee to show him how. "I don't care what kind of lifting I do," he told me with a smile, "I just want to get to be the strongest man in the world."

So, after checking with various people to verify Mark's claim of being drug-free, I decided to bring him and his mother, Barbara

Mass, up to Austin so that Angel Spassov and I could put him through some tests to determine if he had the physical qualities necessary for success in this demanding sport. Spassov, a strength coach at the University of Texas at Austin, was for many years a coach of the Bulgarian national weight-lifting team.

Thus it was that Mark came to Austin in June of 1990 and satisfied Angel and I that he had the physical wherewithal and the personal drive to succeed in a sport he'd only seen done on television. So after talking to Mark and his mother at length, my wife Jan and I decided to more or less "adopt" the huge, playful young man as a project—to bring him to Austin, set him up in an apartment with a good, all-you-can-eat meal plan, teach him the "Olympic lifts" and guide him toward what we hoped would be a successful career as a weightlifter.

Mark moved to Austin in the summer of 1990 following his graduation from high school. He's shown here taking a heavy squat workout with Terry and a UT student as spotters. Note the lack of knee wraps and the narrow belt on this close to 700-pound squat. His best official squat, done raw, was 953.5 pounds (432.5 kg).

When Mark arrived in August of that same year, he threw himself into his new sport with all of his large heart. Extremely coachable, he worked on a daily basis with Emilian Iankov, another Bulgarian living in Austin who had an extensive career as a lifter and coach. Almost immediately, Mark gave indications he was the real deal, breaking his personal records nearly every day in the gym. Within less than three months, he officially exceeded the national record for "Junior" (under the age of 23) lifters with a snatch of 325 pounds and a few weeks later broke that record three more times with 337, 341 and 343.

To place those records in context, consider this: Before the advent of anabolic steroids (approximately 1960), the best three men in history in the snatch lift—John Davis, Norbert Schemansky and Paul Anderson—had each made 330 pounds. Yet here was a young man—a boy, really—with less than three months of training under his thick leather belt who lifted more than any of these three great Olympic champions had been able to lift over their long careers.

When Mark broke those records, Jan and I felt vindicated, and we knew that unless Mark lost interest or sustained a career ending injury, he would become a legend in the iron game. In the following weeks I hope to share with the people of East Texas how Mark unwrapped—and is still unwrapping his prodigious gift of strength.

20 July 1996

Thursday was a busy day on Ironbound, an island well-named for the training camp of the strongest man in the world. Up at eight, Mark Henry began his day with a breakfast of pork sausage, hash-brown potatoes, eggs over easy, home-made English muffins, wild strawberry preserves, orange juice, and milk.

After a short rest he walked to the freshwater lake to watch some of the local birds—among them pheasants, stormy petrels, hawks, osprey, goldfinches, loons and even the odd puffin—and see if he could catch a glimpse of the island's two resident deer.

Earlier that morning I'd steamed ashore in our Cape Island-style boat to pick up six people from HBO who had come to our isolated home in Nova Scotia to do a major story on Mark's weightlifting career. As Mark was eating, resting, and walking, the HBO folks toured the island to choose the spots for the interviews scheduled for later in the day. I took them to the lighthouse, out past the freshwater lake, over to the Southwest Cove where we swim, down to the buildings where the fishermen store their gear, and over to the barn where I keep one of Mark's favorite things, a 12-foot rib from a 60-foot grey whale that washed up on island's beach in the 1950s.

By 11 AM, they had set up the spot for their interview with me, which lasted until half past noon. The interviewer was Sonja Steptoe, an editor for *Sports Illustrated*, who also works as a sports commentator for HBO.

After the interview, two cameramen and one sound man followed me up to our house to tape Mark eating lunch—a 20-ounce rib eye steak, home made French bread, a spinach salad, boiled blue potatoes, English peas, and carrots, all from our garden, washed down with two quarts of iced tea and followed by a huge piece of still-warm apple pie. Then, Mark took his daily hour nap, during which time the HBO crew scurried around the island shooting what they call B-roll—shots of the island which can be edited into the interview in a way that establishes where the subject of the interview lives and trains.

They got tape of the lighthouse, the beach, the fishing boats coming and going, the extensive birdlife, the wharf, our two big Mastiffs, and the building where Mark trains. After the nap, Mark had a cup of tea and we walked down to the building as the camera crew ran in front of us to capture the scene as we approached the heavy weights he planned to lift.

The training quarters are located on the second floor of a new building which houses farm equipment. The second floor is supported by steel rafters topped by flooring made by inch-and-a-half tongue and groove spruce. On top of that we screwed down six sheets of 3/4-inch plywood in such a way that the lifting platform is 8' x 12'. The room, approximately 70' x 40' looks like the loft of a large barn, and it serves over the winter and spring as a place where extra hay is stored for the island's small herd of cattle. Now, however, it's clean, spacious, well-ventilated and a wonderful place to lift, smelling as it does of new wood and loose-baled hay.

Mark and Terry stand in front of the Ironbound lighthouse in the summer of 1996. They're holding a spruce fence post that the lighthouse keeper had made. The ground on Ironbound was so soft and sandy that pointed fence posts like this were simply driven into the ground with a sledge. Mark was in the best physical condition of his lifting career that summer.

Terry explains the intricacies of hand-lining for codfish to Mark as they sit in the back of our boat on Ironbound. The big hook in Terry's right hand mimics the action of a small fish as the line is dropped overboard. No poles are used.

The TV crew taped everything—the warmup routine, the stretching and, of course, the workout itself. Mark began with snatches—the lift in which the barbell is pulled overhead in one sudden movement as the lifter squats under the bar. He began with 132 pounds and worked up in small increments until he reached the target weight for the day—352 pounds—which he snatched in two repetitions with power to spare.

Next came full squats with the bar held on his chest. Beginning with 264 pounds Marked work up to two easy sets of two repetitions with 618. The last exercise was the wide-grip high pull in which he built up to two sets of two reps with 440 pounds, pulling the bar each

time to mid-chest before letting it crash to the floor.

Next came a walk to the beach and our daily swim in the 48-degree ocean, which we do in order to help the body recover from the heavy training. The TV crew stood by and shivered as Mark calmly walked out into the surf until he was submerged up to his neck, where he stayed for approximately 15 minutes.

Back to the house after the swim to get ready for the last chore of the day—the interview, which was done back in the building where we train. The interview was a long one—almost two hours—and was the most extensive Mark has ever done. Mark talked a great deal about how difficult it was to be drug free in a sport so riddled with steroid use, about his early life in Silsbee, and about the love he felt for the town which always supported him so wholeheartedly as he worked his way up in the world of sports. The TV crew had to leave at 10 on the last available boat or they'd probably still be asking Mark questions.

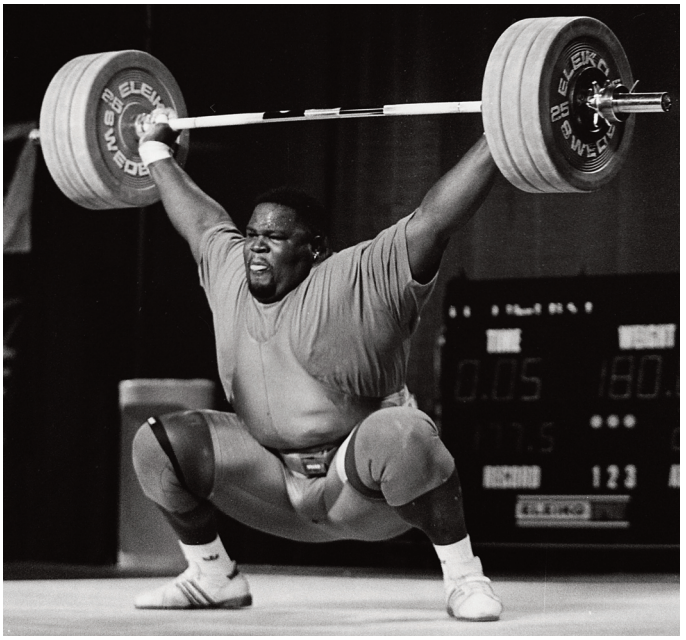
Once they were gone, we had a late supper of turkey sandwiches, potato salad and another piece of that homemade apple pie. . . . The HBO Olympic special will air on July 15, and Mark's part of it will last 12 minutes, which will make it by far the longest story he has ever had on national television. The importance of the show and the length of the piece convinced us to make an exception to our policy of limiting contact with the media until after July 30, the day on which Mark will battle for a medal at the Olympic Games.

27 July 1996

Over the past year or so, Mark has been called by many people the strongest man in the world. In this series of articles for the *Enterprise*, I have often referred to him in the same way. Today, I want to explain how he earned the title and why, even if he fails to win the gold medal in Atlanta, he will still be the strongest man in the world.

When Mark deadlifted 903 pounds last summer in Pennsylvania, many older lifters approached me after the lift and told me that they had seen hundreds, even thousands of lifts, but that the 903-pound deadlift was the greatest lift they'd ever seen. It was, to be sure, a breathtaking performance—the most impressive lift in either weightlifting or powerlifting I've seen during my forty years in the strength game.

As is always the case, it's not only the weight on the bar that stamps a lift as either impressive or unimpressive. How a lift is done is crucial. The form used. The ease of the lift. These things matter and they provide clues about the strength of the man or woman making the lift. The ease with which Mark makes his record lifts in both weightlifting and powerlifting adds considerably to his reputation as a strength legend.



At the 1996 US Nationals, Mark made this picture perfect 180 kilo (396-pound) snatch for a new American record. He also held the national clean and jerk record at 220 kilos (484.5 pounds) heading to Atlanta.

There is, of course, considerable argument about how best to define and to test "strength." Traditionally, the weightlifters of the world have put forward men like Paul Anderson, Vasily Alexeyev, and Alexander Kurlovich as the world's strongest. At the same time, the powerlifting community argues that such behemoths as Bill Kazmaier and Anthony Clark are stronger. Others have backed huge athletes such as Magnus Ver Magnusson or the late Jon Pall Sigmarsson, both of whom have won titles in the grueling events known generically as "Strongest Man" contests, contests which feature such dangerous events as lifting boulders, turning over cars, carrying refrigerators, and so on.

Besides athletes from these groups, many others through the years have made claims of being the "World's Strongest"—arm-wrestlers, one-lift specialists, and out-and-out charlatans. The first problem encountered when trying to sort out such claims, of course, is that no one man can outperform all other men in every conceivable

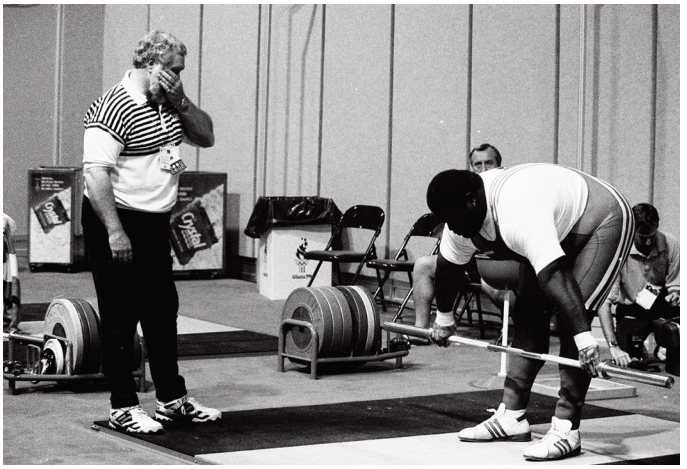
feat of physical strength. The second problem is verifiability—who judged the feat of strength? And how was the resistance weighed?

Faced with this tangled knot of conflicting assertions, how can anyone reasonably establish the identity of the man whose overall performance best qualifies him for the cherished title of World's Strongest Man? It seems to me and to many others that the best way is to use the recent statistical format put forward by a writer for *Powerlifting USA*, a magazine which recently featured a list of the top 25 men they called "History's Greatest Strength Athletes." The technique used to rank these men is quite simple. There are three powerlifts (the bench press, the squat, and the deadlift) and two weightlifting movements (the snatch and the clean and jerk), and the magazine combined the best performances of each of the 25 men in each of the five competitive lifts and ranked them according to the total poundage of the five lifts.

Since these five lifts are done in more than a hundred countries around the world, and since the methods of performance are more or less standardized, using the five-lift total is the closest we can ever come to establishing the identity of the person who has the most right to be known as the world's best lifter or the world's strongest man. Using these criteria, Mark tops the list of history's greatest lifters and can be said to have earned for himself the title as the strongest man in history.

Mark has been far too busy the past five years trying to learn the intricacies of the snatch and the clean and jerk to even consider trying his hand in one of the "Strongest Man" contests. This apprenticeship still continues, as Mark's lifting style is very primitive, relying more on brute power than on perfect biomechanical technique. But even though his lifting *skill* leaves much to be desired, due primarily to his relatively late start in the game, his basic, overall strength is unmatched. In weightlifting alone, his accomplishments include a gold medal at the Pan American Games, three national championships, two victories in the Olympic Festival, a spot on the 1992 and 1996 Olympic teams, and dozens of American records.

As I explained in last Sunday's article, Mark knows that because of the dramatic boost steroids give to competitive lifters, his opponents' use places him at a significant disadvantage. Even so, he believes that despite his raw technique he could be winning the top medals in a truly clean sport, and this belief is frustrating. He knows he is physically stronger than the few men in the world still ahead of him in weightlifting, and he knows that when he loses to them it gives the false impression that he is weaker than they are.



At the 1996 Olympic Games, Terry served as Mark's coach and is shown here backstage as he begins warming up. Although Mark had made 407 in the snatch and 507 in the clean and jerk in training, he injured his back during the snatches at the Olympics and finished a disappointing 14th. It was his last weightlifting contest. After the Games, he signed a contract with The World Wrestling Federation where he has had a long career. He was inducted into their Hall of Fame in 2018.

"Even with all their steroids, they don't have as much basic strength as I have," Mark says, explaining that "most of the top guys have told me that I was stronger than they were, and that if I had their technique I'd be outlifting them." The coach of the U.S. Olympic team, Dragomir Cirosian, agrees, saying that "of the top ten supers in weightlifting, Mark is definitely the strongest." Cirosian is quite correct. If the top five superheavyweights in weightlifting tried to match Mark's 903 deadlift, they would not only fail, they would be unable to raise the weight an inch from the floor. Similarly, were they to try to squat with the 1000 pounds Mark can lift they would be crushed by the weight.

It's also worth noting that by making national and world records in powerlifting, this amazing, good-natured, young athlete became a fraternity of one; no other superheavyweight has ever held a national record in the open division in powerlifting and weightlifting at the same time. Indeed, Silsbee's Mark Henry has proved on the battleground of actual competition that he has realized and gone beyond his boyhood dream; he is not only the strongest man in the world but also the strongest man of all time. And he did it the old-fashioned way—drug-free.

Philosophical and Practical Considerations for a "Strongest Man" Contest

By Terry Todd

Mark A. Holowchak and Terry Todd, editors; *Philosophical Reflections of Physical Strength: Does a Strong Mind Need a Strong Body?* (Lewiston, NY: Edward Mellen Press, 2010), 49-87.

Preface: Mark Holowchak, Ph.D. is a sport philosopher, former powerlifter, strongman fan, and the author of numerous books of sport philosophy. After attending the Arnold Strongman Classic several times during its first decade, Mark asked Terry if he would be willing to contribute an essay to a book he was planning on the philosophy of strength. Intrigued by this idea, Terry readily agreed to be part of the resulting book—Philosophical Reflections of Physical Strength—*and as the project evolved, he ended up co-editing the book with Mark. Terry dedicated his work on the book, ". . . to Marvin "Papa" Williams, whose legendary ability to lift and carry 600-pound cotton bales and to crack pecan shells with his thumb and forefinger inspired his grandson, Terry Todd, to spend a lifetime developing and thinking about strength."*

Terry's essay, reprinted here, explores the various decisions he made in starting and running what was called The Arnold Strength Summit in 2002 and is now known as The Arnold Strongman Classic. I've included his essay because most readers of this journal are probably unaware of the book's existence since it was published by an academic press. I've also included the essay because the creation of the Arnold Strongman Classic, and directing it for the next seventeen years, was one of Terry's proudest achievements. ~ *Jan Todd*

William Butler Yeats commented in a poem about "the fascination of what's difficult."[1] In my case, I've been fascinated by human strength for as long as I can remember. My first real encounter with strength of a genuinely high level came at the age of eight or nine when my grandfather Williams—a mallet-handed 5'10", 220 pound Texas rancher—picked up a single hard-shelled, native pecan from the ground where he and I were sitting and fishing down in a creek-bottom. After "Papa" picked up the pecan, he nudged me, smiled, placed it between the thumb and bent forefinger of one hand, and broke the shell of the pecan. At that point he turned to me and said, "Bud, very few men can do that . . . and no boys." And then he chuckled. Over the next couple of decades—as I began to train and gradually become, for a time, the strongest powerlifter in the world, Papa broke quite a few more such pecans for me, and each time he did it he chuckled, especially since it was a feat I was never able to match no matter how large I became or how hard I tried. How was it that a man in late middle age who had done no systematic training could be as strong in any part of his body as a much younger man who stood four inches taller and outweighed him by over a hundred pounds?

