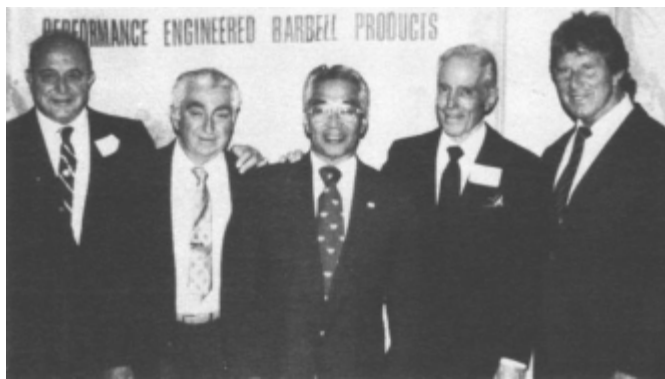




The "Grapevine" will be less extensive in this double issue (Volume One, Numbers Four and Five) because of the unusual length of the article listing the various English-language periodicals. It seemed to us wise to publish the entire listing at once so that collectors and researchers would have it in a more usable form, and this choice also forced us to publish a double issue. In an ironic way, the double issue will also allow us to begin to make up for the months in which *IGH* failed to appear. We apologize deeply for the delay, even though the delay was caused by circumstances beyond our control, having to do with a *Guinness Book of World Records* record for bureaucratic decreptitude here at the university. To expect every week to receive approval from the administration for our system of publishing, overseeing and financing the journal, only to not receive it at each week's end, was frustrating beyond our power to describe, especially since we had been given verbal approval to launch *IGH* over a year ago. We fielded dozens of your phone calls and answered dozens of your letters and we are indeed thankful for how very understanding all of you were. We very much appreciate that understanding. As you no doubt know, it takes considerable time and effort to assemble and distribute *IGH*, but things are well and truly approved now and, with approximately 350 subscribers on board, we expect *IGH* to continue for many years to come, if we have your ongoing support. Judge us, if you will, on the strength of the current double issue and on the issues to come and, if you approve, re-subscribe and ask your friends to do the same.

Again, because of limitations on space, we have included only a couple of "Grapevine"-style entries choosing, instead, to use what space we have here for the following letters. We urge you to take the time to let us know in writing what you like and don't like, as well as anything else on your mind.



The 1990 meeting of the Oldtime Barbell and Strongmen was held recently at the Downtown Athletic Club in New York City. Inducted into the Association's Hall of Fame were eight-time weightlifting champion, Tommy Kono (center), former amateur golf champion Frank Stranahan and film star and former Mr. Universe Reg Park (far right). The fourth inductee, weightlifting coach and official Rudy Sablo, was not available at the time this photo was taken. Pictured with the three honorees are Johnny Mandel (left) and Association President Vic Boff. Photo by Alan Leff.

In our article entitled "The Mystery of Minerva" in volume 1(2) Jan Todd cites September 1, 1923 as the date of Minerva's death, a date which came from an article of Rosetta Hoffman's in the July 1937 issue of *Strength & Health*. Recently, however, Jan finally obtained a copy of Minerva's death certificate which indicates that Josephine Blatt, wife of Charles P. Blatt, died at age 60 on August 1, 1923. Her correct date of birth was January 2, 1863. Furthermore, the death certificate indicates that she was born in Hoboken, New Jersey (not Hamburg, Germany) to Charles Schauer and Louise Hetener Schauer. The cause of her death is listed as carcinoma of the stomach. She was living at the time of her death in Tottenville, New York, which is on Staten Island. If anyone has any idea of the whereabouts of Minerva's scrapbooks or other personal momentos, please drop us a line here at the *IGH* office.

We recently received a complimentary copy of *Muscle Challenge*, the new bodybuilding trivia game manufactured by Robert Oliverio for Muscle Challenge, Incorporated. This slickly packaged boardgame contains questions about all aspects of bodybuilding history and we were flattered to discover that the correct answer to one of the questions is *Iron Game History*. Muscle Challenge sells for \$33.95 plus \$5.00 shipping and handling. Send orders to to P.O. Box 455, Manhattan Beach, California, 90266.

