

My Wrestling Journey



The travels of Our Man from Down Under

John Shelvey

Part 9: Dickie Steinborn Night



Young Dickie, you would guess from this photo, that he had a hard time finding a girlfriend!

'Say fans, don't forget, tonight is Dickie Steinborn night. So buy a picture of Dickie and celebrate Dickie Steinborn night' This message was delivered by commentator Slammin' Sammy Menacker, multiple times throughout the evenings entertainment as we closed in on Dickie's attempt to wrest the World Title from Killer Kowalski's grasp (claw hold).

A second generation wrestler, Dick's fresh faced looks belied the fact he had been in the game for over a decade and as such, he knew his way around a ring. Lightning fast he was a crowd favourite from the moment he smiled and took his first bows in front of the Aussie wrestling fans. On one of his first appearances at the stadium I

approached Dickie and while offering him my autograph book to sign, I casually asked after his young daughters progress, following a broken leg. This piece of information, I had learned from an article in a wrestling magazine I had purchased sometime in the past and in retrospect, by the time the article had been published, the magazine put on sale and her fathers eventual rival Down Under, I expect his daughter had grown a whole new leg and was married with kids!

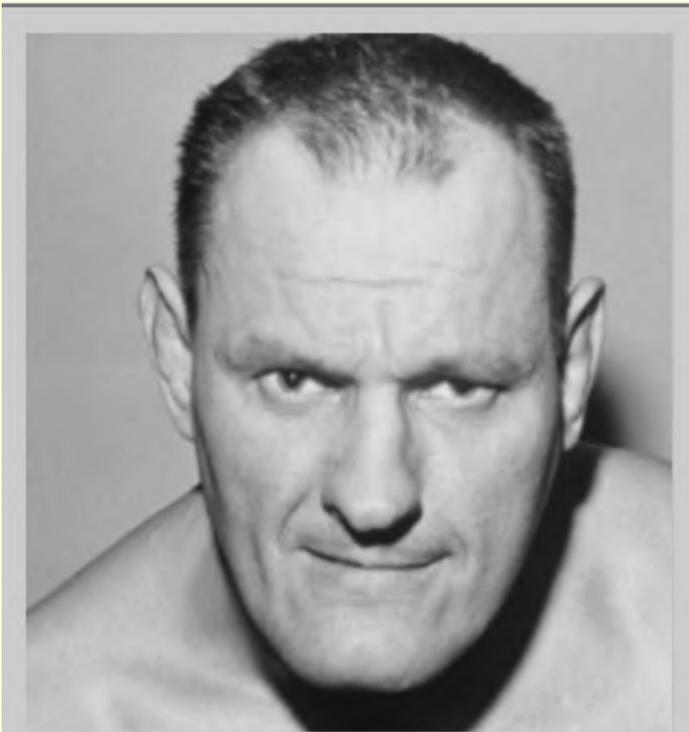


Athletic, well put together, but a heavyweight contender? Well, in the States, the main event muscle was with the heavyweights and Dickie could match it with the big boys, so why not?

However Dick was friendly, polite and answered that his gal was doing fine. I noticed I was a little taller than the possible next 'Heavyweight Champeen of d'World' and although he had a good build, didn't look like a heavyweight. (Of course I came to realise that true 'weight and measures' we're not a high priority and there were many young 'heavyweights' plying their trade who were really junior or mid heavies as they were known back home, so along with the fake names and fake counties and countries of birth, you could ask, why was I so enamoured with this 'sport')? Discussion for another time!

I was concerned that the push for Dick was obviously building up a party-like atmosphere and anticipation in the crowd, that they would all be leaving at the nights end, happy that the youngster had come out on top and it had indeed been his night. My concern was that when you looked at the two, side by side, it was like a third year school kid being towered over by his giant P.E. teacher. We all knew that a good big man would always beat a good little man (back in the day, the light heavies and the cruiser weights would try to match it with the

heavyweight boxers and nearly always came off second best) and I felt wrestling would be exposed if on this occasion the much smaller man won. On the other hand, as I had indicated, most of the crowd would be chuffed with a Steinborn win, so why should I be mithered? Answer; because I took 'it' seriously!



On the night, the Killer had the last laugh and spoiled the party!

Came the match and Steinborn, skilfully aided and abetted by the Killer, put on a great show. Every time it looked as though Kowalski was about to crush his smaller opponent, Dickie would rally and down the giant with flying head scissors and spectacular drop kicks. The latter he would execute, by leaping from a standing position, curl himself in a ball and when his whole body was at chest height to the Killer, would unleash like a coiled spring, a stunning drop kick. He also would throw the the giant Canadian by looping a hand around Kowalski's head, leaping in the air and then as he was about to 'touch down' would use all his momentum to throw his man over his body. However, at the end of a long match, the Killer had prevailed two to one, common sense (booking) had prevailed and I was one of the few who went home happy!

Next time The prodigal son returns and Spiros arrives and the Greeks go wild!



Yes that is Primo Carnera, returning in triumph to his home country. Look at the fresh face kid behind him. Dickie on tour with the big guy 1951.



Dickie's dad in his sixties, renowned strongman Milo Steinbom.



Dickie would have been too fast for the Rock (Marciano not Johnson).