Finally, I came to understand that no man ever has been or ever will be stronger than every other man in all tests of physical strength. Even so, I was still interested to know which man, from various eras, had the most overall strength and how that strength had been acquired.

For over 50 years that question has been at the center of my life as an athlete, an academic, a coach, and a collector who has assembled an assortment of books, magazines, photos, videotapes, posters, art, equipment, and other artifacts which is believed to be the largest of its kind

in the world.

In March of 2001, my wife, Jan, and I went to Columbus, Ohio, to experience the annual iron-game extravaganza known as the Arnold Sports Festival. The 2001 event was the 26th year of a show conceived back in the middle '70s by Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Lorimer. Arnold and Jim are men of large imagination, but even they could never have foreseen that what began as a bodybuilding show—albeit a major one—would morph by 2009 into a three day, ten-ring, physical culture circus featuring approximately 17,000 athletes in 39 sports, and a crowd of 170,000 people.

Jan and I had never attended any of the previous events, but in 2001 Jim and Arnold asked us to come and gave us a small booth at which we could display and sell copies of *Iron Game History*, a journal we began in 1990 at the University of Texas. One evening during our 2001 visit, in a casual conversation involving Jim and Arnold, the subject of "strongman" shows came up, and I offered my take on the ESPN event called the "World's Strongest Man" (WSM) show. I explained that even though I saluted Barry Frank, the Trans-World International executive who gave birth to the show back in 1977, for having the vision to create the event, the clout to convince CBS to air it, and the savvy to sustain it on ESPN up to the present, I nevertheless thought it could be improved. I pointed out that, because so many of the events rewarded athleticism and endurance more than raw strength, the winner was often not the man who was the strongest, but the man who had the best combination of strength and staying power. I mentioned several examples, including the infamous race in 1990 in which the rules were changed just before the event so that the 400-plus pound O.D. Wilson was forced to carry a very small load for a very long way in what amounted to a two-man race for the WSM title against Jón Páll Sigmarsson, the much smaller, more telegenic Icelander who was far behind going into that last event and needed a big win to retain his title.

Another problem with the WSM contests, as I saw it then and as I still see it now, was that they had so many events—an average of eight to ten—that more men were injured than was good for the sport, not to mention the men. In some past WSM shows three or four of the ten contestants were injured during the event so badly that they were unable to continue. I suggested that four or five carefully chosen events should be adequate to determine who had the greatest amount of raw, brute strength. I concluded my rant by saying that I thought it would be possible to

Jim Lorimer, founder and director of the Arnold Sports Festival, stands behind Terry and David Webster at the banquet following the 2003 contest. Over the years, Jim became one of Terry's closest friends and they spoke on the phone almost weekly. I was honored when he agreed to speak at Terry's memorial service here in Austin.

create a contest that would be safer than the WSM shows, more accurate in ranking the contestants in terms of overall strength, and maybe just as exciting to watch.

A couple of months later, I got a call from Jim Lorimer, who said he and Arnold had been talking about what I'd said that night in Columbus and that they wanted to have such a show as part of the 2002 Arnold Sports Festival, if I'd agree to design and run it. Taken completely by surprise, I told Jim that I was flattered and that I'd think about it and get back to him. Finally, after talking to Jan and several close iron-game friends, I decided that I couldn't very well say no after blathering on about how an ultimate—or at least a much more truly just—strength contest should be conducted. At that point, we began a quest to design four or five representative strength challenges and to attract the strongest men in the world to face them.

One of the first things that was clear to me at the outset was that we needed to make the contest appealing not just to WSM-type competitors, but to athletes in all three of the main disciplines of strength—weightlifting, powerlifting, and strongman events. Each of the three sports has had a long history of referring to the man who was the top dog of the moment in that particular field as the "Strongest Man in the World." This is understandable, and perhaps as it should be, for each discipline requires great overall body power. And the title itself—the Strongest Man in the World—is certainly one with bona fide value and great historical weight, not unlike "The World's Fastest Man" or

The "brain trust" for the Arnold Strongman Classic takes a well deserved rest after the second Arnold Strongman Classic in 2003. In putting together the contest Terry relied heavily on sport promoter and historian David Webster, who was involved with the formation of the original TWI World's Strongest Man Contest. Our good friend and two-time World's Strongest Man winner, Bill Kazmaier, also contributed advice on both possible competitors and events. At the contest, Webster was our head official; Kazmaier was the announcer.

"The Heavyweight Champion of the World." For at least the last century, hundreds of professional strongmen have claimed the mantle for themselves as a way to increase their prestige and, as a result, their income. But how could we attract the best weightlifters, powerlifters, and strongman competitors to take part in a contest that would take all of them out of their "comfort zone?"

I realized that what we really needed was a prize package that would be instantly appealing to most of the world's top men, and I suggested to Arnold that he might be able to convince the people who manufacture and sell Humvees to award one of those monstrous vehicles to the winner of the Arnold Strength Summit, as we called it that first year. He agreed, the Humvee people agreed, and armed with this great plum I appealed to the executives at MET-Rx, sponsors of the WSM show, for additional support. They agreed to a three-year package in which they would provide $50,000 each year as well as a year's supply of their food products to the winners of each of our four individual events. Jim and Arnold agreed to absorb the additional costs, including transportation, equipment, meals, and housing; and so we were able to approach the athletes with an offer of a contest with the largest prize list in the history of such events.

Perhaps the most crucial thing I did after agreeing to design the show was to contact two of the very best men I knew to work with us in designing the events and choosing the contestants. One of these men was David Webster, O.B.E., Scotland's ageless wonder of energy. David—who has written over 30 books, broken world strength records, and assembled the best private collection of physical culture books in the world—has been part of most of the WSM shows over the past 30 years and has promoted and/or judged at hundreds of Highland Games, weightlifting, and strongman events around the world. The other man we asked was Bill Kazmaier, a multi-year winner of both world powerlifting championships and WSM contests and a man who has added to his stature in the game over the years by creating unofficial world records in a variety of strength feats and by serving as the color commentator for almost all of the most recent WSM shows on ESPN. I've been friends with David for 45 years and I helped Bill get started as a powerlifter and strongman competitor over 30 years ago. It would be fair to say that both men were intrigued by the idea of a strength event structured to test the basic power of the best men in the world from the three disciplines of strength. Both men agreed to join us.

Choosing the Events

We began to talk about events we could use that would be reasonably safe, reward brute strength more than technique, and yet not be totally familiar to the weightlifters, powerlifters, or strongman competitors. We all wanted some sort of overhead lift, of course, but we knew that if we simply tested the men in the clean and jerk, using a standard Olympic bar, we might just as well give the top prize in that event to the best weightlifter in the show. One day early on in our conversations, I suggested to David and Bill that a fitting challenge might be to produce a sort of replica of the bell made famous by

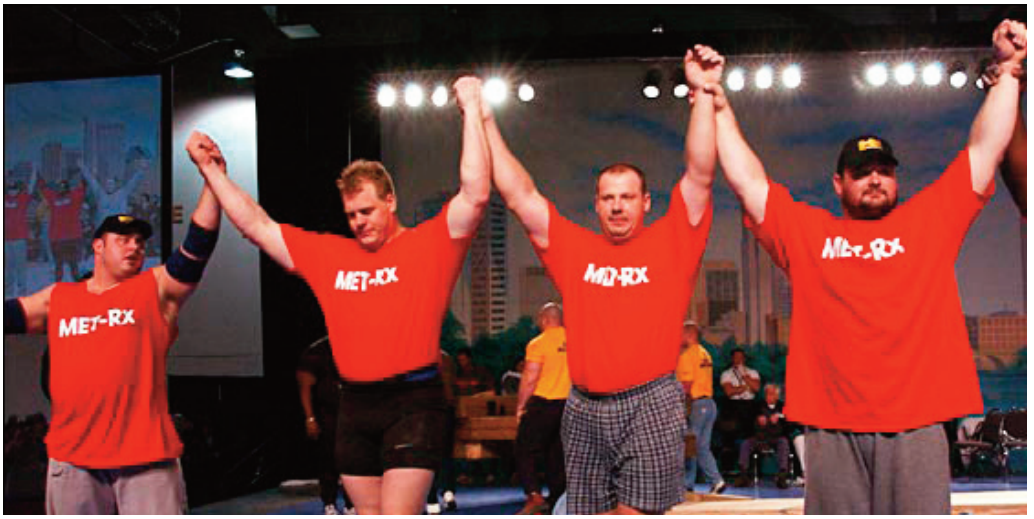
Louis Uni (Apollon), the legendary French strongman of the turn of the last century whose name had been given to a set of railway wheels which had only been lifted overhead by three men in the past 100 years—Charles Rigoulot, who cleaned and jerked Apollon's Wheels in 1930 after several months of practice; John Davis, who lifted them with no practice at all in 1949 using a reverse grip to clean them (being unable to clean them with a traditional overhand grip); and Norbert Schemansky, who cleaned the Wheels in 1954 and then jerked them three times.[2] There is considerable dispute as to whether Apollon himself ever raised his great Wheels overhead, but as to the merits of lifting the cumbersome barbell, Olympic Coach Bob Hoffman said that Schemansky's performance was, "the greatest feat of strength which has ever taken place in the world."

From the beginning, one of Terry's visions for the Arnold was to honor the strongmen of the past by replicating historic equipment to test our modern competitors. While Tom Lincir made the Apollon's Wheels, Richard Sorin made our Circus Dumbbells, and Steve Slater made the fabulous Austrian Oak, it was when Terry and Bill Henniger—the engineering genius who founded Rogue Fitness—became friends and joined forces that a quantum leap occurred in the number of historic replicas appearing at the Arnold and in a special series of Rogue Record Breaker events. Bill and his team at Rogue have now made accurate replicas of Louis Cyr's Dumbbell, Milo Steinborn's Rockover-Squat Barbell, Charles Rigoulot's Barbell, the Husafell Stone from Iceland, a new version of Apollon's Wheels with actual train wheels, and the jaw-dropping, massive replica of the Wheel of Pain from *Conan The Barbarian* starring Arnold Schwarzenegger. Bill and Terry also reimagined Strongman deadlifting with the creation of the Rogue Elephant Bar, and specially machined plates used only at the Arnold. The photo is from 2016.

Apollon's Wheels weigh 366 pounds, and have a bar 1.93" in diameter, but the cleaning of them is made much more difficult because the thick shaft fits into the wheels so that when the shaft turns the wheels must turn, too. We all felt that the thickness of the bar (The bar's diameter makes a "hook, or thumb-lock, grip" impossible for all but a few giant-handed men.) and the fact that it didn't revolve would make this event a real challenge, even for the weightlifters. Once we all agreed on this as an event, in the early fall of 2001, I contacted Tom Lincir of the Ivanko Barbell Company and asked if he would accept the challenge of reproducing the essential aspects of Apollon's Railway Wheels precisely—bar diameter, total weight, and completely non-revolving bar. An avid collector of old barbells and dumbbells, Tom enthusiastically agreed to design and build the replica as a way of joining us as we tried to honor our past heroes by testing our present ones. One of our four events was set.

We also felt that we needed to create some sort of challenge that involved carrying something heavy—an event somewhat like a WSM-type "Farmer's Walk," but sufficiently different so that the contestants from the Strongman world would have their natural advantage significantly reduced. After much discussion we determined that there were several primary ways in which this could be done—by making the object or objects to be carried much heavier than what was normally carried in Strongman events, by using a time limit of thirty seconds instead of ninety seconds so that endurance would play only a small part in the event, by having the men carry one solid object rather than the two normally carried in Farmer's Walk events, and by requiring the men to go up a short ramp with a grade approximating that of a wheelchair ramp.[3]

Because of such experiences I and my committee had had, we tried to make our weight-carrying race as safe as possible. Having decided to have the men carry one solid frame and not two separate implements as in a traditional Farmer's Walk, our first plan involved building the apparatus out of logs. However, after I made dozens of calls to lumber-mills, it became clear that logs presented a series of technical difficulties. We also considered simply building a metal frame with



In the end, the 2002 Arnold Strength Summit featured men who truly deserved to be discussed as among the strongest in the world. On the left is Andy Bolton from England, who held the all-time deadlifting record at 925 pounds that year. Beside him is big Phil Pfister, the tallest man in the contest at 6'7" who would go on to win the World's Strongest Man Contest in 2006. Olympic lifter/strongman Raimonds Bergmanis, third from the left, has now become a politician and served in Latvia's Parliament and as its Minister of Defense. Brian Schoonveld, on the far right, was winner of America's Strongest Man in 2000 and 2001.

holders for Olympic plates in front and in back, and although this would have been far easier and less expensive it would have made the event less visually exciting because the iron weights would look much lighter than something less dense—like wood.[4] After I located a source for old timbers from demolished barns and wooden buildings, we decided to construct the apparatus out of 8" x 8" and 8" x 10" timbers. The timbers were held together by iron bolts drilled completely though, and the majority of the weight was placed in front and in back of the athletes, with two large timbers on each side plus the two bars/handles connecting the timbers in back to those in front. Once assembled—only a few days before it was placed on a trailer and driven from Texas to Ohio—the apparatus was so massive that I was worried no one would be able to lift it. After much thought and deliberation we had settled on a weight of just over eight hundred pounds, as this seemed heavy enough to be a major challenge but not so heavy as to be beyond the strength of at least some of our eight stout contestants. During our planning phase we consulted with many men experienced in the Farmer's Walk, and most thought the best handle size would be approximately 1¼" so that's what we used, setting the bars in the wood so they wouldn't rotate. It was also our consensus that the bars should be approximately 30" inches apart.

The ramp, constructed near Columbus, was four feet wide and 32 feet long, with a starting pad of 8' x 4' and a flat platform of approximately the same dimensions at the end. We would have made the ramp a bit longer, but the stage on which the event was scheduled to take place, the Columbus Auditorium, prevented this. The surface of the ramp was raw plywood, which provides good footing. The men had to lift the timber apparatus with their hands alone, as straps were not allowed, but they could put it down and re-grip if they lost their balance or if their hands gave way.

Another event that we all supported from the earliest discussions involved lifting a car or truck in a type of deadlift. Many experts through the years have considered the deadlift to be the most basic test of brute strength in the iron game.[5] It requires strength in the largest muscles of the body—those in the thighs, hips, and back—and it relies little on technique. But since we wanted to make it different from a regulation deadlift, we decided to have the men lift a metal frame on top of which rested a vehicle of some sort. This would mean that the path of the lift would be considerably different from the path of a normal free-weight deadlift with an Olympic bar—which would discomfit the powerlifters. Our first plan was to have the men lift the Hummer that would be the top prize but, as it was impossible to get one of the four-ton behemoths onto one of the stages, we chose instead to use a mid-size pickup truck. The frame we planned to use had been employed in several strongman events, but with the gripping handles set much higher from the ground than the height of a regulation deadlift. Another difference would be that in our event the grip used would not be the "wheelbarrow" style—palm facing palm. In our event we would use the normal, bar-in-front-of-the-shin overhand grip and we would allow "lifting straps," which take almost all of the pressure away from the grip. Unfortunately, the frame apparatus failed to work as planned.

The fourth and final event was one over which we agonized for months, as we went back and forth considering

three or four possibilities. Finally, we decided to require the men to push a Hummer, as we wanted to involve our major sponsor in some way. We knew, of course, that a Hummer, even as heavy as they are, would be no match for the titanic men we intended to bring—that is, unless we took almost all of the air out of the tires, and that is what we did.

Svend Karlsen's willingness to participate in the first iteration of what is now called the Arnold Strongman Classic helped legitimize our contest and gave it great stature. He's shown here, in 2004, with stage announcer Clint Huft.

Choosing the Competitors

Even before we had chosen our fourth and final event, we had been involved in heavy discussions about which athletes to invite and how to invite them. We had decided to limit our competitors to eight as a way to streamline the event, and it was critical that we devise a fair set of criteria on which to base our invitations. We started by agreeing to invite the two leading weightlifters, the two leading powerlifters, and the two leading Strongman competitors, and to fill out the contest with people who were outstanding in two or more of the disciplines.

