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FBI - CENTRAL RECORDS CENTER

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DO NOT DESTROY - PRESERVE FOR SELECT COMMITTEE ON ASSASSINATIONS

Bureau File Number

DO NOT DESTROY - PENDING LITIGATION

See also Nos.

396 217 62 217 227B 227A

FD-2

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

WHEN THE HEIGHT IS WON, THEN THERE IS EASE

THERE were two Robert Kennedys—the one who was loved and the one who was hated. To many, he was the relentless prosecutor, vindictive young aide to Joe McCarthy and pitiless interrogator of the racket-busting McClellan Committee, a cocksure combatant who was not too scrupulous about his methods. Many politicians and businessmen not only disliked him but also genuinely feared him for what he was and for what he might become. Not a few saw unprincipled ambition in every gesture he made and every step he took.

To many more, he came across as a man of infinite compassion, a leader with unique empathy for the poor, the hungry, the minorities, and all those whom he termed the "suffering children of the world." As Attorney General, his brusqueness often offended high-level politicians and bureaucrats—yet he was ever ready to stand on his desk for half an hour to explain the workings of the Justice Department to a swarm of schoolchildren, whom he always addressed as important, interesting people.

Liberal & Conservative

Unlike his brothers, Bobby never seemed at ease in the Senate. He was blunt where it pays to be euphemistic. He was an activist in a club dedicated to deliberation, and he was impatient with rules and tradition, both of which the Senate venerates. He was a loner. Yet he achieved a good deal simply because he worked longer and harder than most of his colleagues, assembled a better staff, sensed more deeply the nation's abiding problems. He knew that he was the only man in the country, save perhaps the President, who could make headlines with almost anything he said —and knew also that this did not always help him. He publicly questioned the war long before it became popular to do so, spoke in favor of the poor in affluent areas where it was clearly not to his advantage, and defended law and order in the ghettos, where such a statement by any other white man would have been interpreted as anti-Negro. A curious blend of liberal and conservative, he was concerned about poverty and the cities, yet convinced that the Government should not always take on their full burden.

His wife Ethel often said, "I think he's brilliant," but his assets lay more in a sharp intelligence, a fierce energy, and an ability to give and attract devotion and to surround himself with brilliance. Almost from the day of his brother's inauguration, Hickory Hill, the historic estate in Virginia that once belonged to President John, became an institution that the capital will sorely miss.

It was also a gay and lively home, which with ten children—three of whom, Kathleen, 16, Joseph, 15, and Robert Jr., 14, bear the names of Kennedys who died violently —and a bizarre menagerie was never dull. A Kennedy pet census once counted two horses, four ponies, one burro, two angora goats, three dogs, three geese, two cockatoos, one cat, one guinea pig, 40 rabbits, one turtle, one alligator turtle, 22 goldfish, 15 Hungarian pigeons and five chickens. A sea lion named "Sandy" was regretfully banished after it began chasing guests. Ethel, now 40, never quite lost her sense of wonder at being married to Bobby Kennedy. Their affection was tender, gay and companionable, and though she is terrified of airplanes, she went with him almost everywhere. For her, the supreme test of an individual's worth was simply whether her husband approved of him,

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

P. 19

Time Magazine
New York, New York

Date: 6/14/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor: Managing
Title: Henry Anatole Grunwald

KENSALT

Character:
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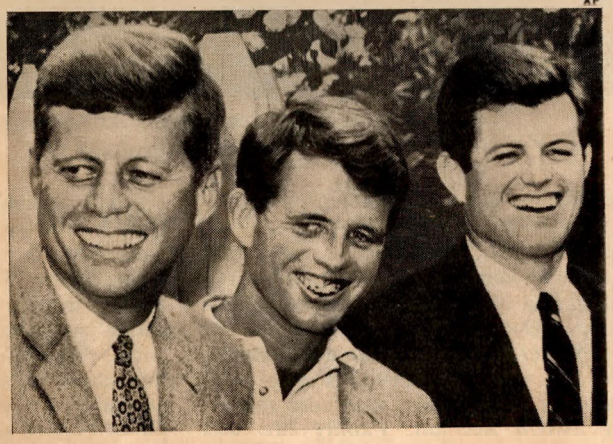
[X] Being Investigated

Some Faraway Disaster

After Dallas, she had the soothing hand, the understanding heart. "There was in those days," TIME Correspondent Hugh Sidey remembers, "a sense of urgency about him, almost as if he were sliding off some horrible precipice toward some faraway disaster. There was an irresistible compulsion to do everything and try everything. That is when he began to shoot rapids and climb mountains." This compulsion, an almost existential need to dare the elements, combined with a lifelong love of physical exertion, prompted him to lead the first ascent of the Yukon's 14,000-ft. Mount Kennedy, named for his brother, and plunge, during a 1965 canoe trip down the Amazon, into piranha-infested waters. A group of Indians cried anxiously that he was risking his life. "Have you ever heard of a United States Senator being eaten by a piranha?" he asked, and swam on.

The voice, the humor and the casual grace evoked memories of another man and a happier time. But Bobby was always his own person. Jack could get somewhere without really trying. Bobby ("the Runt") could not, or thought he could not, and thus tried all the harder. Perhaps this is what inspired in other men such unyielding loyalty and such unquenchable hatreds, neither of which Jack ever evoked to such intense degree. Because of the family tradition, it was inevitable that some day, if not in 1968, then 1972, Bobby would run for President. As a Senator, John

AP



JOHN, ROBERT & TED IN 1962

Kennedy explained the family mystique: "Just as I went into politics because Joe died, if anything happened to me tomorrow, my brother would run for my seat in the Senate. And if Bobby died, Teddy would take over for him." In the end, Bobby, with his merry, energetic wife and his happy band of children, created a charisma of his own.

Pain Which Cannot Forget

Never an intellectual, Bobby nonetheless read a great deal, particularly after Dallas. While Jack would read simply for delight, Bobby would always choose a writer who had something practical to tell him. Aeschylus, who introduced the tragic hero to literature, was his "favorite poet." On the death of Martin Luther King Jr., he used the lines: "Even in our sleep, pain which cannot forget falls drop by drop upon the heart until, in our despair, against our will, comes wisdom through the awful grace of God." Asked once why he strove so hard, Kennedy again quoted from Aeschylus: "When the height is won, then there is ease."

Bobby never reached the height, nor found the ease for which he quested. Rocking across Nebraska in a train, he mused on all the things that he wanted to do and all that he felt he could do: reconcile the races, summon the "good that's in America," end the war, get the best and most creative minds into government, broaden the basic idea of the Peace Corps so that people in all walks of life would try to help one another. He was ambitious, but not for himself. He ended his musing: "I don't know what I'll do if I'm not elected President." As his body lay in St. Patrick's Cathedral, there was agreement on one point. Whoever became President would always have known that Robert Kennedy was around. So would the nation. So would the world.

TIME ESSAY

POLITICS & ASSASSINATION

THROUGHOUT the world, industrialization is spurring millions to want more—and to feel more thwarted when affluence and equality are too slowly achieved. In the highly industrialized U.S., the fever is intensified by racial and generational clashes. The result is impatience with the political process: a yen for direct action has created a charged emotional climate that inflames inherently violent minds.

Robert Kennedy was a natural target for what New York Psychiatrist Frederic Wertham calls "magnicide—the killing of somebody big." Historically, that somebody has often symbolized the political assassin's hated father; in the U.S., such murders are also frequently motivated by simple envy. Democracy, says Harvard Sociologist David Riesman, presents the question: "Why are you so big and why am I so small?" It is not legitimate to be a failure in America. And the frustration of failure, adds New York Psychiatrist David Abrahamsen, is "the wet nurse of violence."

Verbal Overkill

Equally inflammatory to unstable minds is the rising hyperbole of U.S. political debate. Race, Viet Nam, crime—all lend themselves to verbal overkill, not so much by candidates as by extremists: the John Birchers, the Rap Browns, the most ardent war critics, the Ku Kluxers. The evidence is everywhere. In Dallas, Assistant District Attorney William Alexander snarls on a TV show: "Earl Warren shouldn't be impeached—he should be hanged." Cries Rap Brown: "How many whites did you kill today?" Lyndon Johnson is routinely excoriated as a mass murderer. Robert Kennedy was branded by San Francisco hippies as a "fascist pig." Eventually verbal assassination becomes physical assassination.

"Assassination," George Bernard Shaw once wrote, "is the extreme form of censorship." In most U.S. cases, the assassins have indeed dedicated themselves to blotting out viewpoints that disagree with their own. When Sirhan Sirhan was seized after the shooting of Robert Kennedy, he cried: "I can explain! Let me explain!" The appalling thing is that he really thought that he could.

Many foreigners fear that U.S. violence is rapidly becoming almost banal, espoused by Maoists and Minutemen alike, routinely threatened—if not actually practiced—by students, racial militants and antiwar dissenters. Such fears sound odd coming from, say, the impeccably rational Frenchmen who only recently applauded student anarchists in Paris. Even so, the U.S. is undeniably starting to lead all advanced Western countries in what Swedish Economist Gunnar Myrdal calls "the politics of assassination." No French President has been murdered since 1932; West German leaders go virtually unguarded; the last (and only) assassination of a British Prime Minister occurred in 1812.

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

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[X] Being Investigated

The key U.S. problem is the high importance of personality in most political campaigns. Whereas Europeans generally vote for parties rather than individuals, U.S. campaigning requires the candidate to plunge into crowds, to "press the flesh" until his right hand bleeds, to ride in open cars, to stand silhouetted against TV lights. Nor is the assassination in Los Angeles likely to alter such techniques. Two weeks before his death, Robert Kennedy himself told French Novelist-Diplomat Romain Gary: "There is no way to protect a candidate during an electoral campaign. You have to give yourself to the crowd and from then on count your luck." Kennedy, of course, pressed his luck recklessly.

There is a grim possibility that yet another candidate will become a target. What to do? Stop crowd contact, use sealed cars, exploit TV to the exclusion of almost every other campaign tactic? In the Los Angeles aftermath, a stricken Eugene McCarthy pondered: "Maybe we should do it in a different way. Maybe we should have the English system of having the Cabinet choose the President. There must be some other way." But most politicians—including highly vulnerable Richard Nixon, Nelson Rockefeller, Hubert Humphrey and John Lindsay—emphatically veto such suggestions. If a candidate cannot mingle with crowds, said Rockefeller, "then we've lost one of the great resources and strengths of this great land of ours—freedom of movement, freedom of expression, freedom of the individual to go and be with the people."

All the same, steps can be taken to minimize the danger. For one thing, TV ought to be used more effectively—and at public expense to avoid domination by the richest candidates. Why not devote national network time to each major candidate for a full day or even two? For once, voters could view the whole man instead of fleeting images. On a more practical level, security can be sharply improved. Had the Secret Service been guarding Kennedy last week—as it will guard presidential candidates from now on—the route through the Ambassador Hotel's serving kitchen would have been scouted and secured by at least seven agents. Kennedy would also have had the benefit of a computer that the Service uses to keep check on individuals known to be dangerous. Programmed into the computer are the names of 100,000 possible assailants, largely taken from "hate" letters (which have risen startlingly since January). Whenever the President travels, local police keep such people under close surveillance. The U.S. might look to France for further ideas. When De Gaulle travels, his car is flanked by tough *Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité* troopers on motorbikes; helicopters hover overhead, and the pace is a brisk 80 miles an hour or more. In towns en route, operating rooms are reserved in hospitals and a supply of De Gaulle's blood type is stocked.

Uncritical Lovers & Unloving Critics

Not that Americans want a police-state climate. It would hardly improve democracy; nor should the U.S. ironically honor Robert Kennedy by choosing fear over faith in people. Instead, the chief hope for excising the canker of political assassination is that a far more temperate political dialogue can somehow replace the incendiary language of anger, bigotry and vituperation—that millions of individual American citizens may now realize that freedom basically depends on persuading rather than provoking.

This, in turn, would require sluggish bureaucracies to respond more rapidly to social needs. John W. Gardner put it best at Cornell's commencement earlier this month, when he imagined himself as a 23rd century thinker. He had discovered, he said, that "20th century institutions were caught in a savage crossfire between uncritical lovers and unloving critics. On the one side, those who loved their institutions tended to smother them in an embrace of death, loving their rigidities more than their promise, shielding them from life-giving criticism. On the other side, there arose a breed of critics without love, skilled in demolition but untutored in the arts by which human institutions are nurtured and strengthened and made to flourish. Between the two, the institutions perished."

Gardner's dire diagnosis may or may not be overstated. What is beyond dispute is that all too many of the nation's most creative leaders are perishing, and that the trend must be checked by a national restoration of reason rather than emotion.

MEDICINE

TRAUMA

Everything Was Not Enough

After five minutes, a brain deprived of blood-transported oxygen suffers irreversible and often fatal damage. Thus the doctors who tried desperately last week to save the life of Robert F. Kennedy were faced with overwhelmingly negative odds from the moment the Senator was wheeled, unconscious, from an ambulance into the city's Central Receiving Hospital.

He had lost blood during the 23 minutes he lay in the pantry hallway at the Ambassador Hotel. During the four-minute ride to Central Receiving, Kennedy continued to bleed heavily, and though the attendant was able to give him oxygen, he could do nothing about his failing heartbeat. At the hospital, General Practitioner V. Faustin Bazilauskas and Surgeon Albert Holt found Kennedy *in extremis,* his blood pressure "zero over zero," his heartbeat almost imperceptible. "Bob! Bob! Bob!" Bazilauskas shouted, slapping his face repeatedly. There was no response.

Central Receiving doctors hooked Kennedy up to a respirator and an external-cardiac-massage machine. Bazilauskas gave him oxygen and an injection of Adrenalin to stimulate his heart, and Holt started a transfusion. Kennedy's heart began pumping. With a respirator fitted to his face, he was rushed to Good Samaritan Hospital, where a team of doctors headed by Neurosurgeon Henry Cuneo of the University of Southern California School of Medicine scrubbed and made ready. Cuneo, who was assisted by fellow Neurosurgeons Nat Downs Reid of U.S.C. and U.C.L.A.'s Maxwell Andler Jr., had performed hundreds of brain operations at Good Samaritan.

Lethal Fragments. The hospital's doctors had already performed a tracheotomy making an entrance in his throat for a tube leading to a positive-pressure machine that was pumping air in and out of his lungs. Electrodes from an electrocardiograph were taped to the Senator's chest and extremities in order to monitor his heart. X rays of his head and chest were taken. He had been receiving whole-blood transfusions ever since he had arrived.

Examining Kennedy and the X rays, Cuneo found that two bullets had entered his body. One had penetrated his right armpit, then burrowed upward through fat and muscle, lodging just under the skin of his neck, two centimeters from his spine. The other had penetrated Kennedy's head just behind his right ear (*see chart*).

His heart was still beating, a little fast, a little weak. His blood pressure had been dangerously high before the tracheotomy. It stabilized near normal after the throat tube relieved pressure caused by blood and mucus in the trachea. "The heart started to stabilize too, so we could operate," Cuneo later told TIME Correspondent Tim Tyler. Ethel Kennedy had been there all the while, standing in a different section of the room. "I told her we were taking X rays, that her husband was extremely critical."

Then came the trip to the ninth-floor operating room. Anesthesiologist Earle C. Skinner saw to it that the positive-pressure machine, the EKG monitor and the transfusions kept going during the transfer. There was such a crowd in the fifth-floor hall—relatives, aides, hospital personnel—that Kennedy could not be wheeled to the main elevator. Instead, he had to be wheeled to an elevator that did not go all the way up and be transferred to the main elevator at another floor.

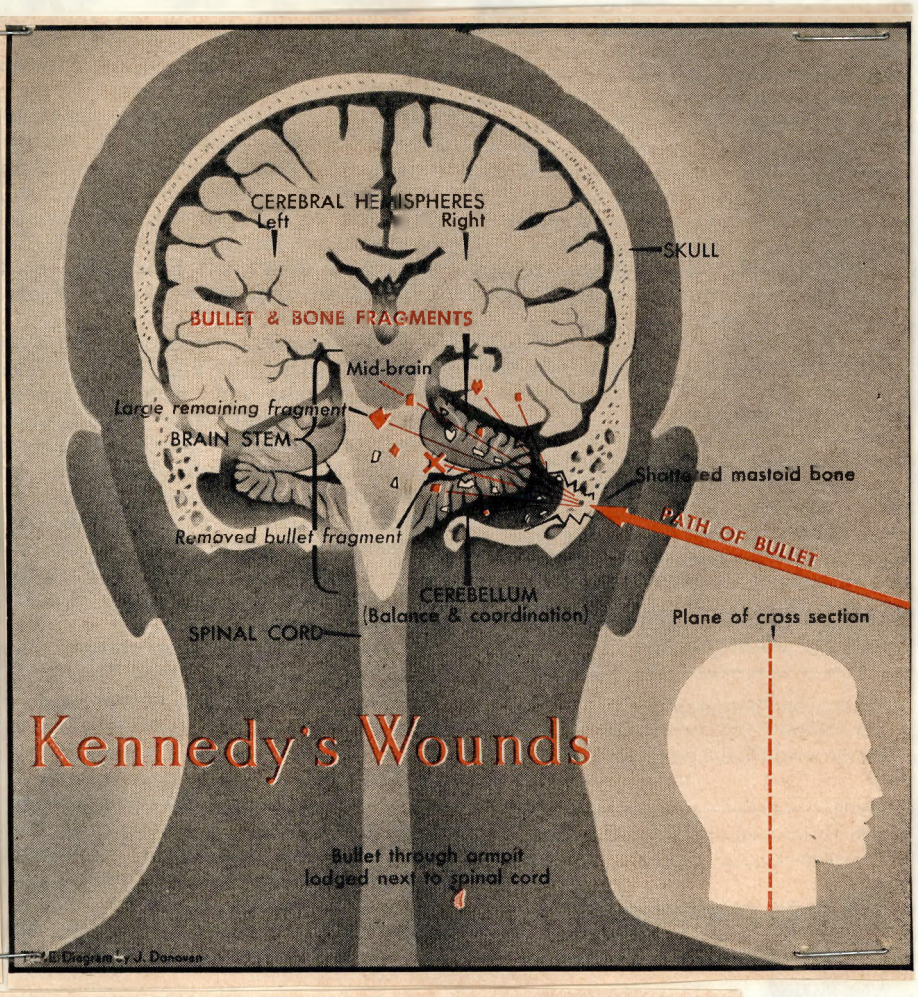
Disregarding the relatively harmless bullet in the neck, the surgeons turned their attention to uncovering the damage to Kennedy's brain. The head was shaved. Overlying skin and muscle were then cut and laid back. An air-powered drill bored through the skull, and a segment of bone was removed. Then, while Reid helped control bleeding, Cuneo probed the wound. Softened and bruised brain tissue, bone fragments and clotted blood were removed by suction.

