

“FRIENDLY FACES”

*Address given by Dr. Andrew Holt
at the Southeastern Association of Game and Fish Commissioners
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Now when old David sat down and I stood up, you clapped. He couldn't tell whether you were clapping because he sat down or because I stood up. Now, if all of you think he gave me a terrific introduction this early in the morning and if you think he is a wonderful host, give him a round of applause.

Now I have been on a speech-making circuit ever since I retired from the University of Tennessee two years ago. Made a lot of speeches, or rather made the same speech a lot of times, all over the country, but the thing that disturbs me is that I have never heard anybody quote anything I have ever said. That's really disappointing to a speaker, but I have heard them telling my jokes, which leads me to the sad conclusion that they like my jokes better than they do my speeches. But I am going to tell you a couple. It's real early in the morning for a couple of speeches, but this is about the Alabama-Tennessee football game. I hate to bring this up, but I've got to. Well, how many have ever been to the Alabama-Tennessee football game, raise your hand. Well, if you live in East Tennessee and don't go to the Alabama-Tennessee football game, you don't amount to much. Everybody who amounts to anything goes to that game. A fellow moved down here from New York City, found out how important it was socially to go to the Alabama-Tennessee football game, so he went to see Bob Woodruff, our next director, and said, "I want to take you to the next Alabama-Tennessee football game." Bob laughed at him. He said, "They've been sold out for three years," so the fellow said, "I have gotta go," so every week he would come back to Bob's office, "Anyone turned in a ticket?" every week this is. This is for a whole year and nobody turned in a ticket. Well, he was frantic on the day before the game, so he came down to the Andrew Johnson Hotel, that was before this hotel was built, and found a little scalper, you know those scalpers; you have them in your state I guess, and he charged the fellow \$150.00 for one ticket — burned him up, but he had to see that game. So he went to the game the next day and sat down and lo and behold, right next to him was an empty seat. Boy, he looked at that seat and got hotter and hotter. Finally, he turned to a little old lady on the other side of the empty seat and said, "Lady, could you tell me whose seat this is?" She said, "Yes, it's my husband's." He said, "Well, why isn't he here?" She said, "Well, he passed away." So that embarrassed him and he said, "Excuse me, I shouldn't have said that, I am so sorry." But the seat was still empty, so half an hour later he turned to her again and said, "Lady, haven't you got any friends?" She said, "Yes, I've got friends." He said, "Well, why aren't some of your friends sitting in that seat?" She said, "They couldn't come, they went to my husband's funeral."

Well, I will have to tell you one about old Shug Jordon, you know what Shug did to us, now all of you Alabama guys hold up your hand; I mean we are getting to where we hate you fellows the way you treat us, you know. Well, Shug had beaten us for three years in a row. Well, just about his main fullback got caught cheating on examination. The dean said, "He's got to go." Shug heard about it and rushed into the dean and said, "What do you mean shipping my best fullback?" And he said, "Well, he was caught cheating on examination and that means he has gotta go." Shug said, "How do you know he was cheating?" He said, "Well, he was sitting right next to a Phi Beta Kappa during exam and the fullback's paper was just like the Phi Beta Kappa's paper." Shug thought a while and said, "Well, how do you know but what the Phi Beta Kappa wasn't copying off the fullback's paper?" Pretty smart wasn't he? "Well, I'll get the papers and show them to you." So he brought the papers out and said, "Well, here is the Phi

Beta Kappa's paper and you will notice on question No. 5 he says, 'I do not know the answer to this question.' Here's the fullback's paper. On question No. 5, he says, 'I do not know the answer to this question either.' "