In weightlifting, the top man in 2001 had been Saed Jaber, a Bulgarian national who had transferred his citizenship to the oil-rich, and athlete-poor, nation of Qatar. Our second choice was the venerable Russian Andrei Chemerkin, former Olympic gold-medal winner and multiple world champion. Accordingly, these men were contacted—at first informally and later formally—to invite them to take part. Both men responded well to the informal contact and, though Chemerkin never accepted the formal invitation, Jaber told us via officials in Bulgaria and through backchannels that he was definitely coming. Unfortunately, he declined the invitation at the last minute, telling one of our contacts that he feared he was not heavy enough to do as well as he wanted—a fear which was probably well-grounded. We also invited Germany's Ronnie Weller. Weller declined, but added that he would probably train for the event and come the following year.[6] We then decided to ask Raimonds Bergmanis from Latvia, as he was an elite weightlifter whose chances in the event would be, we thought, improved by his having also competed quite well in WSM events over the past several years. Bergmanis accepted enthusiastically.

In powerlifting, there are more federations than layers in a croissant, but we finally settled on the largest and oldest federation—the International Powerlifting Federation—and invited the man who had won the past two world championships in the superheavyweight class, Brad Gillingham of the United States. Once Brad fully understood the events, he told us he wanted to be part of the show. The other man we invited was Gary Frank, the World Powerlifting Organization (WPO) superheavy star who had put up such high totals over the past year or two. At 6'4" and almost four hundred pounds and with a background in field events and football we suspected Frank would acquit himself well. Kaz spoke to Gary at length, as did I, and after some original reluctance he agreed to come and began to do some event training. Just a short time before the meet, however, he told us he had suffered a torn biceps, while doing deadlifts in training, and would be unable to compete.[7] Because of Frank's absence, we desperately needed another top powerlifter. After David Webster, Kaz, and I conferred, we decided that David would call England's Andy Bolton, the World Powerlifting Congress (WPC) world superheavyweight champion and then the holder of the all-time highest deadlift with 925 pounds. Andy, a man unafraid of a challenge, excitedly agreed to take part.

In the Strongman world, we went first for Norway's Svend Karlsen, a consistent and colorful athlete and the current holder of the WSM title. We also invited the 2001 runner-up and former winner, Sweden's Magnus Samuelson. Both men indicated some original interest, but both were reluctant to commit absolutely.

As the show neared, Magnus became difficult to contact, although we heard conflicting stories from mutual friends as to whether or not he was coming. Finally, hearing nothing, we moved on to Phil Pfister of West Virginia, the top-rated American Strongman competitor over the last few years. Another man we had invited earlier, in antici-

pation that either Magnus or Svend or both would turn us down in the end was Canada's Hugo Girard, who had avidly courted an invitation by sending to us a great deal of information about his career in strongman events and his interest in setting records in certain strength feats. Surprisingly, Girard bailed out just a few weeks away from the event, citing injury, but we were told by a friend of his that he thought he lacked the necessary leg and back strength. Svend remained on the fence until the last minute, but as the day to decide drew near his Viking spirit prevailed and he told us he would definitely come and that he would do well. The last man chosen was Brian Schoonveld, a stouthearted American who had been climbing the strongman ladder for several years and a man who had the stones to agree to come with very little preparation.

Our fourth category of participants—for those who had distinguished themselves in two of the three strength disciplines—came in handy as we wanted to include Mark Philippi, who had been an outstanding lifter in the American Drug-free Powerlifting Federation before deciding to concentrate on Strongman events, in which his best showing was a win at the Strongest Man in the U.S. back in 1999. Another switch-hitter who got one of the original invitations was Shane Hannan, the young Oklahoman who was one of the greatest squatters in the world (with an official best of over 1000 pounds) before following Mark Henry from powerlifting into weightlifting and erasing all three of Henry's national records. Short, but massive and explosive, Shane appeared to us to be an ideal candidate.

Terry was delighted when IPF World Powerlifting Champion and one of history's greatest deadlifters, Brad Gillingham, agreed to participate in 2002. In his powerlifting career, Brad won six IPF Open World Championships and 14 USAPL National Championships. They're shown here talking about the contest at the hotel before the events began.

I had a long conversation on the phone with him about the contest and why I thought it would be fun for him and probably good for his career as well as his pocketbook; and at first he was very enthusiastic about taking part, saying that he could see the events were real strength events, sounded safe, and didn't require much endurance. Unfortunately, six weeks or so later Shane told me he had decided not to come to Columbus after speaking to his weightlifting coach, who was apparently very negative about the event and fearful of the harmful effect a poor showing would have on Shane's career,

Another man we wanted from the first—the Gargantuan bodybuilder Greg Kovacs—was a bit counterintuitive, as he had never to our knowledge taken part in any sort of high-level strength contest. Even so, he had been given so much publicity in the bodybuilding press because of his strength and size that many people in that field had come to believe that he was, indeed, the strongest man in the world. This is what the 6'4", 380 pound Kovacs has been called, in article after article, and claims came from his camp that he had done such things as incline presses with 650 pounds for six reps, seated presses with 500 pounds for 10 reps, and so on. Our reasoning was that since the Arnold Sports Festival started as—and still included—a bodybuilding show, we thought Kovacs' fans would love to see the big man in the contest. Also, all of us were more than a little skeptical about the claims made on his behalf and we were curious to see just how strong he really was. So Kaz and I began our campaign. We had numerous conversations with Greg and/or his wife. At first, Greg appeared to be genuinely interested, though a bit apprehensive too, but in the end he decided to pass, saying that he planned to enter a bodybuilding show in May and so would have begun to cut his weight by late February—the time of our strength contest.[8]

Another man who—after much discussion within our committee—earned his invitation because of his abilities in two of the three disciplines was Mark Henry, who had made his living since 1996 as a professional wrestler for the WWF (now the WWE). Before then, Mark won several national championships in the mid-90s in weightlifting and set all the national superheavyweight records, and he also won the National and World Drug Free Powerlifting Championships in 1995, setting many world records in the squat, deadlift, and total. In fact, his combined best official lifts in weightlifting and powerlifting—all made within approximately six months—added up to a total that was the highest ever made up to 2001 and remains the highest as

of this writing. Mark had been out of competition and heavy training for a very long time, however, and his weight had dropped about 70 pounds, from 410 to 340, through dieting and doing an hour of cardio every day at the request of the WWF. For those reasons, I never gave much thought originally to him taking part.

There was also the question about whether Mark could take part in the "Arnold Strength Summit" without embarrassing himself and losing some of his crowd appeal in the WWF, where he was announced as "The World's Strongest Man." At that time there were less than four months before the show, and for the previous five years all he had done in the weight room was light, mostly upper-body bodybuilding. He had done no pulls, deadlifts, cleans, snatches, or jerks, and very few squats since 1997 and it seemed that he had too far to go. Moreover, in the fall of 2001, Mark's mother became critically ill. He took a leave of absence from wrestling, went home to East Texas, and stayed with her for the final three weeks of her life, before returning to wrestling. With the stress of her illness and death, Mark gained about 40 pounds, most of it of an unflattering sort. In spite of those obstacles, he ultimately agreed to compete after getting time off from the WWF to train.

The Contest

Finally the week of the contest arrived and one by one our eight strength athletes began to arrive in Columbus. By Thursday night everyone was settled into their suites. Thursday evening the athletes and officials assembled in a conference room along with their coaches to meet Jim Lorimer, hear him explain the activities of the next three days, and then go by bus to look at the venues and the implements that would be lifted, pushed, and carried. Jim asked me to say a few words that evening and I used my time to pay my respects to him and to Arnold for supporting our efforts so generously and to thank David, Kaz, Jan, and our equipment manager Steve Slater for their hundreds of hours of work in planning and preparing for the show. I then thanked the eight champions who had accepted the challenge and risk of our competition. I told them that we had invited the top men in the world in all of the strength sports and that not everyone had been willing to accept an invitation and to meet the challenge. I told them also how brave I thought they were for being ready to step outside the comfortable bounds of their individual sports and take part in the contest. I explained that I had conceived the event for strong men everywhere, and that I was very happy we were able to offer the largest purse in the history of such contests. I closed by saying that Kaz, Jan, David, Steve, and I all wanted the strongest man in the room to win, and that we were extremely proud that so many outstanding, powerful, and valiant men were about to make history.

Event One: Apollon's Wheels

We decided to begin the competition with Apollon's Wheels, as we wanted the men to be as fresh as possible for their assault on this legendary implement. If any one of the four tasks could be seen as the signature event for the contest, this would have been it, because the Wheels carry such a unique pedigree. We knew that thick bars with two-inch handles had been manufactured and sold over the past several years, but we also knew that if the plates used on those bars allowed the bars to rotate inside them, cleaning as well as push-pressing or jerking the bar would be much easier with any given weight than the same weight would be on an implement that allowed the bar to turn only if the wheels turned at the same time and to the same degree. This point cannot be overemphasized.

Over the weeks prior to the meet Tom Lincir of Ivanko Barbell kept us on pins and needles as he perfected his design and built the Wheels. Originally, when Tom agreed in the late fall of 2001 to build the replica, he also agreed to build a lighter set of approximately 325 pounds with the same dimensions, so the men could have it as a warm-up and so we could use it in the contest for the athletes who were unable to raise overhead the 366-pounder. The construction of the big set proved to be so difficult and time-consuming that two weeks before the show we agreed that I would arrange to have a much cruder set of light wheels made in Texas. Fortunately, a talented, semi-retired machinist lives in my neighborhood, and he cut a two-inch steel, extra-thick pipe down to 1.93" and fitted it securely into two 150-plus-pound oilfield pulleys and we had our light set of wheels. True to his word, Tom Lincir finally finished the big Wheels and they were delivered via air-freight the day before the show. And a beautiful set of Wheels they were, gleaming and yet somehow ominous—up to Tom's usual high standards.

Because cleaning the Wheels is the most difficult part of the lift, we agreed from the beginning to require the men to do repetitions of the clean as well as the overhead portion of the lift. Actually, because we heard that some of the men were having trouble cleaning 365 pounds even with the easier-to-lift two-inch bar using regular plates, we finally and reluctantly decided to allow them to lift the

Although Terry had begun to worry that the non-revolving Apollon's Wheels might prove unliftable after watching the first competitors fail, Mark Henry proved that more strength was all that was needed. He made three solid repetitions and is shown here getting the "down" signal from head referee David Webster. It was a truly historic moment.

Wheels to their shoulders in any way they wanted, except by standing the barbell on end and rocking it over onto the chest or shoulders or by "continentaling" it—i.e., by placing the bar on top of their lifting belt and boosting it up to the shoulders from there. Similarly, we allowed the men to raise it overhead by pressing it, jerking it, push-pressing it, or push-jerking it, so long as they brought it under control at arms' length to the satisfaction of the judge. We knew these rules would set on edge the teeth of many purists, but we certainly didn't want to give the men a task that none of them could accomplish. We wanted to honor the men of the past, without embarrassing the men of the present. We also thought that it might be interesting to see the sorts of inventive ways the men might find in their effort to elevate the massive, awkward weight. Little did we know how resourceful they would be.

Because we thought that some of the men would be unable to get the big Wheels to their shoulders and then overhead, we decided to start with the heavy Wheels and then to allow those who failed to negotiate them to lift the smaller ones for as many reps as possible in order for us to rank the men for points. The winner of each event was to get eight points, with the next seven men getting from seven to one. In case of a tie the points would be split. We also required the men to lift the small Wheels backstage before the event in front of the judges in order to qualify to continue in this particular event. We did this as a way to save time since we had been allotted less than an hour on the Expo stage. As it happened, only England's Andy Bolton was unable to clean the smaller Wheels, so he finished last in that event. The night before at our meeting at the hotel, the men had drawn lots to determine the lifting order in which they would attempt Apollon's Wheels on stage. Svend Karlsen wound up having to go first and Phil Pfister had the advantage of going last. Following the first event the men went in reverse order of their current point score.

Finally the time came to roll Apollon's historic Wheels onto the stage in front of approximately seven thousand excited people and give the men a chance to conquer the Wheels and join the ranks of Rigoulot, Davis, and Schemansky. We had prepared some slides of these three immortals lifting the Wheels in France, and Kaz explained to the crowd that it had been almost fifty years since the original Wheels had been lifted. What Kaz didn't say—but I think it's fair to point out—was that although all of our eight competitors weighed over 300 pounds, most of them well over, Rigoulot, Davis, and Schemansky all weighed between 220 and 230 pounds when they hoisted the great weight. I spoke to "Ski" several times before the show, and invited him to be there, and he helped me appreciate the difficulty of the challenge. "Hell," Ski said in his typical crusty, blunt way, "if you wanted to make it really tough, you should bend the bar like the original one was bent after Davis dropped it all those times back in '49."[9]

The first man to try the Wheels was the 6'3", 320-pound Viking, Svend Karlsen—the most recent winner of the WSM contest. Like all the other contestants, Svend was given 30 seconds to begin his attempt after his name was called and, during the two minutes after he began his first pull, to do as many reps as he could. Svend decided to use a technique in which he pulled the bar a few inches above his belt, rested it there briefly while leaning back, then boosted it onto the top of his abdomen and from there boosted it again to his shoulders. This he did with a slight struggle, but when he tried to push-press the Wheels over his head they only went about 2/3 of the way. After a short rest he once again took the bar to his shoulders in three

stages, but once again he was unable to shove the bar to arms' length although he came much closer the second time, using a rough push-jerk technique. He appeared to have the same sort of problem several of the men had, which was controlling the non-revolving bar as they tried to adjust it on its way over their heads.[10]

Brian Schoonveld was the second man to try the Wheels, and he devised a previously unimagined way to raise them to his shoulders. First, he used a reverse grip and lifted them to the tops of his knees and rested them there while he assumed a parallel squat position. He then released his grip and hooked his elbows under the bar and stood up so that the bar was held in the crook of his arms—as in a Zercher Lift. Next, he bent at the hips and moved his upper body forward and then quickly backward, as in a power clean, and simultaneously raised his arms into the air so that the bar rolled along his upper arms and came to rest on top of his deltoids. At that point both his arms were pointing skyward—more or less at the angle of a Nazi salute—and Brian still had the task of getting his hands under the bar so he could try to raise it overhead. Slowly but surely he managed to get first one and then the other hand under the bar, but when he tried to elevate it, his hand-spacing was quite wide and he was so exhausted that on two attempts to push-press it he got it only a bit beyond halfway. Even though he failed, his brave attempt was an amazing feat of strength and ingenuity. After 10 or 15 seconds of rest, he tried again, but this time he couldn't get the bar back on top of his shoulders.

The next competitor was big Brad Gillingham, the world powerlifting champion. He came out with fire in his belly and used a conventional power clean technique. He pulled the bar very high, but on the first attempt he failed to catch it on his shoulders. But on his second attempt he made a majestic power clean and just barely failed to fix it overhead. His textbook clean made Brad only the third man to clean Apollon's Wheels using a traditional cleaning style, as John Davis used a reverse grip to pull the bar into the air before he let go and switched his "underhand" grip back to a traditional grip before catching the bar on his shoulders.[11]

To students of pure strength, Brad Gillingham's power clean of Apollon's Wheels was one of the highlights of the entire contest, as it represented the first time that anyone—including Rigoulot, Davis, or Schemansky—had used the power clean style to take the weight to their shoulders. A biomechanical analysis of the demands of bringing this particular implement to the shoulders reveals that it is easier to clean the Wheels using a split clean style than a power clean style—or, for that matter, a squat clean style. When a split clean is done, the lifter is able to lean the torso slightly backward and thus catch the thick bar on the top of the chest more comfortably. In a standard power clean or squat clean, the hips go a bit backward and the torso is inclined a bit forward as the bar is received at the chest—especially if the lifter lowers his torso more than an inch or so from a fully upright position—and this forward-leaning position makes it very difficult to fix and hold the thick bar in place. In short, it requires more strength—literally, more power—to do what Gillingham did than what Rigoulot, Davis, and Schemansky had done, because Brad had to pull the bar higher in the air than would have been the case had he used a split clean style. That wasn't lost on the thoughtful Gillingham, a man who is part of what surely must be the strongest trio of brothers in the world—brothers who share a father who was an All-Pro lineman for the Green Bay Packers. Brad told a few of us the following day that he was so excited at having cleaned the historic implement that he had been unable to get to sleep that night.