Our readers write:

Dear *IGH*,

Just a note to tell you how great your publication is. I have an recent article in *Flex* magazine, the September issue, about my work with kids. I am sending a recent clipping about my work. I will be meeting with the governor soon to set up some new meaningful programs. Keep up the good work Terry. Talk to you soon.

Chuck Sipes
Lake Shastina, CA

Dear *IGH*,

I feel as if I have known both of you for years. I attended one of Terry's lectures at a strength coaches association meeting in Atlanta in the early 1980's, and I followed your moves through various periodicals, such as *Sports Illustrated* and *Muscle & Fitness*.

I lived in Texas during the late 1950's and early 1960's while you were living and working in Austin. I lived in Macon, Georgia, from 1975 to 1980 but only later found out that you had met Jan at Mercer University. I returned to Texas in 1987. I even have an old article you wrote for *Strength & Health* on grip strength that featured a picture of "Hands" Hartkopf, who was a local legend in the 1960's while I was in college at Southwest Texas State.

By the way, I was recently at the Texas Relays and observed Patric Boden of UT as he threw the javelin. I may be wrong, but I would bet that the Todds have had some input into this athlete's strength program.

It was with great interest that I read of the birth of your new publication. Please start my subscription immediately.

I am 46 years old and have been lifting weights since I was 13. I work for U. S. Customs in Houston and am the newly appointed Fitness Coordinator for the Southwest Region. I am looking forward

to your new publication and am glad to know you are back in Texas. I wish you both the best of luck with your new publication.

Bernard C. Smith III
Houston, TX

Dear *IGH*,

I enjoyed reading *Iron Game History's* June issue and finding my letter in it. I will not be able to be with all my friends at the Old Timers reunion this year, because I made a commitment to pose at the Trump Regency in Atlantic City, September 15.

I am doing much the same as my friend George Eiferman (going to health clubs and schools, talking, playing music, etc...). When I pose at places like the Trump, people realize I am almost 80 years-old and this makes them understand that even an older person can keep fit by means of our wonderful sport!

Look for a story and picture of me in *Nutrition and Fitness* in the September issue. Steve Reeves told Dr. Colgan to call me, and he and I talked about 45 minutes. He is doing a story about keeping fit during old age. Have a good time at the reunion and Gert and I hope to be with you next year.

Ted Keppler
Beverly, NJ

Dear *IGH*,

Hot dang it, you guys actually have a news-letter about Strong Man/ Strong Woman performers. *Iron Game History*, I want it, sign me up.

I was so impressed with your historical work in Billy [Pearl's] *Getting Stronger* work-out book. I was going to write to you and bug you for more material on the subject! I am particularly interested in the strong women since I remember you mentioning that many of the strong men were terrified of them!

Rhansford Watson
Playa Del Rey, CA

Dear *IGH*,

Iron Game History is sorely needed since the real *Iron Man* magazine of Peary and Mable Rader no longer exists and none of the current muscle magazines comes anywhere near replacing it. I ceased reading all of them a few years ago. However, that has not changed my zest for plunging into my workouts now with just as much enthusiasm as I did when I was a teenager. I believe that one must reach a level of mental and spiritual maturity so as to be self motivated and not to need all the nonsensical hyperbole of most muscle magazines in order to give one the impetus to work out.

Terry, at the 1989 Old Timers' reunion I was deeply moved by the content and the delivery of your remarks introducing Marvin Eder. I was watching Marvin's face intently as you spoke, and he was obviously profoundly affected. I was a bit choked up, and I imagine I wasn't alone. As you spoke, as I looked at Marvin, my mind wandered back to 1952, when iron game history was in the making although none of us realized it then. I really consider myself quite fortunate to have trained in Abe Goldberg's Clinton Street gym in lower New York City (Manhattan) during the early 1950's. I personally witnessed Marvin Eder perform some amazing feats of strength like a standing press with 355 pounds, dips with 400

pounds, one arm presses with the heaviest dumbbell in the gym (120 pounds) for interminable repetitions, and 500 pound bench presses. All at a bodyweight of 190-195 pounds. And nobody then had ever heard of steroids. Protein supplements were very new and hadn't really caught on yet. Everybody that I remember looked incredibly healthy. There was Leroy Colbert, Lou Degni, Domenick Juliano, Artie Zeller, Enrico Tomas, Seymour Koenig, Ray Jimenez, Arthur Harris and so many others. Incidentally, Leroy Colbert is the man with the largest muscular arms that I ever saw. I was fortunate to have been a training partner of Colbert's in Abe Goldberg's gym.

