

Q — In September of 1937, you went to another school?
A — Yes, I was enrolled at John Marshall Junior High School.
Q — Did you graduate?
A — No. We had moved out of the school district of John Marshall so I had to transfer to Elliott Junior High School.
Q — Was this when your mother and sister bought the home?
A — No, that was two or three years before we bought the home.
Q — Where did you move?
A — To 1647 N. Lake.
Q — It was necessary for you to go to another school?
A — Yes, sir, it was.
Q — What school was that?
A — Elliott Junior High School.
Q — How long were you there?
A — Until I graduated from Junior High School there.
Q — You did graduate?
A — Yes, sir, I did.
Q — Then what school did you attend?
A — John Marshall High School (later corrected to John Muir).
Q — Did you live in the same place?
A — No, we had moved to the place where my mother and sister bought the house.
Q — How many years were you at John Muir?
A — Three years, from '60 to '63.
Q — Your grades were reasonably good?
A — Yes, sir, they were.
Q — Did you get along well with other students and teachers?
A — Yes, sir, I did.

Q — They accepted you?
A — Yes, sir.
Q — You were graduated?
A — I was.
Q — When did you graduate?
A — June, 1963.
Q — How long were you enrolled at Pasadena City College?
A — Three semesters, sir, and I was dismissed the fourth.
Q — During this time, did Ayda become ill?
A — Yes, sir.
Q — You were dismissed from school because of absences. In those absences reported, why did you miss school?
A — I had to nurse my sister.
Q — Were all those absences because of taking care of your sister?
A — I can't truthfully say that all of them were. But 95 per cent of them were.
Q — On what other occasions were you absent?
A — At that time I liked to go to the races.
Q — After you were dismissed from Pasadena City College, what did you do?
A — Having developed, sir, a love for the horses, I decided to try to ride them, to become a jockey.
Q — Did you get a job?
A — In August of 1965, I went down to Santa Anita and asked for a job.
Q — What kind of job was it?
A — I told my prospective employer I didn't know anything about horses, but I wanted to learn. I offered to work free for him to see how well I would do. I did work free for two or three weeks.

Q — What were your duties?
A — Just cleaning out stalls and walking horses.
Q — What did you weigh then?
A — About 110 pounds.
Q — How tall are you?
A — Five feet, four and a half inches.
Q — Were you permitted to ride horses?
A — No, not at the beginning. I was only allowed to walk them, groom them and clean them.
Q — Did you ever ride while you worked there?
A — In the latter part of the five months, I was allowed to ride one of the easier ones.
Q — You wanted to be a jockey?
A — Yes.
Q — You terminated your employment at Santa Anita?
A — Yes, I felt confident enough to ride more of the easier horses.
Q — What did you do after that?
A — I secured a job at the Altfullisch Ranch in Corona.
Q — Was there an accident at the Altfullisch Ranch?
A — Yes.
Q — When did this happen?
A — It was 7:30 or 8 o'clock on the morning of September 24, 1966.
Q — Were you instructed to ride the horse fast?
A — I was supposed to work

him for three hundred yards.

Q—What happened then?

A—50 yards after I started, sir, I don't remember anything.

Q—You were unconscious?

A—I fell from that horse and was knocked unconscious.

Q—Can you describe your wounds? You had no broken bones?

A—No broken bones. There were many contusions on my body. Some sutures under my chin and on my left eye.

Q—Did you file a claim for workmen's compensation?

A—Yes.

Q—Did you receive an award?

A—Yes, in the amount of \$2000.

Q—When you had no job, did you read more?

A—Yes, I always read what interested me, and I thought I might continue my schooling.

Q—Did you read about the Arab-Israeli situation?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—In what periodicals did you read about it?

A—There were magazines, news articles, books, pamphlets, whatever I saw. And I read the B'nai B'rith Messenger.

Q—That is a Jewish newspaper. Why did you read it?

A—The best way to know what the Zionists are up to is to read what they say.

Q—At this time, did you become interested in the occult or metaphysical?

A—Yes, sir, I did. I've always asked 'What is this life about? What is this world?' I wanted to know.

Q—You applied for membership in the Rosicrucians?

A—Yes, sir.

Sirhan testified he purchased a book titled "Cyclomancy" after reading an advertisement in an astrological magazine.

He said he learned to hold boiling water in his hand and not feel the pain.

Q—Were there other experiments?

A—Visual delusions.

Q—What about visual delusions?

A—Let me try to find the thing. (Sirhan takes the book, Cyclomancy). Here it is. Page 103. I copied this on a larger sheet, sir.

(Page 103 showed the series of six parallel dots contained within circles which Sirhan claimed, through practice of the occult, he could see as but one line of dots. The book was offered in evidence by the defense and studied by the jury.)

Q—What were you supposed to do with this?

A—You were supposed to look at the black dots and see only one black dot . . . I can't prove to you I saw only one, but I did . . . May I add this . . . I had it so I could put one half of a dot here and one half there and combine them. Not just whole dots, half dots.

Q—In your room, was there some form of desk or table?

A—Yes, there was a table with one drawer.

Q—Was there a mirror above this table?

A—Yes, there was.

Q—Did you use this mirror in your experiments?

A—Yes, I did. It was involved in the Rosicrucian exercises.

Q—Were there candles?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—And you used these candles in your exercises and studies?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—And you used these candles in studying the power of concentration?

A—Yes. One of these . . . was to take a candle in a darkened room and put it between your face and the mirror and concentrate on the flame . . . and you could see in it whatever color you wanted. This was very hard for me to do.

Q—And you could really see these colors?

A—I cannot prove it, sir, but damn it (mumble).

A—I saw a blue flame.

Q—And you could see any color you wanted?

A—Any color I wanted . . . but I had to concentrate for five minutes. Sometimes I saw flashes.

Q—How many colors did you see?

A—Numerous colors. I kept a list.

A—I played with that.

Q—Do you recall trying some of this at the race track too?

A—Yes.

Q—And there was an incident at the track which you attributed to this.

A—Yes.

Q—Where was this?

A—At the Santa Anita track last March 19th, my birthday. I wanted to bet the daily double. I didn't even look at the form, I bet the one and the nine for the 19th. After I bet the daily double, I started to read the form. There was one horse. It was the first horse in the race. It was owned by Altfullisch . . . It was a long shot, a long chance. It didn't have a chance, but I didn't want it to win.

Q—You didn't want it to win, even though you had bet on it?

A—That's right. I kept saying in my mind You . . . you won't win . . . he's not going to win, he's not going to win, he's not going to win.

They came out to the gate . . . that horse wheeled, it was in the number one position, and it went through the rail and was disqualified.

Q—It broke through the rail?

A—It jumped or something.

Q—And you think your power of concentration did this?

A— . . . I can't prove it, but it works.

Q—And did other thoughts occur to you, Sirhan?

A—Yes, sir. The 1967 war in June of that year, I realized the Israelis had brainwashed the American public . . . they had talked about the Arabs and the Jews turned around and did the same thing to the Arabs. It was a deception, really.

Q—You saw a magazine description (in 1967, during the Arab-Israeli war).

A—I saw a picture of Israeli soldiers on the east bank of the Suez Canal . . . they were the victors . . . they were the winners . . . If I had seen these guys personally, I would have blasted them . . . I would have killed them.

I read in a book that the Zionists and Jews in America gave \$370 million to revitalize Israel's economy. This burned the hell out of me. When President Johnson is trying to keep the money in this country . . . when tourists only get seven dollars a day, these — — — damn Zionists . . .

Q—Watch your language, picaso.

Q—You thought you didn't have any rights?

A—I still don't have any rights.

Q—It was important to you to have your own country?

A—I had no country . . . I'm sick and tired of being a foreigner . . . I was a place of my own. I want to eat my own food in my own land. I want my own country, my own land, my own city, my own business . . . my own everything.

(Sirhan was shown some notesbooks dating from his school

days at Pasadena City College)

Q—Now, on page 15, we have what I read to you yesterday. On May 18, at 9:45 a.m., 1968, "my determination to eliminate Robert F. Kennedy is becoming more the more of an unshakeable obsession." Do you remember writing that?

A—No, sir, I don't remember writing that.

Q—Do you remember what your feeling was about Robert F. Kennedy on or about May 18—that was three weeks before June 5.

A—That could have been the time, sir, when during his campaign he said he would send 50 bombers to Israel.

Q—Where was Mr. Kennedy on the 18th?

A—I don't know, sir, if he was in Oregon or not.

Q—On or about that time did you listen to the radio?

A—No that is not the time, Mr. Cooper. That was when I watched television.

Q—What did you see?

A—That evening, I brewed myself some tea and went into the living room to watch television. I don't have a favorite program so I just turn the channels to see what program interests me. What I saw was a documentary on Robert Kennedy. It was a biography, it told of his career as a politician. I started to watch it. It told of Robert Kennedy's achievements, of his being attorney general.

It told of his close association with his brother, how he became a Senator from New

York . . . his whole history until he was running for President. It spoke of Robert Kennedy always being for the underdog . . . the poor . . . the scum of society . . . how he wanted to help the weakest. They showed that Robert Kennedy in 1948 was in Israel helping to celebrate with the Israelis their independence and the birth of the State of Israel.

The enthusiasm of the narrator bugged me to pieces. It burned me up. Until that time, I loved Robert Kennedy. I wanted him to be elected President. Then I found out he had been supporting Israel, not only recently, but since its very inception. He was doing a lot of things behind my back that I didn't know about until that night on television. It burned me up, sir.

Q—What is the significance of 5 June, 1967?

A—Any involvement with Zionism . . . invokes something in me I can't describe. Zionism is worse to me than Communism is to you. I have that same feeling about Zionism as you do about Communism. The 5 June I wrote here was in my mind as 5 June 1967, the date of the Arab-Israeli war.

Q—Does that help you recall that you wrote that?

A—If you ask me independently of this, what June 5 means, it means to me the Israeli aggression against the Arab people in 1967.

Q—This is your handwriting?

A—It is.

Q—What did you feel for

Robert F. Kennedy, when you wrote that?

A — At the time, I felt that if he were in front of me, he would have died right then and there.

Q — Do you remember your feelings at that time?

A — I must have been burned up, sir.

Q — How do you know how you felt at the time, when you don't remember writing it?

A — I was provoked. I was off.

Q — You have used some ungentlemanly language. Did you learn those words in the United States.

A — Yes, sir, I did.

Q — You heard something on the radio.

A — Yes, sir. Yes, sir, but not directly. I was in my own room, which is adjacent to my mother's. My mother had the radio on in her room and I heard it.

Q — Do you remember that station it was?

A — KFVB, the all-news. My mother loved to listen to that.

Q — What did you hear?

A — It was hot news. The announcer said Robert Kennedy was at some Jewish Club at Beverly Hills where he had committed himself so formally to sending 50 jets to Israel.

Q — What did that make you think?

A — I thought Robert Kennedy was not all the good guy he claimed to be.

Q — Did you become angry?

A — It boiled me up again.

At the time, I was concentrating on my Rosicrucian studies.

Q — What did you do?

A — He bugged me to the point where instead of my own face in the mirror, I saw Robert Kennedy's face. It may have been an illusion, but I saw his face, not my own. I was that burned up about it.

Q — I again address myself to the Pasadena City College notebook . . . page 21 is written in pencil, is that correct?

A — Yes, sir.

Q — At the top of this is the word "war" . . . "A declaration of war against American humanity . . ."

A — That's right.

Q — "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to equalize and sick, no I believe that's seek, revenge for inhumane treatment at the hands of the American people, it is proper . . ."

Q — (repeating) "Seek revenge for all the inhumane treatment committed against me by the American people . . . as soon as I am able to command a sum of money in the amount of \$2000 and acquire some firearms, the specifications of which are not arrived at yet . . . (the) victims will be the President, Vice, and so forth down the ladder . . . the method is unimportant but the weapon should be influenced somehow . . ."

"The author believes that many, in fact most people will be in sympathy with his feelings."

" . . . This declaration is not considered likely by the author . . . but he hopes to be the initiator of military steps to World War III . . ."

"The author bluntly states he wants to be recorded by history as the man who triggered the last war . . ."

"Life is ambivalence . . . struggle, wicked. If it was ever otherwise, I have never seen it. It always seems I am losing . . . always exploited . . ."

Q — This is written in your handwriting?

A — Yes, sir.

Q — What did you have in mind?

A — I don't remember.

Q — You say the victims of the party in power. . . did you have in mind on the second of June, 1957, somehow killing the President and Vice President of the United States of America?

A — That's what I wrote at that time. I must have been provoked. I would have blasted anybody.

Q — Do you recollect now obtaining a weapon for the purpose of killing the President of the United States?

A — No, sir, it's not me, sir. It's not the Sirhan who's sitting here.

Q—Without reading all this, could you tell me why you wrote "I always seem to be on the losing end?"

A—I could have been provoked by the George Putnam editorial. I must have . . . something must have moved me. There must have been some provocation. I must have been provoked. I would not have hesitated to do it (kill the President) at that time.

Q—Did you plan to do it at some time in the future?

A—I don't remember what my exact frame of mind was.

Q—On page 24 you wrote the following—"blinkers"—do you know what that means?

A—No, sir.

Q—Then you wrote "long live Nasser". . .

A—I'm a great admirer of President Nasser.

Q—Then you wrote "tell tell, tell, tell them to put . . ." Do you know what that is?

A—I don't know what I meant by blinkers.

Q—You wrote here "tell tell, tell, tell them to put blinkers on this son of a b . . . son of a . . ." Do you recall who it was you were telling this?

A—No, sir.

Q—Then there is written here "Long live long . . . 5-9-5 . . . mid-terms 10 November. Nasser . . . Nasser. long live Nasser. Alley fighter . . . long live Communism, long live Communism . . ."

A—There is a very long jump between Nasser and Communism.

Q—On Page 29 it appears to be written: Whatever may be said in praise of poverty the fact remains it is not possible to live a complete or successful life unless one is rich. No man can rise to his greatest possibility. I have often wondered what it is like to be rich . . . rich . . . rich. Black magic.' Did you write that?

A—It looks like my writing, Sir.

Q—Is it?

A—It is my handwriting.

Q—What does it mean?

A—I don't know.

Q—What is "black magic"?

A—If there is white magic, there is black magic.

Q—Here it says 'Peggy . . P . . P . . . Peggy . . . Y . . . O G . . . G . . . The incredible power of this Kizuma.' That's an ancient Egyptian technique of directing thoughts of others, of radiating thought. Was this when you were studying Eastern philosophy?

A—I don't know what source it is, but it is related to that, yes.

Q—Were you studying thinking and directing thoughts of others?

A—I don't know, Sir, what I was doing here.

Q—You were studying that at the time?

A—Yes.

Q—It says 'Peggy . . . love . . Sol and Peggy . . . the greenery here is beautiful . . Sol and Peggy . . I . . I . . I . . I . . she Peggy . . Peggy

Ostercamp.' Was she a girl you know?

A—Yes, Sir.

Q—Did you date Peggy?

A—No, Sir, I didn't.

Q—On Page 31 it says 'Peggy Ostercamp . . . I love you . . I love . . .'

A—Let me explain. "P" is alien to the Arab tongue. "G" is a loose pronunciation . . . it is queer to my tongue as I say it. That was what stood out in my mind.

Q—This 'Peggy. I love you'—that's in your printing?

A—Yes, Sir.

Q—Did you have a crush on her?

A—No Sir . . . it's just that name.

Q—What about the 'I love you'?

A—I don't know. I can't account for that.

