

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

The Loss to the Nation and the World Is Incalculable

BY JOSEPH KRAFT

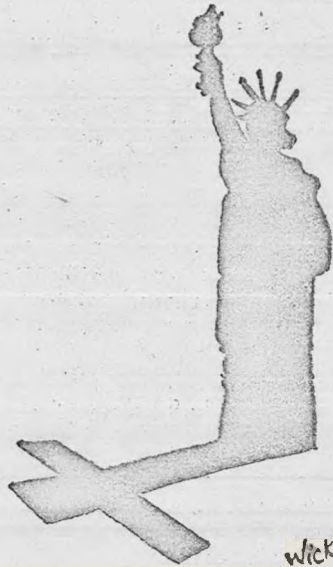
Everybody knew about the Bad Bobby, but those of us who admired Robert Kennedy were not good at communicating his qualities. Now there is sad occasion for another try.

He was Celt in the Kennedy family. He lacked the grace, wit, style and detachment of President Kennedy. His feelings were strong feelings close to the surface.

People in trouble engaged his sympathy foremost of all. The roots of a large part of the war on poverty go back to the concern he—and perhaps he alone among high officials—felt for juvenile delinquents. "Look at those faces, look at that suffering," he kept exclaiming during the tour of Poland he made in the spring of 1964.

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From that feeling flowed his bond with the Negroes in this country. He was emotionally involved with the Black Power leaders he encountered. "Tell it like it is," and other phrases in their idiom crept into his own vocabulary long before they became well known. He cared, he really cared. That is why Mrs. Martin Luther King crossed the continent unbidden to sit for a while beside his death bed here in Los



Cartoon by Wicks

Angeles. That is why Charles Evers said of him the other day: "He wasn't like a senator. He was like a brother."

Because his feelings were strong, he was ill at ease when a course of action was obscure. He had a low tolerance for uncommitment. I think that is why he was so visibly erratic when making up his mind about entering the presidential race this year—and again about whether to run for the Senate from New York in 1964. In each case, there were no good choices open. Indecision was inevitable, and lying low would have been prudent. But it says something for him, not against him, that he felt, almost self-accusingly,

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the need, to act out the agony in public.

Once a commitment asserted itself, his capacity for disciplined self-abnegation was remarkable. He went to great lengths on behalf of President Kennedy, and for causes that moved him. In these conditions he was not always sensitive to the sensibilities of other people—particularly other people in comfortable circumstances. Perhaps that is why he was so much hated.

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Far more than most public figures, he was willing to surround himself with abler men. The assistants he assembled at the Justice Department were intellectually his superiors by far. His range of friendship—from pop singers through generals to Supreme Court justices—was truly extraordinary.

Neither was he afraid of learning—even of learning late. To some the seminars at Hickory Hill may have smacked of discovering the wheel anew each week. But they were part of the learning process. It was typical of him that when he entered the Senate he got himself a brand new staff of younger men imbued with ideas not familiar to him.

"The great thing about Bobby," Carl Kaysen, the former White

House aid who replaced Robert R. Oppenheimer as Director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, once said, "is that he is infinitely educable."

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He was served, as he pushed his way in new directions, by a strong sense of the realities. If he sometimes indulged friends with false perspectives, he rarely kidded himself. In the Cuban missile crisis he rejected the advice of those who wanted to bomb first with the blunt comment about a "Pearl Harbor in reverse." He came around nearly 180 degrees on Vietnam, and publicly insisted on his own responsibility for the errors of the past. He was probably the first important man to put his finger publicly on the price that had to be paid for a settlement of the war—giving the other side a legitimate place in the politics of South Vietnam. With the same uncompromising honesty, he asserted before the California primary that if he lost again his candidacy for the presidency was "not viable."

Whether he would have made a good President nobody can say with confidence. Still, he had the capacity to identify troubles, and to concentrate upon them a tension, talents and resources. He had the sympathy of those whose forbearance the nation now most requires. The country will survive without him, but a main hope for the future has been lost. He died before his hour had yet come round.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

The Burial

By TOM WICKER

(C) 1968 New York Times News Service

WASHINGTON, June 8—Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was buried tonight in the glow of floodlights, not far from President Kennedy's grave on the hillside at Arlington National Cemetery.

With President and Mrs. Johnson looking on, the flag that draped the murdered senator's coffin was removed, folded, and taken by the former astronaut, John Glenn, to Sen. Edward Kennedy, now the head of the nation's most prominent political family.

Kennedy handed the folded flag to Joseph P. Kennedy III, the dead man's eldest son; he gave it to his mother, Mrs. Ethel Kennedy; and as the Harvard University band played "America the Beautiful," Robert Kennedy's smaller children lit candles against the night.

It was 10:24 p.m. when the hearse pulled up at the foot of the slope upon which the graves are located. A few minutes later, the 13 pallbearers removed the casket, then headed up the hill in the glare of the hastily installed lights.

At 10:30 p.m., the service began and the familiar words "I Am The Resurrection and The Life . . ." rolled across the hillside where thousands had stood for hours.

The Roman Catholic clergymen who read the brief service included archbishops Terrence J. Cooke of New York and Patrick J. O'Boyle of Washington.

At its conclusion, the pallbearers came forward again and the flag ceremony followed. Then Mrs. Ethel Kennedy, Edward Kennedy and Joseph Kennedy III knelt by the coffin, prayed briefly, and leaned forward to kiss the dark wood, gleaming in the floodlights.

One by one, other members of the family came forward to bid Robert Kennedy a final farewell by kissing his casket. Last of all came Mrs. John F. Kennedy and her two children, Carolyn and John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr.

Later, the widow and children of President Kennedy laid small wreaths on his nearby grave, before which the eternal flame was burning brilliantly, and on the graves of two other Kennedy children, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy and an infant girl who died at birth on Aug. 23, 1956.

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Jacqueline Kennedy, Caroline and John Jr. kneel at grave of late President Kennedy after attending graveside rites for his brother.



Back to camera, President Johnson bends to speak to Mrs. Ethel Kennedy at graveside rites. She carries flag from the ~~sashon~~.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

How They Are

A nation's shock and revulsion over the slaying of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was shared this week by the five persons closest to it—all victims of the assassin's bullets.

"If someone tries to help people like Senator Kennedy did and then gets shot down, then our society is really sick and full of hatred," said Irwin Stroll, 17, a disillusioned Youth for Kennedy worker, from his hospital bed.

"We share with everyone the feeling of revulsion that questions should be attempted to be answered by violence," said Arthur Evans, Saugus, whose wife, Elizabeth, 43, was scheduled to be released from Huntington Memorial Hospital, Pasadena, yesterday.

All five victims continued to show progress today as the nation observed a day of mourning for the murdered senator.

Stroll, of 6089 Horner St., in good condition after treatment for his leg wound at Midway Hospital, expects to return home Tuesday.

Mrs. Evans has made satisfactory recovery from her scalp wound.

Paul Schrade, western director of the United Auto Workers, 4150 S. Hillcrest Dr., who suffered head wounds, was in good condition at Kaiser Foundation Hospital and was moved from the hospital's intensive care unit Friday.

William Weisel, 30, an ABC-TV network newsmen from Washington, D.C., was in satisfactory condition at Kaiser Foundation Hospital after treatment for a bullet wound in his abdomen. Mrs. Edna Weisel, his mother, flew to Los Angeles from Washington to be with him.

Ira Goldstein, 19, of 4077 Hayvenhurst Ave., Encino, the least seriously wounded of the five, was discharged from the hospital Thursday after treatment of a bullet wound in his left hip. He is a newsmen for Continental News Service.

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Assessment... ARE WE A VIOLENT SOCIETY?

Once again the nation has been stunned by sudden violence. Why does such violence occur? The author of the following discussion is Chief of the Consulting and Liaison Service of the Los Angeles County-University of Southern California Medical Center as well as Director of Postgraduate Psychiatry at the Center.

Written expressly for
Hearst Headline Service
(C) 1968, by The Hearst Corporation

By Dr. Donald H. Naftulin

One of the more vivid and exciting experiences in my childhood was seeing the bugler in "Beau Geste" get it right between the eyes. His fall from the parapet filled me with revulsion and fascination. How could the death of this legionnaire whose call to battle stirred the stars, the extras, and me, whose place in the tower appeared so unassailable, be so fascinating and even appealing to me? I think I was seven.

Twenty-five years later, curious about the appeal it once held for me, I saw Hollywood's up-dated version of the movie. I left the theater disappointed that the kicks of that childhood memory were not stirred, but satisfied that the conscious violence of my own character had mellowed. What was so significant to me was not the smug control twenty-five more years of living provided, but that I was disappointed at the lack of thrills this violent movie once gave me.

I reminded myself perhaps we are born out of violence and live out of the need to control it. The extent to which

a balance occurs between the forces of violence with which we are born and the forces of control with which we live determines how we as individuals and perhaps even as civilizations thrive.

We can readily accept the pre-school kid playing out his structured competitive violent fantasies with Bobo the clown. We can observe the lence of Saturday's hero and dissipate or perhaps fan our own violence through his. We can amusingly watch the contrived, consequently perhaps less violent violence of UN-CLE. We can grimly accept war-torn national interest half a globe away or feel the impotence of ending it. We can even tolerate the unknown and not so well the known victims of violence with some discomfort.

But the national conscience cries out when the folk hero, considered unassailable, falls from the tower a victim of violent forces out of control. The crucial issue is whether the national character fans the fires of violence and if so, whether the national character can change sufficiently to bring these fires under control.

In this decade in America, we have witnessed more assassinations and assassination attempts on the lives of public figures than in any other country. In one century, a prime minister and four presidents were assassinated. Numerous and not altogether in

adequate explanations of these frequent events, have been heard. Few are complete and fewer still offer remedies.

To rehash the necessary and glorified frontier violence of America's beginnings is only one road toward understanding of violence. To point to the ease with which one can purchase weapons is another. To turn to urban density and to relate the problem to a jungle territory jealously guarded against intrusion by another member of the same species is a third.

