"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 in 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 impeded 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 piffing 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 camp. 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.

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 fliers. 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 & Loin’ 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. He appreciates, as any man would who has spent $3,000,000 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 place, 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 crass, 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 older brother had ever been. Their suspicions of the father dated back to just before World War II, when Joseph P. Kennedy, an 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 stillsmarting 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 122)

By Terry Smith

The question was: Never mind what he’s really like, what kind of a man will they vote for?
Flesh too raw - reduce red

Lower hairline - clean up part

Clean up eyes - too bloodshot
Kill dark circles

Emo brow too sinister - lighten

Smile too tough - can you fix?

Leave tie as is

Soften jaw line
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 P. Kennedy, 1961, Congressional testimony.


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 open 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 fringe, 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 Gelman, his press officer, John Molan, his administrative assistant, and Anga 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 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— 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. Unseavory political deals were necessary from time to time. Harold Cox of Mississipi, 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 taking the law into their own hands. 'Kennedy's term, the Justice Department prosecuted two Democratic Congressman; Judge Cox of Mississippi, the first Federal judge appointed for the confirmation of Judge Thurgood Marshall and other commendable appointments. But there were no negotiations when Democratic politicians were accused of taking the law into their own hands. 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 head and hotter of everyday politics mildly distasteful. A Democratic sheriff who was the protege of an important Democratic Senator once sought a letter from Robert Kennedy praising the sheriff's "junior-deputy" 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)
I'm Push, the bully, and what I hate are new kids and slackies, 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, so bitter, so bolder—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 rotor, a Boston Blackie of the heart, crossing the world. Endlessly I covet and care. (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 the crap out, they report you. Then where are you? I'm not even particularly strong. I'm not even particularly fast. I'm not even particularly wise. But there's only casuistical trick. SleightSCRANESS like a vestal. I would look for the main chauvin. Then I'd change things. Push would.

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'm not even particularly fast. I'm not even particularly wise. But there's only casuistical trick. SleightSCRANESS like a vestal. I would look for the main chauvin. Then I'd change things. Push would.

One time I one pushing this red-haired kid—"No, Push," the kid says, terrified.


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 panoramic 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 slide up to a kid at the movies. "You smashed my broccoli," 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 Kraftman rang my bell, Eugene is afraid of me so he helps me. He's fifteen and there's something wrong with his salivary 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 tassies. "Push, there's this kid—"

"Better get a glass of water, Eugene."

"No, Push, no feeling, 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. Someone.

"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. He spins me around roughly. He hits me.

"Are you a terrorist?" he asks.

"Where's your other cheek?" I reply.

"Mr. Mr. Naas. He pulls me up. I am content until they understand. I get up and am walking away, but there is an arm on my shoulder. He pulls me in no way beaten. He frees 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 him. I am on the ground, one hand behind me pushing up, the other not yet extended but fighting in the pain where the need is. It is better to give than receive, surely. It is best not to need at all.

"Now I see. You mie?" I snap at the trembling officer. "You'll feel better, Push." Frank, thinner, taller, scowls softly.

"Push, don't be foolish," Mimmer says.

I spit my head. I may be wrong. I am probably wrong. All I know at last is what feels good. "Nothing doing," I growl. "No deals." I begin to talk, to spray my hatred at them. They are not an easy target even now. "Only you köz-the craven-your crack corps—ever have horses. Sack mare doesn and Club may Bias, but they'll never good at it. Push is a service animal. No, No. Can you bear that, Williams? There can't be magic, but your no is still stronger than your yea and disdain is where I put my faith." I turn to the boys. "What have you settled for? Only your ingenuity ever have horses. What have you settled for? Will Mimmer do sums in his head? How do you like your hefty tunny, thin boy? Sack, you can brown me, but you can't catch me. And Club will never shave without pain, and ugly, let me tell you, it still in the eye of the beholder!"

John Williams moans for me. He grimes his agony grip. No one has everything. Not even John Williams. He doesn't have me. He'll never have me, I think. If my life were only to defy him that it would almost be enough. I could do his voice now if I wanted. His corruption began when he lost me. "You!" I shout, rubbing it in, "infidel, despise me or dis pense. Push the bully hates your heart!"

"Shut him up, somebody," Eugene says. His sailor splits from his mouth when he speaks.