Q—Now on Page 34, you have: 'Constitution . . . will Sirhan ever need to work or uphold . . . Sirhan must begin to work on solving the problems and difficulties of assassinating the 36th president of the glorious United States. (Lyndon B. Johnson). Kelvinator . . . Janice . . . no . . . n . . . n 696 E. Howard St. . . California . . . Sirhan, Sirhan, Sirhan, Sirhan.' This part, 'Sirhan must begin to work on . . . assassination of the 36th president of the United

States. Why did you write that?

A—I can't say. I must have been provoked, but I can't remember the provocation.

Q—It is your writing?

A—Yes it is my handwriting.

Q—Do you remember that about the 36th President?

A—Who is that?

Q—I don't know enough history to tell you. Johnson. Did you ever have the idea of killing Johnson?

A—No, but I hated his guts at one point. It was during the Arab-Israeli war when he came out and said: "The United States supports the territorial integrity of all nations of the area." All nations.

Q—You have written "Sol and Peggy." They knew you as Sol?

A—Yes, Sir.

Q—Were you sometimes called Sol?

A—Yes, Sir.

Q—Where did you get that nickname?

A—Someone once mistook me for being Jewish and wanted to call me Solomon. I said, why not Sol.

Q—Then it says 'Perhaps you could use the enclosed \$. . . Sol, Sol . . . \$. . . \$. . . Hello, Tom . . . Perhaps you could use the \$.' Remember writing that?

A—No, Sir, I don't remember writing it, although I did send Tom some money.

Q—How much?

A—\$25.

Q—Why?

A—I thought he needed it. It was when I had money from the industrial accident.

Q—On Page 39, you have 'Chance is a word void of sence.' Do you know what that means?

A—No, Sir, I don't.

Q—Then 'Sapphire stone, stone . . . sapphire stone . . . lodestone . . . Tom . . . Ambassador Goldberg must die, die on use die . . . meet . . . die, die, die, me at the airport . . . Ambassador Goldberg must die. Stone. Think you . . . stone . . . Goldberg must be eliminated . . . stone . . . Sirhan is an Arab . . .

A—That he is, Sir.

Q—Then 'Arab, Arab . . . You perhaps you could use the enclosed \$. . . Sirhan, Sirhan, Sirhan, Sirhan . . . green . . . Sirhan . . . stone . . . stone . . . Sirhan . . . green . . . port . . . stone.' Then the words, 'Ambassador Goldberg must be eliminated . . . must die.' Were you angry at Ambassador Goldberg?

A—Yes, Sir, I was angry at Goldberg.

Q—Do you watch on television the meetings of the United Nations?

A—Yes, Sir, I watched all of them.

Q—Did you see the debates when he was United States ambassador?

A—Yes, I did.

Q—After the Arab-Israeli conflict in 1967?

A—Yes, Sir.

Q—What bugged you?

A—When President Johnson said "The United States supports the territorial integrity of all nations in the area," he referred to Ambassador Goldberg as his able ambassador to the United Nations. He was only "able" in the respect that he was on the side of Israel.

Q—What did Ambassador Goldberg ever do (to upset you)?

A—I just didn't like what he said. He repeated what Johnson said and he said it himself. He made a hell of a long pause when he said it. He did not stick to his word.

Q—Would you have killed Goldberg?

A—If I had a gun or if I had had anything I would have broken the television set. I hated him.

Q—Did you write this?

A—I don't remember it.

Q—How do you remember your emotions at the time if you don't remember writing it?

A—Because of how I felt about Goldberg.

Q—This 'Darling June' written here. Who's June?

A—A race horse, Sir.

Q—And here, 'Long live . . . dream . . .

A—I say it again, Sir: Long live the Arab dream.

COURT RECESSED



Herald-Examiner Photo

SIRHAN BISHARA SIRHAN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

SENATOR'S SUPPORT FOR ISRAEL TURNED KEY

Love for Kennedy Became Hate, Sirhan Says

BY DAVE SMITH
Times Staff Writer

When Sirhan Bishara Sirhan first learned last May of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy's support for Israel, he hated him so much that "if he were in front of me, the way I felt then, so help me God, he would have died. Right then and there."

"He was doing a lot of things behind my back that I didn't know about," Sirhan testified angrily Tuesday. "It just burned me up."

"Up to that time," he continued, "I loved Robert Kennedy. I cared for him very much. I hoped he'd win the Presidency."

But a television documentary on Sen. Kennedy's career at the height of the campaign last May informed Sirhan—for the first time, he said Tuesday—of the senator's support for Israel. Sen. Kennedy was shown in Israel in 1948, celebrating the creation of the Jewish state. Sirhan, who was 4 at that time and living in Jerusalem, said he had never known of this.

His love of Sen. Kennedy turned to hate, he testified, and a few days later, on May 18, wrote: "Robert F. Kennedy must be assassinated before 5 June '68"—the first anniversary of the Arab-Israeli six-day war.

Sirhan was only 17 minutes off his target date. It was 12:17 a.m. June 5 when he fired a .22-caliber bullet

into Sen. Kennedy's brain at an election victory party at the Ambassador. Sen. Kennedy died 25 hours later.

Sirhan's anger at his victim's pro-Israel views cropped up repeatedly Tuesday as Sirhan unveiled a lifetime of loathing for Zionism and the state of Israel. Sen. Kennedy's views, said Sirhan, showed him to be "not all the good guy he claimed himself to be."

The defendant said he heard a local radio broadcast on Sen. Kennedy at "some Jewish club in Beverly Hills," where Sen. Kennedy had repeated his support of military aid to Israel.

At that, Sirhan added, he became so angry that he glared into his bedroom mirror, practicing a mental exercise taught by a mystical cult, until he saw Sen. Kennedy's face in the mirror rather than his own.

"I can't prove it, sir," he told defense attorney Grant B. Cooper, "but I saw his face in the mirror. I was that burned up about him."

But Sen. Kennedy was not Sirhan's only intended victim, testimony revealed Tuesday. In a page-by-page reading of Sirhan's controversial notebooks—with Sirhan eagerly reading along and laughing sheepishly at the frequent incoherence of them—Cooper found President Johnson and former UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg marked for possible death.

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

I-1 Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.

Date: 3/5/69
Edition: Home
Author: Dave Smith
Editor: Vick R. Williams
Title: Kensalt

Character:
or
Classification: 56-156
Submitting Office: Los Angeles
☐ Being Investigated

570-1570-71 703

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| SERIALIZED | FILED |
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| FBI - LOS ANGELES | |

Theodore Herzl convened the first international Zionist conference in 1897, he said, and propounded the movement's aim to create a Jewish state.

They chose Palestine, he said, and began to buy land there and to influence Jews in the bigger nations to exert pressure on their governments in support of the creation of Israel.

At Herzl's death in 1904, Chaim Weizmann inherited leadership of the Zionist movement and sought British support in turning over Palestine to the Zionists, he said.

With England's Balfour declaration of 1917, he said, England made "a deal" with the Zionists in which, in exchange for the pressure of U.S. Jews on the United States to aid the Allies in World War I, England would later make Palestine a Jewish state.

But, Sirhan said, England also "made a deal with the Arabs," whereby Palestine would be made independent in exchange for Arab nations' support of England against the Turks and the Germans.

Finally, Sirhan said, England also made a "deal" with France, in which the two countries secretly planned to divide the Arab nations between themselves.

Blames England

After the war, he said, England stood by her agreement with the Zionists and scrapped the deal with the Arabs.

Meanwhile, Sirhan went on—and he reeled off an amazing string of statistics—the Zionists had increased Palestine's Jewish population from 56,000 in 1917 to about 650,000 by 1948. During this time, he said, the Arab population grew from about 700,000 to 1.3 million.

He said the Arabs knew they would be taken over by the Zionists, regarded the trend as "imperialism on the part of the West," but were ignored when they tried to plead their cause.

In all, Sirhan created a lecture atmosphere that gave rise to grave doubts in the minds of his hearers as to the accuracy of his IQ test, reported last week as 89, slightly below the 90-110 range considered average.

The chaotic scribbblings in Sirhan's notebook revealed the names of three girls Sirhan had known. There was one reference to "Janice" and dozens to: "Gwendolyn Gum, Gwen Gum, Gwen, Gwen, Gwen . . . Peggy, Peggy, Peggy Peggy, I love you Peggy . . . Sol & Peggy, Sol & Ostercamp . . . I love you Peggy . . ." Sol was Sirhan's nickname.

Denies 'Crush'

Janice was believed to be Janice Elaine Ducey, an exercise girl, at the race horse ranch in Corona where Sirhan worked. Miss Ostercamp also was an exercise girl there. Sirhan denied any crush on Miss Ostercamp, but admitted she was "tall and beautiful." He once bought a soft drink for her in Newport Beach, but said they never dated.

Miss Gum was a coed at Pasadena City College and once, when she was in a beauty contest, Sirhan bought \$10 worth of votes for her at a nickel or dime a vote. Although he tried to date her, she never went out with him.

At other disjointed parts of the notebook, Sirhan wrote:

"I always seem to be on the losing (sic) end, always exploited to the fullest." ("I must have been a maniac at the time," Sirhan interrupted as that was read.)

"Long live Nasser." ("I'm a great admirer of President Nasser," he said.)

"Long live communism." ("It's a very long jump between Nasser and communism," he interjected.)

"Nasser is the greatest man that ever lived in this world."

"I have often wondered how it feels to be rich, rich, rich, rich, rich."

After more than an hour of confirming his fragmented writing, Sirhan told Cooper, "All this sounds like a crazy man's writing."

"Do you feel you're crazy?" asked Cooper. "Do you think you're completely normal?"

"No, sir, I'm not crazy," Sirhan said.

As with the Kennedy reference, Sirhan said he couldn't remember writing of an intent to kill Mr. Johnson or Goldberg, but admitted he must have, since the notes were in his hand. Once he said, "It is not me, sir. It is not Sirhan, sitting right here, that wrote that. . . I couldn't write that without provocation."

Cooper asked: "Did you ever have in mind killing President Johnson?"

"No," he said, "but I hated his guts at one point. He said the United States supports the territorial integrity of all nations, and he stressed all nations," he added sarcastically, tapping an index finger for emphasis.

Phrase Repeated

Goldberg, Sirhan said, had repeated Mr. Johnson's phrase—"and he said A-L-L nations. He made that a hell of a long A-L-L-L."

"Should he have died for that?" asked Cooper.

"Why not?" Sirhan rejoined tartly. "He didn't stick to his word."

At one point he told Cooper: "Anything involving Zionism invokes this response in me. Zionism is more inimical to me than communism is to you."

In morning testimony, Sirhan astonished spectators at his murder trial with an impassioned—and accurate—discourse on the growth of Zionism, Palestinian history and England's behind-the-scenes agreements on Palestine's future.

He also calmly described a mystical experiment in which he plunged his hand into boiling water, "thought cool," and didn't get burned. He also turned candle flames different colors just by thinking about it, he said, adding, "I can't prove it, but God damn it, I did."

Sirhan revealed a deep study and intense hatred of Zionism in his pell-mell delivery. He faltered only once in the virtuoso performance.

Sagging forward in the witness stand, he paused, said "I'm too nervous," and sat quietly while a glass of water was brought. After a couple minutes rest, he resumed his staccato recitation of the spread of Zionism throughout his homeland.

His delivery was punctuated with occasional profanities — "These God damned Zionists!" he snapped at one point—and he told forcefully how he felt Zionism had affected his own life as a refugee.

The late President John F. Kennedy figured in a poignant moment in Sirhan's testimony, when Cooper asked:

"How did you feel about John F. Kennedy?"

Tells Love for JFK

"I loved him, sir," said Sirhan. "I loved him more than any American would have."

Sirhan explained that before Mr. Kennedy's assassination Nov. 22, 1963, in Dallas, he (Kennedy) was working with the Arab nations to secure a just settlement of the Palestinian refugee problem.

Sirhan's hatred of Zionists—which he took pains to differentiate from non-Zionist Jews—cropped up over and over as he testified that "prior to 1948, before the Zionists," the Jews and Arabs of Palestine "were living very amicably, in great harmony."

But the long-term aims of Zionism, culminating in the 1948 partition of Palestine and the creation of Israel as a Jewish state, destroyed the old Jewish-Arab relationship, he said.

Since 1948, he testified, the situation has worsened as Zionism in Israel has strengthened.

Sirhan also differentiated, in testimony on the six-day Israeli-Arab war in June, 1967, between "the Arab bloc" and "Palestinian Arabs."

He said the Arab cause in that war—though he felt the Arabs were in the right and were the victims of Israeli aggression—could not be equated with the cause of Palestinian Arabs. "Nasser has nothing to do with the struggle of the Palestinian people," Sirhan said.

Sirhan spoke of modern Zionism's aims in a quiet, scholarly way at first, then with rising voice.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Kennedy 'Looked Like a Saint' at First Sight, Sirhan Testifies

BY DAVE SMITH

Times Staff Writer

Only two nights before he shot and fatally wounded Robert F. Kennedy, Sirhan Bishara Sirhan saw the senator in person for the first time and was "really thrilled . . . He looked like a saint, to me. I liked him," the accused assassin testified Wednesday.

The statement was startling to spectators at the murder trial. On Tuesday, they had heard Sirhan admit to murderous rage at Sen. Kennedy's pro-Israel views.

The Jordanian testified on Wednesday that his first encounter with the New York senator occurred June 2 when Kennedy was surrounded by movie stars and singing a song with singer Andy Williams at the Ambassador.

"I was really thrilled, sir," Sirhan told his defense lawyer, Grant B. Cooper. "My whole attitude toward him changed when I saw him that night. Before, I'd associated Kennedy with his statements about the Phantom jets to aid Israel and I pictured him as a villain, but that night he looked like a saint to me. I liked him."

Speaking publicly for the first time about his activities last June 4, the eve of the shooting, Sirhan said he arrived at the Ambassador after getting lost while looking for a Jewish parade on Wilshire Blvd.

He had not known that Kennedy would be at the hotel that night, Sirhan said. All thoughts about Kennedy and memories of the written determination to assassinate the senator were completely out of Sirhan's mind, the defendant testified.

Cooper's questioning revealed Sirhan's murderous impulses toward Kennedy — chronicled in the Jordanian's school notebook. These impulses emerged as fitful flashes of

hate, violent at the time they were written and forgotten when the notebook was closed.

Over and over, Sirhan insisted that he couldn't remember the actual writing, even though he confirmed that it was his, and said that after he finished writing of his plans to kill Kennedy the entries "were completely forgotten from my mind."

As questioning wore on through the second full day of testimony from the 24-year-old Arab, Cooper had elicited these emotional patterns: murderous hate for anyone expressing sympathy for Zionist aims; a perplexing warmth toward Kennedy for his views on other subjects, and an abrupt forgetting of political considerations when confronted by Kennedy in person.

The prosecution, which will begin its cross-examination today, will attempt to prove that it was not completely by accident that Sirhan, having written in May of his intent to kill Kennedy, wound up at the Ambassador with a gun the night of June 4.

But as Sirhan told it Wednesday, the entire day of June 4 had been a haphazard day of often-changed plans.

Cooper referred to Sirhan's notebook entries and asked, "Did you intend to kill him then?"

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

I-1 Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.

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Edition: Home
Author: Dave Smith
Editor: Nick B. Williams
Title: Kensalt

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'Notebook Forgotten'

"No, sir, I did not. The notebook was completely forgotten in my mind."

He did not have a gun with him that night, Sirhan added.

He also denied that that night he had been in the kitchen area where Kennedy was shot two nights later. Two prosecution witnesses testified earlier that they got lost in the hotel corridors and ran across Sirhan in the pantry area the night of June 2. Sirhan said Wednesday the witnesses were, "in my opinion, complete liars." They swore to tell the truth and they didn't."

On Tuesday, June 4, Sirhan said, he planned to spend the day betting on the horses at Hollywood Park, but after checking the paper he decided he didn't like the entries, so he went target shooting instead.