"If the bullet had hit one centimeter

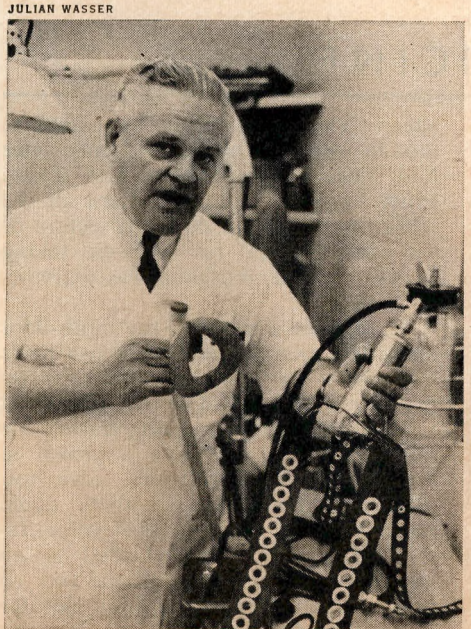
to the rear, the Senator would have been in fairly good condition," Cuneo explained curtly. "But it hit the mastoid, which is a spongy, honeycomb bone. Behind that is the thickest part of your head. That's solid. The little bullet would have just bounced off. But hitting the mastoid, it sent bone fragments shooting all over the Senator's brain. The bone fragments are the worst part, not the bullet fragments. The bullet is pretty sterile from the heat, and once the fragments are in the brain, they don't do any more damage. But the bone fragments are sharp and dirty, medically speaking.

"Both types of fragments went all through the right occipital lobe. There were clots, swelling of the brain in general, laceration of blood vessels. I removed multiple bullet and multiple bone fragments. I knew there was irritation of the center of the brain, the region of the brain stem. I couldn't see that bullet fragment, but I knew it was there from the X rays. Of course I had to leave it.

"I removed the blood, irrigated out bits of destroyed brain tissue, explored the occipital lobe and the right cerebellar hemisphere. The cerebellum was bruised and damaged all along one side. There were more bone and bullet fragments in it. The draining of the blood and the opening of the skull relieved the pressure in his head, and a third of the way through the operation he start-

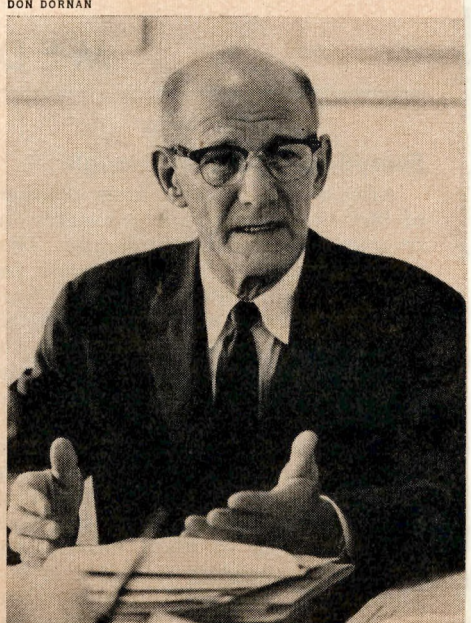


JULIAN WASSER



DR. BAZILAUSKAS

DON DORNAN



NEUROSURGEON CUNEO

A question not of sinking but of failing to rise.

ed to breathe on his own again, but we kept the respirator going."

Faint Hopes. Throughout the operation, life signs—pulse, blood pressure and, later, breathing—gave rise to limited optimism among many who heard the terse bulletins issued from the hospital. The fact that he had been conscious (he had reportedly asked not to be moved immediately after the shooting) was also faintly hopeful.

When the 3-hr. 40-min. operation was over, Kennedy "stabilized pretty well," said Cuneo. An electroencephalograph showed regular brain waves. Feeding him intravenously, continuing the transfusions and the monitoring of his life forces, the doctor watched for signs of consciousness. Even then, said Cuneo, "we were certain that the future would be disastrous for the Senator if he did survive. I didn't tell Ethel all this; I just told her that we were doing everything we could."

Everything was not enough. At 1:44 a.m. Thursday (P.D.T.), 25 hours after the shots rang out, Robert Kennedy died. "The family were right around him," said Cuneo. "They'd all been at his bedside for hours. Ethel was on one side of the Senator, Ted was on the other." Kennedy never regained consciousness. "It wasn't a question of sinking," reported his grief-stricken press secretary, Frank Mankiewicz. "It was a question of not rising."

Later, after a six-hour autopsy, Los Angeles Medical Examiner Thomas T. Noguchi told reporters of the massive damage done to the right portions of Kennedy's brain. The fragments were so tiny and so numerous, he said, "it was remarkable that the neurosurgeons were able to maintain the Senator's condition until the last minute." Only after several weeks of intensive microscopic examination of the brain, the vital organs, and an "exhaustive review with members of the medical team," he said, would a complete report be released.

The regions of Kennedy's brain that were either destroyed by bullet and bone fragments or damaged by being deprived of blood and oxygen spell the difference between living and existing and, as it turned out, between life and death. The cerebellum, located to the rear of the underside of the brain, controls motor coordination. The occipital lobe, that part of the cerebrum directly above and extending past the rear of the cerebellum, affects vision. Other lobes of the cerebrum house seats of personality, intellect, speech, memory and sensory-motor activity. The midbrain area, directly beneath the juncture of the cerebellar hemispheres, is related to eye reflexes and both eye and body movements. It also serves as a pathway for nerve tracts running to and from the cerebellum and other parts of the brain. A bit lower and most vital is the brain stem, the "old brain," which man has shared with other creatures since the earliest stages of evolution. A passageway for nerve impulses, it monitors breathing, heartbeat, blood pressure, digestion and muscle reflexes, mediates emotions.

Last Hours. While Kennedy lay dying, neurosurgeons recalled cases in which less extensive damage to a combination of these vital areas had not prevented partial or full recovery—even after weeks of coma. Since Kennedy was right-handed, the undamaged left side of his brain was more critical to his body control. In some cases, therapy has helped brain-injured patients to train the less dominant side of the brain to take over. Such cases are rare, and for Robert Kennedy, the damage had been too extensive even for survival. Twelve hours after the operation, the recordable brain waves ceased. For seven more hours, his heartbeat and breathing continued. Then these last two life signs faltered and stopped.

FD-350 (Rev. 7-16-63)

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

THE NATION

FOR PERSPECTIVE & DETERMINATION

ONCE again the crackle of gunfire. Once again the long journey home, the hushed procession, the lowered flags and harrowed faces of a nation in grief. Once again the simple question: Why?

The second Kennedy assassination—almost two months to the day after the murder of Martin Luther King Jr.—immediately prompted, at home and abroad, deep doubts about the stability of America. Many saw the unleashing of a dark, latent psychosis in the national character, a stain that had its start with the first settlement of a hostile continent. For the young people, in particular, who had been persuaded by the new politics of Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy to recommit themselves to the American electoral system, the assassination seemed to confirm all their lingering suspicions that society could not be reformed by democratic means.

The killing of Kennedy was horrifying in itself and forever haunting to all who had suffered through the earlier agony. Yet for all the pain and shame, in retrospect it could hardly be construed in itself as a new symptom of any intrinsically American malaise. "Violence," said Columbia University Sociologist Daniel Bell, "flows and ebbs, and I shy away from easy generalizations such as the country is sick."

Other Hatreds. Kennedy was not shot by a white racist angry with his defense of the Negro, or a Negro militant incensed with his white liberalism, or a high-school dropout like Lee Harvey Oswald who felt himself rejected by a capitalist society. The man charged with his murder is a virulent Arab nationalist, whose hatreds stem from the land where he spent the early part of his life, and where political assassination is commonplace and violence as accepted as the desert wind.

That, for most Americans, did not make the loss any easier to bear. Lyndon Johnson, who has more than once brooded late into the night with friends on the subject of violence, seemed shaken and visibly disturbed by the shooting in Los Angeles. He did what he thought had to be done. He promised the stricken family any help that the Government could provide, appointed a commission to study the causes of violence, and called, in the most vigorous language at his command, for an end to the "insane traffic" in guns—a trade, as he observed, that makes instruments of death as readily purchasable as baskets of fruit or cartons of cigarettes. Almost as he spoke, Congress sent him a crime bill with a gun-control section, but the measure was so flabby as to be almost as scandalous as the lack of any legislation in all the years. Congress, on Johnson's request, also passed emergency legislation authorizing Secret Service protection for the other major presidential candidates (cost: $400,000 this month alone).

"Must Not Demoralize." Disturbed as he was, Johnson also reminded the nation in a TV address that "200 million Americans did not strike down Robert Kennedy" any more than they struck down his brother or Dr. King. While it would be "self-deceptive to ignore the connection between lawlessness and hatred and this act of violence," he said, "it would be just as wrong and just as self-deceptive to conclude from this act that our country itself is sick, that it's lost its balance, that it's lost its sense of direction, even its common decency." In his funeral eulogy, New York's Archbishop Terence Cooke, a member of the new violence commission, also urged that "the act of one man must not demoralize and incapacitate 200 million others."

Americans, contemplating both the inexpungeable crime of Kennedy's killing and the prevalence of violence in their proper perspective, can best maintain the proper processes of American political life by eradicating the conditions that trigger the assassin's finger.

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☐ Being Investigated

SEARCHED ..... INDEXED .....
SERIALIZED ..... FILED .....
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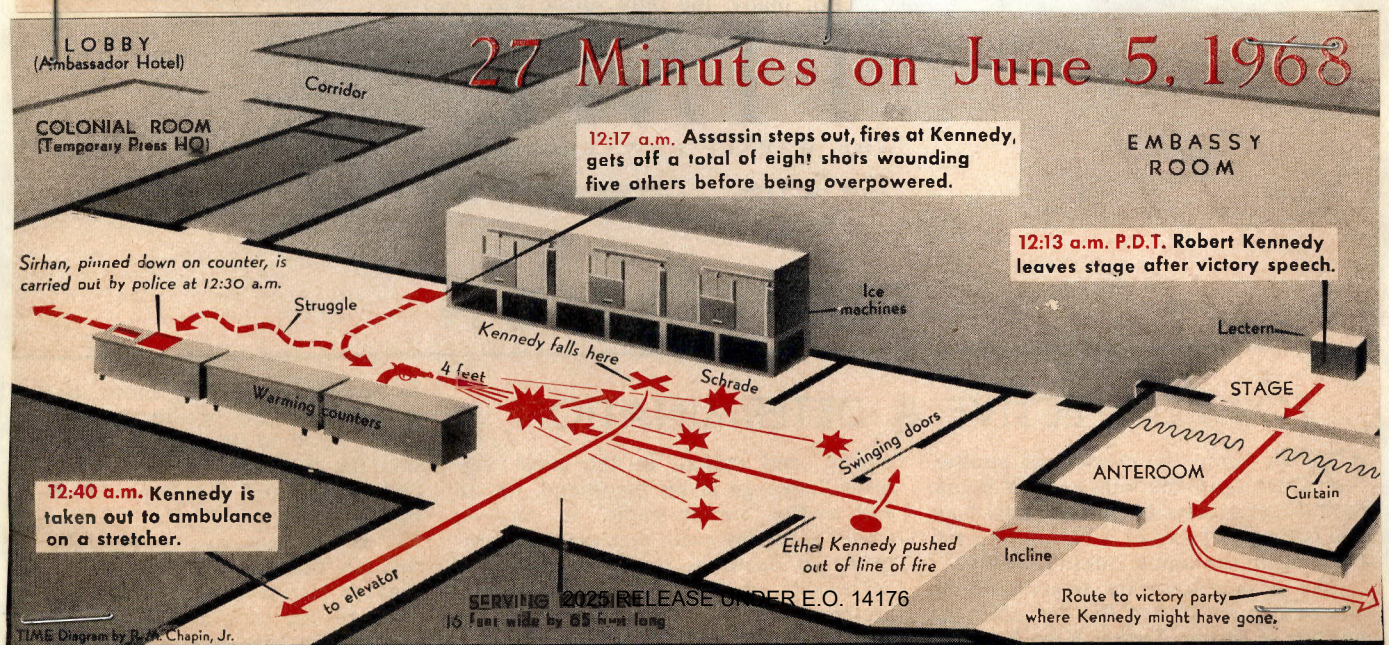
FBI — LOS ANGELES

PETER BERKSON

KENNEDY WORKERS NEAR SHOOTING SCENE
Neither guilt nor recrimination could answer.



A LIFE ON THE WAY TO DEATH

THE circumstances were cruel enough: son of a house already in tragedy's grip, father of ten with the eleventh expected, symbol of the youth and toughness, the wealth and idealism of the nation he sought to lead—this protean figure cut down by a small gun in a small cause. Crueler still, perhaps, was the absence of real surprise.

It was the unspoken expectation of the veteran campaigners who traveled with Robert Francis Kennedy that death was always somewhere out there in the crowd. Occasionally an ordinary citizen, a Negro more often than not, gave voice to the same fear: *They* won't let him live. At the first word of the shooting, a reporter with Kennedy workers in San Francisco wrote in his notebook: "They seemed almost to expect it. There is grief. But more, there is a kind of weird acceptance. Horrible to see. They've been through assassinations before."

The anthems and eulogies, the bitterness and the indignation, the fears and the rumors, the mind-numbing saturation of television and radio coverage engrossed the consciousness and conscience of a nation. The pronouncements of official bereavement, the calls for constructive action, for conciliation, for wisdom, all were unexceptionable. The United Nations lowered its flag to half-staff—an unprecedented tribute to one of Kennedy's modest official rank. Pope Paul announced at a formal audience the shooting of the junior Senator from New York. Condolences came from Charles de Gaulle, Aleksei Kosygin, Queen Elizabeth, Marshal Tito and scores of other world leaders.

For many, the only solace was tears openly shed. Not just for the young and the dispossessed, but for countless people who watched and waited from a distance and scores of tough-minded men whose lives had become intertwined with his. Richard Cardinal Cushing, witness and minister to so much Kennedy sorrow, concluded: "All I can say is, good Lord, what is this all about? We could continue our prayers that it would never happen again, but we did that before."

Faraway Tomorrow. More than anyone else, Robert Kennedy had long felt the possibility that some day people would no longer be able to mention "the Kennedy assassination" without specifying which one. In 1966, he responded to a question about his long-range political plans by saying: "Six years is so far away, tomorrow is so far away. I don't even know if I'll be alive in six years." More recently: "If anyone wants to kill me it won't be difficult." And he was fond of quoting Edith Hamilton: "Men are not made for safe havens."

UPI

SIRHAN IN CUSTODY
Born to love—and hate.

Whether gulping fresh air as a tyro mountain climber or rapids shooter, staring down hostile students in South America or frenzied crowds at home, he had only a shrug for death. He made a point of declining police protection when it was offered—as it was last week in Los Angeles—and his unofficial bodyguard went unarmed. To the crowds whose raucous adulation drew him endlessly to the brink of physical peril, he seemed to offer a choice: Raise me up with your voices and votes, or trample me with your strength.

In California, as last week began, it seemed that they had opted to raise him up. The last day of primary campaigning went well. While the voters in California and South Dakota were revivifying his candidacy, Kennedy renewed his morale by romping on the beach at Malibu with Ethel and six of their children. He had to rescue David, 12, from a strong undertow—but what Kennedy day was complete without a little danger?

Characteristic Mixture. Then it was on to the Ambassador Hotel, near downtown Los Angeles, to wait out the vote count. Already high spirits rose with the favorable totals. In South Dakota, he won 50% of the vote, *v.* 30% for a slate favorable to Native Son Hubert Humphrey and 20% for Eugene McCarthy; then, in the far more crucial California contest, it was 46% for Kennedy, 42% for McCarthy and 12% for an uncommitted delegate group. The

Robert Kennedy at moment of triumph, minutes before he was shot.

PHOTOREPORTERS—P. GONZALES

Felled by assassin's bullets, hemmed in by a frantic crowd, he lies near the hotel kitchen. (He died 25 hours later.)

