

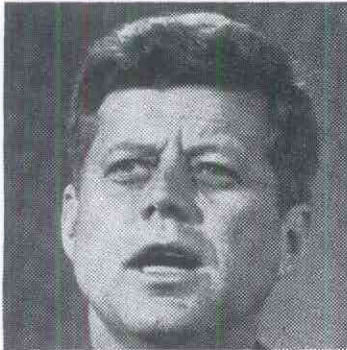
Esquire

The magazine for men

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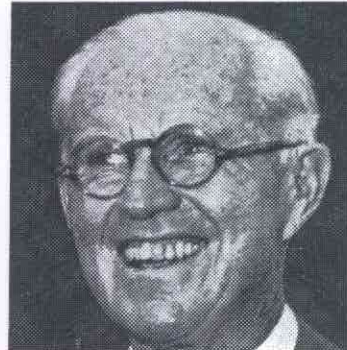
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"He's easily the best man I've ever seen."



"I think I know what you want. You want to lead the country some day."



"He's a great kid— he hates the same way I do."



"He's a young, dim-witted, curly-headed smart aleck."



"He was a great credit to the Committee and did a tremendous job."



"He's the one I'd put my hand in the fire for."

Who's "he"? And who's right? See page 62.

Bobby's Image

by Terry Smith

The question was: Never mind what he's really like, what kind of a man will they vote for?

During the political campaigns of 1964, a television commercial showed a little girl picking daisies an instant before a mushroom cloud covered the screen. The implication was clear: Barry had hit the panic button.

Another campaign ad showed beer cans being flung from a speeding Continental. Everybody understood: Lyndon was to blame for our decadent morality, including the topless bathing suit.

Never before had the advertising arts played such a role in politics. For the first time in history, commercials had achieved the status of campaign issues.

And while the national tickets were taking broad, heavy-handed swipes at each other from coast to coast, a vintage campaign was going on in New York. It was a match made for Madison Avenue: young, aggressive Robert Kennedy versus silver-haired, courtly Kenneth Keating. It was the best race in the country, far more exciting than the lopsided affair for the Presidency, and from an advertising point of view it was a classic. Both sides leaned heavily on the Golden Kazoo, but the Kennedy advertising campaign is the one worth studying. It is an intriguing case history in the softening of an image.

I spent most of the fall puffing along behind Kennedy, covering his campaign for the New York *Herald Tribune*. I saw virtually all the personal campaigning he did, but because of his penchant for eighteen-hour days I saw very little of the advertising that was being broadcast on television throughout the state. When the election was over and Kennedy had won by a surprising 628,000 votes, I realized I had missed a vital part of the campaign. Kennedy had reached a hundred times more people with his intensive, hideously expensive television campaign than he had seen in person, and I had no notion of what he had told them. If he had worked any particular magic, I had no idea what it was.

Moreover, his plurality was twice as big as the most optimistic estimates of the reporters covering the campaign and the most hopeful guesses of the professional politicians in the Kennedy caravan. Obviously the bulge had been caused by something that couldn't be seen in the crowds the candidate was drawing around the state.

To fill the gap, I went back and looked at the commercials that had been broadcast during the eight-week campaign. There were about a hundred of them, varying in length from twenty-second spots to thirty-minute films, plus a score of newspaper ads, radio commercials and flyers. Altogether they cost a staggering \$1,000,000, which has got to be a record for advertising in a Senate campaign. Viewed in one sitting, the commercials made up a *Bride Book*; the record of an almost perfect wedding of politics and advertising.

I watched the films in the projection room of Papert, Koenig & Lois, Inc., the advertising agency Kennedy hired in early August when he decided to run in New York. His brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, who is the best businessman in the Kennedy clan, selected the agency on the basis of its one prior political account: Senator Jacob Javits' successful 1962 campaign for reelection in New York. Smith selected an agency given to understatement. For four years it had been peddling soap and beer with the subtle touch, underplaying the sales pitch. Before the firm was formed in 1960, one of the three partners, Julian Koenig, had been copy supervisor at Doyle Dane Bernbach, where he had great success urging prospec-

tive Volkswagen owners to "Think Small." (This ad reportedly caught President Kennedy's attention and caused him to begin, in 1963, the negotiations that led to the hiring of D.D.B. to handle advertising for the national Democratic campaign in 1964.)

Despite Papert, Koenig and Lois' limited political experience, it was the sort of agency Kennedy wanted. He was as keenly aware as anyone else of the image he had to change. His years in Washington as an aggressive Attorney General and his brother's hatchet man had given him the public image of a cold, ruthless prosecutor, and it required no political genius to see that he would have to soften it to get elected. This was the job of the television campaign.

The selection of the agency was important but not critical to Kennedy, who regards ad firms principally as suppliers and technical assistants. He scoffs at the notion that agencies provide any political guidance, at least to him.

"The best thing they did for me," he said after the election, "was buy good television time." He does not scoff, however, at the value of the television campaign. This he appreciates, as any man would who has spent \$1,000,000 on one in the course of eight weeks.

Before watching the commercials, I set down, on paper, a list of Kennedy's assets and liabilities as a candidate. To my surprise, the two columns came out almost even.

He had a lot going for him. He had the instant recognition of his face and voice that comes with being a Kennedy. He had the national feeling for his murdered brother and the publicized closeness between them. He had the enormous crowds that have pursued him here and abroad since 1961. He had a share in the glamour and prestige of his brother's administration and a battery of cabinet members and government officials ready to speak out on his behalf.

He had the contacts within the party, the leaders in the state and the big-money Democrats all over the country. He had the experience of participation in his brother's six Congressional and Presidential campaigns, the use of the family plane, the Caroline, a staff of zealously devoted aides, and lots of cash.

In the other column, working against him, was the public image of the pushy, ambitious younger brother, and the vague, unexplained sense of distrust many people had. He also had to cope with his Massachusetts heritage and the inevitable cries of "carpetbagger." He was accused of using New York as a stepping-stone to the Presidency. He was called the "candidate of the bosses" because crusty, old-line political bosses were among the first to support his candidacy.

Before the campaign was over he encountered substantial resentment among Italian-Americans who had been offended by the Valachi hearings and blamed them on the Attorney General. He found even more resistance among Jewish voters who considered him more his father's son than his elder brother had ever been. Their suspicions of the father dated back to just before World War II, when Joseph P. Kennedy, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was accused of closing his eyes to the persecution of Jews in Nazi Germany.

He had other problems. There were politicians in New York with toes still smarting from 1960, when Bobby directed his brother's campaign in the state. There was talk of the "Kennedy dynasty" and the entente that would be formed in the Senate if he represented New York, his brother Teddy was the man from Massachusetts and Pierre Salinger won in California. In (Continued on page 132)

FLESH TOO RAW - REDUCE RED

LOWER
HAIRLINE -
CLEAN UP
PART

CLEAN UP
EYES -
TOO BLOODSHOT
KILL DARK
CIRCLES

LEAVE TIE AS IS

EYEBROW
TOO SINISTER -
LIGHTEN

SMILE TOO
TOUGH -
CAN YOU FIX?

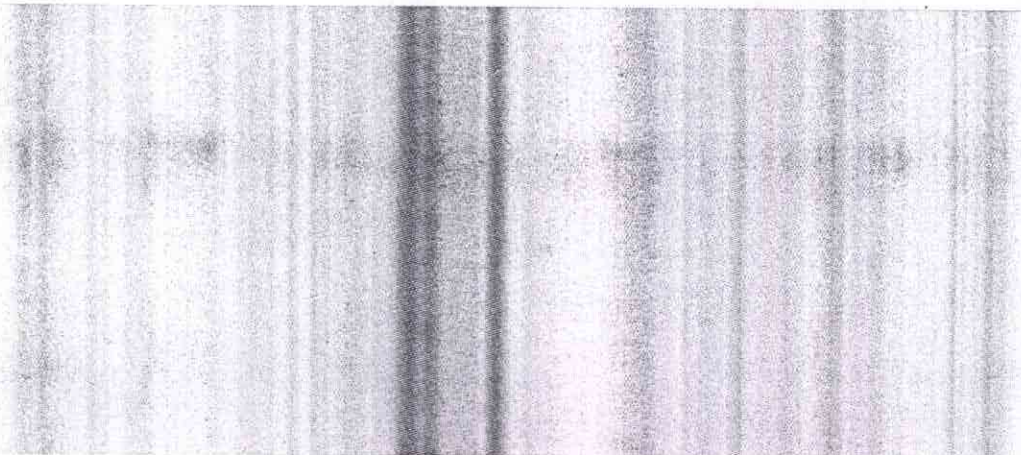
SOFTEN
JAW LINE





OK

ALL



Robert's Character

by Pat Anderson

The question is: Never mind what they voted for, what is he really like?

"I think some of us who were more fortunate might also have been juvenile delinquents if we had been brought up in different environments."—Robert F. Kennedy, 1961, Congressional testimony.

BOBBY FOR PRESIDENT IN 1972? —Newspaper headline, 1964.

From the moment I joined the Kennedy Administration I was determined to cling to my objectivity—to work long and hard, but deep within me to remain a neutral on the New Frontier.

The reasons for my reserve were perverse and personal. I grew up a poor and rather puny lad, in a Texas city that applauded wealth and athletic ability in its young. As a result, although I have no religious or racial prejudice, I instinctively distrust the rich and athletic.

Add to this the usual suspicion of the Southwesterner for the Easterner and it is clear that although I was ready to work for Robert Kennedy, that most rich and athletic of Easterners, I was not likely to gaze upon him in unquestioning awe.

Kennedy, as Attorney General, was chairman of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, and one of his oldest and closest friends, David Hackett, was its executive director. On the recommendation of another Kennedy aide, Hackett hired me, in December of 1961, as information officer for this Committee. I was then a twenty-five-year-old newspaper reporter.

For the next three years my job kept me in and out of the Attorney General's cavernous, fifth-floor office at the Justice Department, Hackett's office next door, and the press office across the hall. Yet despite this physical proximity, it must be clear that I am not attempting to picture myself as having been a close associate of Robert Kennedy. To the contrary, the point is that I was on the fringes, close enough to Kennedy to see his faults, but not close enough to see his virtues.