He was at the San Gabriel Valley Gun Club from about noon until 5 p.m., when the range closed. He denied earlier testimony that he practiced rapid-firing; an elderly man nearby was doing that for about an hour, Sirhan said, but not he.

When the range closed, he said, he had eight bullets left in the gun and intended to expend those last shots, but the range-master's order came before he could do it. So Sirhan put the loaded gun on the back seat of his car—"so if I got a traffic ticket I don't have to explain"—and started for home. He didn't unload the gun, he said, because it was difficult to eject the bullets. They had to be pried out with a screwdriver, he said.

Later, he saw an ad in The Times which said "Join the Miracle March for Israel" and then described a Jewish parade down Wilshire Blvd., concluding with the phrase "Six Days in June."

"That brought me back to the six days in June of the previous year," Sirhan said, referring to the 1967 Israeli-Arab war. "I should have been dead for those six days. . . This fire started burning inside of me. . . These Zionists, Jews, whatever the hell they are, were trying to rub in the fact that they beat the hell out of the Arabs."

Sirhan said he was so infuriated that "I was off to go down to see what those God-damned sons of bitches were up to. . . I was driving like a maniac."

In his anger, Sirhan said, he thought the parade was that night. Actually, it was held the following night, June 5.

Becomes Lost

He became lost, Sirhan said, and since he hadn't been home, the loaded pistol was still on the back seat of the car. But, he said, "the gun was completely out of my mind."

Not finding the parade, he instead stopped at the lighted headquarters of former Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel, where an election party was in progress. Kuchel had been defeated. "It was pretty dull," he said—smiling broadly to the spectators he added, "Forgive me, any Kuchel supporters"—and then he heard two boys say they were going to "a bigger party at the Ambassador."

He finally found the Ambassador and when he parked and locked his car, he left the gun on the back seat.

In earlier testimony Wednesday, Cooper told of Sirhan's interest in the Rosicrucians Digest, which printed an article titled "Put It In Writing."

"Plan to dare something different, something exciting," it said, and then write down the plan. "See how it gains momentum in the simple process of writing it down. . . . Somehow, writing it down feeds the data into your subconscious mind a little quicker. . . . Set a target date, then start working to make it come true."

On May 18, Sirhan wrote "Robert F. Kennedy must be assassinated before 5 June '68." And on June 5, Sirhan shot and killed him.

This mental chain of events was laid bare as Cooper read methodically through the reading and writing that made up Sirhan's thinking.

Mystical Cult Magazine

The Rosicrucian Digest is a monthly magazine published by the Ancient Mystical Order of the Rosae Crucis, a mystical cult headquartered in San Jose. Sirhan became a member in June, 1966.

Sirhan has testified that he believed he could develop his mental powers to the point where he could produce psychic phenomena, such as visual delusions and thought transference.

Cooper also introduced into evidence the explosive two pages which he argued successfully two weeks ago were "too inflammatory" to be placed before the jury.

These pages, kept from evidence then but released to the press, contained Sirhan's wholesale endorsement of all forms of communism—even conflicting forms—and an angry attack on the United States.

Cooper read the pages aloud and later explained to newsmen that defense psychiatrists felt the writings had a strong bearing on Sirhan's state of mind—which is the key issue in whether Sirhan is sentenced to death or simply imprisoned.

Cooper droned hypnotically through page after page of meaningless, undecipherable sentences, half-sentences and even parts of words.

"We believe that Robert F. Kennedy must be sacrificed for the cause of the poor, exploited people," read one entry.

Sirhan said, however, that he was not involved with anyone in the plan and couldn't remember why he wrote "We believe."

"The hand that is doing this writing will do the slaying of the above-mentioned victim," read another.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

"CORRIDOR" ROWS STIR TRIAL

London Barrister Joins Sirhan Defense Team

By AL STUMP

Herald-Examiner Staff Writer

Outside-courtroom explosions, unknown to the Sirhan trial judge and jury, enliven the proceedings almost daily.

The mysterious Issa Nahlileh—recently an added star to the array of legal talent defending Sirhan—hovered in the background until a San Francisco radio reporter tossed a few political questions at him. Nahlileh burned—then let anger erupt.

"Just why are you here?" inquired the reporter. The ruddy-faced, portly, Western-dressed lawyer, identified in court as "director of the Palestinian-Arab delegation to the United Nations," replied that he had come as an observer. "A group from my homeland interested in Sirhan's welfare paid my way from New York," he said.

His legal affiliation? "Member of the British bar!" snapped Nahlileh, his accent more Chelsea-Mayfair than middle-Eastern.

"Aren't you really here to cool off Sirhan when he becomes almost uncontrollable and raves in court that he wants to plead guilty, fire his lawyers?" the reporter probed.

Nahlileh reddened. Launching into the statement that Sirhan was a victim of circumstance—

the circumstance being that the Kennedy killer witnessed Arabs forced from their homeland by Zionists and as a child lived in a blood bath—he was making good headway when came another question.

"What about Robert Kennedy—how do you feel about him?"

"He was a victim, too," shot back the visiting attorney. "If the United States hadn't sold arms to the Israelis, he'd be alive today. He was a hero and a victim."

Question: "Then you justify political murder?"

At that, Nahlileh's eyes bulged and he shouted, "What do you think your country is doing right now in Vietnam?"

He went on to describe the supply of Panther jet fighters to Israel by the U.S. as "a giant stupidity" and was still sputtering when the reporter switched off a tape-recorder in his briefcase and walked away.

Mary Sirhan, the mother, now feels free to walk out of the Hall of Justice, without a lawyer or guard at her side. Previously, she never left the building except under escort.

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

A-3 Herald-Examiner
Los Angeles, Calif.

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She and Munir, 21-year-old brother of Sirhan, strolled down Broadway this week and, far from drawing the crowds of the past, went unnoticed by everyone except a young Negro girl.

The girl said nothing, only approached and took Mary Sirhan's hand, which she tenderly patted.

This is the emotion the little woman from St. Paul Street in Jerusalem evokes from most people.

Munir was unhappy with testimony from Adel Sirhan, an elder brother, that "after the fall" (Sirhan's headlong tumble from a horse he was exercising), Sirhan sometimes acted violently or went into seances over lighted candles.

"Why did they have to bring that up?" asked Munir, outside the courtroom, after Adel told of a fight between Munir and Sirhan.

It happened at night, when Adel was in bed, at the family's Pasadena home, and he had to break up the brotherly brawl.

"There was a bloody nose and broken glasses," he told the jury.

"Whose nose and glasses?" he was asked.

"Munir's," he replied. Sirhan, he said, was doing the swinging.

It is not known whether two Corona eye specialists, who examined Sirhan after he was bruised and bloodied after falling from the horse Hy-Vera, will be called as witnesses.

However, Dr. Paul Nilsson, Corona ophthalmologist, told The Herald-Examiner: "Dr. Milton Miller examined him (Miller and Nilsson are associates) and so did I, and we found nothing particularly wrong with his eye. He had 20-20 vision with perception sharper in the left eye than in the right. His upper left eyelid had been lacerated but had healed well."

Nilsson continued, "When we refused to certify him injured to the point of collecting insurance money, Sirhan phoned Dr. Miller and said, 'If you don't fill out those insurance papers the way I want, it'll be too bad for you'."

Were the doctors worried about the threat?

"Yes, we were," said Nilsson. "He had a way of spitting out the words which you couldn't forget."

Sirhan collected, eventually, \$2000 from the insurance carrier of his employer.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Sirhan Denies RFK Killing In Mind at Target Range

Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24, on trial for the murder of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, continued testifying for the fourth day in his defense today. Following are highlights from yesterday's testimony under questioning of chief defense counsel Grant B. Cooper:

Q — On Tuesday the 4th of June, do you remember what time you got up?

A — About 9 . . 9 or 10 o'clock.

Q — Between Sunday the second of June and Tuesday the 4th of June did you write anything in your notebook?

A — No, sir, not that I can recall.

Q — Did you, when you went to bed, tell yourself you were going to kill Robert F. Kennedy?

A — I don't remember doing that, sir.

Q — Did anything happen to change that point of view of Kennedy as a saint?

A — I don't know, sir. Because his willingness to send jets to Israel was still solidified in my mind.

Q — Then how did you think of him as a saint?

A — That was my reaction to him.

Q — But you still had the jets in the back of your mind?

A — Yes. I didn't like that at all.

Q — What were your plans for that Tuesday?

A — The Monday before I had asked my mother to give me the remainder of the money from my insurance compensation.

Q — You had turned over to her the money from your accident?

A — Yes. Most of it. . . to keep for me.

Q — Did she have some left?

A — Yes.

Q — Did she give it to you?

A — Yes, \$400.

Q — What were you doing that day?

A — I planned to go to the races.

Q — What races?

A — Hollywood Park.

Q — Had you been going to the races?

A — For two weeks before, almost every day.

Q — Were you betting?

A — Yes.

Q — You didn't do too good at it, did you?

A — Good and bad. I lost more than I won.

Q — Did you have plans after the races?

A — No, Sir.

Q — Not at all?

A — I didn't even go to the races that day. I read the race entries. I didn't like the horses.

Q — Did you have some idea about the Rosierians?

A — Yes, sir. That evening was a Tuesday night. The Tuesday night before I had attended the Positronian meeting. I planned to attend that same meeting.

Q — Did you have an alternate plan?

A — Yes, to work on my car.

Q — What were you going to do?

A — Replace some tires. The front tires were worn.

Q — Mr. Sirhan . . .

A — Sirhan, please.

Q — All right, I've known you long enough. . . We were discussing the events of June 4, and you said you looked at the newspaper at the races.

A — Yes, at the race entries.

Q — What did you do that for?

A — I decided not to go.

Q — Why?

A — I did not like the car.

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

A-10 Herald-Examiner
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Q — Was there some particular reason for that? Were the horses different?

A — I had been losing all the time before that.

Q — What did you do then?

A — The telephone rang. . . It was for my brother Adel, who was in bed. . . I went to his room. . . to inform Adel that there was a telephone call for him and he asked me if I was going to the track. That was the last time I saw Adel that day. When he was on the telephone I had the idea of going target shooting again.

Q — Where did you keep your gun? In a drawer?

A — In my room. . . sometimes on a chair. . . sometimes on a cushion, anywhere in the room.

Q — And then you drove somewhere? And what time did you arrive there?

A — I don't know exactly. . . On the way I stopped at the East Pasadena Firearms Co. to buy some ammo.

Q — That is the same place that is in evidence?

A — No, that is a different place.

Q — Your memory is better than mine. Anyway, where did you go?

A — I went to a restaurant for a few minutes. . . to stop for a cup of coffee before proceeding to the range.

Q — And you stopped at the gun shop in East Pasadena?

A — Yes.

Q — Did you have any ammunition with you?

A — Yes, mini-mag, and Federal long rifle, they're my favorite, and another brand with an "X" on it. I can't remember the name.

Q — On the fourth you bought more ammunition?

A — Yes.

Q — Do you remember what kind?

A — Yes. The East Pasadena store had a sale on long rifles.

Q — Then you went where?

A — To Fish Canyon.

Q — When did you arrive?

A — I don't know. . . say about noon.

Q — Mr. Buckner (range master at the San Gabriel Valley Gun Club in Fish Canyon Rd.) testified you arrived much earlier and left about noon.

A — No sir. He is totally wrong.

Q — Did you have a conversation with Mr. Buckner?

A — Yes, sir.

Q — Tell us about that conversation.

A — I just gave him my \$2 and. . . set up my targets.

Q — How long did you stay at the range?

A — From the time I arrived until. . . Mr. Buckner announced that the range was closed for the day.

Q — What kind of a shot are you?

A — With a good gun I consider myself a pretty good shot.

Q — With the gun you had with you what kind of a shot are you?

A — A pretty good shot.

Q — A witness testified you were shooting as fast as you could.

A — That is completely wrong. . . I had to squeeze the trigger. . . and when you target shoot you're not even supposed to know when the bullet expands.

Q — . . . Was there someone else there?

A — There was an elderly man. . . he was a member of the NRA.

Q — The National Rifle Association?

A — Yes. . . and he had a box with all kinds of rifles and hand guns. . . one was a .22.

Q — Was he wearing some kind of special jacket?

A — Yes, a military jacket. . . and ear muffs to muffle the sound. I use cotton myself. He was the one that was doing it. . . shooting rapid fire. . . When those kids (earlier witnesses) said they thought they heard a .33 being fired. He had a .33.

Q — Did there come a time when you met an attractive blonde?

A — Don't interrupt me. . . First that other kid who said I was a good shot came to the range. . .

Q — All right. Did you have a conversation with him?

A — Yes. . . when he saw what I was using, he asked, "What are you using mini-mags for target shooting for?" . . . And he admonished me not to use them in my gun. . . I mean he asked me if my gun had the capacity for that high power. . .

Q—And at that time did you have it in mind to shoot Sen. Kennedy?

A—No, sir, I did not. . . It was totally off my mind.

Q—Did you say to Mr. Buckner, "I got to have shells that won't misfire."

A—No, sir, I did not. . . At least I don't recall saying that.

Q—Now can I get to the blonde girl? Some time that day you met a pretty girl. . . the one you saw on the witness stand. . . and you thought she was pretty at that time and you didn't know she was married.

Q—Did you strike up a conversation?

A—Yes.

Q—And after this event, I take it her husband came up?

A—Yes, but before her husband came up, I wanted to use the rest of my mini-mag. She had a brand new gun, and I wanted to. . . I wanted her new one. . . And about that time her husband came up, but I didn't know it was her husband.

Q—Eventually it came time to close?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—Was there an announcement over the loud speaker?

A—No. Mr. Buckner came and told us it was closing time. . . I had seven or eight mini-mags left, and I loaded my gun.

Q—After the announcement?

A—No, sir. I wanted to expend these in my own gun, but Mr. Buckner came over and I didn't expend them.

Q—Did you take the bullets out?

A—No, sir. I did not.

Q—Why didn't you unload the gun?

A—I was having trouble with the election.

Q—Were you saving these bullets to shoot Kennedy?

A—No, sir.

Q—Weren't you practicing to shoot Robert Kennedy?

A—No. I was so thrilled with my performance. . . that was all that was on my mind. . .

Q—Do you have any present recollection. . . of how many boxes of shells you had left?

A—Not full ones. . . just empty ones.

Q—When you finished shooting, where did you put the revolver?

A—On the back seat of my car.

Q—Out in the open?

A—Yes, in the open.

Q—Why?

A—I had no reason to hide it.

Q—Did you ever hear about a law about carrying a concealed weapon?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—Where did you go?

A—I started driving toward home. I dropped by Bob's Big Boy in Pasadena. It's adjacent to Pasadena City College.

Q—Did you get something to eat?

A—Yes, Sir, I did.

Q—How long did it take you to get there?

A—About 15 minutes.

Q—It was then about 5:50 p.m. or so?

A—I don't exactly remember. I didn't have a watch with me.

Q—There was something you ate?

A—A hamburger, some lettuce—a salad and some coffee.

Q—Did you see anyone?

A—Yes, Sir. At the counter there was a seat by a friend of mine.

Q—What was his name?

A—I don't know his whole name. He was an East Indian student named Mystri. While we waited for our dinner, we talked about everything, mostly about races. I was asking if he had gone. He said no. After we left Bob's restaurant we saw some newspaper machines on the sidewalk. He went and bought a newspaper, the Los Angeles Times. I said I wanted to buy one, too, to look over the race entries. But

I had no change so I said I would buy it later.

"He and I decided we would go to the Pasadena City College Student Center. We bought some lunch in the cafeteria.

Q—After you had eaten a hamburger?