PETER BERKSON

HAL BEEN

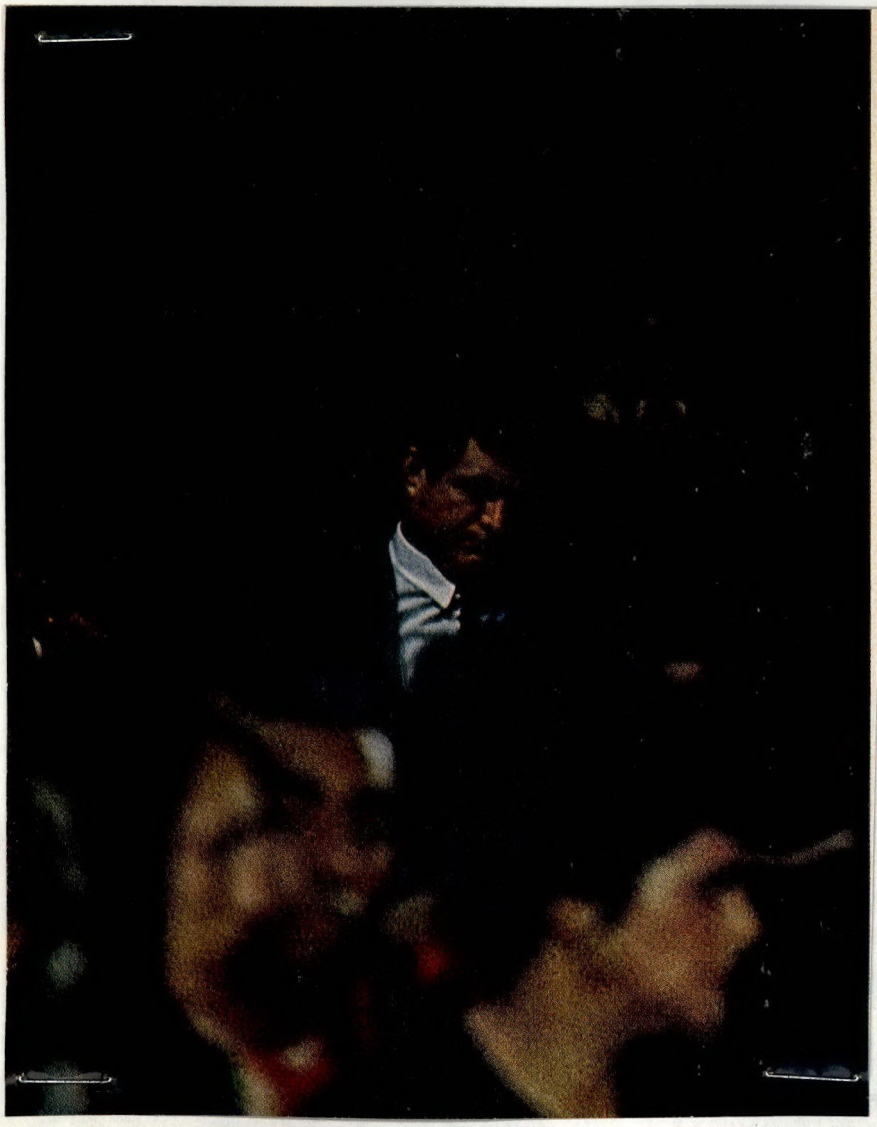
Sister Jean Smith and Wife Ethel flank casket as it is lifted from Air Force plane in New York. Son Robert Jr., Bodyguard Bill Barry and Brother Teddy (*right*) steady the descent.

Some 100,000 mourners waited up to seven hours in a mile-long queue and sweltering heat to pay their last respects to the murdered Senator.

GEORGE LEAVENS

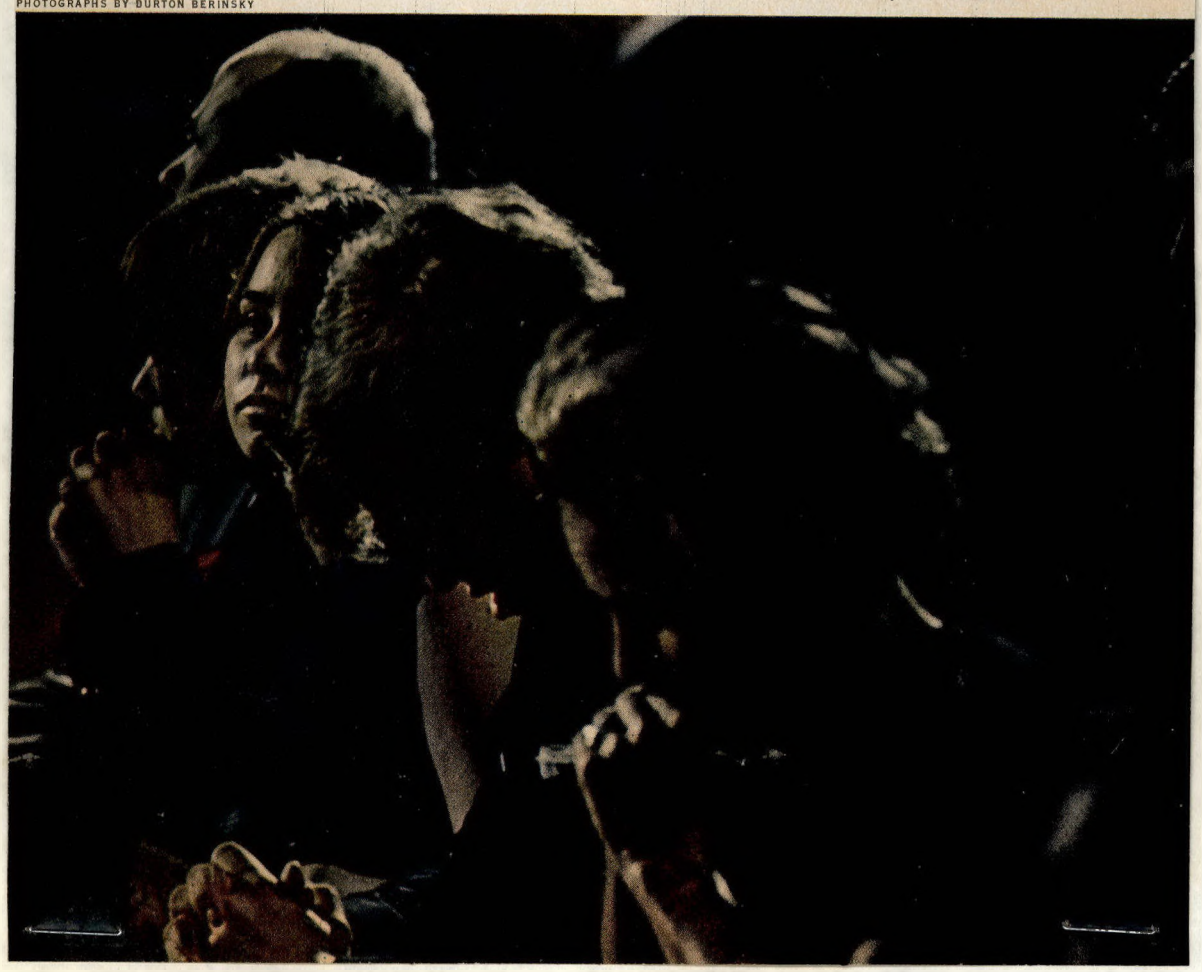
Relatives and friends carry casket into Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral, where body lay in state while the great and the humble trooped past.

GEORGE LEAVENS



Sole survivor of four brothers cursed and blessed by history, Edward Kennedy contemplates tragedy and tomorrow in the cathedral's gloom.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURTON BERINSKY



Family members pray near the casket: Ethel's brother Rushton Skakel, Son Robert Jr., Daughter Kathleen, Son Joseph and Ethel.

two victories gave Kennedy 198 precious delegate votes. Plans were being made for the campaign's next stages in New York and other key states, but first, that night, there were some formalities and fun to attend to: the midnight appearance before loyal campaign workers (and a national television audience) in the hotel's Embassy Room, a quiet chat with reporters, then a large, private celebration at a fashionable nightspot, The Factory.

The winner greeted his supporters with a characteristic mixture of serious talk and cracks about everything from his dog Freckles to his old antagonist, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty. Among Kennedy's last words from the rostrum: "I think we can end the divisions within the United States, the violence."

The next stop was to be the press room. For once, Kennedy did not plunge through the crush to reach the Embassy Room's main door. Bill Barry, his bodyguard, wanted to go that way despite the crowd; he did not like the idea of using a back passageway. Said R.F.K.: "It's all right." So they went directly behind the speaker's platform through a gold curtain toward a serving kitchen (*see diagram*) that led to the press room. The Senator walked amid a clutch of aides, hotel employees and newsmen, with Ethel a few yards behind. This route took him through a swinging door and into the hot, malodorous, corridorlike chamber that was to be his place of execution.

On his left were stainless-steel warming counters, on his right a large ice-making machine. Taped on one wall was a hand-lettered sign: THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING. At the far end of the ice-making machine stood a man with a gun. Later, a witness was to say that the young man had been there for some time, asking if Senator Kennedy would come that way. It was no trick getting in; there was no serious attempt at security screening by either the hotel or the Kennedy staff.

AP

ROSE KENNEDY

After the ice pack, only a rosary.

"I Can Explain." Kennedy paused to shake hands with a dishwasher, turning slightly to his left as he did so. Before Bobby released the hand of Jesus Perez, the gunman managed to get across the room, prop his right elbow on the serving counter and, from behind two assistant maîtres d'hôtel, fire at his victim just four feet away. Kennedy fell. The hotel men, Karl Eucker and Eddy Minasian, grappled with the assassin, but could not reach his gun hand. Author George Plimpton and Kennedy Aide Jack Gallivan joined the wrestling match. The gun, waving wildly, kept pumping bullets, and found five other human targets. Eight men in all, including Rafer Johnson, an Olympic champion, and Roosevelt Grier, a 300-lb. Los Angeles Rams football lineman, attempted to overpower the slight but lithe assailant.

Johnson finally knocked the pistol out of the stubborn hand. "Why did you do it?" he screamed. "I can explain! Let me explain!" cried the swarthy man, now the captive of the two black athletes and spread-eagled on the counter. Several R.F.K. supporters tried to kill the man with their hands. Johnson and Grier fended them off. Someone had the presence of mind to shout: "Let's not have another Oswald!" Johnson pocketed the gun.

So This Is It. From both ends of the serving kitchen, scores of people pressed in. All order had dissolved with the first shots ("It sounded like dry wood snapping," said Dick Tuck of the Kennedy staff). The sounds of revelry churned into bewilderment, then horror and panic. A priest appeared, thrust a rosary into Kennedy's hands, which closed on it. Someone cried: "He doesn't need a priest, for God's sake, he needs a doctor!" The cleric was shoved aside. A hatless young policeman rushed in carrying a shotgun. "We don't need guns! We need a doctor!"

Television and still photographers fought for position. Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh swung at one of them. Ethel, shoved back to safety by a hotel employee at the first sound of gunfire, appeared moments later. While trying to get to her husband, she heard a youth scream something about Kennedy. "Don't talk that way about the Senator!" she snapped. "Lady," he replied, "I've been shot." And Ethel knelt to kiss the cheek of Erwin Stroll, 17, a campaign worker who had been wounded in the left shin.

Finally she got to Bobby. She knelt over him, whispering. His lips moved. She rose and tried to wave back the crush. Dick Tuck blew a whistle. The crowd began to give way. Someone clamped an ice pack to Kennedy's bleeding head, and someone else made a pillow of a suit jacket. His blue and white striped tie was off, his shirt open,

the rosary clutched to his hairy chest. An aide took off his shoes.

Amid the swirl, the Kennedys appeared calm. TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey looked at the man he had long observed in constant motion, now prostrate on a damp concrete floor. Wrote Gorey: "The lips were slightly parted, the lower one curled downwards, as it often was. Bobby seemed aware. There was no questioning in his expression. He didn't ask, 'What happened?' They seemed almost to say, 'So this is it.'"

"I Want Him Alive." The word that Kennedy was wounded had spread back to the ballroom. Amid the screams and the weeping, Brother-in-Law Stephen Smith's controlled voice came through the loudspeaker system, asking that the room be cleared and appealing for a doctor. Within a few minutes, physicians were found and elbowed their way to Kennedy. More policemen arrived; none had been in the hotel, but a police car had been outside on other business. Rafer Johnson and Rosy Grier turned over their prisoner and the gun. The cops hustled the man out, carrying him part of the way past threatening spectators. Jesse Unruh bellowed: "I want him alive! I want him alive!"

Finally, 23 minutes after the shootings, the ambulances collected the stricken: the youngster Stroll; Paul Schrade, 43, the United Auto Workers' Pacific Coast regional director, whose profusely bleeding head rested on a white plastic Kennedy-campaign boater; Ira Goldstein, 19, a part-time employee of Continental News Service, hit in the left hip; William Weisel, 30, an American Broadcasting Co. associate director, wounded in the abdomen; Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, 43, who with her husband Arthur had been touring the several election-night headquarters and wound up with a slug in her forehead. Although Schrade was the one who appeared dead to onlookers, only Kennedy was critically wounded.

Hollow-Nosed Slugs. With Ethel by his side, Kennedy was taken first to nearby Central Receiving Hospital, where doctors could only keep him alive by cardiac massage and an injection of Adrenalin, and alert the better-equipped Good Samaritan Hospital to prepare for delicate brain surgery. As if there were not already enough grim echoes of Dallas and Parkland Hospital, the scene at Central Receiving was degraded by human perversity. A too-eager news photographer tried to barge in and got knocked to the floor by Bill Barry. A guard attempted to keep both a priest and Ethel away from the emergency room, flashed a badge, which Ethel knocked from his hand. The guard struck at her; Tuck and Fred Dutton swept him aside. Then the priest was allowed to administer extreme unction.

At Good Samaritan, meanwhile, a team of neurosurgeons was being assembled. At this stage, there was still some frail hope that Kennedy would live. It was known that he had been hit twice. One of the .22-caliber "long rifle," hollow-nosed slugs* had entered the right armpit and worked its way up to the neck; it was relatively harmless. The other had penetrated his skull and passed into the brain, scattering fragments of lead and bone. It was these that the surgeons had to probe for in their 3-hr. 40-min. operation (*see* MEDICINE).

Never Alone. In the intensive-care unit after the operation, Kennedy was never left alone with the hospital staff. Ethel rested on a cot beside him, held his unfeeling hand, whispered into his now-deaf ear. His sisters, Jean Smith and Pat Lawford, hovered near by. Ted Kennedy, his shirttail flapping, strode back and forth, inspecting medical charts and asking what they meant. Outside on Lucas Street, beneath the fifth-floor window, hundreds of Angelenos gathered for the vigil; crowds were to be with Bobby Kennedy the rest of the week. A local printer rushed out 5,000 orange and black bumper stickers: PRAY FOR BOBBY. His daughter and other girls gave them away to all takers.

More kith and kin gathered. The three eldest children—Kathleen, 16, Joseph, 15, and Robert, 14—were allowed to see their father. Andy Williams, George Plimpton, Rafer Johnson and others peeked in. The even rise and fall of the patient's chest offered some reassurance; the blackened eyes and the pallor of cheeks that had been healthy and tanned a few hours before were frightening.

* "Long rifle" bullets are the most lethal of three types commonly used in .22-caliber weapons. "Shorts" are tiny, "longs" the intermediate size. Hollow-nosed bullets are particularly vicious because they spread on impact, enlarging the area of damage.

Six Counts. As the doctors fought for one life, Police Chief Thomas Reddin worried about another. Dallas, 1963, might not have taught the nation how to preserve its leaders, but it had incontestably demonstrated the need to protect those accused of political murder. The inevitable speculation about conspiracy arose again. There was no support for it, but a dead suspect would certainly become Exhibit A.

The man seized at the Ambassador was taken first to a local police station, then to North Los Angeles Street police headquarters. His arraignment would have to take place at the Hall of Justice, a few blocks away, and Reddin, ever mindful of Dallas, was determined to make it as private a proceeding as possible. First the police considered using an armored car for transporting the prisoner, but decided instead on a patrolman's pickup truck that was, conveniently, rigged as a camper. A judge was recruited to preside at an unannounced 7:30 a.m. session, an hour before the court usually convenes. With Public Defender Richard Buckley representing him, the prisoner was charged with six counts of assault with intent to kill.

Subsequently the suspect was transferred to a windowless maximum-security cell in the hospital area of the Central Jail for Men. A guard remained in the cell with him. Another watched through an aperture in the door. Altogether, the county sheriff's office assigned 100 men to personal and area security around the cell and the jail. For the suspect's second court appearance, the judge came to him and presided at a hearing in the jail chapel.

Who was the man initially designated "John Doe"? The police had few clues: height, 5 ft. 3 in.; weight, 120 lbs.; eyes, brown; hair, thick, black; accent, foreign, but not readily classifiable. He had a broken index finger and a sprained ankle as a result of the struggle in the pantry, but his basic condition was good. His fingerprints disclosed no criminal record in any law-enforcement agency. Reddin thought he might be a Cuban or a West Indian. He carried no identifying papers, but had four $100 bills, a $5 bill, four singles and some change; a car key; a recent David Lawrence column noting that Kennedy, a dove on Viet Nam, was a strong defender of Israel.

