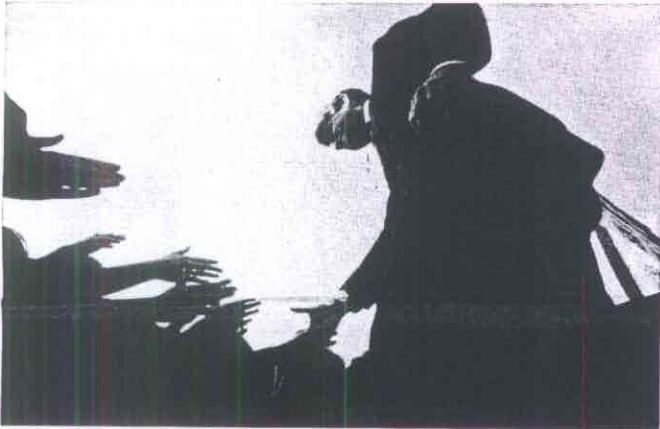


# BOBBY'S DECISION

Again, a Kennedy reaches for the Presidency of the United States. Here is the closeup story of the man and how he changed his mind.

BY WARREN ROGERS LOOK WASHINGTON EDITOR



HARDLY A DAY PASSED that somebody didn't chide him, "Why don't you take on Lyndon Johnson?" It became a part of life, like breathing or touch football. No man ever had more offers to hold his coat while he got out there and mixed it with Big Sonny.

Sometimes it was a staff member, eager to be in on the biggest political Donnybrook of them all. I remember one, a valued aide, barely 30, wild-eyed over the reception his boss was getting on the congressional-gubernatorial campaign circuit in late 1966: "To heck with '68! To heck with '72! Let's go for it RIGHT NOW!" Sometimes it came from his newfound friends of the New Left, wailing that unless he supported Eugene McCarthy's early challenge to LBJ or supplanted the Minnesota Senator himself, it meant "Bad Bobby" had killed off "Good Bobby" and all was lost, including the vaunted Kennedy courage. It came, too, from many others keening for the good old days that never were, a country got moving again with full employment and equality and no crime or racial strife in a Camelot world of peace and brotherhood; from youth detesting Vietnam the most because it had the best reason to, from peaceniks and flower people, from academicians and intellectuals mourning the lost Adlai Stevenson, from political pundits and party hacks who made their commit-

ments in 1960 and wanted back on the gravy train, from Black Power militants and their less-violent cousins, who longed only for the identification of Negritude. The list was almost endless because it involved so much of our society—a strong temptation in itself for any politician with the ambition and self-confidence to covet the White House.

Robert F. Kennedy, junior Senator from New York, former Attorney General of the United States and campaign manager for and brother to a President, could certainly qualify as such a politician. Yet he held back. Rejecting the importunings to make the race in 1968, this de facto head of a family as stalked by tragedy as it is charged with magic, softly told me, "I don't make long-range plans." The voice dropped, the eyes brooded. "Right now, I'm trying to be a good Senator. I hope to be reelected in 1970. You're asking me what I MIGHT do in 1972, four long years away. That doesn't make sense to me. Who knows what any of us will be doing then?"

