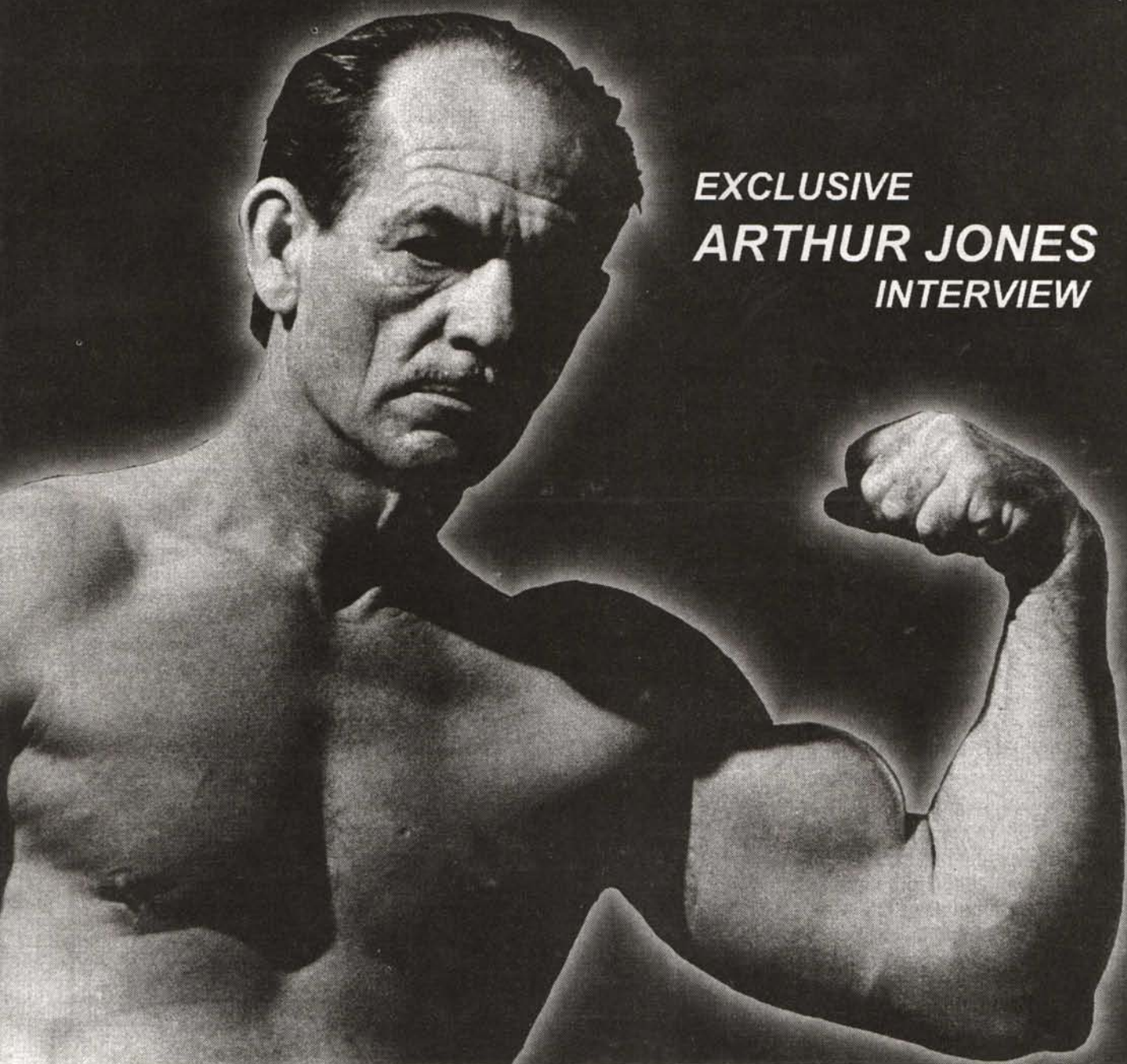


# HEAVY DUTY BULLETIN

WINTER 1998



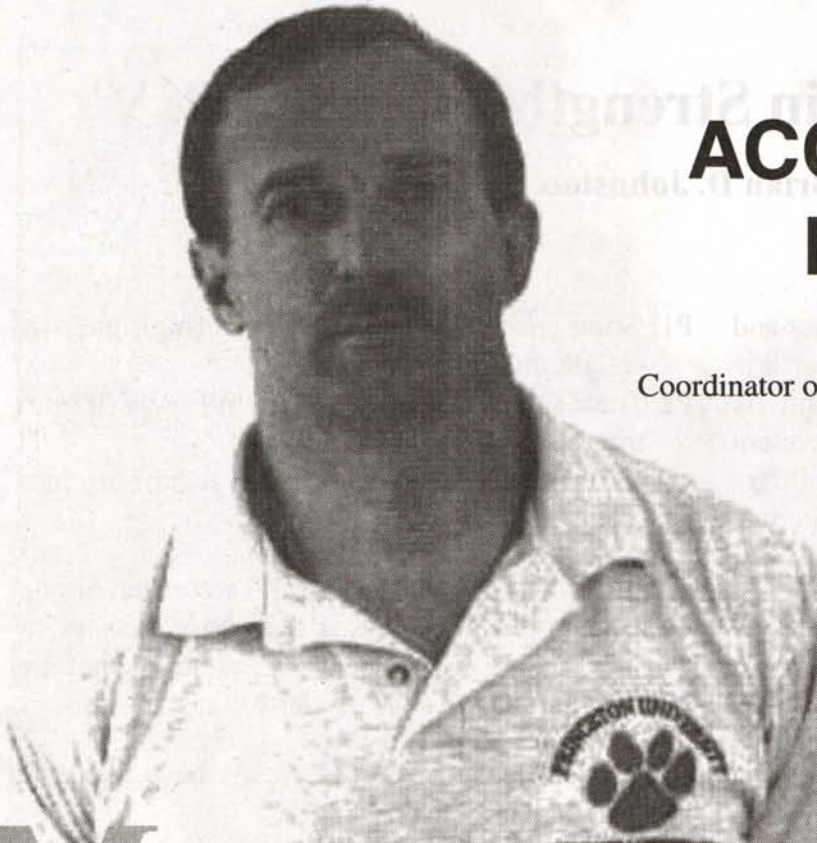
*EXCLUSIVE*  
**ARTHUR JONES**  
*INTERVIEW*



# ACCEPTING HIT: MY STORY

By Matt Brzycki

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To be honest, I actually don't remember much about my first HIT workout. I remember that training to muscular fatigue was something that I never did before. And regardless of what weight I used, Tom had me train to muscle fatigue. For instance, I recall doing more than 30 repetitions on the leg extension and 40 repetitions on the leg press. Prior to this workout, I never paid attention to the speed of movement of the repetitions, either. I do remember that the workout was quite brief and also that I was especially sore the next day. But I just couldn't understand the notion that productive workouts could be done in less than one hour. It just sounded too wacky. Hell, I was an ex-Marine dammit!

When you have a more-is-better mentality like I did, it's difficult to buy into the idea that HIT is productive. At any rate, Tom hired me for the position. He also hired Mark Travis -- who, at the time, was my training partner at the Wilkes-Barre YMCA. Mark was also an ex-Marine and competed on the Marine Corps Wrestling Team. I remember Mark called me one Saturday and asked what I thought of the brief, intense workouts that Tom was endorsing. I said, "I'm not sure yet. What do you think?" He said, "Well, I just put one-half inch on my arms in two weeks." He was sold on HIT. I was still struggling.

HIT made enough sense to me such that I would train members of the 4F Club this way. However, I didn't think that this type of training was appropriate for me. It was just so hard to believe that such brief workouts were better than the lengthy workouts I had been doing for years.

Fast forward to the early part of 1984. I had graduated from Penn State in 1983 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Health and Physical Education and was working part-time at Princeton University as a Health Fitness Supervisor. Dick Anderson -- an Assistant Football Coach at Penn State -- was named Head Football Coach at Rutgers University which was about 30 minutes up the road from