The fourth lifter to try the Wheels was Mark Henry—by far the heaviest of the contestants at a weight of approximately 400 pounds.[12] Most observers thought that because of Mark having made a clean and jerk of five hundred pounds in the past he would be one of the favorites in this event, and those observers were correct. Using the same power clean style Gillingham had used, Mark took a traditional, pronated grip on the bar and hauled it nose-high before catching it on top of his massive chest. He then drove it overhead effortlessly, using a push-press to get the bar up. He then dropped the bar and, after the spotters had replaced it in the center of the platform, made another powerful clean and another laughably easy push-press. Down crashed the Wheels again, which once again were centered on the platform. After Mark's second successful lift, the huge crowd of about 8,000 iron-game fans were standing and screaming, as they knew they were witnessing an unprecedented event. As they roared, Mark grabbed the Wheels again and yelled as he pulled them to his chest a third time and popped them easily overhead. "I hoped I could do it three times," he explained, "as a way to honor each of the three great lifters who lifted it before I did. I did one lift for each man, and I'm lucky there were only three!"

David Webster, in an account of the contest published in the magazine *Muscle Mob*, had this to say about Mark's

The only man other than Mark Henry to lift the Apollon's Wheels replica overhead in 2002 was University of Las Vegas strength coach Mark Philippi. Philippi, as Terry explains, used a reverse grip to do a squat clean and then using just one hand, held it against his throat as he stood up before jerking it overhead. He's shown here getting ready to drop into the squat position. Although his was an unconventional style, Philippi's athleticism was amazing to witness.

performance with the Wheels, "Sensational. There is no other word for it. He was like a raging bull. He stalked the stage, then tore the bar to the shoulders easier than either Davis or Schemansky did. He celebrated exultantly with the crowd and then did another clean and jerk. Storming around like a man possessed, he psyched himself up for a third and final lift within the two minutes allocated for the attempts. The huge crowd vocally supporting him in every lift, then showed their appreciation in no uncertain fashion. I have been organizing strongman competitions since the 1940s and can honestly say that the atmosphere created at Columbus Convention Centre has never been surpassed. This should give television producers food for thought."

As the crowd noise subsided, another Mark—Mark Philippi—was chalking his hands and making ready to have a go. Having seen Philippi do so well in training, I knew he stood a good chance of lifting the Wheels. He proved me right. Using a reverse grip squat clean and, as he descended, sliding his left hand (underhand) grip to the center of the bar, he pinned the bar against his throat and held it there as he recovered from his squatting position. Once he stood up, he gradually switched his left hand off the bar and then back under it so that it matched the position of his right hand. Finally he was ready to lift the Wheels overhead. Though the lift was hard for him, he used his athleticism and strength to balance it, once he drove it off his chest, pressed it out, and held it for the "down" signal. He approached the bar for a second attempt, but gave it up as he realized he wouldn't be able to make another clean. Even so, by elevating the weight, he became the fifth man in history to lift either Apollon's Wheels or a replica of the Wheels and the crowd gave him a well-deserved and rousing ovation.

Latvia's Raimonds Bergmanis was another competitor who some predicted would do well with the Wheels because of his extensive weightlifting experience. Raimonds has lifted more than 500 pounds in the clean and jerk and he has the large, thick hands of a natural strongman. But Apollon's Wheels proved too much for the genial Latvian, and even though he attacked the bar again and again he was never able to catch it and hold it at his chest as he dropped into a mid-range squat clean. He had it high enough to squat clean several times, but not high enough to power clean, and, as explained earlier, the thick, non-rotating bar and his forward-leaning style of cleaning prevented him from completing the lift.

The last competitor was the big fireman from West Virginia—6'7", 320-pound Phil Pfister—who had larger hands than anyone else in the contest. As he approached the bar Phil exhorted the crowd for some support and they were glad to give it. But as he pulled for the first time they were no doubt as surprised as I was when he only managed to lift the Wheels a few inches off the floor. But Phil wasn't finished. He psyched again and managed to raise the bar just above his belt and lodge it onto his stomach. From there he boosted it a few inches higher and caught it again before giving it another "jump" and taking it a bit higher still. Finally, he made one last boost and turned the Wheels

into position at the top of his chest. But although he gave it a manful try, his push-press effort only went part way up before stalling and crashing back down. After a brief rest he tried again but the weight was just too heavy for him. A professional strongman competitor, Phil does very little standard lifting with barbells or dumbbells, preferring to concentrate his efforts training on the events he must do in the strongman contests.

At that point in the contest the replica of Apollon's Wheels was rolled off the stage and replaced by a set of wheels that weighed 325 pounds. The lighter wheels had a bar with the exact same diameter as the big wheels and the bar was set firmly into the two large oilfield pulleys. The pulley-wheels were a bit smaller in diameter than the railway wheels used by Apollon, and so the bar was only approximately 11/2" inches higher off the floor than an Olympic bar is when it's loaded with forty-five pound plates. But we needed the smaller wheels, as they allowed the remaining four men—Schoonveld, Gillingham, Pfister, and Bergmanis—to fight for placings. Svend Karlsen, on the basis of his two "cleans" with the heavy wheels, was awarded third place and not required to try the smaller wheels. For the rest of the men—except for Andy Bolton, who came in last on the basis of his inability to get the small wheels to his shoulders during the warm-up/qualifier—the order of lifting was the same.

First up was Brian Schoonveld, who got the small wheels to his chest using his unique style and then push-pressed them three times before returning them to the platform. His strategy was to do the extra jerks and finish ahead of any man who did one successful "clean" and overhead lift but then failed to get it to his shoulders again. Not satisfied with the one clean and three jerks, Brian tried another clean and did get the bar to his shoulders again, but this time was unable to bring his hands from the "Nazi salute" position to a position under the bar.

The next man out was Brad Gillingham, who manhandled the lighter bar—power cleaning it three times and push pressing it solidly after each clean. Following Brad was Raimonds Bergmanis, who made a hard, awkward squat clean and an easy push press, but then failed to clean the wheels again—although he made eight more attempts in the 90 or so seconds he had left after making his first lift. Obviously frustrated at his inability to clean a weight that he had probably snatched at least a hundred times during his long career, Raimonds attacked the bar furiously and with admirable heart. But the characteristics of both the light and heavy wheels, as we predicted, made the implement so much more awkward to lift that it took away from the weightlifter the natural advantage conferred by years of training on a modern, revolving bar.

The last man to lift was Phil Pfister, who once again used his four-stage quasi-continental style to get the bar to his shoulders. This he was able to do three times, and to follow these "cleans" with three push presses, thus tying Gillingham for fourth place. So after the first event, the placings and points were as follows:

POINTS AFTER FIRST EVENT	TOTAL
1. MARK HENRY	8
2. MARK PHILIPPI	7
3. SVEND KARLSEN	6
4. BRAD GILLINGHAM	4.5
4. PHIL PFISTER	4.5
5. BRIAN SCHOONVELD	3
6. RAIMONDS BERGMANIS	2
7. ANDY BOLTON	1

The Apollon's Wheels have remained the iconic event of the Arnold Strongman Classic, and in almost every year new records have been broken. As of late 2009 it stands at 10 reps, and almost every man lifts it overhead at least twice. What's more, with only one exception the man who finished first in the Wheels event is our overall champion. We've used the same set of wheels every year out of respect to the past, but hereafter we will substantially increase the weight of the wheels. To do otherwise would be to risk having a weaker but more enduring man win the event. I and my committee know that the very best test of ultimate strength would be to go to a one rep max format on every event, but we also realize that nothing excites a large crowd quite as much as watching puissant young men fight for one extra rep. We also believe that if the winner of an event does no more than five or six reps he would almost certainly have won in a one rep max format.

Event Two: The Car Lift

The Apollon's Wheels event took place late on Friday morning and we decided to do Friday's second event—the car lift—almost immediately afterward, while the men were still warmed up. Problems abounded, but our primary problem had to do with the design of the frame on which the truck the men were to lift rested. Although we were assured by the people who designed the event that a small Chevrolet S-10 pickup had been lifted "comfortably" by at least two men on the same frame that was brought to us

One of the problems the men had to negotiate in the timber frame event was making sure that they had their grip exactly centered so the frame would stay level. You can see here, as Brian Schoonveld began his assault on the course, the front edge dipped very close to the rising ramp. A number of competitors lost time by hitting the ramp.

in Columbus, record-holding deadlifters such as Brad Gillingham, Andy Bolton, and Mark Henry found during warm-ups that they were unable to lift—without limit effort (and maybe not then)—a Ford Ranger pick-up resting on the frame. As the Chevrolet S-10 and the Ford Ranger are very equivalent in size and weight we were—and remain—puzzled as to how this could be so, and the experience taught us to never again use an apparatus unless it has been adequately tested in front of one or more members of our committee prior to the competition. In any case, once we realized that none of our men might be able to lift the truck when the official contest began we were forced to scramble around and find a test that would require the same sort of basic hip, back, thigh, and shoulder strength we planned to test with the lifting of the car.

After a quick conference involving David Webster, Bill Kazmaier, John Fair, Jan, and I we decided to borrow an Olympic bar and as many Olympic plates as possible and simply ask the men to use straps and do singles in the deadlift to determine who was the strongest. But even though we found an Olympic bar, there were no hundred-pound plates, and so we realized that it would be impossible to put enough weight on the bar for at least some of the men in the event. At that point we decided to use a pair of 150-pound plus oilfield pulley-wheels and put them on the inside with Olympic plates from there on out. Even so, the most we could squeeze onto the bar with a collar was 885 pounds, and we feared that even that might not be enough for some of our eight young rhinos. First, we were permitting the men to wear straps. This was done because we did not want gripping strength to be the determining factor in the event, especially since two of the other events—Apollon's Wheels and the Farmer's Walk—were good tests of hand strength. Second, the oilfield pulley-wheels were a bit larger in diameter than standard Olympic plates, which meant that the bar would be approximately two inches higher off the floor at the start of the lift than an Olympic bar loaded with 45-pound plates would be. We reasoned that these differences would translate into heavier deadlifts.

Thus, we told the competitors that they would each get three attempts, as in a standard lifting contest, and that if they decided to try 885 pounds on any of their attempts they should lift it for as many repetitions as they could as a way to separate themselves from one another. We used the "round system," in which the men with the lightest first attempts began and then, once everyone had an attempt, the bar was lowered so the lightest second attempts could be done, and so on.

Schoonveld was first up with 615, followed by Pfister (615), Karlsen (705), Bergmanis (705), Philippi (755), Gillingham (755), Bolton (805), and Henry (805). All of these attempts were successful, and so the second "round" began, starting with Brian Schoonveld (665), Phil Pfister (675), Raimonds Bergmanis (765), Svend Karlsen (775), Mark Philippi (805), Brad Gillingham (815), and Andy Bolton (865). Mark Henry decided to take 885 on his second attempt, and he pulled this massive weight easily to the finished position once, then lowered it and did it again with power to spare. Then, for some reason, he put the bar down and began to celebrate. For their third and last attempts, Schoonveld was again first, taking (and failing with) 705. Next up was Phil Pfister, historically a poor deadlifter, who managed a fine effort with 715. Svend Karlsen followed, taking 815 but only managing to get it a bit past his knees. Raimonds Bergmanis took the same weight and was delighted to make what was for him the heaviest deadlift of his life. Mark Philippi followed with 825 and made it solidly. Then Brad Gillingham, one of the greatest deadlifters in the world, brought up 865 with no trouble at all and looked capable of doing 900. Andy Bolton took 885 for his final attempt and made Mark Henry pay by hauling the big load once, twice, and then three times to take the lead. His last lift was a real limit—

slow and soft on the lockout and featuring one of the most spectacular nose-blood explosions I've seen in forty years of powerlifting. This blowout was all the more exciting as the spectators in the bleachers (including Arnold, Maria Shriver and their children) were no more than eight to ten feet away when the eruption occurred.

Even though the deadlift event was more or less designed on the spot, the poundages lifted by all of these men were exceptional, and some were phenomenal. To a real student of strength our impromptu test of back, leg, hip, and thigh power was a breathtaking thing to watch.

At the end of two events, the placings and points were as follows:

POINTS AFTER TWO EVENTS	TOTAL
1. MARK HENRY	15
2. MARK PHILIPPI	12
3. BRAD GILLINGHAM	10
4. ANDY BOLTON	9
5. SVEND KARLSEN	8.5
6. PHIL PFISTER	7.5
7. RAIMONDS BERGMANIS	6
8. BRIAN SCHOONVELD	4

In 2003, we began to use a custom-made deadlift bar that we hoped would be popular with the fans as well as the athletes. We also hoped it would be a true test of leg, back, and hip power without giving someone with a powerlifting background too much advantage. Proof that our hopes have been realized is that we have used our big bar every year since. As we did with Apollon's Wheels, we asked Tom Lincir of Ivanko Barbell Company to design and build a bar 14' long that could hold four Hummer tires on each end plus a couple hundred extra pounds in the form of thin plates. The bar, which is 1 3/8" thick—to allow it to bend but not bend too much—is a marvel of engineering, and when it's loaded with all eight tires it dwarfs even our Brobdignagian athletes. The first year it was used, Brad Gillingham set the record with 975 pounds, but in 2008 the young Icelander Benedikt Magnusson astonished everyone in the Expo Center by pulling an otherworldly 1102 pounds. Thus far, the Deadlift has been the one event in which we use single attempts.

Event Three: The Hummer Push

The next day, Saturday, the final two events were scheduled, and the first of those was the Hummer Push—a real challenge, with deflated tires. We did our best to make the event as fair as we could, and in this effort we bought shoes for the men so they would all have the same traction. We also placed a long runner of rubberized matting between the tires so that as the Hummer was pushed the tires would roll on concrete whereas the men would have the traction provided by the rubberized and slightly spongy runner. We realized, of course, that to push a "mere" Hummer would look somewhat unimpressive when compared with the things that have been pushed via a harness in television's WSM contests—tractor-trailer trucks, buses, airplanes, etc. But we were limited to an indoors format—we couldn't go out to a local airport or train terminal. But we thought that if we took the air pressure down to almost zero even the strongest men would find it difficult not only to start the vehicle rolling but to keep it rolling. Finally, the GMC people sent a Hummer to Columbus just a couple of days before the show and so we were able to work with our two official testers in an effort to find where we should set the tire pressure.

One of the bedrock principles undergirding the competition was that all of the events involving continuous effort could last for no more than thirty seconds. The reason for this decision on our part was that the "anaerobic threshold" is between twenty and thirty seconds, so if an event takes ninety seconds or two minutes to complete it's quite

The Hummer Push turned out to be more difficult than expected because of the inability of the spotters to get the wheels in the same position for all competitors. Svend Karlsen of Sweden finished second in the event, losing to Latvia's Raimonds Bergmanis by less than a second.

possible for a man who is strong but also very aerobically fit to defeat a man who is stronger but less durable. We aimed to have the stronger men place highest in all of our events.

As we put the testers through their paces, lowering the tire pressure again and again, we learned that when the pressure was reduced to about six pounds, the Hummer became very difficult to start and to push. I actually wanted to lower it a bit more as I reasoned that the men in the competition would be brimming with energy and adrenaline and that in any case they were also a bit stronger than our testers, but I was out-voted and we set the pressure at six pounds. In hindsight, it appears as if we probably should have reduced the pressure a bit more, as seven of the eight men completed the 40' course in considerably less than thirty seconds.

One problem, however, that might have been exacerbated by a further lowering of the pressure was that it would have been even more difficult to correctly align the deflated tires at the start of each man's attempt. As it was, several of the men experienced problems because, try as we might (and did), it was apparently impossible to align the tires for each man so that they were facing dead ahead. We learned that if the tires were even a fraction off dead straight it was far more difficult to get the Hummer rolling; the deflated tires seemed to sometimes squish to one side or the other and form what amounted to a rubber wedge that had to be overcome before the man behind the wheel could straighten the tires and keep them aligned down the course. This became apparent when Brad Gillingham had trouble moving off the line and even more apparent during Mark Henry's attempt. It almost seemed—as Mark began to apply his huge body to the rear of the Hummer—that the driver had his foot on the brake. Once Mark got the Hummer started, however, it appeared—and the videotapes show this—that he was moving the vehicle very fast. Brad Gillingham, in fact, said a week or so after the show that "it was clear that the tires were wedged in some way when Mark began to push, because once he got it started his world's strongest legs moved it faster than anyone else."

Another unexpected problem we faced—and a major one—was that since the event was held inside the Expo Center we were not permitted to start the engine and leave it on during the push, which would have triggered the power steering and made it much easier for the driver to keep the tires properly aligned. I, along with several of the men, had been able to find and push a Hummer in preparation for the event, but these sessions were all done outside with the engine running and the power steering mechanism working. Overall, it was a very disappointing event and we have never repeated it.