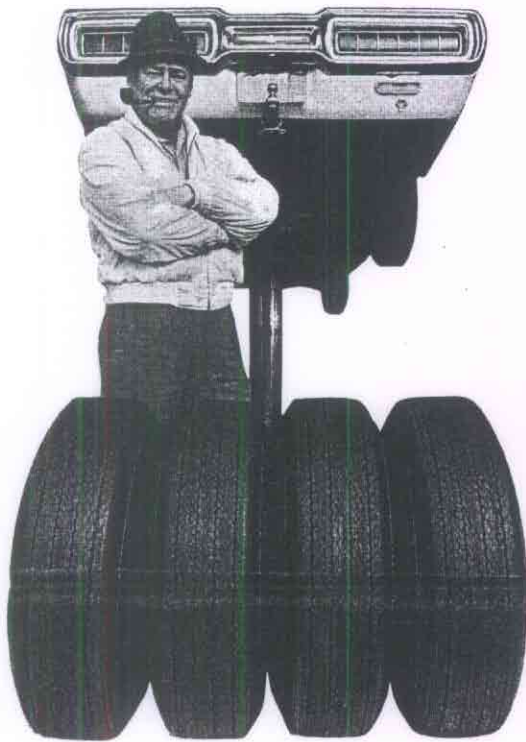
Some four months ago, he assembled the considerable remnants of the old Kennedy team to make short-range, but perhaps decisive, plans. The question: Should he, indeed, take on Lyndon Johnson in 1968? The soul-searching was careful, laborious, encompassing. It is Bob Kennedy's method, developed and refined in two decades of politics, to attack the definition of a problem with all the force at his command, on the sound theory that no workable solution is possible until the problem has been precisely defined, that a clear picture of the trouble usually indicates the cure. The trouble, they found, was that "under foreseeable circumstances," it was impossible to beat Lyndon Johnson, however unpopular the man himself and his policies. As the incumbent, he would hold all the cards at the nominating convention in Chicago next August, including an automatically large chunk of delegate votes, patronage plus the threat of reprisal, control over the convention machinery, and a friendly host in Mayor Richard J. Daley, one of the last of America's fading party bosses—not to mention the near-sentimental tradition that no sitting President is denied the nomination if he wants it. The decision was obvious. And it was not in the Kennedy creed to plunge into certain defeat.

But then something happened. McCarthy's seemingly Quixotic campaigning through the snows of New Hampshire suddenly took hold, thanks mostly to the hundreds of college students who rushed in as

continued

There are many Bobby Kennedys. At left, as painted by Norman Rockwell for LOOK, are some of them.

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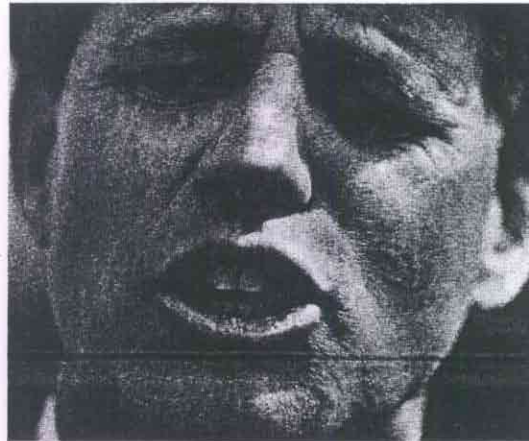


### BOBBY'S DECISION CONTINUED

"This is a hard, hard road .... I don't

volunteers. The majority were from hallowed Eastern schools, but some came from as far as California. They were undergraduates and Ph.D. candidates, some scooting to McCarthy's side only on weekends, others signing up full-time for the duration as proud "dropouts." Some were rumpled, hairy hippies, but most were not, and all seemed extraordinarily bright, aware and articulate. Shrewdly managing themselves, the shaggy ones stayed out of sight, manning phones and stuffing envelopes, while the presentables rang 50,000 doorbells and, on the blizzardy March 12 Primary Day, drove voters to the polls in 250 automobiles that traveled an estimated 100 miles each. It was a campaign in the Kennedy style: youth, and vigor and person-to-person.

McCarthy's victory over Johnson—42 percent of the Democratic



Recently, a journalist looked at an unflattering photograph and said: "That's the Bobby I know!" The truth may be that nobody knows him, not even he himself.

vote cast and 20 of New Hampshire's 24 delegates—was a victory over Kennedy too. It demonstrated that Johnson is not the master politician everybody thought he was. The lieutenants managing his write-in campaign bumbled organizationally and with statements taken to impugn McCarthy's patriotism. Then Johnson compounded all with a graceless, sour-grapes postmortem dismissing the primary as unimportant. For Kennedy, the blow put his political acumen in question. Had he gambled on such a big drop in Johnson's popularity, had he known the students would rally in such effective force, he might have taken the plunge. But he could not foresee that the Vietcong's Tet offensive against South Vietnamese cities would come and shake even a "hawk" state like New Hampshire, or that concern for the economy would join civil rights as anti-LBJ factors on the domestic side.