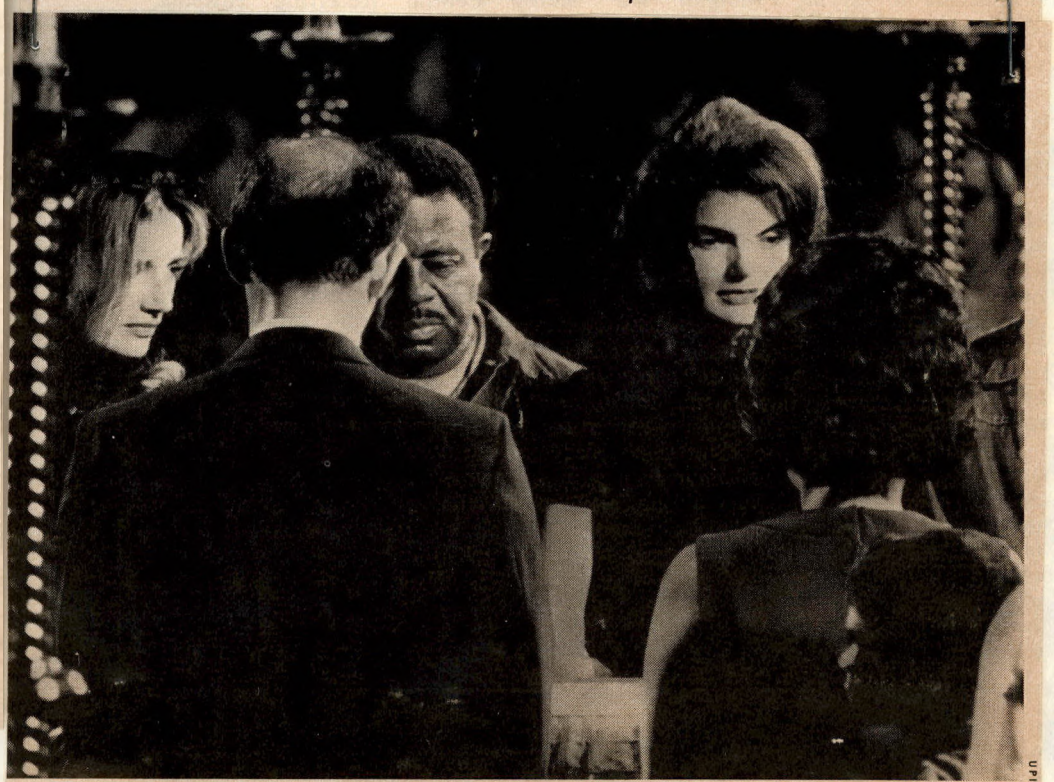
Silent at first, the suspect later repeated over and over: "I wish to remain incommunicado." He did not seem particularly nervous. Reddin described him as "very cool, very calm, very stable and quite lucid." John Doe demanded the details of a sexy Los Angeles murder case. "I want to ask the questions now," he remarked. "Why don't you answer my questions?" He talked about the stock market, an article on Hawaii that he had read recently, his liking for gardening, his belief that criminal justice discriminates against the underdog. When he felt that the investigators were talking down to him, he snapped: "I am not a mendicant." About the only things he would not discuss were his identity and the events at the Ambassador Hotel. After a few hours, the police fed him a predawn breakfast of sausage and eggs and gave up the interrogation.

Someone Named Joe. By then the snub-nosed Iver Johnson eight-shot revolver, model 55 SA—a relatively cheap weapon that retails for $31.95—was yielding information. The serial number had been registered with the State Criminal Identification and Investigation Bureau. Within minutes, the bureau's computer system came up with the pistol's original purchaser: Albert L. Hertz of Alhambra. He had bought the gun for protection in August 1965, after the Watts riot. He informed police that he had subsequently given it to his daughter, Mrs. Robert Westlake, then a resident of Pasadena. Mrs. Westlake became uneasy about having a gun in the same house with her small children. She gave it to a Pasadena neighbor, George Erhard, 18. Last December, Erhard sold it to someone named Joe—"a bushy-haired guy who worked in a department store."

With that lead, the police quickly found Munir ("Joe") Sirhan, 20, in Nash's Department Store. Joe, said Chief Reddin, was "very cooperative." He and Adel Sirhan, 29, identified the prisoner as their brother, Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24, who goes by the nickname Sol. The identification was confirmed by a check of fingerprints taken when Sirhan applied for a state racetrack job in 1965.

All at once, from Washington, Pasadena, Beirut, the Jordanian village of

KENNEDY CHILDREN AT ST. PATRICK'S REQUIEM
The white stood for promised life.



LEE RADZIWILL, RALPH ABERNATHY & JACKIE KENNEDY AT BIER
Who could explain?

Taiyiba and the loose tongue of Mayor Yorty, the life and bad times of the accused assassin,* Sol Sirhan, came into view. The middle-class Christian Arab family had lived in Jerusalem while Palestine was under British mandate, and the father, Bishara Salameh Sirhan, now 52, was a waterworks employee. The first Arab-Israeli war cost the elder Sirhan his job. Family life was contentious, but young Sirhan Sirhan did well at the Lutheran Evangelical School. (The family was Greek Orthodox, but also associated with other religious groups.)

The family, which had Jordanian nationality, qualified nonetheless for expense-free passage to the U.S. under a limited refugee-admission program sponsored by the United Nations Relief and Welfare Agency and the World Council of Churches. Soon after reaching the U.S. in January 1957, the parents separated. The father returned to Jordan, settled alone in his ancestral village of Taiyiba and became prosperous enough from his olive groves to revisit the U.S. twice. His five sons and their mother Mary all live now in the Los Angeles area.

In Arab headgear and Western jacket and tie, Bishara Sirhan received a TIME correspondent and observed that Sirhan had been the best-behaved of his children. "I don't know," he said, "how this happened and I don't know who pushed him to do this." Would he now go to the U.S.? He thought not. "I raised him to love. I tell you frankly: now I am against him."

* The word derives from the Arabic *hashshashin*, "those who use hashish." At the time of the Crusades, a secret sect of the Mohammedan Ismailians employed terrorists while they were ritually high on hashish, which is similar to marijuana.

Mary Sirhan, who has worked in a church nursery for the past nine years, lives with her sons in an old white frame house. The neighbors in the ethnically mixed, lower-middle-class Pasadena neighborhood describe Sol as "nice, thoughtful, helpful." He liked to talk about books and tend the garden; he played Chinese checkers with a couple of elderly neighbors, one of them a Jewish lady. Sol was no swinger, was rarely seen with girls. His brothers told police that Sol liked to hoard his money —perhaps explaining the $409 he had on him despite his being unemployed recently. He did well enough at John Muir High School to gain admission to Pasadena City College, but he dropped out. He wanted to be a jockey, but could qualify only as a "hot walker," a low-ranking track factotum who cools down horses after the run. Then he got thrown from a horse, suffering head and back injuries.

"Political Act." Later he worked for a time as a $2-an-hour food-store clerk. His former employer, John Weidner, like several others who know him, remembers his frequently expressed hatred for Israel and his strident Jordanian loyalty. Sol liked to boast that he was not an American citizen (as a resident alien, Sirhan could not legally own a concealable firearm in California). A Dutch underground agent who assisted Jews during World War II, Weidner says of Sol: "Over and over he told me that the Jews had everything, but they still used violence to get pieces of Jordanian land." The Rev. Harry Eberts Jr., pastor of the Presbyterian church where Mary Sirhan works and prays, says of Sirhan: "He is a Jordanian nationalist and was committing a political act."

What had this to do with Robert Kennedy? Journalists quickly recalled that Kennedy, in his campaigning on the West Coast, had restated his position that the U.S. had a firm commitment to Israel's security. In New York, Arab Spokesman M. T. Mehdi talked darkly of the "frustration of many Arabs with American politicians who have sold the Arab people of Palestine to the Zionist Jewish voters." That suggested a motive, but District Attorney Evelle Younger and State Attorney General Thomas Lynch wanted to avoid any such discussion until the trial. Thus they were aghast, and said so, when Mayor Yorty went before a news conference to divulge what he described as the contents of Sirhan's private notebooks, found in the Sirhan home.

According to Yorty, Sirhan wrote that Kennedy must be killed before June 5, the first anniversary of the last Arab-Israeli war, a date that has detonated demonstrations in some Arab countries (see THE WORLD). Sirhan was also said to have written "Long live Nasser." Yorty went on to characterize Sirhan as pro-Communist and anti-American, and to imply that he might have had some extremist connections. In contrast, the police and prosecutor had been bending over backward to protect Sirhan's legal rights—advising him of his right to counsel and his right to remain silent, calling in a representative of the American Civil Liberties Union to watch out for the suspect's interests.

It Hurt Us Bad. Aside from its legal implications, Yorty's garrulousness could fuel a new round of conspiracy theories—although conspirators with any skill would hardly have used so light a revolver as a .22. Many found it difficult to believe that the assassinations of John Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy were unrelated. Some blamed right-wing extremists; others concluded that all three slayings were part of a Communist plot to divide and weaken the U.S.

For the principals in last week's drama, the speculative and the possible were blotted out by all too real events. Robert Kennedy lived for 25 hours and 27 minutes after being shot on a cruelly elongated Wednesday that the nation is likely to remember in the context of that Friday in 1963. Of all the words last week, some of the most poignant came from Mary Sirhan, who sent a telegram to the Kennedys. "It hurts us very bad what has happened," Mrs. Sirhan said. "And we express our feelings with them and especially with the children and with Mrs. Kennedy and with the mother and the father and I want them to know that I am really crying for them all. And we pray that God will make peace, really peace, in the hearts of people."

More Faith. The "mother and father" —Joseph Kennedy, 79, long partially paralyzed by a stroke, and Rose, 77, who has survived sorrow as intense as that meted out by the gods to the houses of Cadmus and Atreus. Of their

nine children, they have buried four: Joe Jr., who died in World War II; Kathleen, who perished in a 1948 plane crash; John, and now Bobby, at the age of 42. Rosemary, 48, has been a lifelong victim of mental retardation. Ted, now the only remaining son, nearly died in a 1964 plane accident. While he was recovering Bobby cracked: "I guess the only reason we've survived is that there are too many of us. There are more of us than there is trouble." The curse of violent death has extended beyond the immediate family. Ethel's parents died in one plane crash, her brother George in another. George's wife Joan later choked to death on food lodged in her throat. Kathleen's husband was killed in World War II.

Last week, like most Americans, Rose and Joe Kennedy were asleep when the bullets struck. Ann Gargan, the niece who lives with them in Hyannisport, Mass., did not awaken them. But Rose got up around 6, as usual, to prepare for 7 a.m. Mass. She heard the news then. Joe heard it later when Ted telephoned him. Rose went to St. Francis Xavier Church, where a wing had been built in Joe Jr.'s memory, where a bronze plaque marks the pew that Jack used to occupy, where Bobby once served as an altar boy. Later that day, Cardinal Cushing came to offer what comfort he could. "She has more confidence in Almighty God," he said, "than any priest I have ever met."

Three Widows. Next morning came the news that the family had feared. At 1:44 a.m., Pacific Daylight Time, Bobby Kennedy had died under the eyes of his wife, his brother, his sisters Pat and Jean and his sister-in-law Jackie.

The Los Angeles medical examiner, Dr. Thomas Noguchi, presided over a six-hour autopsy attended not only by members of his own staff but also by three Government doctors summoned from Washington—again a lesson from Dallas. Sirhan was indicted for murder by a grand jury. Meanwhile, once again, the nation watched the grim logistics of carrying the coffin of a Kennedy home in a presidential Boeing 707. This time the craft carried three widows: Ethel, Jackie and Coretta King.

Everywhere, hundreds and thousands watched the cortege firsthand. Millions bore witness by television. The party arrived in New York City at 9 p.m. Thursday, and already the crowd was beginning to form outside St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. The church was not to be open to the public until 5:30 the next morning, but some waited on the sidewalks through the warm night. Then, thousands upon thousands, in line for as long as seven hours, they marched past the great bronze doors for a glimpse of the closed mahogany casket. The black, the young and the poor were heavily represented: Bobby Kennedy's special constituents.

Things That Never Were. There remained the final searing day, the day of formal farewell amid all the ancient panoply of Roman Catholic ceremony and all the contemporary irony of American politics. There was Cardinal Cushing in his purple, his rumbly intonation evoking yet another memory of that earlier funeral. There was the President, who started his presidency by giving condolences to the Kennedys and now, near the end of his power, came to mourn the man who had helped shorten the Johnsonian reign. There were the men pausing in their pursuit of succession: Nelson Rockefeller and Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy. And there was Ralph Abernathy in his denims, William Fulbright, Averell Harriman, Barry Goldwater and so many others of the powerful and the prominent.

But in all the vastness of St. Patrick's Cathedral, it was from first to last a peculiarly personal Kennedy occasion. The women wore black, their daughters white; the Mass, even for the dead, carries the promise of life. Ethel and Rose displayed yet again the steely grace that seems to sustain all women born to or married to Kennedys. Children were a big part of Bobby's life, and played a part in the service. Four sons served as acolytes. Eight of their brothers, sisters and cousins bore the bread, the wine and the sacred vessels to the high altar.

It was Ted who acted as paterfamilias. His determinedly brisk voice betrayed him a few times, but the occasional hesitation only added to the power of his eulogy. "He loved life completely and lived it intensely," Ted said, in a reading that was unusual for a Roman Catholic funeral. Frequently using Bobby's own words, Ted concluded with the lines adapted from George Bernard Shaw that Bobby used to end many of his own speeches: "Some men see things as they are and say 'Why?' I

dream things that never were and say 'Why not?' " The service also showed ecumenical and modernist influences. The Mass was entirely in English. Some of the musical selections were strange to traditional Catholic rites.

Arlington. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic,* that fierce old war song chanted tenderly by Andy Williams at the end of the funeral, was to be heard again and again during the afternoon as the special 21-car train bore the Senator and his family and his friends south to Washington. There were crowds and choirs at many of the communities along the right-of-way, more tears and dirges—and there was still more death. Two waiting mourners at Elizabeth, N.J., were killed by a train roaring in the other direction.

The funeral train inched on and on through the waning day, hours behind schedule. From the rear platform, Ted Kennedy, with short, sad gestures, thanked the people for coming out. At Baltimore, a memorial service was held on the platform as the train passed through.

Long after nightfall, it arrived in Washington. Along the lamplit streets, past a luminescence of sad and silent faces, the cavalcade wound through the federal city and across the Potomac, where in a green grove up the hill in Arlington, John Kennedy's grave looks out over the city and the river. The moon, the slender candles, the eternal flame at John's memorial—47 feet away—and the floodlights laved Robert Kennedy's resting place beneath a magnolia tree. It was 11 o'clock, the first nighttime burial at Arlington in memory. There was no playing of taps, no rifle volley. After a brief and simple service, the coffin flag was folded into a triangle for presentation to Ethel, and the band played *America the Beautiful.*

AP

CORTEGE APPROACHING GRAVE SITE
After the pain, perhaps the awful grace?

FD-350 (Rev. 7-16-63)

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ONCE AGAIN . . .

. . . ONCE AGAIN

Once again, the flags slid down to half-staff. Once again, a star-lit and star-crossed family came together to mourn its fallen. Once again, a Presidential jet called Air Force One streaked homeward across a continent, its cargo the body of a vital young man of unfulfilled promise and uncompleted destiny. Once again, the queues wound past the coffin, and once again Washington paused in sadness for a state funeral procession wending toward Arlington's slopes. With a terrible symmetry, a lone assassin struck down Robert Francis Kennedy last week, and once again a nation was left to watch and grieve and wonder.

Death came to Kennedy just as he was celebrating the latest victory of his run to reclaim the Presidency his brother had lost—a run that had already helped force Lyndon Johnson's abdication and now, in California, had eked out a win over rival dissenter Eugene McCarthy. He died not as President but as pretender, felled not in the bright sunshine but in the gloom of a dingy serving pantry in a Los Angeles hotel. Yet the parallels between his murder and John Kennedy's were only too apparent, and the most awful of all was its absurdity. For each died a martyr without a cause; John Kennedy's accused assassin was a tormented loner with Fidelista fantasies, Robert's a Jordanian Arab immigrant apparently bent on avenging the six-day Israeli-Arab war a year to the day after it began.

Amid the national agony and the political and emotional convulsions touched off by Robert Kennedy's death, a stunned and bewildered nation could only ponder fearfully what violence might come next in the most cruelly unpredictable election year its tumultuous history has produced.

For four full days, until his body was lowered to its grave on the green slopes of Arlington, there to rest near that of his brother John, the television screens glowed through almost every waking hour. At St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, the line of mourners stretched for more than a mile and some 150,000 citizens filed past the mahogany coffin on the catafalque.

Uncounted thousands of other mourners came out to stand along the route of the funeral train, as it wound its way along the 227 miles of track between New York and Washington's Union Station, the greatest such demonstration the nation has seen since Franklin D. Roosevelt's body was borne from Warm Springs, Ga., to Washington 23 years ago.

Abroad as well as at home, shock yielded to horror, horror to grief, and grief to anger. A few hours after the shooting, while Kennedy still fought for his life in Los Angeles's Good Samaritan Hospital, President Lyndon B. Johnson ordered Secret Service protection for all major Presidential candidates. That night a somber Mr. Johnson went on national television and vigorously rejected the suggestion that the entire nation was somehow collectively guilty of the attack. "Two hundred million Americans did not strike down Robert Kennedy," the President said. Then he entered a solemn plea: "Let us, for God's sake, resolve to live under the law! Let us put an end to violence and to the preaching of violence."

But all the while, as the somber pageant of the funeral unfolded, the brooding questions on the nature and extent of the violence in the U.S. persisted—why, why, why? There were, of

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

20 "Newsweek" magazine
New York, New York

Date: 6/17/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor: Osborn Elliott
Title:
KENSALT

Character:
or
Classification: LA 56-156
Submitting Office: Los Angeles

☐ Being Investigated

SEARCHED ..... INDEXED .....
SERIALIZED ..... FILED .....
JUN 1 71968
FBI — LOS ANGELES

Boris Yaro—Los Angeles Times

The assassination, Los Angeles, 1968

UPI

Police leave with accused killer; Robert F. Kennedy's body arrives in New York

UPI

Associated Press

A frantic Mrs. Kennedy wards off crowd

course, no cheap and easy answers (page 43), but under the circumstances, the President felt obliged to appoint a commission of notables to study the phenomenon. However inadequate the gesture, it was an understandable expression of the natural desire to respond, somehow, some way, to this latest and perhaps most poignant of all recent examples of insensate political violence in America.