Kennedy was surrounded by a group of trusted aides—such as Hackett, Ed Guthman, his press officer, John Nolan, his administrative assistant, and Angie Novello, his personal secretary—and my business was carried on with them. My occasional conversations with Kennedy usually went something like:

"General, would you stand a little closer to the Governor for this next picture?"

"Okay."

In short, I was close enough to Kennedy to ghostwrite for him, but not close enough to rate more than a nod in the hall; close enough to issue invitations in his name, but not close enough to be sure he remembered my name; close enough to see the bickering in his office, but not close enough to see the grand designs in his mind.

It was from this vantage point—a frustrating one for a disciple, perhaps, but not a bad one for a determined neutral—that for two years I observed the second most powerful man in the United States. And in those days to know Robert Kennedy was to know the New Frontier.

Kennedy ran the Justice Department, and ran it well, but that was only the first of his many roles during his brother's Administration. The New Frontier operated on the assumption that there were many great jobs to be done and very few men who could do them correctly. One of the most important men in the Administration once said to me: "There aren't ten men in this country whose judgment I trust."

Thus the trusted few worked to exhaustion (and loved it; the real sacrifices of the New Frontier were made by their wives and children), while hundreds of untrusted civil servants and political appointees sat idle.

To say that Kennedy performed many jobs is, of course, to say that he stepped on many toes. Although he was its youngest member, he in effect served as a straw boss over the Cabinet, and if a Cabinet member resented this, there was not a great deal he could do about it. It is true that Kennedy's authority stemmed in part from his own demonstrated abilities, as well as from the fact that he was the President's brother. (Teddy, after all, was not made Secretary of State.) But this factor should not be exaggerated, for Washington understands power much better than it understands talent. It was not Robert Kennedy's talent that caused J. Edgar Hoover to follow his orders after years of dealing directly with the White House, nor was it any loss of ability on Kennedy's part that led Hoover to revert to his old habits after the assassination.

Much of the Attorney General's moonlighting was political. The Kennedys believed that the Democratic National Committee, supposedly their party's political headquarters, could attract top men only during election years. Thus during 1961-63 Robert Kennedy was for all practical purposes the head of the Democratic political machine. While John Kennedy worried about Khrushchev and de Gaulle, Robert Kennedy handled the equally delicate negotiations with Chicago's Mayor Daley, Harlem's Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.—as well as the dirtier political transactions with an endless stream of lesser politicians who had some claim to press the Kennedy flesh and bend the Kennedy ear. It is somewhere recorded that John Kennedy bathed and put on fresh clothing several times each day; one suspects that Robert Kennedy washed his hands many times each day.

It has been said that Kennedy successfully fused the two great traditions of American Attorneys General, the political and the legalistic. Nonetheless, he maintained clear lines between the two. Political matters were negotiable; matters of principle were not. Unsavory political deals were necessary from time to time. Harold Cox of Mississippi, the first Federal judge appointed by President Kennedy, who later referred from the bench to civil-rights workers as "a bunch of chimpanzees" and "a bunch of niggers," was the close friend of Senator James Eastland, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee; Judge Cox was the price the Administration had to pay for the confirmation of Judge Thurgood Marshall and other commendable appointments. But there were no negotiations when Democratic politicians were accused of breaking the law: during Kennedy's term, the Justice Department prosecuted two Democratic Congressmen, three State Supreme Court justices, five mayors, two chiefs of police, and three sheriffs.

Many high Administration officials had not had previous political experience and found the bread and butter of everyday politics mildly distasteful. A Democratic sheriff who was the protégé of an important Democratic Senator once sought a letter from Robert Kennedy praising the sheriff's "junior-deputies" program for teenagers. I drafted a letter and took it for clearance to Byron ("Whizzer") White, the Deputy Attorney General, who later was elevated to the Supreme Court. White asked me if I (Continued on page 140)

A POETICS FOR BULLIES

I'm Push, the bully, and what I hate are new kids and sissies, dumb kids and smart, rich kids, poor kids, kids who wear glasses, talk funny, show off, patrol boys and wise guys and kids who pass pencils and water the plants—and cripples, especially cripples. Nobody loved I love.

One time I was pushing this red-haired kid (I'm a pusher, no hitter, no belter—an aggressor of marginal violence, I hate *real* force) and his mother stuck her head out of the window and shouted something I've never forgotten. "Push," she yelled, "you, Push. You pick on him because you wish you had his red hair!" It's true. I did wish I had his red hair. I wish I were tall, or fat, or thin. I wish I had different eyes, different hands, a mother in the supermarket. I wish I were a man, a small boy, a girl in the choir. I'm a coveter, a Boston Blackie of the heart, casing the world. Endlessly I covet and case. (Do you know what makes me cry? The Declaration of Independence. "All men are created equal." That's beautiful.)

If you're a bully like me, you use your head. Toughness isn't enough. You beat them up, they report you. Then where are you? I'm not even particularly strong. (I used to be strong. I used to do exercise, work out, but strength implicates you, and often isn't an advantage anyway—read the judo ads. Besides, your big bullies aren't bullies at all—they're *athletes*. With them, beating guys up is a sport.) But what I lose in size and strength I make up for in courage. I'm very brave. That's a lie about bullies being cowards underneath. If you're a coward get out of the business.

I'm best at torment.

A kid has a toy bow, toy arrows. "Let Push look," I tell him.

They're suspicious, they know me. "Go way, Push," they say, these mama-warned, Push-doubters.

"Come on," I say, "come on."

"No, Push. I can't. My mother said I can't."

I raise my arms, I spread them. I'm a bird—slow, powerful, easy, free. I move my head to public beak. I'm a thunderbird. "In the school where I go I have a teacher who teaches me magic," I say. "Arnold Salamanca, give Push your arrows. Give him one, he gives back two. Push is the God of the Neighborhood."

"Go way, Push," the kid says, uncertain. "Right," Push says, himself again. "Right.

I'll disappear. First the fingers.' My fingers ball to fists. "My forearms next." They jackknife into my upper arms. "The arms." Quick as bird blink they snap behind my back, fit between the shoulder blades like a small knapsack. (I am double-jointed, Protean.) "My head," I say.

"No, Push," the kid says, terrified. I shudder and everything comes back, falls into place from the stem of self like a shaken puppet.

"The arrow, the arrow. Two where was one." He hands me an arrow. "Trouble, trouble, double rubble!" I snap it and give back the pieces.

Well, sure. There is no magic. If there were I would learn it. I would find out the words, the slow turns and strange passes, drain the bloods and get the herbs, do the fires like a vestal. I would look for the main chants. Then I'd change things. Push would!

But there's only casual trick. Sleight-of-mouth, the bully's poetics.

You know the formulas:
"Did you ever see a match burn twice?" you ask. Strike. Extinguish. Jab his flesh with the hot stub.

"Play Gestapo?"

"How do you play?"

"What's your name?"

"It's Morton."

I slap him. "You're lying."

"Adam and Eve and Pinch Me Hard went down to the lake for a swim. Adam and Eve fell in. Who was left?"

"Pinch Me Hard."

I do.

Physical puns, conundrums. Push the punisher, the conundrummer!

(I don't know what it is. Sometimes I think I'm the only new kid. In a room, the school, the playground, the neighborhood, I get the feeling I've just moved in, no one knows me. You know what I like? To stand in crowds. To wait with them at the airport to meet a plane. Someone asks what time it is. I'm the first to answer. Or at the ball park when the vendor comes. He passes the hot dog down the long row. I want *my* hands on it, too. On the dollar going up, the change coming down.)

I am ingenious, I am patient.

A kid is going downtown on the elevated train. He's got his little suit on, his shoes shined, he wears a cap. This is a kid going to the travel bureaus, the foreign tourist offices to get brochures, maps, pictures of

the mountains for a unit at his school. This is a kid looking for extra credit. I follow him. He comes out of the Italian Tourist Information Center. His arms are full. I move from my place at the window. I follow for two blocks and bump into him as he steps from a curb. It is a *collision*. The pamphlets fall from his arms. Pretending confusion I walk on his paper Florence. I grind my heel in his Riviera. I climb Vesuvius and sack his Rome and abandon him. He'll be lost for hours.

The Industrial Museum is a good place to find children. I cut somebody's five- or six-year-old kid brother out of the herd of eleven- and twelve-year-olds he's come with. "Quick," I say. I pull him along the corridors, up the stairs, through the halls, down to a mezzanine landing. Breathless, I pause for a minute. "I've got some gum. Do you want a stick?" He nods. I stick him. I rush him into an auditorium and abandon him. He'll be lost for hours.

I sidle up to a kid at the movies. "You smacked my brother," I tell him. "After the show—I'll be outside."

I break up games. I hold the ball above my head. "You want it? Take it."

I go into barbershops. There's a kid waiting. "I'm next," I tell him, "understand?"

One day Eugene Kraftsman rang my bell. Eugene is afraid of me so he helps me. He's fifteen and there's something wrong with his saliva glands and he drools. His chin is always chapped. I tell him he has to drink a lot because he loses so much water.

"Push? Push," he says. He's wiping his chin with his tissues. "Push, there's this kid—"

"Better get a glass of water, Eugene."

"No, Push, no fooling, there's this new kid—he just moved in. You've got to see this kid."

"Eugene, get some water, please. You're drying up. I've never seen you so bad. There are deserts in you, Eugene."

"All right, Push, but then you've got to see—"

"Swallow, Eugene. You better swallow." He gulps hard.

"Push, this is a kid and a half. Wait, you'll see."

"I'm very concerned about you, Eugene. You're dying of thirst, Eugene. Come into the kitchen with me."

I push him through the door. He's very excited. I've never seen him so excited. He

I am ready to kick him, but as my foot comes up he grabs my ankle and turns it forcefully. I spin in the air. He lets go and I fall heavily on my back. I am surprised at how easy it was but am content if they understand. I get up and am walking away, but there is an arm on my shoulder. He pulls me around roughly. He hits me.

"*Sic semper tyrannis!*" he exults.

"Where's your other cheek?" I ask, falling backward.

"One cheek for tyrants," he shouts.