Kennedy had expected McCarthy to do well, but not as well as he did. He knew, as he counseled with his closest advisers, that he would be dealing with a different McCarthy and that he himself would have to change his position. Instead of an amiable Don Quixote, he had a conquering white knight. No longer on a lecture tour, McCarthy was a full-fledged candidate, at least unless and until he got knocked off somewhere down the line. Kennedy telephoned his congratulations to McCarthy and issued a statement praising him.

The unforeseeable had happened. On March 13, the day after New Hampshire, Kennedy announced he was "actively reconsidering all possibilities open to me." No longer valid were two of his reasons

know where it will lead.”

for staying out of a fight with Johnson: that it would be interpreted as a Johnson-Kennedy personality clash instead of a debate on the issues, and that it would divide the Democratic party. McCarthy had demonstrated the party was already split and the fight against LBJ was on issues, not personalities. He said that despite New Hampshire's vote against American policies at home and abroad, the Administration showed no inclination to change them, and that former Vice President Richard M. Nixon, the Republican winner in New Hampshire and his party's probable nominee, could not be expected to change them, either. The statement marked a clean break with Johnson for the first time. But it did not mean Kennedy was in the race. He was still agonizing over whether to go for broke or, as distasteful as it might be, throw his support to McCarthy. The world assumed his next step would be a formal announcement, but he was only beginning an ordeal of indecision and intense, almost frenetic, consultation. New Hampshire had eliminated two reasons why he should not enter, but there were others. There was the enormous difficulty of lining up delegates in the 35 states that do not have primaries, as well as gearing up a back-breaking campaign in whatever primaries he decided to enter. There was also a larger reason: If he should lose his gamble, he might be politically dead. And another: The kind of fight he and Lyndon Johnson would have might ensure a Republican victory in November.

“I can think of a lot of reasons why I should not run for the Presidency,” he told me. “But I have no excuse not to run. This is a hard, hard road I am looking down. I don't know where it will lead. It will be a difficult effort. Not just for me, but for a whole lot of other people, all kinds of people. Think of what it will do to them. It will tear some of them apart. They have to make a choice, often a very painful choice. Let's say they are for Johnson now, and secure in their political positions—assured of reelection to Congress and that sort of thing. I come along and force them to choose between Johnson and Kennedy. I know there are sacrifices that I am demanding of them. But I also know, for many reasons, that I must ask it.”

That first day after the election, the triumphant McCarthy drove from his Bedford, N.H., headquarters to Boston and flew from there to Washington. His young cohorts cheered him at both airports. Said one Washington banner: “Gene, we love you!” Students interviewed by reporters declared their love affair with Bobby was over, and they were with Gene all the way. “Where was Kennedy when we needed him?” they scoffed. All this was taken in by the Kennedy counselors. They did not consider it fatal, for McCarthy's workers could not be said to represent all young voters in the country. They were confident Kennedy's pull could win back enough of the defectors. With his brother Sen. Edward M. “Ted” Kennedy of Massachusetts, Kennedy conferred with McCarthy in the Senate gymnasium, in sanctuary from pursuing reporters. The Kennedys talked of cooperation against the common foe, Lyndon Johnson. With tentative plans only of entering primaries in Oregon and California and perhaps South Dakota, they offered to support McCarthy in Wisconsin. But McCarthy, enjoying his new strength, was wary.

