

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Pitchess, Deputies Receive Threats on Life of Defendant

BY RICHARD WEST

Times Staff Writer

Nearly a dozen threats to kill the accused slayer of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy "at the first opportunity" have been received by Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess and his deputies, Pitchess said Thursday.

Several of the threats indicated an attempt on the life of the suspect, Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, would be made when he is being taken from the central jail to court, Pitchess told a news conference at the jail.

And one anonymous person "threatened to blow up the building."

The threats, received both by mail and telephone, also were directed against sheriff's personnel because they are protecting the suspect, the sheriff said.

Informed in General Sense

"We are conducting a complete examination of those threats," Pitchess said.

Asked if he had informed Sirhan of the threats, Pitchess said:

"Only in a general sense when I told him what our responsibility was . . . and requested his cooperation in protecting his life."

The sheriff said the suspect "hasn't complained of our over-protectiveness."

(Threats to shoot Gov. Reagan and State Atty. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch have been made by telephone to their Los Angeles offices, according to Thomas MacDonald, executive assistant to Lynch.

(The callers, however, made no mention of the assassination of Sen. Kennedy in connection with their threats.

(A state officer was ordered to guard the office of Lynch, who is in Los Angeles. Gov. Reagan is in Sacramento.)

Probably no prisoner in the history of the county has ever been held under such tight security measures as Sirhan, Pitchess indicated.

The sheriff said Sirhan is confined in a single cell on the second floor of the jail's infirmary section. The cell has no outside window.

One deputy remains in the cell with the prisoner at all times, Pitchess said, while another stands outside in the corridor and watches the cell through a small window in the door.

Four more deputies are nearby and can be summoned in seconds if needed.

All personnel who come

up to the area — doctors and all—are searched before they are allowed to go in, Pitchess said.

No other prisoners are being held in the area of Sirhan's cell, the sheriff said, although there are about 10 or 12 inmates in distant wings . . . in locked cells.

The elevator, too, has been closed off at this floor, he said.

"We also are maintaining constant surveillance of the entire building by squad car and uniformed personnel," Pitchess said.

At one time Wednesday, he added, there were 10 deputies in five squad cars patrolling the grounds around the jail.

The sheriff said Sirhan spends most of his time on his bunk because of a sprained left ankle and a fractured left index finger suffered when he was seized after he allegedly shot Kennedy at the Ambassador.

Sirhan is allowed, however, to exercise by walking up and down the 40-foot-long corridor outside his cell.

Pitchess said Sirhan asked for and was given copies of the Los Angeles Times and the Herald-Examiner on both Wednesday and Thursday mornings.

All prisoners are allowed to buy daily newspapers, Pitchess added.

Sirhan also requested and received two books on theosophy — "The Secret Doctrine," by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and

"Talks On 'At the Feet of the Master,'" by C. W. Leadbeater.

(Mme. Blavatsky was the Russian-born founder of the theosophical movement. She died in 1891 at the age of 60. "The Secret Doctrine" is an elaborate exposition of the basic ideas of theosophy.

(Her doctrines hold that persons can obtain a wisdom superior to that of historical religion, empirical philosophy or science by direct intuitions of supersensible reality.)

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(Leadbeater's 522-page book, published in 1923, is a critique of "At the Feet of the Master," a theosophical work by Jiddu Krishnamurti published in 1895.)

Pitchess said there are no plans to transfer Sirhan from his infirmary cell even when he recovers from his minor injuries.

The sheriff was asked if a judge might be taken to Sirhan's cell for any legal proceedings instead of the prisoner being taken to court.

Pitchess replied that would be decided after the case goes before the grand jury today.

The sheriff's department also is responsible for the security of Sirhan's mother and two brothers, Pitchess said.

"My information is that they have moved from one address to another," Pitchess said. "We are observing that home with increased patrols."

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

BROTHERS JOHN AND ROBERT

When a Bright Future Beckoned



DURING ANOTHER CAMPAIGN—The famed Kennedy brothers at their summer home in Hyannis

Port, Mass., in 1960. At that time Robert was managing campaign that won Presidency for his brother.

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BROTHERS JOHN AND ROBERT

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DURING ANOTHER CAMPAIGN—The famed Kennedy brothers at their summer home in Hyannis

Port, Mass., in 1960. At that time Robert was managing campaign that won Presidency for his brother.

in Wirephotos



ON HIS WEDDING DAY—Kennedy and his bride, the former Ethel Skakel, as they walked down the

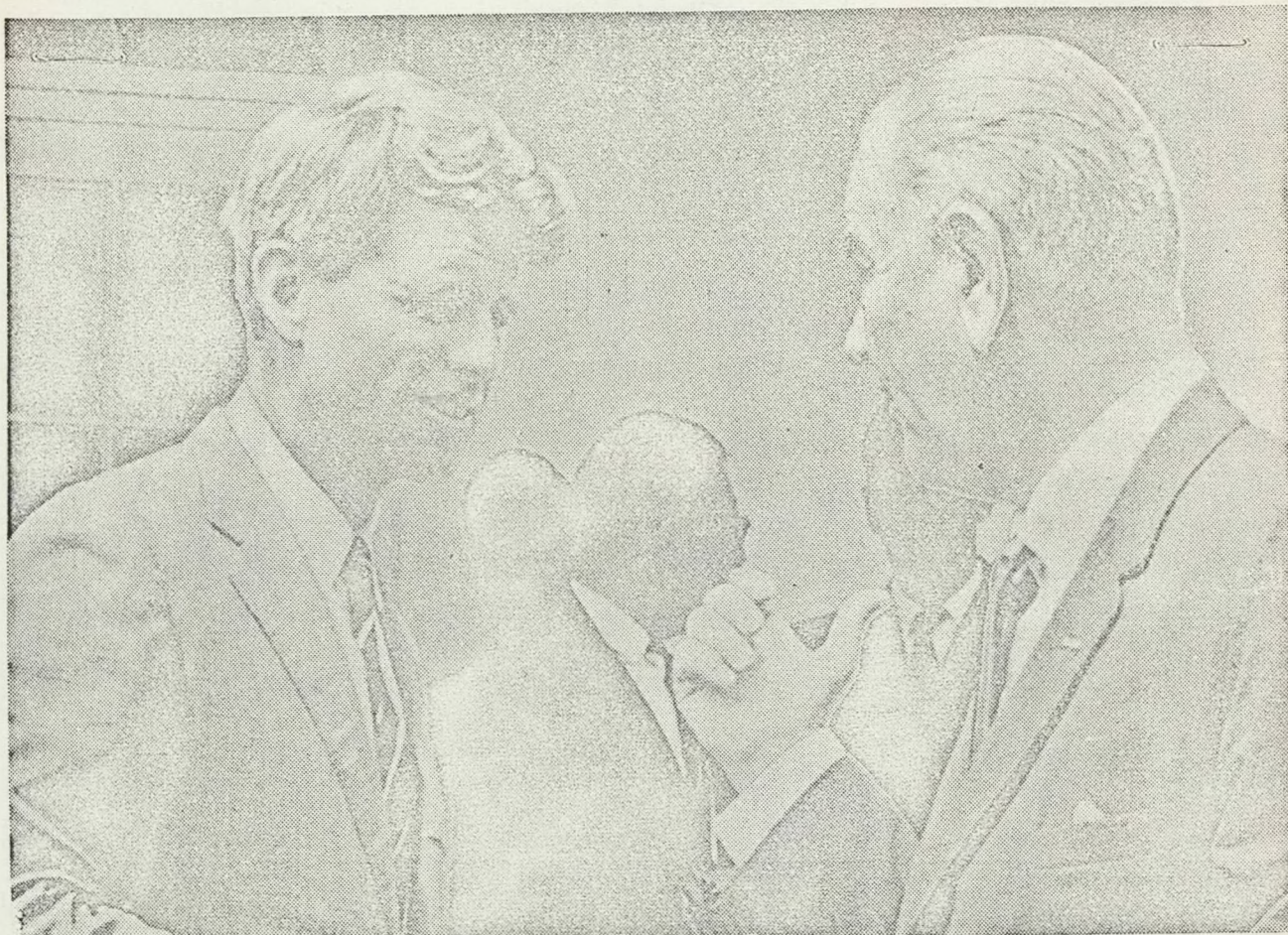
aisle of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Greenwich, Conn., in 1950 after their wedding ceremony.



THE ACTIVE LIFE—The physically trim Kennedy taking a 1965 kayak ride through Green River rapids.



WHEN HIS BROTHER CAME HOME—On Nov. 22, 1963, Robert Kennedy held hand of Jacqueline Kennedy as casket of President Kennedy reached Washington.



A WHITE HOUSE CHAT—Sen. Kennedy with President Johnson at a bill-signing ceremony in August, 1965.



ON A DAY IN APRIL—Sen. Kennedy and Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy in somber moods as they at-

tended funeral of Dr. Martin Luther King last April 9. Two months later, Kennedy suffered King's fate.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Press Corps at White House Stunned, Angry at Shooting

Editor's Note — Merriman Smith, dean of White House reporters, won the Pulitzer prize for his eye-witness account of the assassination in Dallas of President John F. Kennedy. Following is his personal account of what it was like to be involved, though at long distance, in the assassination of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

By MERRIMAN SMITH

UPI White House Reporter
WASHINGTON — It was about 3:30 a.m. when I became fuzzily aware of the telephone ringing beside my bed. It was the news desk at UPI — "They just shot Bobby Kennedy in California."

A few more details and I hung up. Then I telephoned White House Press Secretary George Christian. I told him about the news from Los Angeles. There was a low, almost disbelieving moan: "Oh, no, no."

Thus began a tedious, sickening 25 hours of waiting, watching, hoping and trying to stay abreast of what a deeply concerned President Johnson was doing.

Work was no antidote whatever for the dreadful surges of memory which brought back Nov. 22, 1963, in Dallas where I saw John F. Kennedy murdered from only a few car lengths away. As other men who had been on the Dallas story began reporting for work at the White House press room Wednesday, their reaction was much like mine — gray disgust and quietly voiced anger that America seemed to be surpassing her ugly records of

the past for killing off her leaders.

Many of us had been together in Dallas, then again on a White House press plane in April the night the Rev. Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis. Most of us on the White House assignment — reporters, photographers, broadcasters — had been at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue day and night during the rioting, looting and burning which followed the death of King.

