Life With John
by Angela Grimek

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John Grimek added a note of his own to his wife’s report on her family. He said:

This was some job the editor set me. Getting my wife, Angela, to write an article for H & S took a lot of doing.

I had to be sure she made notes only in her relaxed moments. If she had recorded them when the kids were on the warpath, or when I was making her lose her patience, these revelations would have been unprintable.

One thing we all admit. She is an excellent wife and a wonderful mother. We are always making demands on her but she copes with everything—even to taking my pictures when I don’t want to use the self-timer (the method used, by the way, to snap these pictures). We have nothing but praise for her.

In the past John himself has seemed to have been away travelling more than he has been at home. Last year he turned down more invitations than he accepted. His travels always mean that we received gifts from those far-away places. But we enjoy having him at home more than all the presents he can bring.

Meals are a Problem
Mealtimes are one big problem. John has an enormous appetite. The kids eat well, too, but they

What’s it like being married to John Grimek, the “Monarch of Muscledom?” I know: it’s a fulltime job. Our live children are the most active bunch I have ever seen. [Ed. note: At the time this was written, their sixth child, John, had not been born.] They take some looking after.
sometimes have finicky tastes which make it easier to
eat in a restaurant where there is a large choice. But
you can imagine the cost! Anyway, John has yet to
find a restaurant that can do justice to his appetite.
Sometimes he goes on a restricted diet—and it is
surprising how little he can get by on then. But when
he goes all-out he can never be filled.

At such times I, too, eat more. I only realize it
when my clothes begin to feel tight. Then I know it’s
time to ease up. But the “hog” (our pet name for John)
just eats and eats and still remains trim and muscular.
I can’t imagine anything more exasperating. I enjoy
eating as much as anyone. But mother isn’t getting,
and won’t get fat! So I watch with envy while my hogs
enjoy luscious desserts and other pound-gainers.

I exercise at least once a week, and more when
time allows. If possible, I like to get in three or four
sessions, using regular barbell exercises given me by
John. If I didn’t exercise, I know I’d have more
trouble keeping my weight down. But I do all my own
housework. That means looking after six, making six
beds, washing and ironing. Washing isn’t so bad—I
have an automatic washer—but ironing is my pet
peeve. The girls try to help me with the lighter items
but their slowness makes me impatient and I finish the
job myself.

Of course, it gets boring sometimes to hear so
much “shop” talked. Yet everyone who visits us
naturally wants to talk bodybuilding. Every enthusiast
who passes through York wants to see John and when
we lived in the city (we are in the suburbs now) the
phone never stopped ringing. Now we’re not listed in
the directory and we get a little more time to ourselves,
especially at weekends. You can understand John’s
reluctance to discuss training. He works with it all the
week and on Saturdays and Sundays he likes a change.

Wherever he goes people in all walks of life
never fail to ask him how he got his muscles and how
he keeps his waist so small. So when we go away on
holiday we prefer unpopulated places where we can be
alone.

So Many of Them!

We appreciate the enthusiasm of John’s fans,
of course. And he has a keen sense of his duty to them.
But at times I wish there weren’t so many of
them! However, like
other wives of famous
men, I have gotten used
to having so many visi-
tors. Maybe I do have
one gripe. I know that
John refuses many
propositions that would
pay him thousands of
extra dollars a year. But
he refuses to work
harder than necessary or
become involved in too
much worry.

However, when
all is said and done,
there is nothing to take
the place of health and
happiness and the ability
to enjoy what life gives.