

**POLICE FIND
SIRHAN CAR
NEAR HOTEL**

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Police said yesterday they have found a car belonging to Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, accused assassin of Robert F. Kennedy, parked near the hotel where the senator was shot last Wednesday.

The car had an overtime parking ticket on it.

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Studies by Two Psychiatrists

Similarities Found in Assassins' Personalities

BY EFFIE ALLEY

[Science Writer]

Are Presidential assassins a special breed of men? Are they warped in a particular way that makes them different even from other wanton killers?

According to two American psychiatrists who have studied the characters of such men, the answer is yes. Murderers of this type consistently show certain common attributes and share a common emotional distortion.

Robert F. Kennedy was not a President — and perhaps never would have been—but he was an avowed and determined candidate to attain the office and his chances of doing so were considered good by many. Thus, his shooting falls into the same as Presidential assassinations.

Twisted Personality Pattern

There already are indications that the suspect will show the same twisted personality pattern previously detected in other men who have murdered Presidents or threatened to do so.

Some of the tangled threads which go to make it up were unraveled by Dr. David Rothstein in a study of 10 psychiatric patients committed to the United States medical center for federal prisoners at Springfield, Mo. after threatening the life of a President.

Tells of Similarities

Common factors found among them were "a severe rage against women," depression, and suicidal tendencies," the doctor said.

Writing in the Archives of

General Psychiatry, he also noted that the histories of the 10 who warned of their

deadly intent bore a "number of striking similarities" to news accounts of the life of one who acted to kill a President, Lee Harvey Oswald.

A basic ingredient in the development of what Rothstein calls "Presidential assassination syndrome," seems to be maternal deprivation which leads to the anger against women and a general confusion by the patient of his own identity.

Anger Is Transferred

Often, the doctor noted, the mothers had failed to meet their sons' emotional needs because they themselves were either immature or wrapped up in their own problems. Fathers were either dead, absent, or ineffective.

Lack of an adequate father was not the primary difficulty, the doctor said. Rather, it merely formed an open channel for the original anger against the depriving mother, causing it to be

trained on the father, and then on men in general.

"With the onset of adolescence, there would be a turning from the unsatisfactory family to a larger organization—usually the military service," the doctor wrote.

"Joining the service would hopefully provide the patient with needed controls and masculine identification figures. At the same time it would remove him from women, the real threat. Also joining the service might strengthen his identification with a meaningful group. At a deeper level the patient would probably expect to be taken care of, to gratify his dependent wishes. "Since the military service

could not fulfill these unrealistic and almost magical expectations, it would begin to be viewed as the frustrating object itself."

Problems in Careers

This is probably reflected in the fact that the military careers of the patients had been marked by disciplinary problems and difficulties with authorities before final discharge and bitterness over their discharges afterwards.

Gradually, in the minds of such men, the military service is identified with the government itself, which is indicted in their minds for failure to meet their expectations.

From this it is but a short step to rage directed against the President as the ultimate symbol of the government and responsible for its shortcomings.

Backed by 2d Study

A similar picture emerges from a study made by Dr. Lawrence Z. Freedman, a University of Chicago psychiatrist, of four assassins of American Presidents.

Those included were John Wilkes Booth, who murdered Lincoln; Charles Julius Guiteau, who killed Garfield; Leon Czolgosz, who shot McKinley and Lee Harvey Oswald.

"The men who murdered our Presidents share certain characteristics," Freedman wrote. "They were failures in their own eyes, seemingly unable to handle their own personal problems. Unable to get on or to keep jobs which they considered satisfactory, they wandered from city to city without discernible roots or apparent goals.

"They were incapable of

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sustained love for a woman and they were incapacitated for friendships with a man. They were lonely, hate-filled men haunted by self-doubt."

No Personal Malice

Freedman also said that none of these assassins had anything personal against his victim. When he killed, he

struck not at a man but a symbol.

In each case, the President was seen not only as responsible for the failures of society but also for those of the killer himself.

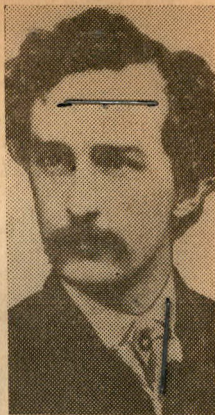
This is because such killers find the fault of their failures not in themselves but in the community in which they must live, and the fault is concentrated above all in the person who is the powerful leader of the community, the President, Freedman explained.



OSWALD



CZOLGOSZ



BOOTH

REVENGE PLOT REPORT STILL BEING PROBED

MONTREAL, June 7 (P) — Royal Canadian mounted police said today they are continuing investigation of a report that eight "Quebec revolutionists" had left here to attempt to assassinate President Johnson, New York Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, and Vice President Humphrey.

United States border guards at Rouses Point, about 50 miles south of here, also said they were maintaining their watch on Canadians passing thru into New York state.

The reported assassination plans were revealed yesterday in an anonymous telephone call to the United States consulate here. A male caller threatened to revenge the death of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy and said that eight men would drive to New York to accomplish the three assassinations.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, state police, and other United States agencies said last night they had been alerted. A spokesman for the consulate said the report was treated seriously altho it was thought to be far-fetched.

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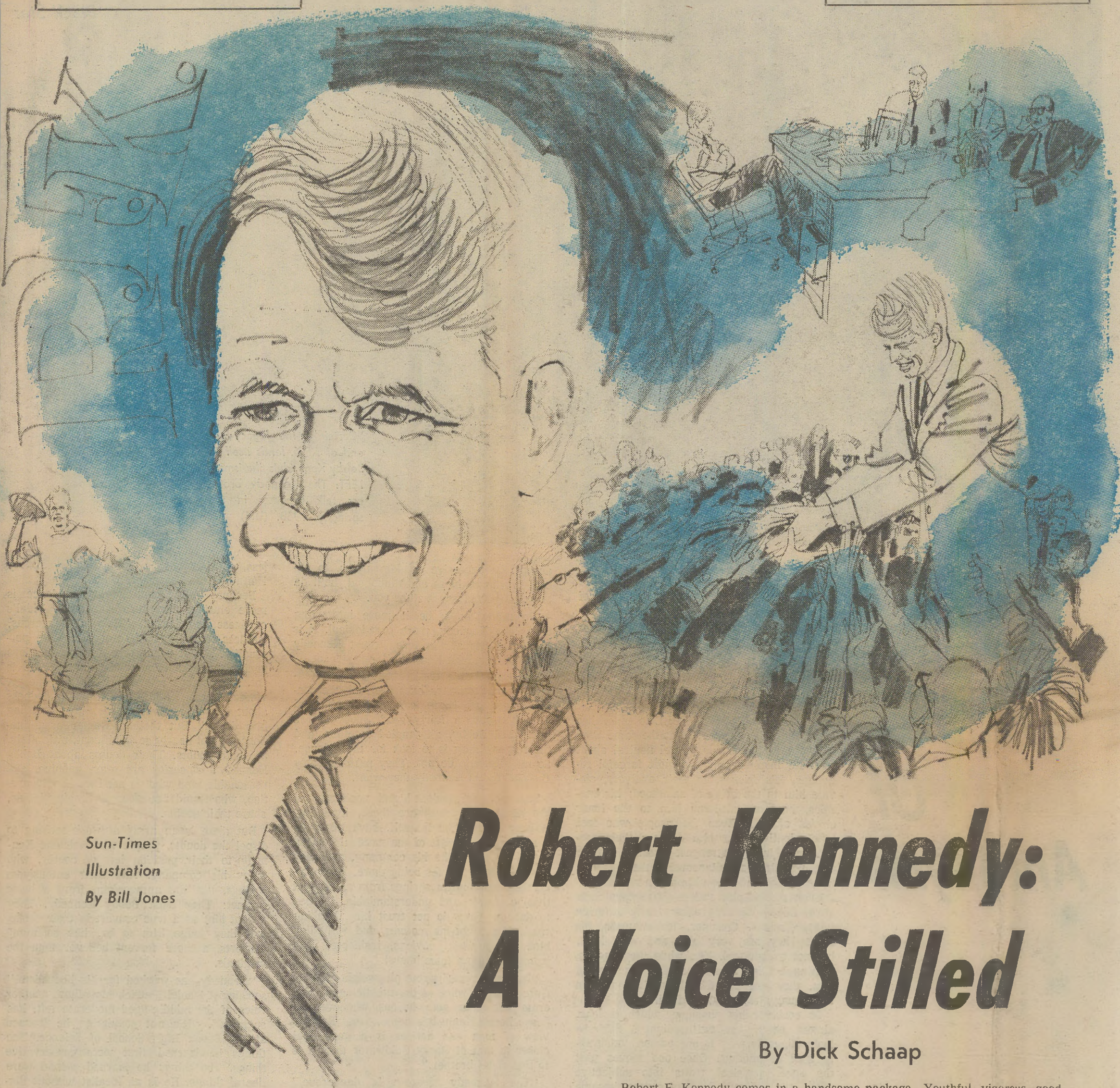
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Special
Viewpoint
Section



Sun-Times
Illustration
By Bill Jones

Robert Kennedy: A Voice Stilled

By Dick Schaap

Robert F. Kennedy, slain last week in a tragic echo of history, was one of the most complex and controversial political figures of our times. This compelling portrait of the senator as he was in life is excerpted from the book "R.F.K." by Dick Schaap, recently published by New American Library. Schaap, a veteran editor and author, is New York columnist for The Sun-Times' Book Week.

Robert F. Kennedy comes in a handsome package. Youthful, vigorous, good-looking, elegantly wrapped in pertinent statistics and proper causes, brightly decorated by experience in almost every phase of governmental activity, Bobby Kennedy looks like the perfect present for the country that has everything. The difficulties begin when one opens the package.

Inside the outer box, there is another box, and inside that, another, and another, like an unending practical joke, until, finally, one reaches the core, the product. There is a core—a basic Bobby Kennedy who believes in good and evil, who loves and hates, who is capable of the extreme emotions, the genuine emotions. Immediately, this puts Bobby Kennedy ahead of so many politicians who are only boxes inside boxes—fewer and far less fascinating boxes than surround Bobby Kennedy—with nothing at the core.

Yet the boxes that surround Kennedy are more than decoration. They are significant. Each reveals a facet of his personality, a facet of his past, and each has a bearing on all he says and all he does. With Bobby Kennedy, to a

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Photo On
Facing Page
By Steve Schapiro
From
Black Star

"Certainly, the legacy-legend of J.F.K. lends itself to Bobby Kennedy's charisma." LEFT: The Kennedy brothers talk together in the spring of 1963. (UPI)

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very real extent, to twist the message of Marshall McLuhan, the product is the package. Ultimately, the analogy grows complicated, which is only fitting, because Bobby Kennedy is a complicated man. Someone once said that he is not a complicated man, that, rather, he is several simple men, but even this is oversimplification.

A Festival Of Antonyms

IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE to generalize about Bobby Kennedy, and at the same time it is almost impossible to feel neutral about him. He inspires only the most forceful reactions. His friends, in their analyses, elevate him to the brink of sainthood; his enemies, in turn, condemn him to the inner circles of hell. Even the people who feel ambivalently about him express their ambivalence in the strongest possible terms, offering him, simultaneously, the ultimate in acceptance and the ultimate in rejection.

Even the simplest, most elementary facts about Bobby Kennedy allow vastly differing interpretations. Consider, for example, his eyes. They are very blue and very light, but not exceptional. Yet, while they suggest nothing but ice to anyone who has crossed him, they are beautiful beyond description to a young girl who works for him.