One can proffer countless explanations in our attempts to understand and hopefully reduce the events in this decade which have nagged the national conscience in varying degrees: from John F. Kennedy, Medgar Evers, Malcolm X, George Lincoln Rockwell, Martin Luther King, Jr., to the recent tragedy of Robert F. Kennedy. Yet no explanation is as painfully obvious nor frequently disillusioning as the one stating that violent human behavior once had vast adaptive significance.

The fittest survived and fitness was violently defined. In subhuman species, members of the same species fight for supremacy not often to the finish but usually only until the loser imposes his own exile in a remote part of the territory. According to investigators of animal behavior such as Konrad Lorenz and Robert Ardrey, the captivity of an aquarium or aviary provides no place for the loser to flee so he fights to the finish.

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If one applies Lorenz's observations of the subhuman species to the human animal, one historically recognizes the assassins or would-be assassins as losers with few places to flee. But the human assassin's experienced threat is not usually a real one jeopardizing life, but a fantasied one played-out, like the pre-school kid with Bobo, against the unassailable person who represents his loss.

The human animal's advantage over the subhuman is that he can kill his adversary from a distance. The weapon, be it a spear, a sling, or a gun, is a great equalizer. So, the respective roles of the loser and the fittest remain highly reversible and less predictable than in the animal kingdom. In the assassin's view he is less a loser if he wins through this act. This animal psychology model of human behavior even allows for the conspiratorial assassination theory, so loudly defended by some.

For example, many species' members recognize their young and their tribe and will not behave violently toward them but will even battle for them with increased violence toward an outside threat. In their natural environment, animals often ritualize their violent behavior much as we might at a football game. But as animals in captivity lose this ability to ritualize violence partially because of a smaller territory within which the loser can flee, so might some men not have developed enough ability to control the violence in their nature long after it's no longer useful.

We humans have fashioned our own captivity in which competitive violence is replaced to a great extent by cooperative productivity. But our violence, so important to our survival in the cave, is

still very uncontrolled. It was with me at that movie 25 years ago.

A newer version of the film made me aware of my watered-down violence, but more important, that movie evoked disappointment in not experiencing the old thrill of violence. I can live without the thrill but not without the control. For my ability to kill that person I think responsible for my loss when I've no place to run is far greater than a member of any other species. If I fail to ritualize or channel that violence I look elsewhere for better understanding and hopefully better control of such behavior. Without such control, not just my adversary loses, but I and my society as well.

The tragedy of the past few days answers not whether we're a violent society but that we humans are a violent species. And the ease with which our members can inflict that violence has grown beyond our ability to control it. In the past million years the thinking part of our nervous system has outgrown the feeling part. The speed with which our species moves, the skill with which world events are transmitted, and the intimacy with which our communication hardware personalizes our leaders provides a sort of human aquarium in which our losers find little space for self-imposed exile.

Gun control, law enforcement, and security measures are only immediate and partial answers. The President has taken a thoughtful step in establishing a forum to study the nature of our violence. Let us not be dismayed that its results will be incomplete in our lifetime. Let us be encouraged that future leaders and losers can hear us thinking.

~~HERE ARE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S COMMISSION TO STUDY VIOLENCE IN AMERICA~~



Roman Hruska

Archbishop Cooke

William McCulloch

Millon Eisenhower

Eric Hoffer



Philip Hart

Patricia Harris

Hale Boggs

A. L. Higginbotham

Albert Jenner Jr.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

'HE-LOVED LIFE'

Brother Delivers Eulogy for 'Good and Decent Man'

BY JOHN J. GOLDMAN

Times Staff Writer

NEW YORK—The senator from Massachusetts stood, the last of the Kennedy brothers, near the flag-draped coffin and fought to hold back tears as he delivered a eulogy.

Around him in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the family, the President, Cabinet members, Robert F. Kennedy's rivals in the 1968 presidential race, six cardinals, 200 priests, the personal emissary of Pope Paul VI, all the 2,300 persons seated under the towering Gothic arches listened in sorrow.

"Love is not an easy feeling to put into words," said Sen. Edward M. (Ted) Kennedy, 36. "Nor is loyalty or trust or joy. But he was all of these. He loved life completely and he lived it intensely.

"... My brother need not be idealized or enlarged in death beyond what he was in life. He should be remembered simply as a good and decent man, who saw wrong and tried to right it, saw suffering and tried to heal it, saw war and tried to stop it."

Edward Kennedy's tribute was delivered in the name of his family. It came as a surprise and was perhaps the most poignant moment Saturday in a traditional funeral Mass for Robert Kennedy, 42, who was struck down by an assassin's bullet early Wednesday in Los Angeles.

The dead senator was mourned with splendor, dignity and deep sorrow during a one-hour and 45-minute service.

President and Mrs. Johnson sat in a pew to the left of the casket. Throughout the Mass celebrated by Archbishop Terence Cooke of New York, the Kennedy family, which filled two rows of the cathedral, remained gravely stricken but generally composed.

Ethel Kennedy, the widow, sat with Edward Kennedy and three of her children. One son, Robert Jr., 14, served as an altar boy. Also in the first row were Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy and her two children.

Ethel Kennedy wore widow's black, a thin black veil over her face. She watched intently as the ritual of the service unfolded around the coffin, flanked by six burning candles and the huge white marble altar.

Mrs. Rose Kennedy, 77, who has lost two sons by assassination, was seated with the other family members.

When the service was more than half over, Robert Kennedy's six other children were escorted into the church and joined their mother. When two of the younger children got restless, she led them out of the cathedral.

"Today, in simple realism, we salute the sense of purpose which gave direction to Robert Kennedy's life," Archbishop Cooke said. "We admire his love for America, for all her people, especially her poor and disadvantaged. We admire his keen sense of brotherhood that reached out to men of every nation, religion and race. We admire his ability to identify so that Negro people spoke of him as 'one of ours.'

Recalls Kennedy Dream .

"We admire his vision in confronting the problems of poverty and civil rights. He also had a dream—the dream of an America purged of prejudice, assuring freedom for all of her citizens, a land of truly equal opportunity."

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Among the mourners who cut across all levels of society were Mrs. Martin Luther King; Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP; Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles; Speaker of the House John W. McCormack, who headed a delegation of about 50 congressmen; Roosevelt Grier and Rafer Johnson, who helped subdue the accused assassin; Gov. George Romney of Michigan; actor Sidney Poitier; and the Rev. A. D. King, brother of Dr. Martin Luther King.

Seated in the front of the cathedral were the four remaining presidential candidates: Vice President

Humphrey, Sen. Eugene McCarthy (D-Minn.), Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York and former Vice President Richard M. Nixon.

Among the dignitaries of the church present were Angelo Cardinal Dell'Acqua, personal vicar of Pope Paul, Patrick Cardinal O'Boyle of Washington, John Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia, John Cardinal Cody of Chicago and James Francis Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles.

Children Carry Offerings

Particularly moving was the Offertory, when some of Kennedy's children gathered and carried bread and wine to the altar where Archbishop Cooke gently took the offerings for consecration later in the Mass.

The young girls in white dresses and small boys in dark suits walked slowly to the altar as Leonard Bernstein conducted 30 members of the New York Philharmonic in a movement of Gustav Mahler's Fifth Symphony.

The final ceremony of blessing the body by anointing the casket with holy water and perfuming it with incense was conducted by Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston.

But it was Edward Kennedy, standing alone at a lectern in front of the coffin, who touched the deepest emotion as he brought the religious and secular worlds together.

Provided Strength

Speaking before the Mass formally began, Kennedy said his brother had given the family "strength in time of trouble, wisdom in time of uncertainty."

And for a moment, many of those in the cathedral thought of a slim figure, hair mussed on a campaign platform in Indiana, New York, perhaps Nebraska or elsewhere as the Massachusetts senator, his voice breaking, repeated Robert Kennedy's favorite ending to speeches and perhaps, in short summed up his creed:

"Some men see things as they are and say why? I dream things that never were and say why not?"

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

The Frantic 25 Hours And 24 Minutes

The Nation Was Hoping For a Miracle

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12:15 a.m.

Senator Kennedy, Ethel and Jesse Unruh were happy as Bobby made his victory speech before supporters in Embassy Room of Ambassador Hotel.

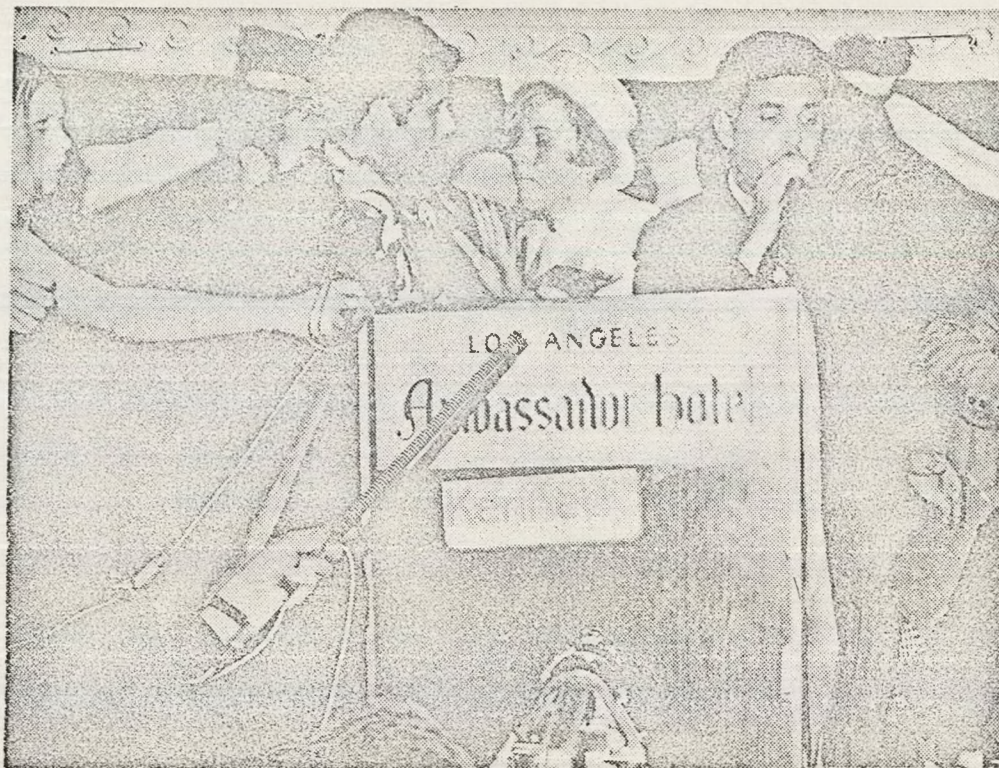


12:17 a.m.