For Robert Kennedy was in his own way a political personality as extraordinary as his brilliant brother, from whom he derived most of the initial mystique, the fame, the glamour, and the aura of terrible tragedy that invests the fabled Kennedy family.

In the last few years, Bobby had emerged dramatically from the shade of his murdered brother. He became increasingly concerned with the quality of U.S. life in general, and in particular with the plight of the poor and the downtrodden, black and white alike. His enemies, of course, chalked this off to political opportunism, but in London last week, the day after Kennedy died, former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, 74, went on television to sum up his impressions of the young American he had known so long and so intimately—and in the process to offer a moving dissent to Kennedy's critics. "Whatever people may say and whatever history may write about Bobby," Macmillan said, "he had a genuine compassion, a real love of people, humble people, poor people—I think the word now is underprivileged people—not in a pompous or pedantic way, but genuine." Tears coursed down the old man's face as he spoke.

For the rest, there was the grief-stricken response of the poor and the humble themselves, who wept unashamedly in the streets at the news, who flocked to his bier by the scores of thousands, and who saw in his death the loss of their own most compelling and authentic single voice. Kennedy's removal from the political scene thus deprived this increasingly vocal segment of the U.S. electorate of precisely the kind of rare, trusted leader it so desperately needs, and inevitably served to widen the chasm of suspicion, silence and mistrust that separates the majority of the affluent U.S. from its estranged minority. Among the many bitter ironies surrounding Robert Kennedy's death, then, was the gloomy prospect that for all the exhortations and all the work of Presidential commissions, it may well inflame, not heal, the violence that infects the land.

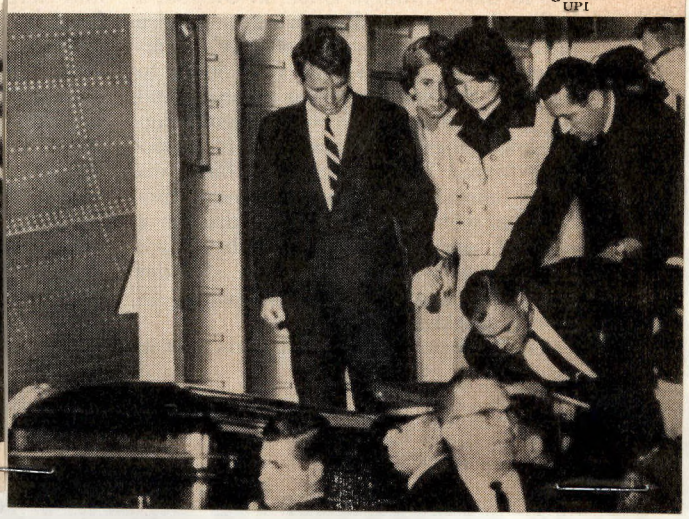
Though there was no telling how far or for how long the shots fired in Los Angeles might reverberate, there were some things that, as the pall of horror began to lift, seemed immediately clear. The first of these was that Robert Kennedy's death further certified the prospect that the contenders in November would be Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey and former Vice President Richard M. Nixon. The second was that the millions who looked to and trusted Bobby must now find a new leader to fill the void left by his departure. How far they would have to look could depend on just how accurate John F. Kennedy's powers of prophecy were some years ago, when he observed: "Just as I went into politics because Joe died, if anything happened to me tomorrow Bobby would run for my seat in the Senate. And if Bobby died, our younger brother Ted would take over for him."

UPI

The assassination, Dallas, 1963

© 1963 Robert Jackson—Dallas Times

Jack Ruby slays suspect Lee Harvey Oswald.



John F. Kennedy's body arrives in Washington.

UPI

A frantic Mrs. Kennedy scrambles for help

FD-350 (Rev. 7-16-63)

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

GUNS: LIKE BUYING CIGARETTES

By now the weapons have become inexorably linked with the victims. It was a 6.5-mm. Mannlicher-Carcano carbine that cut down John F. Kennedy. It was a .30-'06 Enfield rifle that killed Medgar Evers. It was a .30-'06 Remington pump rifle that felled Martin Luther King. And it was a snub-nosed .22-caliber Iver Johnson revolver that snuffed out the life of Robert F. Kennedy. Though the guns vary in size, shape and ballistic characteristics, all of them share one thing in common—they are, as President Johnson angrily pointed out last week, as easy to get as "baskets of fruit or cartons of cigarettes."

Indeed, the very availability of firearms in the United States amounts in one breath to a national tradition and a national tragedy. No one knows exactly how many guns are in private hands in the country; estimates range from a conservative 50 million up to an astounding 200 million. What this fantastic arsenal produces, however, is eminently measurable. In 1966, for instance, guns of one kind or another accounted for 6,500 murders in the U.S., 10,000 suicides and 2,600 accidental deaths. Since the turn of the century, three quarters of a million Americans have been killed by privately owned guns in the United States —more Americans than have died in battle in all the wars fought by the U.S.

Associated Press

The gun that killed Robert Kennedy

Passage: Last week, the weight of these grim statistics combined with the outrage at the assassination of Robert Kennedy and the recent emphasis on fighting crime in the streets to push the first piece of gun-control legislation through Congress in more than 30 years. The gun-control provisions, part of an omnibus anticrime bill overwhelmingly approved by the House of Representatives and sent on to the President, makes it illegal for a person to purchase a handgun in a state other than his own, either by mail order or directly over the counter. In addition, it prohibits felons, mental incompetents and veterans who received less than honorable discharges from possessing any kind of firearms at all.

Some members of Congress were quick to claim that the gun-control legislation was an extraordinary achievement. "This bill is far, far tougher than anyone realizes," said Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut, who has been fighting for gun control for years. Considering that the bill was passed over the objections of one of the most formidable lobbies in Washington, the 900,000-member National Rifle Association, which has argued long and hard that there is no connection between the availability of firearms and the spiraling crime rate, Dodd's optimism was at least understandable. Judged against the strict gun-control standards in most other civilized countries of the world, however, the legislation—and, for that matter, the NRA's argument about availability—seemed glaringly weak.

Loophole: The public apparently shares this view. The day Senator Kennedy was shot, a nationwide Gallup survey showed that most people in the U.S. favored the registration of all firearms in the country. The President also had reservations about the legislation. No sooner had the gun-control measure cleared the House last week than Mr. Johnson made a nationwide television address. The President said that strict curbs on who can own guns had had a profound effect on crime in other countries. "Each year in this country, guns are involved in more than 6,500 murders," he said. "This com-

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pares with 30 in England, 99 in Canada, 68 in West Germany and 37 in Japan." Growing more emotional, Mr. Johnson denounced the bill before him as a "halfway measure." It covers adequately only transactions involving handguns. It leaves the deadly commerce in lethal shotguns and rifles without effective control." Later, Mr. Johnson indicated that he would try to plug what he described as "the brutal loophole" in the law by trying to extend the bill's provisions to the interstate sale of rifles and shotguns as well as handguns.

Responsibility: But similar amendments proposed by Sen. Edward Kennedy last month were defeated, and it seemed likely that the President's proposals would find the going just as rough. Still, there was little doubt that for the moment, at least, Congress would have to look hard to discover a more appropriate memorial to Robert Kennedy. It was just two years ago that Bobby told his colleagues: "We have a responsibility to the victims of crime and violence. For too long, we have dealt with deadly weapons as if they were harmless toys. Yet their very presence, the ease of their acquisition and the familiarity of their appearance have led to thousands of deaths each year and countless other crimes of violence as well. It is time that we wipe this stain of violence from our land."

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

'THERE JUST HASN'T BEEN A NICER BOY'

For nearly twelve hours, nobody even knew his name. He was just a wiry little guy with tousled black hair and frightened black eyes, whom Rosey Grier and others had gang-tackled in the terrible seconds after Robert Kennedy was shot. All night and morning long, he sat with interrogators from the police and district attorney's office, chatting breezily and lucidly about almost anything except the one subject which, at that moment, made all others frivolous. About Robert Kennedy, about the shooting, about his own identity, he insisted with a haughty malapropism, "I prefer to remain incommunicado."

But slowly, a picture began to fill in around the mysterious stranger in the Los Angeles jail—the picture of a lonely, proud, obsessed young man who, according to the official indictment, "on or about June fifth, 1968, did willfully, unlawfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, murder Robert Francis Kennedy, a human being."

The first break came when nimble Los Angeles police work traced the .22 revolver that had been pried from the suspect's grasp (his left index finger was broken) during the frenzied scuffle after the shooting. The pistol's path turned out to be a stark paradigm of America's casual traffic in deadly weapons. It had been purchased during the Watts riots of 1965 by an elderly man in Alhambra, a Los Angeles suburb. His wife had become upset at having it around, so he passed it along to his daughter, who gave it to an 18-year-old boy, who in turn sold it to "a bushy haired guy named Joe" who worked in a local department store. "Joe" turned out to be one Munir Sirhan who, when he saw pictures of the suspect on television, went to police to say that the man looked like his brother, Sirhan Bishara Sirhan.

The Best: Sirhan Sirhan (the name means "wanderer" in Arabic) was born 24 years ago in Jerusalem. He was the fourth of five sons, and his father, who still lives in a village in the hills near Jerusalem, recalled last week that Sirhan was the best of the lot at school. "He was such an intelligent boy, I had no worries about him," Bishara Sirhan mused. "I was sure he would do well."

But others were not so sure. The family pastor (the Sirhans are Arab Christians) remembers young Sirhan as "a clever boy—very quick—but unstable and very unhappy." The father, he said, "had frequent violent fits and was given to breaking what little furniture they had, and beating the children. He

Frank Q. Brown—Los Angeles Times

Sirhan: 'An A-1 boy'

thrashed them with sticks and with his fists whenever they disobeyed him."

The family split up in 1957—after heated quarrels with her husband, Mary Sirhan brought her children to California and moved into a modest Pasadena neighborhood. Most of them, including Sirhan remained Jordanian citizens with "permanent resident" status in the U.S. Young Sirhan was remembered kindly in Pasadena last week. He seemed gentle, bright (he studied Russian at the local high school while his classmates struggled with Spanish), and though he was always a loner, he didn't appear unfriendly. "He was an A-1 boy," beamed the Sirhans' neighbor, Mrs. Olive Blakeslee—"quiet, clean, and considerate. He'd come over to play Chinese checkers with us . . . There just hasn't been a nicer boy."

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Bad Fall: But there were also some other things. His mother detected a change in his personality after he took a bad fall from a horse in September 1966 —he was then a racehorse exercise boy —and the doctor who treated him for a year after the accident described him as "a fairly explosive personality."

The explosions, when they came, seemed often to be touched off by references to Israel. John H. Weidner Jr., the barrel-chested owner of three organic-food stores in Pasadena, hired Sirhan as a $2-an-hour stock clerk for nearly six months last fall and winter. "He was a man with principles," according to Weidner. "He didn't smoke. He didn't drink. He always said he wouldn't lie." He was so trustworthy that Weidner assigned him to pick up all three stores' receipts and take them to the bank. But occasionally Sirhan flew into blind rages against Israel and Jews. "He often mentioned seeing people of his race killed by Israelis," Weidner recalled. "He was very resentful of the U.S.'s policy because he was a refugee, and he talked about President Kennedy helping other refugees so much, but nothing for the Jordanians."

The apparently fatal connection between Israel, Kennedy and Sirhan became a good deal clearer when flamboyant Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty decided to jump into the case with both feet. Up to that moment, the behavior of city authorities had been a model of professional decorum, in striking contrast to the bumbling of the Dallas police in eerily similar circumstances four and a half years earlier. Sirhan had been swiftly plucked from the furious mob in the Ambassador Hotel ("I was almost killed in that kitchen," he told a lawyer later). He was soon advised of his constitutional rights and arraigned at 7:30 a.m. In an early morning press conference, Police Chief Thomas Reddin skipped tactfully over any revelations that might prejudice Sirhan's eventual trial.

Not so Mayor Yorty. Seizing the spotlight from his police chief, Yorty proceeded not only to unveil evidence that quite likely should have been held for the trial, but also to impute to Sirhan motives clearly colored by the mayor's own right-wing prejudices. Reddin had spoken earlier of "scraps of paper" found in Sirhan's pockets. These, Yorty eagerly revealed, consisted of a schedule of Kennedy campaign appearances, a newspaper column (by David Lawrence) that took Kennedy to task for opposing the war in Vietnam while supporting a U.S. commitment to Israel, and four $100 bills.

Bitter: Yorty also produced gleanings from notebooks found in the Sirhan home which, he said, "appeared to have been written by Sirhan Sirhan." According to the mayor, the journal included bitter fulminations against U.S. policy in the Middle East, an entry that read "Long Live Nasser," a number of scribbled references to Robert Kennedy and retiring U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, and one notation proclaiming the need to assassinate Kennedy before June 5, 1968, the first anniversary of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war.

Yorty's disclosure of evidence earned the mayor a caution from California Attorney General Thomas Lynch, who was fearful that the suspect's right to a fair trial might be sorely compromised. But next day the mayor was still talking. He leapt upon the news that Sirhan's car had once been spotted parked near a building where the radical left-wing W.E.B. Du Bois Club was holding a meeting. Swiftly, Yorty drew his own dramatic conclusion: "Evil Communist organizations played a part in inflaming the assassination of Kennedy."

More evidence leaked out later when a grand jury met to consider the murder indictment against Sirhan. Jesus Perez, a dishwasher at the Ambassador Hotel, testified that Sirhan had loitered around the kitchen corridor for about half an hour before Kennedy was shot, worriedly fingering papers and asking repeatedly whether Kennedy was certain to be passing that way. A man named Henry Carreon reported seeing someone he identified as Sirhan at a shooting range near Pasadena on the afternoon before Kennedy was shot. Sirhan, he said, was practicing rapid fire with a .22 revolver.

'Bomb': At the end of the week, Sirhan was arraigned for murder in the first degree, plus five counts of assault with intent to kill. Already the Los Angeles sheriff had received more than a dozen threats on the suspect's life, some of them promising to "bomb their way in" to the jailhouse if need be. With visions of Jack Ruby, Lee Harvey Oswald and the basement of the Dallas police headquarters looming large and ugly, Los Angeles decided to move the court to the jailhouse, rather than risk transferring the prisoner. The prison chapel was made into a courtroom, the altar converted to a judge's bench, and security was drawn so tight that even the judge and the deputy district attorney were frisked before being admitted. Sirhan, who entered in a wheelchair (his left ankle was sprained when he was seized), was held without bail, and his lawyer (a deputy public defender for Los Angeles County) won a delay of three weeks before registering his plea—in order, among other things, to allow for a psychiatric examination.

Los Angeles authorities seemed certain that they had got their man, that the possibility of a conspiracy was remote. In his village near Jerusalem, Bishara Sirhan was outraged. "If my son has done this dirty thing," he said bitterly, "then let them hang him." Mary Sirhan, who collapsed when she heard of the charges against her son, sent a telegram to the Kennedy family. "I want them to know," it concluded, "that I am really crying for them all. And we pray that God will make peace, really peace, in the hearts of the people."

Newsweek—Bob Grosh

Yorty (left) with Reddin: Bias?

A FLAME BURNED FIERCELY

From the time of his brother's assassination, the mission was never in doubt: one day he would try to regain the lost Presidency. Most people simply assumed it; one close friend put it quite plainly: "Anyone who has gone to the President's grave ... with Robert Kennedy gets the sense that he feels that something great was broken here, and that as his brother's brother he has an obligation to continue it."

But at first the obligation seemed more apparent than the desire. A score of interviewers asked him when he would make the race—1968? 1972? Each heard a version of the same distracted reply: "I don't think I can plan for it ... I don't even know if I'm going to be here." An aide elaborated: "Bob just feels it's futile to plan too much. He has a visceral sense of the precarious nature of human life and effort."

Campaigning at last, he seldom seemed far from this somber mood. There were all the exhilarated images of the final weeks: Bobby Kennedy rolling down a dozen Main Streets to a dozen courthouse squares in the Midwest, as a high-school band oompahed, "This Man Is Your Man." Bobby bemusedly debarking from his plane on a fork-lift at an East Oregon way station, and remarking in parody of his own pet oratorical tag line: "As George Bernard Shaw once said: 'We can do better'." Or Bobby trying to reach every single hand along a near-riotous motorcade route in southern California, as if he were giving bread to the poor. Yet he waged his campaign with more celebration than joy. In the few unguarded moments, the gaunt face flickered between brightness and melancholy. He had become, willingly or not, John Kennedy's surrogate, driven to seek his brother's fulfillment, or his tragedy. Was he worried by his exposure to frenzied crowds, a reporter asked? "I play Russian roulette," he answered, "every time I get up in the morning. But I just don't care ... if they want you, they can get you."

Prophecy: Just before his death he prophesied that an attempt would be made on his life. Yet "one must give one self to the crowd," he said, "and from then on ... rely on luck." Then his luck ran out, and the crowd consumed him.

Robert Francis Kennedy could not have done it otherwise. He plunged into life, just as he plunged into the masses of people reaching out to touch and maul him. He was a driven man and this was never more apparent than in things physical. Whether on the football field or on the slopes, he had a need to excel. Learning that a peak in Canada had been named for his brother, he rushed off to be the first to scale it and plant a flag there. Walking along an Oregon beach a few weeks ago, he suddenly stopped, seeming to hear a challenge no one else heard, stripped to his shorts and plunged into an icy, angry surf for a swim.