That night, Kennedy and his wife Ethel flew to New York to join a roving strategy session. It had started on the 30th floor of the Pan Am Building, in the office of brother-in-law Stephen E. Smith, who had managed Kennedy's senatorial campaign, and moved in late afternoon to Smith's 1030 Fifth Avenue apartment. Bob and Ethel arrived at the 14th-floor home shortly after 8 p.m. For the next four hours and for the umpteenth time, they pondered: Should he or should he not? Besides the Kennedys and the Smiths, those present included Ted Kennedy, Theodore Sorensen, Kenny O'Donnell, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Pierre Salinger, Burke Marshall, John Nolan, Joseph Dolan, Frederick G. Dutton, Milton Gwirtzman, David Burke, William vanden Heuvel, Barrett Prettyman and Tom Johnston. The Kennedys' sister, Mrs. Pat Lawford, dropped in later. The round-robin talking, interspersed with incoming and outgoing telephone calls, went on over

continued

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## Buffeted by crisis, he invited in a group of touring sixth graders

a buffet dinner of ham and Beef Stroganoff, string beans, tossed green salad and chocolate cake. The meeting was inconclusive. At midnight, Bob and Ethel drove to their apartment overlooking the United Nations. The next day, March 14, Kennedy caught an 8 a.m. air shuttle back to Washington, still no nearer a decision.

"I could stay out and keep on making speeches," he told me on the plane. "I suppose making speeches on the issues has some effect, some influence. But I don't believe that is enough. I could keep on making speeches and say my conscience is clear. But I know I could do more. It may destroy me and a lot of other people, but I have to try."

When he reached his office in the New Senate Office Building on March 14, Kennedy found a group of sixth graders waiting in the hall, about to resume a routine tour. "Want to see my office?" he invited, and they trooped in. He talked to them for about five minutes on a citizen's duties, especially toward those less fortunate, thanked them and saw them out. A few hours later, he was closeted in that same office with his brother Ted and Sorensen, making and receiving telephone calls, wrestling with his decision. Up to the last minute, Kennedy awaited word from President Johnson on whether he would appoint a blue-ribbon commission, as privately proposed a few days earlier by Sorensen, to study our Vietnam policies. Kennedy had offered not to run for the Presidency if this commission were created. When Johnson rejected the idea, Kennedy began to move.

That evening, I drove with him to his home near McLean, Va. He sat up front beside Lee, his big, amiable, now silent chauffeur. He looked spent, wrung out. "Look at that sunset," he said, with a weary wave at purple and pink splashes along the horizon behind the Jefferson Memorial. Crossing the Potomac, he talked of how peaceful it

looked. "And polluted," I said, and he laughed. But he fell back to brooding again, and we finished the ride in almost complete silence. That night, he made up his mind. The last detail was set. He would go.

March 15 was D-day minus one, and he practically danced through it—two Long Island receptions and a lunch at Garden City, where he was relaxed and witty as he twitted President Johnson, himself and his mother's philanthropies ("I hope she saves something for what might be necessary in the months ahead"). The next morning, he led Ethel, nine of their ten children and a clutch of aides to the Senate Caucus Room. There, in the same room in which his brother John had taken the same step eight years earlier, he told the nation: "I am announcing today my candidacy for the Presidency of the United States." There was no surprise, except at how cool and confident he was, fielding all questions with polished ease. He looked and acted and sounded like his brother. The thing had been done, and for a while at least, the self-tortured inner man was at rest.

It is quite a change, this brooding, introspective, even self-doubting, Bobby. When he first arrived in Washington, not long out of the University of Virginia Law School, he gave no hint he would come to that. Bony and toothy, hair clipped close, he could have passed for any one of the scores of gay, semi-educated young dilettantes who lark through town all the time, nibbling at the edges of power, thrilled and a little awe-sick, and trying to hide their unease behind what they hope is a line of Capitol patter. At a cocktail party, where we met, we traded pleasantries and talked about an older brother who had just been elected to the Senate from Massachusetts after six years in the House. I learned that Bobby, too, was on the Hill, as a committee staffer. As we shook hands good-bye, he smiled, "Come see us." But I never did,

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until much later, because I felt neither of the brothers would ever amount to much as news sources, for all their smiling attractiveness.

