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Primary Function of Specific Ingredient	PAZO	Most Heavily Advertised Brand	Patroleum Jelly
Hemorrhoid Tissue Shrinkage	X	X	
Lubrication	X	X	X
Antiseptic Action	X	X	
Pain Relief	X		
Itch Relief	X		

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Jack Nicklaus— Golf's Boy Wonder



The Nicklauses—Barbara, Jackie, pet Nappy, and Jack. Steve's a newcomer.

At 23, he's 1963's top money winner and aiming for a second U.S. Open championship next week—with a close-knit family as his cheering section

By JACK RYAN

AT 23, JACK NICKLAUS has won enough amateur and pro golf tournaments to appear almost blasé about taking the coveted Masters in Augusta, Ga., this spring.

And he is blasé about the professional aspects of it. About the personal ones—well, that's different. When he recalls striding toward the clubhouse after clinching Augusta's symbolic green jacket, emotion jars his usually even voice.

"I saw Dad in the crowd," he says. "He had followed me the whole round and looked just fine. I guess I got as big a kick out of that as I did out of winning."

It wasn't evident to the gallery or the television audience that day, but more than just tournament pressure had weighed on young Nicklaus as he went after the first leg of every pro golfer's dream, the grand slam—victories in the Masters, the U. S. Open (in which Jack is an odds-on favorite next week), the British Open, and the PGA.

For one thing, in a modest two-bedroom home in the Arlington section of Columbus, Ohio, Jack's attractive blonde wife, Barbara, was expecting their second child any day.

"We had to have the doctor help me plan my golf schedule this spring," Jack says. "There was a spot right after the Masters when he figured Barbara could deliver, so I planned to take off from the circuit then to be with her. When I left for Augusta, the doctor told me not to worry—but, of course, you can never tell." With that afterthought, Nicklaus concedes that even his renowned powers of fair-weather concentration can be haunted by personal problems.

Added to this doubt was the insistence of Jack's father, L. Charles Nicklaus, on following his son's fortunes over the Augusta links, although only a few months before he had suffered a serious illness. In the late rounds of the Masters, however, Charley Nicklaus came on as strong as his bull-like son and finished beside Jack at the awards presentation. "Dad always has been at the big ones with me," Jack says, "but I had wondered if he ought to try to make this one."

To make the ending a thoroughly happy one, both returned to Columbus in time for the on-dot delivery of the

newest Nicklaus, Steve, who joins Jackie, a 19-month-old mirror of his father's vivid blue eyes and rusty red complexion, in the close-knit Nicklaus clan.

From the beginning, the Nicklaus story has been a family one, and, appropriately, it is best told by senior member Charley Nicklaus, tennis champ, seven-handicap golfer, and college and pro football player. He usually picks it up by referring to another bad time he experienced more than 10 years ago.

"I broke a bone in my ankle, and the doctors told me to walk on soft ground at first. I missed playing sports, so I decided to do my walking on a golf course. I took Jack along. He had played a lot of sports and was good at them all, but this was his first exposure to golf. The pro at Scioto Country Club, Jack Grout, took a look at Jack's swing and said to me, 'I'd like to teach that boy before anybody else gets hold of him.'"

On the first nine holes he played, Jack shot a 51. The following year he was shooting in the low 80s, and at 13 had broken 70 over Scioto's 7,000-yard layout. Nicklaus acknowledges Grout's training as a decisive factor in his play ("The only thing I picked up from my dad," he says, "was my overlapping grip."), and when in Miami, where Grout is now a pro, he still consults him.

NOBODY PRACTICED MORE than Jack," Charley Nicklaus says. "He'd play 36 holes a day, then hit 500 or 600 balls. He was always calling up Grout, asking him questions." Nicklaus, proprietor of a chain of Columbus drugstores, built a driving range in the basement for Jack's winter practice and soon had to start a trophy room as the boy piled up amateur championships, including the National Amateur twice.

Even as a youngster, Nicklaus displayed the deliberate coolness that distinguishes his play today. Only once does his father recall his being rattled. That was in 1955 when Jack was the youngest player in the U.S. Amateur. His boyhood hero, Bobby Jones, golf's only grand slammer, was so impressed by Jack's drives that he decided to follow the youth.

"When Jack learned this," says Charley, "he tossed and turned all night. The next day Jones came up on