There was some intense contest within him that appeared to surface in paradoxes. Solemn and tenacious, he could nevertheless mock himself with a fine sense of absurdity. Deemed arrogant by some of his peers, he could be self-effacing among lesser men. He sought coteries and crowds, yet he could be painfully shy with individuals. Rich and privileged beyond most men, he could be a tender, compassionate shepherd of the young, the disabled and the deprived—and yet he could also pursue an adversary with Old Testament vengefulness.

Still, the larger truth might be that he burned with a fiercer flame than others, throwing sharper lights and deeper shad-

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Associated Press

The adventurer: On Mount Kennedy

Associated Press

Shooting Hudson River rapids in a kayak (he was dunked three times)

UPI

Scrimmaging with Ethel and Ted in Acapulco

UPI

Skiing the Rock Garden run in Sun Valley

Newsweek—Milan J. Kubic

Slogging through the waters of the Amazon

London Daily Express

Toppling into Idaho's 'River of No Return'

Steve Schapiro—Black Star

Roughhousing with the kids

Skin-diving in tropical waters

Associated Press

Riding after dawn at Hickory Hill

Fred Ward—Black Star

Attorney General: Growing

ows even than other Kennedys. Of all of them, he was the most inward and difficult to know, the grittiest and at the same time the most vulnerable. Perhaps it was his post position. "I was the seventh of nine children," he said once. "And when you come from that far down, you have to struggle to survive." He was born Nov. 20, 1925, to a household already lorded over by two idolized brothers, some overpowering sisters, and above all by a steely willed baronial father who had amassed a seemingly boundless fortune—and conferred on each child a trust currently valued at more than $10 million. In that galaxy, Robert was slight, unprepossessing, and unblessed by any obvious gifts of scholarship or intellect. He could neither read as swiftly, jest as deftly or achieve the effortless poise of his tall, handsome older brothers Joe Jr. and John.

By the time he was a Harvard footballer, he had an understandable reputation for trying harder, attested to later by Kennedy aide Kenneth O'Donnell, who was team captain: "He had no right to be on the varsity team . . . We had eight ends who were bigger, faster and had been high-school stars. But Bobby . . . worked five times as hard as anybody. He'd come in from end like a wild Indian. If you were blocking Bobby, you'd knock him down, but he'd be up again, going after the play. He never let up."

In those days he was called relentless. The postgraduate version (after he had taken a law degree from the University of Virginia) was "ruthless," a designation —part hearsay, and part fact—that was to stay with him the rest of his life. This began with his stewardship of brother Jack's first Senate race in 1952, when Bobby angered older, professional pols offering help in Massachusetts by instructing them to lick envelopes at campaign headquarters. Then there was his service as a cocky young assistant counsel with Joe McCarthy's Senate investigations subcommittee—critics put down his failure to repudiate that episode as one more demerit. Or the time in 1957, during the Senate labor-rackets investigation, when he ragged Teamsters boss James Hoffa and other unionists so mercilessly that a Teamsters attorney called him "a sadistic little monster."

Legend: For all that, the legend of Bobby the Ruthless first gained national standing in the 1960 Presidential campaign, when Bobby, in the service of Jack, was hard at work improving the art of the advance man, which meant commandeering armies of people and facilities, and cracking heads on a monumental scale. As campaign manager he was dedicated with a liege man's blind loyalty to the enthronement of his brother. "I don't give a damn whether the state and county organizations survive after November," he told feuding New York State pols. "I want to elect John F. Kennedy." Inevitably, the legend fed on such encounters.

As Attorney General and unofficial major-domo of John Kennedy's Cabinet, he could still be a fearsome straw boss. Given a key role in the investigation of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, he charged in like a prosecuting attorney. On other occasions, however, he was a steadying influence in the deliberations of the National Security Council. (By his own later testimony, he was proudest of his restraining role in the Cuban missile crisis.)

All the while, he showed a capacity for growth. Neither Robert nor John Kennedy succeeded in substantially enlarging the body of civil-rights legislation, but they fostered the atmosphere of honest concern it needed to breathe in. Though he had developed a fondness for wiretapping, Attorney General Kennedy also stepped up the fight to enforce voting rights and school integration in the South, to protect rights workers from harassment. It was Bobby, in fact, who had engineered the phone call that sprung Martin Luther King Jr. from jail on the eve of the 1960 election, and though that may have been more politics than sociology ("I won't say I stayed awake nights worrying about civil rights before I became Attorney General," he admitted later), there was no doubt that the plight of the Negro had begun to awaken his conscience.

Maturity: Another friend of the Kennedy family, JFK biographer Theodore Sorensen, described Bobby's growth to maturity this way a few years ago: "When I first met him thirteen years ago, I would not have voted for him for anything. He was much more cocky, militant, negative, narrow, closer to his father in thinking than to his brother. Today I have no serious doubts . . . I would vote for him for anything."

Associated Press

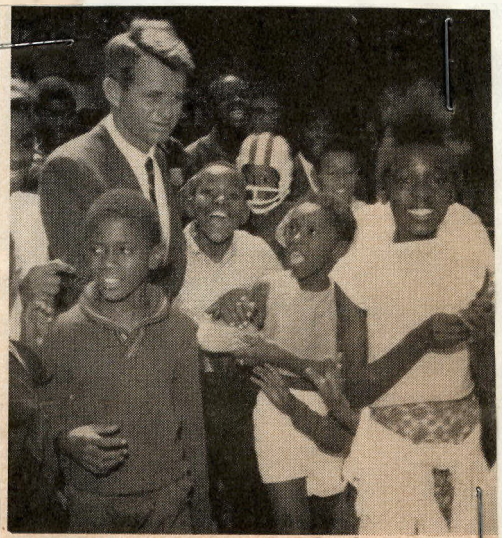
Children's man: His own—(from left) Matthew, Christopher, Kerry, Michael, Courtney, David, Bob, Joseph and Kathleen (missing: Douglas)

But during the years of John Kennedy's Presidency, the old, elusive tensions between the brothers and sisters persisted. In the bantering that often filled the table talk, visitors could feel currents of affection—and rivalry. Bobby participated, then looked morose and withdrawn, then joined in again. Considered, at 35 "the second most important man in the country," he still had to come to terms with a sense of disadvantage.

Grief: Then came the unassimilable horror and grief of John Kennedy's assassination. All of the Kennedys suffered profoundly, and Bobby perhaps more than any. His relationship with Jack had been almost symbiotic. At the funeral and often afterward, he clung to Jacqueline Kennedy's hand as much, it seemed, to receive comfort as to give it. Friends found him aged and softened. He appeared not so much moody as haunted, given to trailing off in mid-sentence, staring out the windows of his Justice Department office, the quality of boyish vulnerability beneath the cold surface more pronounced than ever. The wound seemed always present.

Then the mourning ended and the Kennedys were back, with all their drive and vitality intact. Shooed away from the Vice Presidency in 1964 by Lyndon Johnson, Bobby entered the Senate race in New York, making an unashamed grasp for the seat of Republican incumbent Kenneth Keating. But there was no other way: as political observers reckoned it, the Senate was the broadest path to the White House and a Restoration, and New York was the state where Bobby could both claim prior residence and count on enough popular support to elect him. Inevitably, his critics added the charge of "carpetbagger" to their list of grievances. Among others, the local Americans for Democratic Action challenged his liberal credentials, and a committee of celebrity Democrats formed for the defense of Republican Keating.

Kennedy won easily, and at first the new senator seemed only faintly ab-



Associated Press

...And the kids in Harlem

confined in his duties. (After all, he implied to an interviewer, he had once inhabited loftier climes.) But as 1968 drew nearer, he began building his reputation as a critic of Lyndon Johnson's foreign policy in a series of speeches, painstakingly researched, drafted and redrafted, often after command dinners with the appropriate specialists from government and academia at his Hickory Hill estate in McClean, Va. Among the assorted China watchers, Hispanophiles, Europists there might be familiar faces—Adam Yarmolinsky, Daniel P. Moynihan, Richard Neustadt, Arthur Schlesinger, Richard Goodwin—ardent attendants of his brother's fallen regime and now members of what had come to be called the Kennedy government-in-exile.

Dreams: The Restoration was gathering forces. "You see," Senator Kennedy told a reporter who asked him why he had come to the Senate, "not the President alone, but we all were involved in certain tasks, in certain dreams . . . I suddenly understood that it was up to me to carry them forward, and I decided to."

But the ghost of his brother still hung close. Bobby's office was chock-a-block with John F. Kennedy memorabilia—photo portraits, snapshots, framed scribblings from the Cabinet meetings. He had assumed, unconsciously perhaps, some familiar John Kennedy gestures in his speeches—a hand thrust in his pocket, the other jabbing the air with an extended index finger. The issues themselves were John Kennedy's: nuclear testing, the Alliance for Progress, the U.S. role in the Third World. And the direct evocation was ever recurrent: "As President Kennedy said . . ." Bobby would perorate.

For a time, he carried a frayed oversize tweed overcoat on trips and would drape it around his shoulders on chill days. Curiously, he left it behind in one town after another on hectic stumping tours, and then would dispatch an aide to retrieve it. It was as if he were engaged in some psychic struggle with the coat, which had belonged to his brother.

Identity: Gradually, Kennedy groped forward to an identity and a course all his own. The season of discontent with Lyndon Johnson was growing stormier. Harris and Gallup surveys placed him well ahead of the President in the inevitable popularity ratings, and indeed, huge crowds bore out the pollsters, flocking to see him on the hustings. As early as 1966, "We can do better" had already become his informal campaign slogan. Willy-nilly, or so it seemed, he had become a leading voice of dissent, steering his own mid-course between the Old Left and the New. In long, carefully documented speeches, he dissected Administration fumbling in Africa, in Latin America, on the problems of the cities and the ghettos. No less an all-purpose guru than John Kenneth Galbraith certified that Bobby "has a closer rapport with academics today than his brother did."

So tough-minded a journalist-historian as William V. Shannon credited Robert with the winning attributes of "compassion and hard-headedness, residual moralism" and "social idealism." Amid the liberal clichés he had mastered, wrote Shannon, shone forth a genuine feeling for the struggles of the poor. Social critic Patrick Moynihan put it this way: "Kennedy has worked for his liberalism . . . The things he learned first were conservative things. The things he learned second were liberal things. He is an idealist without illusions . . . You might want to call this the higher liberalism."

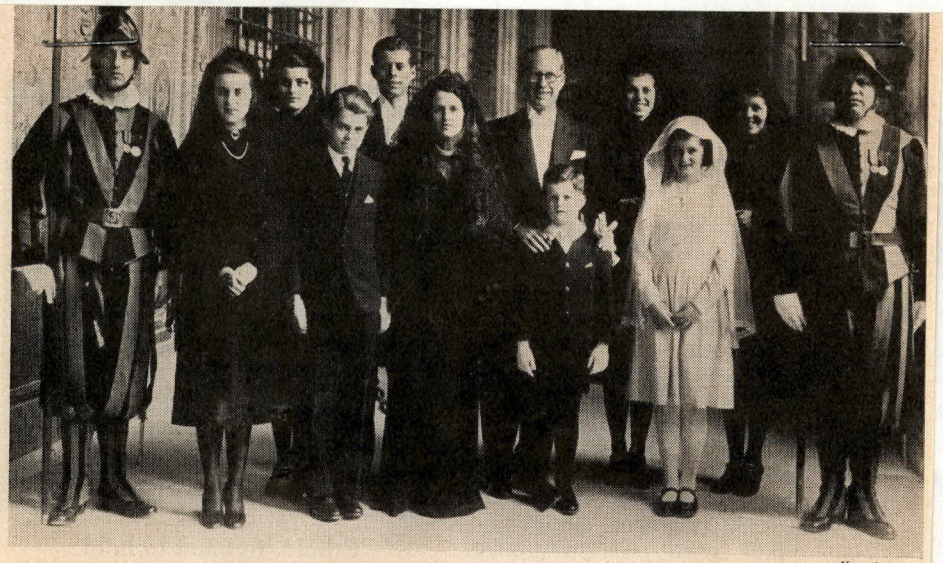
But the higher liberalism seemed still grounded in the lower politics. There was Kennedy, "totally absorbed in the contest for power," as a friend described it, playing conventional politics ("He is New Frontier on top and Last Hurrah at bottom," someone wrote), and caution was a cardinal rule of the game. Bobby loved to climb the mountains and run the rapids, but he was ever chary of political risk. He was one of the more restrained Vietnam critics and, against the urging of his followers and the pressures of a growing public outcry for peace, finally decided in January not to make the challenge against Lyndon Johnson in 1968. (By one account, the President had earlier warned him in a stormy confrontation at the White House, "In six months all you doves will be politically destroyed.")

Badly Done: Thus it was Eugene McCarthy who arose from obscurity to carry the fight, and there began another season of agony for Bobby. Over the wintry months of 1967-68, he witnessed the defection of young collegians who had been among his staunchest partisans. Then when he abruptly reassessed his position and plunged into the race on the heels of McCarthy's New Hampshire triumph, it served only to further alienate the once faithful. "The Kennedys," wrote Arthur Schlesinger, in a piece apologizing for Bobby's gaffe but endorsing his candidacy, "always do these things badly."

But the damage was done. Unhappily, it conjured up once again the specter of legendary ruthlessness, and much of Kennedy's ensuing campaign was devoted to efforts to josh away that ogre. Over the years, the "ruthlessness thing," as he called it, had become something of an obsession with him. Thus, when Sen. Joseph Clark was puzzled once by an over-formal note of thanks for a minor favor, Bobby explained: "I'm just concealing the ruthless side of my nature."

Now he went before the electorate and tried again. "Someone's taking my shoo-ooes," he crooned, breaking into a serious moment in a California speech. "If I were ruthless I'd kick her." In one of the most significant utterances of his campaign in Oregon, he felt compelled to inject the obsessive note again. "How essential is a victory in Oregon?" he was asked. "If I lose any primary," the senator replied, "I won't be a viable candidate . . . I might be a nice man. I might go back to being unruthless . . . But I won't be viable."

Other things were happening, to be



Keystone

The public man: Kennedys after a papal audience (RFK fourth from left)

UPI

Sworn into the Navy at 17

Associated Press

Married to Ethel Skakel, 1950

UPI

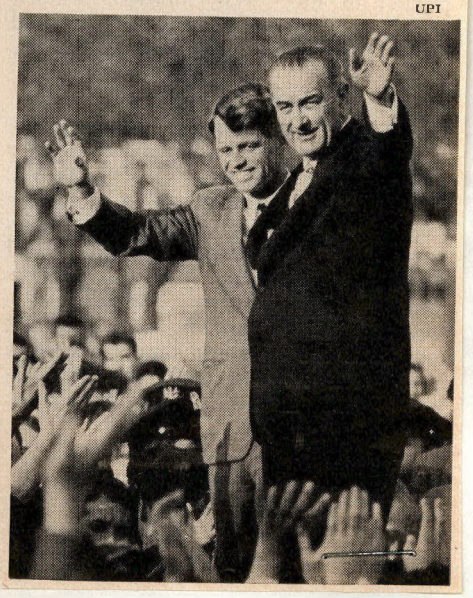
With James R. Hoffa, 1958; with Martin Luther King, 1963

Associated Press

UPI

With Joseph R. McCarthy, 1954; with Lyndon B. Johnson, 1964

UPI



sure. Stung by criticism that he was running on the memory and legacy of his brother, he began dropping the President Kennedy references from his talks. This had a curiously liberating effect: now his statements on the issues seemed to develop more convincingly. He was evolving an authentic voice of his own: compassion for the ghettos and concern for law and order; decentralization of big government, and private involvement in social programs.

Even so, he had begun to strike some observers as a Kennedy who didn't think he could win—or stranger still, who didn't need to win. He could still outstump any other candidate, pushing through an eighteen-hour day of hell-for-leather campaigning that had members of the press corps chanting at the end, "Hey, hey, RFK, how many reporters did you kill today?" Yet always there was about him that dreamy fatalism. At street-corner rallies he quoted hopeful moral passages from Albert Camus, but for his private text he seemed to take Camus's darker message of life's futility. "Existence is so fickle, fate is so fickle," he would say.

When McCarthy stunned him with the defeat in Oregon—the first election loss by any Kennedy—Bobby recovered with notable grace and made a generous speech of concession. Then in California, the old spark was rekindled. There he had found the most compatible following of a curiously lonely campaign: Negroes and Mexican-Americans by the tens of thousands leaped in front of his moving car, tore at his clothing, snatched his cufflinks, ripped the shoes from his feet.

Salty View: Some commentators took a salty view of his ritual immolations among the poor. Said columnist Murray Kempton comparing the Kennedys to the Bonapartes: "... they identify with the deprived, being the radical foes of all authority when they are out of power ..."

But Bobby's rapport with the poor was undeniable. He seemed to feel that they accepted him as one of them, one of the wounded, and in his wordless contact with the roiling crowds of the poor, he found the triumph of communication he often could not manage in his speeches.

California gave him a victory, coupled with a resounding one in South Dakota. Now the possibility of winning the nomination—however remote—was at least alive again, and he headed off to hold a press conference after his victory speech last Tuesday night, pleased if not exhilarated. He was shot as he passed through the pantry of the Ambassador Hotel ballroom in Los Angeles and the last view the world had of Robert Kennedy, as it loomed from the TV screens and on the front pages of the newspapers, was unforgettable. He lay on his back, pain on his features—pain and a look of gentle surprise, perhaps at the final discovery that existence is indeed fickle, and that so fierce a flame can be extinguished in a single, split second of insanity.