"While I live I'll save!" he shouts. Suddenly I raise my arms and he stops. I feel a power in me. I am Push, Push the bully, God of the Neighborhood, its incarnation of envy and greed and need. I hate, emulate, compete, a contender in every event there is. I don't make myself. I probably can't save myself, but maybe that's the only real I haven't got. I taste my luck and that's how I win. By having nothing to lose, I want and I will and I do wanting fast I will have something. This time I will have something. I say aloud. "I will have something." I step toward them. The power makes me dirty. It is enorme ous. They feel it. They back away. They crouch in the shadow of my out stretched magic—last time but the real magic at last, the genuine thing—the cabals of my hate, of my irremediatism.

"Logic is my platform, hot Kennedy made it. He doesn't have tea He'll never have form of the questioners used in the campaign. The film clips were made in shopping centers, in the courtyard of a housing project, on a lieketball court, aboard the Staten Island Ferry and in college dormitories.

The format could not have been simpler. "Kennedy's image is this," the questioner and then direct his answer to him, while the other answers a question posed by voters. The film clips were made in shopping centers, in the courtyard of a housing project, on a lieketball court, aboard the Staten Island Ferry and in college dormitories.

The format could not have been simpler. "Kennedy's image is this," the questioner and then direct his answer to him, while the other answers a question posed by voters. The film clips were made in shopping centers, in the courtyard of a housing project, on a lieketball court, aboard the Staten Island Ferry and in college dormitories. It is 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.
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 squirmed like their teen-age daughters when they 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 housewives who lined up to get a crack at him. Occasionally they either wereills hired by the agency or actors understandingly 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 churned in the studio. Some of the questions were silly, some loud, some embarrassingly personal and others hopelessly vacuous. 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, summarily dismissed 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 charges that you're running on your brother's coat-tails?"

The suburban matrons in their madras wovens, but Kennedy came back sharply, jibbing 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 around, 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 ad was to soften the hatchet-hand image, and consequently most of his answers were low-keyed, gentle replies. These were not contrived. Kennedy's flush of temper has 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 reason 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 carpetbagger 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 pleased of Harvard's Yard, but it seemed to work. On the campaign trail, Kennedy often explained to his upstate audience 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 "sleeping-stone" charge, a commercial just twenty seconds long was cut from one of Kennedy's speeches. It showed him, slightly exaggerated, shaking his head and telling the audience: "Strangely as it may seems, I just want to be a good United States Senator." Some of Kennedy's problems, like that one, were so mildly talked about during the campaign, there was no need to present the question in the commercials.

Another ad seemed to be an effort to sell to the Jewish vote in Yiddish. 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 hold up any water. 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 campaigns.

Radio, however, was another matter. Honora 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 flood of radio stations which have advertised followings of Puerto Ricans, exile Cubans, Ethiopians 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 narratives dealt in the contest began to change, Senator Keating, who had accused Kennedy of being 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 steal real doubt on his opponent's previously unchallenged record as a liberal.

The techniques of keeping the commercial topics and advertising use for the agency. On a normal, non-political account, television ads take weeks to produce. During the campaign, Peters, Keating and Loski 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 Frederick Paper, the chairman of the board. For six and sometimes seven days a week this nucleus did nothing but work within the Kennedy account, periodically drawing on virtually all of the agency's personnel and ministers to cool the resentment of the Italian-Americans. This provided a perfect eye for Kennedy, who launched into his television campaign.

Another ad seemed to be an effort to sell to the Jewish vote in Yiddish. 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 hold up any water. 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 campaigns.
positive. The counterattacks on Kene-
dy were replaced by shots of Ken-
dy weighing his own legislative pro-
gram. One twenty-second ad broad-
cast in the last week consisted simply of a voice reading several lines of white type on a black background that read:

"... and I want 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 great United States Senator?... 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, Ken-
dy answered questions thrown at him by a not espe-
cially partisan crowd of about five hundred students. The audience welcomed him warmly, but with the hysterical reception he might have re-
ceived from a hall full of de-
voted campaign workers. The evening had been arranged purely as a taping session, there 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, be-
cause they want to hear what he must prefers to deliver: a heady mixture of idealism and statistics, classical allu-
sions and slang, lofty princ-
ples and practical feet. This is Kennedy's forte, and he is in particularly good form that night. The result was an ad-
vertising home run.