He pounces on me and raises his fist and I cringe. His anger is terrific. I do not want to be hit again.

"You see? You see?" I scream at the kids, but I have lost the train of my former reasoning. I have in no way beaten him. I can't remember what I had intended, but this I understand. I have in no way beaten him.

He lowers his fist and gets off my chest and they cheer. "Hurrah," they yell. "Hurrah, hurrah." The word seems funny to me.

He offers his hand when I try to rise. It is so difficult to know what to do. Oh God, it is so difficult to know which gesture is the right one. I don't even know this. He knows everything and I don't even know this. I am a fool on the ground, one hand behind me pushing up, the other not yet extended but itching in the palm where the need is. It is better to give than receive, surely. It is best not to need at all.

Appalled, guessing what I miss, I rise alone.

enough. I could do his voice now if I wanted. His corruption began when he lost me. "You," I shout, rubbing it in, "*indulger*, dispense me no dispensations. Push the bully hates your heart!"

"Shut him up, somebody," Eugene cries. His saliva spills from his mouth when he speaks.

"Swallow! *Pig, swallow!*"

He rushes toward me.

Suddenly I raise my arms and he stops. I feel a power in me. I am Push, Push the bully, God of the Neighborhood, his incarnation of envy and jealousy and need. I vie, strive, emulate, compete, a contender in every event there is. I didn't make myself. I probably can't save myself, but maybe that's the only need I haven't got. I taste my lack and that's how I win. By having nothing to lose. I want and I want and I will die wanting but first I will have something. This time I will have something. I say it aloud. "I will have something." I step toward them. The power makes me dizzy. It is enormous. They feel it. They back away. They crouch in the shadow of my outstretched wings. It isn't deceit; this time but the real magic at last, the genuine thing—the cabala of my hate, of my irreconcilableness.

Logic is nothing. Desire is stronger. I move toward Eugene. "I will have something," I roar.

"Stand back," he shrieks. "I'll spit in your eye."

"I will have something. I will have terror. I will have drought. I bring the dearth. Famine's contagious. And thirst. Privation, privation, barrenness, void. I dry up your glands, I poison your well."

He is choking, gasping, chewing furiously. He opens his mouth. It is dry. His throat is parched. There is sand on his tongue.

They moan. They are terrified, but they move up to see. We are thrown together. Sludz, Frank, Clob, Mimmer, the others, John Williams, myself. I can't stand them near me. I move against them. I shove them away. I force them off. I press them aside. I push through. #



"rocks"



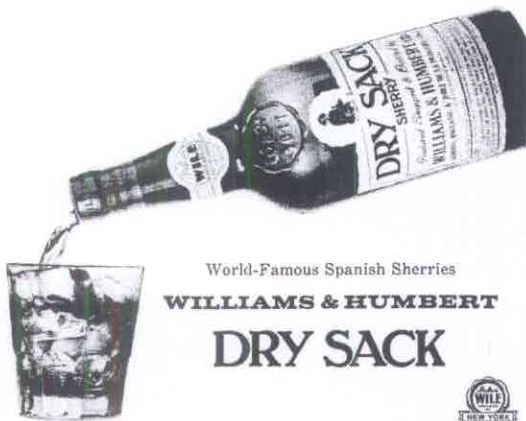
man

and how they changed his mind about sherry.

Chances are that the man who says "no" to sherry never tasted Dry Sack on-the-rocks. Never savored Dry Sack's nutty, robust flavor. Never whiffed its pleasing aroma. Never knew that Dry Sack has the body and flavor to stand up to ice.

Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack—the man's sherry—is so popular!

"Dry Sack on-the-rocks" changed men's minds about sherry.



World-Famous Spanish Sherries
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK



BOBBY'S IMAGE

(Continued from page 82) addition, he is a dreadful public speaker, inclined to repetition in extemporaneous remarks, and a soporific monotone when the text is prepared.

I also added to my list of liabilities Kennedy's status as a freshman candidate. After a moment's thought, I crossed it out. It has been said that the longest journey in politics is the trip from the back room to the speaker's platform, but Kennedy made it without a stumble. From the morning he started campaigning, he looked as though he had been at it all his life.

Clearly, the chief problem the agency had to solve was the candidate's image as a Little League ogre. They had to warm up the merchandise. The job was not unlike that of getting tuna fish moving after a botulism scare. Nobody disliked tuna; it just had to be proved that it wouldn't hurt you.

The format for making Kennedy palatable was deceptively simple: just hold a mirror up to the man, show him in relaxed, amiable conversation with a constituent. This technique took advantage of one of Kennedy's principal assets. In person, he can be thoroughly charming, a quietly witty, disarming conversationalist. The smaller the group he speaks to, the better he is, and he is at his best with an audience of one.

This was the formula for the great majority of the commercials filmed in the early part of the campaign. The agency produced a series of interview ads in which Kennedy gave off-the-cuff answers to questions posed by voters. The film clips were made in shopping centers, in the courtyard of a housing project, on a basketball court, aboard the Staten Island Ferry and in college auditoriums.

The format could not have been simpler. Kennedy would listen to the questioner and then direct his answer to him, while the camera peered over his shoulder. Obviously both the questions and answers varied in effectiveness, but the best were selected and made into ads that had a natural, spontaneous quality about them, that had the double advantage of showing the candidate at his best and disguising the sales pitch.

The idea behind the commercials was not entirely new. The agency had used it two years before on behalf of Senator Javits, who was reelected with an advertising campaign that consisted largely of give-and-take with the customers. It was the same solution to a different set of problems.

I know the questioners used in the Kennedy ads were genuine amateurs because I frequently was around while they were filmed or taped. I was in suburban New Rochelle for the first session, which was held in the parking lot of a shopping center.

First in Quality!
NUNN BUSH
 ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES



Smartest Thing a Man Ever Learns

... that it pays to buy good shoes. To learn the lesson convincingly, buy Nunn-Bush Shoes. Shoes are made better at Nunn-Bush. A whole series of extra hand operations, called *Ankle-Fashioning*, gives you superior fit... makes distinctive style last longer, through many extra miles of wear. Yet you pay no more for Nunn-Bush Shoes. Why not enjoy them?

Most Styles \$19.95 to \$39.50

EDBERTON SHOES FROM \$12.95

LEFT: Style 2243 — Flexible Fetherwate. Walnut Brown Capri. Also in Black. Hand Antiqued Finish. Antiqued Notched Welt. RIGHT: Style 2225 — Flexible Fetherwate. Remlock Tan Monona Grain. Also in Black. Vented Perforations. Hand Antiqued Finish. Deck Stitched.

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53201
 Also made at: 430 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Progreso 172, Mexico City 18, D.F. Mexico

Three cameras were set in a circle, and despite the efforts of the Kennedy staff to keep the taping quiet, a crowd of about a thousand suburban housewives and children gathered. The housewives wriggled and squealed like their teen-age daughters when he arrived, and then pressed in close when the taping began. Kennedy stood in the middle with a lavaliere microphone around his neck and answered the questions of the bystanders who lined up to get a crack at him. Convinced they either were skills hired by the agency or actors understandably out of work, I asked them if they had been rehearsed or were being paid. They were not.

The spontaneous-interview technique had built-in dangers from the agency's point of view. A frightening number of people asked almost identical questions while the rented cameras chewed into the budget. Some of the questions were silly, some loaded, some embarrassingly personal and others hopelessly vapid. Frequently the difficult questions made the best commercials. They brought out the combative spirit in Kennedy, who habitually answered the tough ones well and, because he was bored, stumbled over the easy ones.

The first question at New Rochelle was asked by a crew-cut, belligerent type who stuck his face out at Kennedy and demanded:

"How do you answer the charge that you're running on your brother's coat-tails?"

The suburban matrons in their madras winced, but Kennedy came back sharply, jabbing the air with an extended forefinger and arguing that he was running on his record of participation in the last administration, "because I was involved in the things we did in Washington—both good and bad—during the last three-and-a-half years."

Because Kennedy was aroused, his answer was concise, clear and emphatic and this made a hell of a good commercial. It was not, however, typical.

The main goal of the ads was to soften the hatchet-man image, and consequently most of his answers were low-keyed, gentle replies. These were not contrived. Kennedy's flashes of temper have been greatly publicized, but they are not the rule, at least not during a campaign.

As I watched the reruns of the commercials, I could see the reasoning behind the selection. The agency had picked out the controversial questions, those that dealt with Kennedy's most serious problems. One showed a young man asking about a carport charge, and Kennedy answering by describing his roots in the state, how he had gone to school there and spent twenty years there. Admittedly, he described the good old days in New York in an accent that reeked of Harvard's Yard, but it seemed to work. (On the campaign trail, Kennedy often explained to his upstate audiences that although his accent might sound strange to them, it was actually a "Glen Cove accent." On another day, he would tell a group of Long Islanders that his was the accent of upstate New York.)

To answer the "stepping-stone" charge, a commercial just twenty seconds long was cut from one of Kennedy's speeches. It showed him, slightly exasperated, shaking his head and telling the audience: "Strange as it may seem, I just want to be a good United States Senator." Some of Kennedy's problems, like that one, were so widely talked about during the campaign, there was no

need to present the question in the commercial, just the reply.

Another ad seemed to be an effort to cool the resentment of the Italian-Americans. During a filming session early one misty morning in Auburn, New York, a short, bald man with a heavy accent stepped up to Kennedy and described the plight of his cousin in Italy who wanted to come to America. This provided a perfect cue for Kennedy, who launched into his ideas on the liberalization of the immigration laws.

Some of Kennedy's problems were simply too sensitive to touch on television. The Jewish resentment was one of them. It was a genuine difficulty, and a charge made by Senator Keating, that Kennedy had "made a deal" with a "huge Nazi cartel," didn't make it any easier. Kennedy delivered innumerable speeches to Jewish groups in person and these helped break down the resistance, but the problem was never attacked in his television campaign.

Radio, however, was another matter. Humorist Harry Golden made several tapes extolling Kennedy's virtues in Yiddish. These were broadcast in the city as part of a series of foreign-language commercials. No political campaign is complete in New York without a certain amount of unabashed ethnic appeal and the job is made easy by a flock of radio stations which have devoted followings of Puerto Ricans, exiled Cubans, Haitians and Dominicans. Other stations broadcast in Yiddish, Russian, Polish, German and a score of other languages.