As Bobby left the happy throng and entered the kitchen area shots rang out and he slumped to the floor. Immediately his wife Ethel pleaded with throng to stand back.



12:18 a.m. Then Ethel anxiously hovers
over badly-wounded husband



12:19 a.m. When Kennedy aides realize the seriousness of the situation, they got on mike and asked that room be cleared.



12:20 a.m. Lying wounded with bullet in his brain, the senator from New York clutches his crucifix.



12:25 a.m. Assassin suspect Sirhan Sirhan is pulled from scene.



12:29 a.m. Two Kennedy girl supporters break into tears when they learn that their hero has been badly wounded.

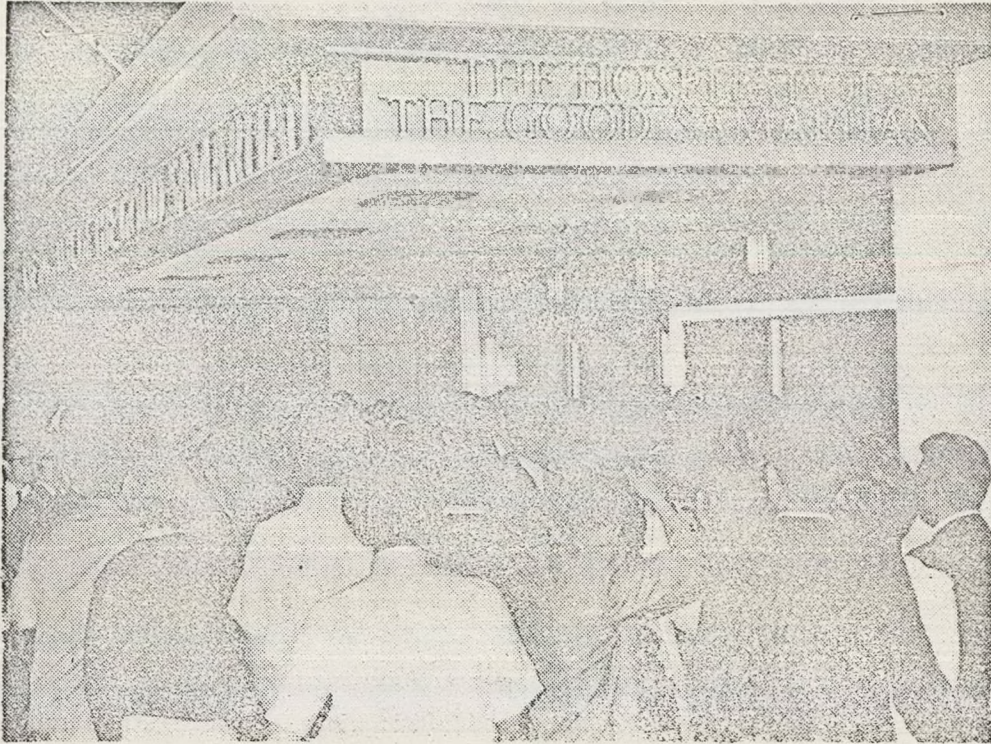


12:30 a.m.

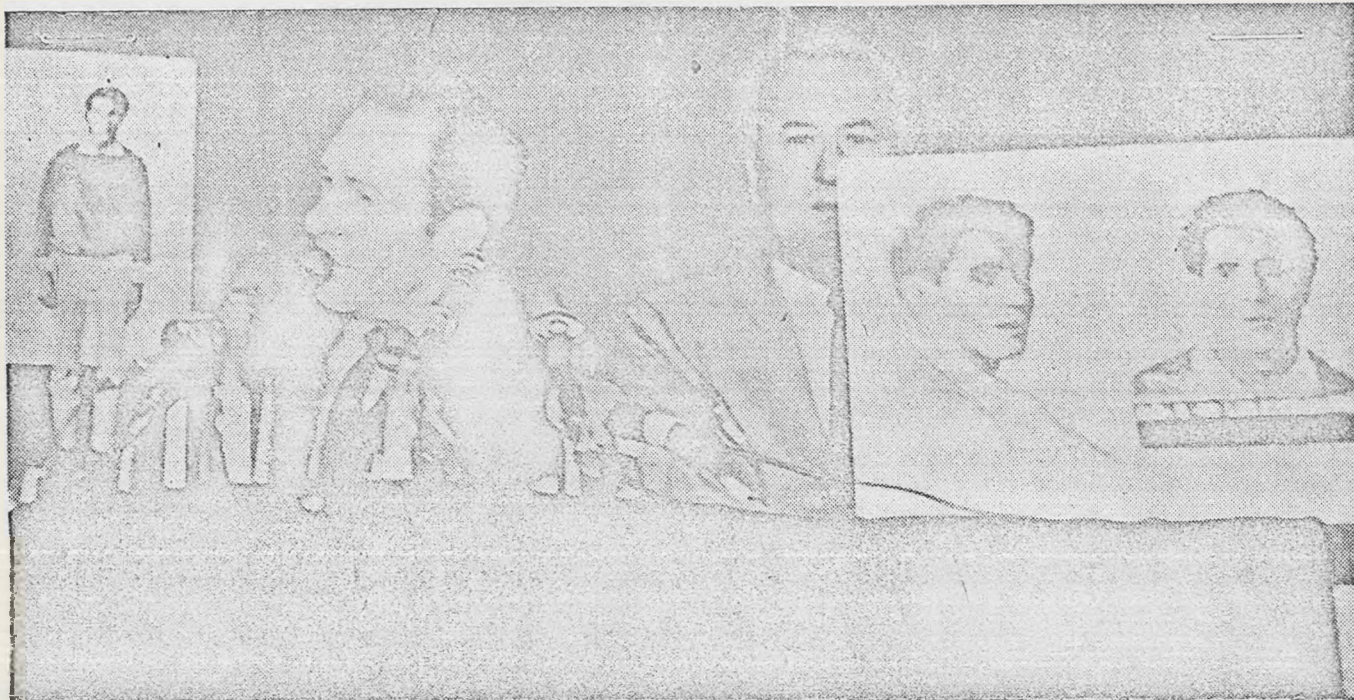
Ambulance arrives at Central Receiving Hospital after picking up mortally-wounded Kennedy at Ambassador.



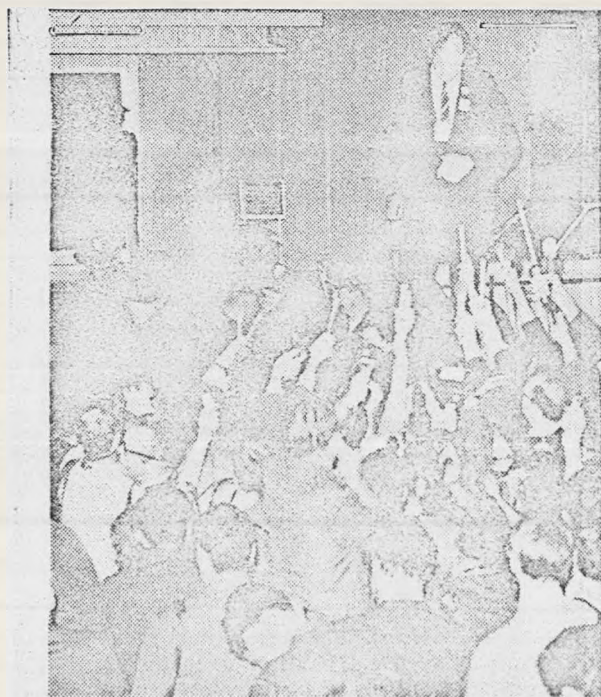
12:40 a.m. Bodyguard Bill Barry hangs head in disbelief at events.



2 a.m. Crowds of newsmen and bystanders mill about Good Samaritan Hospital where wounded senator was taken for surgery.



11 a.m. Mayor Sam Yorty and Police Chief Tom Reddin reveal name of the killing suspect at a press conference. They also have pictures of Sirhan Sirhan, who was born in Jerusalem.



1:58 p.m. Frank Mankiewicz says that senator is still alive.



2 p.m. Six of 10 Kennedy children and dog prepare to leave Beverly Hills for International Airport and trip back to home.



2:30 p.m. Mrs. Pat Lawford, sister of Bobby, is aided to auto after visit to Good Samaritan room.



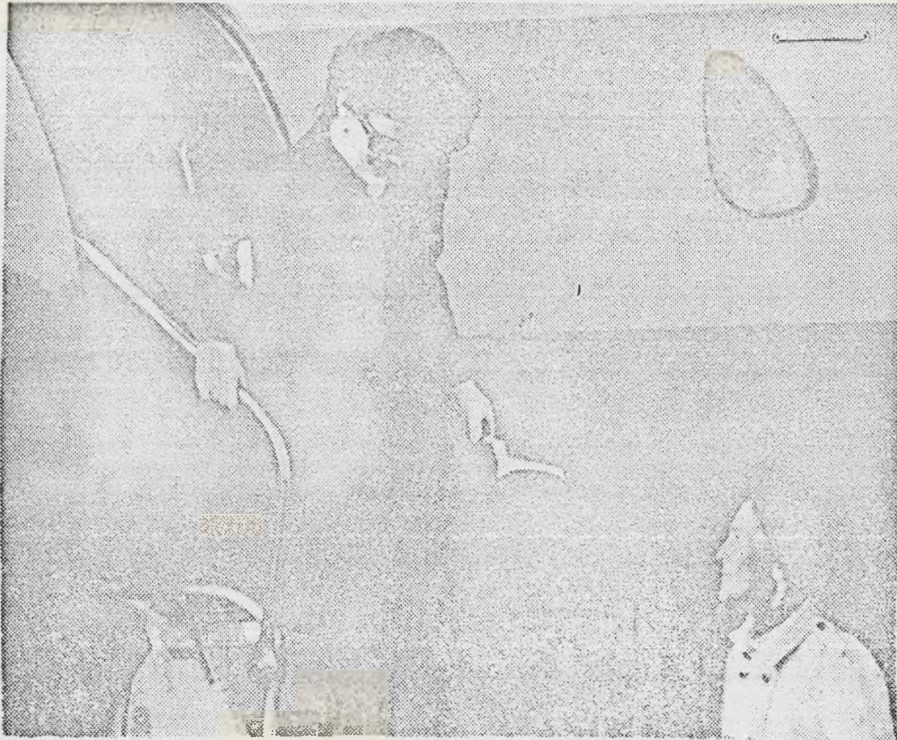
6 p.m.