The surprise and very popular winner of this event was the man who came the farthest, Raimonds Bergmanis—who burned up the course by covering it in 17.07 seconds. Raimonds is an extremely explosive and determined athlete and his thick legs drove like pistons over the course of the race. The athletic Svend Karlsen came in second at 17.62 seconds, followed by Phil Pfister (18 seconds), Mark Philippi (18.53 seconds), Mark Henry (20.59 seconds), Andy Bolton (23.47 seconds), Brad Gillingham (25.60 seconds), and Brian Schoonveld, (who managed to make it 35'6" in the allotted 30 seconds).

At the end of three events the points were:

POINTS AFTER THREE EVENTS	TOTAL
1. MARK HENRY	19
2. MARK PHILIPPI	17
3. SVEND KARLSEN	15.5
4. RAIMONDS BERGMANIS	14
5. PHIL PFISTER	13.5
6. BRAD GILLINGHAM	12
6. ANDY BOLTON	12
8. BRIAN SCHOONVELD	5

In 2004 we introduced another classic test of strength—the Heavy Yoke, in which the men lift and then carry on their shoulders the colossal load of 1116 pounds, the heaviest Yoke ever carried in a contest. The Yoke was made for us by Richard Sorin of Sorinex, and it has worked very well for us in all the years since. To watch our athletes lift and carry almost three times as much as the early WSM competitors carried in the Refrigerator Race—and to do it in an anatomically more difficult manner—is to realize the advances in human strength that have been made in the years since 1977.

We also use our Yoke (unloaded) in another, more recent event—the Manhood Stones—which we do very differently than other contests, which usually use five increasingly heavy stones and require the men to put the stones, from lightest to heaviest, onto some sort of platform. In our version of the event, which we have done for three years now, we begin with a stone which is heavier than any man has ever lifted officially and we ask the men to lift it over the bar on our yoke, set at four feet, as many times as possible in 90 seconds. The record currently

stands at 530 pounds, which Zydrunas Savickas put over the bar three times.

Event Four: The Timber Carry

The final event—a variety of what has come to be called the Farmer's Walk—was one that required a lot of research, thought, and experimentation. Earlier, I explained that David Webster, Bill Kazmaier, and I had concluded that the Farmer's Walk event, as it's usually done, lasts too long and uses implements which are too light for it to be a true test of brute strength. In a race for time, the lighter the objects carried and the farther they are carried, the less chance there is for a really strong man to win. Imagine, if you will, two objects weighing one hundred pounds each and a race in which the contestants are to carry the two objects as far as possible in five minutes. Does anyone think that it would have been particularly difficult to find athletes (certain football players, for example, or wrestlers) who could have easily defeated Bill Kazmaier and Jón Páll Sigmarsson in their primes in such a race? What about a race lasting 10 minutes, in which the contestants carried fifty-pound implements? In that race it would be no great challenge to find very fit, enduring athletes such as decathletes who could defeat the men who defeated Kaz and Jón Páll in the previously imagined race. Thus, we wanted to keep the time of the race near the upper limit of the anaerobic threshold and we wanted to load the men as heavily as possible so that we were coming as close as we could to testing limit strength, not a combination of strength and endurance. However, even the latter part of the plan—to "load the men as heavily as possible"—proved problematic as we had no completely trustworthy method of knowing just how heavily we could load our eight strong men, especially since we were going to ask them to carry the implement up a ramp and not on a flat course—for reasons described earlier in the chapter.[13]

Originally, the plan had been to stage this event on Saturday night at the Columbus Auditorium during the crowning of the winner of the Arnold Classic bodybuilding contest. That stage would only allow us a total course length of approximately 32-feet and so that's how long we had the Ohio carpenters make the ramp. Early on, I had suggested to Jim Lorimer and Arnold that by allowing us to have the final event that night it would be a fitting way for the audience to watch as these giants of strength fought one another for the keys to a new Hummer. I explained that in most Strongman competitions, the Farmer's Walk is usually very popular among the spectators.

But as to how heavy we should make the implement the men would carry, we were entering uncharted waters. The heaviest Farmer's Walk any of us had heard about involved implements of approximately 350 pounds on a flat course, and most such "Walks" used far less than that in terms of weight. Plus, we had to consider that having to walk up a ramp with any given weight would be more difficult than walking along a flat course with the same weight. One unanswered question was that by using one solid implement (not unlike a giant "trap" bar) instead of two separate implements would we be making the event easier or more difficult. We thought we knew, but could we be certain? We were certain of one thing, which was that by using one solid implement instead of two unconnected implements we would be making the event different—and this would help to insure that the "strongman" contestants with years of experience in the Farmer's Walk would lose a bit of their "training" advantage.

With those considerations in mind, David, Kaz, and I spent dozens of hours agonizing over how heavy to make the implement, and each of us called other experts to get their opinions. Finally, as was stated earlier, we decided to build an implement of just over 800 pounds. Regarding the bar thickness of 1¼", the general consensus was that anything much smaller would cut into the hands of the contestants and anything much larger might be impossible to grip and hold in a carrying event with such a heavy load.

The only one of the athletes I saw train during the run-up to the event was, of course, Mark Henry, and I watched him each week as he would load a rectangular metal apparatus he'd had made at a machine shop. Each week he'd load it with more and more weight and carry it up a ramp at the Varsity Weight Room at the University of Texas in Austin. Although he had never done a Farmer's Walk event, and had only tried once to carry two objects—he carried two plate-loaded metal racks that day weighing 365 pounds each up a slight hill for a distance of approximately 50 feet and said he could have gone further—I suspected that because of his overall body power and freakish strength of grip he should be able to meet this challenge, if he had enough time to practice. Watching him get stronger gave me the confidence to suggest that a weight of 800 pounds was not unreasonable. I realized, of course, that an apparatus made out of thick timbers would be more cumbersome and difficult to balance than the small rectangular frame Mark was using in practice. Even so, I thought that when the Hummer was on the line most of the men would be able to carry 800 pounds at least part of the way

up the ramp. I was joined in this assessment by several of our contestants, including Svend Karlsen, who thought 800 pounds sounded about right. I discussed this with David and Kaz and they both agreed that we should try our very best to load the men so that most of them could finish the course.

Finally, a father-and-son team of carpenters in Texas began to build the apparatus about a month before the event, after I had at last located some old timbers, and they finished just a few days before the apparatus had to be loaded onto a flatbed trailer and hauled up to Columbus. But before we loaded it, I asked Mark to come to the small town where it was built and try to lift and carry it. Even though it could be argued that by doing this I was giving Mark an advantage over the other contestants I felt we had to be certain that the apparatus could be lifted, balanced, and carried up a slight grade. I discussed this with David, Jan, and Kaz and they concurred. We had to learn if the much more massive load of timbers would create problems for Mark and, by extension, the other competitors. And whom could I ask if not Mark? If there was a problem with the apparatus we needed to know it, so the problem could either be fixed before the actual contest or so we'd know we had to use a smaller, plate-loading metal frame instead of that colossal load of timbers. So, Mark drove down and it was good that he did, as he bent the braces the carpenters had used to hold the carrying bars in place. He predicted after looking the apparatus over that the braces would bend, but the carpenters said they wouldn't. The braces did bend when he lifted it, however, but new and larger braces were installed and the new braces held when Mark raised it off the shop floor for the second time. Encouraged, we loaded the bolted-together pile of timbers onto a trailer, drove it a couple of miles to the parking lot of a nearby grocery store, and unloaded it. Quickly, so as not to draw a crowd and perhaps be stopped by the store managers, Mark—already warm by having lifted the apparatus a few times while the bracings and balance were being checked out—stepped inside the timbers, chalked his hands, took his grip, lifted the timbers, and carried them up a grade fairly comfortably for about thirty-five feet. This was impressive to see, of course, but what really made Jan and I happy was that the apparatus appeared to balance well and, even more important, was definitely not so heavy as to be unserviceable for a lift-and-carry event.

The night before the contest began, the athletes saw for the first time the daunting pile of timbers for themselves. They were asked if they'd like to lift it, but understandably no one stepped forward. Even so, after being assured that the timbers weighed "only" about 815-825 pounds, and that Mark had had one successful "test-flight" with them, the men collectively decided it could be lifted. They did make a group request to have the apparatus placed on blocks for each man so it wouldn't be necessary to squat down so far to lift the apparatus before carrying it up the ramp. The officials accepted that request.

One final twist in this event was that on Friday afternoon, just after the first day of competition, Jim Lorimer approached me and said that he and Arnold had been looking at the pile of timbers and were concerned that if none of the men could carry it up the ramp it would put a damper on the final show on Saturday night. He said they both doubted if anyone could really carry it all the way to the top. I explained that Mark had done it, and that after seeing the pile of timbers for themselves the men agreed that it could be lifted and carried. I also told him that Kaz and I felt fairly certain that several of the men would be able to lift the timbers and carry them the full length of the ramp inside the 30-second time limit. I explained that even if some of the men failed to go all the way up we would mark the distance they achieved and that their failure would prove to the audience the difficulty of the task. Jim said he would talk it over with Arnold and get back to me. He did so the following morning, when he told me that he and Arnold were still worried and wanted us to move the event to Saturday afternoon on the stage at the Expo Center. Naturally, my committee, I and all of the competitors were disappointed by the decision, but we were still grateful to Arnold and Jim and wanted to make the best of things. We consoled ourselves with the knowledge that an even larger crowd would get to see the men lift and carry the timbers, because the Expo Center on Saturday would be even more crowded than it was on Friday.

Accordingly, the ramp was loaded onto a truck in pieces and assembled in the center of the Expo stage for the final, and deciding, event. The first man to challenge the timbers was Brian Schoonveld, and he drew roars of approval from the crowd by hauling the apparatus up the ramp in only 13.5 seconds and then holding it in the air for at least five seconds longer, smiling for all to see. He had been a bit overmatched in the overall contest, and it was good to see him finish on a high note. The only dark moment of the entire contest occurred on the next attempt, when Brad Gillingham injured his biceps just as he lifted the timbers off the frame. He immediately dropped the weight, and at first it was unclear if his injury was serious.

At the 2002 Arnold, Terry and I had the good fortune to meet strongman competitor—and all-around great guy—Steve Slater who agreed to begin helping us with future contests. Since 2003 Steve has been an integral team member both on the planning and the execution of the Arnold—running the stage crew, coordinating the equipment, building equipment, and suggesting events for the shows. Terry and I soon recognized Steve as the third director of the contest and with Terry's passing, I've been blessed to co-direct the 2019 and 2020 ASCs with Steve. We're working now on our plans for 2021.

But unfortunately he had partially torn his biceps, and a few days later he underwent surgery to repair the injury. My personal feeling is that had he not gotten a bad start with the Hummer and not torn his biceps with the timbers he would probably have finished in the top three in this contest. Brad is large, athletic, and powerful to a degree rarely seen and he has demonstrated this in the years since by winning many world powerlifting championships.

The next man up was Great Britain's Andy Bolton, who fought his way to the top of the ramp in a time of 19.2 seconds. Pfister then came out to wrap those monstrous mitts around the bars and show the crowd why he's been so successful on the Strongman circuit over the past few years. He did not disappoint, literally smoking the course in the amazing time of only 8.7 seconds. So much for the men not being able to carry the timbers up the ramp! As it happened, the only man who failed to take the timbers all the way to the top was the next competitor—Latvia's Raimonds Bergmanis—who was bothered by a slight hand injury he had sustained going for one of his many misses with Apollon's Wheels. The bum hand affected his grip, and without full command of your grip it's impossible to hold the bars tightly enough to make it all the way up the ramp.

Norway's Svend Karlsen was in third place going into this event, and he hoped to improve his position and, perhaps, to win it all if Mark Henry should happen to falter. So he summoned all of the Viking Power at his disposal and almost matched Pfister's time, hitting the finish line in only 9.5 seconds. Mark Philippi needed to finish no lower than one place behind Svend in order to remain in second place overall and bring home $15,000, but he had a bit of grip trouble and finished behind both Bolton and Schoonveld. This put Svend temporarily in first, Phil in second, and Mark Philippi in third.

Things now rested in the broad paws of Mark Henry, who had led the contest from the beginning and, as the leader, had retained the important advantage of going last in the final two events. This is especially critical in the last event as the leader knows in advance of his attempt what he needs to do to win not just that event but the much more important overall victory. As Mark prepared for his attempt with the timbers he knew that he didn't have to win this particular event in order to retain the lead. He knew that the only way he could lose would be if he really tried to hurry, stumbled, and was forced to re-grip. Armed with this knowledge, he lifted the timbers carefully, got his balance, and then marched majestically up the ramp toward victory, $10,000, a tropical vacation for two, the keys to a brand new silver Hummer with all the bells and whistles, and the screams and cheers of the thousands of fans. After roaring out his joy and acknowledging the crowd, Mark walked down the ramp and toward the back of the platform. Halfway there, he collapsed to one knee and began to sob. Someone went to him to ask if he was okay, and Mark finally managed to say, "I won the contest, but I lost my mother."

The final results and point totals were as follows:

FINAL RESULTS	TOTAL POINTS
1. MARK HENRY	25
2. SVEND KARLSEN	22.5
3. PHIL PFISTER	21.5
4. MARK PHILIPPI	20
5. ANDY BOLTON	16
5.RAIMONDS BERGMANIS	16
6. SVEND KARLSEN	8.5
7. BRAD GILLINGHAM	13
8. BRIAN SCHOONVELD	10

In the aftermath of the final event, everyone was proud that the men rose to the challenge so well and most of the competitors said they thought we should add weight for the show the following year. Both Arnold and Jim said af-

terward that they wished they had had the faith to put the Timber Carry in the Saturday night show, adding that next year they would definitely do so, which they did—to dramatic effect.

The Timber Carry is the one event in which the rate of improvement has been far slower than in other events. For example, after seven of our athletes carried it to the top in 2002 and we increased the weight to 875 pounds, only two men managed to finish the course—Svend Karlsen and Zydrunas Savickas, who dominated the overall contest for six years beginning in 2003. Interestingly, in 2004, although Zydrunas was so far ahead that he didn't need to do well in the Timber Carry to win the overall title, he failed to reach the finish line because he kept dropping the bar—and he has failed to finish the Carry in every subsequent contest even though we have never again increased the weight of the timbers. One of the reasons that some of our athletes—including Savickas—have had problems with this event is that they've gained a substantial amount of bodyweight, which thickens the hands so that it feels a bit like gripping a bar while wearing a pair of gloves. Zydrunas, for example, weighed no more than 340 pounds his first year but he was up to about 400 when he won in 2008.[14]

Another of our newer events is what we call the Circus Dumbbell, in which the men have to lift the bell from the floor to the shoulders with two hands and then to arm's length overhead with one hand. The dumbbell is a handcrafted masterpiece made by Richard Sorin to look like the globe-ended dumbbells famously used by travelling strongmen such as Louis Cyr during the golden age of the professional strongman. Our bell has a handle three inches in diameter and in 2009 it was loaded to approximately 203 pounds. In future contests, however, we'll be forced to increase the weight substantially since the overall contest winner in Savickas' absence, Connecticut's Derek Poundstone, toyed with the implement as he knocked out 15 repetitions in technically superb fashion.[15]

Aftermath

The word we got after the 2002 contest from Arnold and Jim—as well as from other veterans of the Arnold Sports Festival—was that the Arnold Strength Summit (known for the last six years as the Arnold Strongman Classic) was a great success, warts and all. Also, Arnold and Jim pledged to continue and even expand their support of the show, which they have done. Overall, David, Kaz, Jan, Steve Slater, and I were very proud to have played a role in the event and excited at the prospect of correcting our mistakes and hosting even better events in the coming years—which Jim Lorimer and Arnold tell us we have done. In fact, they've both said that of the dozens of sporting events which comprise the Arnold Sports Festival, the Strongman contest is the most popular.

It was a great honor to be asked by Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Lorimer to take the lead role in designing and conducting this particular competition—this strength contest. Few things I have ever done have been as challenging or, at the end of the day, as rewarding. Had I not had the constant help and support of my committee—not to mention that of Arnold and Jim—it would have been impossible to do what we did.