Or consider his physique, which is lean, almost bony, not extraordinary. Still he looks ruggedly wiry to one person, vulnerably frail to another. Once one moves past the sheer physical traits into subjective areas, the contradictions, of course, become more pronounced. Just as his eyes can freeze or melt, he can be judged ruthless or compassionate, brash or shy, detached or involved, devious or honest, opportunist or idealist, vacuous or intelligent.

Bobby Kennedy is a festival of antonyms.

ONE NEWSPAPERMAN who was close to John F. Kennedy, who has known Bobby Kennedy well for more than a decade and has felt both Bobby's warmth and Bobby's heat, neatly verbalizes the conflict. "Just when you get Bobby typed," he says, "as the white hope, bright and compassionate and vibrant and with it, he'll do something so bad it'll jar you completely, destroy your faith in him. And just as you're ready to

accept the excessive condemnations, to accept him as ruthless and diabolical, he'll do something so classy it stuns you.

"In many ways, he is more interesting than John Kennedy, more paradoxical. It is harder to get at the true Robert Kennedy than the true John Kennedy."

The inescapable truth about Robert Kennedy is that the paradoxes are real, the conflicts do exist. There is a good Bobby and a bad Bobby, a fairly good Bobby and a fairly bad Bobby, all tangled together, and the responsibility is to look for the balance. So many people do not. They purchase only the package of Kennedy they want.

The most impassioned and vociferous of the anti-Bobby voices are those, ironically, of people who, like himself, have taken up a position to the left of the national consensus. They don't like his company, and they give him no credit for being there. Essentially, their antagonism springs from an instinct that is simple and understandable, if open to debate: They do not trust him. Lacking trust, they doubt his motives, and by finding him opportunistic, devious, insincere, they pronounce him a false liberal.

"It is apparent," wrote playwright-essayist Gore Vidal, a voice of the middle-aged moderate left, who gets furious whenever he hears Bobby Kennedy's name, "that Bobby's view of men and actions is a good deal closer to that of Barry Goldwater than it is to that of his brother."

"The Kennedy rhetoric is dangerous," wrote journalist Robert Scheer, a voice of the young New Left, "precisely because it provides the illusion of dissent without its substance. Hubert Humphrey is a bad joke to most young people, but Bobby is believable, and for that reason, much more serious. He could easily co-opt prevailing dissent without delivering it."

THE ANTI-Bobby LIBERALS lift most of their specific criticisms out of his past, then blend them with their own suspicions about the present. Asked to present an indictment of Kennedy, they reach back to the influence of his unmistakably conservative father, to his service for and his friendship with Sen. Joseph McCarthy, to his ruth-

less, if righteous, crusade against Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters Union.

Because solid contemporary evidence is more elusive, they turn subjective. Vidal's cattiness is classic: "He's a dangerous, ruthless man. He's a Torquemada-like personality. . . . It would take a public-relations genius to make him appear lovable. He is not. His obvious characteristics are energy, vindictiveness, and a simple-mindedness about human motives which may yet bring him down." But their character assassinations are not nearly so significant, ultimately, as their doubts. Their doubts about Bobby Kennedy's sincerity are often genuine, and reasonable men who do not deal in vituperation, who would not stoop to flinging labels, share their doubts.

But there is an army at work seeking to dispel the doubts, people who welcome Kennedy to their position left of center, who enjoy his company. And their enthusiasm springs, like the antagonism, from a basic instinct: They trust Bobby Kennedy. They accept him as a true convert to their cause, and they judge him to be, like so many converts, a more fervent believer than the originals.

"Kennedy has worked for his liberalism," sociologist Daniel Patrick Moynihan, another voice of the middle-aged moderate left, has suggested. "It's not something he learned at the Bronx High School of Science. The things he learned first were conservative things. The things he learned second were liberal things. He is an idealist without illusions. He is committed to a certain kind of tough-mindedness. You might want to call this the higher liberalism."

"Kennedy is the first liberal politician," wrote journalist Jack Newfield, another voice of the young New Left, "to transcend the cold war and the clichés of the 1950s. He is more concerned with peace treaties than with collective security; more involved with the nonworking poor than with the labor-union bureaucracy; more attuned to the Negro's need for participation and pride in his blackness than to the old slogans of integration. He is totally contemporary."

The pro-Bobby liberals recognize his past,

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acknowledge the McCarthy-Hoffa syndrome, but discount it as part of his maturing process. They cull the evidence for their support of him from his more recent statements and actions, his resistance to an air strike against Cuba, his stand against the conduct of the war in Vietnam, his battles to enroll James Meredith at the University of Mississippi and to enroll thousands of Negro voters in the South, his expanding concern for the civil liberties of the individual, his expressed conviction that the radicals of the right pose a greater threat to the United States today than the radicals of the left.

OUTSIDE THE LIBERAL COMMUNITY Bobby Kennedy generates equal heat but less debate. Most people who lean toward the conservative are united against him, and they do not have to persuade each other. They go mostly by gut reaction—the label of "left-wing Democrat" is sufficient—because they are unable to strike at certain vulnerable points, like his ties with McCarthy.

Kennedy does have some conservative supporters—ideological conservatives who detest Gore Vidal but share his belief that Bobby Kennedy is basically conservative; reflex conservatives who, ignoring ideology, want to exorcise the national guilt about the assassination of John F. Kennedy; Roman Catholics who accept Kennedy strictly on the basis of religion. They are a distinct minority.

The Kennedy-watcher is partly like a spectator at a boxing match who, no matter where he sits, may miss seeing one fighter throw a low punch or the other land a clean blow; and he is partly like a man lost in love, who chooses to see only the beauty, not the blemishes, or a man lost in hate, who chooses to see only the reverse.

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE that one man could inspire such opposite assessments, but examine the levels of Bobby Kennedy, the boxes that surround him, and the conflicts become understandable.

Start with his charisma. Beyond a doubt, he has charisma, an almost magical draw-

ing power that prompts construction workers, balanced on the girders of a skeletal building, to wave at him as he walks by, that pulls teen-agers away from their transistors and gathers them about him, that turns college students into squealing maniacs. No one who has ever traveled with him can doubt his appeal. People want to see him, touch him, smile at him, shake his hand, even rumple his hair, and his supporters say he is a symbol of the dynamic new politics, and his detractors say he is trading on the reputation of his dead brother.

Certainly, the legacy-legend of J.F.K. lends itself to Bobby Kennedy's charisma. And, certainly, he encourages the connection inescapably, with his looks and voice and gestures, and, pointedly, with his repeated allusions to the martyred President. (Always, he refers to "President Kennedy" or "my brother"—never to "Jack.")

(If anyone talks of the late President as "Jack" in Bobby Kennedy's presence, he winces, and the eyes do turn cold.) Critics suspect a ploy; friends consider the references a logical obsession. But then, in private conversations, the same theme keeps coming through, the same quiet allusions, and then obviously it is not a ploy, and the best explanation seems to be that Bobby Kennedy quotes his brother the way a good preacher quotes the Bible. It is his favorite, most dependable text.

Each aspect of Bobby Kennedy's personality allows a similar range of interpretations. He is, for instance, a notably disconcerting conversationalist; in the art of small talk, he is, at best, a few steps in front of the late Harpo Marx.

"When you're with Bob," says William vanden Heuvel, a former Justice Department lawyer who serves as one of Kennedy's ties to New York politics, "the burden of conversation is always on you."

The first temptation is to brand him distant or rude; the eventual realization that he is, actually, shy comes as a shock. No one should have his power and prestige, and still be shy. But Bobby Kennedy is. Additionally, suggests Peter Edelman, "The senator uses a shorthand in conversation. He

doesn't waste words. It can be frustrating; you have to catch on fast."

EVEN THE WAY HIS FRIENDS and associates refer to Kennedy is revealing. Edelman calls him "the senator"; vanden Heuvel, "Bob"; Schlesinger, "Robert." Each says "Kennedy" at times, and none says "Bobby." The diminutive, once used by everyone, is now reserved for his family. One explanation is that, when Jimmy Hoffa started calling him "Bobby" with heavy sarcasm, the name became distasteful to him. Another explanation is that "Bobby" sounds undignified for a United States senator in his forties. Neither explanation stands up.

The most legitimate reason for avoiding the diminutive is that "Bobby" connotes warmth, and Bobby Kennedy does not. To anyone who knows him less than intimately, Bobby Kennedy is not one of the warm people. He is not the sort of person who immediately puts others at ease and encourages closeness. Yet he shows flashes of compassion that many of the warmest people cannot match.

Once, in a Kansas City suburb, only a few months after his brother's assassination, he dedicated a home for the aged, and Ben Bradlee, an objective Kennedy-watcher who is now the managing editor of The Washington Post, accompanied him.

"The old and the crippled were all lined up downstairs," Bradlee recalls, "and after he spoke with them, he went upstairs where the dying were. There was this woman rattling. It was the death rattle. I had never heard it before. Bob stood for twenty minutes holding her hand and whispering to her. She had no idea who he was. Bob was absolutely lost in this. No phoniness. No one around. No photographers. It brought tears to my eyes."

If his displays of warmth seem spontaneous, his displays of arrogance seem similarly natural. His arrogance is not vicious, not premeditated; it is the milder arrogance of wealth and position, and it reveals itself in small ways. Some of it is amusing—his habit of roaming without money, borrowing

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A Magical Drawing Power



"Beyond a doubt he has charisma, an almost magical drawing power." LEFT: Sen. Kennedy speaks to crowds during his California campaign. (Photo by Steve Schapiro from Black Star)

A Man Of Flaws And Virtues

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subway fare and church donations from reporters and aides—but some of it is not.

Generally, he does not open doors; others open doors for him. He does not carry his own attache case; someone plucks it from his hand and carries it for him. He does not wait for people; passengers aboard his family's private plane are told that the aircraft takes off when he boards, and if they are tardy, they lose their ride.

His sense of humor saves him often. It is a dry and pointed sense of humor, and usually, even while it is pointed at himself, it serves, deliberately, to blunt critics' charges against him.

One morning, before leaving his home for his office, he carried The New York Times upstairs to his wife, then hurried downstairs, turned to a friend, and said, "That's my good deed for the day. Now I can go back to being ruthless."

When a biographer of John Kennedy wrote that Bobby was anti-Semitic, Ed Guthman, the attorney general's press-secretary, who is Jewish, brought the book to his boss and pointed out the indictment. Kennedy stared hard at Guthman. "I always knew," he said, deadpan, "there was something about you I hated."

In 1967, at a dinner in Philadelphia of the Americans for Democratic Action, he spotted Congressman William Green, whose father had been a political boss in the tradition the ADA was born to oppose. "Billy," said Kennedy from the speaker's rostrum, "how would your father feel if he knew you were here?" Pause. "Come to think of it, how would my father feel if he knew I was here?"

CRITICS CHARGE, with varying degrees of intensity, that if John F. Kennedy brought intelligence to the Presidency, Robert F. Kennedy would not. Certainly, as a student, he never threatened to join Phi Beta Kappa, and as a young man, his thirst for knowledge seemed quenched much more easily by facts than by comprehension. Even as the thirst grew, Bobby Kennedy suffered in comparison with his brother.

"Jack travels in that speculative area where doubt lives," Charles F. Spalding, a

family friend, once said. "Bobby does not travel there."

"Bobby is considerably more primitive toward ideas, people, and institutions than his brother," said an official serving the Kennedy Administration. "He doesn't have the literary background or interests the President does." But the official saw hope. "Bobby has a limited, but growing, acquaintance with intellectualism," he said. "The more he is exposed, the more he is impressed."