There was compassionate speculation as the dark reports flowed from Los Angeles Wednesday about how much more sorrow the Kennedy family could stand. One member of the press corps suggested that Ethel Kennedy, the late senator's wife, must have the emotional fiber of steel for having recovered ostensibly from one tragic death after another in her own family, plus the record of tragedy in the Kennedy family.

Revulsion over the shooting

gradually turned to great concern over what is happening to the nation. Was there an awful national tide rising in which more and more Americans would cast aside their inhibitions and slay those who displeased them? Indeed, had not the killing of John F. Kennedy occurred in a period considerably freer of violence than June, 1963?

We were alerted to the possibility of the President going on nationwide radio and television between 6:30 a.m. and 7

p.m. EDT. When this period passed without further advice, we were told it would be safe to get a bite to eat, but return to the White House by 8 o'clock.

Shortly before 10 p.m., we learned that the chief executive would be going on the air momentarily. He spoke from the so-called Fish Room which derived its name from a trophy sailfish or tarpon on the walls during the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt. This was so many years ago that no one could remember the specific kind of fish.

The President strode briskly into the room a few minutes after 10 p.m. and spoke to his fellow Americans with deep gravity — "for God's sake" — in behalf of "an end to violence and to the preaching of violence."

"Let us purge the hostility from our hearts and let us practice moderation with our tongues," said the somber-faced President as he announced creation of a high level commission to begin an immediate study of "this tragic phenomenon" of violence and hatred sweeping the country.

As midnight approached, some of us who had been on duty continuously since before dawn began to notice a similarity with the horrible evening after the shooting of John Kennedy — wilting fatigue. Yet some of us stayed, as the news from Los Angeles was progressively bleak, until the word came as the first rays of dawn were appearing here that the senator was dead.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

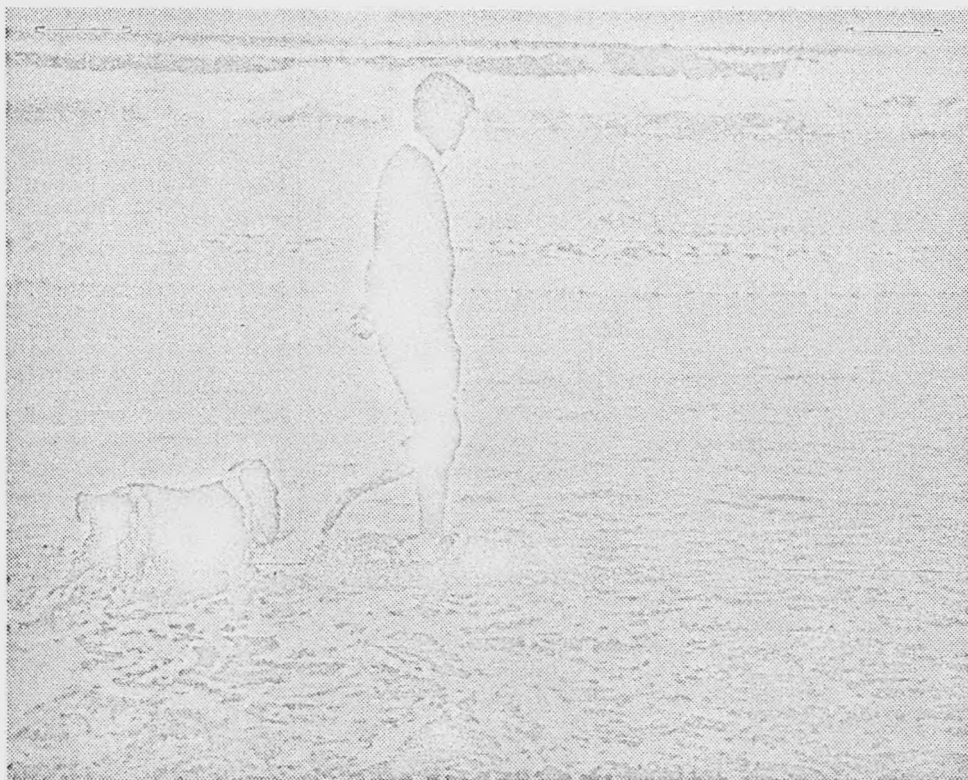
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UPI Photo

LOOKING OUT INTO BEYOND

Sen. Robert Kennedy and dog, Freckles, in surf during Pacific Coast visit.

"The President had said it would be wrong to conclude from the shooting that America was sick, that it had lost its sense of balance. But he conceded "a climate of extremism, of disrespect for law, of contempt for the rights of others" was in, at least, a formative stage of warning which "may bring down the very best among us."

This sounded somewhat like an elaboration on "for whom the bell tolls." This has been, after all, that sort of year in American life; a year in which one could almost anticipate tragedy after tragedy, emotional jolt after jolt.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Grand Jury Begins Hearing Testimony in Kennedy Slaying

BY RON EINSTOSS

Times Staff Writer

The County Grand Jury began hearing testimony Friday into the death of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

During the day-long inquiry the jurors were to have heard from 25 witnesses, several of whom reportedly saw the shooting of Sen. Kennedy and five others.

Dep. Dist. Attys. John E. Howard and Morio Fukuto are seeking the indictment of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24-year-old Jordanian refugee, for murder in the death of the New York senator and assault with intent to commit murder in the shooting of the others.

Two of Sirhan's alleged victims, Ira Goldstein and Irwin Stroll, were among the witnesses who testified.

Three of those wounded during the shooting spree at the Ambassador, according to Howard and Fukuto, were unable to appear because of the seriousness of their injuries.

Arraignment at Jail

If the indictment is returned, Sirhan would be arraigned at the Central County Jail—rather than in court—by Superior Court Judge Arthur Alarcon.

The extraordinary precautions for the arraignment were announced at midmorning by Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess.

He said such action is necessary both because of the injuries sus-

tained by Sirhan when he was apprehended and because of the tight security measures in effect since his arrest early Wednesday morning.

Before the opening of the hearing, a list of 28 witnesses was released but three of those scheduled to appear were excused.

Rafer Johnson, former decathlon champion, and Roosevelt Grier, tackle for the Los Angeles Rams, flew east for Sen. Kennedy's funeral, and another witness, David Esquith, was allowed to leave when Stroll made an unexpected appearance in a wheel chair.

Esquit was to have told of Stroll's injuries.

Before breaking for lunch (the jurors ate sandwiches in the jury room), 12 witnesses testified, including Dr. Henry Cuneo, a neurosurgeon who headed the team of surgeons which attempted to save Sen. Kennedy's life, and Stroll and Goldstein.

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WAITING TO TESTIFY—Several of the persons present at the shooting of Sen. Kennedy sit in the witness room waiting to appear before grand jury.



TELLS OF SHOOTING—Jesus Perez, right, dishwasher at the Ambassador who was shaking hands with Sen. Kennedy when he was shot, appears at the hearing with Karl Uecker, hotel assistant maitre d'. Times photos by R. L. Oliver



SHOOTING VICTIMS—Two of the witnesses going before the jury were Ira Goldstein, left photo, and Irwin Stroll, who also were wounded by Sen. Kennedy's assailant. Stroll is in a wheelchair.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Robert Francis Kennedy

He called, eloquently and repeatedly and with heart-felt fervor, for an end to violence and division within the land. Yet within minutes after his last summons to a course of decency and tolerance he had become the victim of blind hatred.

He succeeded in rallying, as have few others in our time, the energies and allegiances and creative instincts of many, particularly the young, the disaffected, the outcast. Then, with an irony which he would have understood, for personal tragedy had burned in him a deep awareness of the capriciousness of life, his crusade was brought to an end by one of life's losers.

Robert Francis Kennedy was many things to many people. But his special identification with the young of this nation, with the racial minorities, with the inarticulate poor longing for a voice and a role in their country's fate, made him beyond all else a symbol of hope for those who might otherwise have succumbed to despair or cynicism or a wandering after false prophets.

Politics is all too seldom a noble business. But it can energize in individual men talents for summoning in others a fresh or even unknown dedication to justice and humanity. There is nothing nobler than this. Robert Kennedy, in this season of discontent, possessed and used such talent to its fullest.

★

Those who answered his call bear witness not simply to the efficacy of his personal appeal but to a far more important fact: their commitment to the cause he represented serves as a ratification of the possibilities of progress through constructive action.

That commitment cannot be allowed to dissipate.

The final test of a successful leader is whether he can impart to those he leaves behind the will and the vision to carry on. Robert Kennedy knew this. Now it is up to those who marched behind his banner, particularly the young and the racial minorities, to show that they know it too.

Nothing would do his memory greater honor than if they choose this course. Perhaps nothing would do the nation greater harm than if they abandoned it.

For assuredly we are a nation in deep need of continuing self-criticism and examination of our national values.

In saying this we by no means accept the glib assertion that ours is a "sick society," one in which acts of individual violence, like the murder of Sen. Kennedy, can somehow be twisted into accusations of mass guilt and rationalizations for the destruction of the whole fabric.

It is not a sick society, after all, which can share unanimously in the collective horror caused by the assassination of its leaders, that can cry out as with one voice in an expression of tortured conscience and shame at acts of individual lunacy.

A sick society, no.

But at the same time we cannot shun the signs that we are very much a threatened society, in which values are allowed to erode through rationalized indifference, wherein moral complacency and institutionalized permissiveness work to create an environment in which mass social sickness may indeed become the rule.

★

We see ourselves as a threatened society when the vicarious violence and aggressiveness of the "entertainment" media inevitably work to encourage a gradual tolerance of actual violence.

We see ourselves as a threatened society when we behold a culture subtly immunizing itself to all but the greatest pain and suffering. We celebrate arts and fashions that too often are the subconscious reflectors as well as the overt expressions of cruelty and chaos. Our senses are dulled by constant assault and our judgments are warped by fear of exercising self-discipline and self-restraint.

We consider ourselves a threatened society when we view the emergence of an appalling double-standard of toleration in the conduct of human affairs, wherein adults of supposed maturity and reason accept the destructive nihilism of a

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minority of the young, while professing horror at the actions of constituted authority. We see personal selfishness practiced in a thousand ways while true compassion is forgotten.

These are but a few of the early warning signs that indeed threaten to make us a sick society. They will not be answered by apathy or despair or unreasoned anger, but only by the kind of true self re-examination for which Robert Kennedy spoke and gave his life.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

DEATH ANNOUNCEMENT

Whisper Becomes World News Flash

BY PHILIP FRADKIN
Times Staff Writer

A whisper, which turned into a bulletin flashed around the world, heralded the public notification of the death of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

The press center at the Hospital of the Good Samaritan, located in the hospital's auditorium, was alerted at 1:55 a.m. Thursday that Kennedy's press secretary, Frank Mankiewicz, was on his way down.