The students asked all the questions Kennedy most need-
ed to answer: Why are you running? Why in New York State and not in Massa-
achusetts or Virginia? What about the issues who support you? Kennedy answered each well and the students always 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 profitable. A half-hour film of it was broad-
cast 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 not from the commercials. A student asked Kennedy whether he had gone to an event with the Warren Comm-
mittee's sponsor that Lyndon Johnson had advertised as "the most important event in the history of a campaign.

Kennedy was silent with an em-
barassed silence for an in-
stant, before handing an answer back: "I've made no state-
ment on this."

Thereafter, Kennedy tried to ex-
plain that he had given his position months before to a
group of Poland students. Before he
wound finish, his voice cracked and he
began to drop his head. He pumped up a
moment later with tears on his
cheeks, when asked if everyone had
managed only. "Fires give a

nancy," and frizzled his good captor.

After another painful lo, he re-
opened his eyes and went on.

The segment was not cut into the bi-
ography made the best impression of any me-
ual of the whole campaign.

Kennedy, who had withheld his

commercial until the campaign was
almost a month old, passed it on dur-
ing the last week. In addition to the
battery of one, two, and five-minute rods, a continuous, sixty-three minute
film biography was shown repeatedly.

The election eve, prime times was pur-
chased 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 for him as the proper election-eve
moop for a candidate in the lead.

When I watched it later, it looked
even better. It was low-key through-
out. The candidate was posed in front
of a brick fireplace with his wife, Ethel, and surrounded by their eight
children. Without mention of his op-
ponent, Kennedy told the viewers why
he thought the election was impor-
tant, introduced his children (giving
the ages of two confused), then final-
ly recalled the campaign over film
clips of seals chasing him in Buffalo,

The place to go is Mexico

And when you pick your place don't forget
romantic Mazatlan. The Blue Pacific batters its
swaying 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 visit 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.

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR OUR OFFICES:

NEW YORK 22, N.Y. 2 East 55th. Street
NEW YORK 20, N.Y. 630 Fifth Ave., Suite 3508
MEXICO HOST TO THE WORLD
FOR THE OLYMPICS 1968.
VISIT IT NOW!

MEXICO GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Mexico de la Reforma 51, Mexico 1, D.F. NATIONAL TOURISM COUNCIL, Insurgentes Sur 411, 5" Floor 2nd. and 8 A Bulevar H, D.F.
ESQUIRE: APRIL.
mobs chasing him in Syracuse and mobs chasing him in Rochester. The production featured in that final, quarter-hour program was at least a two-sided job. The show was taped in the morning (two sets, 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 spokesmen were Senator Javits, who conducted most of them by thrashing Keating on the back and saying viewers to "vote for my teammate, Ken Keating." In the background, a folk singer named Todd Brownes doved an original tune about the candidate that sounded like a dirge.

The idea 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.

"If you prove I'm not slick," he said, "but I just don't like to see myself faeting on television." The clip was scrapped. As a rule, however, the candidate was willing to listen to arguments 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 these himself. One he presumably didn't see backed into the afternoon papers.

The next day the morning papers could barely conceal their grief 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. 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. Abiding the family plans, the Kennedys, 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 decision on what not to use on television on Kennedy's behalf was, 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 lumping the state with Massachusetts accents.

In the early weeks of the campaign, there were rumors that Jacqueline Kennedy would appear on television. As 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, Tita Cabioli, Carlo Bergonzi, and the Paris Opera Orchestra conducted by Georges Prêtre. SBL 5655

"She does everything backward! She got married in Reno and divorced in Niagara Falls."
These are the coats
that ought to cost more—but don't. There's luxury in the quality, the look, the feel of the fine fabrics. Alligator offers more style, comfort, all-weather protection, too. No wonder they're America's most wanted coats.

Robert's Character

(Continued from page 111) I thought we should endorse the program. I recalled the political background of the request, but White interrupted: "But is the man's program any good?" I was forced to admit, although I was convinced the "junior-deputies" program was not substantive, I had not considered its merits a major factor. The letter was sent, but not until White had deleted several sentences.

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 an acting commander in chief. These emergencies included the occupation of Ole Miss, the "fnashrooms-door" confrontation with Governor Wallace at the University of Alabama, and the concealment of various military bases that he had assigned to one of Kennedy's sons, Corn Nostr, John Valachi.