I watched the television commercials in the chronological order in which they were broadcast and they provided a faithful record of the shifts in the campaign. In early October the nature of the contest began to change. Senator Keating, who had confined his speeches to a defense of his own voting record, began attacking Kennedy directly. (This tactic produced glee in the Kennedy camp, since it finally provided the opportunity for counterattack. Up to that point, Kennedy had all but ignored his opponent. He wanted no part of the role of the aggressor.) As the campaign changed, the advertising hurried to keep up. New commercials were filmed showing Kennedy attacking Keating's voting record. With references to Keating's votes against Medicare, aid to education and housing legislation, Kennedy managed to shed real doubt on his opponent's previously unchallenged record as a liberal.

The technique of keeping the commercials topical was a demanding one for the agency. On a normal, non-political account, television ads take weeks to produce. During the campaign, Papert, Keating and Lois often filmed, edited, printed and distributed ads to television stations throughout the state within forty-eight hours.

To do this, an agency within an agency was created. A task force of sixteen people was assembled from various departments under the direction of Frederic Papert, the chairman of the board. For six and sometimes seven days a week this nucleus did nothing but work on the Kennedy account, periodically drawing on virtually all of the agency's staff of more than two hundred. One member of the task force was William Wilson, who was John F. Kennedy's adviser during the crucial 1960 television debates.

In the last two weeks, Kennedy, considered the underdog a month before, emerged as the favorite and his commercials became noticeably more

positive. The counterattacks on Keating were replaced by shots of Kennedy touting his own legislative program. One twenty-second ad broadcast in the last week consisted simply of a voice reading several lines of white print on a black background that read:

"Think about it for a minute . . . (pause) . . . which of the candidates running for United States Senator has the better chance of becoming a great United States Senator? . . . A . . . On November 3rd, vote for Robert Kennedy."

The mood and setting of the commercials changed about halfway through the campaign. The turning point was an evening filming session at Columbia University. Instead of having face-to-face conversations with individuals, Kennedy answered questions thrown at him by a not especially partisan crowd of about five hundred students. The audience welcomed him warmly, but not with the hysterical reception he might have received from a hall full of devoted campaign workers. The evening had been arranged purely as a taping session there was no other political purpose, and probably there were not more than a dozen voters in the crowd.

The candidate was at his best. He usually is with college students, anyway, because they want to hear what he most prefers to deliver: a heady mixture of idealism and statistics, classical allusions and slang, lofty principle and practical fact. This is Kennedy's forte, and he was in particularly good form that night. The result was an advertising bonanza.

The students asked all the questions Kennedy most needed to answer: Why are you running? Why in New York State and not in Massachusetts or Virginia? What about the bosses who support you? Kennedy answered each well and the students slowly came over to his side. He made them laugh and he made them believe him. The session had a natural build and drama that John Huston couldn't have improved on. It was a priceless piece of political advertising.

It was also productive. A half-hour film of it was broadcast more than a dozen times throughout the state, plus a moving, five-minute excerpt and a batch of sixty-second commercials.

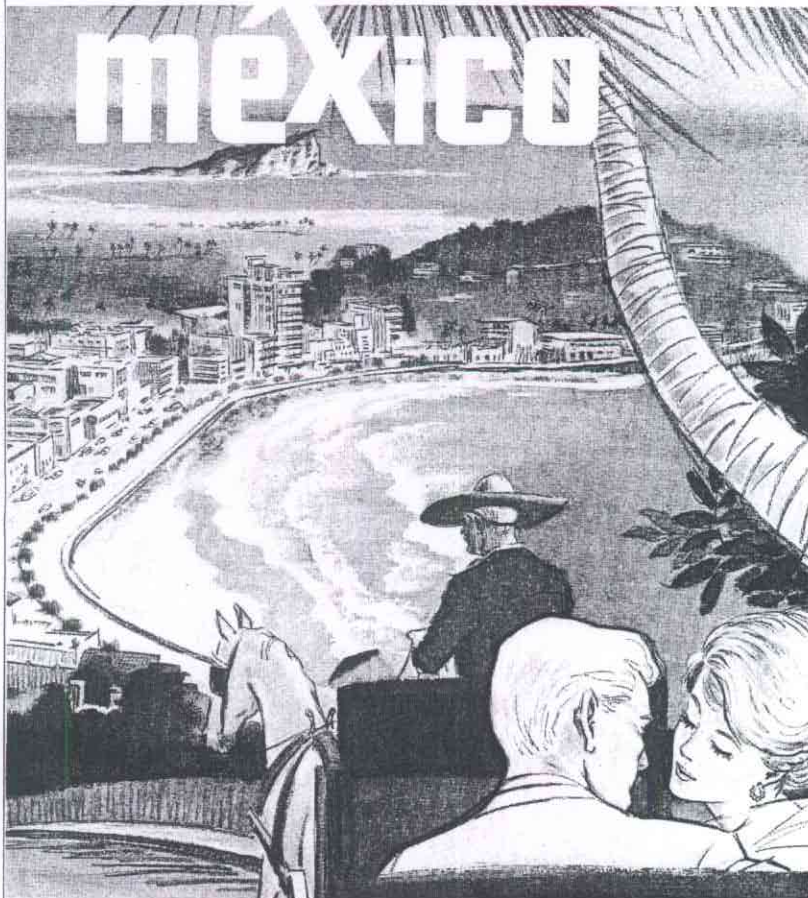
The most poignant moment of the evening was cut from the commercials. A student asked Kennedy whether he agreed with the Warren Commission's opinion that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted independently in assassinating President Kennedy, or with the theory of a lawyer, Mack Lane, that Oswald was part of a conspiracy.

The hall filled with an embarrassed silence for an instant before Kennedy snapped back: "I've made my statement on that." Then, controlling his emotions with obvious difficulty, Kennedy tried to explain that he had given his opinion months before to a

group of Polish students. Before he could finish, his voice cracked and he dropped his head. He looked up a moment later with tears on his cheeks, tried again to answer but managed only, "Please give me a minute," and dropped his head again. After another painful hush, he regained his composure and went on. The segment was cut out and the balance made the best collection of commercials of the whole campaign. Kennedy, who had withstood his

commercials until the campaign was almost a month old, poured it on during the last week. In addition to the battery of one-, two-, and five-minute ads, a sensitive, moody thirty-minute film biography was shown repeatedly. On election eve, prime time was purchased for a quarter-hour taped visit with the Kennedy family "at home" in their rented Glen Cove mansion. I happened to see this show when it was first broadcast and it struck me then as the proper election-eve

mood for a candidate in the lead. When I watched it later, it looked even better. It was low-key throughout. The candidate was posed in front of a brick fireplace with his wife, Ethel, and surrounded by their eight children. Without mention of his opponent, Kennedy told the viewers why he thought the election was important, introduced his children (getting the ages of two confused), then fondly recalled the campaign over film clips of mobs chasing him in Buffalo,



The place to go is Mexico

And when you pick your place don't forget romantic Mazatlan. The blue Pacific bathes its sweeping beaches. Its waters teem with game fish. Champion fishermen from all over the world flock there to practice their skill. The beach-front hotels are among Mexico's best. And reasonably priced, too. You may travel there by plane, train or over splendid highways.

Mazatlan is the port for the luxurious car ferry which transports you overnight to La Paz, the tropical paradise at the tip of Baja California - another fisherman's delight. When you feel the urge to wander abroad, don't miss Mexico. In 1968 it will be host to the Olympic Games. Come for a pre-Olympic view of this fabulous Mexico—so near, so modern and yet so foreign.



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mobs chasing him in Syracuse and mobs chasing him in Rochester.

The production feat involved in that final, quarter-hour program was at least a two-ulcer job. The show was taped in the morning (two takes, because the children wriggled too much the first time), rushed to the city for editing in the afternoon and broadcast on a state-wide television network that night.

Senator Keating's commercials, by contrast, were traditional, almost folksy productions. The principal spokesman

was Senator Javits, who concluded most of them by thumping Keating on the back and urging viewers to "vote for my teammate, Ken Keating." In the background, a folk singer named Tedd Browne droned an original tune about the candidate that sounded like a dirge.

The ideas behind many of the Kennedy commercials came from the candidate himself, who managed to preview about ninety percent of them despite his breathless campaign schedule. The agency was dealing not with a can of

soup but with a client who had strong opinions on what should be shown and what should be avoided. At a screening at one in the morning, Kennedy watched a commercial that showed him fumbling in answer to a question. He didn't like it and he objected. The agency people argued the merits of the clip, but Kennedy was adamant.

"It may prove I'm not glib," he said, "but I just don't like to see myself faltering on television."

The clip was scrapped. As a rule, however, the candidate was willing to listen to argument and occasionally he would concede.

"He was smart enough to realize that he was an amateur advertising man," one agency executive said, "and that we were amateur politicians."

In addition to the television commercials, a scrapbook full of ads ran in the newspapers and Kennedy found time to approve most of those himself. One he presumably didn't see backfired noisily. It quoted U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson on "Why I'm going to vote for Robert Kennedy." Hurriedly prepared, it was rushed into the afternoon papers. The next day the morning papers could barely conceal their glee as they pointed out that Adlai wasn't going to vote for anybody in New York because he had already sent in his absentee ballot to Illinois.

The agency blanched and described the ad as "a mistake, a big mistake."

Besides the control Kennedy exercised over details of his advertising campaign, the strategy of holding back until the last five weeks was his. Aboard the family plane, the Caroline, just two days before the election, he explained his rationale.

"I don't think people tune into a campaign until October," he said, "until the World Series is over. Then they start watching. But in order to keep their interest you have to build up to something, you have to increase your exposure gradually until the last week, and then you buy everything you can get."

Senator Keating didn't agree. He had his commercials on the air from the beginning and he kept them there throughout the eight weeks.

The decisions on what not to use on television on Kennedy's behalf were, in many ways, as important as the choices of what to use. Testimonials by cabinet members were avoided, since they would seem like grandstanding in a state race, and, except for a few occasions, other members of the Kennedy family were not used, possibly for fear of inundating the state with Massachusetts accents.