**Sen. Eugene McCarthy leaves hospital
after short visit to pay his respects.**



6:20 p.m.

Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr., wife of the slain civil rights leader, is among those paying visit to hospital.



7 p.m.

Mrs. John F. Kennedy leaves plane at International Airport bound for hospital room where Bobby lies wounded.



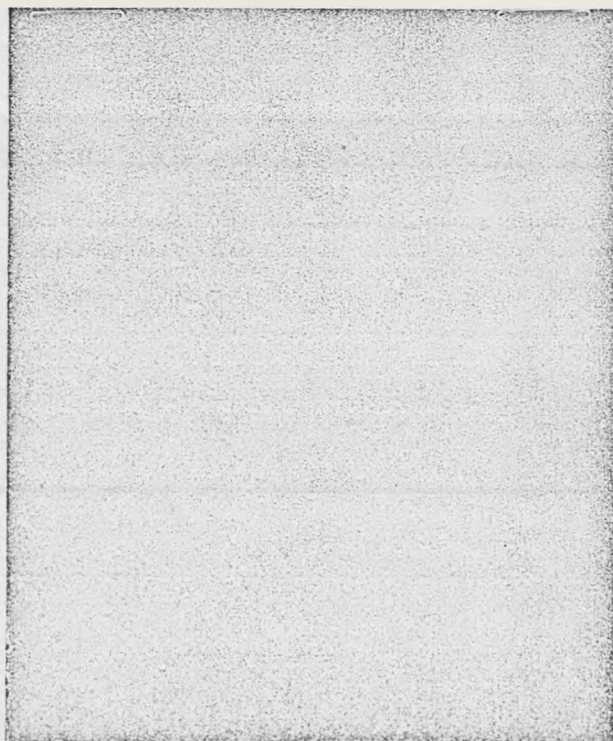
7:15 p.m. President Johnson deplores act
and names violence study group.



9:30 p.m. Hundreds of persons kept a vigil, hoping for a miracle.



10 p.m. Prayers for Kennedy's full recovery were recited by those waiting.



1:44 a.m. Sen. Kennedy breathed his last — the nation would sob.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

TEXT OF BROTHER'S FUNERAL EULOGY

NEW YORK (UPI) — The following is the text of Sen. Edward M. Kennedy's tribute to his brother:

On behalf of Mrs. Robert Kennedy, her children and the parents and sisters of Robert Kennedy, I want to express what we feel to those who mourn with us today in this cathedral and around the world. We loved him as a brother, as a father and as a son. From his parents, and from his older brothers and sisters—Joe, Kathleen and Jack—he received inspiration which he passed on to all of us. He gave us strength in time of trouble, wisdom in time of uncertainty, and sharing in time of happiness. He was always by our side.

Love is not an easy feeling to put into words. Nor is loyalty, or trust, or joy. But he was all of these. He loved life completely and lived it intensely.

Words About Father

A few years back, Robert Kennedy wrote some words about his own father and they expressed the way we in the family feel about him. He said of what his father meant to him: "What it really all adds up to is love—not love as it is described with such futility in popular magazines, but the kind of love that is affection and respect, order, encouragement and support.

"Our awareness of this was an incalculable source of strength, and because real love is something unselfish and involves sacrifice and giving, we could not help but profit from it.

"Beneath it all, he has tried to engender a social conscience. There were wrongs which needed attention. There were people who were poor and needed help. And we have a responsibility to them and to this country. Through no virtues and accomplishments of our own, we have been fortunate enough to be born in the United States under the most comfortable conditions. We, therefore, have a responsibility to others who are less well off."

This is what Robert Kennedy was. What he leaves

us is what he said, what he did and what he stood for. A speech he made to the young people of South Africa on their day of affirmation in 1966 sums it up the best, and I would read it now:

"There is a discrimination in this world and slavery and slaughter and starvation. Governments repress their people; and millions are trapped in poverty while the nation grows rich; and wealth is lavished on armaments everywhere.

"These are differing evils, but they are the common works of man. They reflect the imperfection of human justice, the inadequacy of human compassion, our lack of sensibility toward the sufferings of our fellows.

"But we can perhaps remember—even if only for a time—that those who live with us are our brothers, that they share with us the same short moment of life; that they seek—as we do—nothing but the chance to live out their lives in purposes and happiness, winning what satisfaction and fulfillment they can.

Bond of Faith

"Surely this bond of common faith, this bond of common goal, can begin to teach us something. Surely we can learn, at least, to look at those around us as fellow men. And surely we can begin to work a little harder to bind up the wounds among us and to become in our own hearts brothers and countrymen once again.

"Our answer is to rely on youth—not a time of life but a state of mind—a temper of the will, a quality of imagination, a predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease—the crueties

and obstacles of—this swiftly changing planet will not yield to obsolete dogmas and outworn slogans. They cannot be moved by those who cling to a present that is already dying, who prefer the illusion of security to the excitement and danger that come with even the most peaceful progress.

"It is a revolutionary world we live in; and this generation at home and around the world has had thrust upon it a greater burden of responsibility than any generation that has ever lived.

"Some believe there is nothing one man or one woman can do against the enormous array of the world's ills. Yet many of the world's great movements, of thought and action, have flowed from the work of a single man. A young monk began the Protestant Reformation, a young general extended an empire from Macedonia to the borders of the earth, and a young woman reclaimed the territory of France. It was a young Italian explorer who discovered the New World, and the 32-year-old Thomas Jefferson who proclaimed that all men are created equal.

Work for Change

"These men moved the world, and so can we all. Few will have the greatness to bend history itself, but each of us can work to change a small portion of events and in the total of all those acts will be written the history of this generation. It is from numberless diverse acts of courage and belief that human history is shaped. Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance.

"Few are willing to brave the disapproval of their fellows, the censure of their

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colleagues, the wrath of their society. Moral courage is a rarer commodity than bravery in battle or great intelligence. Yet it is the one essential, vital quality for those who seek to change a world that yields most painfully to change. And I believe that in this generation those with the courage to enter the moral conflict will find themselves with companions in every corner of the globe.

Easy Path Seen

"For the fortunate among us, there is the temptation to follow the easy and familiar paths of personal ambition and financial success so grandly spread before those who enjoy the privilege of education. But that is not the road history has marked out for us. Like it or not, we live in times of danger and uncertainty, but they are also more open to the creative energy of men than any other time in history. All of us will ultimately be judged and as the years pass we will surely judge ourselves, on the effort we have contributed to building a new world society and the extent to which our ideals and goals have shaped that effort.

"The future does not belong to those who are content with today, apathetic toward common problems and their fellow man alike, timid and fearful in the face of new ideas and bold projects. Rather it will belong to those who can blend vision, reason and courage in a personal commitment to the ideals and great enterprises of American society.

"Our future may lie beyond our vision, but it is not completely beyond our control. It is the shaping impulse of America, neither fate nor

the irresistible tides of history, but the work of our own hands, matched to reason and principle, that will determine our destiny. There is pride in that, even elegance, but there is also experience and truth. In any event, it is the only way we can live."

This is the way he lived. My brother need not be idealized or enlarged in death beyond what he was in life, to be remembered simply as a good and decent man, who saw wrong and tried to right it, saw suffering and tried to heal it, saw war and tried to stop it.

Those of us who loved him and who take him to his rest today, pray that what he was to us, and what he wished for, others will some day come to pass for all the world.

As he said many times, in many parts of this nation, to those he touched and who sought to touch him:

"Some men see things as they are and say why.

"I dream things that never were and say, why not."

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

KENNEDY GRAVESTONES LIKE BOOKENDS

Johnson Years Ending as They Began; Shadowed by Tragedy

BY TOM LAMBERT
Times Staff Writer

Johnsons left quickly by a rear entrance.

WASHINGTON—It is almost as if Lyndon B. Johnson's Presidency has been a span between Kennedy tragedies, almost as if the record of his Administration is to be encased between two bookends in the form of Kennedy gravestones.

It was the assassination of John F. Kennedy which first put Mr. Johnson in the White House.

It is the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy that overcasts with sorrow the last months of his Presidency.

Somber and hulking, his shoulders hunched slightly, Mr. Johnson stood quietly near the grave of John F. Kennedy Saturday night as Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was buried a short distance away.

Strain Shows on Face

The President's face was impassive, but it showed the strain of the past few tragic days. He squinted slightly, his head bowed, at the graveside rite in Arlington National Cemetery. Mr. Johnson's hands were clasped. He was bareheaded.

Earlier, he had flown to New York for the senator's funeral service in St. Patrick's Cathedral. He went there unannounced, under tight security measures.

The President and Mrs. Johnson walked nearly the full length of the great cathedral before the other mourners noticed and stood to honor them. The Johnsons knelt silently for a few moments as they entered their pew, their heads bowed. They sat almost directly across the broad aisle from the Kennedy family.

After the services and the poignant, broken-voiced eulogy by Sen. Edward M. (Ted) Kennedy, the

Words of Sympathy

On leaving, they paused a moment to offer a few unheard words of sympathy to Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy and her children.

Mr. Johnson returned to Washington, and worked several hours in his White House office. Then, at night, as the funeral cortege began moving through the darkness toward Arlington Cemetery and the flickering eternal flame at John F. Kennedy's grave, the President joined in to attend at the burial of another Kennedy.