FD-350 (Rev. 7-16-63)

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

BOBBY'S LAST, LONGEST DAY

With sickening familiarity, there was the same fell scene all over again—the crack of the gun, the crumpling body, the screams, the kaleidoscopic pandemonium, a voice that cried, "Get a doctor! Get a doctor!" and another that wailed in anguish, "Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!" and then trailed off in a string of broken sobs.

This in Los Angeles was Robert Kennedy cut down by a bullet in the brain, the third great U.S. leader to die at the hand of an assassin in less than five years. And there was in Kennedy's death a chilling completeness—a fulfillment he himself seemed to understand and even to expect. Beneath all the wealth and the Camelot glamour, the Kennedy family record was a catalogue of ill fortune: the violent deaths that claimed Joe Jr., Kathleen and finally Jack; the sister born hopelessly retarded, the stroke that lamed and silenced patriarch Joe Sr., the plane crash that very nearly dispatched Ted. John Kennedy's death particularly seemed to haunt Bobby, even as he set out to re-create his slain brother's career as senator and then President. It made him even more the fatalist, reckless of the risks of climbing mountains or running rapids—or plunging into the frighteningly grabby crowds his campaign drew everywhere. He worried Bill Barry, the towering ex-FBI man and New York bank officer who served as his chief bodyguard. "I get mixed up with the crowds and I can't see," said Barry. "And I get tired." But, in Los Angeles as everywhere else, Kennedy spurned police protection and offered himself to his worshipers. "Living every day," he liked to say, "is Russian roulette."

UPI

Kennedy after the shots: 'Why him? Why him?'

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

22 "Newsweek" magazine
New York, New York

Date: 6/17/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor: Osborn Elliott
Title:
KENSALT

Character:
or
Classification: LA 56-156
Submitting Office: Los Angeles

☐ Being Investigated

SEARCH ... INDEXED ...
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JUN 1 ... 1968
... ANGELES

(2)

A Shudder: Yet sometimes it seemed he sensed the outcome. He had always carried the late President's wounds like stigmata, and, late in his grueling, 81-day campaign through a string of Democratic primaries, they began to show through. Once, in Oregon, a balloon popped loudly during a surprise birthday party aboard Kennedy's campaign jet; Kennedy's hand rose slowly to his face, the back covering his eyes, and the gaiety stopped cold for an agonizingly slow ten-count. Again, as his motorcade toured San Francisco's Chinatown a day before the California primary, firecrackers went off with sharp bursts in a puff of purplish smoke. Bobby's face froze in a little half-smile. A shudder seized his body. His knees seemed almost to buckle.

Yet the moment passed quickly, lost in the resurgent confidence that pervaded the Kennedy camp as he neared the end of the long primary road. He had taken a sound and quite possibly critical thrashing at McCarthy's hands in the Oregon primary only the week before—a setback that made California, politically, a life-or-death trial by combat for Kennedy. "If we lose here," an aide conceded, "we can all go home." So they set out to win the way the Kennedys always had, saturating the state with money and glamour and, most of all, the candidate himself. While McCarthy rationed himself to two live appearances and a radio talk on the last campaign day, an exhausted Kennedy, sun-baked and hollow-eyed, put in fourteen punishing hours. Midway through a closing rally in San Diego, he cut a talk short, started off the platform and sagged down on the ramp with his head between his knees. His two Negro celebrity escorts, pro footballer Roosevelt Grier and onetime Olympic decathlon champ Rafer Johnson, helped him to a dressing room. He vomited. Then he went back to the platform and spoke again.

But that night he slipped away to Malibu, where six of his ten children were bunking in movie director John Frankenheimer's beachfront home, and the break seemed to restore him. He spent the morning body-surfing with the kids (and collecting a small bump on the forehead when he fished son David, 12, out of a mild undertow), then repaired—fresh and rested—to his fifth-floor headquarters suite at the big, rambling Ambassador Hotel just as the returns began coming in.

'Honorable Adventure': Itchy to put the suspense behind him, Kennedy prowled between his half of the "royal suite" and a room across the hall set up for a party. He took the congratulatory *abrazos* of the celebrities (Budd Schulberg, John Glenn, Milton Berle, George Plimpton). He ducked into the bathroom—the only private place around—to talk over his victory speech with Ted Sorensen and Dick Goodwin. He held court in the corridor, puffing a cigar, quoting Lord Tweedsmuir on politics ("It's an honorable adventure") and looking happy as a precocious schoolboy when no one around knew who Lord Tweedsmuir was (late author of "The Thirty-Nine Steps," governor general of Canada). He put in a call to Irish Mafioso Kenny O'Donnell in Washington, fretting over the hunt for delegates in big industrial states like Ohio and Michigan and Illinois. He duly noted the politically marginal but personally gratifying returns from that day's South Dakota primary: Kennedy, 50 per cent; LBJ, 30, despite a vigorous vote-Johnson drive by Hubert Humphrey's people, and McCarthy, a laggardly 20.

And finally, with the California returns piling up toward an ultimate 46 per cent to 42 per cent victory over McCarthy, somebody said: "Let's go down."

"Do we know enough about it yet?" Kennedy asked.

'A Victory': "Oh, yeah," said Jesse Unruh, the state assembly speaker who had helped talk Kennedy into the Presidential race, "there's no doubt about a victory."

Unruh headed downstairs first to warm up the crowd in the brilliantly lit Embassy Ballroom. Moments later, almost at the stroke of midnight, Kennedy collected Ethel, descended to the ballroom in a knot of followers and ad-libbed a victory speech. He started with an Oscar winner's list of thank-yous, some serious, some mocking (to brother-in-law Steve Smith, "who is ruthless but effective"; to Rosey Grier, "who said he'd take care of anybody who didn't vote for me"). He got laughs and cheers, and he finished with his old exhortations: "I think we can end the divisions within the United States. What I think is quite clear is that we can work together . . . We are a great country, a selfless . . . and a compassionate country . . . So my thanks to all of

you, and on to Chicago and let's win."

He might not have gone through the pantry at all, except that the crowd in the Embassy Ballroom was so dense and the pantry was the easiest shortcut to his next stop—a press conference agreed to by his staff scarcely ten seconds before he finished speaking. So he turned from the crowd, parted the gold curtains behind the platform and—trailed by a knot of staff people, followers and newsmen—exited through a double door to his rendezvous with death.

Waiting Gunman: Waiting for him in the serving pantry was a small, swarthy, bristly haired man, dressed all in blue, one hand concealed in a rolled-up Kennedy poster, a faint smile flickering. Like his target, the gunman too was in the pantry by chance. Turned away twice from the Embassy Ballroom door for want of a press card or a ticket, he had somehow slipped into the kitchen area and lost himself among the waiters, the cooks, the busboys and the spillover campaign volunteers waiting for a glimpse of the senator.

Kennedy emerged from a connecting corridor, with assistant maître d'hôtel Karl Uecker and Ambassador staffer Edward Minasian up ahead bowing the way. Spying the kitchen help lined up to the left of his path, he fell into a sidewise shuffle and began to shake hands. Ethel was separated from him in the crush. He turned to look for her.

Just ahead, the little man in blue darted toward him. The hand came out of the rolled-up poster, in it a .22-caliber Iver-Johnson Cadet revolver, and snaked past Uecker's head till it seemed to be no more than a foot or so from Kennedy's. Slowly, almost studiedly, the little man pulled the trigger. The gun went *pop!* then a pause, then *pop!* again—not nearly as loud as the Chinese firecrackers in San Francisco.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Kennedy reeled backward. All around, people ran and surged and fell. Uecker grabbed the gunman's neck under his right arm, grappled for the gun with his left hand. He and Minasian slammed the assassin forward against a stainless-steel serving table. Uecker clutched his gun hand, pounded it again and again onto the table top. But the gunman's fist seemed to freeze, and the eight-shot revolver kept going *pop! pop! pop!* until its chambers were empty.

With a desperate surge, Uecker and Minasian—both thickly built men—shoved the gunman hard into another table, and the hulking, 6-foot-5, 287-pound Grier blitzed through like a linebacker, pinning all three men with his great body. Others, Rafer Johnson, George Plimpton and Bill Barry among them, piled on. The pounding cracked the suspect's left index finger. The gun spun free and Rafer Johnson got it. Minasian ran for the phone. A pair of hands slithered around the gunman's throat. Grier fought them off. Jesse Unruh jumped up on the serving table and cried, "Keep him alive! Don't kill him! We want him alive!"

The crowds pushed in from the ballroom at one end of the pantry, the press room at the other. The pantry was a tableau of carnage. Paul Schrade, 43, a United Auto Workers regional director who had shared the platform with Kennedy, fell backward onto the concrete floor, a red rivulet spilling from a head wound and puddling on the brim of a Styrofoam Kennedy campaign skimmer. William Weisel, 30, a plump ABC-TV unit manager, slumped in a corner, clutching at a hole in his abdomen. Elizabeth Evans, 43, staggered and fell, blood from a scalp wound spilling down her face and her pale print frock. A bullet pierced 19-year-old Ira Goldstein's thigh; he dropped ashen into a chair, asking people randomly, "Will you help me? I've been shot." Still another stray bullet caught Irwin Stroll, 17, in the calf and spun him down.

And there in the midst of it all lay Robert Kennedy, 42 years old, flat on his back, his arms out, his legs slightly bent, his eyes now shut, now open and staring sightlessly into some private distance. One bullet had pierced an armpit and lodged near the base of his neck. Another had smashed through the mastoid bone behind his right ear and atomized into tiny fragments that angled through his brain. The wounds were eerily close to John Kennedy's. The stigmata at last were made real.

Screams rose around him—"Shots! Shots! Look out, look out, there's a madman in here and he's killing everybody!" A Mutual radio man wandered, babbling into his tape recorder: "Senator Kennedy has been shot, Senator Kennedy has been shot, is that possible? Is that possible? It is possible, ladies and gentlemen, it is possible, he has." Juan Romero, a 17-year-old busboy, knelt beside Kennedy, cradled his head in one hand and gave him a crucifix. "Is everybody safe? Okay?" Kennedy asked. "Yes, yes," Romero blurted, "everything is going to be okay." Someone stripped off Kennedy's shoes and loosened his collar; someone pressed a rosary into his hands. Kennedy clutched the beads. His lips moved, but now no one could hear what he was trying to say.

'Get Them Out': The word spread outward and, with it, a contagion of chaos. Ethel Kennedy moved helplessly at the edge of the crush, near tears of frustration, begging for help until spectators propelled her over the crowd to her husband. She dropped to her knees at his side, crooning to him. Aides fought their way to them, ringed them and held the crowd off. "Give him air, please give him air," Mrs. Kennedy pleaded. Once, in the fierce privacy of her grief, she jumped up shouting and waving at the photographers. "Get them out, get them out!" she cried. A cameraman yelled back, "This is history, lady," and the flashguns kept flaring.

The ballroom just beyond was an eddy of panic, men and women and kids milling and bumping and weeping and cry-

ing, "Oh, God! It can't be! Not again!" An icy-cool Steve Smith struggled into the Embassy Ballroom, chanting ("Be calm, be calm"), seizing a mike and asking the crowd to leave quietly so doctors could get in. The crowd fell back. Three doctors materialized. One of them, Rowland Dean, 38, a Negro, reached Kennedy ten minutes after the shooting and found him still conscious.

No Dallas: There had been no police at the Ambassador, only private security guards, but now a flying wedge of helmeted cops barged through the crowd and took the suspect from the clutch of men trying at once to subdue him and keep him alive. The police picked him up by the arms, closed around him in a tight ring and simply ran him downstairs and out of the hotel past a gauntlet of Kennedy volunteers yelling, "Kill him! Get the bastard! Lynch him, lynch him!" Behind came Unruh, shouting at the police, "Slow down, slow down, if you don't slow down and be careful somebody's gonna shoot this bastard!" The police hardly needed the warning. Nobody wanted another Dallas.

Outside the hotel, the policemen hustled the suspect into a squad car. An angry mob closed around the car and threatened to engulf it. "Let's go, goddamit," shouted Unruh, who had slipped in with the captive. Spilling the crowd like dominoes, police cleared a path and the car sped off, siren shrieking. Only a laborious check of the gun through three prior owners would identify the suspect, long hours later, as Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, a 24-year-old Christian Arab who emigrated from Jerusalem at 12 in 1957 and now seemed to hold Kennedy somehow culpable in the Arabs' humiliation by Israel last year (page 32). For the moment, he was a man with no name or nationality. "I did it for my country," he told Unruh on the way to the lockup. "Why him? Why him?" cried Unruh, assuming Sirhan meant America. "He tried to do so much." But Sirhan only muttered: "It's too late, it's too late." After that, he clammed up.

At last, the ambulance men came for Kennedy. They had been standing around Central Receiving Hospital, attendant Max A. Behrman, 48, recalled, when the dispatcher gave them the order from the Ambassador: "There was an injury. A man had fell down in the Embassy Ballroom." So they raced to the hotel and through the crowd to the pantry. Behrman saw a man sprawled out, a woman beside him holding an ice pack to his head and saying over and over, "Don't worry, Bobby, don't worry." Only when he bent down for a closer look did he recognize the senator; only when his hands came away bloody did he realize that "something bad had happened to Robert Kennedy."

He and driver Robert Hulsman, an ex-Chicago cop, lifted Kennedy as gently as they could onto a litter. "No, no, don't," Kennedy murmured, as if the move had hurt him. It was the last thing anyone remembered his saying.

'Is He Breathing?' Behrman and Hulsman rolled the stretcher down the freight elevator and out to the waiting ambulance, Mrs. Kennedy (and Jean Smith, the senator's sister) close behind. Ethel rode in the back, a sentinel so fierce in her grief that she wouldn't let even Behrman touch her stricken husband. "I tried to check his wounds," the attendant said later, "and she told me to keep my hands off. I tried to put bandages on him but she wouldn't let me. She got so mad at me she threw my log book out the window." But suddenly Kennedy's breathing turned heavy—"like he was taking his last breath"—and Mrs. Kennedy, suddenly subdued, let Behrman clap an oxygen mask over his nose and mouth. "Is he breathing?" she asked. Behrman said yes.

The ambulance hit Central Receiving, 2.3 miles from the hotel, at 12:30 a.m. Behrman and Hulsman rolled the litter into Emergency Room No. 2 and lifted Kennedy to a padded aluminum table. Nurses cut his clothes off to prepare him for a heart-lung resuscitator. His eyes were fixed and staring. He was nearly pulseless. His blood pressure was perilously close to zero. Blood poured from his head wound. His heart was faint. "The bullet hit the switchboard," said Dr. V.F. Bazilauskas, the first physician to see him. A priest appeared and intoned the last rites. Bazilauskas was all but ready to pronounce Kennedy dead.

Heartbeat: But he fell to work, ordering more oxygen, running an "airway" tube down Kennedy's throat, massaging his chest for ten minutes to help his heart. He slapped Kennedy's face, calling to him, "Bob, Bob, can you hear us?" Ethel begged him to stop, but he kept on. The medical team gave Kennedy adrenalin, albumin and Dextran—a temporary blood substitute. And finally he started to respond. His blood pressure soared to 150 over 90, his heart beat stronger, his breath came in little gasps. Bazilauskas turned to Ethel, feeling bad at having frightened her earlier. "So I thought of a little kindness I could do," he said afterward. "When we started to get a good heartbeat, I let her put the stethoscope to her ears. She listened, and like a mother hearing a first baby's heartbeat, she was overjoyed."

The doctors used the resuscitator briefly, then—as Kennedy's life signs continued to pick up—switched him back to oxygen. But Central Receiving has neither blood plasma nor X-ray equipment, and they had no choice but to send him on to "Good Sam"—the Hospital of the Good Samaritan—four blocks away. Bazilauskas dressed his wounds, while another doctor, Albert Holt, and a nurse bathed his staring eyes and put patches over them

to keep them from getting too dry. They put him between sheets drawn up to his chin, oxygen tubes running from his nose, a nurse holding the intravenous bottles above him. Before he was taken out, a quiver seized his abdomen and legs. Bazilauskas feared brain damage was setting in.

Once more an ambulance screamed through the streets. Robert Francis Kennedy's last and longest day was beginning.

It was to have been a gay occasion, capped by early-morning victory toasts at the clubby Beverly Hills discothèque, "The Factory." Up in Kennedy's Ambassador suite, the celebrants had watched him on TV until he said, "On to Chicago," then turned away. "On to the Factory," someone had mimicked. But then the screens had suddenly filled with milling, screaming people and Steve Smith had begged everyone to leave. Awareness had settled slowly. The party turned into a vigil, the vigil into a wake.

The Mourners: Back in the serving pantry, Rosey Grier slumped on a stool, face in his massive hands, sobbing loudly. Hugh McDonald, a young press aide, sat waxy-faced, hugging Kennedy's shoes to his chest. In the lobby, two girls held Kennedy placards, the words "God Bless" scrawled in above the name. Around the hotel's balloon-filled, mock Moorish fountain, a score of men and women fell to their knees, some telling rosary beads and chanting Hail Marys. A well-dressed young black man picked up a heavy lobby chair and flung it crashing into the fountain. Three friends walked him around the lobby, trying to calm his desperate fury. "That's what you get!" he cried. "That's what you get in white America!"

Like ripples in troubled water, the sad news spread. The Kennedys—perhaps America's most public family—turned inward in their anguish.