At the 2002 contest, we brought together the greatest athletes in the world in powerlifting and the strongman competitions, and we had two elite weightlifters, too. And the top men who weren't in Columbus weren't absent because they hadn't been asked. We did our dead-level best to assemble the very strongest men in the world in order to determine who was the strongest man of all, and we have done the same every year since then. Ideally, we want to have the top powerlifters, weightlifters, and Strongman competitors in our contest, but as the years have passed only the Strongman competitors seem keen to take part. My committee and I believe this is due in large part to the fact that most powerlifters, with their increasing dependence on supportive gear, have marginalized themselves and lost popularity. In fact, we're convinced that the decision by most of the many powerlifting federations to allow the use of tight squat suits and bench shirts—*which can add an astonishing 50 per cent to a person's best lift*—has been a colossal mistake. For this reason, we have always refused to allow such suits and shirts in our contests. As for the weightlifters, whose power is limited to a very narrow range, the thoughtful lifters realize that they lack the total body strength the top strongmen have. Because of this, most weightlifters are reluctant to use what strength they have to face the challenge of a contest which tests their overall brute strength.

Who can say what events may be added or subtracted, and who can predict the strength limits of these Herculean men, who have created many new "world records" every year? Yet as strength athletes change so do we, and we continue to search for new, relatively safe methods to test for raw strength. By 2005 we had moved from four to six events and from eight to ten competitors because the tele-

vision people believed they needed more action to produce a one or two-hour show. Even so, we'll probably drop one event for the 2010 contest as we still hold the opinion that five, or even four, properly designed events are enough to determine who is the strongest man in a contest.

In any case, the ultimate challenge of the Arnold Strongman Classic will be there every year for anyone with a strong back, a stout heart, and a willingness to lay it on the line for everyone to see. The men that first year behaved like the warriors they were; they were brave, valiant, and anxious to confront the events and each other. Also, they were unfailingly open in their praise of one another and supportive of outstanding performances. They could not have conducted themselves more appropriately nor could we have been more proud of them. They were—all of them—physically strong men in the truest and best sense and the tradition they began has continued in the years since.

Notes:

1. William Butler Yeats, "The Fascination of What's Difficult," *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats* (1989), online at: poetryfoundation.org.

2. At the time each man conquered the Wheels he was generally considered to be the strongest man in the world.

3. In 1977, as plans were being made for the first WSM contest, I was asked by the organizers of the contest to comment on the events that were under discussion. Although several of the possible events seemed poorly designed to me, one of them stood out as being potentially dangerous. That event—the Refrigerator Race—became infamous after the contest because one of the competitors, the bodybuilder Franco Columbu, suffered a catastrophic injury to his knee halfway through the race. My main concern was that since the weight of the refrigerator, less than 500 pounds, wasn't particularly heavy for such powerful men and since the race was to be run on a flat course, some of them would obviously begin to run as soon as they could to increase their speed. This meant, in turn, that their momentum, added to their bodyweight and the weight of the fridge, would mean that each time one of their feet hit the ground the knee on that leg would be exposed to a load which would increase as their speed increased. I explained my concerns to the organizers of the WSM, and suggested that the problem could be dramatically reduced by simply having the men carry the refrigerator up a slight grade. By having to go up some sort of grade the men would be prevented from ever moving fast enough to build up the momentum which might overload their knees. Unfortunately, that was not done and Columbu sustained an injury which was so extensive that his leg was never the same again in terms of strength and muscle size. Columbu filed a lawsuit, which he eventually won, against Trans-World International [TWI], the producers of the WSM contest.

Before the suit was settled, however, a related event occurred which might help in understanding how the leadership of TWI viewed the contest. That event took place in the months after the suit was filed but prior to the second annual WSM contest. By that time I had been hired by CBS Sports as a consultant/color commentator for their strength-related programming, and one of my first responsibilities was to serve as an advisor to and the chief official (unfortunately called the "Commissioner of Power") of the next WSM event. As soon as the president of CBS Sports, Eddie Einhorn, gave me this assignment, I got in touch with TWI and asked which events they planned to use. In that first conversation, I asked if they still planned to use the Refrigerator Race and was told that they were. I then said that I certainly hoped that for the 1978 version of the show the men would race up some sort of grade. After a moment's hesitation, the executive said that there would be no change because their lawyer had advised them that changing the event to make it arguably safer would be tantamount to admitting negligence, which is exactly what Columbu had charged in his lawsuit. I took issue with the decision, but the legal advice prevailed and the race was run on flat ground. Fortunately, no one was injured.

4. Although such decisions are trivial as far as determining who is the "Strongest Man," they cannot be ignored by those of us charged to create a strength contest for an audience, since one of our responsibilities is to excite, entertain, and even astound the audience.

5. I, my wife Jan, David Webster, and Bill Kazmaier agree.

6. He would do neither.

7. We invited him to next-year's show, but he declined.

8. Since Kovacs' unwillingness to take part in our contest there have been far fewer claims in the "muscle magazines" about his strength.

9. According to experts with whom I discussed this, a bent bar would likely be easier to clean, as any sort of significant bend would tend to keep the bar from wanting to roll and thus come out of the lifters' hands.

10. Prior to the event, I told the competitors that there were three things which would make Apollon's Wheels difficult to lift: its weight, its thick handle, and the fact that whenever the bar itself would turn the wheels would also turn, which meant that they would constantly be readjusting it as they pushed it overhead. Some men were surprised to find that push-press reps pumped their forearms as they had to fight against the tendency of the bar to roll.

11. Davis' dramatic lift, on his sixth or seventh attempt, was captured on film. Bud Greenspan of Olympic documentary film fame—making his first "major" documentary, called *The Strongest Man in the World*—followed Davis to France in 1949 to film him at the World Weightlifting Championships. While there, Greenspan immortalized Davis' heroic final effort with the Wheels, including the immediate aftermath of the lift, when an exhausted Davis fainted and slumped into the arms of a nearby official.

12. None of the lifters were weighed before the meet.

13. Also, we feared a load near the limit of the men's total body strength would be too heavy for their grip. We hoped to use a weight, a bar size, and a ramp angle that would mean their grip strength and their body strength would be tested to approximately the same degree. Our hopes were only partly realized.

14. He took a break in 2009 but vows to return in 2010.

15. Breaking the prior record by six reps.

Fat Pets

By Terry Todd

Unpublished Poems, Circa 1983

Preface: During the late 1970s, Terry and I met and became friends with artist Julie Speed and her husband, the musician Fran Christina, who lived near us in rural Nova Scotia. Fran and Julie moved back to the States as he began playing with the Texas blues band, The Fabulous Thunderbirds, and they later settled in Austin where we also moved in 1983. We spent a good bit of time with Fran and Julie in the 1980s, and somewhere in those early years, Terry and Julie thought it would be fun to collaborate on a children's book that they began unofficially calling "Fat Pets." It was a great idea, but sadly, didn't quite get off the ground. Terry wrote eight poems and Julie created three original illustrations for the sample they sent to Terry's literary agent in New York. His agent loved the project but failed to find a publisher for it, and so none of the poems or illustrations have ever been published until now.

Julie and Fran now live in Marfa, Texas, where she is still working on her art which has evolved in extraordinary ways. Her far more sophisticated paintings, constructions, and collages are now collected and exhibited by museums and sold by upscale galleries in New York. To see Julie's current work visit: www.juliespeed.com. I guarantee you'll be impressed. ~ *Jan Todd*

THE DRAGON

So deep in the woods that he's real hard to find
Lives a great scaly beast, with a scaly behind
And a scaly before, and a scaly between
He's just scaly all over, you know what I mean.

I feed him on motor oil, ten tubs a day
It keeps his scales shiny; he likes them that way
He sucks the oil up through a huge hollow log
And he sometimes blows bubbles and acts like a hog.

But if he gets too many tubfuls you see
It can make lots of trouble, for him and for me
For besides the high shine that the oil gives his scales
It tends to ignite his enormous entrails.

And then you can hear the fire blazing within
His scales being rather remarkably thin
And out of his nostrils and mouth billows smoke
And God help the person who tells him a joke.

Because when he laughs, the fire shoots right out
Right up through his throat and his mouth and his snout
It was only last month, when a man with a lisp
Told my dragon a joke and was burned to a crisp.

So, I'm awfully careful to feed him just ten
Of those tubfuls of oil, knowing full well
That when I forget and he guzzles one more
His laugh will turn into a giant flamethrower

But wouldn't you know it, I fouled up again
Last Saturday morning, I'm sure it was then
I'm sure cause of what happened later, you see
To my family's den and our color tv.

I was groggy, I guess, when I woke up at seven
And filled up the tubs, cause I filled up eleven
Which he emptied, of course, amazingly soon
Then we went to the den to observe a cartoon.

Roadrunner was on, and the coyote as well
And I got so absorbed that I never did smell

"The Dragon" by Julie Speed, 1983

All the smoke pouring out of my pet dragon's belly
But I'll bet you can guess what became of our telly.

So if I find a dragon that drinks motor oil
I'11 tell you straight off that there's nothing will spoil
A Saturday morning in front of your set
Like an overoiled, scaly and chuckling pet.

But still I adore him, the big scaly wart
He's burned his huge way deep inside of my heart
And I'll tell you what happened, but please, keep it quiet
It all has to do with his motor oil diet.

What happened began when I went back to school
And my new teacher made me feel just like a fool
Whether spelling or writing or finding a sum
Whatever it was, she made me look dumb.

So next time I knew we would have show and tell
I oiled my big dragon and oiled him real well
And l brought him to school, right into my class
But my teacher just glared and then jumped up real fast.

She shouted at me, and she yelled, “Go outside!
You can’t bring that thing with his big scaly hide.”
But just then I noticed he’d started to smoke
So I turned him to face her and told him a joke.

We have a new teacher now, Mrs. McBrice
I like her just fine, cause she treats me so nice
She’s good to the class and she never does yell
Do you think that she’s heard of our last show and tell?

THE MAGICAT

Come along if you will to a secret place
Only known to my cat and me,
We must be quiet, let’s all hold hands
And go there, just we three.

It’s not so far, we’ll need no car,
It’s right beneath the stair
Although no matter how you’d search
You’d never find it there.

You never would, unless of course
You were wise as wise can be,
Or you went with old Catullus,
My Magicat, and me.

Even I could never see it
When by myself I’d look,
I’d stare and stare beneath the stair
At every hole and nook.

But nothing could I find there,
No hint nor clue nor trace
To help me solve the puzzle
And get in the secret place.

And when I asked Catullus,
His method to reveal,
He arched his back and said to me,
“But first I’d like a meal.

So kindly bring a dozen shrimp
And a dozen scallops too,
And half a pound of good ground round
And a cup of oyster stew.

And while you’re up now, if you please,
Would answer my last dream,
If in a silver saucer
You would pour some Devon cream.”

And when I’d finally got it fixed,
He spread it round just right,
He nibbled this and sampled that,
He savored every bite.

He took an hour to eat the food
And saved the cream til last,
You see, when old Catullus eats,
He’s anything but fast.

And though I nagged him terribly,
“Please hurry,” I implored,
He looked at me from lidded eyes
And lapped his cream still slower.

And when he’d finally finished
And to the stairs I’d raced
Catullus stayed right where he was
And calmly washed his face.

But just when I was giving up
And going on to bed,
Catullus strolled out through the door
With slow and measured tread.

“Come over here,” he said to me,
“And walk just as I walk,
And be as silent as you can,
It’s not a time for talk.”

So with my Magicat I went,
I made myself slow down,
And when I took a step too soon
He’d freeze me with a frown.

It seemed at last we went so slow
We didn’t move at all,
I felt my head get lighter,
And thought that I might fall.

So fiercely did I focus
On trying not to race,
I didn't even notice
We were in the secret place.

"Catullus!" I began to shout,
You clever, clever cat,
We've come inside the secret place,
Now how did we do that?"

He looked at me and seemed to smile,
He fluffed his lustrous hide
And sat and said, "I'll tell you
How we came to be inside."

"We got inside," he said to me,
Because we took it slow,
We didn't rush or hurry,
We simply let life flow.

One thing you must remember
When you come to be full grown,
Is not to dance to other's tunes
But only to your own.

Take no man as your master,
Let no one set your pace
And you will find the whole wide world
Can be a secret place."

With that he slowly stood back up
And fixed me with a wink
And said, "I'm just a cat, you know,
So who cares what I think."

And then with regal grace he stretched
And headed toward the door
And said, "That cream was splendid,
I'd like one saucer more."

"The Magicat" by Julie Speed, 1983

THE MOOSE

Some folks have budgies for palling around,
And some folks have kittens or frogs,
And some folks keep goldfish and turtles and things
While some folks own parrots or dogs.

Some, so they say, gladly spend all their pay
Buying feed for their horses and goats,
While others go hungry for bacon and ham
Cause they form deep attachments to shoats.

It is said that some people keep boas,
Even cheetahs and leopards and loons
Not to mention chinchillas and half-grown gorillas
And beautifully bottomed baboons.

But I've got those folks beat to pieces.
They just shrug and then say, "What's the use,
To try and keep up with a man who was able
To corner the market on moose."

So I never go down to the feed store
For barley or oats or baled hay.
I just keep my house loaded with goodies
Cause I love her and want her to stay.

IN MEMORIAM:
DR. TERRY TODD (1938–2018)

PIONEERING POWERLIFTER, WRITER, SPORT PROMOTER, AND HISTORIAN WHO CHANGED THE CULTURAL PARADIGM FOR STRENGTH

By Jason Shurley, University of Wisconsin-Whitewater

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"Don't Weaken." Pencils adorned with the phrase are found in small holders throughout the H.J. Lutcher Stark Center for Physical Culture and Sports at The University of Texas at Austin (UT). The phrase is actually shorthand for a favorite saying of Dr. Terry Todd, one of the Center's directors, the fuller version of which is "It's a good life if you don't weaken." Indeed, the Stark Center itself is a physical representation of Dr. Todd's commitment to that axiom. What began in the late 1950s as his relatively small collection of magazines and books related to strength training and physical culture, evolved into a library unlike any other in the world by 2009. Along with his wife, Dr. Jan Todd, Terry Todd established the Stark Center as a library and research center dedicated to the history of strength and physical culture. Occupying more than 27,500 square feet in the north end zone of UT's football stadium, and home to more than 30,000 volumes, the Stark Center is the largest facility of its kind, regularly visited by scholars from around the world.[1]

Dr. Terry Todd passed away on July 7, 2018 due to complications from a heart attack.[2] As he was, the Stark Center is larger than life and full of amazing stories about strength. While it is tempting to point to such a unique mecca of muscle as Dr. Todd's legacy, indeed he called it his most significant accomplishment, that would sell him far short. His full impact is found among the hundreds he coached, the thousands he taught, and the untold numbers who read his books, magazine, and journal articles, and watched his films. Dr. Todd was a physical and figurative giant in the world of strength, and his will be an enduring legacy in the world of physical culture.

Terry, at about 12 months of age, in the arms of his mother, Ima Todd. Terry always claimed that his size and strength came from his mother's side of the family, as her father—Marvin "Papa" Williams—was famous for his strength. Terry's father, Branch Colquitt Todd, known as "B.C." owned one of the first radio stations in Texas, but sold it in the 1940s and moved his family back to Austin. B.C. taught Terry to play baseball and tennis but, for himself, preferred golf to all other forms of exercise. He played at least once a week.

Boyhood

Terry Todd was born in Beaumont, Texas, on 1 January 1938, to B.C. Todd and Ima Williams Todd. Eight years later, in 1946, the family

moved to Austin where Terry attended public schools and participated in a wide variety of athletic contests. As a boy, he was a standout in youth baseball, a three-time winner of the city-wide Cheerio-Top yo-yo competition, and winner of several city table tennis championships in high school.[3] When not on the diamond or yo-yoing, Terry could often be found lying on the couch of his paternal grandparents, reading from a host of novels housed on shelves in their living room. In particular, Terry enjoyed the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, whose famous characters included Tarzan and the adventurer of Mars, John Carter.[4] More than the primary protagonists, however, Terry was taken by the stories' supporting casts that included immense and physically strong aliens, dogs, elephants and gorillas. The stories provided an early spark for what would become a lifelong fascination with strength. So engrossed was Terry in the stories that his grandparents joked that the only way they could tell if he "had passed out or on," was when he either blinked or turned a page.[5]

Terry's maternal grandfather, Marvin Williams, known for his strong hands, was called "Papa" by the family. In this photo with his wife, Ethel, and Terry's six-year-old sister, Connie, his "mighty mitts" are being used to cover ten-year-old Terry's face. He worked as a rancher and butcher.

In addition to works of fiction, Terry was inspired by the more tangible strength of his maternal grandfather, whom Terry would accompany on hunting trips.[6] Sitting in a river bottom pecan grove, quietly waiting for their quarry, "Papa" leaned over and picked up a hard-shell pecan. Gesturing to Terry, he placed it between his thumb and index finger and cracked the shell. "Very few men can do that," he informed a wide-eyed Terry with a smile, "and no boys."[7] Even at the height of his strength almost a decade-and-a-half later, and with four inches and nearly 100 pounds on Papa, Terry recalled that he was never able to perform the feat his grandfather had with such ease.