Fifteen years later, Robert Kennedy is a veteran wielder of power, his every public word scanned for nuances. A personage, he can hardly walk a busy block without a thrush of the autographing pen. The face is fleshing out, lined now by grief and hard usage. The hair, a trademark since 1966, is half a foot long, modishly full all around but beginning to gray and to recede in deep V's above each side of the forehead. He has little time and no taste for meaningless pleasantries, except with young people—especially children, anybody's, but particularly his own. At least one day of every weekend, if at all possible, is given over entirely to his three daughters and seven sons; he turns to them for solace and refreshment the way some others lean regularly on golf or poker or the Bible.

The affinity he has with all under 20 is genuine. He treats them as equals, and they respond, whether they be smouldering dropouts under a Harlem streetlight, Japanese students in a Tokyo TV studio or Caroline Kennedy on the beach at Hyannis Port, trying to follow Uncle Bobby's soft-voiced explanation of the inconsolable tragedy that she and the world have suffered. Perhaps he has this touch because of how he grew up, the only one of the four sons of fierce old Joe Kennedy who did not get to be taller than six feet. "The runt of the litter," his father once said of him, but he also boasted, "Bobby's more like me than any of the others." Perhaps because he was for so long the family underdog, part of him never stopped being a child, although Sen. Jacob K. Javits, watching him operate in Empire State politics, could say, almost admiringly, "Bobby's no kid." Nor is he unaware that 13 percent of the electorate is now under 25.

Like a young student, he drives himself to self-improvement, in everything from social graces to memorizing a statistical breakdown of Rumania's exports and imports. "You're lucky, you were born poor," he says, as if he feels cheated in having that experience denied him forever. Despite an over-committed schedule that taxes the Senate's largest personal staff (totaling about 50), he maintains the "Hickory Hill Academy," an occasional gathering with intimates at his McLean, Va., home to hear lectures or debate esoteric subjects. One imagines a voice inside exhorting him, like an Emile Coué, to grow better and better in every way every day. Most of his colleagues complain they lack time to prepare themselves to deal properly with Senate matters, but he tries to do that and more. In the round office at the White House, there is a desk where, as Harry Truman said, the

continued

#### RFK in the Hours of Decision:

*"It will be an enormous job for many, many people. Working with me, they will have to go long hours at a backbreaking pace, sleepless, without food, separated from their families. So much has to be done. . . . You have to break your back. . . ."*

*"I've been talking to men like George McGovern and Stanley Steingut. We need men like McGovern in public life. He's up for reelection in South Dakota, and how much am I going to hurt him by going in? Steingut is Democratic leader in Brooklyn, where more than two and a half million people live. What am I going to do to him? . . ."*

*"This Administration keeps going in the same direction, no matter what. That is why so many of our young people are so dissident. . . . They don't feel they are being represented in their Government. . . . In Vietnam, they keep right on doing what they have been doing, applying solutions without ever having defined the problem. . . ."*

*"What hope do you give the people who are suffering in the ghettos or in Eastern Kentucky or on the Indian reservations? I don't say you'd get all you asked for, but you've got to try. . . ."*

*"If I stand aside, I still count for something, and Lyndon Johnson has to listen somewhat—perhaps only to moderate his course, but still that's something. But if I challenge him, and lose—thus he's been vindicated, there are almost no more restraints; just Johnson and Nixon. . . ."*

*"Everything else is incredibly complex and complicated, but in the end, it boils down to you either beat Lyndon Johnson or he beats you. You win or you lose."*



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LOOK 4-16-68 77

## When he ran for the Senate in '64, he was wooden, shy—awful

buck stops. He is in training to work that desk, when and if.

