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SUPER KEM-TONE IS AVAILABLE AT LEADING PAINT, HARDWARE, BUILDING SUPPLY AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE



## BOBBY KENNEDY-JIMMY HOFFA

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caused by rumor and hearsay. The Department of Justice denies these charges.

Now let's take a look at Robert F. Kennedy. Upon entering the enormous office of the Attorney General on the third floor of the Department of Justice, you are impressed by its majesty. You glance at the water colors and gay crayon drawings on the paneled walls, unmistakably done by his younger children, then you notice the six-foot-by-six-foot, 300-pound mahogany desk, behind which sits the smiling, boyish-looking, ruddy-faced, 37-year-old Attorney General. He stands up, and now he appears taller than his five feet-ten. He is coatless and his shirt sleeves are rolled up above his elbows. Because of his powerful forearms, he seems heavier than his 170 pounds. He may have noticed your glance at the drawings, and he'll grin and walk easily toward the wall and tell you about them. And if you're an old sports writer sizing him up, you are reminded a bit of a young boxing champion for Kennedy moves with the same effortless grace.

### The General—Physical-Fitness Buff

Kennedy is an incurable addict on the subject of physical fitness. He gets up just after six each morning and either hops on a horse for an hour's workout, ice skates furiously with his older children, or if the weather is bad, hurries to the Pentagon to play some tough squash or handball. When he can't find anyone to join him in some strenuous physical activity, he will walk a brisk five-and-a-half miles in an hour (par for any course). And on Feb. 9, he hiked a celebrated 50 miles in 17 hours!

Bobby has the shoulders of a blacksmith, and if one can say it without disrespect to a Cabinet member, he has a belly like a washboard. A fight between Kennedy and Hoffa would be interesting for an aficionado of the sport to watch.

When Kennedy stops talking about his kids' drawings and sits down again behind that big desk to discuss the problems of the Department of Justice, he no longer seems boyish. Actually, he now looks older than his 37 years, for he is deadly earnest about his job. Ethical lawyers seldom discuss the merits of cases they or their associates are going to prosecute. So when I asked the Attorney General, "Are you out to get Jimmy Hoffa? Do you have a special unit in the Department of Justice to deal with Hoffa?" his answer was predictable:

"No to both questions. But, of course, we have a group in the Department that is working within the whole field of labor-management racketeering."

"Your department has indicted Jimmy Hoffa several times," I said, "but you never seem to be able to get a conviction."

"That's right," he said, ignoring the implied question in my statement. "But he's under indictment now. I haven't discussed him since I was made Attorney General, and I don't feel that I should get into any discussion now."

As he talked of some 50 labor racketeers, most from the ranks of the Teamsters Union, who had not only been indicted but tried and convicted during the past two years, his voice was clipped, cold. His eyes narrowed as he talked about Teamsters Union men his assistants had sent to jail for embezzling union funds, for obstructing justice, for transportation of counterfeit bonds, for accepting illegal payments from employers, for hijacking.

Listening to him now, he neither looked nor sounded young, and I remembered what one of his assistants had told me: "Don't let the Boss fool you. He's the toughest guy who ever sat in that office."

I'm not selling either Bobby Kennedy or Jimmy Hoffa short. They are two very tough men—and before they are finished fighting, someone is sure to get hurt.