In the early weeks of the campaign, there were rumors that Jacqueline Kennedy would appear on television. At one point she was quoted as being prepared to "do anything" to help her brother-in-law in his first election. At the agency, several people were in favor of her doing a commercial despite predictions by others that it would cause more of an uproar than it would be worth. A speech was drafted at the agency, but it was never shown to the candidate, who was opposed to the idea. More than anything else, the changing nature of the campaign made her appearance unnecessary, and the Republicans, who were poised with prepared doses of righteous outrage, never got a chance to use them.

In retrospect, the Kennedy advertising campaign seems to have been



*Only a few people
had the thrill of hearing Callas
sing Tosca at the Met.*

Now you can hear her sing it.

At home.

In a new stereo recording.

On Angel —

"A Tosca for history."

—High Fidelity

Ask your record dealer for Angel's new stereo recording of the complete *Tosca*, with Maria Callas, Tito Gobbi, Carlo Bergonzi, and the Paris Opera Orchestra conducted by Georges Prêtre.

SBL 3655



*"She does everything backward! She got married in Reno
and divorced in Niagara Falls."*



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140 ESQUIRE APRIL

subtle, deceptively simple and enormously effective. When I finished watching the reruns of the commercials, I was convinced they accounted for the size of his plurality. Since then, I've heard advertising people argue that he would have lost with a different ad campaign. I don't agree. I think they're flattering themselves, considering the width and length of Lyndon Johnson's coattails (he carried the state by a record 2,400,000 votes). But unquestionably Kennedy's plurality would have been smaller without the boost he received from his advertising.

More than anything else, the ads broke down the image Kennedy brought with him from Washington. They showed him as a warm, sincere, ingenuous public servant. After seeing that, who was going to believe all

the stories about the hatchet man? Moreover, the ads presented Kennedy as his own spokesman and avoided the clichés of political advertising such as the "desk, flag and seal" speeches. They were professional without letting the professionalism show, and this made them twice as believable.

If the voters thought Kennedy was ruthless in August, at least they had some doubts by November. His public image had undergone a hurried but successful face-lifting.

On the day after the election, the Senator-elect was aboard the Caroline again on a "thank-you" trip upstate. A reporter asked if he was glad it was over and he said he was.

"Now," he added with an impish smile, "I can go back to being ruthless again." #

ROBERT'S CHARACTER

(Continued from page 65) thought we should endorse the program.

I recited the political background of the request, but White interrupted: "But is the man's program any good?" I was forced to admit that, although I was convinced the "junior-deputies" program was not subversive, I had not considered its merits a major factor. The letter was sent, but not until White had deleted several adjectives.

Another of Kennedy's part-time jobs was at the Defense Department. Although he admired the way Robert McNamara ran his shop, there were periodic crises when the military became involved in political matters and it was necessary for the Attorney General to take over as acting commander in chief. These emergencies included the occupation of Ole Miss, the "schoolhouse-door" confrontation with Governor Wallace at the University of Alabama, and the concealment at various military bases of that outspoken son of Cosa Nostra, Joe Valachi.

(Because the underworld had reportedly offered \$100,000 for Valachi's life, extreme measures were taken to keep his whereabouts secret prior to his Congressional testimony. But a reporter, acting on a tip, called the commanding general of the Army base where Valachi was concealed and asked the general if Valachi was there. "Sure, we've got him," the general reportedly replied, a bit of candor for which several high Administration officials urged that he be busted to private. The proper response, under the circumstances, was to shout, "My heart! My heart! Get me my pills!", drop the telephone, and leave the state.)

During these crises, I was assisting in the Attorney General's press office and my chief fringe benefit was having Pentagon colonels call me, an enlisted man in the National Guard, for clearance on various routine press announcements. I always suspected that Robert Kennedy, a deck-swabbing seaman during World War II, shared my pleasure in exercising civilian control over the military. Indeed, one of Seaman Kennedy's finest moments, I thought, came when he visited Korea early in 1964 and, according to wire-service reports, was told by a high-ranking general that it would be very difficult to grant his request for a trip to the front lines. "Why would it be difficult, General?" he asked and got what he wanted. The general learned that there are few experiences in this world quite like having Robert Kennedy push his unsmiling face toward yours and ask, "Why?"

Kennedy also played a major role in Administration programs to help the young and the underprivileged, so much so that Anthony Celebrezze, a man who made the incredible blunder of resigning as Mayor of Cleveland to become Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, once protested:

"If Bob Kennedy wants to run my Department, let him come take my job."

This was wishful thinking, of course, since Robert Kennedy, like any sensible man, would have jumped off the Capitol dome before he would have taken the H.E.W. job. It sufficed to have trusted Kennedy lieutenants placed in key positions throughout the government. Kennedy, a student of guerrilla warfare, was applying its techniques to inter-governmental relations: a few dedicated soldiers through infiltration can capture the greatest city. All this was done, of course, in the name of "coordination." This is a popular word in government, but whenever it appears, it is wise to inquire: Who is coordinating whom? During his brother's Administration, Robert Kennedy was coordinating most of the government, either personally or through trusted aides.

One of Kennedy's most trusted aides was Dave Hackett, his close friend since they were schoolboys together at Milton Academy in the early war years. Justice Department legend has it that Hackett was once asked by a reporter if he had gone to school with the Attorney General and replied:

"In those days the Attorney General went to school with me."

The statement would have been true, for Hackett was a legendary athlete when Bob Kennedy was still scrambling to make the team. Another school friend, John Knowles, modeled the young athlete-hero of his prizewinning novel, *A Separate Peace*, on Hackett, who went on to be twice named to the U.S. Olympic hockey team.

When Kennedy moved into the Justice Department, Hackett moved into the office next to his. At a time when many young New Frontiersmen were sparing no effort to be popularly identified as such, Hackett was content to operate quietly out of an unmarked office, devoting himself entirely to Kennedy's interests. It was this tough, charming, handsome, calculating man who (as head of the study group for the National Service Corps) was given responsibility for the national juvenile-delinquency program, who was charged with launching the Kennedys' "domestic Peace Corps," and who represented Robert Kennedy's interests in the hard bar-

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gaining that led to the poverty legislation. It was because I worked for Hackett that I was able to see a great deal of the government, and more than a little of Robert Kennedy.

Kennedy was a strange, complex man, easier to respect than to like, easier to like than to understand; in all, a man to be taken seriously. His love for humanity, however real, seemed greater in the abstract than in individual cases. He was no intellectual, but he was more receptive to other men's ideas than most intellectuals. But even as you made excuses for his weaknesses, there was the fear that you were doing more than he would do for you.

He has been called a simple man; it would be more accurate to say he is many simple men.

There is the simple man who pursued Jimmy Hoffa with such relentlessness that he accomplished the truly stupendous feat of making many people feel sorry for Hoffa. There is the simple man who, introduced to a shy, embarrassed secretary, made an elaborate, boyish curtsy that both put the girl at ease and gave her something to remember for the rest of her life. There is the simple man who, after his brother's death, could tell a reporter in complete honesty that he was thinking about becoming a schoolteacher, while in another corner of his mind little engines were already pondering the complicated Johnson-Wagner-Powell-Buckley gambit that led to his Senate bid.

I once briefed a reporter on the many youth programs Kennedy took part in, and she asked why I thought he spent so much time with children. I suggested that they provided an antidote to the Hoffas and Governor Wallace he was obliged to deal with so much of the time. During her interview the reporter asked Kennedy if this was true, and he replied with some annoyance: "I just like children; that's all."

Methinks he doth protest too much, that such determined simplicity springs necessarily from a basic complexity. Fitzgerald wrote of Dick and Nicole Diver: "... the simplicity of behavior also, the nursery-like peace and goodwill, the emphasis on the simpler virtues, was part of a desperate bargain with the gods and had been attained through struggles she could not have guessed at."

But I do not mean to romanticize Robert Kennedy. There is too much about him to dislike.

Kennedy's most obvious fault is rudeness. His face, when it lacks that boyish, photogenic grin, is not a pleasant sight. It has a certain bony harshness and those ice-blue eyes are not the smiling ones that Irishmen sing songs about. At best, he recalls Fitzgerald's description of Gatsby: "an elegant young roughneck."

It is with this stern visage that Kennedy confronts most of the world. The easy smile, the cheerful greeting—these are rare. He is too preoccupied with the salvation of humanity to be polite to individuals. His friends call this shyness, but the historians of the 1960 campaign do not record that he was ever shy in the pursuit of a stray delegate.

A more perceptive comment came from boxer Cassius Clay who told a writer during the 1964 campaign: "I see Robert Kennedy walking through the streets meeting everybody, shaking everybody's hands, and when he gets into office you gonna need a necktie to go and see him." Clay may have remembered the fate of another heavyweight champion, Floyd Patterson, whose

BOND STREET
THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT STAYS LIT

Bond Street keeps burning because of its old English cut—a combination of flakes for even burning, and cubes for slower burning. You'll like its aroma of fine domestic and imported tobaccos, too.

A word to novice pipe smokers

Don't overwork your new pipe. Fill it half full for the first few smokes. Then let your pipe cool off. If you try to take it apart when it's hot—it can easily break.



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References: 1st National Bank, Pompano Beach, Fla., Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Marsh Harbour, Great Abaco, D. E. S., Bahamas and Fort Lauderdale Chamber of Commerce.

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autographed picture adorned Kennedy's office—until he lost the championship.

One summer afternoon in 1963 I saw him, within the space of ten minutes, at his very best and very worst. I went with him to a Washington school where, through his intervention, the swimming pool was being opened to neighborhood children for summer use for the first time. As he inspected the pool, a blustering bureaucrat from the recreation department approached him, hoping for commendation. Instead, he was met with a machine-gun burst of questions:

Q. How deep is the shallow end of the pool?
A. Three feet.

Q. What about children under three feet tall?
A. They can't use the pool.

Q. Why not use a wooden platform to raise the shallow end?
A. It would rot.

Q. Why wasn't the pool to be open on Sundays?
A. None of the pools was ever open on Sundays. . . .

By then the poor man, suddenly become an enemy of tiny tots and Sunday swimming, was almost incoherent. Kennedy turned and walked away without a word.