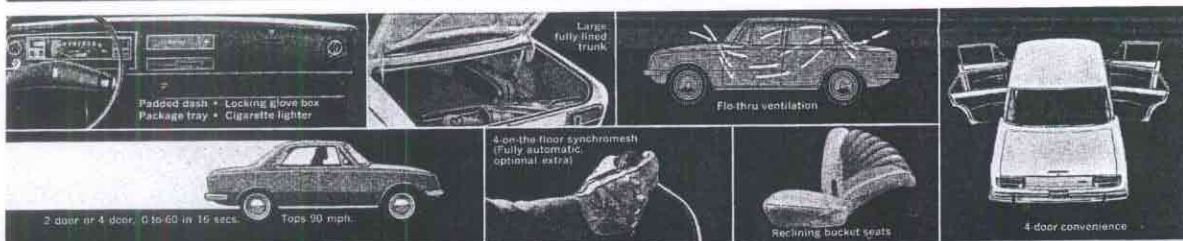
Along the way, he has achieved a reputation, which pursues him to this day, of a Puritan moralizer whose early heroes were Douglas MacArthur and J. Edgar Hoover; of a Red-baiting aide to Sen. Joseph McCarthy; of a vendetta-bent attorney general who bullyragged Jimmy Hoffa into jail; of a ruthless and vindictive foe in any and all arenas. The side that rarely showed, and that he obscured as most men hide faults, was pretty soft. "You like Bobby, don't you?" I once asked a reporter he had hired at Justice to tide the man over the bruising 114-day strike of New York newspapers in 1962-63. "No-o-o," the man replied. "Not any more than I would any other fellow who had saved my life." Ed Guthman, who was Kennedy's press secretary, said it another way: "You have to go through something with Bob Kennedy before you have a relationship with him. And relationships are everything with him. It's hard to explain, but it's straight. He's absolutely honest with you." Recently, a New York journalist looked at an unflattering Kennedy photograph, face contorted and eyes hard, and commented, "Now, that's the Bobby I know!" The truth may be that nobody knows him, not even he himself.

Kennedy's loyalty is as unremitting as most people believe his enmity to be. The Army's Special Forces soldiers are a case in point. It was President Kennedy who picked them up from the Army's hodgepodge of grudgingly tolerated experimental units and gave them world-renowned status. In gratitude, they began calling themselves "Kennedy's Rifles." It was Bob Kennedy, remembering his brother's admiration and affection for the super-trained counterinsurgency experts, who asked that they send a special honor guard to walk in the funeral procession. To this day, he maintains a friendship with Sgt.

Maj. Francis J. Ruddy, who, as leader of that grieving detachment, impetuously laid his green beret beside the eternal flame at the President's grave. Among Bob Kennedy's most prized possessions are a set of cuff links bearing the Special Forces crest, and a green beret presented him by Ruddy and resting always on his desk.

He is essentially a private person, which is probably why he still walks through public appearances at times with the grace of a rusty tin soldier. Ludicrous aspects of politics often amuse him. I have seen him almost break up in laughter while exhorting a crowd to vote for this or that local politician, suddenly overwhelmed at the idiocy of a system that requires him to suffer the indignity of endorsing and praising people he does not even know. Among friends at home or relaxing with his staff, he drops the self-conscious smoothing of hair and patting of pockets. He enjoys quiet little jokes, the teasing kind, with himself or someone he likes as the target. Once, entering a room where a dinner guest cringed under the affectionate assault of two huge and one medium-sized Kennedy dogs, he inquired with the mock air of an injured host, "What's the matter, don't you like dogs?" The woman, elbows up and fending off paws, replied, "I like dogs, but not ponies!" He patted Brumis, a James Thurber-like favorite that is, indeed, as big as a pony, and said pleasantly, "This one bites." Jerry Bruno, who was an advance man for the late President and who does the same Jack-of-all-trades work for Bob Kennedy, is a well-regarded straight man. I remember once he chided Bruno good-naturedly, "President Kennedy was right, Jerry. If you had been Hannibal's advance man, he never would have made it over the Alps."