Now when I started in this speech-making business, I pulled together about a dozen old speeches I had been saying through the years, and I tried to fit the speech to the audience I think I am going to have. Well, I happen to hit you right square between the eyes, because I I am going to talk to you on the subject of "friendly faces"; that's just what you have. Now, I will tell you how I got my inspiration for this speech and such speeches as this to be called inspiring. While I was President of the University of Tennessee I tried to shake hands with everybody who graduated from the University of Tennessee. Did pretty well till I got to where I had a thousand graduates at one time. Did you ever shake hands with a thousand at one time? Some of those old East Tennessee mountaineers had been milking cows, do you know, and boy that just develops strong hand muscles. I did pretty well till I got about half-way through. I thought I was going to peter out. Well, I looked down the line yonder, well yonder was a young lady just like this one right here, real pretty, you know, just about the prettiest face I ever saw, a face just says to me, "Gosh, I can hardly wait to get there to shake your hand, you are a great guy; I had rather you would give me my diploma than anybody." When I saw that face, I forgot about all the other graduates; I would shake hands with them and look at her and the closer she came, the stronger I got. When she got right in front of me and I got the full impact of that wonderfully friendly face, I had goose pimples all over and my strength came back and I was ready to shake hands with the hand of about 200 other ordinary garden variety faces, just waiting for another of those wonderfully friendly faces to come along. Well, that put me to thinking about friendly faces and what friendly faces mean in this old universe of ours. And I concluded that friendly faces set the tone of the whole universe. I know they set the tone of my home. Now, when I have had a bad day at the office, now you Game and Fish Commissioners may think you may be the only ones that have a bad day at the office, but university presidents have some bad ones too. I have had a bad day at the office and some very wealthy alumnus has come in on the morning of the homecoming football game and said, "I want 50 tickets on the 50-yard line." They'll do that to you. And after some fool professor has written a letter to the editor criticizing the paper, they'll do that too, you know, and then got a notice from a local bank that my account is overdrawn \$13.14. We have those just the same as you do; and I am in a bad humor and I go home and step inside the front door. The minute my wife and children see this old homely, sour face, that sets the tone for the evening at my house. We don't have any fun at my house that evening, not if I can help it we don't, and I can usually help it, too. We will sit down at the dinner table and glare at each other and then get up and nobody will say anything, unless I can think of something ugly to say, and I usually can. Then, we go on into the living room and keep on glaring at each other and after a while my wife will remember that she has something to do in the kitchen. Now that's a cowardly thing you women do to us men when we are giving you a lecture. You get up and walk out on us. That's bad. And then after a while my children will get up and walk out on me and leave me there with that old sour, homely face. That sets the tone for the evening. But when I have had a good day at the office, you know, some rich alumnus had died and left us a million dollars; I am so sorry he died, but if he died I am glad he left us a million dollars. And then when the president of the student body comes in and tells me he has decided to cut his hair — doesn't happen very often, but when it does, its real good — and when I have heard that my wife has got hog jowl and turnip greens for supper and I go home in a good humor and walk inside that front door and my wife and children see this old homely, friendly face, that sets the tone for the evening. And when we have fun at my house we will sit around and talk and joke about what hap-

pened during the day and go on in the living room and keep on having fun. And after you get warmed up just right, that is when my wife will remember to tell me she went ahead and bought that antique I told her not to buy, and then my children, my son will remember he needs a new tire for his car and we have a wonderful time — friendly faces set the tone of a home.

Friendly faces set the tone of an audience. I have been talking to a bunch of them here in the last few months and usually in every audience I can see one face off yonder that says that, "Big boy, I will be glad when you sit down." Here's one back yonder says to me, "Soon as you turn your head, I am going to sleep." Here's one over here that says, "I don't care what you say, I am gonna disagree with it." You know, and I can see it from up here and I can see you just the same as you can see me, and when you see a fellow in the audience like that — just like throwing cold water in your face, you know. When I see an audience like that I will talk for 10 or 15 minutes and sit down. But when I get before an audience like this, when every face is friendly — I don't see a sour puss in the whole outfit, despite the fact you drank too much beer last night, some of you did — sometimes I get before an audience like this and talk 2½ or 3 hours, just can't stop. Forrest and I have to catch a plane in a little while though. Well, friendly faces set the tone of an audience; friendly faces set the tone of our international affairs.

How many of you here remember when Mr. Khrushchev came over a few years ago and paid us a visit? Raise your hands all who can remember that. I remember it because I saw a picture taken out at the airport of Mr. Eisenhower greeting Mr. Khrushchev; Mr. Eisenhower looking at him as if to say, "Son, I wish you had stayed at home." Mr. Khrushchev looking at him as if to say, "I wish I had." But then you know they went up to Camp David. I would like to know what happened at Camp David, cause something did. When they came back out they had another picture taken. Looked like two different guys altogether — Eisenhower looking at Khrushchev as if to say, "Well now you don't know anything about how to run a government, but you are a pretty nice fellow and we should be able to talk things over"; Khrushchev looking at Eisenhower as if to say, "Well right back at you." And then when I saw Mrs. Khrushchev's picture, I knew we should be able to get along with the Russian people. How many remember Mrs. Khrushchev's picture? Well I do, because she was the best natured looking gal I have ever seen, just looked like a good old fat East Tennessee country gal who had taken some shelly beans to the market on Saturday and sold them for a good price and her husband had told her she could keep the money — just one of the friendliest faces you ever saw. Well, when I saw her face, I said we ought to be able to get along with the Russian people, and I think we could if we could get around those fellows at the top and get to the people, friendly people, who set the tone of our international affairs.