Grant that the man was a bumbler. A Southern politician would have thrown his arm around his shoulders, listened to his problems—and in five minutes had his promise to build the platform and open on Sundays. But Kennedy had no time for this.

Minutes later, as he left the pool, hundreds of Negro children ran after him, shouting his name and reaching out to touch him. Kennedy moved among them slowly, smiling, rubbing their heads, squeezing their hands, reaching out to the smaller ones who could not get near him. This was not done for show—there were no reporters or photographers along—but because he loved those slum children, loved them as much as he disdained the fool of a bureaucrat who could not give him the answers he wanted.

But I must cling to my viewpoint. It is well and good to love children. But it is a finer thing to be passably pleasant to all of the people all of the time than to play Santa Claus to the poor when the fancy strikes you.

Robert Kennedy's concern for Negro advancement, which won him such hate in the South, was less evident inside the Justice Department. There were plenty of Negroes to be seen—the waiters in his private dining room, the messengers who went out for coffee and sandwiches—but you'd have to look hard for one Negro lawyer in a job of importance.

One day a civil-rights group picketed the Justice Department in protest of its hiring practices and Kennedy went out to speak to them.

"We hire people for their ability, not their race," said Kennedy, who served in a Cabinet filled with men picked solely for their ability, such as Celebrezze and Gronouski.

But what I have called rudeness may more fairly be termed an unconscious assumption of superiority. The Kennedy crowd was above all else an ingroup. Jack was President. Bob made him President and could do sixty push-ups to boot. Jackie was Jackie. Ted was Senator. Sarge ran the Peace Corps like magic. Dave Hackett had been on the Olympic hockey team, twice. Art Schlesinger had a Pulitzer Prize. Pierre hadn't won a Pulitzer, but he had been a child prodigy on the piano. Dean Markham had been the meanest lineman in Harvard football history.



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Byron White had been a Rhodes Scholar and an all-American half-back.

And so it went. Our team can whip your team. (How fitting, power; in 1961 I attended a party with Ken O'Donnell and Lyndon Johnson; people were debating which was more important.)

Although I never attended a party at Hickory Hill, Kennedy's home, I sometimes shared his guest's thrill vicariously as I helped Dave Hackett write the poems and paint the posters that played such a vital part in the Kennedy merrymaking. I remember one night helping Hackett rewrite a long poem which celebrated a yachting trip he had taken with Bob and Ted.

The gist of the poem was simply that Robert Kennedy was a hell of a fellow. All the other party props—the posters and the funny games—had the same moral. I could not understand a man who would let his closest friends pay homage to him, or friends who would do such a thing, or people who needed props and poems to have a party. Perhaps it is pertinent to remember that Fitzgerald is usually misquoted. He did not say the "rich" are different from you and me; he said the "very rich." I have friends who are rich, but the Kennedys are very rich and perhaps that is the difference. I know no better explanation.

An entire attitude toward life lies behind the simple act of pushing someone into a swimming pool. A man who sprang from modest beginnings, no matter how high he may have risen, will find his hand stayed by visions of the time when there was only one Sunday suit, bought at Easter time and handed down from brother to brother, patched, polished, pressed—preserved with desperate loving care and God forbid that it should ever be pushed into a swimming pool. I once knew a young Texas farmer who made a fortune in oil. In an effort to impress his dates he would rent the ballroom of a San Antonio hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a cockfight staged on the ballroom floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothing.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listens to recordings of Shakespeare in the shower.

It was standard practice to end his speeches and articles with an erudite quotation. One Sunday, working at home on a piece for the *Saturday Review* on the proposed domestic Peace Corps, I found myself without Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* and had to rely on memory. I used Donne's "no man is an island," only to be criticized by my wife for triteness. I argued that if Kennedy did in fact know any literary quotations (do you retain what you hear in the shower?) they probably would include "no man is an island." And I will further argue that if a man is going to know only a half-dozen quotations, they should include "no man is an island" and "give me liberty or give me death" and others equally trite. One of Kennedy's virtues, perhaps his greatest, is that he understands that truth is often quite simple.

For Kennedy is ruled by heart, not intellect. As one of his most perceptive admirers, Joseph Kraft, said of him: "... his view of the world is intensely personal. The Attorney

General has almost no interest in abstract ideas." Like Barry Goldwater, he operates almost entirely by instinct. The difference is that Kennedy's instincts ("We must provide genuine opportunities for these people," "My brother cannot launch another Pearl Harbor") are good.

Kennedy's humor deserves more credit than it has received. It ranges from merciless joshing of his friends (as when they collapse halfway through a fifty-mile hike) to extremely caustic comment. One day not long after the Bay of Pigs a group of us watched a Presidential press conference on television in Ed Guthman's office. A reporter asked the President if he planned to unleash Chiang onto the Chinese mainland.

"That'll take their minds off Cuba," Robert Kennedy muttered.

To me, one of his most disturbing traits was his passion for statistics. Statistics were always referred to as "facts," and his speeches, except for a six-month period in 1963 when novelist Richard Yates wrote them, were rarely more than collections of these statistical "facts," inspiring anecdotes, and erudite quotations. I was often called upon to supply these figures, a job made less tasteful by my utter disbelief in government statistics. But even leaving accuracy aside, I mistrust any man who thinks the best speech is the one with the most statistics.

As far as a speaker and his audience are concerned, it doesn't make the slightest difference whether 800,000 teen-agers are unemployed or a million. What does matter is whether he, or they, can understand what it is for just one child to live in a slum. And this understanding is not a fact that can be held in the fingertips, but a sorrow that must be carried in the heart.

My first doubts about John Kennedy came when I saw, firsthand, that he shared his brother's passion for facts. In October of 1963 I hurriedly wrote a statement on urban problems for the President to use in a Rose Garden ceremony announcing a grant to New Haven. My statement contained around a thousand words which aspired to Sorensenian eloquence, but prudently included several statistics on unemployment and population growth.

Minutes before the ceremony, the President skimmed my statement and then, using it as background, spoke off the cuff. This was standard procedure; both Kennedys could talk better than any of their writers could write.

But, I noted with a sinking heart, the President had used one item from my text verbatim—a statistic on the number of unemployed youth projected for 1970.

"So what?" it might be asked. But I cared about John Kennedy, this stranger to whom I was devoting several irredeemable years, and I found that the only firsthand knowledge I had of him was that he shared his younger brother's mania for "facts."

Skepticism is an occupational hazard of the image-making business. You know that the speeches are ghost-written, the spontaneous demonstrations are intricately planned, the press conferences are rigged so that a friendly reporter will ask the right question. You soon decide that you can learn more about a man from one unguarded handshake than from a dozen State of the Union messages.

My doubts about Robert Kennedy were based on personal observation, and for all I knew Jack was just Bobby with an extra coat of polish

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or a better manager. I remembered that proud old Joe Kennedy once said, "Bobby is the one most like me," and I wondered if by Kennedy family standards Robert, not John, might be the ideal Kennedy. Perhaps Jack Kennedy, because of his childhood illnesses and because he was the second son, had merely been tolerated by his family as he read history books and grew soft on intellectuals. I was struck by the fear that perhaps Jack wanted to be like Bob more than Bob wanted to be like Jack.

Doubts such as these were in my mind one evening when, over my protests, one of the secretaries led me into the Attorney General's office to a party the staff was giving for his thirty-eighth birthday.

All office parties are bad, but this one was miserable. About forty employees, from Nick Katzenbach and Burke Marshall to the newest secretary, filed in and formed a circle about Kennedy, who stood alone beside his desk. No one came nearer than six feet to him, except when an aide handed him his "gifts." These included a plastic "hot-line" telephone to Paul Corbin, his political aide at the Democratic National Committee; a used putter (his own, brought from home, which he didn't recognize); and a laboriously designed "Anti-Monopoly" set. After slowly examining each gift he would say in his flat voice, "That's funny," and you suspected he meant funny like a crutch.

He stood in that circle for half an hour. Now then Guthman or Jim McShane, the Chief U.S. Marshall and one of the funniest men alive, would toss a joke across the void and the girls would titter nervously. The only motion came when people in the circle jockeyed to get in line with the camera that was recording this awesome event.

After the gifts were opened, beer was served and perhaps the party livened up. I never knew because I left, embarrassed for all of us, the gawking guests and the lonely guest of honor.

That was the evening of November 20, 1968.

Two nights later, I read myself to sleep with a poem:

"What songs shall I sing for him that I love?"

I had learned that there is no neutrality. A man must choose and now, too late, I chose that sweet, star-crossed man who had passed beyond my love or sorrow to what we must believe to be a better world.

I did not see Kennedy again until four weeks later at his annual Christmas party for poor children. Several of his aides had been planning the party for months and his guests, seven hundred children from Washington's poorest families, were met with one treat after another from the moment they arrived at the Justice Department.

It was a clear, crisp December day. The children arrived at an inner courtyard where four burly Washington Redskins lifted them into horse-drawn sleighs for a fast ride around the courtyard over tons of artificial ice.

Next they went up the elevator to the Attorney General's office where a three-man clown band was playing and Santa stood beside a Christmas tree with a present for every child. Some of the presents had been sent from around the world to Caroline and John Kennedy, Jr. in the month preceding.

After receiving their presents, the children went down the elevator to



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the auditorium, where Carol Channing was to entertain after they had all assembled. I was among the staff people who were seeing that everyone got an ice-cream cone and found the bathroom. As the auditorium began to fill, someone suggested that I bring the clown band down to entertain the waiting children.

I went up to the Attorney General's office and was negotiating with the chief clown ("Hell, man, they just sent us up here!") when Robert Kennedy approached us. I explained that the auditorium was filling with children and we thought the clowns would do more good there. He nodded and walked away.

This was during the period when, according to the newspaper columnists, Kennedy was living in a trance. I don't know whether this was true, but I know I was living in a trance and so was everyone I knew who was worth a damn.

A moment later, as the chief clown protested to me that he and his boys weren't going anywhere until they'd had a smoke, Kennedy returned and spoke to me:

"The clowns should be where the children are."