Mankiewicz, red eyed from lack of sleep, walked slowly into the auditorium at 1:58 a.m.

He approached the large cluster of microphones and in a voice barely audible, said, "Ready? I have a short announcement to read which I will read now."

There was no longer any doubt.

Mankiewicz's manner and his earlier announcement Wednesday afternoon that there would be no more "regular bulletins" until the daylight hours of Thursday heralded what the world had half expected and half feared.

Vigil Maintained Outside

As Mankiewicz began to read his formal statement, word of Kennedy's death filtered outside to those keeping vigil under the suite of rooms on the hospital's west side.

Women wept openly. Others stood in stunned silence. A baby whimpered. A police officer looked at the pavement before his feet.

A few gazed at the lighted windows in the suite, as if to implore the senator back to life.

The crowd of 800 persons keeping the vigil around the hospital earlier in the evening had dwindled to about 150 persons at 2 a.m. But numbers did not measure the intensity of feeling.

Mankiewicz concluded his statement and walked out of the auditorium after embracing a few reporters. Outside, he elaborated.

In the 16 minutes between the senator's death at 1:44 a.m. and the public announcement at 2 a.m., he said the White House had been informed.

Asked about the senator's condition prior to his death, he replied, "It was not a question of sinking. It was a question of not rising."

"He needed a rally and a steady improvement in his condition from the wound last night and the surgery this morning, and it simply did not develop."

Kennedy, he said, had never regained consciousness. "He never rallied . . . He was not able to build up the tissue to sustain life."

The specific cause of death, Mankiewicz said, would be determined by medical experts but he added, "The bullet in the head behind the right ear was the one which caused death."

The press secretary then left, returned in a few minutes to state he had forgotten to mention that Sen. Edward Kennedy had been at his brother's bedside and then walked toward the hospital entrance supported by two friends.

Voice Falters Near End

His voice had begun to falter near the end.

Mankiewicz, who had kept the world informed of Kennedy's condition for 25 hours, left the hospital at 3:35 a.m., walking west on Shatto St. with an olive green attache case in his right hand.

He had served the senator until his death and now it was for others—such as Pierre Salinger—to carry on, at least for a while.

The number of those keeping the vigil swelled slightly after the announcement and then diminished as working hours approached.

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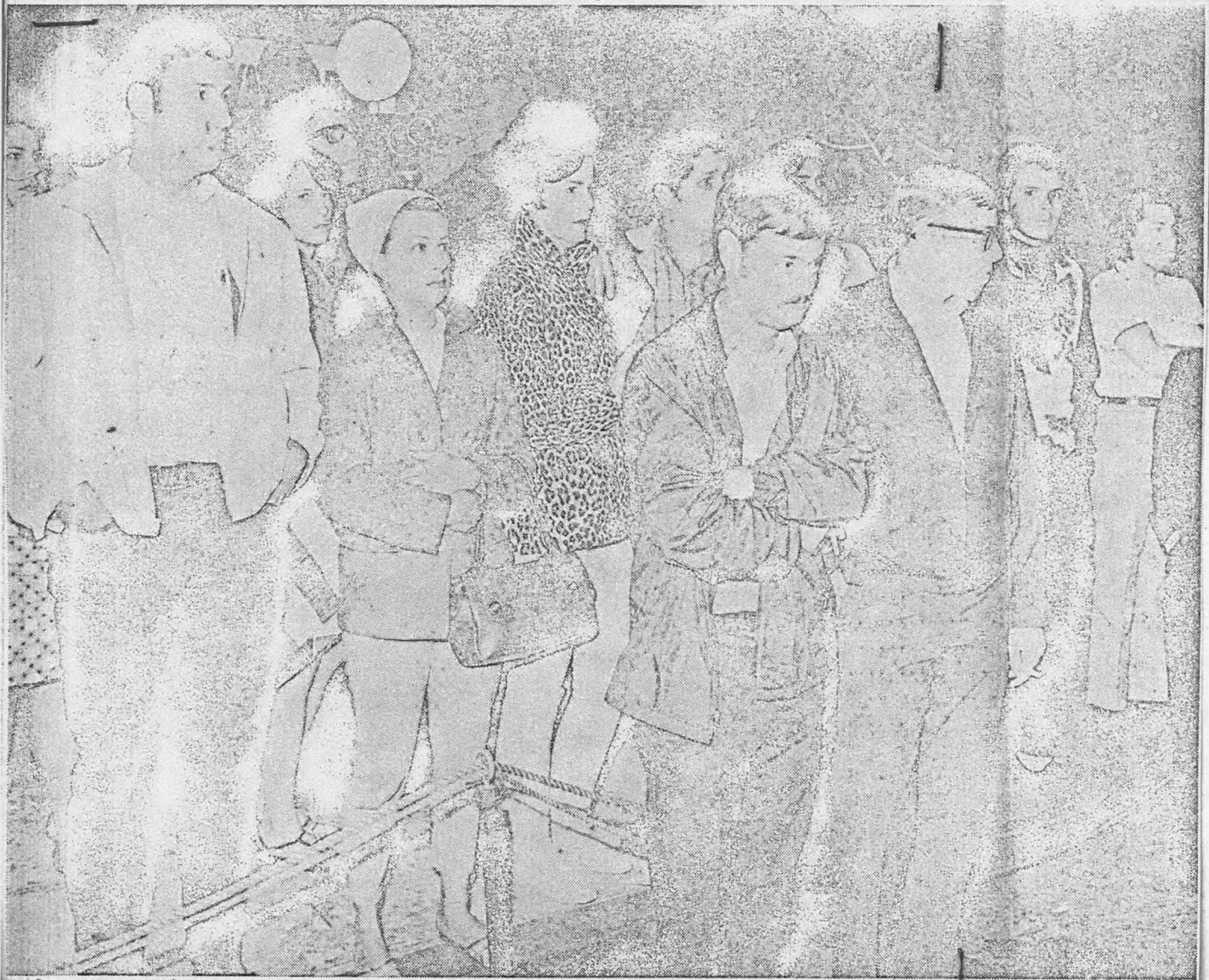
*cc to Bu
6/10/68*

Above, the lighted cross atop the hospital continued to glow.

Street cleaners swept up the litter left by the onlookers and newsmen.

Attention started shifting from the unembellished facade of the hospital which had held the world's attention for such a short time.

The mechanics of death began to dominate the minds of the living.



STUNNED BY THE NEWS—Crowd outside Good Samaritan Hospital just after hearing that Sen. Kennedy died at 1:44 a.m. of his wounds.
Times photo by Jack Gaunt

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

RFK: Life of Triumph and Tragedy

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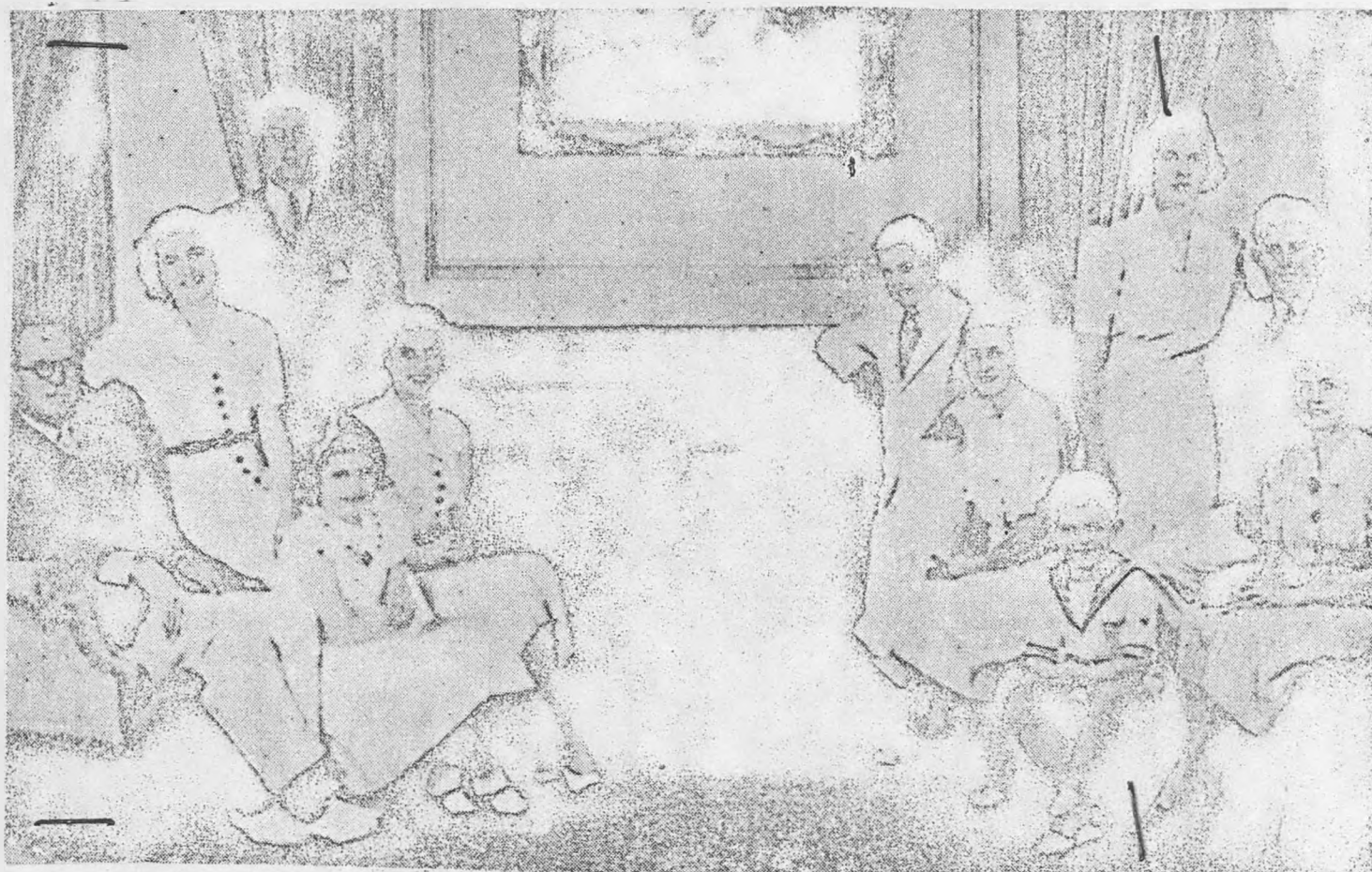
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IN BETTER DAYS — In 1937, before tragedy ^{UPI-Photo} began to take its toll, the Kennedy family posed for this portrait at their home in Washington. Joseph P. Kennedy Sr. and his wife, Rose, are at left and right. The boys are, from left, John, assassinated in 1963; Robert, fatally shot in Los Angeles on Wednesday; Edward (Ted), injured in plane crash in 1954, and Joe Jr. who died as a Navy pilot in 1944. The girls are, from left, Patricia, Jean, Eunice, Kathleen killed in a plane crash in 1948, and Rosemary, a victim of mental retardation. Joseph Sr. suffered a stroke in 1961. In picture at right, Sen. Robert Kennedy is shown as he knelt at his brother's grave on May 29, 1965.