Friendly faces set the tone of a Game and Fish Department. You know, I believe I could size up your Game and Fish Department if I didn't know beans about your work, and I don't; I just know I like to catch fish and like to hunt. But I think I could go and follow around and watch you for a while and tell pretty well about what kind of department you have by watching the expressions on your faces — that is, if I were a mosquito and I could see you and you couldn't see me. I would start out, I think, by going around with the Commissioner and watching the expression on his face when he was dealing with the Governor and with the legislature. While they're not looking you can't tell, because he is smiling at them while they are looking at him. I'd like to see your expression, see whether or not you really like them or whether you just want to milk them for what you can get out of them. Then I'd like to see their expressions when they look at you too, as if they thought, "Well now, this guy is trying to milk me and that is all he is trying to do; he doesn't give a darn about me," or whether or not they really like you. Then I'd like to see the expressions on your Commission-

ers' faces when you are talking to the people who work for you, whether or not you think they are just kina underlings and haven't got much respect for them — you've got all the brains. I can tell whether you really like them or not; then, I would like for them to look at you too, and let me see the expression on their faces. That would tell me a whole lot about you, you know, if they genuinely like you. Then I would like to see the expressions on the faces of you employees when you are talking to the customers — whether or not you think you're doing them a great favor or whether or not you want to work with them, or whether or not you want to do them a favor. I can tell by looking at you. That would let me know about how they feel about you. Friendly faces set the tone of a Game and Fish Department. It so happens that I have contacts only with friendly faces in the Game and Fish Department. I'll tell you the best demonstration of it I have seen. A fellow out here has a little lake, I don't know what direction it is. I fish in his lake though, and he had a bunch of Israeli carp — how many ever heard of Israeli carp? Well, sir, he got some of those, somebody told him that was a good thing to put in there to keep down the weeds and such as that. Well, it kept down the weeds and they ate everything there was to eat. I caught one of them, weighed 8 pounds; didn't know what it was, scared me to death. I thought it was a monster of some sort. But he wanted to get rid of those things because they were eating up all the feed for the fish and the fish just ran down to nothing. Well, sir, something needed to be done. Well, there is a fellow around here named David Bishop and then there is old Bill Sewell and some of the others who are kind hearted and they came out to that fellow's place in the fall when it was freezing — I was there. I nearly froze to death just standing out there in my overcoat and watching them. They got out in there and seined that lake, caught all of those Israeli carp out of there, cleaned it out, drained it out to the right distance, and I went out there just about two months ago and I caught 8, no 7 bass, weighed 8 pounds, the prettiest, fattest things you ever saw, and they — out there standing there freezing to death, I looked at their faces. They looked like they were so glad to have the opportunity to seine that fool thing on a freezing day.

Well now, if you will agree with me that friendly faces set the tone of the universe, your next question is: How do you go about getting a friendly face? Well, TV tells you; use Pepsodent Toothpaste. And then they will show you a picture of a very shapely young lady in a tight fitting bathing suit, grinning from ear to ear, you know. Well, now, that is a grinning face and there is a difference between a grinning face and a friendly face. A hyena has a grinning face, but they're not very friendly, really. And then sometimes these beauty queens have grinning faces. I was up here at the Roan Mountain Rhododendron Festival one day and they had a beauty contest; I wasn't in the contest, but I was behind the curtain there with one of the contestants before she went out there before the judges. I have never seen anybody look so bored in all my life. She was sitting there as if to say, "Well, why should I get upset about this little old rhododendron queen business when I am already buttermilk queen of Benton County?" Bored to death, but when they called her name she got up there and paraded around, you never saw a transformation, yeah-h-h, just smiled. So glad she didn't get a prize because she didn't have a smiling face; she had a grinning face.