A—Yes. There were seven or eight people there. I was the one who paid for the hot chocolate, so I had some change with me as we returned to our cars.

Q—It was a nice party there?

A—Yes. I talked about horses, telling them that class made a difference. So when we returned to our cars, his car was better than mine, and I said, "Hey, Mystri, I see you are moving up in class." He liked that.

Q—Was there something about newspapers?

A—I said I was going to buy it. He said, no, that he only wanted the classified section. He took out the classified section and gave me the rest of his paper. I challenged my friend to a game of pool in a pool place about half a block from Bob's. He turned me down.

"He said he had to get home to look up in the classified because he wanted to get a job that summer.

Q—Did you have in mind then to kill Kennedy?

A—No, Sir.

Q—What did you do?

A—I got in my car, leafed through the paper to find the sports section. Something caught my attention... an advertisement with a border to attract the attention of the reader.

Q—Tuesday, June 4, 1968, the Los Angeles Times, Page 18 of Part I—do you see on that page the advertisement you had seen?

A—Yes, sir, I do.

Q—Will you read it?

A—"Join the Miracle March for Israel on the Miracle Mile tomorrow Wednesday, June 5, at 6 p.m. on Wilshire Boulevard at Detroit Street... to the steps of the Los Angeles County Museum... Six days in June."

Q—What was your reaction to that?

A—That brought me back to the six days in June the previous year.

Q—What was your reaction then?

A—Had I been dead, Sir, it would have been better for me. I was completely p—off at American justice at that time.

Q—What was your feeling?

A—The fire started burning inside me. These Zionists were trying to rub in the fact that they had beat the hell out of the Arabs one year before.

Q—What did you do?

A—Before the newspaper, I had in mind going to the Rosicrucian meeting, but that was at 8 o'clock and in the meantime I had nothing to do. I wanted to change the tires or challenge my friend to a game of pool... I decided to go down to see what those s— were up to.

Q—What did you do?

A—I went down to Wilshire Boulevard. Mile, to where they were having that parade.

Q—But you made a mistake about the date?

A—Yes. I was that burned up, Sir. I thought it was that night.

Q—What did you do?

Q—How did you go?

A—By the Pasadena Freeway and the Hollywood Freeway, I think. Anyway I was driving, Sir, like a maniac. I missed the turnoffs. I didn't know where Wilshire Boulevard was.

Q—Do you remember passing something?

A—I don't remember what turn I took. After going off the Hollywood Freeway, I think so. I saw the Hollywood Palace or the Ice Palace or something like that. There was a very steep hill there.

Q—Did you get lost?

A—Yes, I did.

Q—Did you inquire as to directions?

A — Yes. At some gas station. I asked where Wilshire Boulevard was. He said just keep going this way. ... I still didn't find it. I asked people when I stopped for red lights. I eventually got to it.

Q — Did you turn right or left, west or east?

A — I can't exactly remember, Mr. Cooper. I didn't know where the Miracle Mile was.

Q — Were you looking for something?

A — I kept driving on Wilshire Boulevard, looking for that parade. The way those Zionists go, I thought it was a big one.

Q — Where was your gun?

A — It was completely out of my mind.

Q — Where was it?

A — Where I had left it — on the back seat of the car.

Q — Were you going to shoot up the parade?

A — It was out of my mind. I just wanted to see what those (unprintable) were up to.

Q — Did you find them?

A — No, I didn't find them. I was ready to give up. Then driving by, I spotted a store with a very highly illuminated interior. I thought it had something to do with the parade. It was (former Sen. Thomas) Kuchel's headquarters. Having seen that, Sir, the parade ... and not being able to find the parade, I decided to go in and see what was going on at Kuchel's store.

Q — His headquarters?

A — Yes, his headquarters.

Q — On People's Exhibit 35 (a photograph of the area) your car was found at the place marked X?

A — Yes. As I was driving, I took the next street and turned on it and parked my car so I could go down to Kuchel's. That was the only spot I found to park my car.

Q — Did you get out of the car?

A — Yes, Sir, and I locked it.

Q — Did you have your wallet?

A — I always had my wallet in my car when I drove.

Q — Did you take it with you?

A — No, Sir, I never carry it.

Q — Where was it?

A — I keep it in my glove compartment.

Q — Why?

A — I, Adel, Munir, my brothers and I have a mutual habit of never carrying our wallet with us.

Q — Where did you carry your money?

A — Loose in my own pocket.

Q — How much money did you have with you when you left the house Tuesday?

A — \$400 I took from my mother and \$50-\$60 more. I don't remember exactly.

Q — You bought chocolate for the kids at Pasadena, and a hamburger, and bullets at the store. How much did you spend that day?

A — \$10 or \$15.

Q — That much?

A — I don't remember exactly.

Q — How much were the bullets?

A — Seventy-five cents a box. Eighty-five cents at the range ... there were a total of nine boxes.

Q — And you bought cokes?

A — Yes, Sir.

Q — It cost you \$2 to go to the range?

A — Yes.

Q — And you bought a hamburger?

A — Yes, and I paid for Mystri's.

Q — You had about \$420 left?

A — About that. I don't exactly remember how much.

Q — Did you have the revolver in your pocket?

A — No, Sir. My revolver was still in the back seat of my car.

Q — Did you walk to Kuchel's headquarters?

A — Yes, across Wilshire Boulevard to reach Kuchel's Headquarters. There were many people there dressed for a party.

Q — How were you dressed?

A — At that time blue pants, blue shirt, blue sweater on.

Q — Did you talk to anyone?

A — No, I just went in and looked around.

Q — Was there music?

A — No ... there were some television cameras and bright lights. And some liquor ... some people were drinking liquor.

Q — Did you have any liquor?

A — No, Sir, I did not have any liquor there.

Q — What happened?

A — Some boys said there was a bigger party down at the Ambassador Hotel, so I said I was on Wilshire Boulevard and couldn't see the parade, I might as well go down there and see what was going on.

Q — On the second of June when you were in the Ambassador Hotel did you learn about the party on the fourth of June?

A — No. I did not know it. If there was an announcement I did not know it.

Q — You learned about it when you were at Kuchel's party?

A — Yes.

Q — What made you think it was a public party?

A — Curiosity made me go.

Q — What made you think you could go to it?

A — The boys, they started to go themselves.

Q — Was the Kuchel party lively?

A — Dull—I thought it was. Forgive me, any of the Kuchel supporters.

Q — Did you walk to the Ambassador Hotel?

A — Yes.

Q — Did you see anything?

A — Yes. As I left the Kuchel store, it was downhill ... one, two, three, four stories down. And there was a big sign that some Jewish organization ... Zionists, whatever, that made me burn. It boiled me up again, because I couldn't see anything and there it was. It frustrated me.

Q — You went on to the hotel?

A — I went the same way up that same long walk. By that day they had removed that sign about Santa Anita. On Tuesday there were many more people in the Ambassador in the corridor and in the main lobby where the shops were than there had been Sunday.

Q — Did you notice something about the people?

A — They were all dressed up.

Q — What about their nationalities?

A — There were quite a few of my own complexion.

Q — And blacks?

A — Yes.

Q — And tan complexion?

A — Yes.

Q — Did you walk up those same winding stairs you had walked up Sunday night?

A — Yes.

Q — Were there a lot of people?

A — The whole place was milling with people. ... There were television cameras and a whole lot of bright lights.

Court recessed for the day at this point. The following questions and answers took place at the early morning and early afternoon sessions of the trial, with the first questions relating to excerpts from Sirhan's diaries.

Q — Then it says "dig your well before your first one. Through my readings of Mohandas (sic) Ghandi ... I am a devout student of Mohandas Ghandi. His powers of mind have always fascinated me. I have tried to emulate them but your teachings are very similar to Ghandi's." Did this refer to the Rosicrucians?

A — I don't know. I don't remember.

Q — Then on page 123: "I advocate the overthrow of the current President of the — United States of America. I have no absolute plans yet, but soon will compose some. I am poor. This country's propaganda says that she is the best country in the world. I have not experienced this yet. The U.S. says that life in Russia is bad—why? Supposedly no average American has ever lived in a Slavic society, so how can he tell if it is good or bad—isn't his government putting words in his mouth.

"Anyway, I believe that the U.S. is ready to start declining, not that it hasn't—it began in November 23, '63—But it should decline at a faster rate so that the real Utopia will not be too far from being

in this country, I firmly support the Communist cause and its people, whether Russians, Chinese, Albanians, Hungarians, whoever. Workers of the world, united you have nothing to lose but your chains and a world to win. Workers of the world unite, you've nothing to lose but your chains." Then there is some Arabic. What is that?

A — You have nothing to lose but your chains. It's repeated. That's all it says, sir. And workers of the world, unite.

Q — You wrote that

A — Yes, it's my handwriting.

Q — When did you write it?

A — I don't remember.

Q — What were your feelings at the time?

A — Just what it says there.

Q — Were you ever a member of the Communist Party?

A — No, sir, I never was.

Q — Did you believe these things?

A — I must have, when I wrote it, but I don't now. It sounds queer, sir.

Q — Did you write it?

A — I don't remember that, but it is my handwriting.

Q — Did you feel that way then?

A — I must have.

Q — Do you believe the United States is not fair?

A — It wasn't good to the rest of my people, no.

Q — Was it good to you?

A — It was good to me.

Q — Then it says: "America will face a downfall so abysmal she will never recover

from it . . . an American politician leads the people through any course he wants them to. This is possible because the people are indifferent to the leaders . . . remember through Democratic means only, yet otherwise we will blast the hell out of you . . . just let us run the country, hire our relatives to work for us and earn fat checks . . . All we really want to do is . . . you up . . . My solution is to do away with its leaders and declare it an anarchy . . . the President-elect is your best friend until he gets into power.

"Then he sucks every drop of blood out of you and if he doesn't like you you are dead." You wrote that?

A — It's my hand-writing.

Q — Do you believe that?

A — I must have had that feeling.

Q — When we adjourned for lunch, I had read to you an article from the Rosicrucian Digest of March, 1963. It was about writing down goals. Do you have that article in mind?

A — Yes, sir.

Q — Did you read that when you received it?

A — Yes, in the first part of May.

Q — In your notebooks, it appears you had goals in mind. Did you write these things down at the time you wrote them with an object in mind?

A — Yes, sir, I did, in reference to the assassination of Robert Kennedy.

Q — What about the others?

A — I don't recall whether I wrote them before I read this or after.

Q — Here are some weekly Master Monographs of the Rosicrucian Order. You have read these.

A — Yes, sir, I have.

Q — When did you read these?

A — In the late fall of 1963, sir.

Q — Early in 1963 you purchased a revolver.

A — Yes, sir, I did.

Q — You heard witnesses testify to the details of that transaction?

A — Yes.

Q — Was that how it happened?

A — To the best of my recollection, that gun was bought in early January, not February.

Q — Other than the date, did it happen the way they said?

A — Yes.

Q — Did you ask your brother to buy you a gun?

A — No, sir. I was always interested in guns, but they were too expensive for me to buy one in gun shops.

Q — Why did you want to buy a gun?

A — I like guns, sir.

Q — Had you heard about the guns?

A — My brother, Munir, where he worked. They were

talking about it. It. My brother told him if he came up to our house, I would buy it.
 Q — Munir had the money for it?
 A — It was my money that paid for the gun. After Munir's work, we met the man. We walked over to a corner where he was parked and bought the gun.
 Q — I thought your brother paid \$25 and you paid the rest?
 A — No sir, I'm the one who paid.
 Q — Why did you buy the gun?
 A — It was cheap.
 Q — Did you have some use for it?
 A — I thought it had some use. It was a good gun. It appealed to me.
 Q — What did you intend to do with it?
 A — Shoot it.
 Q — Shoot at what?
 A — At a shooting range.
 Q — On 2nd June, 1967, in one of your writings, you said something about some revolution, but you hadn't planned your weapons yet. Can you explain that?
 A — I can't. As long as my pen was in my hand, I meant what was in the writing. That was all.
 Q — You had forgotten that goal?
 A — Yes.
 Q — It turned off like a water spigot?
 A — That is my nature, sir.
 Q — You forgot?
 A — It passed from my mind. That was all there was to it.
 Q — In the Rosierucians you learned to write down your goals. Did you have a goal?
 A — At the time, whatever I said in those papers — damn it, I meant it, sir. If I had had the opportunity, I would have acted.
 Q — Did you write it down because you wanted to accomplish it?
 A — At the time.
 Q — Did you shoot your gun?
 A — Yes, sir I did.
 Q — When was that?
 A — Almost directly after I quit working at that health food store in March.
 Q — Where did you shoot it?
 A — At that same range I was at on June 4th — the San Gabriel Gun Club.
 Q — How many times were you on the gun range?
 A — About six times.
 Q — What ones?
 A — I went to the same gun range, San Gabriel, and to the Pomona Police Range.
 Q — Why did you practice?
 A — I liked to. I didn't have any work at the time.
 Q — Did you do it so you would be proficient in your revolution?
 A — Sir, that was completely out of my mind at the time. I was more interested in target practicing.
 Q — Saturday, the 1st of June, did you go to a gun range?
 A — Yes, sir, I did.
 Q — What one?
 A — I planned to go to San Gabriel, but it was so crowded, so I decided to drive over to the Pomona Police Range.
 Q — Sometime during Sunday the 2nd, did you see some article or advertisement that brought to your attention that Senator Robert Kennedy would be at the Ambassador Hotel?
 A — Yes, sir, but that was late in the afternoon.
 Q — What did you do in early afternoon?
 A — Again I went to the San Gabriel Gun Club, but because that was so crowded, I went to the Pomona Police Range. There I was thwarted. They were only allowing large bore guns, and mine was a small-bore gun.
 Q — Did you do any shooting?
 A — No, sir, I did not.
 Q — When did you see the article?
 A — On the way home, I bought a Los Angeles Times Sunday edition.
 Q — What did you observe?
 A — There was a big advertisement that caught my attention inviting the public to come down and see and hear Robert Kennedy at the Ambassador Hotel. It said: "You and your friends are invited to come down." I thought I was as eligible as anyone else to go down and hear Robert Kennedy speak.
 Q — On May 18th, you had written that Senator Robert

F. Kennedy much die and that he must die by June 5, 1963.

A — Yes, sir.

Q — When you read this on Sunday, the 2nd of June, did you have in mind going to the Ambassador Hotel for the purpose of killing Robert F. Kennedy.

A — No, sir, I did not.

Q — Why not?

A — That was completely forgotten from my mind.

Q — You forgot?

A — That emotion was good as long as I was writing it. Something for a time only.

Q — What about your emotional feeling about Israelis?

A — Palestine refugees. I have no feelings about Israelis.

Q — Well, then, Zionists. Did that feeling leave you?

A — No, that feeling never left me.

Q — In May, you had heard Senator Kennedy advocate sending bombers to Israel. Did you forget that?

A — No. Every time I was provoked, I would have written it that way. My feeling about Robert Kennedy was only good as long as I was writing that stuff.

Q — Did you go to the Ambassador Hotel?

A — Yes.

Q — Had you ever been there before?

A — I didn't even know where it was, sir.

Q — What time did you arrive at the Ambassador?

A — About six, or seven of seven-thirty.

Q — What entrance did you use?

A — The entrance off Wilshire Boulevard. It was a very long drive, sir. Midway on the walk there was a bulletin board. I stood by the bulletin board.

Q — Was there something on it?

A — Yes, something that really surprised me. A bus schedule that gave time of a bus leaving for Santa Anita. Santa Anita was closed at the time. That really bugged me.

Q — Did you walk to the lobby?

A — Yes, sir.

Q — Did you see anyone?

A — Yes, a policeman and a guard. I showed him the ad and he directed me to the room where the reception would be.