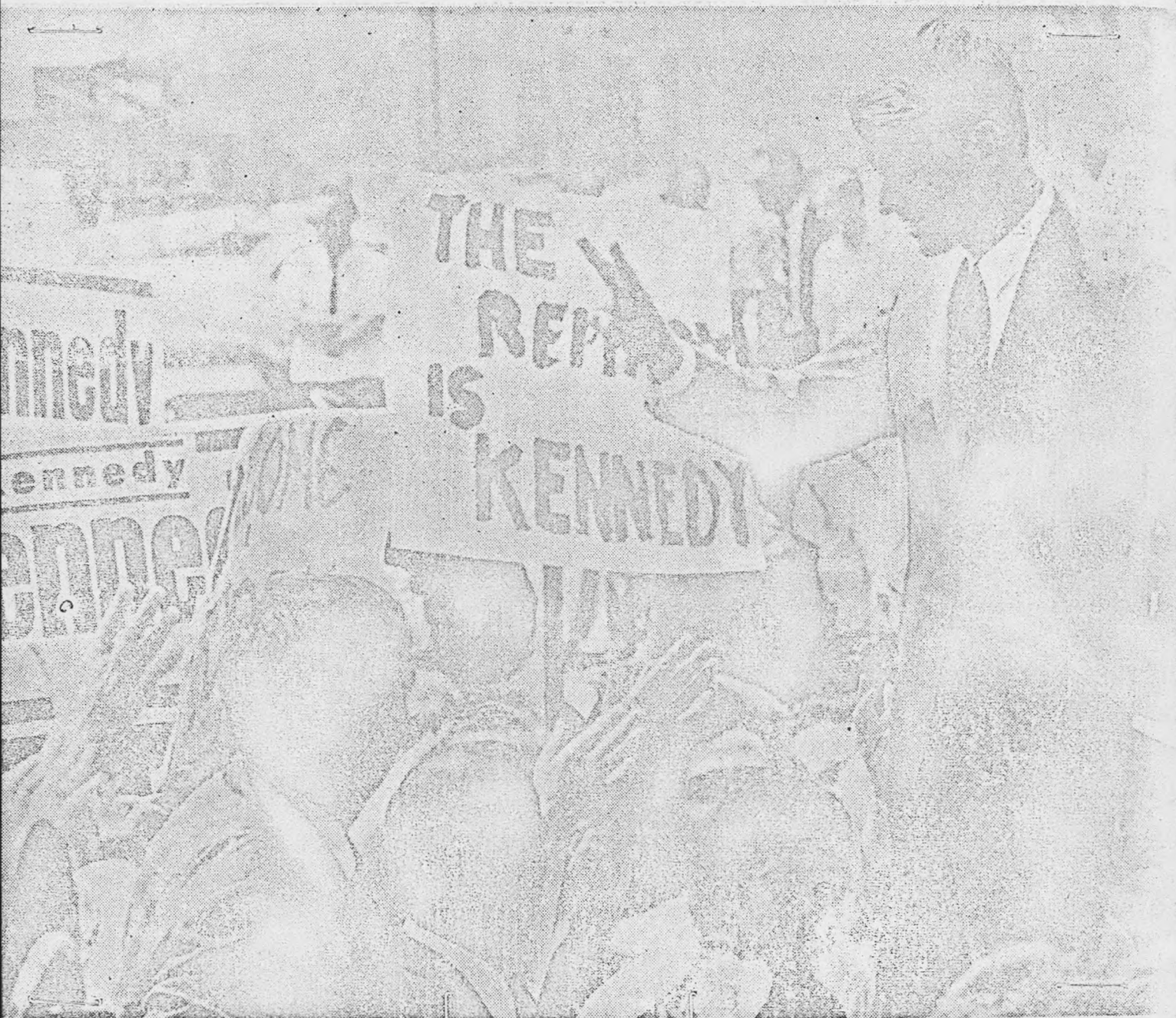
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SAME FATE — Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, left, and President John Kennedy, pictured here in 1963, were both victims of assassins' bullets. Robert was attorney general during his brother's administration. UPI Photo

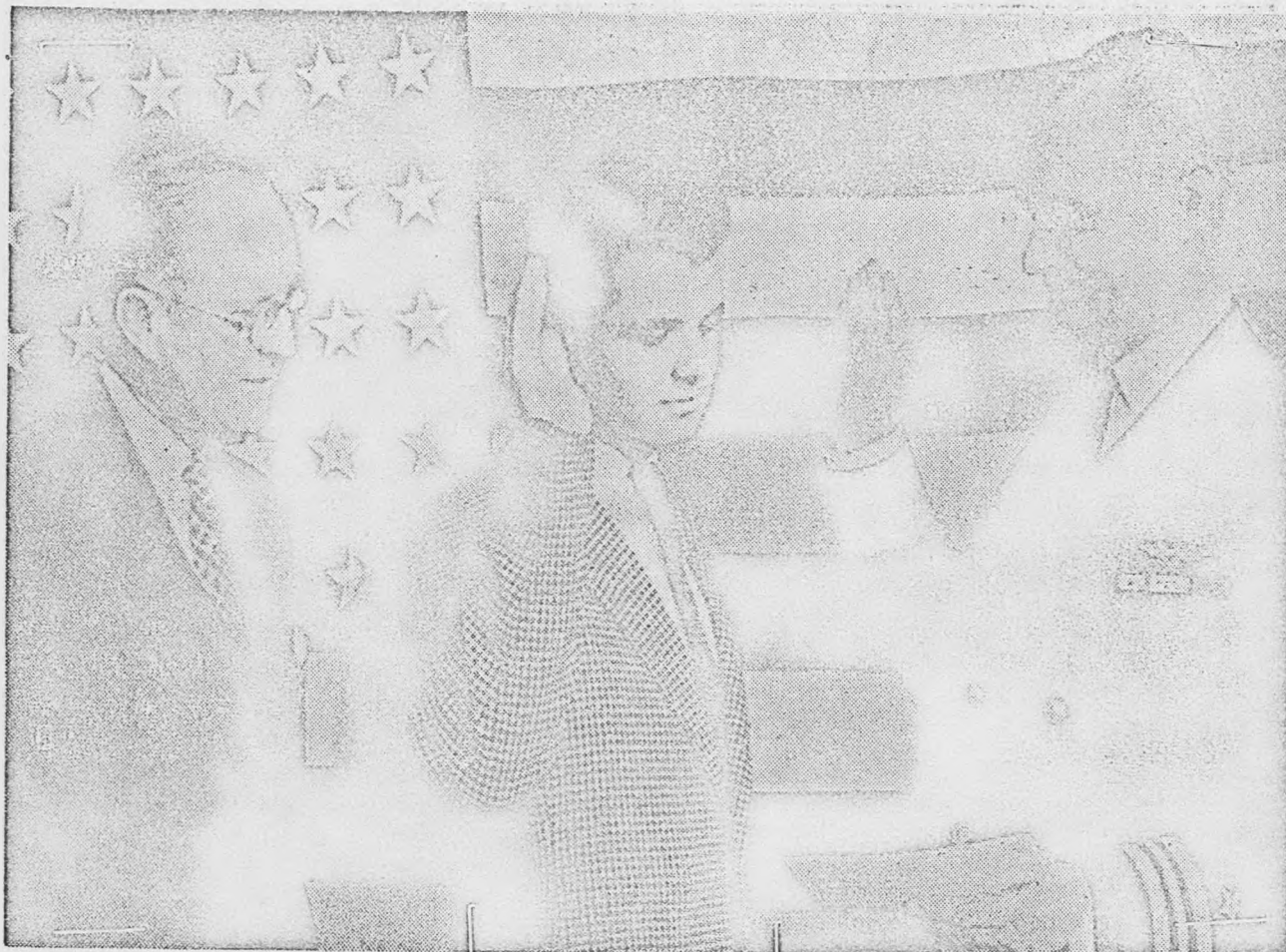


HAPPY FAMILY — Sen. Robert Kennedy posed for this picture with his wife, Ethel, outside the U.S. Supreme Court in January of 1963. Mrs. Kennedy, mother of 10 children, is expecting her 11th child. UPI Photo



CAMPAIGN TRAIL — Sen. Robert Kennedy drew large crowds during his California primary campaign. Here, he was greeted by supporters during stop at Hollywood-Burbank Airport. Kennedy ran for public office for the first time in 1964 when he

was elected to the U.S. Senate from New York.



UPI Photo

YOUTHFUL KENNEDY —

Sen. Robert Kennedy was sworn in as a Naval aviation cadet by Lt. Cmdr. Edward S. Brewer in 1943. Looking on at left was his father, Joseph P. Kennedy.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

The Growth of Hatred Seems Part of the Speed of Change

BY MAX LERNER

When there isn't anything that makes sense about the shooting of Robert Kennedy, it is futile to try to write it as if there were. History, like life, is a tale told by an idiot, and in this case there is an idiot repetitiveness about it—the second trauma of Robert's shooting, after the first trauma of John's. It is as if history, with all its capacity for surprise, had got stuck in the violence groove, first with John Kennedy, then with Martin Luther King, now with Robert Kennedy.

We are bound to ask ourselves, as people are asking all over the world, "What kind of a country, what kind of a civilization, is this?" The answer is that it is the kind of country which has too many people in it, too many for the health of the civilization itself. A sick man, crazed by hate, can cut

down the vivid energies of a mind and will like Robert Kennedy's just as another crazed man only a few months ago was able to cut down the creativeness of a great Negro leader like Dr. King, both of them at the crest of their promise.

They have been a tragedy-haunted family, the Kennedys. A violence-doomed, but also a greatness-doomed, family. Robert himself recognized the skein of fatality running through their history. That may be why he became a candidate, living, competing, fighting in the existentialist moment. "Long-range plans don't make much sense to me," he has said. "Who knows whether any of us will be alive then?"