How do you go about getting a friendly face? Only one way to do it as far as I know; that is to have a friendly heart. A friendly heart that says to everybody, "You are an important person and I like you and I want to do everything I can to help you." That is a friendly heart. How do you go about getting a friendly heart? I think the only way to get it and keep it is to start out by loving God. If you love God, you have to love your fellow men — all of them — and if you love your fellow man, you will have a friendly heart and you will want to do what you can to help others. How do you go about loving God? Well, I have been going to the Methodist Church all of my life trying to learn how to love God. It helped some,

but I believe I got more help out of an ulcer than I did out of the Methodist Church. How many here have ever had an ulcer? Raise your hand. Well, now the rest of you haven't been worrying as much as you ought to. Everybody in the Game and Fish Department ought to have ulcers right now. And they told you what is happening to the streams around here and all the rest of it. Well, I had an ulcer and it was a bleeding ulcer; well now, it's bad enough to bleed on the outside, but you bleed on the inside, that is something else. And so they took me down to the hospital and took a bunch of pictures of my insides, and I sat and stayed there in my hotel, I mean the hospital room, for a whole week before I even heard of the doctor. Finally, he came in, in a doleful tone and said, "Andy, you've got a duodenal ulcer and I can't cure it." That's a heck of a thing to tell me after I had been there a week and he said, "No, I can't cure it; nobody else can, the only person who can cure that ulcer is you. What you have gotta do is stop worrying so much." Well, all he did was give me one more thing to worry about. Then I started to worrying about how do you stop worrying. Well, I finally got out of the hospital and the bleeding stopped but the hurting didn't. I put up with that fool thing for 5 years; oh, it was horrible, and I would wake up in the middle of the night with it gnawing at me and I would drink milk, eat raw eggs, all of that junk. It was horrible; well, finally one day I was walking down Gay Street here in Knoxville when a friend of mine stopped me and said, "Andy, would you like to get rid of that ulcer?" I ought to have knocked him down, but I didn't. I said, "I sure would." He said, "Would you be willing to spend as much as 30 minutes a day working at it?" I said, "I'll spend 30 hours a day." He said "Well, I got rid of mine 30 minutes a day." He said, "In the morning when you get up, read a chapter in the Bible, then get down on your knees and pray." Now that is when I really ought to have knocked him down because he should have known that I am the backbone of the Church Street Methodist Church. I never miss an Easter. And I don't need to pray because in our church we have the Lord's Prayer and all of us prayed prayers together and I don't need to read the Bible because in our church we have responsive reading and the preacher reads a verse and we read a verse right after him, and I keep right up with him too. One old fellow sits right behind me, stays about half a sentence behind; I don't see how he thinks he is going to heaven reading a half sentence behind. But he, well sir, you know I couldn't get out of my mind what that guy said.

So one morning not very long after that I had a real bad night and I got up before my wife and children got up and I slipped down to the front room and looked around for the old family Bible. I hadn't seen it in a while. I found it, opened it up and read a chapter — don't know what chapter it was or what it said, but my ulcer was hurting, so I read it. Then I got down on my knees. Well, I have never felt as much like a fool in my life. Here I was a grown man, down on my knees, nobody watching me, and I couldn't think of anything to say to the Lord. Well, finally I managed to get out "Oh Lord, teach me how to pray," because I needed some help. Did the same thing the next day, not much better. Third day I wasn't getting anywhere, but on the third day, believe it or not, there came to me in the mail a little old book on how to pray. That fellow who gave me the tip must have known I was going to be having trouble, and I was. So the next day, instead of reading a chapter in the Bible, I read a chapter in that little book on how to pray. Got down on my knees and tried to do exactly what it said. Next day I read chapter two, got down on my knees and tried to do what it said. I guess I read that little book through three dozen times and I am quite sure it took me a whole year before it began to dawn on me what praying really is. I never had known. All there is to praying, as far as I am concerned, is opening up your heart and looking at it yourself. Now you don't have to show it to the Lord, he sees it anyhow. You don't have to tell him what sins you've committed; he knows 'em. But it really takes a lot of courage to look at your own heart honest-

ly and tell yourself what sins you have committed. It took me a year to get around to where I would look at it and when I had gotten my first peep, I was embarrassed to death. You know what I found in that old heart of mine? It was chucked full of junk, absolute junk. I had in there jealousy; I had arrogance; I had resentment. At one time or another I resented nearly everybody. I resented my wife because she didn't always do what I told her to do; she still doesn't, by the way; and I resented my boss, because my boss didn't promote me as rapidly as I deserved. I resented my children because my children didn't behave like children should behave — they behaved like I behaved when I was a child; that's no way to behave. I had that resentment down there, but you couldn't tell it, I was the most pleasant fellow, smiled at everybody. That junk was down in there gnawing on my insides. That's where my ulcer came from.