Our eyes met for a long moment and it seemed, incredibly, as if he wanted my agreement.

"Yes, sir," I said, "they should be," and I herded the reluctant clowns downstairs. #

THE LAST ARISTOCRAT

(Continued from page 107) chids are like horses," I say. "On Sunday mornings I go around my stables, accompanied by my stud groom who carries a skip containing carrots. As I get to each box, the horse puts his head out and, knowing the ceremonial, nuzzles toward me, lowering his head. I stretch out my hand, the stud groom deferentially hands me the skip, I take a carrot, give it to the horse, pat him on the neck and proceed to the next box. When we have finished going around the stables, I go around my orchid house, accompanied by my orchid grower who carries a trug containing very succulent manure. On my entering the orchid house, the orchids recognize me; they turn toward me and bow. Thereupon, I turn to my orchid grower, who hands me the trug; I take a little piece of manure and put it near the stem of the orchid. I pass on from orchid to orchid until all have received their special nourishment. That is how I grow orchids."

Until Castro arrived, Partagas and Company, a small Cuban firm who were not a member of the tobacco trust, had been making cigars for me for over thirty years. They used to make them with the greatest care and then keep them for a year before sending them by air to me. I, in turn, kept them for a further year, at the end of which time I could look forward to a pleasant smoke, the cigars being not too strong, not as dry as some English people like, nor yet as green as some Americans like them. It is true that, since Castro came into power and has taken over all the cigar factories, it has been difficult for me to get my cigars, but my experience also shows the futility of trying to impose a boycott. Just before the revolution in Cuba, I sent out an order for cigars. I received a reply after the Revolution which said that my order would be executed in due course and I would be told when they were ready for shipment. A few weeks later, I was told that my

cigars would be shipped by Russian airline from Cuba to Czechoslovakia to London. I was asked, however, to pay for them not, as hitherto, in U.S. dollars, because Cuba's accounts in the States had been blocked, but by a check on Canada, as the Canadians had not seen eye to eye with the Americans over their attitude toward Cuba.

I like to think that our winter hunting, which I enjoy enormously, enlivens the winter countryside as well as provides pleasure and recreation to those who take part on horseback and those who follow by car or on foot. On the other hand, I am very ready to understand there are others who do not enjoy it, in the same way as I do not enjoy music; what I regret is the intolerance the subject of hunting has bred in recent years. If the people who belong to the League Against Cruel Sports, in a reversion to the Puritan outlook, however misguided and illogically, wish to proclaim their dislike of fox hunting, they are surely entitled to do so. But I dislike their interference with the pleasure of others, including myself. I do not force them to come out on a horse to hunt; they should not try to prevent me from doing so. Still, whenever I meet with representatives of the League I am studiously polite to them, although some of my fellow hunting men have chided me for "siding with the enemy."

There was the occasion, for instance, in 1981 when I was gate shutting: it was my turn to forego a day's sport and follow the end of the field to insure that all gates were shut and farmers' cattle were not straying. Members of the League Against Cruel Sports were on the trail, too, and were doing their usual best to make a nuisance of themselves. While I was remonstrating politely with them and conducting a calm argument, one of them, a lady who lives locally and is well-known to us, offered me a cup of coffee. Gate shutting is a cold job and I gladly accepted the offer. To show my appreciation of their courtesy I summoned my second horseman who carries a large flask of port and brandy—some call it "jumping powder"—and offered the flask to the lady. "Won't you have a drop of fox's blood?" I said.

We usually get away for a cruise in March but, sometimes, we have time to go to the local point-to-point before leaving England. Although I have not ridden in a point-to-point since before the war and I am never likely to do so again, it is fun seeing our neighbors and now our neighbors' sons taking part and to chat with the farmers and the people who make up the English countryside of which I am so fond. We have had a series of Bedford vans, on the top of which we have installed a platform with a balustrade; this makes an excellent grandstand from which to watch the racing. Inside the van we have our picnic and a bar where we entertain all our friends and acquaintances. My wife has reduced the provisioning of our point-to-point picnics to a fine art, so much so that we reached the stage a few years ago when I was hard put to it to find a cause for complaint.

"No flowers?" I said. "We ought to have some flowers." (This complaint might be described as an example of my pantaxaxis, a word I coined with the assistance of my young nephew, a Balliol scholar, deriving from *παν*—Greek for "all"—and *taxasso*—"I stir up." It means that I like keeping people on their

toes, or I used to; I suppose I inherited it from my father.)

At the next point-to-point my wife produced a pot of plastic flowers.

"Your flowers," she said.

What a wonderful wife, I thought.

I am not very keen on racing and I am no gambler but I used to go to the Grand National for the "atmosphere." I found it either rained or there was a fog which obscured the course; now that television covers the race I watch it from my armchair. I still go regularly to Ascot, however, chiefly to show off my wife's new hat. I think, Mark you, one gets a good lunch at Ascot. Cold lobster, cold salmon trout, cutlets in aspic, cold chicken, ham and tongue, strawberries and cream, trifle and jelly: all these sound commonplace but, when properly prepared and served, they can be very appetizing. If one has a private box with a luncheon room, one can eat in great comfort. Of course, private boxes are a long, long way from the paddock and the Royal Enclosure where all the snobs (including myself for one) like to be seen in respectful proximity to the Royal Family: it always seems to me one of the tragedies of life that at Ascot, where the best horses in the world can be seen racing, the majority of the people never see them, so busy are they looking at each other.

I enjoy myself. I enjoy life. I enjoy everything I do. So far as I know, I have always worked to the best of my ability and I have acknowledged the limitations of human existence. It is very easy to say "So what?" to human achievement, very easy to question one's activities and to analyze one's motives and purposes to the point where everything one does can seem futile. There was a time when I subjected myself to that kind of examination until I realized that it must produce the profound discontent to which suicide was the only logical solution. So I stopped analyzing myself. I stopped asking myself questions that could never have a satisfactory answer.

Nevertheless, I should quite like to know what is going to be said about me when I am dead but, so far, I have failed to persuade the *Times* to let me see a draft of my obituary. I have pointed out that I should be able to correct any factual mistakes that may have crept into it, but it seems they are prepared to take the risk of error. To begin with, I asked the editor of the *Times*, Sir William Haley—indeed, I asked him twice—but he told me it was out of the question, very courteously but very definitely. Then, at the yearly lunch given by Bernard Mills of Mills' Circus, I had the advantage of sitting next to Gavin Astor, the chairman of the *Times*. I asked him if he could arrange for me to see my obituary.

"It's against our principles," he said, "but give Haley a good lunch and see if you can get any change out of him."

"I have already given Haley," I said, "both a good lunch and a good dinner, but it's got me nowhere." Gavin Astor was very charming but no less definite than Haley. I have never known anyone to say "No" to me so unambiguously, so categorically, but so courteously. Yet he asked me to lunch at the *Times*' new building, where the view of St. Paul's is really remarkable. Although I was on a diet, I greatly enjoyed my lunch: excellent fried sole, filet steaks almost transatlantic in size, two vegetables, sweet, cheese, a light white wine, a fairly heavy claret, good port, an excellent brandy and a Havana-rolled cigar but—no obituary. #

(Excerpted from the autobiography of Nader Gulbenkian to be published in the fall of this year by Simon & Schuster.)

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THE IMPOSING PROPORTIONS OF JEAN SHRIMPTON

(Continued from page 73) lowest-paid man in the game. Yet I work day and night till the cows come home and I don't see any million." He excused himself to go upstairs and take pictures of Jean Shrimpton as the world had never seen her. "The proper place for you tonight," he told me, "and—don't get insulted—for anyone, would have been fourteen miles away from here."

I got to see Jean work at the studio of Bert Stern, who did not mind if I watched. He is a casual, soft-shouldered photographer, who operates with one hand, the other in his pocket, and who calls Jean "Bubbe." Jean was doing an emerald-green rug for Callaway Mills, one of the Callaway people explaining to me that the idea was somehow "to build a bridge between the world of fashion and glamour on one shore and carpeting on the other." Jean was stretched out on a swatch of carpeting and seemed tied to it, a lovely fashion-world Gulliver, while an international team of Bert Stern assistants, a curly-headed Dutchman, a squat, lens-wise Japanese, flitted about her with tiny cameras, clicking off injection-like supporting shots. Stern himself worked high above, on a great catapult, calling for dogs to be used as props. A gray-haired woman stepped forth with two fashion puppies, selecting a Yorkshire terrier named Chowise for the job and sending it across the carpet to Jean. "Say hello doggie to it," Stern hollered down to Jean, "and get it to look up here at the lens." Charlotte Barclay, the puppy woman, said that the dogs definitely knew they were fashion models. "When a job comes up they leap right into their modeling box and can hardly wait to get to work. I am convinced they live longer and happier lives than straight dogs. They get their bookings from Animal Talent Scouts, Inc."

Miss Barclay said that Chowise had been with Ethel Merman in *Gypsy*. "She went into the show as a puppy and still can't get the cues out of her system. I can't play Merman around the house. Let her but hear the last few bars of *Some People* and she starts to twitter and wants to run out on-stage." A Callaway man spotted paw prints on the carpet and Miss Barclay went out to rub them off and to get Chowise to look up at the lens. Stern lost his casualness and said, "It looks like an old sack. All right, get that goddamned hound the hell out of here." Jean sat up and hugged herself while other props were rounded up. She seemed to be tied to a stake; I would get someone to distract the natives with feats of magic, then cut her down and we would both escape into the jungle, incensed, torch-bearing savages falling in their effort to track us down. I talked to a man with a brush who was standing by on the edge of the carpeting. He said he was Charles Simpson, a hair man, brought in on special projects. "Jean's hair is soft, natural, feminine, honey blonde. When they move her, I've got to keep an eye out and see that it doesn't get silly. If she lies down and has too much hair, it'll be all over for the poor rug. I've just come from doing a lingerie ad. The model was pregnant, I mean you could tell, and they had her decked out in a honeymoon peignoir. I said to her, 'You're having your honeymoon just in time, sweetie!'"