Q — Did you go there?

A — Yes.

Q — Were there many people?

A — Hundreds and hundreds.

Q — Did you have the gun with you?

A — No, sir.

Q — What did you do with it?

A — I left it at home, sir.

Q — Did you leave the room where the reception was being held?

A — Yes, it was too hot. There were too many bright lights.

Q — Did you intend to come back?

A — Yes, sir. I liked the room. At the other end of the lobby, there was some coffee and cookies.

Q — Did you get some coffee?

A — Yes, sir. I stayed in the lobby as long as I had the coffee with me. Then I went back to the room and I was stopped because Robert Kennedy was addressing the people there. They said he would come outside to accommodate the people who couldn't get in.

Q — You waited?

A — Yes.

Q — Why did you wait to see Robert Kennedy?

A — I came down to see him. I might as well see him.

Q — Did you stand on the steps by the concourse?

A — Yes.

Q — How long did you wait?

A — With all the excitement, sir, I couldn't keep track of any time.

Q — About half an hour?

A — About that.

Q — Did you listen to his speech?

A — Yes.

Q — What was the substance of it?

A — The substance was that it was almost election, 48 hours before election. He encouraged his supporters to go out for the last drive. And he sang with a movie star.

Q -- Did you enjoy yourself?

A -- I was really thrilled, sir.

Q -- Was it the first time you had seen Robert Kennedy?

A -- Yes. My whole attitude toward him changed. Everytime before, I had associated him with wanting to send jets to Israel. I thought he was a villain, but that night he looked like a saint to me.

Q -- ou honestly mean that?

A -- Yes, he looked like a saint to me. I liked him.

Q -- Did you go browsing around looking for a kitchen?

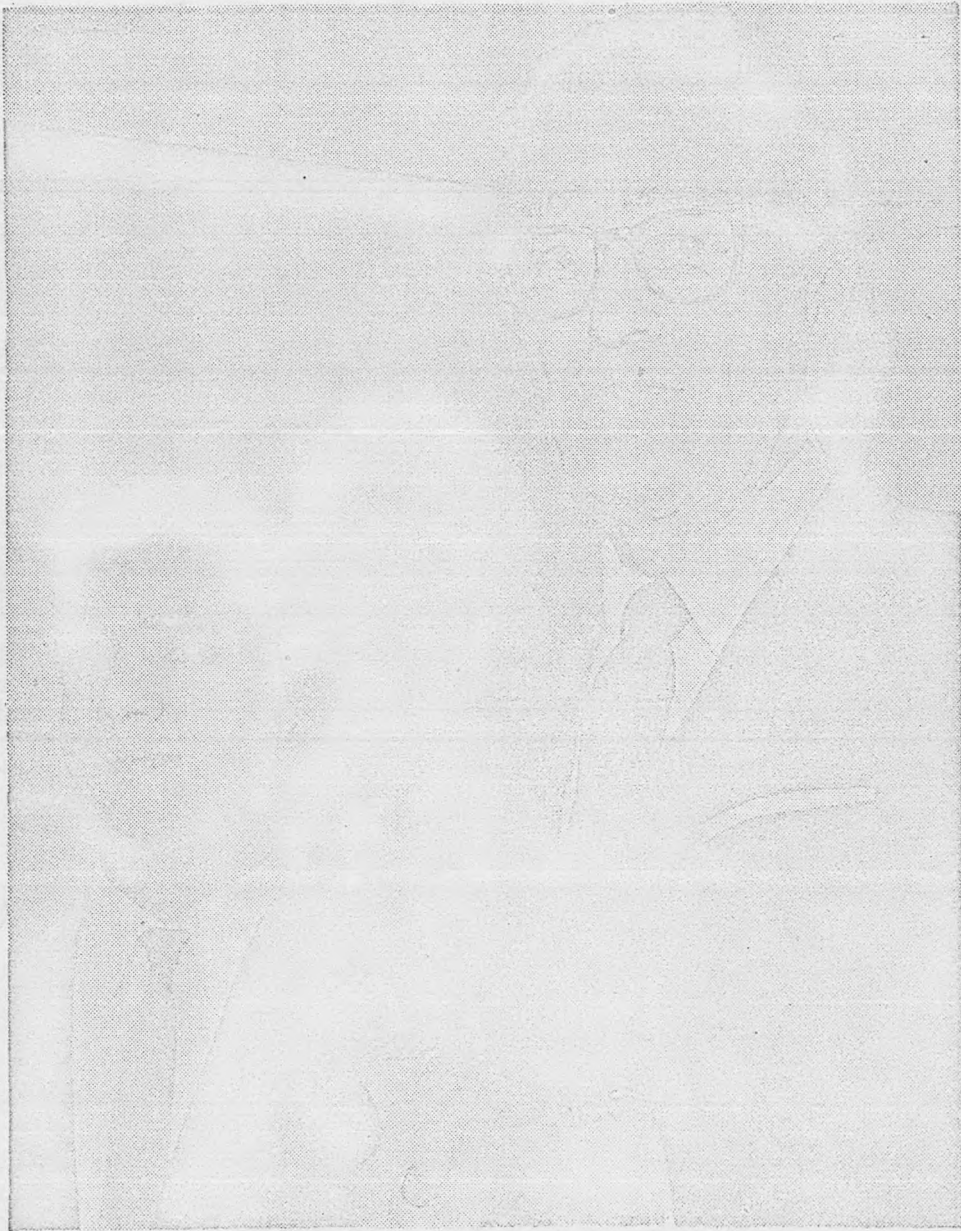
A -- No, sir, I did not. That lady who said I was there in my own words, sir, they were complete liars.

Q -- You mean they were mistaken?

A -- No. They swore to tell the truth and they didn't.

Q -- You were not where they said you were?

A -- Not where they described. I was in the lobby and in the room where the rally was supposed to be.



Herald-Examiner Photo

ATTORNEY GRANT COOPER, RIGHT, WITH SIRHAN SIRHAN
Cooper is chief of team defending Jordanian in Kennedy murder trial

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Sirhan Focus On Stalking, Killing RFK

By JOHN DOUGLAS

Herald-Examiner Staff Writer

Grim recital of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan's remembrance of his stalking and fatal shooting of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy became the focus of the young Arab's murder trial today as the admitted slayer began his fourth day of testimony.

Sirhan is set to tell what, if anything, he recalls of the events of the night of June 4-5, when he followed the New York senator into a pantry of the Ambassador Hotel's Embassy Ballroom and shot him in the head.

His recollections follow on the heels of dramatic testimony yesterday in which he told of the blind rage which caused the killing.

It was an advertisement for a Miracle Mile celebration of the first (1963) anniversary of the six-day Arab-Israeli war that set him off on a wild ride over Los Angeles freeways which ended only when he shot Kennedy and was captured by the senator's aides. Sirhan testified yesterday.

The killing, according to his testimony, followed a tragedy of errors in which:

- He left a day's target shooting at the San Gabriel Valley Gun Club without unloading his .22 calibre eight-shot revolver.

- He became so enraged over plans for the Arab-Israeli victory celebration he "drove like a maniac" to Wilshire Boulevard not realizing he would be a day early for the parade.

- He went to the Ambassador after overhearing a chance remark about Kennedy's victory celebration while visiting the headquarters of then Sen. Thomas Kuchel.

Sirhan testified his rage was triggered by a Los Angeles

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

A-1 Herald-Examiner
Los Angeles, Calif.

Date: 3/6/69
Edition: Night Final
Author: John Douglas
Editor: Donald Goodenow
Title: Kenselt

Character:

or

Classification: 56-156

Submitting Office: Los Angeles

☐ Being Investigated

56-156-34-709

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| SEARCHED | INDEXED |
| SERIALIZED | FILED |
| MAR 7 1969 | |
| FBI - LOS ANGELES | |

October 3-7-69

newspaper advertisement which read:

"Join the Miracle March for Israel on the Miracle Mile tomorrow, Wednesday, June 5, at 6 p.m. on Wilshire Boulevard. . . Six Days in June."

The young Arab said:

"Had I been dead, . . . it would have been better for me. . . . The fire started burning inside me. . . ."

Admitting he made a mistake about the date of the parade, Sirhan explained to Grant B. Cooper, his chief defense counsel:

"I was that burned up, sir. I thought it was that night."

Sirhan said he had little recollection of driving from Pasadena City College, where he had been visiting a friend, to Los Angeles.

He became lost, finally found Wilshire Boulevard and ended up at Kuchel's headquarters at a "dull" party, he said.

There, he heard of the Kennedy victory celebration and set off for the Ambassador, he said.

Sirhan testified that after seeing Kennedy at a campaign reception 47 hours before the shooting he "looked like a saint to me."

He had no thought of killing the senator when he went to the

hotel, he said, and in fact was not carrying his gun.

How he got the gun which, according to his sworn testimony, he left in the rear seat of his car parked on New Hampshire Street, is a mystery which should be solved by his testimony today.

Sirhan said he began the day before Kennedy's slaying with a decision not to go to the races, but to spend his time target shooting instead.

He arrived at the San Gabriel Valley Gun Club about noon, he said, and stayed there until the target range closed.

Sirhan testified he was particularly proud of his shooting that day. But he emphatically denied that the reason for his target practice was a rehearsal for Kennedy's murder.

"It was out of my mind, sir," he told Cooper.

When the gun range closed, his gun was loaded with eight soft-nosed minimag shells, Sirhan said. He did not unload it before leaving the range because he was having difficulty with the revolver's ejection mechanism.

Sirhan said he drove from the range to a restaurant near Pasadena City College where he dined with a friend.

They followed their dinner with a visit to the college, Sir-

han said, and then he planned to either head for home or attend a meeting of the Rosicrucian Order — mystical cult of which he was a follower.

"I was completely p—— off. . . . These Zionists were trying to rub in the fact that they had beat the hell out of the Arabs one year before . . . I decided to go down and see what those—— were up to."

Any anger he had, Sirhan insisted, was directed at ". . . these Jews . . . these Zionists."

He was "boiled up again" after reaching Wilshire and seeing another Jewish organization sign, he said.

Sirhan's testimony yesterday began with Cooper completing the reading of his diaries.

Sirhan admitted he had written of his sympathy for the Communist cause, but insisted he had never been a member of the Communist Party.

He swore it was he and he alone who shot Kennedy and that he had no accomplices. Nor, he said, was he in the employ of a foreign power at the time of the assassination.

He testified that although his diaries were in his handwriting, he had little memory of making many entries.

"I don't know. . . . It must be doodling. . . . I don't remember," were his increasingly frequent answers when Cooper pressed him to explain his writing.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Drunk, Blacked Out on Night Kennedy Was Shot, Sirhan Says

BY DAVE SMITH

Times Staff Writer

Sirhan Bishara Sirhan testified Thursday that he got drunk on at least three gin highballs last June 4, blacked out while trying to sober up, and "the next thing I remember, I was being choked."

He didn't learn for many hours that he had fatally shot Sen. Robert F. Kennedy and that he was being choked in a struggle to subdue him as his gun continued firing, wounding five others, he said.

It was the first time Sirhan has mentioned that he had been drinking the night Kennedy was killed.

Defense attorney Grant B. Cooper asked Sirhan if he knew that during the blackout, "You walked up to Sen. Kennedy, pointed a gun to his head, pulled the trigger . . . and he later died."

With a smile, a shrug and a palms-upward gesture of his hands, Sirhan answered, "Yes. So I learned."

But under both Cooper's questioning and cross-examination by Chief Dep. Dist. Atty. Lynn D. Compton, Sirhan steadily denied specific recollection of the shooting or of the rages that consumed him when he wrote in his notebooks that Kennedy must die.

Sirhan was smiling and at ease under Cooper's questioning, and as Compton began his cross-examination Sirhan remained amiable and polite—but wary.

Compton's questioning sought to dispel in jurors' minds the impression Cooper had earlier aimed for in

characterizing Sirhan's notebook writings as the disjointed scribbles of a disordered mind.

Instead, Compton suggested, much of the writing was mere doodling reflecting Sirhan's daily interests—girls, horse racing, jockeys and snatches of Arabic songs.

Sirhan replied flippily as Compton asked if the numbers 5-10, and other number series weren't actually betting combinations at Caliente race track.

"That's conjecture, sir. I don't know," Sirhan answered with a mischievous grin.

Anger Flares

But he flared in anger when Compton asserted that Sirhan must have had more notebooks than the three introduced in evidence.

"Were you with me?" demanded Sirhan. "Ask me. Don't put words in my mouth!"

Compton asked if he had had more notebooks.

"I said I don't know," Sirhan snapped.

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

I-1 Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.

Date: 3/7/69

Edition: Home

Author: Dave Smith

Editor: Nick B. Williams

Title: Kensalt

Character:

or

Classification: 56-156

Submitting Office: Los Angeles

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56-156-710
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SERIALIZED FILED

MAR 7 1969
FBI - LOS ANGELES

At another point, answering one of Compton's questions, Sirhan remarked, "That's stupid."

"I confess that I do sometimes ask stupid questions," Compton said pleasantly.

"Yes sir, you do," Sirhan snapped back.

Compton continued in a mild, pleasant tone of voice, but with a thinly veiled skepticism at Sirhan's invariable answer:

"I don't exactly remember."

Asked to Recall

That was the answer Compton got repeatedly as he asked Sirhan if he recalled the events immediately after his arrest: talking with police, drinking coffee, asking about the sensational Jack Kirschke murder case, the stock market, the high costs of having babies and his arraignment.

Earlier, prosecution witnesses described Sirhan as an unusually alert, intelligent person in their meetings with him. Compton, reciting detailed police reports of Sirhan's conversations with the witnesses, appeared unbelieving that Sirhan recalled so little of those hours.

Sirhan did admit to a faint recollection of discussing the Kirschke case with Dep. Dist. Atty. John E. Howard, but said he couldn't remember specific details of the conversation.

But a later question by Compton recalled one of the significant details of the Kirschke case. Kirschke, a deputy district attorney and a friend of both Compton and Howard, was convicted in 1967 of murdering his wife and her lover and sentenced to death. The sentence was

later commuted to life imprisonment.)

Kirschke claimed he was in Las Vegas at the time of the murder, but one detail that helped convict him was the fact that when he was arrested there and charged with murder, he failed to ask whom he was accused of murdering.

Sirhan, who is reported to have followed that trial on television, was asked by Compton if Howard hadn't told him last June 5 that he probably would be tried. "You didn't ask 'tried for what?' did you?" asked Compton.

"I don't remember," replied Sirhan.

By Sirhan's account on the witness stand Thursday, this conversation with Howard would have occurred several hours before Sirhan learned he was accused of shooting Kennedy.

Compton asked Sirhan if he thought "killing Robert Kennedy helped the Arab cause."

Sirhan said he didn't know enough about politics to say.

"Are you glad he's dead?" asked Compton.

"No sir, I'm not glad."

"Are you sorry?"

"No sir, I'm not sorry, but I'm not proud of it either."

Compton then touched on an explosive courtroom scene that occurred last Friday, after the jury had been removed from the courtroom:

"Did you not say you killed Robert Kennedy wilfully, premeditatedly and with 20 years of malice aforethought?" Compton asked.

"Yes sir, I did," answered Sirhan.

Attorneys for both sides were called to Superior Judge Herbert V. Walk-

er's bench for a moment, and then Compton asked his last questions:

"You said you were willing to fight for the Arab cause?"

"Yes sir," said Sirhan.

"Are you willing to die for it?"

"Yes sir. I'm willing to die for it."

Cooper then resumed questioning Sirhan, going line by line through the transcript of last Friday's blowup. Jurors then learned for the first time that Sirhan had tried to fire his three attorneys, change his plea to guilty and demand execution.

