

**On the Line**  
**People and Places**

By Bob Considine



Pancho Gonzalez (sometimes Gonzales) is one of the great tennis players of all time. This year, a grandfather at the ripe old age of 42, he has twice defeated the most consistent champion the game has seen in a long time, Rod Laver. Big money was involved, too, which is another way of saying that the impecunious Laver was hardly doing Pancho any favors.

There was a luncheon for Pancho at "21" the other day attended by the cream of the tennis cult. It was, let's say, high time. Pancho has been around the circuit, man and boy, since his mother bought him a racquet for 51 cents for his 12th birthday. That was just 30 years ago, and in the interim he has won just about all the titles that are annually up for grabs.

Pancho stands about 6-foot-3 and has a belly as wrinkled and flat as an old-fashioned scrub-board. I asked him how he did it, drinking all that beer.

"Funny, how that beer-drinking story has lasted all these years," he said, with his friendly swarthy smile. "Good pal of mine in the sportswriting business, Jim Burchard, started that

one. When I was a kid, Jim invited me to Madison Square Garden to a hockey game. Instead of covering it from the press box, Jim covered it from a TV set downstairs, with a beer. He ordered one for me, too, and I drank it. I didn't like it much. But I didn't want to hurt Jim's feelings.

"Well, Jim wrote a piece about what a good beer drinker I was. Sometime later I'm playing in a tournament in Palm Springs and I'm at the bar, looking for a lemonade or something cool. The people around the bar had read Jim's piece, I guess. Anyway, suddenly I have a dozen beers in front of me. I drank all of them, not wanting to offend anybody. I got sick.

"I'm still listed as a big beer-drinker, but I just don't drink it. How about that?"

Pancho weighs 182. He eats only two meals a day. They are regular meals. "I lay off potatoes, doughnuts, peanuts and things like that," he says. "I don't believe that you lose weight through exercise. I think the only thing that keeps your weight down is nervous energy. I got plenty of that."

**The Slot Man**  
**Hanging On**  
**His Every Word**

By Carmen Viglucci



In a recent issue of the National Observer there was a story about immigrants to the United States and their views of Americans. One transplanted Englishman had the opinion that everyone in the United States must have read "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

"They're not being friendly because it comes natural but because they have read it and they've been taught how to become friendly. They're not interested in being friendly, they're more interested in influencing you to their way of thinking."

This brought to mind something told to me by kind of a wishy-washy friend of mine named Harvey Gumbly. Harvey is not the type described by the immigrant but rather a quiet, self-effacing soul who thinks a Manhattan is a part of New York City.

Anyway recently while his wife and children were off visiting Grandmother, Harvey had to fulfill a family obligation by attending a cocktail party at friends.

The way Harvey tells it he arrived late, trying to put it off until the last possible minute.

Harvey, wishing his more gregarious wife were with him, looked around at the guests and fell directly into the sharp gaze of Gertrude Glibapple, a 4-foot-10 neighbor with a mouth half her size. It was flapping directly at him:

"What do you think of women's lib, Harvey?"

"Well," Harvey began, feeling all eyes on him, "I agree in general but . . ."

"In general, in general," Gertrude mocked, "what's the mat-

ter with you men? You're all against it but afraid to say so."

Luckily for Harvey she erased him with a flick of a wrist and turned sharply to another guest.

Then amiable George Judge came up. "Do you think 'Portnoy's Complaint' is pornographic?" He caught Harvey as he was trying to slide behind the pretend potted plant.

Harvey was quicker this time. "I didn't read it."

"But you've heard enough about it," glowered George Judge, "to have an opinion."

"No, not really," managed Harvey. Then with a burst of inspiration he put down his drink and acting like a man with a mission said, "Oops, I just remembered something. Excuse me." He walked off in a purposeful manner.

He was almost out the door when the hostess spied him.

"Harvey, where on earth are you going?"

"I, uh, have a dentist's appointment," he quickly lied.

"At 10 p.m.?" she gasped.

"Yes, that's right," he said, "he's got such a busy practice that he can only squeeze me in at night."

She called him the next day to inquire after his dental problem. She told him that the next time he should insist on a daytime appointment and not be pushed around.

"Okay, er, thanks," Harvey answered.

"It was such a shame you had to leave. You were having such a good time circulating among everyone. You know we always love to hear what you have to say about things."

**Letters**

**Self-Love**  
**Not All Bad**

Editor:

"The I's Have It in Pop Songs" (Courier-Journal, 7/29/70) seeks to find fault with several popular songs which express a man's pride in himself. The author feels that the "self-love" lyrics will lead to self-worship.

Self-love and selfishness don't have to mean the same thing. Many times a selfish person will be one who lacks a self-love and is desperately reaching out for it. Or as Norman Vincent Peale has said "Love yourself first."

I find it difficult to understand how a song about a bum who still can take some pride in himself could be classified as a song of excessive self-love. Could not one see in it a song of hope for the down and out, that even if one hits rock bottom, he's still worth something as a man.

The song "I Gotta Be Me" far from being a song of self-love is a song of self-acceptance and even of humility; for it takes humility to only be yourself and reach out for only those goals you know you can reach.

I believe it is possible to grow in love of God and fellow men as one grows in love of self. I am not referring to an egotistical self-love blind to the needs of fellow men and blind to one's obligations to God.

Robert Lighthouse,  
44 Johnson Road,  
Rochester

**Donovan Report**  
**Draws Praise**

Editor:

I was disappointed to read so many negative responses to Sister Patricia Donovan's report.

I think it's time we became more realistic. Priests are dying and being retired far faster than young men are being ordained to replace them. Most parishes are already understaffed. If this continues we will end up with only one priest per parish, and we'll have to be ready to settle for much less service. By consolidating, each parish could have at least three priests to meet the needs of the parish community.

When our present parishes were built, they were designed with the church within walking distance of the parish boundaries. Most people now have transportation readily available, so it would not be a hardship to travel a couple of miles farther to attend Mass or take advantage of Church facilities. For those who have no means of transportation, the parish organizations could make arrangements.

The part of the report concerning the schools is much easier to understand. This seems to be the most logical way to provide a good Catholic education to the greatest number of students.

Even though I would not like to have my parish church close, I would say go ahead, if by closing this church the priests of the area would be better able to serve God and His Church in this area. The work of God is more important than any one church building.

Mrs. Roger Cecce,  
58 W. Second St.,  
Corning

Wednesday, August 5, 1970



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