Of course, those were not all halcyon days. A lot of idealistic young bodybuilders, myself among them, had their bodybuilding dreams crushed, smashed, destroyed by the warfare going on between the Hoffman and Weider factions. We were young and unsuspecting. We only knew that we wanted to train hard and try to become like our heroes— Grimek, Reeves, Delinger, Ross. Little did we know what was going on behind the scenes that would alter our aspirations forever. There were many, many young devotees of the iron game who were attracted to training by having seen Grimek or Reeves or somebody on the cover of *Strength & Health, Your Physique, or Iron Man*. Most of those youngsters never had a thought of becoming anything other than physique competitors. They didn't want to emulate Louis Cyr or Arthur Saxon. Although John Davis was widely admired, we wanted to be like our favorite physique man. And we trained with this objective in mind. Physique training was different from weightlifting training and few were able to successfully mix the two to the point of excelling at both. Grimek is a notable exception. Back in those days we thought that the height of achievement was to win the A.A.U. title of Mr. America. We entered the small local contests, then the state contests but always with the Mr. America as the far away, almost mythical goal. Few ever thought that we would actually even get to compete for that grand title but we dreamed about it. We wanted to be A.A.U. athletes. It was almost like the red blooded American Frank Merriwell or Jack Armstrong. It never occurred to us that maybe some didn't see every bodybuilder in that light. When the A.A.U. imposed the rule that in order to be eligible for physique competition one had to "prove athletic ability," preferably in Olympic style weightlifting, I believe that an atrocity of colossal proportions was committed. There were bodybuilders who were quite strong in particular exercises such as the bench press, squats or curls or some other movement they used as part of their training. I saw Arthur Harris use formidable poundages in behind the neck lat pulldowns and one arm dumbbell curls. But the A.A.U. never tested physique competitors in any of the exercises routinely performed by them. Rather, it demanded that everyone become a competing weightlifter in order to have a chance to win physique contests. The A.A.U. awarded extra points to those who were competing weightlifters. I see that as having been most unfair. Not everyone had the interest in training to acquire the technique to perform an acceptable snatch or a clean with a really heavy weight. When Marvin Eder was training for weightlifting he had already stopped training for bodybuilding contests. It is very difficult to excel at both activities simultaneously because the training requirements are quite different. Of course, the motivation for the imposition of that absurd rule by the A.A.U. was simply part of the process of warfare since some of the A.A.U.

people thought that physique men were part of the Weider camp and this was viewed as a way of eliminating the Weider guys. This was an erroneous conclusion since a great many of us, myself included, still clung steadfastly to the A.A.U. ideals. We were simply more interested in physique competition than in becoming weightlifters. Because of the newly imposed rule, I can remember good bodybuilders losing to weightlifters who had no shape, no definition of any sort, no nothing. But they had competed in the weightlifting meet which was usually held just prior to the physique event. The extra points awarded to the weightlifter competing in the physique contest usually gave him an advantage that was insurmountable. The real physique men became simply the casualties of the unconscionable Hoffman-Weider feud. The A.A.U. relegated the physique contests to second class status and usually held them at the end of the evening after hours of weightlifting competition. I had won the New York City high school shot put championship and yet one of the A.A.U. officials implied that I was lying about that and refused to recognize it as being valid for the extra athletic points. Marvin Eder was the most notable innocent victim of the painfully unfair and cruel warfare and it terminated his career prematurely. We were all expendable. It was because of the prevalent anti-bodybuilding bigotry and the evident A.A.U. contempt for bodybuilders that I quit competition in 1959.