Cooper asked Sirhan if he hadn't done that because he was mad at the way his defense was going, and Sirhan admitted, "Sir, I was boiling."

Cooper revealed that Sirhan had exploded over defense plans to call about a dozen witnesses Sirhan didn't want to testify, including two girls, Gwendolyn Gum and Peggy Osterkamp, whose names appear repeatedly in his notebooks. Sirhan finally compromised when attorneys agreed not to call the girls, Cooper said.

Despite his wariness and obvious irritation at Compton's questioning, Sirhan remained composed. When angered, he did not appear confused, but more emphatic and vehement.

He insisted, as he did under defense questioning, that he was "an impulsive person, and what my reaction is is good for that time only." He said he believed disputes should be settled peacefully, admitted he hated Zionism and anyone who aided it, hated Kennedy for his support of Israel and loved him for his other views.

A string of conflicting statements tended to support the defense portrait of him as one whose hatreds turned on and off "like a water spigot":

—Sirhan quoted an Arabic proverb to explain why he hated Kennedy on the one hand: "A friend of my enemy is my enemy."

—But on the other hand, he didn't feel "all that much hate. I still liked him, sir. It was just when he said he would support the state of Israel."

Whenever Kennedy talked about Israel, Sirhan "would have blasted him, and I still would . . ."

—But, "after the provocation is removed, I no longer respond."

It was after a day of provocations introduced and removed, Sirhan testified, that he found himself inside the Ambassador last June 4, wandering from one election party to another.

He testified Wednesday that after target practicing that day and going off in a furious but futile search for a Zionist parade he'd heard about, he began party-hopping the night of June 4, going from a Wilshire Blvd. party to the Ambassador without even knowing Kennedy would be there.

He said he had two Tom Collins and vaguely recalls buying a third Collins and drinking part of that, and then deciding "I was quite high. I was alone. If I got any more drunk, there was nobody with me to take care of me if I got more drunk."

He decided to go home, he said, and walked back to his locked car, where he said he had left his pistol lying on the seat after leaving the target range that afternoon.

He said he got into the car and began to start it, but then "I couldn't picture myself driving the car home . . . I was too afraid to drive," he said, for fear he'd have an accident or get a ticket.

He decided to go back to the Ambassador, find some coffee, sober up, and then go home, he said.

"Did you pick up your gun?" Cooper asked.

Sirhan said he didn't remember. "I must have, but I don't remember. I've sworn to tell the truth."

As Sirhan described it, the next few hours were a confused wandering in search of coffee in unfamiliar parts of the hotel.

The prosecution contends that Sirhan was not under the influence of alcohol or drugs, and that a brief test for intoxication showed so conclusively that he was not drunk that they didn't give more exhaustive tests.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Court Tantrum By Sirhan Bared to Jury

By JOHN DOUGLAS

Herald-Examiner Staff Writer

Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, his duel with his prosecutors over and his testimony completed, became a spectator today as friends and former employers testified in his defense at his murder trial.

The four-day ordeal of testimony for the admitted slayer of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy ended yesterday as spectacularly as it had begun. Chief Deputy Dist. Atty. Lynn D. Compton disclosed to the jury that Sirhan had thrown a courtroom tantrum while they were excluded from the trial.

This disclosure came after Sirhan had repeated his claims that he could not remember shooting Kennedy, and in fact had no recollection of the fatal events until he was arraigned

on charges of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit murder.

Reflecting on the shooting, Sirhan said he was not glad Kennedy was dead, but neither was he sorry.

"I have no exact knowledge that I killed him," he explained. Then in almost an undertone, he added, "But, I am not proud."

The eight men and four women who will decide Sirhan's fate learned that a week ago he had engaged in one of his notorious rages and came near to firing his lawyers, pleading guilt to first-degree murder and demanding execution.

Compton sought only from the young Arab an admission he had told Judge Herbert V. Walker, presiding over his trial:

"I killed Robert Kennedy, willfully, premeditatedly and with 20 years malice aforethought."

Sirhan's chief defense counsel, Grant B. Cooper, objected sharply to the question because it involved testimony taken in court outside the jury's hearing. But after hasty conference at the bench, Cooper smilingly relented. His reasons soon became clear.

As soon as Compton had completed his cross-examination, the defense lawyer put the

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A-1 Herald-Examiner
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| FBI - LOS ANGELES | |

whole story of Sirhan's temper outburst before the jury.

His strategy was to show that the impulsive temper of the 24-year old Jordanian immigrant often leads him into situations where he acts with no thought for consequences. When court recessed for the day, Cooper believed he had succeeded.

Compton's cross-examination of Sirhan sometimes became an acrimonious duel between the two.

Sirhan once called his prosecutor "stupid," and Compton laughed in open derision at some of the young Arab's claimed lapses of memory about not only the events surrounding Kennedy's murder, but also about the facts of his disagreement with his attorneys over defense strategy.

That disagreement, Cooper disclosed on redirect examination, centered around a wish by the lawyers to summon two former love interests of Sirhan as witnesses in his defense.

At Sirhan's demand the two girls, Gwendolyn Guin and Peggy Ostercamp, will not be called. But 10 other witnesses, whom Sirhan originally objected to, will testify—and with the defendant's permission, Cooper said.

Under cross-examination, Sirhan, deadly serious, maintained he was willing to die for the Arab cause.

Except for a few brisk exchanges, Compton's cross-examination was surprisingly mild-mannered. The burly chief prosecutor seemed hesitant and almost deferential in the less than two hours he held Sirhan on the stand.

Most violent exchange between the two came when Compton pressed Sirhan on why he, an avowed advocate of peaceful non-violence, had abandoned his precepts and turned to assassination.

Sirhan replied that he had not abandoned non-violence, but he made it clear his belief had its limits. He warned Compton:

"If you try to kill me now . . . you go first, sir. When it comes to self-preservation, I come first, not you."

Compton changed his line of questioning.

The prosecutor asked few questions about claims by Sirhan that when he shot Kennedy he was drunk.

Sirhan, describing the night of the shooting, said he had several drinks at the Ambassador Hotel headquarters of senatorial rivals Max Rafferty and Alan Cranston. He became drunk he said, and decided to go home.

But, he continued, when he reached his car he decided he was too drunk to drive.

He decided to return to the hotel in search of coffee with which to sober up.

His loaded gun was in the back seat of the car, he said, and he has no memory of taking it with him.

He met a girl near a coffee urn in the hotel and recalls talking with her.

Of the shooting itself?

"I don't remember."

Moreover, Sirhan swore, he has no memory of ever being in the pantry off the Ambassador's Embassy ballroom.

His first conscious memory after talking with the girl, whom he remembers as dark-haired and beautiful, is being choked by his captors after the shooting, he said.

He dimly remembers being taken to Rampart Police Station, but does not recall that he was taken by police, nor that former Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh accompanied him, he added.

In both direct and cross-examination, Sirhan claimed that several prosecution witnesses against him had "lied."

He denied emphatically that he had ever told Pasadena refuse collector Calvin Clark that he planned to shoot Kennedy.

Clark, who admitted under oath he hates Sirhan, swore to their conversation earlier in the trial. He said it took place in Sirhan's backyard shortly after the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Compton sought again and again to attack Sirhan's claims of lapses of memory. When the young Arab insisted he could not recall taking his gun to the Ambassador, the chief prosecutor asked him about statements he made to Dr. Seymour Pollack, psychiatrist for the prosecution, that he had taken his gun "because he was afraid some Jews might steal it."

Sirhan explained that he had made his statement to the state psychiatrist, and one of his own, Dr. Bernard Diamond, while under hypnosis and had no memory of it.

Ironically, should the prosecution not call Dr. Pollack, the defense will.

"He is important to our case," a defense spokesman said yesterday. "His findings agree with ours."

The spokesman disclosed that in addition to Dr. Pollack and Dr. Diamond, the defense will call Los Angeles County

psychiatrist Dr. Marcus Crahan, who also examined Sirhan.

Other members of the defense battery of alienists include psychologist Dr. Martin Shor of San Diego, a consultant in the Jack Ruby trial; psychiatrist Dr. Eric Marcus, and psychologist Dr. O. Roderick Richards.

His testimony is scheduled for Monday, according to associate defense counsel Emile Zola Berman.

On tap for today are friends and former employers. These include Mr. and Mrs. John Weidner, owners of Organic Pasadena, health food store where Sirhan was employed until a few months before the assassination; Ivan Garcia, a school friend of the defendant; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Prestwood, friends; Mr. and Mrs. John Strathmore, friends and former employers.

Two Los Angeles Police officers, Fred Willoughby and Gene Austin, also have been summoned by the defense. They stood guard over Sirhan at the Ramparts Station, where Sirhan reportedly kicked a coffee cup from Willoughby's hand.

Richard Lubic, an eyewitness to Kennedy's slaying, has been called by the defense, as have waiters and bartenders from the Ambassador Hotel.

The identity of two more defense witnesses was withheld yesterday. A spokesman explained they had not yet been subpoenaed, and he said, "If it gets out we're looking for them, we might never find them."

Lubic and the psychiatrists the defense believes, will shed some light on the events of the murder, as well as on Sirhan's state of mind.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Profanity and Fatal Shot Told at Sirhan Trial

Witness Says He Heard Voice Swear at Kennedy but Gives No Identification

BY DAVE SMITH

Times Staff Writer

In the early moments of June 5, Richard Lubie heard a voice swear at Sen. Robert F. Kennedy and then heard the gunshot that took Kennedy's life.

Lubic, testifying Friday at the murder trial of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, said he jumped for cover. Defense attorney Grant B. Cooper, who called Lubie as a witness, didn't even ask if he could identify Sirhan as the man who said, "Kennedy, you son of a bitch," and fired the shot.

Lubic was the last, and briefest, of a puzzling string of defense witnesses whose testimony appeared to strengthen the prosecution case.

One, electrician Hans Peter Bidstrub, testified that Sirhan, drink in hand, asked him as early as 10 p.m. if Kennedy was staying at the Ambassador, on what floor and in what room, if Kennedy was in the hotel then and whether Kennedy had bodyguards.

Bidstrub said he talked for about 15 minutes with Sirhan at one political party the night of June 4, and that his first impression was that Sirhan was "half drunk and very talkative." Bidstrub said he himself is a nondrinker.

Changing Plans

Earlier this week, Sirhan testified that he arrived at the Ambassador June 4 through a series of haphazard changed plans, without knowing Kennedy would be there, after a day of target practice with his pistol. He said he got drunk on at least three gin highballs, talked with Bidstrub and others and later blacked out—still without knowing, apparently, that Kennedy would definitely be there that night.

Bidstrub's testimony tended to corroborate the defense claim that Sirhan had been drinking that night, and three other witnesses said they also saw Sirhan with a glass in his hand.

Bidstrub's recollection of the assassination night and of his later interviews with law enforcement officials and defense counsel appeared hazy, so much so that he could not definitely recall his former statements when confronted with them Friday.

At one point Cooper asked Bidstrub if he remembered telling Cooper that Sirhan "showed no more interest in Kennedy than in any other Democrat." Bidstrub said he didn't remember.

Enrique Rabago and Humphrey Cordero, friends from Buena Park, testified that they talked with Sirhan around 10 p.m. also. They each said he had a drink in his hand, but did not appear particularly intoxicated to them.

Rabago asked Sirhan, he said, if he thought Kennedy would win the California Democratic presidential primary, and Sirhan said yes.

But then, Rabago said, Sirhan added: "Don't worry if Sen. Kennedy doesn't win. That son of a bitch is a millionaire. Even if he wins, he's not going to do anything for you, for me or for the poor people."

Rabago said he had regarded Sirhan as "educated and arrogant."

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

When Sirhan Saw RFK! He Was Beautiful

Sirhan Bishara Sirhan completed his fourth day on the witness stand with declarations that he was drunk the night he fatally wounded Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, that he could not remember the shooting. Following is his own story as told in court yesterday at his murder trial under questioning by one of his attorneys, Grant B. Cooper, and cross-examination for the prosecution by Chief Deputy District Attorney Lynn D. Comp-ton.

Q — You had money with you?

A — I had a pocket full of money.

Q — Did you go in then?

A — I don't remember.

Q — Did you have a drink with you?

A — When I invited them to come in, I had finished my drink.

Q — What happened then?

A — I don't remember. I think I went in and bought another drink.

Q — Do you remember how many drinks you had altogether?

A — No, sir, I don't.

Q — Do you know how long you meandered around the parties?

A — No, sir, I don't know.

Q — Do you remember asking when Kennedy would come?

A — I don't remember.

Q — Witnesses said you did.

A — I don't know if they were telling the truth.

Q — Did you decide to go somewhere?

A — Yes. I felt I was quite high and I was alone, and if I got any more drunk, there was nobody with me to take care of me if I became more drunk, so I decided to go home, sir.

Q — What did you do?

A — I started to walk down the same way I had come.

Q — Earlier you had put the gun on the back seat of the car. Did you take the gun with you when you went to Kuchel's headquarters?

A — No, sir, I did not.

Q — At the Ambassador, did you have your gun?

A — No, sir. I went to the Ambassador directly from Kuchel's.

Q — When you decided to go home, what did you do?

A — I walked up this incline — that's how I remembered which direction my car was parked. I got in, but I couldn't picture myself driving my car in the condition I was in.

Q — What did you do?

A — I tried to force myself to drive.

Q — Did you turn the motor on?

A — I don't remember. I was afraid to drive, afraid I would get in an accident or get a ticket.

Q — Do you have insurance?

A — No.

Q — What did you do then?

A — I decided to go back to the party and sober up, to get some coffee.

Q — Did you pick up your gun?

A — I don't remember picking up the gun. I must have, but I don't remember.

Q — Are you sure?

A — I swore to tell the truth, sir. I have

Q — But you had the gun when you went back to the Ambassador?

A — Yes, I must have.

Q — Where did you go?

A — In search of coffee . . .

I don't know where I found it, but eventually I found it.

Q — You went through a place with a teletype machine?

A — Yes.

Q — When was that?

A — I don't remember.

Q — What struck you about it?

A — The keys were going all by themselves. It struck me funny. I was baffled.

Q — Were there people there?

A — Yes, there were some people.

Q — Why were you there?

A — I don't know. I guess I was out there looking for coffee.

Q — Was there something you saw?

A — Yes, sir . . . a big pot.

Q — What color was it?

A — It was shiny. I don't remember.

Q — Were there coffee cups around it?

A — Piles and piles of cups and saucers.

Q — Was it like a kitchen?

A — I don't know.

Q — Were there bright lights there?

A — No, and no mirrors either.

Q — Were there other people?

A — I don't remember. I was so glad to find the coffee. It was the only thing on my mind.

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| FBI — LOS ANGELES | |

Q — Did someone pour the coffee for you? Q — Jesse Unruh testified that during the drive from the Ambassador Hotel to Ram-

A — No. As I was pouring my coffee, a girl came up and wanted some. She liked hers for my country." Do you remember that?

A — Jesse Unruh must have been correct in saying that, but I myself don't remember saying that to him or anybody.

Q — What did she look like? A — She had some dark hair.

Q — What was her age? A — About my age.

Q — Was she good looking? A — Beautiful.

Q — Did you have a conversation? A — I told her I wanted some coffee.

Q — How many cups did you have? A — I don't remember.

Q — What is the next thing you remember? A — The next thing I remember, sir, I was being choked.

Q — Do you remember anything in between? A — No, sir.

Q — You were in the party? A — That is what I later learned in this court, sir.

Q — You saw Senator Kennedy, you put the gun to his head, about an inch away . . . eventually he died.

A — I was told this, sir.

Q — Do you believe it is true? A — Obviously, sir.

Q — And after that you were choked? A — I was choked, yes.