Because the underworld had reportedly offered $200,000 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 courage for which several high Administration officials urged that he be burned in private. The proper response, under the circumstances, was to shout, "My heart! My heart! Get me my pills!" and drop the telephone, and leave the state.

During these crises, I was assisting in the Attorney General's press office and my chief fringes benefit was having two 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 dashing seaman during World War II, shared my pleasure in exercising civilian control over the military. Indeed, one of Kennedy's closest friends, I thought, came when it was revealed Korea early in 1954, and, according to a wire-service report, was told by the commanding 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 was asked and got what he wanted. The general learned that there were few experiences in this world quite like having Robert Kennedy push his crumpling face toward yours and ask, "Why?"

Kennedy also played a major role in Administration programs to help the young and the underprivileged, as much so as that Anthony Celebrese, 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 is unfurled to have trusted Kennedy lieutenant placed in key positions throughout the government. Kennedy, a student of guerrilla warfare, was applying his techniques to inter-governmental relations; 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. After school, Hackett, John Knowles, modeled the young athlete-hero of his own school days. A Superior Peace, on Hackett, who went on to become 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 in 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 Kennedy "Peace Corps," and who represented Robert Kennedy's interests in the hard...
There is only one Arnel.

It puts coolness in knit.

Enter summer—enter Arnel with a smooth variation on keeping you cool. This shir-jac is wrinkle-free—keeps in shape with amazing little care. Playboy of Miami sailors this shir-jac in a tricot knit of 100% Arnel triacetate.

In white, maize, blue, black and
coatemi. canary FIBERS
100% Arnel triacetate.
Byron White had been a Rhodes Scholar and an all-American halfback.

And so went. Our team won.

The gist of the poem was simply that Robert Kennedy was a hell of a fellow. All the other party-going—

the posters and the funny games—

had the same result. 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 pay and posters 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 putting 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, preserved—pressed—desperate living made 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 Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.

I was sometimes a ghost-writer for Robert Kennedy, a man whose intellectual level was forever fixed for me by a report that he listened to in a record. We had a quarrel over his book Rain on the Compass and in an effort to impress his readers he would rent the ballroom of a San Francisco hotel, hire a band, fly in exotic foods from around the world and after dinner have a croquet court set up on the stage floor. Yet I'm positive he could never have pushed anyone into a swimming pool; he knew the value of a good suit of clothes.
There is only one Arnel. It puts coolness in knit.

A versatile companion for summer days, this shirt-jac matches your bright pace with cool comfort and outstanding ease-of-care. Arnel lets you forget about wrinkles. Playboy of Miami tailors this shirt-jac in a tricot knit of 100% Arnel iriacetel.


The children arrived at an inner courtyard where four burly Washington Redekins lifted them into a courtyard car. The children were met by one of his aides who had been planning the event for months.

or a better manager. I remembered that friend old Joe Kennedy once said, "Booby 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 Rob more than Rob wanted to be like Jack.

Boobs such as these were in my mind one evening when, over my press, 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 to 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 in Patti Cordis, his political aide at the Democratic National Committee; a used potter (his own, brought from home, which he didn't recognize); and a lobotomy-designed Anti-Memorial. After slowly examining each gift he would say in his flat voice, "That's funny." And you suspected he meant funny like a crucifix.

He stood in this circle for half an hour. Now and then Gathman or Jim Mathews, the Chief U.S. Marshall and one of the funniest men alive, would toss a joke across the room and the girls would titter nervously. The only reaction came when people in the circle jockeyed to get in line with the woman who was removing this awsome event.

After the gifts were opened, hour was served and perhaps the party broken up. I never knew because I left, embarrassed for all of us, the gay-posing guests and the lonely guest of honor.

That was the evening of November 25, 1960. 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 friend or foe, like bats, I chose that sweet, star-crossed man who has passed beyond my love or sorrow to what we most 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 guest 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 dinner, early December day. The children arrived at an inner courtyard where four burly Washington Redekins lifted them into horse-drawn sleighs for a fast ride around the courthouse over tons of artificial snow.

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 Carville and John Kennedy, Jr. in the moon proceeding.