In 1964, when he was 38 and campaigning for the Senate, he was already an existentialist, but with a strong flair for do-it-yourself.



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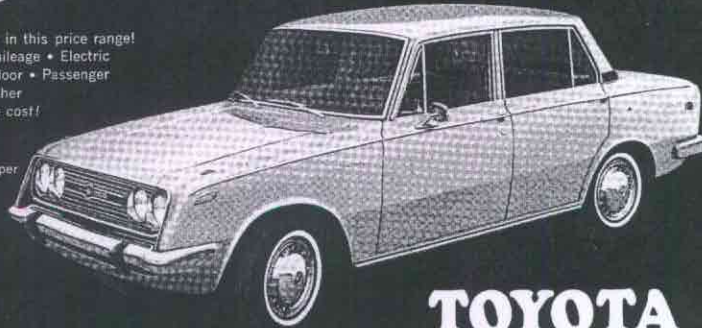
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# TOYOTA CORONA

He was a politician—a political scientist, even—in quest of a power base from which to operate and acquire and extend influence. He neither cursed Fate for having crushed him nor tempted it with long-range plans for recovery. In a big blue-and-white helicopter that seated 25 and rented for \$525 an hour, I rode with him, a few aides and a handful of fellow reporters. We bounced about small towns near New York City, and he made speeches at schools, outdoor movies, town squares. The crowds were lean and inattentive. He was awful—wooden and shy, groping and out of his element. At day's end, back on the helicopter, he asked suddenly how he was doing. Sparring, I commented that it was quite a change to see him out front as the candidate after all his years in back rooms, minus coat and tie, surrounded by telephones, managing the campaigns of his brother. The half-smile fled. "Well," he said softly, "a lot of things have changed." But his campaign tactic of pressure and pursuit had not changed. He hounded incumbent Republican Sen. Kenneth B. Keating just as, with his considerable help, John F. Kennedy had brought Richard M. Nixon to bay four years earlier. His unrelenting, no-quarter push defeated Keating by 700,000 votes—with the assistance of Lyndon Johnson, who carried the state by 2.6 million—and incidentally earned him more critics crying "Ruthless!" To him, it is a puzzling charge in the context of a political campaign, in which giving quarter often means giving up. Once, summarizing how the Kennedys beat Nixon in 1960, he said: "We simply had to run and fight and scramble for ten weeks all the way, and then we would win. We got on top with the debates, we fought to stay on top, and we did win. And if we'd done one bit less of anything, then we might have lost." It remains his formula for how to campaign, how to work and, for that matter, how to live. Rushing in to certain defeat has no place in that formula.

Kennedy has never been satisfied with his present lot. He chafes in the Senate. Unlike brother Ted, who has settled in cozily with the management of clubdom's most exclusive organization, Bob finds the pace too slow, the parliamentary process too unwieldy, the short-notice demands to show up for votes and hearings too confining. He misses the taut reins he once held on just about everything as the man closest to the President. At 42, the same age his brother Jack was when he announced for President, Bobby often wondered if too much time was slipping by. Between now and 1972, somebody totally unknown today might become a powerful contender. "After all, it continued



LOOK 4-14-68

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## The '68 race: "Hurry, Senator, or you'll miss the motorcade."

only took Ronald Reagan a year," warned one Kennedy adviser. Or, worried another, Bob himself might begin to pall on a fickle public, only just now coming around to accepting him for himself instead of as a tough little Mick trading on the reflected glory of his brother.