In 1960, I was studying hard in chiropractic college during the days and working as a nightclub pianist (my first love) at night. My training was curtailed to once weekly which was on my night off. I knew nothing about Dianabol. Frankly, it's my guess that not many people in the iron game did, at that time. It was in 1963, after I had graduated from chiropractic college, and while I was training in Arland Fisher's York Gym in Miami, that I overheard a lightweight class weightlifter (I remember his name but I'll omit it here) talking about some "little pills" that were being used by some weightlifters with fantastic results. I paid very little attention and just went on training. I never heard of Dianabol again until 1965, in London, when I competed in the NABBA Universe. Since I was living in Spain I had decided to once again try my luck at competition and I was absolutely delighted to find out that the A.A.U. type nonsense was not going on in Europe. My joy was tempered by the sad reality that I was being treated better over there than in my own country. Although I was in the best shape of my life and there were others (like Paul Nash of England who was the second place winner) who had great physiques, the overall winner [Ed. note: *Elmo Santiago*] later revealed that he had used Dianabol under the supervision of a medical doctor as part of his preparation for the contest. Personally, I think he looked better in the years before he used steroids.

Competing in the NABBA Universe was a dream come true. No prejudicial treatment. No degrading remarks. No malarkey. Just true physique competition and the most fair judging I have ever seen. I am forever grateful to Oscar Heidenstam, a true gentleman, for having given me a chance to compete, for his belief in my potential, and for the courteous reception from the English bodybuilding fans. That was indeed the bodybuilding high point of my life.

And now, decades after the A.A.U. atrocity, it's interesting to see which of the two activities flourishes most. But it's too late to benefit those of us who were casualties of the nonsense.

Lord willing, I'll see you at the next reunion of Oldtime Barbell and Strongmen.

Ken "Leo" Rosa
Bronx, NY

Dear *IGH*,

Iron Game History is the publication I think a lot of us have been waiting for. Solid, carefully researched, reviving and keeping alive a tradition, keeping us up to date, and inexpensive. Also, it is a relief from the current exotic, blown up photos (blown up by drugs and fancy photography). I also suspect that *Iron Game History* will relieve you of the burden of taking time out to answer the questions I pester you with now and then. You know how it is: a lot of us are cut off, by time, distance, other circumstances. *Iron Game History* is going to keep us a part of what you good people are trying to do.

Thanks for the information about Terlazzo. I imagine his congenital heart condition caught up with him with age. I heard of a similar case not long ago. The father of a friend of mine, a former professional wrestler, Howard Corrington, died of a heart condition. Terlazzo, though, according to my calculations died much younger than Corrington.

Your suggestion that (the Colombian ex-champion weightlifters) Lopez and Ochoa might have been users of anabolic steroids is convincing. The fact is that steroid use has become a huge problem here. It occurs to me also that Lopez, who always was mild tempered in Cali back in the '60's, had, before his retirement a couple of years ago, several nasty disagreements with the local weightlifting leagues and teams. This, along with his marital problems, ties in with the picture of the steroid user. Lopez is lost to the game, being less than 60 years old, when he could be a most valuable support. Ochoa died of successive heart attacks. They were big men here. Lopez had competed in the Olympic Games, in Rome, I think; Ochoa in the Pan-American Games.

I suspect the Colombian lifter you have heard most about—or will be hearing most about—is Maria Isavel Urrutia. She has recently won the world's championship for women in the 82.5 kilo class, beating both the Bulgarian and Chinese champs. Although Isabel is big and strong, her physique does not shock as does that of some of the lady bodybuilders one sees nowadays. Isabel does not use drugs.

Joe Roark's comments about the term "continental" reminds me that in Bob Hoffman's book *Weightlifting*, there is a description of a "Continental Press" that has nothing to do with how one gets the weight to his chest. The "continental press" is a press different from the so-called military press, since, in the continental press, the lifter leans far forward at the start, lifting his elbows high up to the front, then he bends 'way back, almost in a "standing bench press" position. Hoffman's book contains pictures of John Grimek elegantly executing this lift. So, maybe there is no such thing as a "Continental jerk," but according to ole Bob Hoffman there certainly was the continental press.

Herbert Hilsen
Cali, Colombia