In the eyes of his friends, not surprisingly, the promise of Kennedy's intelligence has been fulfilled. "He is certainly not an intellectual," says Robert Morgenthau, "but he has an ability to get down to the guts of the problem."

"He is not scholarly at all," says Peter Edelman. "He is instinctive. He sees to the essence of things. He finds the one thing that cuts to the heart of the matter."

From a limited inventory of Bobby Kennedy's characteristics, a picture emerges of an interesting man, even an impressive man, but not an extraordinary man. He is at least reasonably intelligent; he has a quick sense of humor, a firm sense of morality, a frustrating mixture of arrogance and compassion. These are private traits, and in most men, they would have an impact only on a small sphere. But Bobby Kennedy is not a private man. He is a public man.

What sets him apart, what makes him extraordinary, is his dedication to, or obsession with, the twin fields of politics and power. They cannot be separated; almost by definition, a politician is a man in search of power, and how he acquires that power, how he uses it, and how he reacts to it determine the sort of politician he is.

Kennedy, of course, seeks power, the ultimate power of the Presidency. Totally apart from the value of his ideas, apart from the depth of his belief in them, Kennedy wants to win. His fierce competitiveness, instilled at home, conditioned in sports, and polished in politics, is so obvious it is accepted even by his enemies.

"Bobby Kennedy has a tremendous will to win," Richard Nixon once said, not without admiration.

Once Kennedy wanted to win primarily for

the sake of winning; that spirit persists, but merged with it now, to an extent that defies precise measurement, is a conviction that his victory is important beyond himself. Others, prejudiced by their closeness to him, share this conviction.

BOBBY KENNEDY'S APPROACH to power appears to have shifted with his motivation. He used to be incredibly blunt.

Now he seems to have softened. "He was a pusher, a shover," says a Boston newspaperman who has known Bobby Kennedy for fifteen years. "He isn't anymore."

Friends attribute the softening to maturity, which is only one explanation. A second is that Bobby Kennedy, consciously or unconsciously, as he looks upon himself increasingly as the heir to his brother's ideals, tries to act more like his brother.

And a third explanation is that he does not use power so rawly these days simply because he lacks the raw power he once had.

When Kennedy had power, he did not waste it. He refused to tolerate laziness or ineptitude, he destroyed egos and bruised people's lives, but he drove himself hard, and he managed his jobs well.

KENNEDY'S RELATIONSHIP with his immediate family, like the rest of his life, is open to varying interpretations. Relaxing at Hickory Hill, he can be the ideal father, romping on the lawn with any of the 10 children, encouraging them in school and in hobbies, drawing them into the frequent touch-football games. Kennedy at his family best is Kennedy watching the Super Bowl on television in his den, wrestling on the floor with one of his daughters, dropping an ice cube, for a joke, down her back.

He is utterly devoted to his wife, Ethel, a wonderfully unaffected woman, as friendly, cheerful, and likable as she is athletic.

This is a complex man, full of strengths and weaknesses, full of virtues and faults—which puts him among the majority. Yet his flaws are human, if annoying, and they seem more than matched by his energy, his awareness, his understanding.

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© By Dick Schaap

Sparkling Heir Of Camelot To Nation's Young People

This article is taken from the recent book, "Bobby Kennedy and the New Politics," by Penn Kimball, a noted journalist, scholar and participant in public affairs. Since 1959, he has been a professor at the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University.

By Penn Kimball

Bobby Kennedy is to young voters and voters-to-be the sparkling heir of Camelot, the symbol of the future in a world of aging statesmen.

The sense of identification between Bobby and young people is mutual. For a man past 40, with sprinkles of gray in his hair, Bobby manages to give off incredibly youthful waves. His energy and stamina are immense. He is easily bored. He is a person of moods, ebullient one moment, glum the next. He speaks directly, sometimes with upsetting candor.

In the presence of strangers over 30, he becomes virtually tongue-tied. His Skeezix haircut and Bugs Bunny smile are adored by teen-agers but upset the middle-aged.

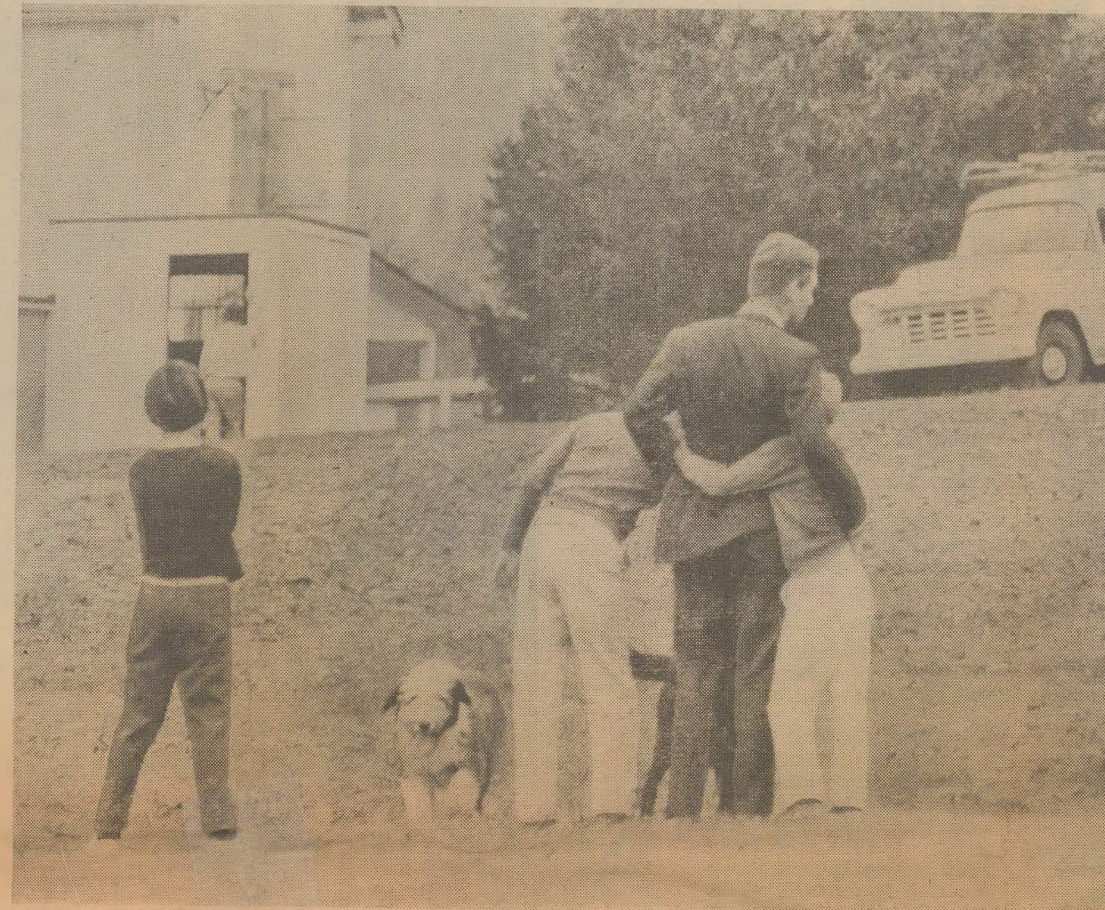
Sitting in his rear seat in the Senate, he could easily be mistaken from the gallery for a page. In a hearing room, perched behind the bench with a pencil tucked behind his ear and tortoise-shell glasses shoved back on his head, he might be a graduate student.

His hands move restlessly over his face; he continually adjusts his hair with his fingertips, playing with the forelock or patting it down deliberately with the palm of his hand. The slouch in his walk, the low-hanging trousers, the shy grin and glance out of the corner of his eye at the best-looking girl in the room—they are all reminiscent of the all-American boy.

WHEN THE YOUNG VOLUNTEERS who flock to help at Bobby's headquarters are asked what it is that attracts them, they mention his courage ("I wish I had his guts; I mean, I admire his cool when he shoots those rapids"); his vision ("He stands up against the rationalizations of the adult world—like the nation-state, for example; once you see through the nation-state, you see through the whole rotten mess"); his intelligence ("He doesn't talk like a politician; you know, he talks about things the way we do in college; you know; he represents an intelligent, you know, educated approach"); his modernity ("Bobby turns me on because he's so contemporary; he's so alienated from the power structure—right down to his communication hang-up—it's wild!").

With kids, this father of 10 has almost total rapport. "Jack hated big families," says an intimate. "He described the household he grew up in as 'institutionalized living,' a cellblock for the kids and the toothbrushes all laid out in a row. Bobby gives his own children his complete attention, answering their questions, admiring the new owl and all the rest."

When Bobby walks through a neighborhood, children cling to him and reach out their hands to his. He leads them along, clasping a palm on either side like a father leading youngsters through a crowd,



Robert Kennedy is comforted by two of his children on the lawn of his home after he had been notified of the assassination of his brother, the President. (UPI)

in a Pied Piper procession past rat-infested tenements.

Outside Bobby's senate office door, as he rushes back for a long overdue appointment, a constituent waits in the corridor with his plain, pale young daughter. Bobby stops, chuckles the child under the chin and asks her name. The little girl, immobilized by wonder, stammers softly "Marianne." Bobby leans over, looks into her face and replies softly, "Marianne, you're beautiful!" The father beams as the child, suddenly relieved, indeed takes on beauty.

WHEN BOBBY MEETS with college-age students, he is back in his element. He starts with a low-key joke, usually on himself. He asks the students their opinions—a show of hands, for example, on which course we should follow in Vietnam. Then he delivers a little set speech, full of uplift. Finally, he takes their questions, answering them with jabs of the thumb sticking up from his clenched fist, like a painter lining up his perspective. The mannerism has been adopted by members of his office staff, most of whom are still in their 20s and 30s.

IN HIS SPEECHES it is the young and the future of the young to which he continually returns. When he speaks of poverty, it is the effect of poverty on children that obviously moves him most. The identity crisis is not only at the root of the upheavals in the poverty-stricken areas of our rural countryside and urban ghettos; it is also an impor-

tant element in young peoples' dissatisfactions everywhere with what they see as the absurdity of present-day institutions.

Bobby Kennedy, as much as any practicing politician, seems to have picked up the serious ideas behind the new generation's protests against the achieving society with all its impersonal demands.

Bobby's ability to establish communication with the young is an untested asset in his political future.

"A politician who is liked by kids can't be all bad," a skeptical Bobby watcher conceded.

Bobby likes to joke about lowering the voting age to 16 but turns serious in talking about critical decisions that may affect the lives of those not yet old enough to register their feelings at the polls.

If there is one spontaneous trait in Bobby, it is his affinity for youngsters. He has been bold enough to tell students to their faces that the system of college deferments from the draft gives them an unfair advantage over Negroes without jobs. After a rousing reception from 15,000 University of California students at Berkeley, Bobby told them he thought that the people of South Vietnam didn't want Gen. Ky as their leader any more than they wanted the Communists. The off-the-cuff remark made a hit with the student audience but raised a good deal of flak around the heads of our emissaries in Saigon.

Bobby Kennedy rises early and goes to bed late. He schedules conferences at

breakfast and prefers to lunch at his desk. He is always the last passenger to board an airliner. His compulsion for furious physical activity, his family friends say, has been operating since boyhood. He has the wiry frame and hard muscles of a man who never worries about his weight. He has been going at full speed in politics for better than 15 years, and his philosophy is always to try harder than the competition.