On the tennis court, however, Terry did perform with relative ease. His father taught him the game on the public courts of South Austin's parks and, by high school, Terry was a standout. He lettered in tennis at Travis High School and earned a scholarship offer to play tennis at UT.

In the summer of 1956, before he enrolled at the university, Terry took up weight training, not to improve his tennis game, but to increase the size of his left arm. Due to his years of tennis training, Terry joked that he looked like a crawfish whose claw had been broken off and only half grown back.[8] To bring his undersized left arm back in line with his dominant right, he began a program of curls, presses, and other barbell exercises. When he began school that fall, Terry tipped the scales at 195 pounds. His coach, Wilmer Allison, noticed his increased size with disapproval. Allison, like many coaches of his day, believed that weight training would result in a muscle-bound athlete who was slow and inflexible due to the added bulk. As a result of this misplaced concern, Allison gruffly informed Todd that he would have to abandon his weight training.

From experience, however, Todd knew better. Though he had added 30 pounds by his freshman year, he was quicker than before he took up barbells and played better tennis. So, despite his coach's admonishment, Todd continued lifting. Fortuitously, he met Roy "Mac" McLean, an instructor and former wrestling and cross-country coach who oversaw the physical training classes at UT.[9] In addition, McLean had a significant collection of physical culture magazines and books, which Todd read in the afternoons in his study. It was in that study that Todd says his love of strength truly blossomed as he read stories of legendary strongmen and contemporary weightlifters in the pages of *Strength & Health*, *Iron Man*, and *Muscle Power*.[10] As he became increasingly enamored of weight training, Todd registered for competitions though, to avoid detection by Allison, always under an assumed name. His favorites were "Paul Hepburn" and "Doug Anderson" transpositions of Paul Anderson and Doug Hepburn the top two super-heavyweight lifters of the day.[11]

By his junior year Todd's physique was far from the skinny, lanky build of a typical tennis player, and his

This photograph, dated March 1961, shows Terry at age 23, winning first place in a weightlifting competition. In his training diary, Terry indicates that he began experimenting with isometric contraction in January of 1961 and recorded his measurements at the start as: weight: 253 pounds, height: 6'2", chest: 50 inches, neck: 19 inches, biceps: 19 inches, and thighs: 29.5 inches. His experiment with isometric contraction did not last more than a year or so. He told me years later he gave it up when his back began bothering him.

coach issued an ultimatum: give up the weights or give up tennis.[12] Having already lettered, Todd forfeited his scholarship to concentrate on lifting. The decision and resultant lack of funds meant Todd had to move back in with his family, but he was so infatuated with weight training that it did not matter.[13] By the time he quit the tennis team, Todd tipped the scales at a muscular 240 pounds, making him larger than any man on the football team except one, who weighed 245.[14] By 1961, he had grown to more than 270 pounds when he was summoned by not-yet legendary Texas football coach Darrell Royal for an "off the record" meeting. Royal had seen Todd play tennis and was aware of his athleticism, as well as his strength training habits, through talks with some of the football players. Coming off a disappointing 1960 season, Royal wanted to know whether the type of training Todd performed could help his players improve.[15]

Versed in the testimonials of athletes in the pages of muscle magazines, as well as his own training experience, Todd argued that heavy weight training would be a wise addition to the football program.[16] As evidence, he pointed to shot putter Parry O'Brien, Red Sox outfielder Jackie Jensen, Chicago Bears offensive lineman Stan Jones, and Houston Oilers running back Billy Cannon, who had won the Heisman trophy two years prior at Louisiana State University. All were "barbell men," featured in *Strength & Health*, and Todd noted that he could even jump higher weighing 270 than he could before he started training and weighed 195. While Royal was eager to implement heavy weight training with his Longhorn team, he was hesitant to anger the team's long-time athletic trainer, Frank Medina, who adamantly believed that heavy training would decrease the quickness of football players. Based on an early 1950s film about the training employed by Northwestern University during their most successful seasons, which promoted light weights and high repetitions, Medina asserted, "a pair of 20 or 25 pound dumbbells is enough for anybody, no matter how big or strong he is."[17] Such was Medina's political influence that it would be several more seasons before Royal was able to

While the execution of the Arnold Strongman Classic was made possible by the insight and assistance of David Webster and Bill Kazmaier in its early years, what truly elevated the contest in its first decade was Lithuanian Zydrunas Savickas' six consecutive ASC victories between 2003 and 2008. Terry regarded the astonishingly powerful Savickas as the strongest man in history, and he took real pleasure in seeing the regal champion win two more Louis Cyr trophies in 2014 and 2016.

implement heavy training for the Longhorns, and when he did, Todd himself chronicled the program in the pages of *Strength & Health*.[18]

Later in the spring of 1961, Todd completed his Bachelor of Arts degree in English at UT, though he stayed in Austin to begin working on his Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.) degree in the interdisciplinary "History and Philosophy of Education" program. In addition to his studies and serving as a teaching assistant in physical training, Todd progressed in his own lifting career. Weighing just short of 300 pounds the "ponderous" Terry Todd captured his first major title in 1963, winning the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) junior national weightlifting championship.[19] The same meet also featured a physique competition following the weightlifting, as well as an emerging type of strength contest: powerlifting. With particularly large biceps and forearms, Todd had some difficulty catching the "clean" when performing the "clean and jerk" Olympic lift and knew that his ability to succeed in the sport would be constrained. As a result he transitioned to the new sport of powerlifting, winning the first men's national championships in the event in 1964. He followed by winning the first Senior Nationals in 1965. As a powerlifter, Todd held 15 records at one time or another and was the first man to squat 700 pounds, as well as the first to total 1600, 1700, 1800, and 1900 pounds. His best official lifts included a 720-pound squat, 515-pound bench press, and 742-pound deadlift.[20]

While working on his doctorate, Todd moved to York, Pennsylvania, in the fall of 1964 to take over as managing editor for *Strength & Health* magazine. Along with his editorial duties and writing for the magazine, he was tasked with coordinating research projects for the Bob Hoffman Foundation.[21] His most important impact at the magazine, however, was helping to define the new sport of powerlifting in its formative years.[22] In addition to writing about powerlifting in both *Strength & Health* and *Muscular Development*, the massive 340-pound Todd himself was often the subject of articles and photos and featured lifting massive weights. The articles captured the imagination of many and inspired readers to take up the emerging sport. With championships in both powerlifting and Olympic weightlifting, a 1966 *Muscular Development* article noted that Todd had the highest combined total of any lifter, making him the best of the "Supermen of the Iron Game."[23]

In 1969, Terry began teaching at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, as he was drawn to the university's committment to civil rights and educational experimentation. One of Terry's first acts at Mercer was to convince the school to create a program in African American Studies and he also began inviting Black speakers to campus. A personal thrill for him was hosting tennis player and civil rights advocate Arthur Ashe in 1970. Ashe was then at the top of the world of tennis, having won both the French and the Australian Open that year.

Early Academic Career

Also in 1966, Todd completed his Ph.D. His dissertation, titled, "The History of Resistance Exercise and Its Role in United States Education" was a landmark in the field as one of the first academic treatments on the history of resistance training.[24] Beginning with the ancient Egyptians and continuing through the mid-twentieth century, the manuscript explored the history of resistance exercise, numerous training methods, famous strongmen, the interaction between strength training and athletics, and the use of resistance training in physical education. After its completion, Todd accepted a position in the College of Education at Auburn University. The new position marked the end of his tenure as a magazine editor and the end of his competitive powerlifting career. Though he continued to lift for the rest of his life, by the time he was preparing to enter this new phase of his career, Todd decided that he had "fulfilled [his] curiosity about becoming big and strong" and de-

In January of 1979, Terry and I were featured in *People* magazine following my lifting at an invitational meet in St. Louis, Missouri, where I set new world records in the squat, bench, deadlift, and total in the 181-pound class. This photo ran as a full page in *People*, with an accompanying article titled, "That's Not a Heavy Date but the 280-Pound Husband of Jan Todd, World's Strongest Woman." When the article came out, Terry took some ribbing about how it felt to have his wife "supporting him" but, in truth, he supported me all the time.

voted himself to his academic work.[25]

While ultimately known for his contributions to the world of strength sports and their history, Todd's focus in his earliest academic positions was the improvement of American schools. After three years at Auburn, Todd accepted a position at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia. There he served as an assistant (and then associate) professor of education, physical education and sociology. Despite having slimmed down to 250-pounds since his competitive days, Todd stood out on campus not only for his exceptional size, but also for his commitment to activist causes and civil rights, playing a leading role in founding the university's African American Studies program in 1969. He also ran a series of summer seminars on educational reform, convincing luminary educational theorists John Holt, James Herndon, and Edgar Friedenberg, considered by some to be the most important public intellectual on school reform of the era, to come and speak.[26] Decades later, Mercer students still recalled the first time they formally met Todd in a freshman seminar. The title of the talk was "The Educational Benefits of Hucking Around," a consideration of Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and adolescent development. At a small Baptist college in that era, the title proved both risqué and unforgettable.

At Mercer, Terry Todd met Jan Suffolk. As one of the many students sitting in the seminar, Jan knew of Todd, but it was at an end-of-season intramural softball party that she truly made an impression on him. Todd played host for the party and as the athletes sat and chatted atop stacks of logs he had recently cut following an unseasonal ice storm, the talk turned to contests of strength; specifically, to caber tossing.[27] Most of the party-goers were unfamiliar with this mainstay of the Scottish Highland Games in which an athlete stands a log upright, walks a few steps and then tosses the log end-over-end for distance, but they were eager to pit themselves against one of the logs. After a reasonably heavy log was pulled from the stack, faculty and students alike tried their hand at giving it flight. Notably, however, all of the participants were male. After a member of the philosophy faculty failed repeatedly to flip the log, Jan, then a junior philosophy and English major, stepped forward to attempt the feat. She made short work of the timber, flipping it on her first try. "As near as I can tell," Todd would later write, "that was the day I began to love her."[28]

Cabers played a role in Terry's life and his imagination. Here he's competing in the caber toss at a Highland Games event in Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

In spite of his official retirement from competitive lifting and his academic work which was, at best,

tangentially related, Terry still felt called to be involved with the "Iron Game." After a brief interlude in the late 1960s, he began once again to write articles on powerlifting in 1971 for *Muscular Development* and *Iron Man* magazines.[29] In those pages, Todd wrote instructional articles but, more importantly, he covered major powerlifting contests. Moonlighting as a sportswriter, Todd's articles were different from typical meet recaps; his told a story. Drawing on his own experience as a champion lifter, Todd crafted dramas through his retelling of the meet's events and included personal vignettes of many of the lifters involved. "When he shows up to an event," legendary powerlifter Larry Pacifico wrote, "that event becomes more important because lifters know that what they do with him watching will live on through his accurate, honest words."[30] Such was Todd's presence, that Pacifico claimed it inspired lifters to heft more pounds than they thought possible just because they wanted to see how he would write about them.

One lifter about whom he would write voluminously was Jan after their marriage in 1973. After they began dating, Jan started to accompany Terry to the weight room for his weekly workouts. It was partly out of curiosity, as lifting weights was Terry's form of recreation and Jan was interested to learn more. Initially, she lifted light weights for high repetitions, fearful of adding bulk and attempting to correct her posture. During winter break of that year, Jan accompanied Terry back to Austin to visit with his family for Christmas. While they were there, they visited one of his old haunts, the Texas Athletic Club, where Jan watched as a petite woman who weighed no more than 125-pounds deadlift 225 pounds. The woman was a competitive powerlifter and Jan struck up a conversation with her and, before she left, had pulled 225 herself.[31] On the way home, she quizzed Terry about weight training and he was only too eager to share.

In the winter of 1980-1981 Bill Kazmaier and I trained together at Auburn University with Terry as our coach. We decided to compete in a meet at Georgia College in Columbus, Georgia, where there would be IPF judges who could sanction world records for us—if we made them. On 31 January 1981, Bill and I both set new all-time world total records. I made a career high squat of 545.5 lbs./247.4 kg., and my heaviest competition deadlift with 481.5 lbs./218.5 kg. for a 1229.7 lbs./558.2 kg. total. Kazmaier set a new men's all-time total record by squatting a world record 925.9 lbs./420 kg., benching a world record 661.4 lbs./300 kg., and deadlifting 837.8 lbs./380 kg. The biggest moment in the contest is captured in this photo as Kaz became the first man to officially bench 300 kilos and he did it in just a T-shirt. Terry had every right to feel proud of himself as a coach at the end of that day, and Kaz and I knew how lucky we were to have him.

He told Jan of the great Sandwina, a legendary strongwoman who performed in circuses and whose signature feats included lifting a 600-pound cannon to her shoulder and juggling her husband. Once at home, Terry showed her stories in muscle magazines and old books about some of the rare women who trained with heavy weights. They came across a page in the *Guinness Book of World Records* that listed the heaviest deadlift ever performed by a woman, a Mlle Jane de Vesley of France in 1926, at 392 pounds. Though the record had stood for nearly half a century, Jan stared at the page momentarily before pronouncing excitedly, "I think I can beat that."[32] With that declaration, Terry Todd, lifting champion, academic, and writer, took on a new role he would continue to perform for more than twenty years: coach.

When they returned to Georgia, they crafted a plan to get Jan to her goal. After sixteen months of training with Terry at a gym in downtown Macon, the two traveled to Chattanooga, Tennessee, for Jan's first powerlifting meet in May of 1975. After a heavy warm-up for her first attempt, Jan broke de Vesley's record with her second, pulling 394.5 pounds and rewriting the *Guinness Book*.[33] As they were preparing for the meet, Terry had been offered a new academic post as an Associate Professor of Educational Sociol-

Terry met Colin Duerden in the fall of 1975 in the weightroom at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Colin, then working on his Ph.D., served as the model for the photos in Terry's first book—*Fitness for Athletes*—and he and his wife, Karen, became our close friends. We shared many feasts and adventures with them over the years—like this lobster dinner at our summer home on Ironbound Island in 2001. Colin was master of ceremonies at Terry's memorial service.

ogy at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. In the fall of 1975, they packed their belongings and moved to Canada where they had purchased a 185-acre farm. In addition to their academic careers—Jan was also now teaching high school English—and their coaching, the couple also worked their land, raising cattle, hay, and vegetables.[34] Terry continued his writing in a chicken house that he converted into a makeshift office.[35] At a desk below a suspended bag of seed, stored safely from hungry rodents, Terry wrote two books: *Fitness for Athletes*, and the influential *Inside Powerlifting*.[36] The latter of the two was the first book written about the nascent strength sport. In that work, his masterful storytelling is in full evidence as he detailed the history of the competition, described the events, detailed training routines, and profiled nine elite lifters, including Jan.

In addition to his academic duties at Dalhousie and his writing Terry, along with Jan, coached the Canadian women's national powerlifting team from 1976-1979 and helped organize the first U.S. national women's powerlifting meet in 1977.[37] Naturally, Terry continued to coach Jan, along with the other lifters, and helped organize her training. At a meet in Newfoundland, in June 1977, Jan totaled a then world-record 1,041 pounds in the three competitive powerlifts.[38] Not only was it a world record but it shattered the previous mark by nearly 100 pounds. The accomplishment led to a feature article in *Sports Illustrated* in which Jan was dubbed the strongest woman in the world.[39] In addition to the write-up, the couple was invited to New York City for a series of television appearances, including on *The Tonight Show* with Johnny Carson, and a visit to the *Sports Illustrated* offices. After chatting with the magazine's editors, Terry was invited to write an article on arm wrestling champion Al Turner.[40] More assignments followed and Terry wrote voluminously for the magazine in the late 1970s and early 1980s.

Among those articles was a profile of powerlifter Lamar Gant a lifter in the 123- and 132-pound weight classes with the rare distinctions of having won more than nine world titles and performed a deadlift of more than five times his own bodyweight.[41] In addition to covering Gant in *Muscular Development* and *Sports Illustrated*, Todd coached Gant after he and Jan moved back to Auburn University in 1979. After four years in Canada, the Todds were drawn back to the United States by the prospect of starting the National Strength Re-

Another Dalhousie graduate student—who became our main training partner in Canada—was Newfoundlander Terry Young. "Little Terry' as we called him, would go on to win nine Canadian National Powerlifting Championships in the open division and was also 1995 World Masters Champion. In recent years, he has also served as a judge at the Arnold Strongman Classic.

