



Dear *IGH*,

On March 17, 1993 I left bleak ice-and snow-paralyzed New York City which was reeling from the most punishing blizzard in decades. I flew Virgin Atlantic, destination: Heathrow in England. Objective: to attend the second Oscar Heidenstam Memorial Trust dinner reunion on March 20, 1993. The airline and the flight were superlative. We arrived slightly ahead of schedule. I could scarcely contain a cry of joy upon our landing in England to find beautiful sunshine, pretty spring flowers, greenery everywhere and mild temperatures. In comparison to what I had left, it seemed like a paradise. I headed for the new Marriott Hotel in Slough at Heathrow to get much needed slumber time. March 18 found me much refreshed. At dinner I was elated to find Angela and John Grimek as well as Reg Park, his wife Marrienne, his mother and his son Jon Jon. Great company and great food. This was the day after St. Patrick's Day and the hotel happened to have a group of guests from Northern Ireland. Although after dinner I had planned to once again enter into the land of nod I just couldn't resist the beautiful grand piano in the hotel lobby. What with my playing and a chorus of Irish and English patrons turned singers for a night, the music lasted until four in the morning and a most merry time was had by ah. For sheer delight this was hard to beat. Spectacular night. Music is powerful. Of course, the countdown was on until the arrival of the eagerly awaited March 20th. A little over 24 hours to go.

And finally Saturday morning arrived. I went to the Maximum Gym in the Langley-Slough area and had a great two hour full body workout. Reg Park went there the day before. Upon my return from the gym I found Grimek, Dave Webster, Dave Gentle and Al Murray, among others; gathered in the lobby perusing photographs of the great and the not-so-great who were part of a by-gone, pre-steroid era.

Finally, the big night arrived and the excitement was palpable in the largest meeting room of the Marriott Hotel. At 7:00 pm we were all there happily greeting each other, conversing and imbibing the wide assortment of adult beverages being served by very personable hotel staff people. There was a much larger gathering of friends and soon to be friends than the marvelous reunion of the year before. Dave Webster was absolutely outstanding in his kilts and Dr. Tom Temperly looked terrific. So did Norman Hibbert. Reg Ireland was looking great. Photographers were taking pictures of everybody and I had one taken of me with Darth Vader himself, David Prowse. In addition to all the oldtimers there were several young timers present such as the current NABBA Mr. Universe, Peter Reid. He told me that he was proud to be there in the presence of immortals like John Grimek and Reg Park. I was seated next to Dave and Rosemary Gentle. Dave is a prolific iron game writer and Rosemary's personality is delightful. Dave Gentle and I found that we have a common interest in ju-jitsu when I mentioned to him that I am a student of Gracie from Brazil.

After a fine dinner the awards ceremony began with Vice

Chairman Cohn Norris, who had said our pre-dinner prayer, introducing Secretary and Treasurer Malcolm Whyatt, who explained that the Oscar Heidenstam Trust endeavors to help deserving people who have overcome personal obstacles to succeed and to inspire others. Two such honorees were present: wheelchair-bound Philip Mason, who had been an outstanding gymnast prior to a tragic accident; and Audrey Henderson Marshall, who had been an excellent ballet dancer prior to her own physical misfortunes. These two special people continue to lead productive lives and to help other human beings.

The next honoree was Bill Norris, who has led a very full life in the world of physical culture for over 60 years. As an example, in 1984, as a light heavyweight in the 60 to 70 year old class, he accomplished a world record squat with 347 pounds! The wry English humor has to be heard to be fully appreciated as Colin Norris explained to the audience that the lift was disallowed because Bill Norris refused to submit to a steroid test. Everybody laughed loudly at that one.

The English and the Irish both have wonderful senses of humor which were much in evidence.

We then heard from NABBA Chairman Ivan Dunbar from Northern Ireland who was absolutely delightful in relating his memories of Reg Park doing a seated 300 pound behind the neck press some 40 years ago before a large crowd of fans in a theater in Ireland.

The mood changed from the humorous to the dramatic as the microphone was passed to Jon Jon Park I think that I was not alone in getting teary-eyed as Jon Jon, in a strong voice which trembled with emotion from time to time, delivered a tremendously moving relation of how, in spite of his being a young man, he is a fan of what he considers to be the "golden era" of bodybuilding, which he said was the "late 1940's, 1950's, and early 1960's." He said that, in his opinion, the late 1970's to date has been an era of illusion dominated by "drug monsters." He referred to John Grimek, who was seated next to him, as being his father's inspiration. The audience enthusiastically called for Grimek to stand up which, with his usual humility, the great one did to a standing ovation. Thrilling! The emotion, the affection, the sense of camaraderie, the drama was incredible. And Jon Jon Park was engendering it as he continued to relate how he had met, two weeks before, in California, another of his father's contemporary inspirations: the still imposing Steve Reeves. He described a meeting between Reg Park and Steve Reeves after their not having seen each other for 37 years. Jon Jon said that he had now met everybody that mattered who had been a part of his father's career. I was watching Reg and his emotion was quite evident as his son related how Reg had been the major influence in his life and, with his voice trembling, said "my father is my best friend." For me Jon Jon really was the person who set the feeling for the evening. He set the mood for the main event as he asked everyone to raise their glasses in a toast to four things: "(1) to the memory of Oscar Heidenstam, (2) to the friendship of the world, (3) to the true golden era and (4) to the greatest man I know, my father, Reg Park." Overwhelming, fabulous!