There was no way to discern his thoughts or feeling as he watched the burial. It is no use suggesting that Mr. Johnson and the Kennedys were close friends, even that they were really compatible as human beings. They respected each other's attainments and each other's skills and potencies, but they could not be close. They were too different.

And the differences were most pronounced between Mr. Johnson and Robert Kennedy. There were differences of age and background, of concept, of approaches to problems, on the problems themselves.

Cruel Words in Private

Privately, they sometimes were cruel about each other, the President sometimes scathing about the late senator and the latter sometimes contemptuous of Mr. Johnson.

There was a wealth of friction between the two, on the approaches to their ideals for their country and the world, on Vietnam on the direction for the United States and, finally, and ultimately, on power.

It may be that the

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will record that Kennedy's ~~opposi-~~
~~tion on Vietnam~~ contributed to Mr.
Johnson's decline in power and his
decision to relinquish the presiden-
cy, which the senator thought he
was better able to fill.

But at last, the judgment on
Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kenne-
dy must focus on one issue—what
they did, as public servants, for
their country and the world.

And the historians may disagree as
widely as the partisans of the
President and the man who sought
his power.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

'Forgotten People'

By WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, JR.

Editor-in-Chief, The Hearst Newspapers

NEW YORK—In proclaiming today a national day of mourning for Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, President Johnson paid an astute tribute to the man who had been his bitterest political rival.

"Robert Kennedy," he said, "affirmed this country — affirmed the essential decency of its people.

"He never abandoned his faith in America. He never lost his confidence in the spiritual strength of ordinary men and women."



Wm. R. Hearst, Jr.

One wonders, in reflecting on these true words, how Robert Kennedy might have viewed the extraordinary outburst of attacks on our society which exploded immediately after the tragedy in Los Angeles.

From all directions, and from all over the world, came a deluge of ranting on the same general theme—the United States has gone plumb to hell and should hang its head in shame.

I suspect Robert Kennedy would have found the outburst as sickening and unjustified as I did.

★ ★ ★

It is understandable how our enemies and other jealous nations of the world would rush forward to condemn us as a morally-bankrupt country, rotten with violence and self-indulgence.

But it is less easy to understand why so many of our own public spokesmen would join the chorus, beating their breasts in guilt and howling their agreement that we are a disgrace to civilization.

In this case I do not believe for a minute that these doom sayers are actually speaking for the public—whether they are ministers, elected officials, editorial writers or those perennial fault finders, our self-proclaimed liberals.

If this country were really cracking up morally, the public wouldn't give a damn one way or the other when some crackpot shoots a political leader.

But that's not what happened. Instead, once again, the great mass of the American public reacted to a supreme act of lawlessness with a deep feeling of affrontation and genuine shock.

The great mass of the American public was shaken to its core by the murders of President Kennedy and Martin Luther King.

Fundamental values by which that public lives were upset in each instance, and in each instance the public was aghast.

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abandoned his faith in America nor lost his confidence in its people.

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By no means am I trying to suggest that American society has never been more hale and hearty. It has—and we today do have much to be ashamed of and to deplore.

There is a frightening climate of crime and violence hanging like a pall over this nation.

There is a distinct erosion of moral values.

And there is a dangerous trend in many circles—from students to social activists—to deliberately defy laws with which they do not agree.

What I want to say is that these ills, while grave, should be kept in perspective when talking about the totality of America and its people.

It is this perspective which has been missing from the critical lamentations of the last four days.

It is this perspective I would like to help restore.

President Johnson, in his national TV address on the Kennedy shooting, also emphasized the need for a balanced view of the tragedy. Here is how he put it:

"Tonight, this nation faces once again the consequences of lawlessness, hatred and unreason in its midst. It would be wrong, it would be self-deceptive, to ignore the connection between lawlessness and hatred in this act of violence.

"It would be just as wrong and just as self-deceptive to conclude from this act that our country itself is sick, that it's lost its balance, that it's lost its sense of direction, even its common decency.

"Two hundred million Americans did not strike down Robert Kennedy any more than they struck down President John F. Kennedy in 1963, or Dr. Martin Luther King in April of this year."

That's the perspective we need. In each instance the assassin was a lone gunman—two of them obvious nuts and one a known criminal. And in each instance the great mass of law abiding Americans were appalled.

★ ★ ★

A careful study of these three atrocious shootings will show that they have only two common denominators.

All were done with guns which can easily be acquired because of the lack of really rigid firearms

control laws. And all were done by persons convinced that their beliefs were more important than the elemental rules of society.

Both of these facts reflect basic flaws in our social structure.

On the first point, truly effective gun controls have been blocked repeatedly by the lobby of the National Rifle Association on grounds that all Americans have a constitutional right to bear arms.

That is wicked nonsense. The constitution clearly indicates that such right is directly connected with the early American need for a citizens' militia—a need long since passed.

Yet the NRA continues to have its way and as a result some 5600 Americans died of gunshot wounds last year. By contrast there were fewer than 30 in Great Britain, fewer than 20 in France and less than 12 in Belgium.

It is outrageous that Congress refuses to do its clear duty and clamp down on the sales of all guns of any description.

The second point—self-justified defiance of law—has much wider implications. Assassination is only the most extreme form of the illegal violence which tends to develop in an atmosphere of extremism coupled with permissiveness.

Robert Kennedy declared: "If there is one thing we have learned in the 60's it is that violence and defiance of the law accomplish nothing and we are never justified."

And that says it. There is no reason under heaven why any premeditated flaunting of the law or any illegal act of violence should ever be condoned.

Yet some have been condoned, and even encouraged.

Crime and violence have been encouraged by our courts through decisions which make law enforcement more difficult and the acts of criminals easier.

Lawlessness has been encouraged by left-wing "thinkers" who seek to undermine our society by promoting challenges to its rules—shrieking "police brutality" whenever officers do their duty.

And it has been encouraged by all those authorities everywhere who have failed in any way to meet those challenges vigorously and at once.

The results have weakened America, and the results are shameful.

At the same time they are not results created by the 99.5 per cent of Americans who love their country and honor its laws.

Thanks to them, this nation is far from going to pot.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

RFK THE ATHLETE

By **BUD FURILLO**

Herald-Examiner Sports Editor

The score was mounting and the touchdown didn't matter except to the close friends involved in it.

Kenny O'Donnell, the Harvard tailback, spotted the little guy in the end zone. O'Donnell threw to Bobby Kennedy, who caught the ball for six yards and six points.

Bobby did a little dance. He loved football, and this was the only touchdown of his college career at Harvard.

He scored it against Western Maryland, routed 52-0 by the Crimson on that particular September Saturday in 1947.

It was the season's opener for Harvard, and Bobby was a starting end. He suffered a neck injury in the game. It was diagnosed as a pinched nerve.

But the following week he was throwing his weight around again in practice—all 165 pounds of it. He attempted a block on the sideline. Bobby missed his man and crashed into an equipment cart.

Three days later he collapsed on campus. X-rays disclosed he had a broken leg.

Three Letters

For all intents and purposes, that was the end of his football at Harvard, where he won varsity letters three times. But he was on the bench every Saturday, and, Dick Harlow, the late Harvard coach, permitted Bobby to make token appearances against Brown and Yale.

A telephone call to Harvard resulted in a conversation with Henry Lamar, a member of the Crimson staff, who was the freshmen coach when Bobby turned out at Harvard in 1943.

Bobby hadn't yet reached his full height of 5 feet, 10 inches, or the 165 pounds he carried as a senior.

He came to Harvard as a

young, small boy who played at center," said Lamar. "He was a terrific competitor. I've never known a more competitive person.

"He left school the next spring and went into the service. He was in the Navy for two years.

"When he returned, he was a much stronger and much more mature young man. I'm inclined to believe that he played some football in the service.

"He tried out for end when he came back. He played in most of the games as a sophomore and won his letter. Eventually, he was one of our better ends."

Teddy Had The Edge

Lamar said all of the Kennedys were good pass receivers. He also coached Jack and Teddy. The latter was the best football player of the three.

Teddy was a solid Ivy League end. Jack played only freshmen football at Harvard.

"Bobby was best as a defensive player," said Lamar.

Although two platoons were fashionable in 1947, Harvard men went both ways.

"Even at that time," recalls Lamar, "Bobby showed great qualities of leadership. He didn't have good size or exceptional speed but his tenacity, drive and competitive push made him a football player. He just drove . . . drove . . . drove."

Lauded By Harlow

One of Bobby's teammates was Nick Rodis, athletic director at Brandeis University, where the basketball coach is K.C. Jones. Nick went to Washington during the Kennedy Administration. He was in charge of the international exchange of American athletic personalities and teams.

"I played with Bob for two

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years, in 1946 and '47," said Rodis. "Dick Harlow told me that Bob was the best end he'd had at Harvard since Bobby Green, who was the captain of the 1938 team.

"Bob didn't have the size to be a top notch blocker, but he was tenacious. Defensively, nobody could get around the guy."

To envision what Bobby Kennedy must have been like as a football player is to think back to Bill Hattig, the 155-pounder who played defensive right end for USC in 1952.

Trojan coach Jess Hill talked more about Hattig than he did his All-Americans.

Key men of the Kennedy Administration played on those Harvard teams with Bobby, including O'Donnell, a special assistant to JFK, and Chuck Roche, another important aide to JFK.

They played on a basketball team known as The Crimson Five, which barnstormed against New England town teams to keep in shape between football seasons. Bobby played the backcourt. They say he didn't shoot very often, but that he was a good passer, and, again, tenacious defense was his outstanding quality.