Q — Did you know anyone there? A — I don't know anybody who was choking me.

Q — Were you hurt? A — I don't know who it was, who was choking me, but he was doing a good job.

Q — What is the next thing you remember? A — I remember getting into that car, a police car. One of the policemen took hold of my hair, yanked my head back and put a light in my eyes.

Q — Do you remember the police station? A — I didn't know what it was at the time, sir.

Q — You saw the uniforms — you must have recognized them as policemen. A — Yes.

Q — Do you remember being taken inside? A — Not exactly, sir.

Q — Do you remember the flashlight being shown in your face? A — I don't remember that.

Q — Later, did other officers come in and ask you questions? A — Mr. Jordan.

Q — You remembered Mr. Jordan? A — Yes, he was a very nice man.

Q — Other than the pulling your head back, was there any mistreatment by the police? A — I don't remember, but they were so friendly I don't think there could have been any.

Q — Did you know you had shot Sen. Kennedy? A — No, sir, I did not.

Q — When was the first time you remember you were accused to killing Mr. Kennedy? A — When this Mr. Jordan — this is the only man I remember because of his name,

Jordan—When they took me to the court room. I was in front of a lady judge. I couldn't believe it, sir. It was the first time in my life I've ever seen a lady judge. They started reading these names to me.

Q—When you were arrested, you refused to give your name?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—With the policemen, you didn't discuss anything about the shooting?

A—They never brought it up, sir.

Q—What did you think you were there for.

A—We were so engaged in this discussion . . . I don't remember. It was so interesting to me.

Q—Did a doctor talk to you?

A—Yes. Doctor Italla.

Q—What did Dr. Italla do?

A—Examined me.

Q—When you heard the name Kennedy when you were before the lady judge . . .

Q—That is the first you knew you had shot Kennedy?

A—That is right.

Q—Did you send for a lawyer?

A—When I was before Judge Klein . . . the Public Defender wanted to know my name. I didn't know what had happened . . . I wanted to settle in my mind. I wanted to find out what was going on, and I asked him to send for the American Civil Liberties Union.

Q—Why the ACLU?

A—I had heard about them on the radio.

Q—And a person from the ACLU came?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—That was A. L. Wirin?

A—Yes, sir. A fine man.

Q—And that's about the whole story?

Q—You told this jury you don't remember having any intention to kill Kennedy?

A—I don't remember.

Q—You have heard these notebooks read?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—And you wrote these notebooks?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—And you don't deny it?

A—I don't deny it.

Q—You bought the gun?

A—Yes, sir. I did, I did.

Q—Prior to 1962 . . . that is 1967, you wrote of your plan to kill the President of the United States.

A—Yes, sir.

Q—And you went to the Ambassador Hotel on the 2nd of June, 1968?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—You saw Sen. Kennedy . . . you were angry at him?

A—I was.

Q—You had . . . target practice?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—You took the gun over to the Ambassador Hotel?

A—Yes, sir . . . obviously.

Q—You didn't take any identification with you?

A—I always left my wallet in the car.

Q—And you did kill him?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—How do you account for this?

A—I don't know.

Q—You may cross-examine.

Deputy District Attorney Lynn D. Compton began the cross-examination for the Prosecution.

Q—For a long time you have been very interested in solving the Arab problem?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—Because of this, you wanted to become a diplomat?

A—Yes, sir, I did.

Q—You were quite impressed by what your teacher in the Old City told you—that the way to solve these problems was through peaceful means?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—As of the moment, now you have an intense hatred for Zionists?

A—Yes, sir, I do.

Q—That hatred would apply to anyone who appeared to be aiding the Zionists?

A—Yes, sir. I feel so strongly about it that any friend of my enemy is my enemy.

Q—When did you first develop your hatred for the United States?

Q — That would explain your statement about assassinating the 36th President?

A — I never have had any hatred as such for the United States. I am most grateful to the United States for having lived here the second half of my life. But from 1967 on, I was very resentful to the United States for their foreign policy, for their one-sided support in the Middle East.

Q — But never until now did you hate the United States?

A — No. Government, sir, was my favorite subject in school. I love the American democracy . . . elections . . . checks and balances.

Q — But you wrote that you wanted to overthrow the United States?

A — At that time, sir, when I wrote it.

Q — But only at the time you wrote the material?

A — Yes. That is how I felt, and only at that time. I don't remember entertaining the thought after or before.

Q — However briefly, you had that feeling of hatred?

A — My feelings, sir, to anything, changed according to the conditions of the day.

Q — Think back, now . . . can you reconstruct one single thing that was done by the United States that first caused you to resent it?

A — Not to resent them or hate them. But during politics, sir, in the United States, the Presidential elections in 1948, when Harry Truman, sir, came out and said, "Do Arabs have any votes in America" . . . the president-elect implied only the Jews in America . . . can vote for him, can contribute money to his campaign, and he is only responsible for the Jews.

He felt he had only to comply to the wishes of the Zionists in the United States, if those Jews would vote for him.

Q — You were only four years old, so that was something you read later?

A — Yes.

Q — Did President Johnson do something that upset you?

A — Yes, sir, he did. I expected that.

Q — You were only four years old, so that was something you read later?

A — Yes.

Q — Did President Johnson do something that upset you?

A — Yes, sir, he did. I expected that.

Q — That would explain your statement about assassinating the 36th President?

A — Yes. I must have been provoked at the time I wrote that, sir.

Q — You told us at one point in your life you had a great fondness for Robert Kennedy.

A — Yes, sir, I did.

Q — At what time did that begin?

A — I had always associated him, sir, with President Kennedy. To me he was the next President. I was hoping he would become President and would continue what his brother had started.

Q — Do you remember a time when Senator Kennedy was not an announced candidate?

A — I honestly don't, sir.

Q — Do you remember when he said he would be a candidate?

A — Yes.

Q — Do you remember when that was?

A — No.

Q — Did you feel you were for him?

A — I was for him very much, sir.

Q — At the time your love turned to hate, was that when he was a candidate?

A — Yes, sir, it was, but it wasn't all that much hate really. I still liked him until the time he came out and said he would give those 50 Phantom jet bombers to Israel.

Q — Not all that much hate?

A — No. But any was enough cause for me, sir, to hate him.

Q — Enough to kill him?

A — I don't know about that.

Q — If you had been there, you said you would have blasted him.

A — Yes, I said I would have, and I still would.

Q — You meant that?

A — Sir, I am very impulsive. Whatever my reaction would be, it was good for that time only.

Q — When did you decide your teacher was wrong about peaceful means?

A — I never decided my

teacher was wrong. Throughout my life I believed in non-violence. I liked all people who try to achieve their goals peacefully.

Q — You told us if you were where Israeli soldiers were standing on the Suez, you would kill them.

A — Yes. If you were trying to kill me, I would kill you first. Whenever it comes to self-preservation, sir, I come first, not you.

Q — Then your peaceful approach only goes so far?

A — Yes.

Q — Do you doubt that you wrote "Kennedy must die."?

A — No, I don't have any doubts.

Q — Can you relate that writing in your notebook to when you saw the television program?

A — Sir, again I don't remember what the exact provocation was. I have heard of many times when Robert Kennedy was going to send those jet bombers to Israel.

Q — Sen. Kennedy was in Oregon then?

A — I thought he was.

Q — You followed the campaign closely?

A — No, sir. This stuff came to me. I didn't go to it.

Q — On May 18th, in your notebook you wrote: "My determination to eliminate Robert F. Kennedy is becoming more the more of an unshakable obsession." Does this indicate to you that you had been thinking of eliminating him for some time?

A — Sir, I don't know what exactly was my meaning when I wrote those words. My emotion was there. I don't remember what I meant by every word.

Q — Did the same thing apply to your Zionist feeling?

A — I have a built-in bug in this brain of mine about the Jews, the Israelis. Anything about them turns me on.

Q — That does not go off and on?

A — No. It stays with me.

Q — You don't require anything to turn on the feeling?

Q — Try to listen to my question. Your Zionist feeling doesn't require repeated provocation?

A — No, sir.

Q — If you had no trouble remembering your experiments . . . what about your notebooks? You don't remember when these were written?

A — No, Sir, I don't.

Q — You had a habit of doodling?

A — Yes, Sir.

Q — You had a habit of writing words or even sentences of things that were on your mind?

A — I don't know, Sir, what came in my mind. I didn't sit there and doodle intentionally.

Q — These were the things that interested you? Race horses . . . girls now and then . . . songs, poems . . . sometimes you liked to write in Arabic . . . jockeys' names?

A — Yes, Sir.

Q — It doesn't surprise you to find these things in your notebooks?

A — No, Sir, it doesn't.

Q — Look at this book . . . you might have been thinking about a betting combination for a race when you wrote that?

A — That is conjecture, Sir. I don't know.

Q — Do you even remember that you had these notebooks?

A — Yes, Sir, they are mine.

Q — Do you remember the last time you might have written something?

A — No, Sir, I don't.

Q — These were not the only notebooks from Pasadena City College that you kept notes in?

A — I don't know, Sir.

Q — You had several books?

A — Were you with me at the time, Mr. Compton? How the hell do you know? Don't tell me, Sir. Ask me, but don't put words in my mouth.

Q — Did you have several books? A — Yes, at the East Pasadena Firearms Company.

A — I don't know, Sir.

Q — Do you remember when you wrote this letter to you remember about withholding tax?

A — Yes, Sir.

A — Didn't you think it was dangerous to carry a loaded weapon around in your automobile?

Q — You were away from the house. You took these two notebooks with you to Corona?

A — I think it is.

Q — When you acquired the gun, it looked like a pretty good gun to you?

A — I thought it was, yes.

Q — You had shopped other places for guns?

A — I had looked, not shopped.

Q — The guns in the store were too expensive for you?

A — Yes, Sir, they were.

Q — What was the going price?

A — It depends on the make.

Q — Give us some range of prices.

A — \$55 . . . \$65 . . . some cheaper.

Q — You can buy a .22 revolver for as low as \$13-\$14, can't you?

A — Yes, Sir, I guess you could, Sir, but of a very inferior make. I have seen some of them at the gun range . . . they are not in the same class as mine, Sir.

Q — Did you ever try to buy a gun at a gun store?

A — I never had enough money.

Q — You knew they wouldn't sell you one?

A — No, I didn't.

Q — You knew as an alien you couldn't have one?

A — No, I did not know that.

Q — Where did you keep your gun?

A — In my room.

Q — When did you get ammunition?

A — When I decided to shoot it, Sir.

Q — How long did you have the gun before you fired it?

A — About six weeks . . . two months.

A — No, Sir, I never had.

Q — You didn't go hunting after you got the gun—I mean for animals?

A — No, Sir, I did not.

Q — Before you bought this gun, had you looked at other guns?

Q — Where did you go? A — It was the first time I stayed that late.

A — To Fish Canyon, Sir.

Q — Did you buy the ammunition before you went? Q — Now, the notebook . . . could all of the writing on this page of the notebook . . . it might have been put on at different times?

A — I think I bought the ammunition at the range.

Q — How long did you stay? A — I don't know. I will not concede to that. It might have been at the same time or at different times.

A — Long enough to acquaint myself with the gun.

Q — All your shots were slow fire? A — Yes, Sir.

A — Yes, Sir.

Q — Did you squeeze every shot off? Q — When you were doodling . . . what about the different colored ink?

A — Yes, Sir.

A — I could have run out of ink, Sir, in one pen or another.

Q — After you finished shooting, did you unload your gun? Q — The entries might have been made at different times?

A — Yes, Sir.

A — They could have.

Q — Did you put the gun in your car? Q — On June 4, when you were target shooting, do you have any idea of how many rounds you fired that day?

A — Yes, on the back seat of the car.

Q — You said you knew it was against the law to carry a gun . . . ? A — 6 . . . 7 . . . 8 . . . 850 rounds.

A — A concealed gun.

Q — But you didn't know it was against the law for an alien to have a gun? Q — For the whole 850 rounds you testified you drew on the target and squeezed the trigger?

A — No, I didn't.

Q — When was the next time you fired your gun? A — I said about 850 rounds.

A — I don't remember. But there were about six times that I fired the gun. Q — Well 750, give me a figure.

Q — It was always deliberate slow fire? A — I fired a hell of a lot of shots.

A — I always aimed at the bull's eye.

Q — You know that rapid fire is best for a silhouette target? Q — For all this hell of a lot of shots, you squeezed them off?

A — I don't know.

A — I tried to hit the bull's eye.

Q — When you put live rounds into the cylinder of your revolver, do they fit tight? Q — You were carefully squeezing these rounds in?

A — Mine fit pretty tight, Sir, in my gun.

A — Yes.

Q — Wasn't it easier to get out live bullets than the cartridges? Q — And anybody who says you were fast firing, is an absolute liar?

A — Not in my gun. If I wanted to remove it live, I had to use a screwdriver.

A — I think I would say that, Sir.

Q — June 4 was the only time you put the gun loaded in the car? Q — Witnesses said it was you . . . are they liars?

A — I don't remember exactly . . . I tried to use all the ammunition I had in the gun.

A — Yes, Sir, they are. It was the man next to me who was doing the rapid firing. He was not firing a .22.

Q — That was the first time you got caught with a loaded gun when the whistle went off at the range? Q — Did you have a conversation about hunting?

A — I don't remember saying it.

Q — Did you say "I intend to go hunting?"

A — I don't remember saying it.

Q—Did you think you would take this gun out and hunt with it?

A—I might have. I don't know.

Q—Was anything said about killing a dog?

A—I don't remember exactly, Sir. It could have happened.

Q—It might have been said by you?

A—It could be. There was talk about hunting.

Q—About hunting for dogs?

A—About hunting in general.

Q—You did not say anything about your gun killing a dog?

A—I don't remember saying anything about my gun killing a dog. Whatever was said about a dog was in reference to hunting, not my gun or anybody else's gun.

Q—On June 1, do you remember you went to the range in Corona?

A—Yes.

Q—Do you remember signing in?

A—No, I don't exactly remember... When you ask if I remember signing my name, that is like asking if I remember the whole afternoon. That is stupid.

Q—I sometimes do ask stupid questions. Do you remember signing in?

A—Yes, Sir, I do.

Q—Was all your shooting slow fire?

A—Yes... a policeman was there teaching some people, and the way he taught them to fire guns, that was the way I was taught, too.

Q—When you left, did you go home?

A—Yes, I did.

Q—Straight?

A—I might have stopped in Corona at a restaurant.

Q—Did you take your gun out of the car?

A—No, Sir.

Q—Was it loaded?

A—Most likely it would have been unloaded. I expect

ed my ammunition at the range.

Q—Was there any ammunition in the car?

A—I don't remember. On the way home from Corona, I bought some ammunition at the Lock, Stock and Barrel.

I asked for something they said they did not have. That is when they tried to sell me these mini-mags.

Q—The night of the first, when you got home, you took the gun inside?

A—Yes.

Q—Was that your usual practice?

A—Yes, it was.

Q—On June 4, you were mad at Kennedy?

A—Yes, but I wasn't provoked.

Q—When you saw him June 2, he looked like an all right guy?

A—He seemed like it, Sir. I had not liked it when he said he would send bombers to Israel.

Q—On June 2, he didn't say he wouldn't send bombers to Israel?

A—He didn't say he would either.

Q—He was back in your good graces?

A—As long as I could see him.

A—As long as he was in front of you?

A—When I saw him, I thought he was beautiful.

Q—And after you saw him?

A—I still thought his sending 50 jet bombers to Israel was unfair.

Q—You thought Kennedy would still send the bombers?

A—Those Zionists have a habit of holding every presidential candidate to his word. He knew where his business lied in the American election.

Q—After you arrived at the Hotel Ambassador, how long was it before you bought a drink?