Suddenly the majestic Reg Park posing music filled the room. Reg was quickly on his feet and went through a few poses, in his suit, and the audience loved it.

It was Trust President Dr. Ian MacQueen's role to introduce Reg Park to the audience. In doing so he related a conversation he had with Reg at the Mr. Britain contest some forty odd years before

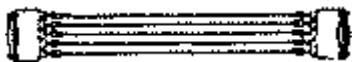
when he asked Reg if he trained with light weights and high repetitions for definition and heavy weights and low reps for bulk and mass. Reg said "no, I do high repetitions with very heavy weights".

And now it was Reg's turn to speak. Reg Park is a physically imposing and quite articulate man. He was eloquent as he greeted everyone, and before making any reference to his own honors that night he acknowledged the earlier honorees and how what they accomplished puts everything into perspective. Reg paid homage to those who inspired him when he was a youth. He gestured towards JCG and said "Grimek, you don't have to even say John. It's Grimek, that says it all." The audience voiced their approval. Reg said, "I feel very sorry for the present generation of bodybuilders because the athleticism is secondary, nutrition is secondary and chemistry is everything. Sadly, they're not only destroying themselves but they're destroying the sport that many of the people in this room helped to create. I know that when I started in my home town of Leeds I was regarded as a freak and today I seem to be in step with the rest of the world. People throughout the world now work out. And the people who made the sport what it is are in this room, many of them." Reg then paid respect to the five women in his life-his grandmother; his mother, who was present; his wife, friend and partner; his daughter; and his granddaughter, "who steals my heart every time I look at her." Reg acknowledged the things his son Jon Jon had said. "You can imagine how I felt being the recipient of what he had said. It's the greatest! Thank you, good night and God bless you all."

First class. Reg Park is my choice as having been the best movie Hercules of all. And if I could have had my way I would have cast him as my own favorite movie hero, Edgar Rice Burroughs' Lord Greystoke, Tarzan of the Apes. Tarzan was in reality an English nobleman. He was a physically imposing and impressive figure. He was intelligent and articulate. That's Reg Park.

Somebody in the hotel, who was not part of our group, when I told him that I was from New York and why I was there said to me, "isn't that a long way to travel just for a dinner?" I laughed, but the reality is that it was far more than a dinner. It was a priceless evening. I made a lot of new friends during the week that I was in Britain. I saw a lot of different places. And I realize how fortunate I am to have participated in so many activities with the greats of those activities. I was not a champion, but everyone can't be champion. I'm happy to have been there throughout the years to interact with the great champions. That too is priceless.

Dr. Kenneth Rosa
Bronx, New York



Dear *IGH*,

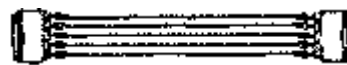
Jan, your article on "The Classical Ideal . . . 1774-1830" was terrific. I hope you can, if you haven't already done so, bring this kind of work into the feminist literature. The piece was an excellent study of another progressive alternative that was available for dramatically changing women's lives but got nowhere in this country because of the dominant sexist American culture. Comparisons between different conceptions of women's physicality here and in Europe, as you note in your article, have in ways been sub-

stantial. For example, my wife Maria is from Italy (and a powerlifter) and has often remarked on the cultural differences in the meaning of "feminine." In Italy, especially in the town where she was born, a strong, hard working woman was not considered unwomanly. In the United States, however, despite countless historical examples that long, long ago should have led to a broadening of the range of attributes "proper" for a woman, the margins have been narrow and changes have been too slow in coming. A small footnote. It's true that many of the British writers were so enthralled by the Elgin Marbles that they disregarded how the sculpture got from Greece to England, and what the plundering meant for Greece, but not all the poets countenanced the pillage. For example, Lord Byron wrote a long poem, "The Curse of Minerva," that is a venomous damnation of Lord Elgin for essentially robbing the Parthenon. And another British writer of the time, H. W. Williams, wrote:

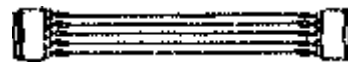
That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of the British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty is the study of nature. But, had we a right to diminish the interest of Athens for selfish motives, and prevent successive generations of their nations from seeing those admirable sculptures? The Temple of Minerva was spared as a beacon to the world, to direct it to the knowledge of purity of taste. What can we say to the disappointed traveler, who is now deprived of the rich gratification which would have compensated his travel and his toil? It will be little consolation to him to say, he may find the sculpture of the Parthenon in England.

Moral: In every age, there are always people, like J. A. Beaujeu, who have their heads screwed on straight.

Dr. Gerald S. Coles
Piscataway, New Jersey



Recent calls from the West Coast bring the sad news that Jack Delinger, the 1949 Mr. America, died of a heart attack at the age of 66 in front of his home in Oakland. Friends report that Delinger had his share of problems with alcohol and that he felt as if he had not been given proper credit for his accomplishments in the game. A short, massively structured man, Delinger was ahead of his time with regard to the amount of muscle he packed onto his heavy frame.



A handsome new magazine is now being published, called *Milo*. The first issue had articles on Heinrich "Milo" Steinbom and Paul Anderson, along with information about training. Address all inquiries to *Milo*, P.O. Box 1228, Nevada City, CA 95959. And don't forget *The Iron Master*, published by Osmo Kiiha, (4456 West 5855 South, Kearns, Utah 84118). The last issue was a treasurehouse of information about our greatest weightlifter, John Henry Davis.