Simpson said that Jean had pioneered big ears and made them chic. "Jean's ears are like lovely seashells. She just appeared on a cover one day,

with her hair swept back and there they were, big as day, looking just fine, thank you. On anyone else they would have been disastrous. Jean has beautiful breasts. I'm surprised no one ever does anything with them."

French fries and hamburgers were brought in for the Callaway people. An ex-model named Gina who does free-lance work for Stern said that all the models she knew ate their heads off. "They eat tons and tons of food, the same kind as everyone else, I don't know one who's on a diet. I guess they're just skinny babies." She said Jean had freshness, a baby face and a wonderful "longness" about her, long neck and long lines.

I went back to the carpet and crawled out for a moment to talk to Jean. She said she had worked late and was very tired and I was sorry I didn't have a French fry to slip her. Everything seemed to take a long time in the fashion game. I had heard she earned from \$60 an hour, about as much as you could get as a model. It seemed very little for having to sit by yourself for long periods in the middle of carpets. Jean was wearing a low-cut gown now and Simpson was right about her breasts. When new props arrived, Stern shouted down that she should lie back and when she did, she came out of her dress.

"They're out," she said. "You knew they'd come out."

"I did not," said Stern.

A call came through at noon the next day saying I should rush over to Sokolsky's studio where a picture was to be taken of all the people who had created Jean Shrimpton. Since I was now one of the people I got to stand in a corner of the picture. Sokolsky had arranged a massive mirror opposite us so that you were able to make the kind of face you wanted for the picture and be sure it got in that way. Frug music was played to establish the proper mood and a black Sokolsky dog named Eben sat in front of the group, baying at the electronic flashes. After the last shot, Sokolsky said, "Significantly, the writer was the only one who didn't look into the mirror." I talked to Jerry Ford, whose agency arranges Jean's bookings. "Oh, she'll last another ten days," he said. "Only kidding. Most models look alike. Jean's greatness is that she's different and looks like the reawakening of England, has the whole rebellion in her face. And, of course, the way her body hangs, the hips disjointed, a knee out of place, that's all hers, some of it studied, some natural. Oh, that long narrow body can do anything and has become a trend in our business. I knew she had it on instant appraisal." Ford said that Jean is bucking five hundred girls here, five hundred in Paris and another five thousand who just brush up against the business and get lost. "I'd say she has ten more years in her, certainly not as the new look, but as a pretty high-priced model. Freedom of motion is the great thing this business gives her. If she's tired of New York, she can have six weeks in Paris and not miss a step. Let her want to work from ten-thirty a.m. and quit at three-thirty, we'll set that up, too. As a girl of twenty-two, she can come up with \$30,000 a year, undreamable for a fellow her age. So put her down as kookie and new-looking and you can always get her out of bed in the morning to work. No matter how lovely, what good would it be if she didn't show."

A small nervous woman from Saks Fifth Avenue reluctantly confessed

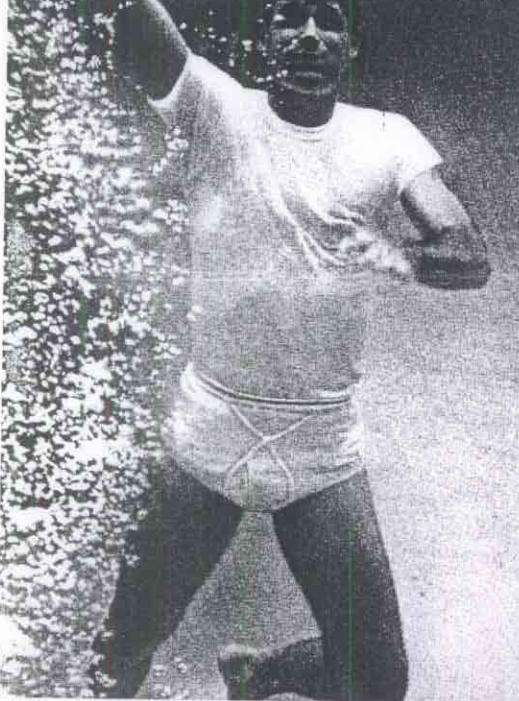
she was in fingernail-mending. She said she had been doing nail work for a good many years, here and on the Coast. "I have the only nail bank in the world—it's like an eye or blood bank. If Jean were to break one, I'd be brought in and hopefully put the same nail back on. Saks wouldn't want me to say exactly what I use for the gluing. She has long, narrow, gentle hands which makes it easy to see she's a gentle person. If a person is nasty and claws and slashes at people, it shows up in their hands, and, yes, it gets into the nails, too. Jean has nails that are average sturdy and

can go for ten days without nail work." A short, dapper, no-nonsense Italian introduced himself as Enny of Italy and said he was involved with her hair. "She has a respect for people around her that you expect in a star. Her hair is good, of medium body, but it gets beat up. The top hair in the business gets sick when it is abused. So I get in there with my hands and tools. She has her hairpieces, I have mine. We work something out. How I like her hair is not the point. You must kill your own point of view, do a job." Halston, a jovial young hat man from Bergdorf-Goodman's, told me Jean

could be anything, "Audrey Hepburn's younger sister or the vamp of all vamps. In doing her hair, I'm involved with her face, which you know about, and her bones, which are marvelous. What hits you is that she's always on time. She must lead a clean, healthy life." A girl from Harper's Bazaar said Jean was sexy and sweet like a Botticelli and that in doing the Paris shows she didn't break down like some of the other models. "Some are there only in body after several hours while Jean keeps rapport with the make-believe." A man from J. Walter Thompson said he had used her in a one-year campaign for Angel Face, a Pond's Make-Up, when she had first come to America. "Why? Because she literally had an angel face, although there was some sex, too. At that time, she was like a little girl who didn't care what you threw on her and was surprised at all the fuss. She wasn't sure America had really discovered her. Now she's sure."

I reminded Jane that Jean was not really ever poor and she said yes, she knew, but that it all fitted together anyway. "And never mind about her not being smart. We played a word game after Thanksgiving dinner, one in which you must see how many things you can think up that start with a certain letter. Well, she just whipped us all, especially on D for diseases. I think she may become a Capucine or else just go back to the country. Other stories? Once in London, she had this mini-car, everyone throwing pits and other junk in the back. There was a crackling sound and a mouse showed up, living back there. Jean was the only one not frightened and loved the mouse. The homosexuals? Oh, well, everyone's always trying to sleep with you and when they're camp, it's no muss, no fuss.

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The pictures of Jean as she had never been seen before were all developed now and Sokolsky had them heaped up in boxes labeled "Shrimp." Jean went into his office to look at them and said, "Oh no, oh no, oh my God, no," near tears, a bird snatched in mid-flight by a great hand.

"You know why?" said Sokolsky, circling the room. "Because I caught her, I invaded her privacy. I'm in there. I'm really in there, the first fellow, and as a result the pictures are twenty times more exciting than her usuals."

I saw some of the pictures on a screen. They seemed fine, soft, warm-hued, casual, quite lovely. But Jean said her boyfriend would do his knot when he saw them.

"Then he's a jerk," said Sokolsky, "because they'll do you lots of good. Jean's upset because she just expected ghost glimpses of herself and here you have the whole number, the way she really is. I've photographed the most beautiful women in the world and they're all afraid that one ugly pore in that one tiny blackhead still shows and that they're secretly homely."

Jean kept twisting her head around and around saying, oh no, oh no, oh no; grmmphlets are quite fragile and when they have their feet in traps about all you can do is calm them and wish them well. I told her I thought the pictures were quite nice and left.

Word was passed along to me that Jean traveled with a certain New York City crowd and there would be no real understanding of her unless I touched base with certain of its members. A representative one was Jane Holzer, a young, pretty girl who lives in a labyrinthian rich-girl apartment on Park Avenue and has been called a trend setter. I went to see her in the year's worst rainstorm and was greeted at the door by a maid and two rich lady dogs. Jane came in after awhile, apologized for being late and said she had taken a subway for the first time and wound up somewhere in Queens. "My thoughts on Jean? She has to put up with a lot of ickypoo people, but she is sweet, gentle, a kind of nice country bumpkin, really, except that watch out when someone comes along and unlocks what she's really got. I'm

afraid you'll have to go off to London to really get the picture. Jean comes out of that Cockney gang, Terence Stamp, David Bailey, Lionel Bart, the Rolling Stones, poor people breaking out of their class and not in a big race to grow old like jaded Americans."

"Okay, you can come out now," Jane said to a door and a young Australian model with the record short skirt of the entire fashion world appeared and joined us. She said she had lived five doors away from Jean in London and that Jean was animal-mad, her flat filled to brimming with birds and dogs that messed all over the floor. "Jean would just merrily go about cleaning up after them, not in the least bit bothered." Jane said she had a thought that summed up Jean. "Most girls look in the mirror and go like this," she said, making a hollow-cheeked, sophisticated face. "Jean looks in the mirror and goes like this." She did a puzzled "wha-a-a?" face. We drank and talked and before long, as had happened so many times before, Shrimp was out of the picture, evaporated, up in smoke.

The last time I saw Jean she was off to Washington, D.C. for a visit. She seemed cheerful. No more sitting on carpets for awhile. She told me there were still no fantasies but she had remembered another book, one she loved most of all. It was called *Precious Bane*, by Mary Webb, and was about a girl with a harelip. "I loved it so," she said, "and read it over and over and over." Like a fanished man I pounced on that little tidbit and whipped together my fanciest notion yet: Lonely, frightened, afraid, Jean was confident that even if ten million photographs said she was lovely, the fairest in the land, one would slip through finally, and prove she had a harelip after all. She was a girl with a spiritual harelip, a harelip on her psyche. I was proud of that one for awhile, but it is now on the shelf, and I have a hunch the grmmphlett idea is going right alongside it. Another one you can have is the one that says there is no girl there at all, just someone who has been made up, pasted together by an industry for its own use. There is a girl there all right, a gentle and lovely one, as at least four hundred people have testified. I see no reason to doubt them. It may be that the owner of the truth about Jean Shrimpton is that young rich lady I talked to who asked me to give her a ringding if I needed any more material. "Don't you see it, silly," she said. "It's staring you right in the face. Jean's a woman. Perfectly content and easy about it. It's a rare phenomenon in America and that may be what's confusing you." #