He always knew the danger he ran. It is the danger that every political leader runs who is invested with a strong charisma. For just as there is a fierce polar loyalty that such men draw to them from all sides, so there is a fierce polar hatred that they also attract.

This was true of Lincoln, as it was true of Teddy Roosevelt (who was shot while campaigning) and of Franklin Roosevelt (who was shot at, but not hit). It was true of both Kennedy brothers. It will continue to be true in the future, whenever a political figure polarizes the popular emotions as strongly as these men have done.

A democracy like the American not only allows, but expects, every person to sit in moral judgment on his leaders. It not only allows but expects him to examine the whole assortment of candidates and political personalities, to turn them over in his mind, and to decide finally whether he is for or against each of them, loves or hates him.



Erickson in Atlanta Journal

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~~—If you hate him deeply enough, I~~
suppose, you might end by killing
him—especially in a society where
everyone is telling everyone to turn
inward and to listen to the voice of
conscience or the whim of impulse
within. It is an age of "anything
goes," and the world is paying a
heavy price for it.

★

There were diverse views of
Robert's policies and personality,
but however one may have differed
from him there can only be a
stunned anger that his vibrant
energies should be lost to the nation.
William Shannon has written of his
"rage for excellence"—in everything
he did, in the people he gathered
around him. That rage was quieted,
at the very moment of his California
triumph.

Is there a climate of hate growing
in America, that brings about these
idiot occurrences? I think there is,
but I think also that it is part of the
too rapid pace of change in America
—a pace of change that we have not
yet been able to absorb and control.

It may be only a coincidence, but
it is striking that John Kennedy was
shot in Texas and Robert Kennedy
in California, and that Texas and
California are exactly the two states
where the growth and change have
been most tumultuous, and where
the strong powerful current of the
new brings with it all kinds of
destructive flotsam.

★

But the sickness of sick individ-
uals goes beyond any particular
states or classes or groups. The
deepest thing that is happening in
America is happening all over the
nation, even all over the world. It is
the release of the repressed uncon-
scious. To have a going civilization
you must hold many things under
control, including hatred and killing
and the deep aggressive-destructive
drives in man. What seems to be
happenings to modern man is that
the drives that were once held under
control are being brought to the
surface and released.

It is the old story of the spirit-
lamp, and the demons that were
released from it. They will plague us
longer than we dare think.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Civility, Tolerance Must Be Restored to Politics

BY ROWLAND EVANS and ROBERT NOVAK

The shooting of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy seems the work of one madman rather than any conspiracy, but this insane act cannot be disconnected from the overall deterioration in the civility of American politics these past three years.

The senseless violence early Wednesday morning in Los Angeles is viewed by top sociologists as in keeping with an unhappy American tradition of violence. More important, however, it is part of a vituperative political style that is something very new indeed in this country.

As political reporters, we have noticed the change insidiously picking up momentum across the country. The passion of political hatred against a Lyndon Johnson or a Bobby Kennedy passes old bounds. The political dialogue, public and private, becomes more rancorous. The dissenters—particularly the Negro poor and the war protesters—turn to "direct action" and most uncivil disobedience.

What this adds up to is nothing less than a rejection of conventional forms of political action. From this, it is one step to the burning and looting of the Negro ghetto and another step to a plot to kill Martin Luther King or a lunatic impulse to destroy Robert Kennedy.

Kennedy, though pilloried by the right as the instigator of all this disorder, was profoundly aware of the dangers exposed when civility is gone. That, as well as the quest for middle-class support, was why in his campaigning he had been mixing his social reforms generously with calls for law and order.

Indeed, Kennedy realized—even if some of his bomb-throwing young aides did not—the growing demand by the white middle class for a return to civility and a restoration of order. Fully appreciating that this demand could easily balloon into a white counter-revolution, Kennedy was trying to fit a restoration of order into a progressive mold—an exercise not yet convincing to the middle class as of Wednesday morning's tragedy.

The darkly menacing mood in Washington during the first hours following the Kennedy shooting illustrates the point all too well. Both the White House and Capitol Hill were thrown into a state of panic, both reaching out for any scheme that might bring back law and order and stave off anarchy no matter what the costs in personal liberties. The mood may well fade as the shock of the Kennedy shooting eases, but it is strong at this writing.

Many congressmen in particular tend to interconnect, not without some logic, the assassination of Kennedy with the disarray and implicit violent threat of the poor

people's march and the anarchism of the student rebels.

But the deterioration of political order certainly cannot be laid solely at the door of the dissenting left. Encouraged no little by the publicists of both the left and right, the un-civil vocabulary of the new political style has infected the political talk of the average citizen.

In interviewing voters in door-to-door polling in primary states, we found a shocking intemperance of invective by Democratic voters talking about leaders of their own party. Taking 1960 as a benchmark, we found nothing approaching this invective in voter interviews even when we talked to Republicans about John F. Kennedy or Democrats about Richard M. Nixon.

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Moreover, with President Johnson's drop-out of March 31 having eliminated him as a hate-figure, we found the 1968 invective aimed primarily at Bobby Kennedy. "Little bootlegger," "skunk," "liar," "rat"—these are only the printable epithets directed against him. Such words



Darcy in Philadelphia Bulletin

cannot kill, but they are part of the same syndrome as bullets that can and do kill.

The missing element in current politics is what Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas (in his new little book, "Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience") called "the principle of tolerance." Asserting that the state must tolerate the individual's dissent and the individual must also tolerate the majority's verdict, Fortas calls for the use of "democratic processes" rather than either violence or repression.

But reliance on "democratic processes" presupposes a restoration of civility to politics, and that seems pathetically remote. Not the assignment of Secret Service men to presidential candidates nor tough crime legislation nor even the belated passage of a federal gun-control law will accomplish that restoration and expel hysteria and violence from public affairs.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Kennedy Made Each of His 42 Years Count

Attained Many Goals During Full Life; Only Death Ended Pursuit of Presidency

BY JOHN KENDALL

Times Staff Writer

Robert F. Kennedy savored the heights of achievement—physical, personal and political—and at age 42, when he was assassinated, he had climbed high.

Only death ended his pursuit of the supreme position won by his brother, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the nation's assassinated 35th President.

Since Nov. 22, 1963—when his brother died in Dallas—Robert Kennedy had pursued a seemingly inexorable course toward the White House with fatalistic disregard for his own safety.

It had brought him to California and the Ambassador Wednesday morning when he was shot in a hotel kitchen during an hour of triumph.

He died little more than 24 hours later.

While a shocked nation contemplates the assassination of still another American leader, those who loved and those who hated Robert Francis Kennedy remember.

What kind of a man was he?

Supported by Minorities

For the thousands and thousands who turned out in pushing, shouting throngs at Kennedy's campaign appearances, he appeared to be an open, friendly, smiling candidate.

He was a rich man, but the poor and members of minority groups supported him with their vote as someone who understood their plight.

To writers in public print, he was variously described as reserved, essentially shy, charming, brilliant, calm, polite, understanding, considerate, inspiring, tenacious, ruthless, opportunistic and overly ambitious.

His political enemies thought he was tough, wily, ruthless, arrogant, a dangerous man who somehow felt the Kennedys had a "divine right" to the Presidency.

But, as most men, Kennedy was many things: a father of 10, a son, a brother, a friend, a leader and an enemy. What he wasn't was placid, content, inept, inert, self-satisfied.

He liked politicians and politics, and shortly before he was shot quoted John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, Scottish author and statesman, who described politics as an "honorable adventure."

Sat in Seats of Mighty

During 16 years of that adventuring, he sat in the seats of the mighty.

At 26, Kennedy directed his brother's successful drive for the U.S. Senate in Massachusetts. At 34, he managed John F. Kennedy's campaign for the Presidency. At 35, he was U.S. attorney general, at 39 a U.S. senator from New York and at 42 a candidate for the presidential nomination.

His father, Joseph P. Kennedy, multi-millionaire and former U.S. ambassador, once said of his son Robert:

"Jack (the President) works as hard as any mortal man can. Bobby goes a little further."

Robert Kennedy was born in Brookline, Mass., on Nov. 20, 1925, the seventh of Joseph and Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy's nine children. He was surrounded by five sisters—four older and one younger—a situation which his mother said

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caused some persons to fear he would be a "sissy."

But "Bobby" developed in the competitive atmosphere of the Kennedy clan to be a competitor who won by trying harder to achieve.

When his oldest brother, Joseph Jr., was killed in a World War II plane crash, Robert went to Washington and asked the secretary of the Navy to release him from officers training at Harvard so he could serve as a seaman on a destroyer named after his brother. His request was granted.

He returned to Harvard after the war and displayed on the football field—despite a 5-foot, 10-inch, 160-pound physique—the driving energy and tenacity friends had come to expect.

Kennedy went to the University of Virginia Law School after Harvard, wed Ethel Skakel of Greenwich, Conn., in 1950, and was graduated in 1951. He went to Washington to join the Justice Department.

Teamster Union Investigation

When the Senate Permanent Committee on Investigation was organized in January, 1953, the young attorney was one of the group's 15 assistant counsels. He became chief counsel of the committee in 1955.

Two years later, at 31, he was appointed chief counsel and head of an investigative staff of 65 for the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the labor and management field and began an investigation of the Teamsters Union under Dave Beck.

When Beck was sentenced to five years in prison for filing false income tax returns, James R. Hoffa became president of the Teamsters and the object of a Kennedy-directed investigation.

The burly Hoffa strongly disliked Kennedy and called him "a young, dim-witted, curly-head smart aleck."

Hoffa went to jail on jury tampering charges after Robert Kennedy became U.S. attorney general in 1961, 10 years after graduation from law school.

Many were critical of President John F. Kennedy's decision to name his brother attorney general, but the President joked:

"I can't see that it's wrong to give him a little legal experience before he goes out to practice law."

Until his brother was assassinated Nov. 22, 1963, in Dallas, Robert Kennedy was known as the second most powerful man in Washington. He participated in advising President Kennedy on the Bay of Pigs invasion and the Cuban missile crisis that brought the world to the edge of nuclear war.

Worked With McNamara

He was credited with working with former Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara and other civilian and military advisers to develop the theory of counter-insurgency to contain wars of national liberation.

In 1962, President Kennedy sent the attorney general on a round-the-world trip as his representative.