When I finally admitted to myself what my trouble was, then I had that horrible job of getting that junk out of there. There is only one way to get it out of there and that's to replace it with what's supposed to be there in the first place — and only one thing is supposed to be in the human heart, and absolutely nothing else. You know what that is, don't you? Love. Love God; if you do, you love your fellow men — all of them. Now that's the part I don't like. I want to love some of them; some of those rascals I want to hate. I enjoy hating some of those fellows and they deserve it too. But you know, I don't have any trouble loving people who love me. I love my wife because she loves me. At least she told me she did before she married me and I haven't asked her since, but she hasn't told me she doesn't and I guess she still does. And I can love people who do a little something for me. I never did have any trouble loving members of my Board of Trustees. Oh, how I loved them along about salary setting time — how I loved those fellows! And, I never did have any trouble loving people who are lovable. Now you people are going to be awful jealous of me when I tell you this, but the first job I had when I went on this speech-making circuit was to address fifty-two groups of Delta Airline stewardesses, you know those little gals, and I had them in groups of fifty. Now when you've got 'em in fifty, boys, you can give them individual attention. That's what I did, too. I didn't have any trouble loving everyone of those little old gals. They were lovable. But, you know, I still have a little difficulty loving people who haven't got my color of skin. I am doing a little better than I used to, but I still have a ways to go. I don't go to certain sections of this town because it embarrasses me, makes me feel a little guilty the way folks live there. I don't have any trouble loving people who can do a little something for me, but it's hard for me to help somebody who is not going to do a thing in the world for me. Why not just give your love to somebody that can help you along? And I find it absolutely impossible to love people who don't love me. I think I should be honest with you; if you like me and you like this speech I'm making, I like you. If you don't like me and don't like this speech I am making, you can go jump in the lake. But you know, if I love God, I have to love them all, even people who don't love me.

Well, I had an ulcer and I was determined to get rid of that thing so I started with the hardest part first. I started trying to love people who didn't love me, and I started with my boss. I went out and got him a mess of fish and I cleaned 'em for him; now that's real love when you clean 'em for him. I secretly hoped they'd choke him. But you know, I have never seen as surprised a man in my life. He thought I didn't like him; well I didn't, but I was trying to get rid of an ulcer. Well, sir, you know, it pleased him, it pleased him so much that it pleased me. So the next time I went fishing, I did it on purpose so I could make him happy, because making him happy made me happy. Before I realized it, I started liking that guy I'd been hating. Just as easy to like him as it was to hate him, and a lot more fun. Well, sir, I used to like to get in arguments, we school teachers do because we've got so much more sense than anybody else has, you know. And they'd get me in arguments because I'd get all "het up", I'd turn red in the

face and my Adam's apple would bob up and down and the next time somebody tried deliberately to get me involved in an argument I swallowed real hard and said, "Maybe you're right." Now if you want to mess up an argument in a hurry, that's the way to do it. But it didn't hurt me and after I got off and thought about it, about half of what he said about me was true.

Well, the first thing I knew, my ulcer was gone. The way I knew it was gone was that one morning I was in Memphis to catch an early morning train. How many of you have been to the old railway station in Memphis, Tennessee? Well, if you have you remember they didn't have very many elegant eating places around close, particularly at seven o'clock in the morning. That was when it was, so I wound up going in a joint and ordering a bowl of chili for breakfast. I ate every bean and didn't have the slightest bit of heartburn. Then I knew my ulcer was gone.

And I am going to conclude by telling you about my operation. I didn't have an operation for an ulcer like you thought. I had an operation for a hiatal hernia. So glad it wasn't appendicitis. Anybody can have appendicitis but you've gotta be pretty high up the social order to have a hiatal hernia. I later learned you've gotta be pretty high up the economic order to pay for it too. Well, I had that hiatal hernia and they took me down to the hospital and stretched me out on that operating table and split me down the middle, just like a watermelon, looked around down inside me. Later on, my surgeon said, "Andy, you look a lot better on the inside than you do on the outside," and added, "Why don't you turn yourself wrongside out?" Well, they looked around for that ulcer and you know what they found? Absolutely nothing; there wasn't the slightest scar of an ulcer in my stomach.