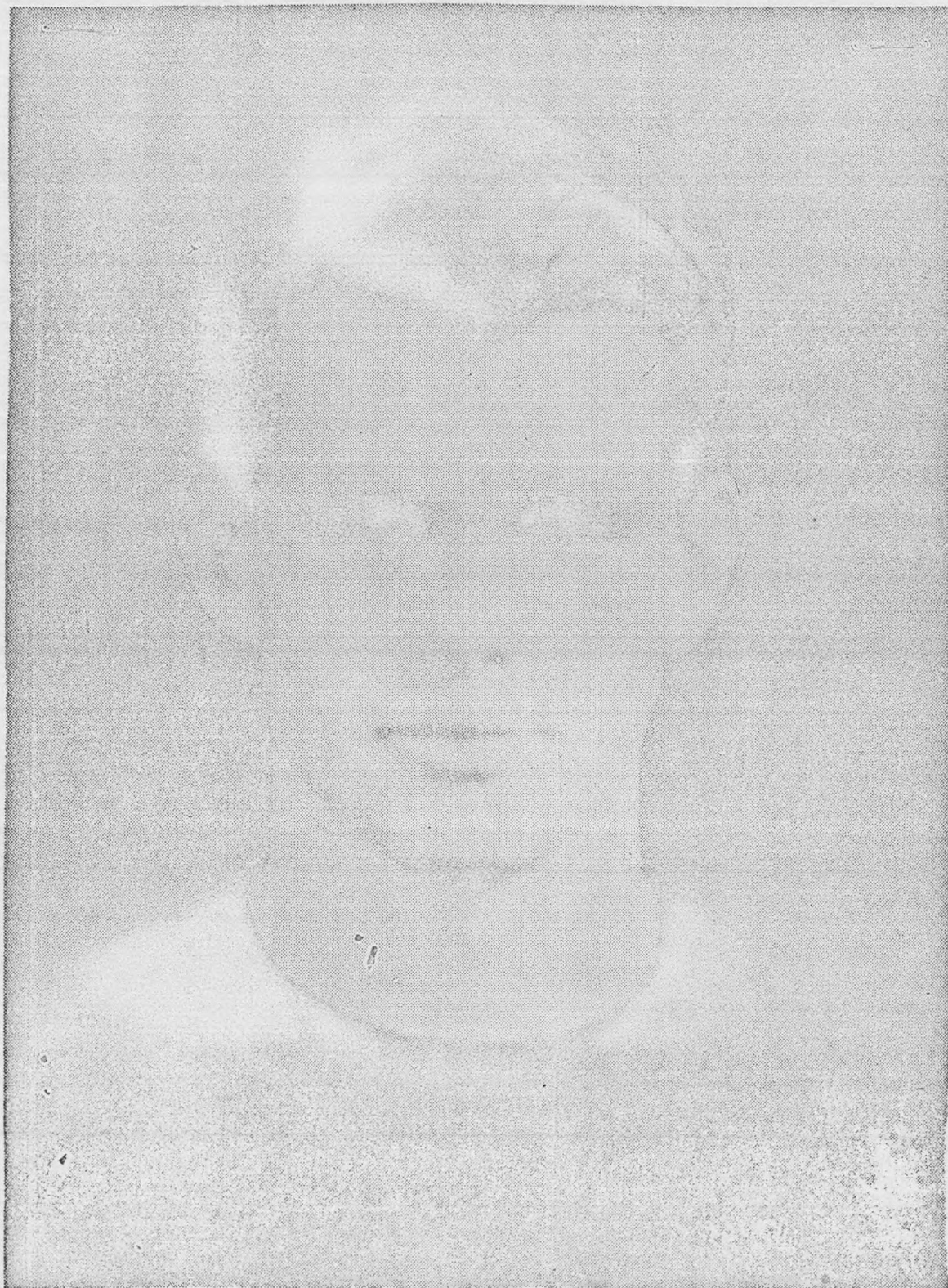
Enduring Friendships

The friendships that were born in the Harvard athletic program became enduring and life long for Bobby.

He was extremely interested in politics. Members of the Varsity Club during that period remember that Bobby liked to turn the conversation away from sports to intense and deep, political discussions.

Bobby's political stance wasn't defensive and three-pointed. He knew how to attack everything that he felt was wrong with our society.

He would have made a good President.



—Associated Press

BOBBY KENNEDY, AS HE APPEARED IN HARVARD FOOTBALL UNIFORM IN 1947.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Marianne Means... Domestic Violence the Issue

Hearst Headline Service

WASHINGTON—The shooting of Sen. Robert Kennedy has made—at least for the foreseeable future—the issue of domestic violence and its related aspects paramount over the war in Vietnam and all other campaign questions.

The attack upon the senator is not regarded by most people as an isolated incident, but rather as a supremely horrible deed in the context of troubled, violent and divisive times. And the act has intensified a sense of outrage already mounting in the country against urban

rioting and looting, an increasing crime rate, and the spread of civil disobedience.

In its revulsion, the country is crying "enough." Public tolerance of disorder, no matter whether in the name of student dissent or revenge for old wrongs or alienation from society, is rapidly fraying.

The shooting of Senator Kennedy has prompted a heightened feeling of anti-militancy and anti-extremism in all forms, including defiant white students and hippies as well as Black Power advocates.

And it guarantees that both candidates for president next fall are certain to be strong

law-and-order men. A number of political leaders, particularly Democrats reliant upon heavy Negro support, have until now been reluctant to stress the urgent need for more efficient law enforcement. Such a position was usually interpreted by civil rights militants to mean that the politician wanted to punish the Negroes for the current racial unrest. Now, however, the rationale for improved law enforcement is so powerful that such accusations become relatively incidental.

It is possible that the horror of all this may work in favor of the GOP nominee, who will in all likelihood be Richard Nixon. It was during

a Democratic regime that the climate was permitted to develop under which such a violent and brutal act could take place. And it may be that the public will feel the only satisfactory corrective to the situation is to replace all the Democratic officials in Washington with Republicans.

Indeed, it has been an integral part of Nixon's campaign strategy to present himself attacking court decisions which he feels handicap law officers and calling for programs to expand and improve local police units.

At this point, there is no reason to assume that last week's tragedy materially affects Vice President Humphrey's position as front-

runner for the Democratic nomination. Humphrey has all along insisted upon the necessity for law and order even while urging more help for Negro poor (for instance, he refused despite considerable pressure from liberals to support a 1966 Lindsay plan for a civilian police review board in New York City because it was opposed by policemen as interference in their work).

But Humphrey is not as strongly identified as a champion of law and order as is Nixon, and if the current angry mood persists, that could militate against him.

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Edward Moore Kennedy ... The Bearer of the Burdens

By ROBERT E. THOMPSON

Herald-Examiner Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON — He now stands alone. The last survivor of this generation of talented, ambitious, dedicated Kennedy men.

At the age of 36, Edward Moore Kennedy is the bearer of all the burdens, the heartaches, and the hopes of the illustrious family whose place in the history of the 20th Century is second only to that of the Roosevelts.

The responsibilities thrust upon Edward Kennedy this past week would be heavy under any circumstances. But, given the tragedy that has stalked the Kennedy family over the past 25 years, they must be torturous for the senior senator from Massachusetts.

Through the long vigil beside his brother's body aboard the jet from Los Angeles to New York and then within the quiet grandeur of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Edward Kennedy was a lonely and bewildered young man—possibly an angry young man.

He probably will remain lonely, bewildered and angry for a long time. But at some point, Edward Kennedy must decide whether he will carry forward the Kennedy family's White House aspirations—aspirations that were born within Joseph P. Kennedy, himself, back in the days when he was Franklin D. Roosevelt's ambassador to Great Britain.

When Edward Kennedy comes to that fateful decision, he must make it without the counsel of his brother or his father. He also will have to go

dawn the presidential road without the retinue of bright, resourceful men who worked so diligently and loyally for John and Robert Kennedy.

The brothers are dead. The father is incapacitated. Most of the longtime Kennedy workers have had enough of tragedy.

While still a youngster, the lad known as "Teddy" learned that his eldest brother, Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., had been killed in World War II. A few years later, his sister, Kathleen, died in a plane crash.

As Edward Kennedy prepared to launch his own political career late in 1961, his father was felled by a terrible crippling stroke, from which he never has recovered. Within two years, his second brother, President John F. Kennedy, was cut down by an assassin's bullets.

Edward Kennedy himself was nearly killed in a 1964 plane crash near Easthampton, Mass., that took the life of the pilot and Kennedy's chief aide, Edward Moss.

Finally, last Tuesday, horror struck again. While Edward Kennedy savored Sen. Robert F. Kennedy's primary victory in California that brother, too, was slain by a murderer's cruel shots.

In the original pattern of things within the Kennedy dynasty, Joe Jr., was to have been the politician and the president. With his passing, the mantle shifted to John Kennedy, who wore it with elegance and success through three terms in the house of representatives, eight years in the senate and on to the White House.

When John Kennedy died in Dallas, Robert Kennedy picked up the mantle. With it resting upon his dynamic shoulders, Robert Kennedy shifted his residence to New York, won election to the senate, and ultimately began his ill-fated fight for the presidency.

It now is Edward Kennedy's turn. The youngest of Joseph and Rose Kennedy's nine children now is the leader of that remarkable family and the one who must seek to fulfill its aspirations and carry its destiny.

His endowments for the task are vast.

Bigger of physical stature, more handsome and more gregarious than either John or Robert Kennedy, Edward Kennedy seemingly is an almost perfect political figure.

In his five and a half years in the senate, Edward Kennedy has scored more legislative triumphs than either of his late brothers. He also has endeared himself to the heirarchy of that tradition-bound institute demonstrating a team spirit that is essential to achievement of his goals and cordial relations with his colleagues.

As Robert Kennedy barnstormed about the nation in quest of the presidency, there was one recurring comment about him that struck dramatically at the heart of the problem he confronted with the electorate.

There were many variations of the remark, spoken by voters in New England, the South, the Middle West and the Pacific area. But, essentially, it was this. "I liked his other brother (Edward)—but

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I don't like him."

Tremendous animosity was directed toward Robert Kennedy. Good will primarily is directed toward Edward Kennedy.

Although woven of the same strong family fabric, the two men were remarkably different in nature.

The characteristics that made Robert Kennedy an American political influence second only to President Johnson in the last four years—tenacity, toughness, commitment to purpose, and dedication to his own ideals—also made powerful and multitudinous enemies.

Edward Kennedy's is a more mellow personality.

