

ON THE LINE:

People... Places... Things

By BOB CONSIDINE

SEN. ROBERT KENNEDY'S shocking report on conditions at several of New York's institutions for mentally retarded children is a blow that makes us weep. His findings prompt wonder and dismay over how little man has advanced in dignity and the humanities since Bedlam, the Black Hole of Calcutta and, for that matter, Belsen.

But there are always other sides, gentler people. Gentler persons such as Del Crandall, who catches for the Pittsburgh Pirates. Del, a fine athlete and first-class intellectual, and his superb wife, produced five children. Two were retarded. One of these two died.

Del, speaking both as father of the child and as a member of President Johnson's Council for Mental Retardation, taped a TV show recently and talked about the problem. It is Cliff Evan's "Ladies of the Press," and in this case featured Joan Hanauer of the N.Y. Journal-American; Joan Cook, N.Y. Times, and Geraldine Rhoads of McCall's. (It will be screened on WOR-TV, channel 9, at 10:30 tonight.)

"It is a difficult situation to accept," Del acknowledged. "We first found out about our oldest boy, Del Junior, at age three and a half. I know it seems like a kind of old age actually to find out about the problem, but he was our first child. We sensed he was slow, sure. But we always had the reassurances of other parents that they had known Johnny Doe, who didn't speak until he was four, and somebody else who didn't walk until he was nearly two.

"But finally we had to have the evaluation. The first reaction of course, was grief and remorse. I think you are just about out of that when you can ask yourself, 'Well, now, what can we do for this child? ... Where do we go from here?' But say it not in self-pity

but with a desire to do something constructive that will affect this child's future."

Del's boy is now at St. Collette's School in Jefferson, Wisc., where Sen. Kennedy's retarded sister labors. He is coming along fine. Del has embarked on a program of finding other well-known athletes who have retarded children. They'll devote a portion of each year to being with each child, performing their skills in some cases, coaching, talking to and, above all, making them know they are loved and wanted.



CONSIDINE

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EVER SINCE that embarrassing story leaked out that we had to cough up \$3,000,000 to hush up a clumsy CIA agent's boo-boo in Singapore I've been wondering what secrets this Keystone Comedy Kharacter was after.

Thus far, all I've been able to come up with is that he was caught red-handed at the bar of the Raffles Hotel taking furtive notes as he watched the bartender mix a Singapore Sling.

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NO GRASS grows under the feet of Don Kendall, enterprising president of Pepsi-Cola. The reason it doesn't grow is that if it dared try to sprout, well, it would be crushed a-borning.

Don runs two miles every morning before breakfast. He doesn't have to take a taxi back to his apartment or the office. He runs on a treadmill, a portable treadmill, no less. He takes the 40-pound diabolical pedometer-equipped machine with him wherever he goes on business or pleasure trips, and pounds out the two miles each morning—come health or high water. Simply unfolds it near an open window, and away he goes. Figures he has now sprinted from New York to St. Louis.

Regret to report that he is in depressingly good shape as he takes dead aim at San Francisco—while still treadmilling away in New York. Should be there by 1970.

Hearst Headline Service

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