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4008 Ramsey Avenue, Austin,
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April 11th, 1989,
512-452-0537.

Dear Joe,

Your latest MRRR arrived yesterday after finding itself in the mail box around April 6 or 7th or 8th. I thank you,

I also thank you for your offer of a free sub, but gratefully decline. Such is not my way. I always pay mine and the only bloke who owes me ANYTHING is the Wunderkind and HOW HE OWES ME. So, enclosed, please find my check for the fifteen shekels.

I sent you, some time past, a thing of Bill Oliphants. Please say you got it or else I shall have my undiminished faith--- so far--- in the US Post Office seriously eroded. I await your reply with bated breath. In other words I will be holding my respiration until I have word from you that the important document did indeed arrive.

If I were you--- and you can of course do as you please--- take not the slightest notice of what Tromp Van Dee ever penned. He is in the same genre as George Fuisdale and elaborated, adorned or otherwise embellished his tales as often as a fancy dress maker adorns her creations with lace. OFTEN. He is, was that is, a bigot and a bloody racist and that in my poor opinion was enough to condemn him in any decent man's eyes. His reliability is evidenced in his continuous spelling of the name ASTON. He knew full well how to spell the bloody name too.

He also once penned a nice little bit about Fred Rollon, a man of extraordinary power and a noted strand puller. Van Dee opined in a letter to an old H&S that strand-pulling built big muscles but little strength. Very slyly, I thought, the that time editor of the mag placed a little squib from a newspaper right under Van Dee's letter to the effect that Rollon, then exhibiting in Minsk, Russia, at a local theater of that city, was challenged by some very silly young worthies to "SHOW YOUR REAL STRENGTH." Repairing to a local gym, Rollon, who scaled no more than 170, promptly cleaned and STRIPPLY PRESSED in Military style, 265. then flopped down on his back and floor pressed 335. Nuff said.

I am told that The Wunderkin has so many rooms in his palatial home filled with Louis Quatorze excursions, armchairs and commodes that he is afraid to reach the age of 75 because he won't be able to tell if he is cracking or if it's the antiques. Ah me.

My article written nine years ago, was to have been published in the JUNE edition of MUSCLE AND FITNESS. It hasn't appeared. or at least so I am told. The same old razzamatazz it would seem. Talks cheap but money buys houses.

I have had Joe Assirati trying to run down the death date of MR INCH for you. It was he who told me he remembered that the death of Inch WAS covered in H&S and he who gave me the 1968 date. This may or not may be correct since I recall that Inch and H&S had some sort of fussing going on twixt them at the time Inch hopped it. Also H&S INSTANT ADJUDGES + PHASE

As for the forthcoming issue of me in your opus. I would suggest you contact Weider, Strossen Gentle and others re me and my writing.

I sent you that LA March 2nd Times stuff re Weider, I think. Can't remember if you sent it back to me. There are dozens of blokes around the country who know me and who can give you info on me. Rudy Smilo, Leo Murdock, etc etc. Send me that questionnaire and I'll answer each and every one. PROMISE. Keep my word as you know.