"One of the reasons I managed to beat Kenneth Keating for the Senate," he recalls, "is that Keating ran out of steam. When you get tired, you make mistakes. It wasn't so much that I won the election. Keating beat himself."

BOBBY ALSO REMEMBERS that "the one thing that worried my brother in the Presidency was the danger of the big decisions that have to be made when you might be too pooped to think. It is a terrible thing to be tired when you know that what you do might blow up the world."

Bobby Kennedy's career, some say, may have peaked too early for him to make good on the famous inscription on the cigarette case given him by his brother: "After me, how about you?" Yet, as the years of his chonological youth disappear, he cannot be dismissed. For Bobby has managed, in his approach to politics, to stay young and, possibly, even a little ahead of his time.

From the book, "Bobby Kennedy and the New Politics" by Penn Kimball. © 1968 by Penn Kimball. Published by Prentice-Hall Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

Two victims of violence, Sen. Robert Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., met on the White House grounds in June, 1963. (AP)

An Appeal To Blacks And Poor

By Christopher Chandler

It looked like a retooled version of the old-fashioned machine politics. Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was running in his first presidential primary and he was trying to build a coalition of support that could carry him on to the nomination in Chicago.

He imported his brother-in-law, a Polish prince, to speak to Polish groups. His aides worked for weeks to gain Lithuanian endorsements. He made one of the most dramatic speeches of his career in the heart of the Indianapolis Negro ghetto.

They talked about the "Irish mafia" that was invading Indiana. In the cities dotting the farm plains, loudspeakers blared forth "Indianer can choose the next President of the United States" as young Bostonians with strong accents manned the soundtrucks.

The campaign progressed and Kennedy was accused editorially of "injecting racism" into the contest or trying to "buy the election." His voter support was described in slanted news story after news story as "Negroes and whites on welfare."

But when the votes were in, Kennedy had won his first presidential primary. And in doing so, he had demonstrated his unique appeal to the poor and the black and the blue collar worker and the immigrant voting blocs who often feared and hated each other, but blocs which all had found a place in the new Kennedy order.

In Gary, he swept the Negro precincts by more than a nine-to-one margin, and broke even in the white wards. Nearby Whiting had voted overwhelmingly for Alabama Gov. George C. Wallace in 1964. It is an all-white bedroom community inhabited almost exclusively by voters of Eastern

European ancestry, who work in the steel mills and the oil refineries. In this primary, Kennedy carried every Whiting precinct.

TO RICHARD WADE, professor of history at the University of Chicago and Kennedy's campaign manager for Illi-

nois, that primary demonstrated why Sen. Robert F. Kennedy should have been the next President of the United States.

He described with a sense of foreboding the growing polarization of the races and the heightening tensions within the cities. The affluent suburbs were far removed from the problem, he said, but there was "guerrilla warfare" where the Negro ghetto abuts the blue collar neighborhoods.

"He was the only national politician who had an appeal in both these areas," Wade said in an interview. "That fact meant that his election would give us four years to try to find long-range solutions."

In his victory statement Tuesday night, after sweeping the California primary with the assistance of the black vote and the Mexican-American vote, and a good portion of the blue-collar vote, Sen. Kennedy made an oblique reference to the well off suburban areas that he did not and could not carry in an election.

He suggested that the divisions in the country were based more and more along economic lines, divisions between the affluent and the less affluent.

As the campaign had worn on his support grew to include the farmer, the Spanish speaking, and residents of the close in, urbanized suburbs. But his nucleus of support remained the immigrant groups and the blacks.

BY WEDNESDAY, when everything suddenly stopped, he had made remarkable progress toward establishing that nationwide base. Afterward, there remained the deeply felt personal sense of identification of the working man and the black man and the outcast with this millionaire.

The sense of identification was there in the ethnic communities, waiting to be stirred. Chicago's Polish neighborhoods were divided about Kennedy, much as Whiting was divided before the senator campaigned there. A secretary at the Polish Roman Catholic Union tried to explain it:

"The older generation looked up to him with faith that he could straighten out this mess. They looked up to him the way the colored people looked up to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr."

She said the younger generation was less swayed by him,



Alfred Pilmore, 84-year-old Ogalala Sioux Indian, discusses Indian needs with the presidential hopeful during campaigning in South Dakota in April. (AP)

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The then-attorney general and his wife are greeted by flag-waving children in Prince Edward County, Virginia, in 1964. (AP)

'You're My Man,' They Cry

Continued from Preceding Page

particularly because of some of his early statements on civil rights. She herself was "all the way out for him."

Why? she was asked. What was there about him?

"First of all he was a family man. His views were different from President Johnson's. I felt he could clean up the mess in this country and he had the promise of ending the war in Vietnam. I have a son there."

As the interview went on, there were these other factors that emerged: He was a Catholic, he had a large family and he was boss of his family.

"There was a lot of warmth in him. He was out there trying to do everything he could for us."

AND MANY RESIDENTS of the city's black communities felt much the same way, although for a somewhat different set of reasons.

"I felt closer to him than anyone," said a Negro student at Waller High School. "I felt he could really change things. Dr. King could bring things up, and embarrass the people so much, but when it really came down to it, it takes a politician to do things, you know."

Pollcemen guarded the fire alarm boxes at Waller Wednesday, fearful that a series of false alarms would set off massive walkouts such as those following the assassination of Dr. King.

Beverly Ball, a social studies teacher at Forrestville High School on the South Side, said the "dominant feeling, among the black teachers and the students, was that there was a conspiracy against anyone who tried to help the black people."

It is a powerful emotional logic, in the context of the assassinations of President John F. Kennedy, Medgar Evers, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Sen. Kennedy.

And it was similar to earlier widespread feelings in the Negro community that white America was going to "steal" the election from Kennedy in the primaries.

THE REASONS for the close identification were growing as the campaign wore on. The high school girl tried to explain.

There was the widespread support for his brother John, reflected in the fact that the former President's portrait hangs in homes throughout the nation's ghettos.

There was the suffering Sen. Kennedy had endured which formed a common bond. She said: "Nothing's happened to Nixon. He hasn't even fallen down and hurt himself yet."

There was the growing pride in the fact that Kennedy's margin in the primaries often was being provided by the Negro vote, and that a united black vote was playing a decisive role in American politics.

There was the belief that he was a man interested in get-

ting things done. First he would have ended the Vietnamese war, she said, and then he would have sent people out here to the projects and all."

The identification was there, in the Spanish-speaking community, where one man didn't go to work Wednesday for fear of "punching someone in the nose" because his co-workers were not for Kennedy, and in the Ukrainian community, where an elderly woman explained simply, "He was my boy."

Wade, reflecting on the campaign that would have been, was convinced that if Kennedy had won the nomination he could have "won handily." He could have carried the cities, Wade continued, and essential to the general election, he could have carried the inner suburbs because "they are going through essentially city pangs."

WADE FIGURES he would have been badly defeated in the high-income suburbs removed from the city centers.

"Kennedy's concern was for the unorganized, the powerless and the vulnerable," Wade said. "He seemed to care for those who were left out, at a time when nobody else did. It wasn't that he knew exactly what to do about it. But one of the ways he tried to find out was by going into the vineyards and the Appalachian slums and find out what it was like."

Kennedy, the brother of the man who had demonstrated the ultimate accommodation of an immigrant group in American life by being elected President, had a special rapport with all those in our democracy who are not white, Anglo-Saxon Protestants.

"We are all identified, we all identify ourselves, as members of some group within the wider American nation," he wrote in his book "To Seek a Newer World."

He was talking about that fact that the American "melting pot" has not assimilated the immigrants and the minority groups in the way that, 10 years ago, we all assumed it had.

HE WROTE about the need for separate identity and pride and "community" at a time when the Indians and the Negroes and the Spanish speaking were feeling increasingly that "assimilation" was not the short range goal.

This was brought home to him in his visits to the Negro ghettos and the California vineyards. It was brought home to him by people like Wade, who feels that "the Polish in Chicago are in many ways the most isolated of any group in the city."

It was brought home to him perhaps most dramatically on Indian reservations, the ultimate example of the failure of our society to accommodate or assimilate.

Heading a Senate subcommittee, he heard testimony from a Pueblo medicine man, a Sioux and a Seminole, and then

denounced the government policy of sending thousands of Indian 6-year-olds to boarding schools as "barbarous."

The Indians had told him the children were being "destroyed by the white man's school system." They said the schools "wiped out" the traditional Indian teachings that children learn from their parents, from the tribal wise men or from "the Great Spirit."

That, of course, was the government's intention, in order to assimilate the children into American society. The suicide rate is extremely high at the schools.

AFTER A RECENT VISIT to a Navajo reservation, the local newspaper carried a cartoon of Kennedy chewing out the Bureau of Indian Affairs, his hair tied in an Indian braid.

Jess Six-Killer, a full-blooded Cherokee and head of a newly organized coalition of Indian groups, said after the assassination that Indians had not yet been generally committed to Kennedy. He said: "Basically, the Indians vote according to a simple formula: What is he going to do for us?"

Six-Killer said his name originated in "antiquity" and that similar names go from One-Killer to Sixteen-Killer. He added: "Personally, I like to think it originally referred to white people."

Kennedy was mustering the ethnic vote and the minority vote, and his critics charged him with the old-fashioned politics of "special appeals."

But these special appeals were exactly what was needed, according to a portion of the intellectual community that was not dedicated to the liberalism of either Sen. Eugene McCarthy or Vice President Hubert Humphrey. To this following, the campaign was not based so much on the old-fashioned Irish politics as on respect for the different elements in a pluralistic society.

It was based in part on disillusion with the welfare systems and the public housing programs and the chaos they seemingly helped to create.

To these supporters, Kennedy offered a vision conjured up from the writings of Thomas Jefferson and Alexis de Tocqueville, with flashes from the new left.

It was only an emerging vision, but one that held forth the promise of rearranging the fragments of a society in ferment according to two old principles: the localized "participating democracy" of Jefferson, and the recognition of diverse elements in our society which has been implicit in Irish politics.

And the vision was to be brought into being by the sense of personal identification and trust that this man inspired in the idealistic and the poor and the struggling.

"This is what we needed to hear," the relieved Polish guard had said after a speech in racially tense South Gary. And then, minutes later:

"You're my man" came the cry a few miles to the north, as the senator's motorcade drove through cheering crowds in the black ghetto.



When Sen. Kennedy spoke he showed a definite crowd-pulling charisma. (Black Star Photo by Joe Flowers)

Robert Francis Kennedy

We loved him as a brother and father and son. From his parents, and from his older brothers and sisters—Joe, Kathleen and Jack—he received inspiration which he passed on to all of us. He gave us strength in time of trouble, wisdom in time of uncertainty, and sharing in time of happiness. He was always by our side.

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

—Edward Kennedy, June 8, 1968



Three Kennedys, (l. to r.) Edward, father Joseph, and Robert, together at World Series game in Boston last year. (AP)

LEFT: Sen. Kennedy accompanied sister-in-law Jacqueline to Washington funeral mass for President Kennedy in 1963. (AP)

Pope Paul presents a medal of his reign to Sen. Kennedy and his wife Ethel during a private audience in 1966. (AP)



His campaign for the Presidency under way, he spoke to students and supporters in Albuquerque, N.M., March 29. (UPI)



Chicago Speech A Turning Point

Sen. Kennedy's speech on Feb. 8 in Chicago was seen by many as the point at which he actually became a candidate for President. Wrote Life magazine: It was "his most direct and most passionate indictment of the Vietnam War. . . . The day after it was given, more than 1,000 congratulatory telegrams poured in, and a dozen major newspapers praised it in editorials. Ironically, the speech designed to signal Kennedy's liberation as a non-candidate actually began his engagement as an active candidate. For the first time in months Kennedy had listened to his own raw instinct rather than the convoluted counsel of his brain trust. . . . It also made further support of Johnson's re-election almost inconceivable." Here are excerpts of that speech, given at the Sun-Times Book and Author Luncheon at the Ambassador West Hotel.