After receiving their presents, the children went down the elevator to the auditorium, where Carol Channing was to entertain after they had all assembled. I was among the staff people who were seeing that every one got an ice-cream cone and found the bathroom. As the audience 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 audience 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 knew 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:

"This clown 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 handed the reluctant clowns downstairs.

THE LAST ARISTOCRAT

From a page (153) children are like horses," I say. "On Sunday mornings all around my stables, accompanied by my stud groom who carries a stick containing very succulent manure. As I get to each box, the horse puts his head out and, knowing the ceremonial, moves toward me, lowering his head. I stretch out my hand, the mod groom takes it, gives it to the horse, puts 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 stud groom who carries a stick containing very succulent manure. On entering the orchid house, the orchids recognize me; they turn toward me and how, Thereupon, I stretch out my hand, the orchids turn toward me and bow, thanking me. I turn to my orchid groom, who hands me a little piece of manure and put it near the item of the crossed man. I pass on to my second orchid and so on until all have received their special sustenance. 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 to me. In 1961, I kept them for a further year, at the end of which time I could look forward to a pleasant smoke, the cigar having not too strong, not dry as some English people like, nor yet too strong 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
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 rather dull 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 Aintree, however, chiefly to show off my wife's new hat. I think, Mark you, one pays a good lunch at Aintree. Cold lobster, cold salmon trout, canapés, aspic, cold chicken, ham and tongue, strawberries and cream, trifles and jellies; all these sound commonplace but, when properly prepared and served, they can be very appetising. If one has a private box with a luncheon room, one can sit in great comfort. Of course, private boxes are a long way from the paddock and the Royal Enclosure where all the noise (including myself for one) like to be seen in respectful proximity to the Royal Family; it always seems a pity to me when the people never see them, so busy are they looking at each other.

I enjoy life. I enjoy everything I do. So far 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 analyse one's motives and purposes to the point where everything one does can seem futile. There was a time when I questioned 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 analysing myself. I stopped asking myself questions that could never have a satisfactory answer.

Nonetheless, I should quite like to know what it 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 deduced the editor of the Times, Sir William Halsey—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 Mill's 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 Halsey a good lunch and see if you can get any change out of him.

"I have already given Halsey," I said, "lunch a good lunch and a good dinner, but it's me too nowhere.

Gavin Astor was very charming but no less definite than Halsey. I have never known anyone to say "No!" to me so sensationally, so categorically, so courteously. Yet, I asked him to lunch at the Times' new building, where the view of St. Paul's is really remarkable. Although I was on a diet, I gladly enjoyed my lunch: excellent fried sole, filet steaks almost transatlantic in size, two vegetables, sweet corn, a light wine, a fairly heavy dessert, good port, an excellent brandy and a Havana-rolled cigar—but no obituary.

M. SOUVERAIN, 4 oz. males cote 1.00 to 1.75.

Max Factor for Gentlemen: After Shave Lotion, Deodorant Cologne, Pre Electric Shave Lotion 4 oz. and 6 oz. cote 1.00 to 1.75.

Gentlemen's Cologne: After Shave Lotion, Deodorant Cologne, Pre Electric Shave Lotion 4 oz. and 6 oz. cote 1.00 to 1.75.

Queens, 1947: Gentleman's Cologne, After Shave Lotion, Deodorant Cologne, After Electric Shave Lotion 4 oz. and 6 oz. cote 1.00 to 1.75.

Queens, 1947: Gentleman's Cologne, After Shave Lotion, Deodorant Cologne, After Electric Shave Lotion 4 oz. and 6 oz. cote 1.00 to 1.75.

Queens, 1947: Gentleman's Cologne, After Shave Lotion, Deodorant Cologne, After Electric Shave Lotion 4 oz. and 6 oz. cote 1.00 to 1.75.
The imposing proportions of Jean Shrimpton