A—Fifteen or 20 minutes. Q—You thought you should
a half hour at most, probably. go home?

Q—You didn't drink, did you? A—Yes.

A—No, Sir, I don't drink. I drank that night. Q—You left, walked back
to your car?

Q—You were mad? A—Yes.

A—I was, Sir. Q—Put the key in the igni-
tion?

Q—Mad at the Zionists? A—I don't remember.

A—I was, very much. Q—You decided you had
too much to drink?

Q—And the friends of the Zionists? A—That I wasn't myself,
Sir.

A—Yes, Sir. Q—You began to feel
high?

A—Yes, Sir. Q—You thought you might
get arrested?

Q—What were symptoms? A—Yes. I didn't have any
insurance, either.

A—I wasn't myself, Sir. I wasn't the same Sirhan that
had come in here. Q—You thought you should
get some coffee to sober up?

Q—Were you dizzy? A—Yes.

A—I was like this (made
weaving motions with hands). Q—You got out of the car?

Q—Did you stagger? A—Yes.

A—I haven't been drunk
enough to know what it is
like, but I knew I was not
sober. Q—You locked it up?

Q—Had you ever been
drunk before? A—Yes, I always locked it.

A—What was it like? Q—You took your gun with
you?

A—I had to be nursed by
my brother. A—I don't remember.

Q—Were you sick? Q—When you talked with
Dr. (Seymour) Pollock, you
said you took the gun out
because you were afraid Jews
would steal it?

A—Yes. . . not too sick. A—I did not tell him that
speaking like I am to you. I
must have told him that when
I was under hypnosis. I didn't
know I told him that, Sir.

Q—Did you fall down? Q—You walked back to the
Ambassador?

A—You would have to ask
my brother. A—Yes, down the incline.

Q—On this night, did you
have trouble standing? Q—It never entered your
mind to go back to (Sen.)
Kuchel's (headquarters) for
coffee?

A—No, Sir, it never did.

Q—Did you have trouble
seeing? Q—Do you remember get-
ting back to the Ambassador?

A—I don't remember ex-
actly. A—That route, Sir, had be-
come familiar to me.

Q—You remember the
coffee urn. . . the girl . . . did
you have trouble seeing
them? Q—Were you on the second
floor?

A—I was so glad to have
gotten that coffee. . . it was
the only thing on my mind. A—I don't know where I
found the coffee, but I found
the coffee.

Q—She was pretty, wasn't
she? Q—Do you know what time
that was?

A—You could have had the
ugliest gal in the place, and
the way I was drunk you
could have said she was the
most beautiful, and I would
have no way of disputing it.

A -- No, Sir, I do not have any concept of the time.

Q -- Do you remember talking to the girl by the coffee?

A -- Yes, I remember telling her how happy I was to get coffee.

Q -- What was your conversation?

A -- Coffee was the conversation.

Q -- And the next thing you remember you were being choked?

A -- Yes, Sir.

Q -- You remember an officer grabbing you by the hair?

A -- I didn't know it was an officer, but in this car, this guy yanked my head back and put a light in my eyes.

Q -- Do you remember the police station?

A -- No, Sir, I don't.

Q -- Do you remember being in this room with Officer Jordan?

A -- Yes, Sir, when he was giving me the coffee.

Q -- Do you remember kicking the cup out of the hand of the officer?

A -- I didn't know he was an officer.

Q -- Well, someone?

A -- Yes.

Q -- How many officers shined the light in your eyes?

A -- I don't remember. The one in the car I remember because he pulled my hair.

Q -- Do you remember that Officer Jordan searched you?

A -- I don't remember that.

Q -- You don't remember him going through your property with you?

A -- The only thing I remember about Mr. Jordan was when he was in that little room and Mr. Howard was there.

Q -- You don't remember that he started to inventory your property and you said, "That has already been done by Badge 3900"?

A -- I don't remember it now.

Q -- Were you woozy?

A -- I was tired, Sir.

Q -- Could you still feel the effects of liquor?

A -- I don't know what I was feeling.

Q -- Were you groggy?

A -- I don't know what I was.

Q -- You asked Jordan to taste your coffee first?

A -- He wanted that coffee tasted.

Q -- You don't recall asking him to do it?

A -- No, I don't recall.

Q -- Did you not do that?

A -- I could have. I don't remember.

Q -- Why would you have him taste it first?

A -- I don't know.

Q -- You didn't think you had done anything at that time?

A -- No, Sir, I didn't.

Q -- You thought Jordan was a nice guy?

A -- He was.

Q -- Did he ask your name?

A -- I don't remember if he did.

Q -- Did anybody ask it that night?

A -- Mr. Howard... He gave me my constitutional rights or whatever they were... said anything I said could be used against me. I kept my mouth shut.

Q -- You didn't give your name?

A -- No.

Q -- You knew your name?

A -- Yes.

Q -- You weren't so foggy or drunk you forgot it?

A -- I don't know.

Q -- Don't you have any recollection of being in the police station and being questioned?

A—Not very clearly, Sir, no.

Q—Because you were not yourself?

A—Sir, the people around were so friendly I didn't know what was going on.

Q—You were never curious about why you had been handcuffed?

A—No.

Q—That morning did anyone ask you about the incident at the Ambassador Hotel?

A—I don't remember.

Q—Would you say you were not asked?

A—I could have been asked. I don't remember.

Q—You told us this morning that after you were arraigned before the lady judge, you were taken to another jail where you were given treatment . . . they took blood out of your arm?

A—Yes.

Q—They said it was for a venereal disease test?

A—They did not tell me what it was for.

Q—This was some time after your arraignment?

A—I give you this sequence: They changed my clothes at that place. They wheeled me in a wheelchair, then I was X-rayed, then the blood was taken from me.

Q—After you were in the courtroom?

A—Yes, Sir.

Q—Did anyone while you were in the custody of the Los Angeles Police Department . . . tell you they wanted to talk to you about the Ambassador?

A—I don't remember, Sir, if they did.

Q—Did you ever ask what you were there for?

A—I don't remember.

Q—Did you wonder why you were there?

A—The people . . . this Mr.

Jordan was so friendly, Sir.

Nothing was mentioned about the case. I don't know what happened, Sir.

Q—You were never curious about why you had been handcuffed?

A—No, Sir. I wasn't myself, Sir. I didn't know what was going on.

Q—Still suffering from the effects of liquor?

A—I don't know from what. I was not myself as I am now.

Q—Not yourself?

A—I must not have been. Otherwise I would remember what happened.

Q—Did you have difficulty speaking?

A—I don't remember.

Q—Any numbness around the nose or mouth?

A—I don't exactly remember.

Q—Do you remember Sgt. McIndrez?

A—I remember this fellow, Mr. Howard. He looked monstrous to me at the time.

Q—Do you remember later you said to Howard "I have been to the magistrate," and he said you had not but you would be taken to the magistrate and you might be tried . . . you said, "Are you going to take me up there?" . . . remember?

A—No, Sir, I don't.

Q—You didn't ask, "Tried for what?"

A—I don't remember.

Q—Do you remember around 3 o'clock Sgt. McIndrez said, "Do you want to

talk about the Ambassador?" aware that I killed Mr. Kennedy. You said, "Look, Mr. Jordan, ready."

I must act right for a moment... I have the right to remain silent... this is a basic American jurisprudence..."

Remember?

Q — You know he is dead.

Q — Would the killing of Kennedy help the Arab cause?

A — I am in no position to say that.

Q — Are you glad he is dead?

A — No, Sir, I am not.

Q — Are you sorry?

A — No, I am not sorry, but I am not proud.

Q — You're not sorry?

A — No, because I have no exact knowledge of having shot him... but I am not proud.

Q — Did you not say "I killed Robert Kennedy wilfully, premeditatedly and with 20 years of malice aforethought"?

A — Yes, Sir, I did.

Q — Are you willing to die for the Arab cause?

A — When did I say I was willing to fight for the Arab cause?

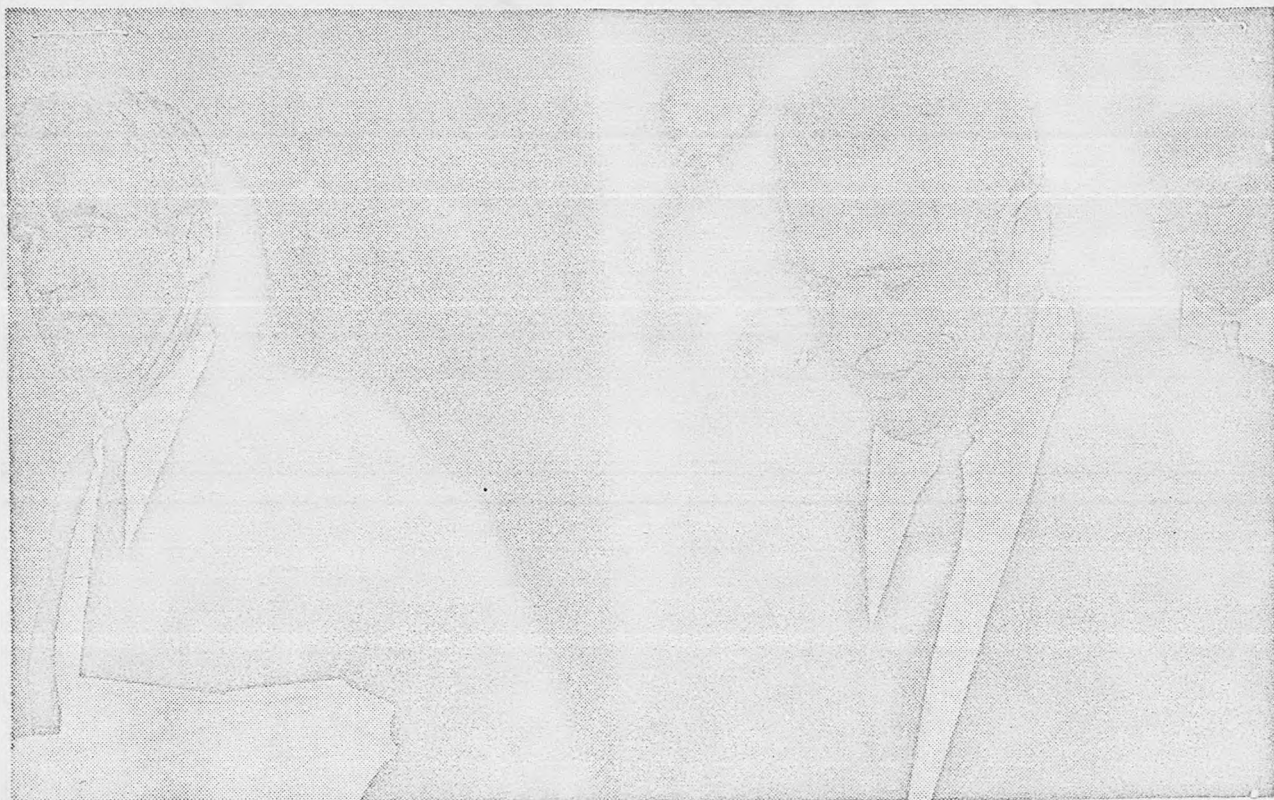
Q — This morning. Are you willing to fight for the Arab cause?

A — Yes.

Q — Are you willing to die for it?

A — Yes.

A — Yes.



Herald-Examiner Photo

TWO PROSECUTORS IN SIRHAN TRIAL ARRIVE AT COURTROOM

—They are David N. Fitts, deputy district attorney, and Lynn D. Compton, chief prosecutor —

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Sirhan Memory 'Failing'

By AL STUMP

Herald-Examiner Staff Writer

Bafflement hangs over the battered room on the Hall of Justice's eighth floor.

No one can figure a way to stifle the roar of trucks and shriek of sirens outside so all the testimony can be heard.

Chief attorney Grant Cooper of the defense team admits in outside-court talk that he can't fathom why his client, Sirhan Sirhan, can't remember writing such passages as "Kennedy must die" or recall when he last saw the notebooks in which he inscribed many passionate passages—before killing Robert Kennedy last June.

"I just don't know why he blanks out on so many things," said Cooper, showing exasperation. "We'd rather that he remembered everything that happened. But you fellows can hear him on the stand as well as I can, when he repeats and repeats he can't remember—and that's what the defense must honestly bring forth."

With a level glide of his arm, then dropping it sharply, the lawyer tells listeners, "Retrograde amnesia may explain it. In such a case, a person has memory along a certain line, then it snaps off and he remembers nothing."

Across Los Angeles, a leading psychiatrist, president of a nationally-known organization, spoke to The Herald-Examiner on the matter of retrograde amnesia. He said:

"Briefly, this is a condition where a traumatic event happens. The person involved retains recall of some of it—usually the initial portion. But he will forget events prior to it or events associated with it or contributing to it or in some way adjunctive to it.

"It's a well-known repression with no positive explanation.

"And it's very common—happens to many people. It also is very easily feigned."

Cooper, backed by associate Russell Parsons, gave the first clinical analysis yet submitted, while standing in a courtroom corridor yesterday:

"He is not psychotic, but a borderline case of schizophrenia of the paranoid type," stated Cooper.

These terms mean what in layman's language? Experts say they mean:

PSYCHOTIC—one who cannot understand reality in either a gross or a special way; a term without the legal implications of the word "insane."

SCHIZOPHRENIA—type of personality characterized by loss of contact with the environment and by disintegration of the personality; includes dementia praecox and some related forms of insanity.

PARANOID—one who believes others are out to destroy him and he must defend himself (but not often defends himself in an actively violent or criminal way).

Such terms are expected to become vital as clinical psychologists and psychiatrists move in to testify sometime next week. One key figure here is expected to be the 57-year-old Dr. Bernard L. Diamond, eminent psychiatrist and criminologist of the University of California at Berkeley, whose testimony has figured in many murder cases.

★ ★ ★

Anonymous terrorist phone calls to the home of Parsons, the second attorney to come to Sirhan's aid, have tailed off as the trial has progressed, he reports.

"I've been asked if these were calls from Zionists," he remarked. "How do I know? They just offered to blow up my family and me.

"Don't get many any more. As I've always said, I'm scared of such threats—but I am never scared."

You'd think the courtroom was Blinky's Bookie Shop, the way horse racing keeps intruding. Mention of the nags gives Sirhan—in his duel of wits with Dep. Dist. Atty. Lynn Compton—a chance to score points. Twice, he did this notably.

Compton asked him about the time at Santa Anita when he put a mental "whammy" on a horse named Press Agent. Sirhan, earlier, had testified that he concentrated on causing something awful to happen to Press Agent, when he broke from the gate. "Because I wanted him to lose," he said.

The "evil eye," or thoughts, as Sirhan related it, caused Press Agent to wheel from the gate, leap a fence, throw his jockey and get disqualified.

Attempting to pooh-pooh the feat, Compton said:

"Well, after all, he was a longshot. He probably had the habit of breaking out of control at the gate."

Sirhan smiled triumphantly. Compton and all his researchers hadn't done their homework.

"Sir," he crowed, leaning forward and grinning, "it was the horse's maiden race."

At another point, the deputy D. A. attempted to show that the hot numerals "5-10" scrawled in Sirhan's diary might refer to the 5-10 pool at Agua Caliente race track—where Sirhan said "maybe" he had laid bets. In the 5-10, bettors pick winners in the final six races, from the fifth race through the tenth, and as much as \$80,000 has been won by a single gambler.

Instead of giving his usual "I don't exactly remember" answer, the defendant snapped:

"That's conjecture."

It was, too, and a discomfited Compton was still more taken aback, later, when the cocky Arab told him, "Ask me questions—don't put words in my mouth!" and informed the prosecutor that he asked "stupid

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