The speech, a partial text:

For the sake of those young Americans who are fighting today, if for no other reason, the time has come to take a new look at the war in Vietnam—in fact the time is long past—not by cursing the past but by using it to illuminate the future.

And the first and necessary step is to face the facts. It is to seek out the austere and painful reality of Vietnam, freed from wishful thinking, false hopes and sentimental dreams. It is to rid ourselves of the "good company" of those illusions which have lured us into the deepening swamp of Vietnam.

"If you would guide by the light of reason," said Holmes, "you must let your mind be bold."

We will find no guide to the future in Vietnam unless we are bold enough to strip away the illusions and to confront the grim anguish, the reality of that battlefield which was once a nation called South Vietnam, stripped of deceptive illusions. It is time for the truth. . . .

For years we have been told that the measure of our success and progress in Vietnam was increasing security and control for the population. Now we have seen that none of the population is secure and no area is under sure control. Four years ago when we only had about 30,000 troops in Vietnam, the Viet Cong were unable to mount the assaults on cities they have now conducted against our enormous forces. At one time a suggestion that we protect enclaves was derided. Now there are no protected enclaves.

This has not happened because our men are not brave or effective, because they are. It is because we have not conceived our mission in this war. It is because we have misconceived the nature of the war. It is because we have sought to resolve by military might a conflict whose issue depends upon the will and conviction of the South Vietnamese people. It is like sending a lion to halt an epidemic of jungle rot. . . .

TWO PRESIDENTS and countless officials have told us for seven years that although we can help the South Vietnamese, it is their war and they must win it; as Secretary of Defense McNamara told us last month, "We cannot provide the South Vietnamese with the will to survive as an independent nation . . . or with the ability and self-discipline a people must have to govern themselves. These qualities and attributes are essential contributions to the struggle only the South Vietnamese can supply."

Yet this wise and certain counsel has gradually become an empty slogan, as mounting frustration has led us to transform the war into an American military effort.

The South Vietnamese Senate, with only one dissenting vote, refuses to draft 18 and 19 year old South Vietnamese, with a member of the Assembly asking "Why should Vietnamese boys be sent to die for Americans," while 19-year-old American boys fight to maintain the Senate and Assembly in Saigon. . . .

Nor does it serve the interests of America to fight this war as if moral standards could be subordinated to immediate necessities.



Robert F. Kennedy at the 55th Sun-Times Book and Author Luncheon. (Sun-Times Photo)

Last week, a Viet Cong suspect was turned over to the chief of the Vietnamese Security Services, one of our leading allies, who executed him on the spot, a flat violation of the Geneva Convention on the Rules of War. And what has been done about it?

Of course, the enemy is brutal and cruel, and has done the same thing many times. But we are not fighting the Communists in order to become more like them—we fight to preserve our differences. Moreover, such actions—like the widespread use of artillery and air power in the centers of cities—may hurt us far more in the long run than it helps today.

The photograph of the execution was on front pages all around the world—leading our best and oldest friends to ask, more in sorrow than in anger, what has happened to America? I believe we asked the same question of ourselves that morning and the fact is that we do not have a satisfactory answer. . . .

WE ARE TOLD, of course, that the battle for South Vietnam is in reality a struggle for 250,000,000 Asians—the beginning of a Great Society for all of Asia. But this is pretension.

We can and should offer reasonable assistance to Asia; but we cannot build a Great Society there if we cannot build one in our country. We cannot speak extravagantly of a struggle for 250,000,000 Asians, when a struggle for 15,000,000 in one Asian country so strains our forces, that another Asian country, a fourth-rate power which we have already once defeated in battle, dares to seize an American ship and hold and humiliate her crew.

And we are told that the war in Vietnam will settle the whole course of the future of Asia. But that is a prayerful wish based on unsound hope, meant only to justify the enormous sacrifices we have already made.

The truth is that communism triumphed in China 20 years ago, and was extended to Tibet. It lost in Malaya and the Philippines, met disaster in Indonesia, and was fought to a standstill in Korea. It has struggled against governments in Burma for 20 years

without success, and it may struggle in Thailand for many more. . . .

The history of conflict among nations does not record another such lengthy and consistent chronicle of error, as we have shown in Vietnam. It is time to discard so proven a fallacy and face the reality that a military victory is not in sight, and that it probably will never come.

Unable to defeat our enemy or break his will—at least without a huge, long, and ever more costly effort—we must actively seek a peaceful settlement.

We can no longer harden our terms every time Hanoi indicates it may be prepared to negotiate; and we must be willing to foresee a settlement which will give the Viet Cong and the National Liberation Front a chance to participate in the political life of the country. Not because we want them to, but because that is the only way in which this struggle can be settled.

NO ONE KNOWS if negotiations will bring a peaceful settlement, but we do know there will be no peaceful settlement without negotiations. Nor can we have these negotiations just on our own terms. Again, we might like that.

We may have to make concessions and take risks, and surely we will have to negotiate directly with the NLF as well as Hanoi. Surely it is only another illusion that still denies this basic necessity.

What we must not do is confuse the prestige staked on a particular policy with the interest of the United States; nor should we be unwilling to take risks for peace when we are willing to risk so many lives in war. . . .

No war has ever demanded more bravery from our people and our government—not just bravery under fire or the bravery to make sacrifices—but the bravery to discard the comfort of illusion—to do away with false hopes and alluring promises.

Reality is grim and painful. But it is only a remote echo of the anguish toward which a policy founded on illusion is surely taking us.

The Issues: What He Had To Say

"We must . . . help find a way to dissolve the attitudes which permit men to indulge those passions and ambitions which keep the world in constant conflict and which threaten the survival of all of us. There have been some 70 wars since the end of World War II, and we have made virtually no progress in reducing the capacity for nuclear destruction. In fact, it is constantly increasing. We cannot do this by ourselves. Yet we can show increased understanding for the fears and suspicions of others and act on the knowledge that it is worthwhile to take occasional risks in the name of peace."

Columbus Day Dinner
Waldorf Astoria Hotel
New York, N.Y.
Oct. 11, 1966

"If freedom is to be meaningful, independence must be accomplished by the desire to forge a nation patterned upon the people's desires. Otherwise, freedom can be meaningless in its motives and futile in its operation. And the land will be left prey to forces both within and without which would destroy the very freedom which the people seek."

University of Indonesia
Djakarta, Indonesia
Feb. 14, 1962

"I run to seek new policies. . . . At stake is not simply the leadership of our party or even our country—it is our right to moral leadership on this planet. I cannot stand aside from the contest . . ."

Announcing as candidate
For the Presidency
Capitol
March 16, 1968

"It is not permissible to allow most of mankind to live in poverty—stricken by disease, threatened by hunger, and doomed to an early death after a life of painful labor. . . . The fact is that the fortunate fraction of mankind now has the technology and the knowledge to improve all these afflictions, and we must seek huge leaps of imagination and effort to shatter the frustrating and resistant barriers between human capacity and human need."

Columbus Day Dinner
Waldorf Astoria Hotel
New York, N.Y.
Oct. 11, 1966

"I know how important it is that we abide by the law and that violence and rioting and lawlessness cannot be tolerated in the United States."

Television debate
Los Angeles, Calif.
June 1, 1968

"Jacqueline Kennedy said not long ago that John Kennedy believed so strongly that one's aim should not just be the most comfortable life possible—but that we should all do something to right the wrongs we see and not just complain about them. He believed that one man can make a difference and that every man should try. . . . The challenge of politics and public service is to discover what is interfering with justice and dignity for the individual here and now, and then to decide swiftly upon the appropriate remedies."

"The Pursuit of Justice"

"In troubled times there is always a temptation to grow one's own hedge and cultivate one's own garden. For either the United States or Europe to succumb to such a temptation would be unworthy of our past—and unfaithful to our future. We cannot—you in Europe and we in the United States—become fortresses within ourselves, dealing with and helping only one another. If we do so we will not be meeting our responsibilities to the rest of mankind—and very likely we will be spelling our own destruction."

"The New Frontier and the New Europe"

Beethoven Hall
Bonn, Germany
Feb. 24, 1962



A man of action as well as words, Sen. Kennedy rode a kayak through rapids of Green River in Utah's Dinosaur Quarry in 1965. (AP)

The Way He Died

By Jimmy Breslin



Critically wounded, Sen. Kennedy is sprawled on hotel floor awaiting aid. (Copyright, 1968 Los Angeles Times)

LOS ANGELES—He was shaking hands with the kitchen workers who leaned across trays of cups and saucers and bins of ice cubes. Shaking hands with them and looking at them with those deep-set eyes and his teeth showed in a smile and photographers pushed around the work tables in the kitchen and skidded on the wet floor to make pictures of him and I guess he never saw the guy with the gun.

The gun did not make a very loud noise. Four or five quick, flat sounds in the low-ceilinged room and Kennedy disappears and a guy behind him disappears in the people screaming and running and here is the guy with the gun.

People run from him through the kitchen. Run screaming, and Bill Barry grabs the guy and Roosevelt Grier descends on him and Rafer Johnson grabs him, and they are struggling with him and the guy still has the gun in his hand and they lurch against the table and now you see what is on the floor behind them.

ROBERT KENNEDY is on his back. He has this sad look on his face. His lips are open in pain, and disgust. His right eye rolls up in his head and his left eye closes but still there is this sadness in his face. You see, he knows so much about this thing.

"Doctor!"

"Get a doctor."

"He still has the gun."

"Get away, get away, get away, get away!"

"Please, please, please, please, oh please, please, please."

"Don't kill him, we want him alive. Rosie, don't kill him, we want him alive."

And he is on the floor with his legs kind of curled a little bit and there is blood coming from his right ear and he lies there on the floor and his throat moves just this little bit. He is trying to swallow and the right eye comes down just a little bit and he seems to look. He looks with this hollow sadness, because he knows so much about this kind of thing. He knows about it for so long now. "Russian roulette," he always said. "Living every day is Russian roulette."

They had his shirt open and his flat stomach shows. Did he get hit in the stomach, too? The blood is coming out of the ear.

They have the guy who did it and the guy who did it still has the gun in his hand and

they push the hand holding the gun down onto a metal-topped table and people get up on the table and jump on the guy's hand and stamp on it and he still won't let go.

And now somebody says Roosevelt Grier is going to kill the man with the gun and people again scream please don't kill him. And they flip the guy over onto the table and Grier has the gun. It is not a very big gun. It is a gun with a short black barrel, and here, down through the arms over his face and around his neck, here are these two eyes rolling around.

"Why did you have to do it, why did you have to do it?" the rolling eyes are asked.

The eyes stop rolling, and they just stare. Then the eyes begin rolling again and somewhere in the pile the legs start thrashing and now they pound on him and a cook is standing in the aisle screaming, "Kill him right there. Go ahead and kill him right there. Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!"

"A doctor. Where is the doctor?"

People are pushing and screaming, people are falling down on the floor and lurching into walls and they have their hands over their faces and they are shouting and the women are screaming.