Terry and his good friend, *Sports Illustrated* photographer Stephen Green-Armytage, are dwarfed by pro wrestler Andre Roussimoff, even though they both stand 6'2" tall. Terry's *SI* article about Andre's life (for which Stephen took the photos) had a major impact on the public's understanding of professional wrestling as entertainment. It was made possible only because Vince McMahon, Sr. was advised by Milo Steinborn that Terry could be trusted to not expose pro wrestling as fake. Terry and Andre became good friends and we saw him often in the 1980s. When Andre died in 1993, Terry was one of the speakers at his funeral.

search Center at Auburn. Along with exercise scientists at the Center like Mike Stone, the Todds organized research and coached athletes. Those athletes ranged from elite powerlifters like Gant and Bill Kazmaier to intercollegiate lifters, Auburn varsity female athletes, and more. With his growing reputation as an expert on strength, and a melodic baritone voice that once prompted an attendee at an academic conference to declare that she would gladly listen to him read the phone book, Todd was invited to serve as a consultant on strength sports for CBS. Through that affiliation he appeared as a color commentator on the earliest broadcasts of the "World's Strongest Man" contests and for the World Powerlifting Championships.[42] Between 1980 and 1982, he organized a similar event, "The Strongest Man in Football."[43]

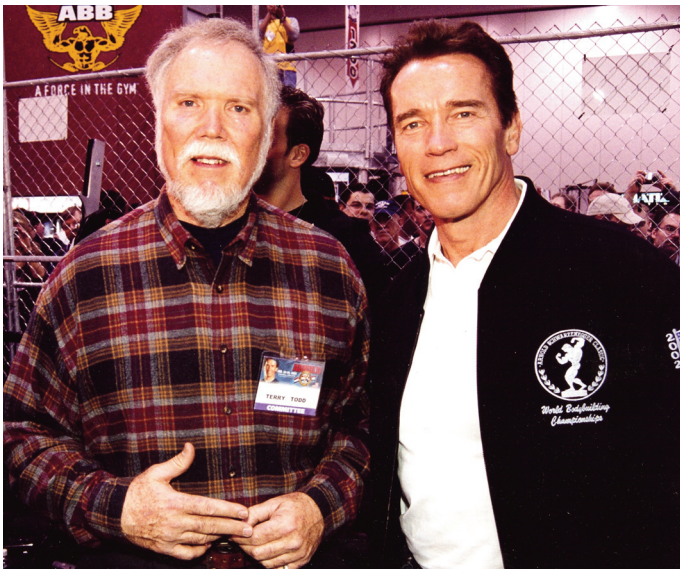
Gone to Texas (Late Academic Career)

After four years at Auburn Terry took a position as a lecturer at his alma mater, The University of Texas, in 1983. Though an untenured position, Terry was enticed by the possibility to move back home, that the position would give him the flexibility to continue to pursue his broadcast career and popular press writings, and the potential to turn what had become an extensive collection of more than 300 boxes of books and magazines into a full-fledged library. He continued to write for *Sports Illustrated*, profiling football players and their training habits,

Terry and I almost always lived in the country and kept animals during our long marriage. In Texas, before the Stark Center opened, we lived in this 1850s house on 310 acres along the San Marcos River. We raised beef cattle, but also had a giant draft horse, miniature donkeys, emus, peacocks and more large dogs. Below, Terry is in the pasture feeding two young Charolais bulls.

including Herschel Walker, Bob Young, and Dave Rimington.[44] He wrote about weightlifters too, like the "vest-pocket Hercules" Naim Suleimanov, but it was his writing about wrestler Andre Roussimoff, better known as "Andre the Giant," that became one of his most talked-about pieces.[45] One of his most influential articles, however, was not a profile but a discussion of the growing prevalence of anabolic steroids in elite sports.[46] Todd outlined the emergent "steroid predicament," examining the history of the drugs, their use in a variety of sports, their effects, and the lengths to which athletes are willing to go to win. The article was met with applause from readers in the following issues and came to be considered one of the most important on doping in the 1980s.[47]

Todd also brought his discussion of anabolic steroids into academic circles, calling them "the Gremlins of sport," and detailing their development and proliferation in the *Journal of Sport History*.[48] He co-authored two more books in the mid-1980s, both related to training methods.[49] The first detailed the training techniques of Herschel Walker while the second, was based on research he helped perform while at Auburn. Co-authored with Jan, *Lift Your Way to Youthful Fitness* was based on studies done with sedentary, middle-aged men and women. In light of the success of the training interventions, readers were instructed about the importance of maintaining strength to stave off age-related declines. In addition to writing about the utility of weight training for adults, he wrote about weight training for athletes in the *NSCA Journal* (renamed *Strength and Conditioning Journal*).



Terry stands next to a grateful Arnold Schwarzenegger at the end of the 2002 Arnold Strength Summit. Although the show was far from perfect that first year, Arnold and Jim Lorimer asked us to continue and THE ARNOLD—as it is known in Strongman circles—is now regarded as the most prestigious Strongman contest in the world.

When we began publishing *Iron Game History* in 1990, Joe Weider was among our first subscribers and he would often phone and talk with Terry about what he'd read and liked. Had it not been for Betty and Joe, the Stark Center would probably never have existed, as Joe's decision to donate $1M to us in 2004 allowed us to begin the fundraising campaign to build the Stark Center. In 2008, the Weiders donated a second million and that gift created the Joe and Betty Weider Museum of Physical Culture which formally opened in 2011. They're looking at the first magazine Joe ever published—Volume One, Number One of *Your Physique*—Joe no longer had a copy.

Having experienced first-hand the prejudice and fears about weight training for athletes in the mid-twentieth century, he made sure strength coaches were aware of the field's evolution in "The myth of the muscle-bound lifter."[50] In addition to fearing weights more generally, some coaches were specifically reticent about the squat exercise fearing, based on research dating back to the 1960s, that it was harmful for an athlete's knee ligaments. Todd provided historical context for the idea, discussing the original research and helping to give strength coaches background on that "myth" as well, should they encounter a coach apprehensive having their athletes squat.[51] Through that work, he and Jan came to the realization that there was a need for an outlet on the history of physical culture.[52] Until the mid-1980s, magazines like *Strength & Health* and *Iron Man* had included historical features but the former folded in 1986 and the latter had phased them out. Academic journals, like those of the NSCA and the *Journal of Sport History*, would publish work on the his-

tory of physical culture, but it was relatively atypical. Seeking to create an academic journal dedicated to the history of physical culture, Terry and Jan assembled and editorial board and began publishing *Iron Game History: The Journal of Physical Culture* in 1990. With that, they added "editor" to their long list of responsibilities, one which continues to this day as *Iron Game History* nears 30 years of publication.

As he had at Auburn, Todd coached the powerlifting team along with Jan, continuing in that role for ten years and leading the Longhorn team to multiple national championships.[53] In the middle of that run at the Texas high school state powerlifting championships, the Todds met a young man of unparalleled strength.[54] At eighteen, Mark Henry was a three-time state champion in powerlifting who could squat and deadlift over 800, while bench pressing more than 500. Terry thought, given Henry's flexibility, that he would make an equally outstanding Olympic weightlifter and convinced him to move to Austin to train and attend college. Within two years, Henry was an Olympian, competing at both the Barcelona Games in 1992 and Atlanta Games in 1996. Five years later, in 2001, Terry was asked by Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Lorimer to create a professional strongman contest for the "Arnold Classic."[55]

Entering its twelfth year, "the Arnold" had expanded from a bodybuilding competition into a multisport "Festival." To create the initial contest in 2002, Terry drew upon the history of strongman contests, choosing events that mimicked famous performances. One was lifting an implement modeled on a train axle purportedly lifted by the French strongman "Apollon" in the late 1890s. Another, part of a post-contest exhibition, was rooted in Terry's interest in grip strength, dating back to those pecans in the river bottom. The event required competitors to lift a replica of the dumbbell used by British strongman Thomas Inch, weighing in at 172-pounds and whose handle diameter was nearly 2.5 inches. As he had in 1990, Terry talked Mark Henry into transitioning strength sports, and coached him to victory with Henry claiming the first "Arnold Strongman Classic" title. The professional strongman contest was a source of great pride and joy for Terry, who continued to direct the annual event through 2018.

As an academic, Terry turned his focus back to the myth of musclebinding and early pioneers who helped explore the effects of strength training on sport performance. Terry and Jan investigated how strength training came to

Terry referred to Joe Weider in a memorial tribute written after his death as the Stark Center's "patron saint," because of his support of our efforts. But the Stark Center has also had Archangels, who stand here alongside Joe and Betty Weider in 2011. Tad McKee, on the left, is the current CEO of the Nelda C. and H.J. Lutcher Stark Foundation in Orange, Texas; Walter Riedel III, on the right, was CEO of the Stark Foundation when we began our project and continues to serve on its board now that he is retired. The Stark Center would not exist if not for the support and generosity of these two men and the Stark Foundation they administer. The Foundation has now donated $7M to the construction and development of the Stark Center. They are angels indeed.

be entrenched in the routines of twenty-first century athletes. Specifically, they examined the evolution from coaches threatening to kick athletes off of the team if they lifted weights, to coaches threatening to kick off athletes who *did not*. To tell that story in the *Journal of Strength and Conditioning Research* he and Jan discussed the careers of scientists like Peter Karpovich, Richard Berger, Herbert deVries, and Pat O'Shea who helped prove that strength training could enhance performance, and how it could best be done.[56] In an award-winning article, he and Jan wrote about physician Thomas DeLorme who provided medical validation for intense strength training.[57] They covered the important role of the NSCA in generating and disseminating research related to strength training and ath-

Terry took great pleasure in watching Icelandic strongman Hafthor Bjornsson go from finishing last in the Arnold Strongman Classic in 2012 to becoming ASC champion in 2018. (Hafthor also won in 2019 and 2020.) At 6'9" and more than 400 pounds, Bjornsson towers over Terry as he's congratulating him on his new 2018 Rogue Record in the weight throw for height in March of that year. I was deeply honored when Thor made the trip from Iceland to Austin to attend Terry's memorial service in July, and then moved again, in 2019, when Thor added a new tatoo to his leg to honor Terry.

letic performance.[58] Terry also told the story of Al Roy, a man he dubbed "the first modern strength coach," and explained the origins of the modern profession.[59]

In *Iron Game History*, Terry wrote extensively about the history of strength training for athletes, strongmen, weightlifters, bodybuilders and other legends of days past.[60] Most of that writing was done in the basement of the old women's gymnasium at The University of Texas. After decades of fundraising to find a home for the now 3,000 boxes of magazines and books related to physical culture, Terry and Jan were able to reach an agreement with the university to house their collection in a more fitting location.[61] In 2009, they moved those materials, along with an assortment of antique barbells, dumbbells, and various other exercise implements, to a state of the art facility in the newly-constructed north end zone of the football stadium. Since then, Terry has served as a co-director, along with Jan, of the H.J. Lutcher Stark Center for Physical Culture and Sports. Designated one of only three Olympic Studies Centers in the United States, the facility is truly world-class and one of which Terry was duly proud.

Conclusion

"Properly done," Terry wrote, "weights can work magic. I know." Through his work, so do we. At final tally, he authored or co-authored more than 500 articles in popular magazines and academic journals, and 5 books. He was inducted into numerous halls of fame, including the International Sports Hall of Fame, and the halls of both men's and women's powerlifting. He received the National Strength and Conditioning Association's highest honor—the Al Roy Award—in 2017; was honored as a "Legend" by the Collegiate Strength and Conditioning Coaches Association in 2009, and, in 2013, received the Honor Award of the North American Society for Sport History for his contributions to that academic field.[62] He was a champion of two different strength sports, setting 15 records along the way. He was a coach of some of the most elite lifters in the world, as well as many who just wanted to learn how to get a little bit stronger. He created and directed strongman contests, was a commentator on national television broadcasts, wrote reams of popular press and academic articles, and also taught undergraduate kinesiology and introductory weight training courses for decades. Through decades of collecting, acquiring, and fundraising, he and Jan turned an assortment of books and magazines on physical culture into an archive like no other.

The reason he was truly a legend and a pioneer, however, is that he made strength approachable. Terry told the story of strength training's evolution from a curiosity in the early twentieth century to a pillar of health, fitness and sport programs in the twenty-first. He explored Americans' simultaneous fascination with strength and hesitation to take up the implements that produced it. Through his intelligence and welcoming personality, he led by ex-

Terry, filmmaker/director Todd Sansom (center), and cameraman Tim Irwin, discuss the next scene during the filming of *Stoneland*, the Rogue documentary we helped produce on the strength traditions of Scotland. Travelling and working on our various Rogue films with Todd, Tim, and our other crew member, J.P. Kaukonen, was undoubtedly the most fun Terry and I ever had "doing history."

ample in bringing weight training out of the dark ages. He was able to demonstrate through his own experience that weights did not hurt athletic performance and he told others at every opportunity. Through his wit and charisma, he disabused many of the notion that weight trainers were unintelligent eccentrics. Through his writing and broadcasting, he brought his awe of strength into living rooms across the country. He had a deep admiration for physical power and a respect for those who possessed it, which enabled him to show the human side of strength in a way few others could. That wonder made it more palatable and interesting for a lay audience who would not otherwise be engaged by the strength aspect of sports. Even academics were swayed, as he helped bring research on strength training into academic respectability by providing historical context.

True to the aphorism, Terry did not weaken and was still hard at work this summer. He had already begun preparation for the 2019 Arnold Strongman Classic. In addition, he recently added "producer" to his lengthy curriculum vitae, serving in that capacity for a series of documentaries sponsored by the equipment manufacturer, Rogue Fitness. Those films include *Levantadores*, about stone lifting in Spain; *Stoneland*, covering strength traditions in Scotland; and a similar film on Iceland due out this summer [*Fullsterkur*], as well as profiles of Eugen Sandow and Louis Uni.[63] His final book, *Strength Coaching in America: A History of the Most Important Sport Innovation of the Twentieth Century*, on which he is a co-author along with Jason Shurley and Jan Todd, is due out in 2019. As a long-time friend observed when they learned of his passing, "It may seem that our world is a bit weaker today but actually we are all immeasurably and eternally stronger for having known him."[64]

In the Reading Room of the Stark Center, Terry is surrounded by symbols of the world of strength that so enraptured him. From the statues of ancient Greece to the custom made plates Bill Henniger designed for the Arnold Strongman Classic, Terry understood that it mattered; it ALL mattered. He dedicated himself to making sure there would be a place where this important aspect of culture—physical culture—was honored and preserved for future generations of fans and scholars. The creation of the H.J. Lutcher Stark Center was his true *raison d'etre.*

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Please Help Preserve Terry's Legacy By Supporting The H.J. Lutcher Stark Center

At the time of his death in 2018, a number of people made financial contributions to The Stark Center in Terry's honor. Those donations were deposited into an interest-earning endowment account which the University officially named The Terry and Jan Todd Endowed Excellence Fund. The Todd Fund bears both of our names because, when I am gone, the assets from my/our estate will also be directed to this endowment. An endowment is an account that earns interest so that money it earns will be used to support the operations of the Stark Center in perpetuity.

As I close this special issue, I'm asking for all of you who enjoy learning about the history of physical culture, or were inspired by reading *Inside Powerlifting*, or heard of Terry because of the Arnold Strongman Classic, or who learned of his lifework by watching the Rogue Films, to consider supporting his biggest dream of all—The H. J. Lutcher Stark Center.

More than 90% of the Center's operating budget must be raised from private funds each year. The Center's staff salaries, new acquisitions, preservation expenses, and the costs of new exhibits, all come primarily from donated funds—or from interest that is being earned on our endowments. My goal, in the years I have left to me, is to do all I can to boost the endowments of the Center to a level that will allow it to be self-sustaining. To do this, I need your support.

To make a contribution, please go online to: www.starkcenter.org/support and click the "Make an Online Donation" button. Under "Gift Designation" the first box should say, College of Education, and then in the second box, scroll down to select the Terry and Jan Todd Excellence Fund to make your donation. You may also send checks payable to "The University of Texas-Todd Excellence Fund," to: Jan Todd, Director; Stark Center for Physical Culture and Sports; NEZ 5.700, D3600; 403 Deloss Dodds Way; Austin, TX 78712.

Terry and Jan Todd in the reading room of the H.J. Lutcher Stark Center for Physcial Culture and Sports.

Because of our non-profit status, donations to the Stark Center may be used as tax deductions. Therefore, you may also consider making a gift through estate planning, as many people do for other charities. Feel free to email me: jan@starkcenter.org, or call 512-471-0995, if you have questions. Thank you.

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