Robert Kennedy's grim and melancholy presence became a familiar figure to the nation as he escorted his brother's wife, Jacqueline, in public ceremonies after the President's death.

Observers thought the sadness which descended on Robert Kennedy after his brother's assassination clung to him. Years after that murderous day in Dallas, they said that in quiet moments he appeared to be profoundly unhappy.

Sent to Far East Talks

Shortly after President Kennedy was killed, President Johnson sent the grieving brother to the Far East to confer with leaders of Indonesia and Malaysia. That June he also went to West Berlin on the anniversary of John Kennedy's famous speech in West Berlin.

Speculation grew as 1964 progressed toward the general election that President Johnson might name Robert Kennedy as his running mate in November.

Kennedy seemed to encourage consideration as President Johnson's Vice President with the announcement that he would not be a candidate for the U.S. Senate from New York as rumored.

But six weeks later, Mr. Johnson ruled out Cabinet members as vice presidential possibilities and

Robert Kennedy changed his mind.

He leased a home at Glen Cove, Long Island, announced his candidacy for the U.S. Senate from New York, won his party's nomination against token opposition and defeated Republican Sen. Kenneth B. Keating in his bid for a second term. He won by more than 800,000 votes.

It was the first time in U.S. history that three brothers had been elected to the U.S. Senate.

And, it was the beginning of the road back to supreme political power, where the Kennedys had briefly dwelled in what supporters described as "Camelot."

Not Friendly

Again, Robert Kennedy was in a hurry. He did not wait the customary time before making his maiden speech in the tradition-conscious Senate but plunged almost immediately with speeches about poverty and the problems of the cities.

It was no secret to the nation that President Johnson and Robert Kennedy were not on friendly terms. But relations were not helped when R.F.K. began to publicly move away from the Administration on Far East policy.

He favored suspension of bombing of North Vietnam in a 1967 Senate speech. He wrote a book entitled "To Seek a Newer World" in which he declared the United States had missed its "last best chance" to negotiate an end to the Vietnam War early in 1967.

But despite rumors that he might not be content to wait until 1972 to seek the Presidency, Kennedy insisted last January that he did not intend to enter the primaries, even though his Vietnam views coincided with those of Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy (D-Minn.).

He said he was prepared to support the nominee of the Democratic Party for President.

On Same Spot

Little more than two months later, however, after McCarthy had won 42% of the vote against President Johnson in the New Hampshire primary, Kennedy stood on the same spot where his brother, John, had announced and said he, too, would seek the Presidency. He was 42.

"Ruthless!" "Opportunist!" cried McCarthy supporters.

Newsmen gathered that day in the Caucus Room of the Old Senate Building asked him about the charges.

"I do not run for the presidency merely to op-

pose any man but to propose new policies," he said. "I run because I am convinced that this country is on a perilous course and because I have such strong feelings about what must be done that I am obliged to do all I can.

"I run to seek new policies—policies to close the gaps between black and white, rich and poor, young and old in this country and around the world. . . I run because it is now unmistakably clear that we can change these disastrous, divisive policies only by changing the men who make them."

Like his brother before him, Robert Kennedy plunged into winning the Democratic nomination by winning the most votes in the primaries.

Once again the nation watched as a Kennedy met the people. It was familiar—the crowds, the pulling and tugging of the candidate, the smiles, the seeming joy.

Robert Kennedy spoke in the familiar accents of President Kennedy as he pushed back his tousled hair and emphasized his points with a sharp, chopping motion of his hand.

But, the candidate knew the dangers.

Friends said he had become fatalistic about his own safety and staunchly refused to be guarded heavily. An Associated

Press newsmen recalled after Kennedy's death that the senator once said:

"I play Russian roulette every time I get up in the morning. But I just don't care. There's nothing I could do about it anyway."

He won in Nebraska and Indiana, but lost the Oregon primary.

It jolted him. He had said before the balloting that he would not remain a "very viable" candidate if he lost in Oregon.

But he rallied when the political show moved on to California. He needed to win to stay in the race with Vice President Humphrey for the nomination. He did, but an assassin with a gun ended it in a crowded pantryway short of the heights he had hoped to scale.

"Existence is so fickle," Kennedy once said, "Fate is so fickle. How does anyone know if he will be around in 1972?"

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

L.A. Bids Grieving Farewell as Kennedy's Body Is Flown Home

BY DIAL TORGERSON

Times Staff Writer

Sen. Robert F. Kennedy went home Thursday from his last campaign as Los Angeles—scene of both his greatest victory and his death—said a brief but poignant farewell to the assassinated senator.

At 12:37 p.m. his hearse left the hospital where he died early Thursday.

Less than an hour later, in a presidential jet, the senator's remains were lifted into a misty sky for a five-hour flight to the scene of

a state funeral planned in New York Saturday.

Tears streamed down the faces of many of the thousands who pressed against the chain link airport fence for a last glimpse of the silver, blue and white airplane.

At 1:28 p.m. it cleared the ground. Only eight days ago Kennedy, anxious to make up for his defeat in the Oregon primary, had arrived in Los Angeles to fight for the California victory he said he needed to stay in his drive for the Presidency.

He had arrived at the airport's West Imperial Terminal.

And it was there, on Thursday, that his body was placed aboard the Air Force plane for the funeral flight to New York.

What happened in the intervening eight days is now a page in history: his campaigning, his debate with Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy, his smashing win, his last speech to a victory rally, his detour through a hotel kitchen early Wednesday—and the gunfire which felled him there.

The end came 25½ hours later in the intensive care unit at Good Samaritan Hospital.

In a partitioned-off cubicle in a three-bed ward, surrounded by his wife, three of his 10 children, two sisters, friends and the widow of his assassinated brother, President John F. Kennedy, the young senator died at 1:44 a.m. of a bullet wound in the brain.

The departure of the senator's body from Los Angeles was followed by television reports that Ethel Kennedy had told an aide in forcible terms that she wanted no participation by Mayor Sam Yorty in any of the farewell ceremonies for her dead husband, a political opponent of the mayor.

Proposal Turned Down

A Kennedy spokesman said that Yorty had suggested that he might ride in a procession with the body from the hospital to the plane. The mayor's proposal was turned down by the Kennedy camp, the spokesman said.

Tom Jardine, Yorty's press secretary, later told The Times that the mayor had indeed offered to ride in the procession, but the Kennedy people told him, as they had told Gov. Reagan, that it would be "more expedient" if Yorty met the procession at the airport at 12:30 p.m. This Yorty did.

Jardine said further that reports that Mrs. Kennedy prevented Yorty's boarding the plane to pay his respects were unfounded, because the mayor neither intended to nor tried to board the Air Force jet.

As word of the senator's death

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spread around the world, the reaction set in with deeds and words:

—Authorities announced the Los Angeles County Grand Jury would consider a murder indictment against Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, the 24-year-old Jordanian now being held in Los Angeles County jail on assault charges for the shooting of Kennedy and five others hit in the fusillade of shots.

—Observances of mourning for the senator's death were scheduled as expressions of sorrow poured in from near and far.

For Los Angeles, however, Thursday was a day of both mourning and farewell.

At Good Samaritan Hospital, 200 persons were waiting for word of Kennedy's condition early Thursday—hoping for a chance of survival.

The watchers had learned that the lighted windows on the fifth floor were those of the intensive care unit. But they didn't know that, in the ward, doctors had given up hope of saving Kennedy's life.

Family, Friends Gather

As he began to sink deeper into the final coma, his family and friends gathered about him. Present were:

His wife, Ethel; Jacqueline Kennedy; sisters Jean Kennedy Smith and Pat Kennedy Lawford; brother Sen. Edward (Ted) Kennedy; children Kathleen, 16, Joseph, 15, and Robert Jr., 14; brother-in-law Stephen Smith; Louella Hennessey, who had been his nurse as a child; bodyguard Bill Barry; longtime friends David Hackett and Jim Whittaker and his wife, and Msgr. William J. McCormack of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

An obstetrician was nearby in case Mrs. Kennedy, who is expecting her eleventh child in January, should need help. She didn't. Said a friend: "She was bearing up very well."

Shortly after the end came, press aide Frank Mankiewicz told newsmen:

"Sen. Robert Francis Kennedy died at 1:44 a.m. today, June 6, 1968. He was 42 years old."

"He said Kennedy had never gained

strength after surgery for the brain injury.

"It was not a question of his sinking," he said, "but a question of not rising."

Later in the morning a big crowd gathered, waiting for the closest thing Los Angeles would have to a funeral procession: the departure of the cortege for the airport.

It was delayed because an autopsy had to be performed here, as required by local law, to establish medical details of his death.

The roar of motorcycle engines being kicked alive warned the throng at 12:32 p.m. that departure was near.

Twenty police motorcycles streamed out the entrance of the employees' parking lot and down Wilshire Blvd. to halt traffic between the hospital and the Harbor Freeway three blocks away.

Hush Falls on Crowd

A hush fell on the crowd, estimated by Police Capt. Joe Stephens at 4,500. In the silence irrelevant sounds assumed sudden importance: the hum of four helicopters hovering overhead, the brief blare of a police radio. And, at places in the vast, solemn crowd, the sounds of someone crying.

At 12:38 p.m. the blue hearse rolled from the parking lot on Lucas St. Bystanders, held at street's width by police, could see the African mahogany casket in the back. In front were Ethel Kennedy and the sole surviving brother, Edward.

Most of the crowd stood in silent homage. The word of the departure had spread through the 10-story hospital, and the windows turned white with the uniforms of nurses and attendants who stood there to watch.

The hearse rolled slowly, accompanied by sobs and tears torn from each group by its passage. Flowers were tossed into the street as the vehicle passed. There were cries, some soft, some loud: "Goodby Bobby," and just, "Goodby."

Eight sedans followed the hearse out of the parking lot, past the crowd, and down Wilshire Blvd., where officers had halted traffic. It took less than a minute for them to all depart.

An officer watched the motorcade depart, out of sight down Wilshire Blvd., then blew his whistle and waved. Traffic resumed. Wilshire Blvd. hummed with traffic once again. The crowd began to dissolve.

At Los Angeles International Airport an estimated 2,000 persons were gathered at the West Imperial Terminal, watching the presidential jet which would take the senator home from Los Angeles.

West Imperial Highway was jammed bumper-to-bumper with cars of those who couldn't find places to park.

Some of the 70 persons who would fly with the family and the casket had been waiting for almost an hour. Others were in the motorcade—the last Los Angeles motorcade of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy—that was rolling down the Santa Monica and San Diego freeways.