**M**My 4-year enlistment in the Marine Corps ended in August 1979 and I immediately enrolled at the Penn State Wilkes-Barre branch campus as a 22-year-old freshman. In March 1980, I was a few months away from completing my freshman year when I saw an advertisement on television for a new fitness center -- called the 4F Club -- located across the Susquehanna River in Forty Fort, Pennsylvania. The club was advertising for memberships but I figured that if they're looking for members then they just might be looking for people to show the members how to exercise. I called the club and was asked to come in for an interview. So, I squeezed into a pair of chocolate-brown polyester pants, slid on my two-toned shoes, threw on the tightest banlon shirt in my closet and drove my clunker 1976 Plymouth Volare to the club for my interview.

I was interviewed by the club's general manager, Tom Laputka -- a large guy in his early 30s with a grip that'd bring an adult gorilla to its knees. Tom was an ex-lineman in the Canadian Football League and the short-lived World Football League. He weighed as much as 287 pounds and was one of the world's first 500-pound bench pressers. As it turned out, it wasn't a typical interview. Tom spent at least an hour lecturing me on strength curves, muscular friction, percentage of momentary ability and numerous other stuff that I never heard about before. He also told me about workouts that were brief, progressive, intense, efficient, comprehensive, practical, safe and -- one of his favorite adjectives -- productive. Tom told me about how, in the early 1970s, he and another guy named Casey Viator were trained by someone named Arthur Jones. All this was foreign to me as I had never heard or read of workouts like this before. I had always equated more with better. At the end of the "interview," Tom said, "The way I really get to know a person is to train with him." I said, "Fine. When do ya wanna train?" and we agreed to meet the next day at the club. Little did I know that this would be my first HIT workout. (In fact, it wasn't even referred to as HIT until the mid 1980s.)