There's nothing quite like it

(Continued from page 72) Sweetest
pink in the game. Yet I work
day and right 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 just tonight."
he told me, "and—don't get impatient—
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-
shoddered photographer, who op-
erates with one hand, the other in
his pocket, and who calls Jean "Buh-
ba." Jean was doing an regulate-
guous 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 hand and the
other." Jean was stretched out on a swatch of carpet-
ing and seemed tied to it, a lovely
fashion-world Gulliver, while an
international team of Bert Stern as-
sistants, a curly-headed Dutchman, a
squat, lean-wire Japanese. Flirted
about her with tiny cameras, clicking
off injection-like supporting shots.
Stern himself worked high above, on
a great catwalk, calling for dogs to
be used as props. A group-headed
woman stepped forth with two fash-
ion puppets, selecting a Yorkshire
terrier named Chevy for the job and
sending it across the carpet to Jean."Six hello doggie to it." Stern
bellowed down to Jean, "and get it to
look up here at the lens." Charlotte
Barclay, the poppy woman, said that
the dogs definitively knew they were
fashion models. "When a job comes
up they leap right into their modeling
box and run hardly wait to go 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 Chester had been with Ethel
Norman in Cyprus. "She went into
the show as a puppy and still can't get
the ones out of her system. I can't
play Norman around this house. Let
her be bear the last few
hours of Steve's People and she starts
to twitter and wants to run out un-
stoppage." A Callaway man spotted paw
prints on the carpet and Miss
Barclay went out to rub them off and to
get Chevy to look up at the lens.
Stern let his ownness and said,
"It looks like an old packet. All right,
give that glammed hound the bell
off her or me. She sat up and wagged
herself while other props were round-
ad. She seemed to be tied to a stake; I
would get someone to dis-
tract the natives with fans of magic
then cut her down and we would both
escape into the jungle, instead,
torch-bearing savages falling in their
effort to track us down. I talked to
a man with a brush who was stand-
ing by on the edge of the carpeting.
He said he was Charles Himson, a
half man, brought in on special proj-
cets. "Jean's hair is soft, natural,
formless, honey blonde. When they
move her, I've got to keep an eye
on and see that it doesn't get silly.
If she loses and has too much hair,
it'll all be over for the poor rug. I've
just come from doing a Singer ad.
The model was pregnant, I mean you
could tell, and they had her decked
out in a harem costume. I said to
her, "You're having your honey-
moon just in time, sweetheart." Himson
said that Jean had pin-
headed big ears and made them oh.
Jean's ears are like lovely violes.
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 made their hair into
towels. They eat tons and tons of food, the same kind as everyone else, I don't know one who's on a diet. I mean they've just skinny people."
Jean had freckles, a baby face and a wonderful "longness" about her, long neck and long lines. I went back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean. She said she had worked late
and was very tired and I said 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 800 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
"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
there to Stern's studio where a pic-
ture was to be taken of those girls who
had created Jean Shrimpton. Since
I was now one of the people I
get to stand in a center of the pic-
ture. Simpson had arranged a
mirror up front so that you
were able to make the kind of face
you wanted for the picture and be
sure it got to the way. Prop music
was played to establish the proper
mood and a black Shorky dog named
Kham sat out in the front of the
studio, baying
at the electronic nachos. After
the last shot, Bolasky said, "Signifi-
cantly, 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
be back another ten days," he said, "they
balking. Most models look alike.
Jean's position is that she's a dif-
fent and looks like the reawakening
of England, has the whirl rebellion
in her face. And, of course, the way
her hips bangs, the hips disjointed,
a knee out of place, that's all her,
some of it studied, some natural. Oh,
that long narrow body can do any-
things and has become a trend in our
business. I know she had it on in-
stant appraisal." Ford said that
Jean is building these hundred girls here,
five hundred in Paris and another
couple thousand in her own special
prop. She works very hard, she
doesn't do any free-lance work for Stern raid that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
I don't think she would have been
disastrous. Jean has
done work for Stern and that
she had written up. She does, she
was then back to the carpet and
cried out for a moment to talk to Jean.
150

Even after machine drying, it won't ever shrink out of fit. Just look for Healthknit® sizing marks on labels with shrinkage-controlled 'Pak-nit' fabric. 

Pak-nit® cotton knit underwear made by Healthknit® won't shrink even 1% in length by Govt. Standard Test 7550 (CCC-T-191B)

CuproCorp, 20-21 56th Street, Woodside, N.Y. 11377

190

E50111141• APRIL

Just think... healthknit® won’t shrink even 1% in length by Govt. Standard Test 7550 (CCC-T-191B)

Even after machine drying, it won't ever shrink out of fit. Just look for Healthknit® sizing marks on labels with shrinkage-controlled 'Pak-nit' fabric.