It may be, as some of the close associates of John and

Robert Kennedy have contended, that he is neither as strong nor as bright as his brothers. It may be, as his political foes have contended, that he is less mature and less equipped for leadership.

Or, as a senator, with Kennedy family ties, remarked a few months ago. "Bobby has a hell of a lot more guts than Teddy."

Yet Edward Kennedy has been an important force in

the passage of immigration legislation, the gun-control bill, voting statutes and civil rights measures. Older members of the senate invariably speak flatteringly of him as an individual and as a legislator.

Harsh criticism arose in 1962, when Edward Kennedy, just three years out of college and with almost no professional experience, ran for the Senate in Massachusetts, de-

feating State Attorney General

Edward McCormack (nephew of House Speaker John McCormack) in the primary and George Lodge (son of Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge) in the general election. But the criticism was directed more toward the opportunistic Kennedy family than toward Edward Kennedy himself.

He ran into troubled waters in 1965 when he advanced Boston City Judge Francis X. Morrissey, a long-time family retainer, for the federal bench. But, again, the tendency was to blame Joseph P. Kennedy for forcing the nomination, which Morrissey himself withdrew under fire.

Some Democrats in Massachusetts have accused the senator of abdicating his party leadership, especially earlier this year when he declined to run as a favorite son candidate to hold the delegation for President Johnson, who still was regarded as a candidate for renomination.

The result of that inaction was that Sen. Eugene McCarthy won the Massachusetts primary and Edward found himself on a delegation pledged to McCarthy—even though his brother was also a contender for the nomination.

Edward Kennedy has opposed President Johnson's Vietnam policies, but never with the vehemence of Robert Kennedy and never to the point where he became engaged in a bitter feud with the President, as did his brother.

Edward Kennedy may not have been as deeply distraught as Robert Kennedy when their elder brother was assassinated in 1963. The reason is that Edward Kennedy, 15 years younger than the late

president, was not as intimately involved as Robert Kennedy in John Kennedy's political campaigns or his administration.

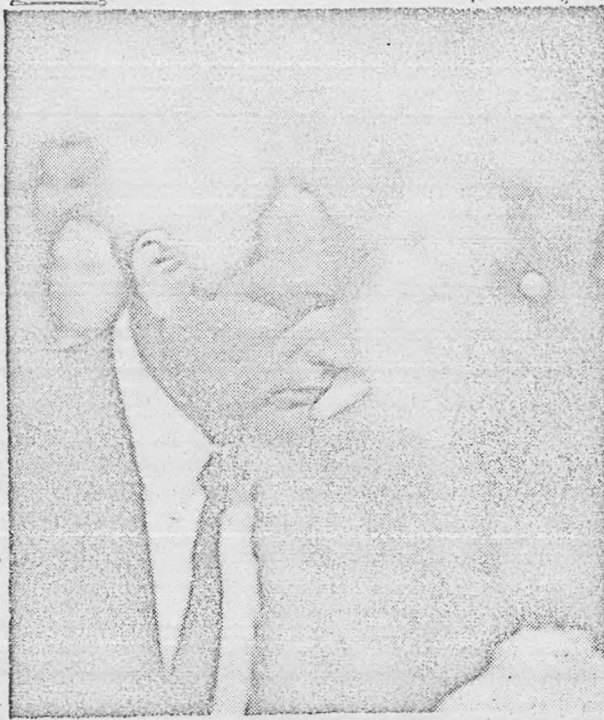
John Kennedy did not turn to Edward Kennedy for the kind of clean, objective assessment of domestic and international matters that Robert Kennedy, his attorney general and chief adviser, gave him.

Although Edward Kennedy was elected to the senate a year before the President died, he somehow remained the "little brother" of the family while Robert Kennedy emerged as the invaluable teammate of the slain chief executive.

But family and political associates believe the last five and a half years have had a tremendous impact upon the character and personality of Edward Kennedy. They believe he has matured and grown as a result of the President's assassination and his own brush with death in the 1964 plane crash.

For six months, Edward Kennedy was hospitalized with a painful back injury. During that harrowing period, he successfully won reelection in Massachusetts and an opportunity to read and learn about things that previously had eluded him.

He has been aided immeasurably by his beautiful blonde wife, Joan, who is an able campaigner and one of Washington's most fashionable hostesses. The Kennedys and their three children recently built a lavish home on the banks of the Potomac in McLean, Va., just a five minute drive from Robert Kennedy's Hickory Hill estate.



AMONG THE MOURNERS

—Senator Kennedy at St. Patrick's Cathedral—

For all his sorrow and bewilderment of the moment, Edward Kennedy suddenly has become a far more important national political figure than he was one week ago.

There is considerable discussion about a Democratic ticket of Vice President Hubert Humphrey and Edward Kennedy—and that could be the end result of the convention's deliberations in August.

If he is not a part of a successful national ticket this year, Edward Kennedy may be tempted in 1972 to move forward in his brothers' footsteps as a candidate for president.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

'I guess the only reason we've survived is that there are too many of us. There are more of us than there is trouble.'

Sen. Edward Kennedy

Tragedy Stalks The Kennedy Family

By BILL DUNCLIFFE

(Boston newsman Duncliffe is the author of "The Life and Times of Joseph P. Kennedy")

Only a month ago, Rose Kennedy replied to a question with what must now seem, in her sorrow, to be the most hideous of ironies.

Asked how it felt to have a second son striving for the presidency, she answered:

"The possibility of happening again—it's overwhelming, for one mother to have this experience twice ... you almost seem to think some other mother should have it."

She was talking, of course, about the prospect of seeing Robert Francis Kennedy, like his brother before him, raise his right hand next January and take the oath of office as leader of his nation. She had no conception that those words might also apply to what happened in Los Angeles.

That one son should die at the hands of an assassin, with his brain damaged beyond repair by the course of a bullet, was horrible enough. That it should happen twice, in details so strikingly similar, was almost beyond human comprehension.

And if Rose Kennedy, or her husband, and her remaining children are not overwhelmed by the tragedy of it all, it will be because of their faith and their long companionship with heartbreak.

All of them have known it, in one degree or another. Some have suffered physically, and some have died.

And some have had to stand, and watch—and that may be the cruelest fate of all. Yet, somehow, they have gone on, and have even managed to ease their sorrow with the healing balm of humor.

It was only a few years ago when his brother, Edward, lay on the brink of death in a hospital in Western Massachusetts that Robert, victim of the insensate hate of a man in Los Angeles, said:

"I guess the only reason we've survived is that there are too many of us. There are more of us than there is trouble ..."

The odds seem to shorten with the years.

It has been a losing fight for the Kennedys for the past 27 years. One by one, stalwart father and stalwart sons and daughters have been struck by silent illness or sudden death.

First there was Rosemary, the child somewhat different from others, the stainless, untainted girl-woman living in a world she could not fully comprehend. With her, the heartbreak

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was the quiet kind—her parents and her brothers and sisters knew something was wrong—and in 1941 Joe and Rose Kennedy faced up to it. Their daughter, Eunice, told how it was.

"Rosemary was not making progress, but seemed instead to be going backward, she said. "At 22, she was becoming increasingly irritable and difficult . . . her memory and concentration and judgement were declining."

There was no denying it, and the parents gave Rosemary the ultimate evidence of their love by allowing her to withdraw from a kind of life that was too much for her. For nearly a generation since she has lived in privacy—and happiness—at St. Colletta's, a special school in Wisconsin.

"Two years later, in the midst of a war, tragedy—or so it appeared at the time—hit again. A telegram arrived at Hyannis Port, and when the elder Kennedy opened it, his secure little world fell apart all around him.

It said, starkly, that Lt. John F. Kennedy was missing in action in the South Pacific. The father shoved the telegram in his pocket, lest someone should see it, and for an entire month he kept the terrible secret to himself.

Then a second wire arrived, to tell him his son had been found—injured but alive. Only then did he tell his family.

"I knew Jack would make it, and I didn't want to worry them," he explained.

Jack was the second son both in age and, it sometimes seemed, in standing with his father. The favorite—if there was one—was Joseph Kennedy, Jr., a Harvard man, football star, a wartime pilot with a hatful of combat missions over the continent.

He was an authentic hero, an all-American boy sprung to life, but on Aug. 12, 1944, in the skies over the English Channel, he found his calvary—and died.

Young Joe was getting ready to be rotated home on leave, when he and his buddy, Lt. Wilford K. Willy, of Fort Worth, Tex., heard about "project Anvil," an ambitious plan to pilot a load of explosives to a point near some vital German installations in Normandy. Pilot and co-pilot—Kennedy and Willy—would parachute from the liberator bomber moments before it reached the coast of France, and would be picked up by rescue ships while the bomber, guided every inch of the way by radio, would go on to its target.

But something happened, one of those accidents of war that no one can expect or explain. The plane blew up before its crew could get out—and this time, when Joseph Kennedy got the wire from the war department, he knew there was no hope.

For months afterward, he could not speak of his son without bursting into tears. Rose Kennedy, too did her share of weeping, but she found strength in prayer for she was—and is—a legitimately holy woman.

Their children, those who were left, prepared a book "As We Remember Joe," to tell how they felt about their brother and Jack Kennedy used four lines from the poet Maurice Baring to express his loss. They were:

"When spring shall wake the earth,

"And quicken the scarred fields to new birth.

"Our grief shall grow. For what can spring renew

"More fiercely for us than the need of you?"

They needed him then, and in the years that followed—for a dark star hung over the life of Kathleen Kennedy, the oldest and most attractive of the girls. While her father was

ambassador to England in the years before, and immediately after, the outbreak of World War II, she met a boy named Billy Cavendish who, among other things, was Marquis of Hartington and a member of the Coldstream Guards.

They married in 1944, and spent only a few weeks together before Cavendish went to France with his regiment. The

marriage caused pain, for Kathleen was a Catholic and Billy was not.

Young Joe Kennedy acted as best man for Cavendish because he felt his sister was in a situation where she needed a friend. A short while later, he took off on the mission that killed him, and Kathleen flew home to be with her parents. She was there when word was received that Cavendish, too, had died in combat, and she returned to England.