Now, I'm convinced that the peace of mind that came to me from that little devotional every morning is what got rid of that ulcer. That's my story; I believe it. But that doesn't matter, the important thing is from that experience I remembered, as I might never have remembered otherwise, that the source of strength and comfort and wisdom is available to me every day of my life if I will take advantage of it now as I do. I had one this morning out here; I will be in Chicago, Illinois, in the morning and I will have one there. Wherever I am, I have a little devotional; I read a little bit in the Bible, then I pray a little bit, I thank the Lord for what he did for me yesterday. Takes a long while because he did so much for me. My goodness, you should see my family! I've got a wonderful family. Here it is, I'm dead with old age and having more fun than I ever had in my life — fishing, making speeches, and all the rest of that business — and getting to meet lovely people just like you. Lot of wonderful things he's done for me all the way through so I just try to wind it all up and say, "Lord, thank you for all of it." Then I start in on my sins. That takes a little longer, the sins I committed yesterday. Well really, I don't commit as many sins as I used to commit because there are so many sins that require more energy than I have. And then the rest of 'em give me indigestion. I don't commit as many sins as I used to but my sins are not doing things I shouldn't have, my sin is failing to do things I should have done. So many people yesterday I could have encouraged just a little bit, you know. So many worthy causes to which I could have contributed — didn't get around to it. So many things I should have done and didn't do, and then I wind up by asking Him for one day. I don't want to strain Him but just for one day, to help me to be properly motivated so that in the things I do and the things I say I will be thinking about the other fellow and not just about old Andy. You know, you Tennesseans know me, and you know good and well I haven't got sense enough to be president of your great university out here. Only reason I have been able to hold it together for eleven years was that every morning I would take advantage of that source of strength and comfort and wisdom.

You know, in the case of you people who have to deal with the public all the time, I think a good place to start is to keep that line of communication open for

the source of all love. If you do, you'll love God, and if you love God, you've got to love your fellow men, even the most aggravating of them, and if you do, you'll have a friendly heart. Thank you very much.

THE CITIZEN'S ROLE IN ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION

*Remarks of Jack E. Ravan
Southeast Regional Administrator, EPA
to the 26th Annual Conference of
the Southeastern Association of Game and Fish Commissioners
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We have all heard a great deal about what may happen to us unless we start to respect the inherent limitations of this fragile planet. Some fear that pesticides and other chemicals may eventually deplete our oxygen supply by interfering with the photosynthesis of marine plankton. Others claim that the geometric increase in urban noise levels will cause an epidemic of deafness by the year 2000. Some respectable scientists have predicted that if we continue burning fossil fuels at our present mad pace, the polar ice caps will eventually dissolve from the "greenhouse effect" and inundate all our coastal cities. Other scientists retort that, on the contrary, suspended particulate matter in the atmosphere will cut off so much solar radiation that the earth's temperature will drop and the glaciers of old will march back down from the poles and cover over our proud civilizations. Population specialists predict that within a few hundred years the earth will be so infested with people, so thickly covered with buildings, that the earth's crust will melt from mere inability to radiate waste heat.

My business is not prophecy, and I won't comment on any of these positions. Although I believe the environmental crisis is indeed upon us, I am confident that we can overcome our environmental problems by working vigorously and harmoniously towards a common goal. My purpose in speaking to you today is to show the dimensions of possible citizen involvement in the struggle for a better environment, and to tell you some of the things that the Environmental Protection Agency is doing as well.

If man *made* the problem, man can *unmake* it too.

Just take the matter of water quality as an example. The city of Seattle found after World War II that its recreational pride, Lake Washington, was so badly polluted with sewage effluent that it was unfit for swimming and fishing. Instead of waiting for somebody else to solve the problem or just putting up with it, local citizens decided to pay for modern treatment plants with a special levy on real property. It took ten years to complete the required facilities, but thanks to local initiative, Lake Washington can once again be utilized for outdoor recreation by an entire metropolitan region.

The Los Angeles area, when it became apparent that the automobile was the culprit behind the growing menace of smog, took steps to curb photochemical oxidants in the air, and this was long before air pollution became an issue nationally. The City of Pittsburgh started moving to clean up its air pollution problem more than twenty years ago.

There are many such cases. But only recently has major attention been focused on the enormity of the problem. Only lately have we even begun to grasp what we as individuals and as citizens in our communities can do to create a healthy, safe and enjoyable life for all our people. At the invitations of the