And a priest of the Roman Catholic church kneels over Robert Francis Kennedy.

Now bare arms are pushing against a special policeman and white shirts are pushing and Ethel Kennedy slips across her husband's legs and kneels on his right side, the side where the bullet caught him in the ear and went back into the head, and she is very composed and her body is not shaking and she is cooing to him, this pregnant girl in the blood on the floor with her husband who has been shot.

STILL THERE IS NO DOCTOR. Still no doctor.

Finally, there is a commotion and here comes a cop holding a rifle breaking through and refusing to move and everybody pointing to the table where they sit on the man with the rolling eyes. More cops come and Jesse Unruh is up on the table, screaming at the cops, "I want him alive. I hold you responsible for him being alive. I want him alive."

Jean Smith sways. Steve Smith, Pierre Salinger, Chuck Daly, Walter Sheridan, all looking, looking, looking and this little woman is over her husband who has been shot

and now tables are being thrown out of the way and a stretcher is wheeled up and they begin to pick up Robert Kennedy and he says, very softly:

"Oh, no, no."

It hurts him and it must be the stomach, but it is not the stomach. It is the head, just like it was with his brother.

They roll the stretcher, roll the stretcher through the kitchen, roll it onto a freight elevator and there hands reach for the top of the door to pull it down and camera lights glare and screams go into the lights.

"Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Kennedy coming on," they scream.

Light hair bobs into the crowded elevator. The doors slam and everybody is on the stairs running, running out into the driveway in front of the hotel and red lights flash and sirens wail in the night and the ambulance pulls out. Police cars are everywhere. Wilshire Blvd. is blocked off. The police have red flares in the street.

Red flares and helmeted police and people racing through the red lights and cars rushing down the streets and here is the hospital where they took him, the receiving hospital, and people crash against the glass doors and Steve Smith stands in the hall in front of emergency room No. 2. In Dallas, they put the brother in room No. 1.

"OPEN THE DOOR, get out off the way, the nurse has to get out," a cop yells.

Television cameras held on shoulders lurch and feet shuffle and this chubby black woman comes out and hustles into the switchboard room.

"Call the police so I can give them the blood type and they'll bring it down. They need a lot of blood," she says.

"How is he?" I ask her quietly.

"Well, he's still alive," she said.

Now there is a rushing in the hall and out on the platform where they load and unload ambulances, Bill Barry helps Jean Smith into the ambulance and the cameramen crowd around. Cameramen pushing and packing around and people who see this throw up and the police are screaming at the cameramen to get out of the way so they can roll this stretcher out.

They had a towel over his face and a bottle of plasma glinted in the light and he was in the ambulance and he was gone and now people raced through the red flares on the

streets again. He was at another hospital now, the Good Samaritan Hospital, and the people stood in the street in the darkness in front of the hospital and they waited.

All he had done all night was to keep looking up from the television where they were showing the results and remembering somebody else he wanted to invite to this party he was having at a place called the Factory.

"Dick, could I speak to you please? Dick Harwood."

AND DICK HARWOOD, a reporter, came over and Kennedy, going to a television interview in this packed hallway, whispered to Harwood that he wanted him to come to the Factory. And he asked me where Loudon Wainwright was, because he wanted Loudon to come too, and then he was standing in the middle of the room of his suite, holding a cigar in his hand, and one of his daughters was crying on the bed because she had had an argument, I guess, and another of Robert Kennedy's daughters was sitting on the bed, too. Then he sat down on the bed.

Steve Smith was coming on the television. Robert Kennedy got up and stepped into the next room of the suite and said, "Here, hurry up, I want you to see this." And one of his sons came into the room and kissed him on the cheek and Robert Kennedy and this son of his sat on the edge of the bed and watched Steve Smith talk on television.

It had been such a big, important night. When the first votes came in, Kennedy was in this bedroom in Suite 511 of the Ambassador Hotel. Across the hallway, there was a big party. All of his friends were drinking and watching the returns. But here in the bedroom he was with Dick Goodwin and Milt Gwirtzman and Fred Dutton and Bill Barry and Steve Smith and Ray O'Connell and they all were coming in and out and shutting the door after them and some of them sat on the bed and others stood against the wall.

They watched the returns. In the bathroom, there was an electric typewriter on the sink. The cord was plugged into the socket for electric shavers. Adam Walinsky, the speech writer, had his secretary typing out a victory statement.

Robert Kennedy stood in the middle of the room and watched. The ash on his cigar

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Just before he was shot, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy flashed a victory sign as he thanked supporters for helping him win California's Democratic presidential primary. With him at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles is his wife Ethel. (UPI)

'And Everybody Cried . . .'

Continued from Preceding Page

grew long and he walked over to the windows looking for an ash tray.

"Do you have any results that the television doesn't have?" he was asked.

"Nothing," he said. "Zero. I used to know all these things ahead of everybody. Now I have to wait for the television. It's a bore."

He got up and slipped into the next room. Fred Dutton had these pages in his hand and he started to follow and then he stopped and sat down on the bed.

"I have to talk to him, but I don't want to follow him," he said. "After all these weeks of people tearing at him, it's a relief for him just to be able to walk into another room without somebody bumping into him from behind."

The television said the figures were going to be very good. I mean real good. He had won the South Dakota primary earlier. It was one hell of a night for Robert Kennedy.

Ethel Kennedy came in and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"You know," somebody said to her, "maybe people don't dislike this husband of yours as much as you think."

She reached out and jabbed at the one talking. "I never thought people disliked my husband," she said.

Dick Goodwin came in and sat on the bed and puffed a cigar. "If it's 50, or over 50 tonight, it means the nomination," he said. "People don't know. Hubert Humphrey would be a glass statue against him."

Kennedy came back and sat down. Fred Dutton had Kenny O'Donnell on the phone. O'Donnell was in Washington. Kennedy took the phone.

"Yes, Kenny, thank you. Now what about . . ."

His voice trailed off and he talked about the four states where he had to hold delega-

tions to the convention. New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan. He hung up and he sat on the floor and began talking about his problems.

"You see, the Ohio delegates are meeting on Saturday," he said. "We got them to hold off a month ago and they said they'd do it for us and meet this week. Now he's been all over Ohio." He meant Humphrey.

"I've only been there once. I'd go right in there but you see I've got to be in New York. That's the trouble with McCarthy staying in. He's sending a pleneload of staff people to New York. At least that was the plan earlier tonight. And I have to win New York. So I can't be in two places at once."

"Can't you postpone New York?" he was asked.

"I can't, I've got trouble there, you know that," he said. "Look, your paper is against me because of me coming in after McCarthy. And there's the Times. The Times wants Hubert Humphrey. They don't want me. They don't want me because I'm a Catholic. The Times doesn't like Catholics."

"NOW I KNOW I can turn things around with the people who dislike me. I proved that here. Once people see me and hear me, they don't dislike me so much anymore. But this takes time, and I can't go to Ohio because of it. You see the bind McCarthy has me in? And let's look at it. It's starting to get suspicious how he just decides to hang in against me. There has to be something between him and the Humphrey people."

And now Fred Dutton and Dick Goodwin and Dick Tuck came to take him downstairs to the ballroom, because he was a big winner for sure now and it was time to talk to his campaign workers.

And when he came out into the hallway the photographers, the regulars on the campaign, smiled at him and grinned and took

his picture. They loved him. Everybody who traveled with this little guy with the hair and the sharp nose and the deep-set eyes and the reddish Wexford farm boy complexion fell in love with him. Downstairs, the television cameramen were up on a platform and when Kennedy came in, they were going to be cheering to themselves.

And now, as Robert Kennedy makes his way downstairs to the hotel ballroom, I am going to tell you about this thing that happened to him. I am going to tell you that from the first day he ran for the Presidency, when he went to Kansas by plane to start his first great rush, everybody with him talked only of one thing.

"HE IS GOING to be shot," John Lindsay of Newsweek said on the plane that night. "He is going to be shot as sure as we're here and please God, I don't think we'll have a country after it."

Always, Bill Barry, the big Irish guy who handled Kennedy in crowds, worried about this.

"We have the cars hidden at night, so they can't put a bomb in them," he said. "And the locals wherever we are watch the room at night. But I say we could use another guy. I get mixed up with the crowds and I can't see. And I get tired. Maybe I won't be able to react quick enough. I wish somebody would talk to him."

People did. Late one afternoon at La Guardia Field, while he was waiting to go to Philadelphia, he was told, "This guy of yours is getting tired."

Kennedy glared. "What's this?" his wife Ethel said.

"Do you have anybody looking after your house?" she was asked. "I mean, somebody who can handle something?"

"Oh, that," she said. She looked away.

Robert Kennedy glared. He had a look in

A Chronology Of The Shooting

Here is a chronology in the shooting of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy (D-N.Y.) in Los Angeles Wednesday. Times mentioned are Pacific Daylight Time, two hours earlier than Chicago time.

Midnight—Kennedy gives victory talk to 2,000 supporters in the Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel.

12:10 a.m.—Kennedy leaves the rostrum, moves through the crowd and takes a shortcut toward the hotel press room.

12:15 a.m.—As Kennedy moves through the backstage area, a short, swarthy man stands on a box and fires eight shots as Kennedy moves by.

Kennedy falls, hit three times. Five others near him are wounded. Kennedy supporters grab the assailant and disarm him.

1 to 3 a.m.—Kennedy is taken to Central Receiving Hospital where doctors administer closed cardiac massage, oxygen and adrenalin. Then transferred to Good Samaritan Hospital for brain surgery.

3:12 a.m.—A team of six surgeons start surgery to remove bullet fragments from Kennedy's brain.

6:52 a.m.—Surgery ends with Kennedy in "extremely critical condition." He is moved, unconscious, to the hospital's intensive care unit.

7 a.m.—A suspect is secretly arraigned on six counts of assault with intent to commit murder.

10:45 a.m.—Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and Police Chief Tom Reddin identify the suspect as Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24, a Jordanian from Jerusalem now living in Pasadena, Calif.

7:33 p.m.—Kennedy's press secretary, Frank Mankiewicz, announces that the senator's physicians are concerned over "his continuing failure to show improvement during the post operative period."

(Thursday) 1:44 a.m.—Death comes.

his eyes. No, he was snarling. No, he was not going to give in and be frightened. He walked away and that was the end of it.

And everybody, through all the days of all the trips, kept closing their eyes and saying, don't even mention it. And on Monday in San Francisco, on a street in Chinatown, they set off Chinese firecrackers and Robert Kennedy shook and everybody in the cars behind him, everybody to a man, shook, too.

And now last night, he is in the elevator and out of it into the lobby and he comes into the crowded ballroom and he stands on this rickety wooden stage. The doors behind the stage lead into the kitchen. The kitchen leads into the room where the newspaper writers worked at typewriters.

After he spoke, Kennedy came off the stage and they wanted to take him out the front way but the crowds looked so bad they decided to come through the kitchen. He was going to come in where the newspaper people were writing and he was going to go up to each person typing, as he always does, and say to them, Hello, and do you have enough to write about, and when you're finished I'd like to have a drink with you.

AND MAYBE some people hated him when they were against him, or when they didn't know him. But if you had to work for a living and you wound up around Robert Kennedy to do this work, you wound up with one of your own. And everybody knew he was going to be shot somewhere along the line and last night he was shot in the kitchen while he was coming to see these people who were working and who liked him so very much.

And everybody cried when he was shot down within feet of them. All through the night, they stood on the street in front of the hospital and we always knew, all of us, that someday they would be doing this.