Like that brother, Kennedy has developed an almost uncanny knack of detachment. Few men, in or out of public life, can step away from themselves and look back with such cold objectivity. He can weigh his plus—and minus—quotient, in almost any given circumstance, with the air of a laboratory technician studying an organism under a microscope. Fundamentally an emotional man, he has trained himself to control his emotions, even to husband them against the time when a show of passion will serve more than just the pleasure of letting off steam. I saw this in the Kennedy family's celebrated quarrel last year with Harper & Row, publishers of William Manchester's *The Death of a President*, and LOOK, which printed prepublication excerpts from the book. Kennedy wanted the book published then instead of later, as originally planned, and he wanted it to appear in LOOK. But then Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy objected both to the book and the magazine version, largely on the ground of taste, and forced a lawsuit to block them. Bob Kennedy knew full well that a public battle would ensue and that his popularity, at a peak then after his almost-idolatrous receptions in the campaign of 1966, would suffer the most. But he also knew that he would be bitterly criticized if he allowed a public difference to develop within his family. He decided, as if deciding for someone else, to close ranks with Mrs. Kennedy, however difficult that might be for him personally. And once that decision was made, he fought as if the cause were his own.

Fretful and restive, Kennedy nevertheless felt he had no choice

as the primary season opened in New Hampshire but to stay out. Unquestionably, Kennedy is technically better equipped than the late-budding McCarthy to assail Johnson. Aside from a devoted, experienced and industrious staff, a vast infrastructure of idea men, strategists and campaign veterans on campuses and in law firms and business offices awaits only the signal from him to be off and running. "You'd better hurry, Senator," a friend told him recently, "or you'll miss the motorcade." He meant everything—1968, 1972, 1976 and so on into the history books, as volumes or as a footnote. Yet Kennedy held off because the only kind of fight he would undertake would be so vicious that no matter who won, the Democratic party would be a shambles. Defeat in November would be inexorable, he feared, not only for the Presidential ticket but probably also for close Senate colleagues like liberals Wayne Morse of Oregon and George McGovern of South Dakota.

This may have been the biggest deterrent of all—the feeling that, having been the rallying point for senatorial "doves," he could not regard himself as free to gamble their political futures along with his own. He has said on many occasions that regardless of whether he succeeded or failed in any effort to win the nomination, some liberal casualties would occur.

For this and dozens of reasons, he hesitated: "It is not just a him-and-me proposition. Once you start, it reaches down into every ward and precinct, and it touches all our lives." Should he undertake such responsibility? Morally and expediently, would the game be worth the candle? But always, there was the haunting voice that told him there would never be another chance, that it was go in '68 or never, that the motorcade was passing for the last time. He went. END

# Popular Science tested 11 leading color TV sets.

HOW THE SETS COMPARE: THE PS COLOR-TV TEST SCORECARD											
MANUFACTURER	COLOR QUALITY	APPARENT RESOLUTION	SCREEN BRIGHTNESS	EASE OF COLOR ADJUSTMENT	TOTAL RANGE	COLOR SENSITIVITY	PICTURE STABILITY	INTERFERENCE REJECTION	BLACK-AND-WHITE PICTURE QUALITY	WORKMANSHIP	TOTAL POINTS
ADMIRAL	16	9	9	4	13	9	4	4	8	8	84
EMERSON	16	9	9	4	12	9	4	5	8	9	85
DE	15	8	8	3	11	8	3	4	8	8	76
MAGNAVOX	20	9	9	4	13	10	4	5	10	10	94
MOTOROLA	18	9	9	3	15	9	4	4	9	10	90
PHILCO-FORD	16	9	9	4	12	10	4	5	8	9	86
RCA	16	9	9	4	12	10	4	5	8	8	85
SILVERTONE (BEARS)	16	9	9	4	12	9	4	5	8	8	84
SYLVANIA	17	9	10	4	13	10	5	5	8	9	90
WESTINGHOUSE	15	8	8	4	12	9	3	4	8	8	79
ZENITH	16	10	9	3	13	10	4	5	8	9	87
Maximum Score	20	10	10	5	15	10	5	5	10	10	100

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Popular Science states, "All 11 sets displayed a pleasing color picture, but the Magnavox consistently produced the most lifelike flesh tones plus most natural-looking background colors."

# Magnavox tested best.