

4008 Ramsey Avenue, Austin,
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August 15th, 1989,
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Dear Joe,

Your letter and news letters, dated Augst 12th arrived yesterday the 14th. No complains but for one, and I note you tell me you will rectify anything which I think you may have forgotten. Pray do this little thing in your next newsletter. It is this.

I think I made a note to the effect that I owed Joe Assirati everything I have become, and done, in the Weight game. He was my training partner, guide, philosopher and friend AND Brother. He knows more and has forgotten more about weight training than a thousand of the soi disant coaches to the stars since 1812. I would never have entered seriously into weight lifting if Joe hadnt welcomed me into his home and made me a member of his family, and led me along the proper path. Thanks.

Some news

Joyn Dawe spent a summer vacation in Germany and England vsiting old places and old faces. He comes home, writes me a short note, I reply and silence. I KNEW something was wrong. I wait and wait and last Saturday tell me if no mail came from him then, I'd phone and see what was amiss. Comes the poxy postman with a letter from his wife and I prayed he was ok. He wasnt.

It seems thst shortly after his return, he has to go into the hospital for an op on his prostate. He has it, is in bed 5 days and comes home with a supply of sulpham pills and on taking these he has a violent reaction. Back he goes by ambulance to emergency, is in there five hours, comes out and develops an infectin in his urinary tract and operation site. Back he goes again, is kept in overnight, comes out, falls out of bed and is got to the hospital again with neighbours help. Is in again overnight and comes out with a new supply of pills. I called at once and Eva his wife came on the blower. She tells me he is somwat improved and says she will get him. John comes on, tells me he has had a horrible time and at one period was pissing broken bottles and fish hooks. His voice is a tad weak but steady and he talks clearly. Says he is ok and thanks me. He is now close to 80 and he had better take it easy. I will inform you of developments. John, as you will recall was Coern's pal and wrote the book attributed to Edgar Mueller.

You tell me there should be a felt lined chair for me in the Hall of Fame. Cuss your impudence. Couldnt you make it at least SILK lined with bells on my toes and rings on my fingers. ?

No word from Rieger yet but I'm hoping. Since he is in a discipline similar to the one I worked in in law enforcement, we are kin. I have many many ideas about the plague that now infects out sport, beleiving it is but a pimple, a manifestation of the GENERAL ILLS that now plague Mankind, some of them being greed, insincerity and downright dishonesty and deception.

Yes, I have been to Ireland known as Yon, Funnyplace. All the inhabitants live entirely on pickled onions and have bellies covered with zits. The land is even wilder, and there they walk backwards in order to see where they have been and claim to have invented all the drop that it's so quiet you can hear a pin.