His Last Statement

NEW YORK (AP)—Here are excerpts from Sen. Robert F. Kennedy's victory statement in Los Angeles, delivered just prior to the shooting, as recorded by radio station WOR.

Sen. Kennedy began by saying, "I want to first express my high regard to Don Drysdale. He pitched his sixth straight shutout tonight and I hope that we have as good fortune in our campaign."

He expressed his gratitude to many who worked in the campaign and then said:

"I'm very grateful for the vote that I received in the agricultural areas as well as in the cities. It seems to indicate quite clearly what we can do here in the United States—the vote here in the state of California and the vote in the state of South Dakota. Here is the most urban state of any of the states of our Union, South Dakota the most rural state of any of the states of our Union. We were able to win them both. I think that we can end the divisions within the United States.

"What I think is quite clear is that we can work together in the last analysis and that what has been going on within the United States over the period of the last three years—the divisions, the violence, the disenchantment with our society; the divisions, whether it's between blacks and whites, between the poor and the more affluent, or between age groups or on the war in Vietnam—is that we can start to work together.

"WE ARE A GREAT COUNTRY, an unselfish country and a compassionate country. I intend to make that my basis for running.

"I'll just take a moment more of your time because everybody must be dying from the heat.

"What these primaries have indicated and all of the party caucuses have indicated whether they occurred in Colorado or Idaho or Iowa—wherever they occurred—was that people in the Democratic Party and the people of the United States want a change. And that change can come about only if those who are delegates in Chicago recognize the importance of what has happened here in the state of California, what has happened in South Dakota, what's happened in New Hampshire, what happened across the country.

"The country wants to move in a different direction, we want to deal with our own problems within our own country and we want peace in Vietnam.

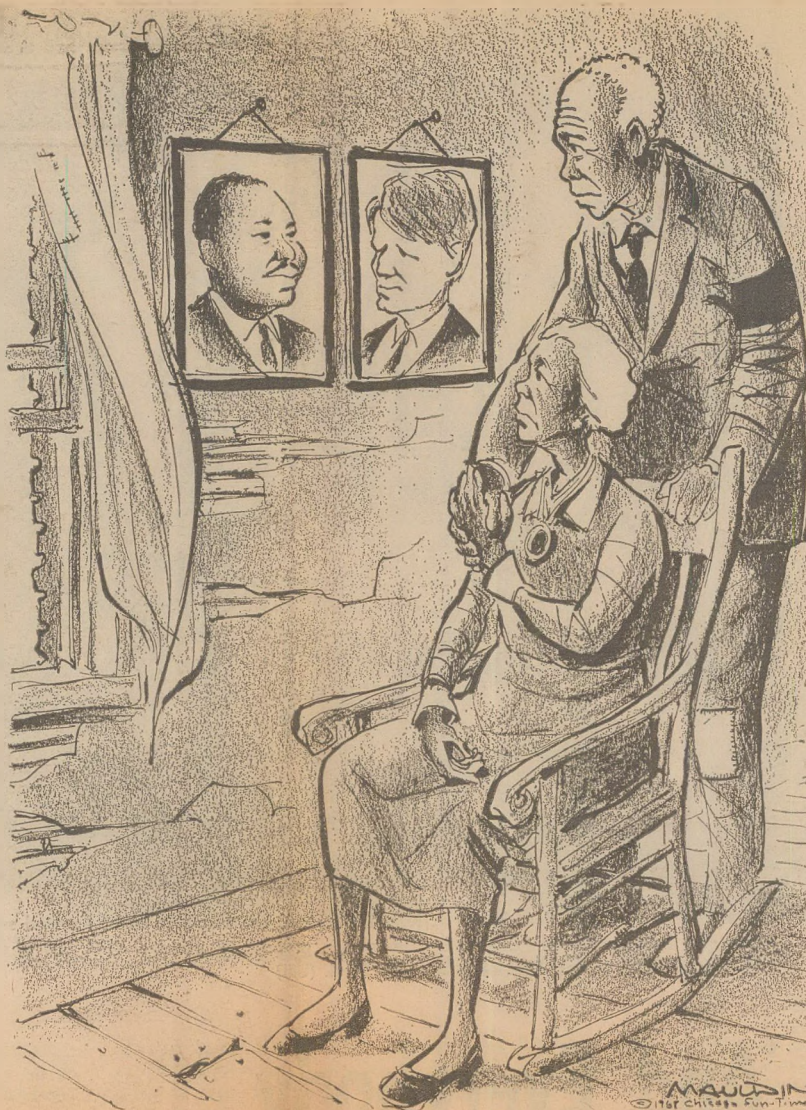
"I congratulate Sen. McCarthy and those who have been associated with him in their efforts they have started in New Hampshire and carried through to the primary here in the state of California. The fact is that all of us are involved in this great effort. It is a great effort not only on the part of the Democratic Party, it is a great effort on behalf of the United States, on behalf of our own people, on behalf of mankind around the globe."

"I WOULD HOPE NOW that the California primary is finished, now that the primary is over, that we could concentrate on having a dialog—or a debate I hope—between the vice president and perhaps myself on what direction we want to go in.

"What we are going to do in the rural areas of our country, what we are going to do with those who still suffer within the United States from hunger, what we're going to do around the rest of the globe and whether we're going to continue the policies that have been so unsuccessful in Vietnam—of American troops and American marines carrying the major burden of that conflict. I do not want this and I think we can move in a different direction.

"I thank all of you who made this possible this evening. All of the effort that you made and all of the people whose places I haven't been to but who made or did all of the work at the precinct level, got out the vote, did all of the efforts, brought forth all of the efforts required. I was a campaign manager eight years ago and I know what a difference that kind of effort and that kind of commitment can make.

"My thanks to all of you and on to Chicago."



And They Wondered . . .

By Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

LOS ANGELES—They left California in ones and twos, the skilled political men whom Sen. Robert F. Kennedy brought together in his quest for the Presidency—silently, without visible tears.

The blacks remained, knots of them huddled together in front of Good Samaritan Hospital. They waited patiently and hopefully and their presence was the symbol of a special relationship between Bobby Kennedy and the American Negro.

For no politician of either party has so much captured and earned the loyalty and affection of the nation's blacks.

The Negroes waited for the few, spare life-and-death words about Sen. Kennedy's condition, patient in the cold aftermath of tragedy. It was black friends of Sen. Kennedy who captured the gunman—Roosevelt Grier and Rafer Johnson, two among many who used Sen. Kennedy's Hickory Hill home in McLean, Va., as their Washington base and who have campaigned for Sen. Kennedy in the District of Columbia and in California.

ALTHOUGH THE VOTE in the primary here has been all but forgotten, it is worth examining how important the blacks were as a major component in the margin of Sen. Kennedy's victory. The average voter turnout in Los Angeles County was 72 per cent on Tuesday, but the turnout in Negro precincts was far higher—83 per cent here, 85 per cent there, and one precinct 90 per cent of the total registered Democratic vote.

They voted for Sen. Kennedy in staggering proportions despite sensational newspaper stories, carried over local radio stations, that Sen. Kennedy had ordered the FBI to tap the late Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s telephone in 1963.

In the Negro ghetto of Watts, at a rally for Sen. Eugene McCarthy, a young Negro laughed off that charge: "If Kennedy did anything to Dr. King, Dr. King would have told us himself."

For obvious reasons, Sen. Kennedy's opponents in the California primary tried hard to break the link between Sen. Kennedy and the blacks. They found in the Fillmore St. ghetto of San Francisco that their literature was simply unacceptable. They could not get it into black homes. They hit upon an ingenious scheme. They bought thousands of plastic phonograph records of Dr. King's speech to the California Democratic Council last March, praising McCarthy for having challenged President Johnson. With that as bait, wrapped inside the usual political pamphlets, they reached into 2,000 Negro homes in a single evening last weekend. As the vote turned out, it was a futile gesture.

IT WOULD BE EASY, but quite wrong, to judge this unique relationship between Sen. Kennedy and the American Negro as nothing more than the quintessence of pragmatic politics. And it would be more wrong to underestimate the impact of Sen. Kennedy's tragedy on the American Negro.

Because even when full allowance is made for the obvious political advantage to Sen. Kennedy in harvesting millions of Negro votes, the union rested on something more substantial, a unique relationship that is quite irreplaceable.

And so the blacks had stood quietly outside the Good Samaritan Hospital on Shatto St. and had watched their TV screens down in Watts and up in San Francisco on Fillmore St. And they wondered what they would do.

1963

The Same Remorseless...

By Saul Pett and Jules Loh

Associated Press Writers

"O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee . . ." the priest said, for him and for us, in the hotel kitchen in Los Angeles.

"O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee . . ." the priest said, for him and for us, in Trauma Room One in Dallas.

Whose was the offense? Whose was it not?

Again the same searing structure of events. Four days then, four days now, yet another nightmare in the American dream. Again the same remorseless rhythm of events. Cheering crowds on a note of triumph. And the guns go off. And one kills a President named Kennedy, who had been a senator, and the other kills a senator named Kennedy, who might have been President. Shock, horror, profound disarray in the American Republic, the agony of looking inward, deep into our national soul.

"My God," we cry now, as we cried then, "what are we coming to?"

Four days in 1963, four days in 1968. Two events, two men now locked together into history by name and style and purpose and by the manner of their coming and the manner of their going. . . .

BOTH CAME TO THEIR LAST place for political reasons, Robert Kennedy to California on the road, he hoped, to the Democratic presidential nomination; John Kennedy to Texas, to help unify Democrats there on the road, he hoped, to re-election in 1964.

John Kennedy wanted to be President, he said, because that was the "ultimate center of action" to affect his time. Robert Kennedy wanted to be President, he said, because in the Presidency, more than any other place, "changes can be made in the direction of the country." Because, too, said a friend of Robert Kennedy, "he feels a sense of incompleteness about his brother's administration . . . and this is almost the last mountain to climb."

And people everywhere, in the screaming, leaping crowds they both attracted, noted the similarities in the two brothers. More than the differences, the similarities would be remembered.

The elan of youth, money, motion, con-



Robert Kennedy Jr., 14, holds back his tears as he stands at father's bier. (AP)

fidence, style. The Kennedy mystique, it was called. And between them, the same sense of irony, self-deprecating humor, aversion to pomposity, the same manner of speaking, right-hand pumping, same accent, cadence and rhythm.

Robert Kennedy exhibited less detachment and poise. He used humor more but laughed less and that led you to notice his eyes, and in those eyes was the big difference between the two men in the years that one lived and the other didn't. In those blue eyes and on that taut angular face of Robert Kennedy there was a look of infinite sadness, of terrible hurt, and people who knew him said it wasn't there before Dallas.

ROBERT KENNEDY BELIEVED with Julius Caesar that death, a necessary end, would come when it would come and did not fear it.

Sen. Kennedy, a man who climbed mountains, skied, canoed in rapids and played a hard game of touch football, was asked recently if he enjoyed physical risk. He said it was "part of a man's life." He quoted an essayist: "Men are not made for safe havens."

About two weeks ago, he remarked to the French writer, Romain Gary:

"There is no way to protect a candidate during the campaign. You must give yourself to the crowd and from then on you must take your chances. In any case, you must

have luck to be elected President of the United States. You have it or you don't.

"I know that there will be an attempt on my life sooner or later. Not so much for political reasons but through contagion, through emulation."

He shared his brother's fatalism, a sense of the inevitable.