Her first action was to make a retreat, go to confession, and receive holy communion. Later, when the ache had eased a bit, Kathleen wrote to her parents and said:

"I guess God has taken care of the problem in His own way, hasn't he? . . ."

Another letter, too, came from Billy's mother, the Duchess of Devonshire, who wrote this to Rose Kennedy:

"I want to tell you of the joy that Kathleen brought into my son's life . . ."

They needed letters like that in May of 1948. One of Kathleen's friends, Earl Fitzwilliam, invited her to fly with him to Cannes to look at a stable of race horses.
more more more

They were caught in rain and fog, and their plane smashed into a mountain in Southern France. When a rescue party reached the wreckage, the bodies of Fitzwilliam and the two-man crew were torn and disfigured—but that of Kathleen had only a small cut on her forehead.

They took her down from the mountainside in a farm cart, and her father, who was in Paris when the news came, journeyed to the scene to claim her body. Then he took her back to England, to bury her next to her husband in the cemetery at Chatsworth, Derbyshire.

A few weeks later he came home, and a reporter met him at dockside and asked him whether he thought the then new Marshall Plan was all its sponsors hoped. Kennedy looked at the reporter, dully, and then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing means anything, anymore," he said. "There's nothing I can say. . ."

For several years afterwards, it seemed that tragedy and the Kennedys were becoming strangers. Jack had gotten started on his chosen career in politics, and had advanced from a congressional seat to the Senate by beating Henry Cabot Lodge, the Republican incumbent, in 1952.

Robert Kennedy met a girl, Ethel Skakel, and by the time Jack Kennedy began his campaign for the Senate his younger brother was married and raising what was destined to be a constantly increasing crop of children.

And in 1953, the fledgling senator followed his brother in the adventure of matrimony, with Jacqueline Bouvier as his life's companion.

All of it was happiness—and so, too, was the successful gamble of a spinal fusion operation to repair the back that had been injured so badly when Jack Kennedy's PT boat was cut in

two by a Japanese destroyer. There was some anxiety, a good deal of it, when it appeared that he would not survive the surgery, but he did and by 1956 his star was rising and he was a dark horse candidate for his party's vice presidential nomination.

He lost, to Estes Kefauver, but that was more a temporary setback than a scarring tragedy, and could be shrugged off by him as just one of those things.

But neither Jack Kennedy, nor any of the clan, who were so strongly committed to the joys of family life, could dismiss lightly the birth of a stillborn child to Jacqueline shortly after the Chicago convention.

Nor, because of their reverence for parents, could they react coldly to the sorrow with which Ethel was visited in the early fall of 1955, when her father and mother, George and Ethel Skakel, died in a burst of fire in the skies over Union City, Okla.

Skakel, founder and board chairman of the Great Lakes Carbon Co., his wife, and a two-man crew took off from Tulsa in a company plane on a flight to the West. Some 30 minutes later, the converted B26 bomber blew up, and all aboard were killed.

The high point of Jack Kennedy's life, politically at least, came on a bitterly cold and snow-swept day in January, 1961, when he took the oath as President—the first member of his faith to reach that office.

But before the year was out tragedy stalked the family once more. Seven days before Christmas, the President and his lady stopped off at Palm Beach on their way home from South America to visit his parents at their winter home.

The next day, Joe Kennedy saw them off, and then he and his niece, Ann Gargan, went to the West Palm Beach Country Club for a round of golf. He became ill, and was taken home. There he collapsed, and was rushed to St. Mary's Hospital, where it was discovered that he had suffered a stroke.

In little more than an instant, a virile, hard-charging man was reduced to the status of helpless invalid and began what must be, for him, years of suffering and frustration.

When his son was slain in Dallas on a November day in 1963, he had to stay at home and agonize in silence, while the other members of the family endured another calvary before the eyes of the public.

And when Edward Kennedy's plane crashed in Northampton on a flight from Washington to the Democratic State Convention in West Springfield in June of 1964 the father, again had to watch from a distance while the youngest of his sons fought—and won—his battle to live.

When Edward Kennedy was hurt, even those who envied or hated the family's success were, like the rest of the world, moved to pity. From both enemies and admirers, the question was the same.

"How much," they asked, "can the Kennedys possibly take?"

The answer—though no one but God knew it at the time—was "more, much more."

On Sept. 25, 1966, Robert Kennedy, risen to the eminence of United States Senator from New York, landed in Manchester, N.H., to appear before the delegates to the Democratic State Convention. Moments after his plane came to a stop, a waiting aide took him aside.

George Skakel, Jr., Ethel's brother, had been killed in a plane crash at Riggins, Idaho. Skakel was 47 and, like his father before him, was president of Great Lakes Carbon.

Even more sorrow came Ethel's way in May, 1967. Her widowed sister-in-law, Joan Patricia Skakel, 39, choked on a piece of meat at a dinner party in her home and died before it could be cleared from her throat.

Now, once more, tragedy has come—to Ethel and all the Kennedys—and it struck brutally and unexpectedly in a moment when Robert Kennedy moved one long step closer to the presidency.

The voice of Robert Kennedy is still, yet one knows what he would say to those who grieve and grow wrathful at the hideous reality of the madness in Los Angeles. One knows, because he said it April 4, in Indianapolis, Ind., when he had to tell an audience of black Americans that his good friend, the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., had been murdered.

"What we need in the United States is not division," he said. "What we need in the United States is not hatred; what we need in the United States is not violence or lawlessness, but love, and wisdom, and compassion toward one another, and a feeling of justice toward those who still suffer within our country, whether they be white or black.

"Let us dedicate ourselves to what the Greeks wrote so many years ago: 'To tame the savageness of man and make gentle the life of the world.' Let us dedicate ourselves to that and say a prayer for our country and our people."



The grief of a wife and a mother — the two women in the life of Robert F. Kennedy. Ethel Kennedy prays for her slain husband in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Rose Kennedy prays in Hyannis Port, Mass. The death toll of the Kennedy children now reaches four, Joseph, Jr., Kathleen, John F. and Robert.





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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

The Accused... Conspiracy Theory Discounted

By WALT EGGERS

Herald-Examiner Staff Writer

Los Angeles authorities continue to face hectic days following the assassination of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy and the resulting arraignment of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24, a native of Jordan, charged with first-degree murder in the senator's death.

Developments following the assassination at the Ambassador Hotel were immediate and in an endless series. They included:

Police disclosed a pink and white, 1956 car belonging to accused assassin Sirhan B. Sirhan was found parked near the Ambassador Hotel with an overtime parking ticket on the windshield.

The vehicle, found parked on the east side of New Hampshire Avenue, 200 feet south of Wilshire Boulevard, was checked for fingerprints and impounded to be held for evidence.

Hundreds of "tips" that others were involved in the shooting were received and investigated. Police discounted all theories on a possible conspiracy.

A Kennedy campaign worker triggered a nationwide alert for a mystery woman in

a polka dot dress by reporting she saw a woman dressed in this fashion race from the hotel screaming, "We shot him."

Another campaign worker surrendered as the "polka dot" woman but was released after convincing officers it was all a misunderstanding.

Sheriff's officers tightened security at the Los Angeles County Jail in response to telephoned threats to storm the jail and kill the 24-year-old Jordanian immigrant. They said the callers threatened to risk anything — even death — to eliminate the man they believe killed Kennedy.

The questioning of Sirhan following his arrest Wednesday morning was futile.

District Attorney Evelle Younger said that some of his staff as well as police investigators questioned Sirhan, but "in a sense it was like talking to the man in the moon." Younger said it was a "one-sided conversation — he wouldn't even answer to what his weight was."

Security precautions in the temporary courtroom of Department 100 of Superior Court where Sirhan was arraigned were the strictest in local annals. Even Superior



SIRHAN SIRHAN
Indicted in slaying

Judge Arthur L. Alarcon was searched before entering the jail chapel where the arraignment was held.

Policemen, including a captain, had their guns confiscated and a ring of 16 deputies circled the courtroom while four beefy deputies stood directly behind Sirhan.

Had an assassin somehow smuggled a weapon into the chapel he would have had to dispose of the lawmen before getting to the accused.

Sirhan listened with perfect composure as the indictment was read, charging that he did "willfully, unlawfully, fe-

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loniously, and with malice aforethought murder Robert Francis Kennedy, a human being."

Judge Alarcon, advising him in detail of his rights, told him, "You will receive a jury trial in this case unless you personally give up this right. No one can force you to give up this right."

Sirhan was represented by Wilbur F. Littlefield, chief deputy trial lawyer in the public defender's office, at whose request the entering of a plea was continued to June 28.

The order issued by Judge Alarcon was the most far-reaching edict ever issued in assuring the rights of a defendant and attempting to avoid trial prejudice, according to Los Angeles lawyers.

It said:

"It is the order of this court that no party to this action, nor any attorney connected with this case as defense counsel or prosecutor, nor any

other official, including but not limited to any chief of police nor any sheriff, nor any agent, deputy or employe of any such persons nor any grand juror, nor any witness having appeared before the grand jury in this matter, nor any person subpoenaed to testify at the trial of this matter shall release or authorize the release of any purported extra judicial statement of the defendant."

The order would presumably apply to Mayor Sam Yorty who has come under severe criticism for talking at length on television about Sirhan's possible motives, his background and even the existence of a notebook in which Sirhan allegedly wrote a date on which Kennedy must be assassinated.

Yorty, in New York and Washington for Kennedy's funeral rites and burial, has defended his right to speak about "matters of common knowledge." It remains to be

seen whether he would continue to speak out in the face of the court order.

Neither the police department, the district attorney's office, nor the sheriff's department — which has custody of the defendant — were acknowledging much more than that the case existed.

However, it was learned that police are still seeking the mysterious "woman in a polka dot dress" who was reported to have exclaimed "we shot him" just after the attack on Sen. Kennedy at the Ambassador Hotel Tuesday night.

A wanted-for-questioning bulletin to law enforcement agencies throughout the country remains in effect.

The "polka dot" woman was still sought even though at least three women have come forth voluntarily to suggest that they were the innocent central figures in the "polka dot" report whose words had been misconstrued.