Casket Carried to Lift

The presidential candidate had never had a police motorcade in his campaigning here. But Thursday he did. White-helmeted police led the way down the freeways. At 1:12 p.m. they reached the airport.

The cortege pulled onto the field. The hearse backed up to a platform lift truck used for raising cargo to plane doors. The hearse door was opened, and the men in the party—including the slain senator's brother and the two teen-age Kennedy sons, Joseph and Robert—carried the casket onto the lift.

Then the members of the family, including Ethel Kennedy, stood on the lift, joined hands and bowed heads, and it was slowly raised to the level of the plane's front door. The men carried the casket inside.

Ted Kennedy paused, picked up a

funeral bouquet which had fallen to the floor of the lift, and took it into the plane with him.

Then the plane's big door closed on Robert F. Kennedy's last campaign.

Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, who was not on the lift with the others, led the other waiting passengers up a ramp into a rear cabin. There were 70 persons aboard the plane.

Many were friends who had known Robert Kennedy during his eight years of government service—and had worked for him in the months he fought for the Presidency won and held a thousand days by his older brother, John.

Another of the travelers, Mrs. Martin Luther King, like Ethel and Jacqueline Kennedy, lost her husband to an assassin.

Another who boarded was former White House press aide Pierre Salinger, who had been on this same plane in November, 1963, headed for Tokyo for a cabinet members' meeting, when word of President Kennedy's assassination had reached it.

The plane returned to the United States, where Salinger had then been the one to announce John Kennedy's funeral services. In New York he was to do the same later Thursday for the second Kennedy he had served.

As was the case of the aftermath to John F. Kennedy's death, there were the almost predictable responses from the public and officialdom. Some weren't so predictable. The second Kennedy murder touched the world's conscience as few crimes in history.

The loss was observed on many levels: personal, civic, statewide, nationwide, around the globe.

—On Los Angeles freeways car headlights burned in the daylight, the tribute a city on wheels pays in time of bereavement.

—In many Catholic churches special Masses were announced.

—President Johnson proclaimed Sunday a national day of mourning.

—In Sacramento, at Gov. Reagan's orders, the Department of General Services ordered all flags flown at half-mast at state facilities until the Kennedy funeral.

—University of California President Charles J. Hitch asked all campuses to hold "appropriate memorial services."

—Jacki Kirchoff, 16, of 3277 Knoll Way, Riverside, who worked in Kennedy headquarters there, got her parents' permission and came to Los Angeles International Airport because, she said, "in my heart I felt I just had to come—and pay my last respects."

At Elysian Heights School in the Echo Park district of Los Angeles, sixth graders were asked to write their impressions of the tragedy. Wrote Maedon Lau, 11:

"Mr. Kennedy was a good man. He encouraged people to vote for him. He made light in everybody. Now he is dead and all is dark."

Expressions of sympathy and bereavement showed how the city of Los Angeles—and the world beyond which watched it—responded to the death here of the

young senator. Among the comments:

—President Johnson: "Robert Kennedy affirmed this country, affirmed the essential decency of its people, their longing for peace, their desire to improve conditions of life for all."

—Mrs. Alva Johnson, 30, of 637 E. Colden Ave., wearing still a red, white and blue striped blouse and a blue Kennedy button from the days of campaigning, told a newsman at International Airport: "I feel like somebody in the family is gone." Mrs. Johnson is a Negro.

—Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh: "There are no adequate words for a moment such as this. Robert Kennedy was my friend. But far more than that, he would have made a great President."



CASKET PLACED ABOARD PLANE—Sen. Edward Kennedy, center, facing camera, helps move the casket of his brother, Sen. Robert F.

Kennedy, aboard presidential jet for flight to New York. Robert's son, Joseph, is on Edward's right. A second son, Robert Jr., is in doorway.
Times photo by Steve Fontanini



ARRIVE IN NEW YORK—Members of Kennedy family at La Guardia Airport after flight from Los Angeles. Mrs. Ethel Kennedy is at the

right with two sons. The other women, from left, are Mrs. Edward Kennedy, Mrs. Eunice Shriver, Mrs. Stephen Smith and Mrs. Peter Lawford.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Sirhan Case Weighed Today By Grand Jury

By DICK REID

Dist. Atty. Evelle J. Younger today asked the Grand Jury to indict Sirhan Sirhan for the murder of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. In a press conference Thursday Younger said that every bit of medical evidence would be presented to the grand jurors.

Local officials are taking all precautions that no possible controversy should arise from their handling of the case.

Later in the day, Dr. Thomas Noguchi said that it would be several days before the autopsy reports are completed.

Younger had told newsmen that the reports would be a part of the day-long presentation to the Grand Jury during which Deputy Dist. Attys. John Howard and Morio Fukuto plan to call 17 witnesses.

The District Attorney called on newsmen to use restraint in commenting upon anything which may be used as evidence in the trial.

In citing an example, Younger leveled criticism at Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty for remarks he made Wednesday concerning portions of a diary reportedly kept by Sirhan.

Younger said his office will ask the Grand Jury for an indictment charging murder in the first degree in the death of Sen. Kennedy and for five counts of assault with intent to commit murder and/or assault with a deadly weapon in connection with the attacks on the other wounded persons.

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The Dist. Atty. said that Sirhan will be arraigned in Superior Court before Judge Joseph Alacorn within 48 hours following the Grand Jury indictments.

Although showing the effects of lack of sleep, Younger took pains to emphasize that all the evidence in the case will be presented and will be made available for publication.

In calling for restraint on the pre-trial coverage, Younger said, "What has happened is a terrible tragedy but it would be an even greater tragedy if some statements affected the prosecution of the defendant."

He was critical of the Mayor, and cited his statements as the type he was referring to, and said that he did not have any conversations with Yorty prior to the issuance of the Mayor's statement.

Younger claimed under questioning by reporters that he felt the statements made by the Mayor "might jeopardize the case."

The Dist. Atty. claimed that in his opinion, Sirhan could get a fair trial in Los Angeles County but that his office would not oppose a change of venue motion if it was proper.

Younger, who just won election to a second term by a sweeping margin, told reporters that "no case in the history of the county will be given such thorough attention as this one."

He admitted that he has not selected the prosecutor for the case as yet, but promised that he would assemble a top team, which would not include himself.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Bobby Kennedy and Showbiz

It was the summer of 1960, smack in the middle of that year's historic election campaign, when we first met John and Bobby Kennedy . . . in Las Vegas . . . at a delightful weekend when they were hosted by Peter Lawford for the opening of Frank Sinatra at The Sands Hotel. . . . We must make a point of this — at this time, not because of the shocking, frightening and senselessly brutal tragedy — but in light of the amazing growth of interest, and influence, by showbiz personalities in politics, nationally and locally.

And it all seems to stem from the enormous effect the Kennedys had on stage and screen and teevee celebrities and executives. . . . Heretofore (we're speaking now from the 1960 vantage point) performers who had aligned themselves with political parties or candidates were compelled to play it cool by the politicians who were flattered by such attentions but suspicious of ulterior motives.

Then the picture changed dramatically after Peter Lawford married into the Kennedy clan . . . and after JFK came into national political prominence. . . . John, youthful, vital and enthusiastic developed a great rapport with his brother-in-law and the coterie of showbiz greats, Frank Sinatra, Joey Bishop, Sammy Davis.

We sat and fondled a scotch-on-the-rocks in the Celebrity Lounge at the Las Vegas spa that particular evening, and listened intently as the lads spoke up and volunteered to help John Kennery. . . . Bobby sat by quietly in the shadow of his big brother and contributed nothing but a warm, whimsical smile. . . . The ideas for campaigning came in a flood from the vivid imaginations of the Four Musketeers of film and niteries.

Finally with the big grin and the famed crinkle-eyed Kennedy smile, John said, "Whoa up, you guys. Work it out with Peter and Bobby, and I'll appreciate your doing whatever you can. But right now, let's just relax and enjoy the show."

And there it was — the OKAY for these showbiz celebs to take an active part in a political battle. . . .

That campaign has since become history . . . and the increasing activities of performers as major participants in our political scene virtually stems from that decision that weekend in Las Vegas.

Now, let's see . . . since then California has elected a United States senator, George Murphy . . . and Governor Ronald Reagan . . . the White House has become a familiar place to a legion of motion picture stars. . . . Every national political campaign since that time has also been marked by the "big" names from the arts and sports world who pledged themselves to the battle — as many stars for the Democrats as there were aligning themselves with the Republicans.

This type of participation reached new highs in the current primary engagements . . . with whole galaxies of performers on the firing lines for Bobby Kennedy and for Eugene McCarthy and for Hubert Humphrey.

And when the funeral cortege accompanying the remains of Bobby Kennedy back to Washington yesterday included such names as Andy Williams, Rosie Grier and Rafer Johnson it was an acknowledgment to the world that showbiz people "belonged" in the realm of openly active politics.

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Bobby accepted them, welcomed them and admitted that he had often been influenced by performers . . . a strange breed of people who had an affinity for judging themselves on the basis of ability and talent . . . with the fewest incidences of prejudice because of race, religion, color or creed.

Robert Francis Kennedy admired that quality in these people, and developed a kinship that went far beyond just political philosophy. . . . It was a thing that carried over into his personal life and gave him the rapport which most people felt who knew him. . . . It was a thing which a lot of his fans and supporters, who never really knew him, sort of sensed.

I disagreed with a lot of Bobby Kennedy's political stands, yet I respected him for his integrity, his fairness, his innate honesty, his determination and for the words which so influenced his faith and which he so often quoted — "with liberty and justice for all."

I think showbiz owes him a debt, along with his brother, John . . . and I think the time has come for people of every political philosophy in the arts world to acknowledge that debt in some adequate form for the Kennedys who emancipated performers and set them free to work publicly for their individual political beliefs.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

FARE WELL TO BOBBY

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Princely Rich, Grieving Poor Unite in Grief

NEW YORK (UPI)—Thousands of mourners filled St. Patrick's Cathedral at sunrise today in a last farewell to Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. They wept, crossed themselves and some kissed the coffin in bereavement. The princely rich whose background shared and the struggling poor whose cause he championed came in sadness to the mighty Gothic cathedral on Fifth Avenue to pass by the closed coffin. His adopted city and the nation were saying goodbye to the assassinated senator they knew as Bobby.

Many reached out hesitantly and gently touched the coffin. Some leaned and kissed it, brushing back tears. Scores wept openly. Soulful music filled the vast church.

4,000 Passed in Hour

Grieving multitudes came in work clothes and finery. Young college students bore knapsacks. Many of those filing past were Negroes whose cause Kennedy had championed.