The word reached Ted Kennedy in San Francisco, just after he finished standing in for brother Bob at Kennedy headquarters there. Looking grave and transfixed, the youngest of the Kennedy men caught an Air Force jet south to Los Angeles, then a police car to Good Sam to join Ethel and the Smiths and sister Pat Lawford. In New York, Jacqueline Kennedy had looked in on Kennedy's mid-Manhattan headquarters during the evening, then gone to bed thinking him a big winner in California. A transatlantic phone call from her sister and brother-in-law in London, Lee and Stanislas Radziwill, wakened her at 4:30 a.m. They asked how Kennedy was.

"You heard that he won California," Jackie replied.

"But how is he?"

"I just told you," Jackie said. "He won California."

Radziwill had called for news; instead, he had to break it to her.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "It can't be . . ."

Radziwill flew to New York, picked up Jackie there and took her to Los Angeles on a borrowed IBM jet. They, too, joined the watch at Good Sam. The Sargent Shrivers and Ted's wife, Joan, soon followed from Paris. A Vice Presidential jet —lined up by Hubert Humphrey to fly in a neurosurgeon from Boston—flew out again with John Glenn taking the six kids and Kennedy's Irish spaniel, Freckles, home to Hickory Hill in McLean, Va.

Bouncing Ball: It fell to Ted to call the parents at the family's Hyannis Port compound. Rather than wake them with sketchy word, he waited till morning. Mother Rose, 77, had got up early, as she always does, for morning Mass and heard the news on television. Ted told his mute, partly paralyzed father. The compound was sealed off. But late that morning, newsmen peering over the palisade saw Rose Kennedy, in a long pink coat and white shoes and sunglasses, walking from her house to the now shuttered one where Jack used to stay. She was bouncing a tennis ball on the walk, and when she got to Jack's house, she threw it against the wall, caught it, threw it again—a slow and mechanical game that went on for ten minutes. Once she spied photographers watching her, and she told them evenly: "Really, how can you be so unfair?" No one answered.

The circles spread, engulfing the Capital and the world.

Bodyguards: The White House Situation Room got its first bulletins at 3:15 a.m., Washington time, and, by 3:31, national security adviser Walt Whitman Rostow had roused the President by phone. Mr. Johnson woke Lady Bird, flicked on his three-screen TV console and turned his bedroom into a crisis command center for the next eight hours. He called Attorney General Ramsey Clark to see if he had the power to order Secret Service bodyguards for the other Presidential candidates. He didn't, but—unwilling to wait even the single day it took to get authority from Congress—he ordered agents dispatched anyway. Within hours, they were standing watch over all the avowed candidates—even George Wallace and Harold Stassen.

In a round of phone calls and private talks, the President began lobbying for a gun-control bill even stronger than the watered-down version that zipped right through the House to his desk before the week was out. He put together a blue-ribbon commission of inquiry headed by Dr. Milton Eisenhower,* not this time to investigate the facts of a single murder but to examine the whole dark strain of

*The other members: Archbishop Terence Cooke of New York; Albert Jenner, a Chicago lawyer and onetime Warren commission staffer; former Ambassador (to Luxembourg) Patricia Harris; philosopher-longshoreman Eric Hoffer; U.S. Sens. Philip Hart, Michigan Democrat, and Roman Hruska, Nebraska Republican; U.S. Reps. Hale Boggs, Louisiana Democrat (and Warren commission alumnus) and Ohio Republican William McCulloch, and Federal Judge Leon Higginbotham of Philadelphia.

violence in American life. He issued a brief written statement ("There are no words equal to the horror of this tragedy . . ."), later went on national television to pray: "Let us, for God's sake, resolve to live under the law. Let us put an end to violence and to the preaching of violence . . . Let us begin tonight."

And at Good Samaritan Hospital, surrounded by his family and his friends and the enormously talented men who had coalesced around his candidacy, Robert Kennedy waged his lonely struggle for life.

Visitors: A crowd of 400 gathered in the street, waiting for word. Family and friends shuttled between Kennedy's fifth-floor, intensive-care room and the sitting rooms nearby fitted out with beds for Ethel and Jacqueline. Once campaign staffer Dick Tuck appeared in Good Sam's doorway flashing a thumbs-up signal that set hopes briefly rising. Few who saw the senator really believed he would come through whole and functioning—if, indeed, he could come through at all. Yet there was an almost determined hope in the bulletins that press secretary Frank Mankiewicz, wan and stubbly, carried outside to newsmen. Masking his own anguish behind a calm, controlled voice, he said the senator's body was not betraying him; his life signs—heart, pulse, respiration—all were good.

At 2:45 a.m., Kennedy was wheeled into a ninth-floor surgical suite, and—while two grim-faced cops stood guard outside with green surgical smocks over their uniforms—a team of three neurosurgeons went for the bullet in Kennedy's brain. They expected, Mankiewicz said, that the operation would take 45 minutes or an hour; instead, it dragged on for three hours and 45 minutes, and what the doctors found plainly appalled them. Tiny bits of shattered bullet and bone were strewn through the brain, ripping vital arteries and penetrating the cerebellum, which controls muscular coordination. The surgeons got all the fragments but some near the upper brain stem, too chancy to go after; they elected to leave the second bullet lodged in Kennedy's neck. They were not optimistic. One of them, Dr. Henry Cuneo, spoke by phone to a New York colleague, Dr. J. Lawrence Pool, who summed up later: the outcome, even if Kennedy lived, could be "extremely tragic."

Yet still the vigil went on. Ethel Kennedy trailed her husband to the ninth floor. A nurse there tried to get her to go back to the fifth during the operation. But Ethel refused, sitting instead in a tiny room near surgery, anxiously biting her lower lip until the double doors burst open and Kennedy was wheeled out. In the recovery room, she climbed onto a surgical table next to Kennedy's and lay there beside him for a silent time.

Through the long day, the machinery of modern medicine sustained Kennedy's flickering life. Once, Steve Smith slipped into his room, stepped out and said: "It won't be long." A battery of tests searched for signs of recovery, all in vain. "It wasn't a question of sinking," Mankiewicz said later. "It was just not rising." Ethel woke from a catnap and stepped once more into Kennedy's room. She was at his bedside with Jackie and Ted and Pat Lawford and the Steve Smiths when, at 1:44 a.m. Pacific Daylight Time on June 6, 1968, the struggle ended and Robert Kennedy died.

All Over: In the street, Milton Anderson, a Negro musician, heard a cry from the hospital and knew it was all over. "I started walking and I couldn't hold back no longer." Ted Kennedy paced a blacktop parking area beside the hospital for more than an hour, talking with a friend. Charles Evers, whose brother Medgar was assassinated in Mississippi in 1963, told whoever would listen that Kennedy was "the only white man in this country I really trusted." Mankiewicz met the press one last time, the message telegraphed long before he spoke by his sagging shoulders and his lip chewed raw.

Once again the ripples spread. Lyndon Johnson went back on television to proclaim a day of mourning, to order the flags lowered to half-staff and to demand stiff weapons legislation that would "spell out our grief in constructive action." (Said an aide: "I've never seen him more disturbed about the failure of Congress to act.") Presidential politicking simply stopped; all the candidates scrubbed their campaign schedules and fell to composing eulogies. After first word of the shooting, Robert McNamara broke into tears at a routine state ceremonial in Washington; now he mourned Kennedy as "the wisest, most intelligent, most compassionate political leader of the West." Pope Paul prayed for him at St. Peter's and sent condolences to Mrs. Kennedy.

Richard Cardinal Cushing sat at Joseph Kennedy's side when Teddy called with the news; he composed a little tribute ("Even where duty was wedded to danger, he embraced it . . .") and headed for New York and Washington to bury Robert, as he had buried "dear Jack." The longshoremen walked off the docks in New York City, and a local TV station canceled two and a half hours of morning programs and ran the single scrawled word SHAME instead. Mrs. Martin Luther King, herself widowed by an assassin only two months earlier, flew to Los Angeles to be with Ethel, just as the Kennedys had come to be with her.

Shoot: A Russian woman told a Moscow newsman, "All you Americans can do is shoot one another." An Army noncom in Vietnam wondered bitterly, "Good God—what's going on back home?"

And the Kennedys closed round to claim their dead. After submitting the body to an autopsy by local authorities—a formality omitted in Dallas and a source of controversy ever since—the family

bore Kennedy from Good Sam to the Los Angeles airport in a hearse at the head of a ten-car cortege. Thousands of mourners watched them circle the African mahogany coffin on a hydraulic lift, clasping hands as if to keep strangers out, and lug it aboard the Presidential plane themselves. Jackie wouldn't board until she was sure the plane wasn't the same Air Force One she rode home from Dallas with John Kennedy's body. It wasn't. She boarded, and, with Ethel Kennedy and Coretta King, completed a trinity of women widowed by assassins. Others filed on—old Justice Department friends like Burke Marshall and Ed Guthman, the Plimptons and the Pierre Salingers and Dick Goodwin, Rafer Johnson and Charles Evers weeping, advance man Jerry Bruno peeking back at the throng behind the chain-link fence and sighing: "He would have liked this crowd."

The long flight home was, as recounted later by NBC-TV's Sander Vanocur, a family friend, a somber and bitter and intensely private affair. Ted rode up front beside the coffin, now dozing, now talking bitterly with others of the clan about the "faceless men" who had murdered Jack and Medgar Evers and Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. And now Ted was the inheritor, the man in the family and, in his own sad words, the father of sixteen children—his own and Jack's and now Bobby's. But was he the political legatee as well? The mood aboard the plane seemed to be that the clan simply could not go through another such tragedy. Ethel Kennedy was all numb composure. She chatted at length with Jackie. Then she walked forward, pausing to comfort friends. Then she stretched out beside the coffin, and she too fell asleep. Someone gently edged a pillow under her head and pressed a rosary into her hand.

They arrived at New York's La Guardia Airport on a clinging hot night, lit by a three-quarter moon. Much of New York's and some of the nation's civic and political elite stood watching as a box-lift lowered the maroon-draped coffin to the apron. Archbishop Terence Cooke said a little prayer on the tarmac. Jackie spied Robert McNamara and ran to his comforting embrace. Ethel managed a taut calm, but her eyes shone and Teddy slipped into the front seat of the hearse beside her. The caravan moved away and, past silent throngs numbering in the tens of thousands, bore Robert Kennedy to the great high altar at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Allure: There was a brief family service. Jackie's composure broke at the candlelit bier; she wept, and mother Rose comforted her. A six-man honor guard took stations around the closed coffin for the first in a round-the-clock relay of half-hour and quarter-hour watches; the glittering corps (McNamara, IBM's Tom Watson, Walter Reuther, Ralph Abernathy, Robert Lowell, Arthur Goldberg, Ted Sorensen, Sidney Poitier, Budd Schulberg, William Styron) was fresh testimony to the reach and the fierce allure of the Kennedys. Yet, even with the guard in place, Teddy could not bring himself to leave his brother alone. Long past midnight, with the rest of the family gone and the first few hundred mourners queuing up in the streets, Ted was at Bobby's side, now standing, now pacing vacantly, now kneeling in prayer.

By dawn, when the cathedral doors swung open, the line was swelling to well over a hundred thousand strung out six and eight and ten abreast over 25 blocks of mid-Manhattan. Out of some deep, sorrowing patience, they stood all day in a wilting sun and through a stifling night—teen-agers, threadbare Negroes, executives with dispatch cases, construction workers with hard hats, nuns praying and telling beads, coeds in miniskirts, peace kids in flowers and beads. They waited hours for a second's glimpse of the coffin, with the white wreath at the feet, the spray of roses at the head, the U.S. flag and the rosary on the burnished lid. Some snapped cameras. Some touched the wood and crossed themselves. Scores came out weeping. Four hundred fainted. A stout black woman collapsed before the coffin sobbing, "Our friend is gone, oh Jesus he is gone, Jesus, Jesus."

Bobby People: Members of the family appeared only briefly during the day—Ethel in black, kneeling at the coffin and touching the flag; her eldest sons, Joseph III, 15, and Robert Jr., 14, taking their turns in the honor guard; Jacqueline leading Caroline and John past the bier; Teddy, pale and impassive, sagging alone into a fourtieth-row pew. It was mostly a day for the Bobby people—the young, the poor, the black, the disfranchised. It was the day the family gave Robert Kennedy to the public for the last time.

The day of the funeral, for all the pomp and pageantry and live TV, he belonged to them. Just at dawn, Ethel slipped in for a last moment alone with him, slumping into a chair beside the catafalque, planting her elbows on the coffin and burying her head in her hands. She left, and soon the great silent crowds were forming once again, the black limousines sliding to the curb, the 2,300 invited guests hurrying inside St. Pat's. The affair was one last triumph of Kennedy staffing—an incredible assemblage that brought together the President and four pretenders, princes of the church, the Chief Justice, Cabinet secretaries, the cream of Congress, civil-rights leaders, old New Frontiersmen, movie stars, poets, Beautiful People. The great vaulted nave was full of striking juxtapositions—Rosey Grier and Billy Graham guarding the bier, Gene McCarthy and Barry Goldwater sharing one pew, Earl Warren and Coretta King whispering in another.

The liturgy, too, was full of Kennedy touches—a high requiem Mass presided over by two cardinals and an archbishop, with Leonard Bernstein conducting a string ensemble and Andy Williams singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" in slow, funereal measure. Cardinal Cushing commended Kennedy's soul to God, and Archbishop Cooke prayed that his example of compassionate good works would be followed on earth: "Especially in this hour, we must keep faith with America and her destiny ... The act of one man must not demoralize and incapacitate 200 million others."

A Good Man: Yet nothing in the service was so painfully affecting as the moment Ted Kennedy, looking suddenly alone and vulnerable, left his place at Ethel's side and stood before the flag-draped coffin to speak for the family. His voice caught once early on as he called the roll of the Kennedy dead—"Joe and Kathleen, Jack." But he steeled himself through a reading of Bobby's own words, from a tribute written for his father and a hortatory speech in South Africa two years ago. Then, his voice turned thick and tremulous. "My brother," he said, "need not be idealized, or enlarged in death beyond what he was in life, to be remembered simply as a good and decent man who saw wrong and tried to right it, saw suffering and tried to heal it, saw war and tried to stop it ..." He stumbled on: "Those of us who loved him and who take him to his rest today pray

that what he was to us and what he wished for others will some day come to pass for all the world. As he said many times . . . 'Some men see things as they are and say why. I dream things that never were and say why not?' " Then he retired, eyes flashing, to his pew.

Finally, on a June morning turned suddenly balmy and brilliant, the great bronze doors swung open; the "Hallelujah Chorus" filled Fifth Avenue; a little circle of family and friends handed the coffin gently down to the hearse. Past tens of thousands of weeping and waving mourners, some flinging roses in its path, the cortege crawled downtown to Penn Station. And there Kennedy's casket was lifted aboard the ivy-decked funeral train. The family followed, Rose and Ted and Jacqueline, and Ethel, thickly veiled, shepherding all but the tiniest of her ten children. The 21-car train puffed out of the station. The long, slow journey home had begun.

Journey: It was a page from the American past, a throwback to the trains that carried Lincoln and McKinley and Franklin Roosevelt to their graves. Mourners by the thousands stood in a baking sun for hours at every station, jostling for a glimpse of Ethel and Jackie and the flag-draped casket as they passed in the observation car. Teddy came out on the platform and waved, and they waved back, flags and handkerchiefs fluttering. In Elizabeth, N.J., a man and a woman, crowded too close to the edge of the platform, were swept under the wheels of a northbound train and killed as they craned for a look at the incoming Kennedy train. With that, the train stopped; advance man Bruno refused to give the go-ahead until railroad officials suspended all other traffic on the route. Even then, the great throngs slowed the journey, and so did mechanical trouble. The day had faded to a mellow gold when the train passed Baltimore, through a crowd singing the "Battle Hymn" and "We Shall Overcome," and night had fallen when at last it reached Washington four and one-half hours late.

No one aboard wanted the trip to end; there was a certain release in motion, a terrible finality in reaching the end of the line. The trip, for the 700 passengers, was a rolling Irish wake; drinks were served up; the bereaved laughed in the face of sorrow. The survivors walked through the train to thank everybody for coming: young Joe in one of his father's pinstripe gray suits, then Ethel and Jacqueline and Teddy. "I hoped," said one family intimate, "that we'd never get there."

Yet finally the train arrived in Union Station; finally the coffin was carried to the hearse; finally the cortege set out, past huge, silent crowds, down streets shining with a fresh rain and a radiant, nearly full moon, for Arlington Cemetery. The caravan slid past the places Kennedy had graced—the Senate Office Building, the Department of Justice—and it circled and stopped at Lincoln Memorial while a choir, at the family's request, sang the "Battle Hymn" for Bobby one last time. And then, the procession crossed Memorial Bridge to the cemetery and the low, magnolia-shaded slope where John Fitzgerald Kennedy was buried four and a half years ago.

The mourners had been gathering for hours. The diplomatic corps and the Congress stood waiting through a brief, spattering rain. In the eerie half-light, the President took his place near the gravesite. The eternal flame danced in a freshening breeze. Cardinal Cushing had fallen ill during the train journey; Archbishop Philip Hannan delivered Robert Kennedy's soul to his God.

Bobby Kennedy Jr. led the pallbearers; young Joe stood with his mother. A Harvard band played "America"; the pallbearers folded the flag and gave it to Ted, and he in turn presented it to Ethel. Then she knelt and kissed the coffin—Teddy at her side—then the children carrying tapers. The floodlights shone cruelly bright. A child's voice cried, "Daddy!" And, 60 feet from his brother's grave, a young and driven man who saw wrong and tried to right it, saw suffering and tried to heal it, saw war and tried to stop it, was laid to rest. Robert Francis Kennedy at last had come home.

Newsweek—Bernard Gotfryd

Arlington again: The President (right) joins the Kennedys at graveside