They passed in two single files at the rate of 70 per minute. Within an hour, more than 4,000 had viewed the casket.

A small, grayhaired woman in her 70's was among the thousands who filled the Cathedral. As she approached the coffin, she walked in front of a huge young man, over 6 feet tall and weighing 300 pounds. He stepped back politely.

Seconds later a young man in a blue jacket and white slacks, sporting a bushy mustache and a shaggy head of hair, buried his contorted face in his palms and wept.

Prayer in Background

In Vatican City, Pope Paul VI offered Mass for the repose of the soul of the 42-year-old Senator slain Wednesday in Los Angeles. The pontiff celebrated the Mass in his private chapel, with only his two secretaries looking on.

But it was in St. Patrick's that the sorrow of the nation was most dramatically demonstrated.

The Mass for the dead in Kennedy's memory began at 6 a.m., at an altar some distance from the casket. As the mourners passed by the bier, the voice of the priest could be heard.

"Let us pray that God will bless Bobby Kennedy, that God will bless this nation.

"Let us pray that God will give the Kennedy family courage to endure this trying time . . ."

All Night Vigil

The huge bronze doors were ordered swing open at sunrise to permit hundreds of mourners who stood vigil throughout the night to enter for a 5:30 a.m. mass for the dead.

It was one of eight masses today for the senator, slain like his brother, President John F. Kennedy, by an assassin's bullet.

Damned by some as "a carpetbagger" when he moved to New York five years ago to run for the U.S. Senate, Kennedy today received the mournful affection of the nation's largest city.

Today they came from Black and Spanish Harlem tenements, from Park Avenue penthouses, from joyless Coney Island. They came from New Jersey and elsewhere.

Sorrowing Family

Mary Ann Camp, 50, of

Clairbridge, N.J., stood silently all night in front of Fifth Avenue's fashionable boutiques, looking at the twin spires of the massive cathedral. She brought three children with her. Linda, 10; Billy, 7, and Jimmy, 5. The youngest two were lying in the warm night air on a blanket spread on the sidewalk.

Funeral services will be at 10 a.m. Saturday in the 110-year-old church. The body then will be borne by train to Washington for burial Saturday afternoon in Arlington National Cemetery.

Kennedy will be laid to rest on a grassy hillside across the Potomac River from the Lincoln Memorial, next to his brother John.

At Side of Casket

Sen. Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, whose three older brothers died violently serving their country, remained in the chancery of the cathedral throughout much of the long night, kneeling beside the casket bearing his brother. It was grimly reminiscent of another seemingly endless night, nearly five years ago, when the body of President

Kennedy was borne by presidential jet to Washington after that bleak day in Dallas, Nov. 22, 1963.

Now Robert Kennedy had made his last, long airplane trip. The body was borne from Los Angeles to New York Thursday. Kennedy was cut down by an assassin early Wednesday morning during the flush of victory in the California Democratic primary, a triumph that propelled him into a strong contention for the presidency his brother had relinquished in death by an assassin's hand.

The presidential jet touched down at Marina Terminal, LaGuardia Airport. Thousands waited there — a few were friends of the family, others were among a multitude to whom Kennedy was, simply, a hero.

The body was borne to St. Patrick's for a private service for the family and close friends.

Some persons who strained, silent, against wooden police barricades wore black arm bands. Among the family who attended the brief ceremony were the slain senator's mother, Rose Kennedy, 77; his sister-in-law, Mrs. John F. Kennedy; his surviving brother, and Edward's wife, Jean.

The weekend promised in many ways to be reminiscent of the crisp late fall in Washington four and one-half years ago, with the ill-starred Kennedys once again sharing their hours of grief with the nation.

Those who waited all night at the cathedral spoke with sadness about the loss of their senator.

Jeannie West of New York City was wearing a small replica of the John F. Kennedy half dollar on her lapel. She showed a reporter a color photograph she had taken of Robert Kennedy and his wife while he campaigned for the Senate four years ago.



UPI Photo

DEVOTIONS TO BELOVED

Leaving Cathedral after services Thursday night were Sen. Edward Kennedy, Ethel, widow of slain senator and Joseph, III, oldest son of Robert. At extreme right, Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, mother of Robert.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Yorty to Head L.A. Funeral Delegation

City councilmen adjourned in memory of the late Sen. Robert F. Kennedy Thursday and authorized a 5-member delegation to represent the council at his funeral in New York Saturday.

Mayor Sam Yorty will head the official Los Angeles party, which will include Councilmen Billy G. Mills, Paul H. Lemport, Edmund D. Edelman, Gilbert W. Lindsay, Arthur Snyder and Deputy Mayor Joseph M. Quinn.

The delegation will fly East this morning.

The council adjourned until Monday, when items scheduled for the Thursday and Friday calendars will be considered, including the proposed 1968-69 budget.

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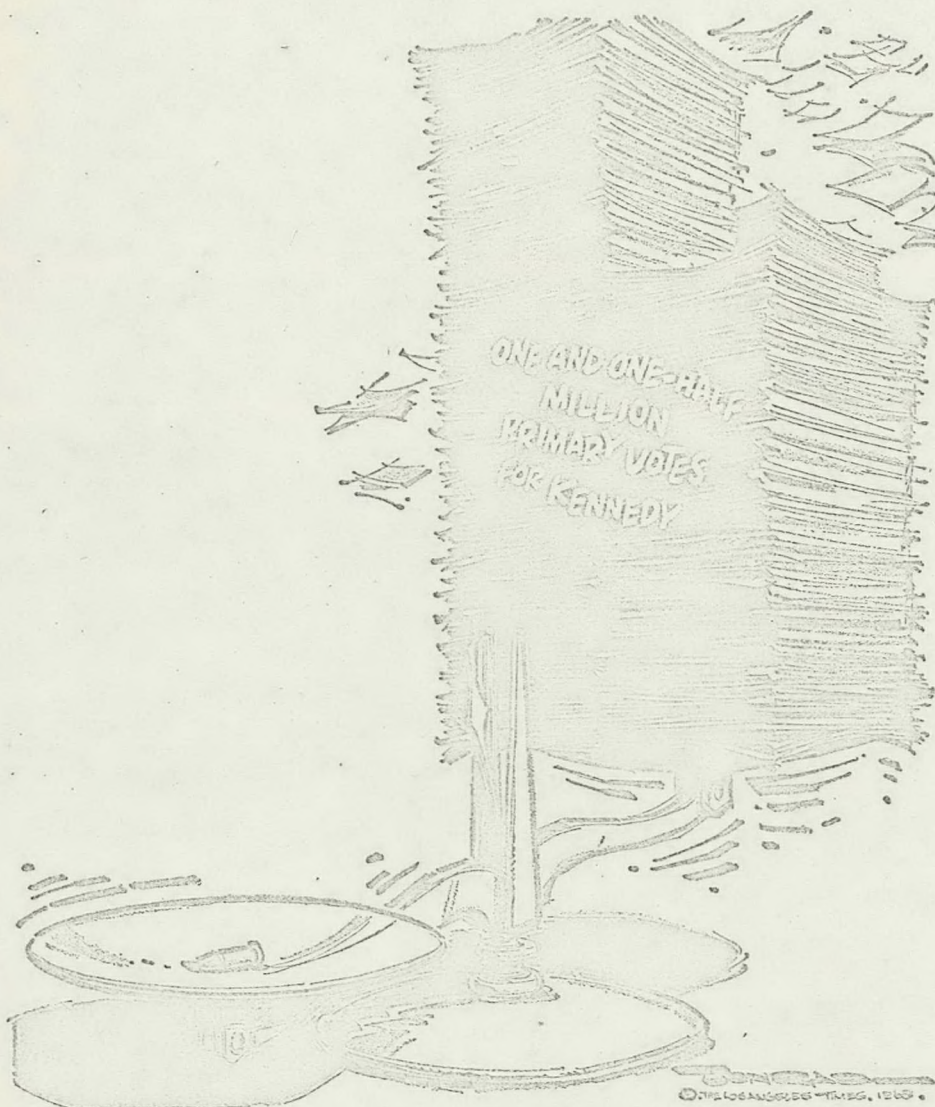
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Ethel Kennedy Has the Clan's Courage

By United Press International

Ethel Kennedy, a member of the clan by marriage, has always seemed to epitomize the Kennedy trademarks of fighting spirit, courage and family loyalty.

The 40-year-old widow of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, like another Kennedy-by-marriage four years before, has drawn on a seemingly infinite reservoir of strength in this time of national sorrow.

Ethel had been campaigning alongside her husband since he entered the presidential race in March, asking no special treatment even though she is expecting her 11th child late this year.

She was nearby when he was shot, remained on vigil through his four hours of brain surgery and was with him when he passed away.

A sportswoman of considerable ability, Ethel played touch football with the Kennedys, went skiing with them and was an enthusiastic horsewoman.

Took Some Spills

She made headlines by falling off a motorcycle in Rome, and falling into the ocean when a boat overturned off Hawaii.

But in Washington, where she had a large circle of close friends, Ethel was known for her compassion for deprived children.

She opened her luxurious home, Hickory Hill at McLean, Va., to them on numerous occasions and organized a three-day telethon in Washington in February to raise funds for poor children.

A devout Roman Catholic, she has borne more than her share of tragedy and suffering.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Skakel, were killed in an airplane crash. A brother was killed in another plane crash a couple of years ago. Her brother's widow choked to death last year at the dinner table.

Ethel has long lived in the shadow of her famous sister-in-law, former First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy. The two never had a warm rapport, although they closed ranks in times of crisis.

She is one of seven children of George Skakel, a multimillionaire who headed the Great Lakes

Carbon Co. She was born in Chicago and reared in Greenwich, Conn.

While attending the College of Sacred Heart in Manhattanville, N.Y., she roomed with Jean Kennedy and met Bobby during her freshman year in 1945 on a ski trip to Canada.

They were married in June, 1950, and one of Ethel's announced goals—now achieved—was to surpass her mother-in-law, Mrs. Rose Kennedy, who had nine children.

Husband Amused

Her husband was considerably amused when Ethel was accused in 1967 of being a horse thief. Nicholas M. Zemo of the McLean area accused her

of stealing a thoroughbred yearling named Panda. Mrs. Kennedy testified at her trial that the horse was starving so she took him in to feed him.

The horse died soon after she had her groom take it from a chicken coop to the stables on her estate. She was acquitted and Zemo was convicted of cruelty to animals.

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