"If anybody really wanted to shoot the President of the United States," President Kennedy remarked on the last morning of his life, "it is not a very difficult job. All one has to do is get on a high building some day with a telescopic rifle and there is nothing anyone could do to defend you against such an attempt."

ROBERT KENNEDY, smiling when the bullets hit, made no outcry. He fell backward to the floor and in one awful moment the world had gone mad again and screams and curses and cries filled the hotel kitchen.

Outside, red lights flashed and sirens wailed and millions watched on television in another electronic marvel of bringing madness into their living rooms. And the ambulance came and men with a stretcher took Robert Kennedy away.

It was 12:30 p.m. in Dallas when the bullet that counted for everything hit John Kennedy behind the right ear.

It was 12:16 a.m. in Los Angeles when the bullet that counted for everything hit Robert

1968

...Rhythm Of Events

Kennedy behind the right ear and lodged deep in his brain.

John Kennedy, it is said, was hit by a rifle that cost \$19.95. Robert Kennedy, it is said, was hit by a pistol that cost \$30.95. The total cost of eliminating a President of the United States and a candidate for President of the United States was \$60.90. How much other history can you buy these days in the world's most affluent society for \$50.90?

ROBERT KENNEDY clung to life 25 hours and 30 minutes after the bullet entered his brain. And at 1:44 a.m., June 6, he died. With him at the time were his wife Ethel and the three eldest of their 10 children. And Jacqueline Kennedy was there, too, in Los Angeles as she had been there at the end in Trauma Room One in Dallas.

The man who died in Dallas was 46 and President. The man who died in Los Angeles was 42 and not yet President.

And Robert Kennedy was flown to his adopted home in New York, in the great blue and white plane, number 87692, with the big flag painted on its tail and, in huge proud letters, "United States of America" printed across its side. This was the same plane that was carrying the Cabinet members across the Pacific in 1963 when the word came about John Kennedy.

And, in the blur of tears, LaGuardia Airport was suddenly Andrews Air Base, and 1963 was 1968 because there again was a gray hearse and the line of shiny long cars waiting and the television cameras waiting and behind them the silent watchers and, once again, a dead Kennedy was moved from his last airplane and lowered gently down in a fork lift.

AND ONCE AGAIN they lined up, lined up by the thousands, to view the body lying in state, this time at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and one man, a Negro, was asked by a television reporter why he was willing to wait in line for three hours and this man said, "Because he was important."

And a great train carried Robert Kennedy back to Washington and a great cortege carried him past the Senate Office Building and the Justice Department and out across the bridge to Arlington Cemetery and he was buried, buried near his brother, and the long journeys that began near Boston and paralleled each other to Washington and separated in Dallas and Los Angeles were now joined again.

Photo By
Steve Schapiro
From
Black Star

The Sunset Came So Soon

By
Charles Bartlett



WASHINGTON—In retrospect it seems only a twinkling of the eye since Robert F. Kennedy, trained and geared for political service but far from fixed on what his role should be, came to Washington at the start of 1953 after managing his brother's campaign for the Senate.

He had the strong sense of a young man of high purpose that there was a job to be done but these were Republican days and he was merely the younger brother of a freshman minority senator. His only option was a staff assignment on the committee headed by Sen. Joseph McCarthy and characteristically he set out to make what he could of this slender wedge.

He was not in those days an ideological Democrat. His attention focused on right versus wrong, on honesty versus hypocrisy, on effective action versus vacillation. In his first probe into East-West trade, he was less concerned with whether this trade should go on than with the legerdemain which concealed its scope.

His career was shaped by the abrasive action between his steely sense of right as

he saw it and the politician's inclination to temporize. A first confrontation came in 1955 when he obtained solid evidence of misconduct by the Air Force secretary, Harold Talbott.

THE DEMOCRATIC SENATORS for whom Mr. Kennedy worked were fond of Talbott and embarrassed by the case. They wanted to brush it aside but the young staff man, in a singular display of courage and tenacity, forced the showdown that prompted Talbott's resignation.

His special stamp, a spirit of seeing through a task that needed to be done, carried him into the teamster investigation, which in turn brought him into the heavy waters of controversy. These long labors in this huge Augean stable gave him his public image with its strengths as well as its weakness, an impression of strong-mindedness intense enough to be inexorable.

It is certain that the momentum of the teamster investigation was an important force in the election of his brother in 1960. It is also certain that he worked slavishly

through that campaign without any fixed notion of the role he might play in a Kennedy administration.

Certainly he was far from forward in responding to the idea that he become attorney general. He balked strenuously in fact until his brother made it clear that he had no choice. He took the job with a tight-lipped sense that it was a job to be done, not with any confidence that it would enhance his name.

THE NEXT THREE YEARS were a peak for Mr. Kennedy, in performance as well as power. The Justice Department was a fertile setting for his talent for teamwork, his sense of right and the evolution of his ideology. It was a vantage point from which he could perceive the injustices which exist and react against them.

The assassination of his brother cruelly halted his opportunity to develop in this ideal setting. He was suddenly wrapped in an aura of vastly emotional dimensions and saddled with the challenge to emulate his brother's genius for political leadership. Prema-

turely he was projected into a calling for which he was groomed by heritage but not by personal taste or instinct.

SEN. KENNEDY'S SUCCESSES in political life were accomplished by his power to muster a headlong commitment and by an indomitable force of character. His disappointments derived from his lack of deference to the political graces and his indisposition to float with the crosscurrents of circumstance.

These posed many complexities for him in the period after his brother died. The hostility with Lyndon Johnson was rendered unbridgeable by factors almost beyond the control of either man. The division of the Democrats into camps, the collision of sentiment over the war and the raucous pace of change posed awesome tests for an emerging politician.

He had great strength, great heart and a great anxiety to apply the force of his character to the world's advantage. For such a man the sunset should not have come before the afternoon.

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His Words and Ideas

CHICAGO TRIBUNE
SECTION 3A / JUNE 11, 1968



Deelan Haun—Black Star

● *When an assassin's bullet smashed into the brain of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy in the Ambassador hotel in Los Angeles early last Wednesday—June 5, 1968—it muted a voice that only moments before had been heard on television thruout the land, claiming victory in the California primary elections.*

The voice had always stirred ambiguous emotions. Maybe the trouble was he came on so strong that people never heard the words. The cliché was that you either loved or hated him. Maybe that was almost true. Whatever it was, nobody seemed to hear the words he said—they were always think-

ing "This is Bobby Kennedy" and their minds seemed to be already made up about him, regardless of what he said. Even when he won many of them over, as he did in California, it was as much because of his personality as his words.

On the pages that follow are photographs that show him as he was. And—drawn from speeches and comments of his over the last few years—his own words. The words represent what he was, too, what he thought about our country and what he might have gone on to do, in better times.

The Enigma of Robert F. Kennedy

BY ROBERT CROSS

● When the fires of April 5 burned on Chicago's Madison street, there were Negroes out there who were just watching, some with tears in their eyes. It was a time of wondering about who the next leader would be, a time of sadness and confusion. And from time to time that night, reporters on the scene would hear somebody say, "My brother was shot by a white man, too."

They were quoting something Bobby Kennedy had said in Indiana, breaking the news of Martin Luther King's death to a crowd of supporters, mostly Negroes.

It was the sort of statement Robert Francis Kennedy could make in a political year. It was the sort of statement that would outrage political enemies, those who would regard it as an unfair use of emotion and two tragic deaths for political gain.

But there was never a doubt that somewhere beneath the boyish, mature, physical, intellectual, ruthless, compassionate, buoyant, fatalistic image of Bobby Kennedy there has always been the unfaded memory of his older brother, John.

Was his statement—that so enraged the political pros, so galvanized with hope many members of the black community—a calculated play for votes, or the emotional outburst of a man who had experienced so many tragedies, or simply a quiet plea for an end to violence?

The question may never be answered, for a white man—his color perhaps irrelevant this time—has shot and killed another Kennedy brother.

For all of Kennedy's apparent strides toward the ultimate seat of world political power—the White House—close associates had been noting in recent years a certain detachment, a capitulation to the fates. At first, it was all there, a bold march of ambition that any "pro" could see:

A jump from the University of Virginia to the justice department in 1951, investigator for the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy in 1953, a tireless prosecutor of labor racketeers, an efficient campaign manager as his brother won a Massachusetts senate seat, then the Presidential nomination and the Presidency itself.

The charges that he used connections and callous expediency to win higher and higher positions were often shrugged away with jokes.

"I can't see that it's wrong to give him a little legal experience before he goes out to practice law," John F. Kennedy said as he appointed Bobby to the attorney generalship.

Bobby himself made joking references to the "family homestead" in upstate New York, a mansion he acquired shortly before his successful, "carpetbagger" challenge of Republican Kenneth Keating in the senate race of 1964.

There were jokes, too, about the size of Bobby's family, even as enemies and serious political analysts raised the question of a "Kennedy dynasty" that would control the White House for years to come.

And in some ways there were the trappings of dynasty, a misty after-image of his brother's "Camelot," where the parties and cultural affairs had sophistication, where the touch of Jacqueline, a Newport girl, was such that even Charles De-Gaulle was charmed.

Yet Jack and his brother were never really a part of that. The touch football games, the swimming, Bobby's mountain climbing and rapids-shooting were more in the true Kennedy style.

Ethel was the sort of wife who would gamely take part in an unimportant but ferocious hockey game while several months pregnant. She was carrying her 11th child when Kennedy was shot.

In the four and a half years following the assassination of his brother, Kennedy played harder, and his work style took on an urgent intensity. He was a globe-trotter, making trips to South Africa and attacking apartheid policies, visiting France last year and returning in the midst of a swirl of rumors that he had received North Vietnamese peace feelers there. A mountain was named Kennedy and he climbed it, exhausting a phalanx of reporters in the process.

As 1968 approached, eyes turned to him and people wondered if he would take on Lyndon B. Johnson in an almost unheard-of challenge of an incumbent for his party's Presidential nomination.

Kennedy said no, the political pragmatist speaking.

And what about 1972? The far-away look in his eyes was convincing, for he had mentioned from time to time that he might not even be alive by then. "What will be, will be," he said.

Then the political climate swiftly changed.

Sen. Eugene McCarthy, sharing Kennedy's disapproval of Johnson's Viet Nam policies, made an unexpectedly strong showing in New Hampshire's Presidential primary. In the Senate caucus room where his brother had announced his Presidential candidacy, Robert Kennedy's 1968 campaign began on March 16.

When one of the scores of reporters asked what

his strategy would be, Kennedy said, simply, "I will go to the people."

Hours later, when critics were already muttering "opportunist" and McCarthy supporters angrily were charging Kennedy with thunder-theft, Bobby was riding in New York's St. Patrick's day parade and someone in the crowd was screaming, "I love you, Mr. President!"

Bobby always had that magnetism. Even in his days as a senator when he would visit here for nothing more spectacular than a bar association lunch, clusters of girls would hang around the sidewalk outside the Sheraton-Chicago hotel, waiting patiently with autograph books in a tribute ordinarily accorded only to rock musicians.

Such juvenile excitement usually is muffled in the corridors of power, where the voices of non-voters are often voices unheard. As the spring campaigning wore on, however, the voices grew stronger and louder. Crowds would rip at his clothes, his shoes would disappear; his cufflinks were purchased in wholesale lots. There seemed to be a need for some kind of physical involvement with the man—a touch, a handclasp, a souvenir, a hug.

His hair was long and usually disheveled when the campaign started; then it was cut shorter as it grew past the point where members of the older generation might want to give it a fond pat and instead could disdain it as an appeal to hippies and radicals.

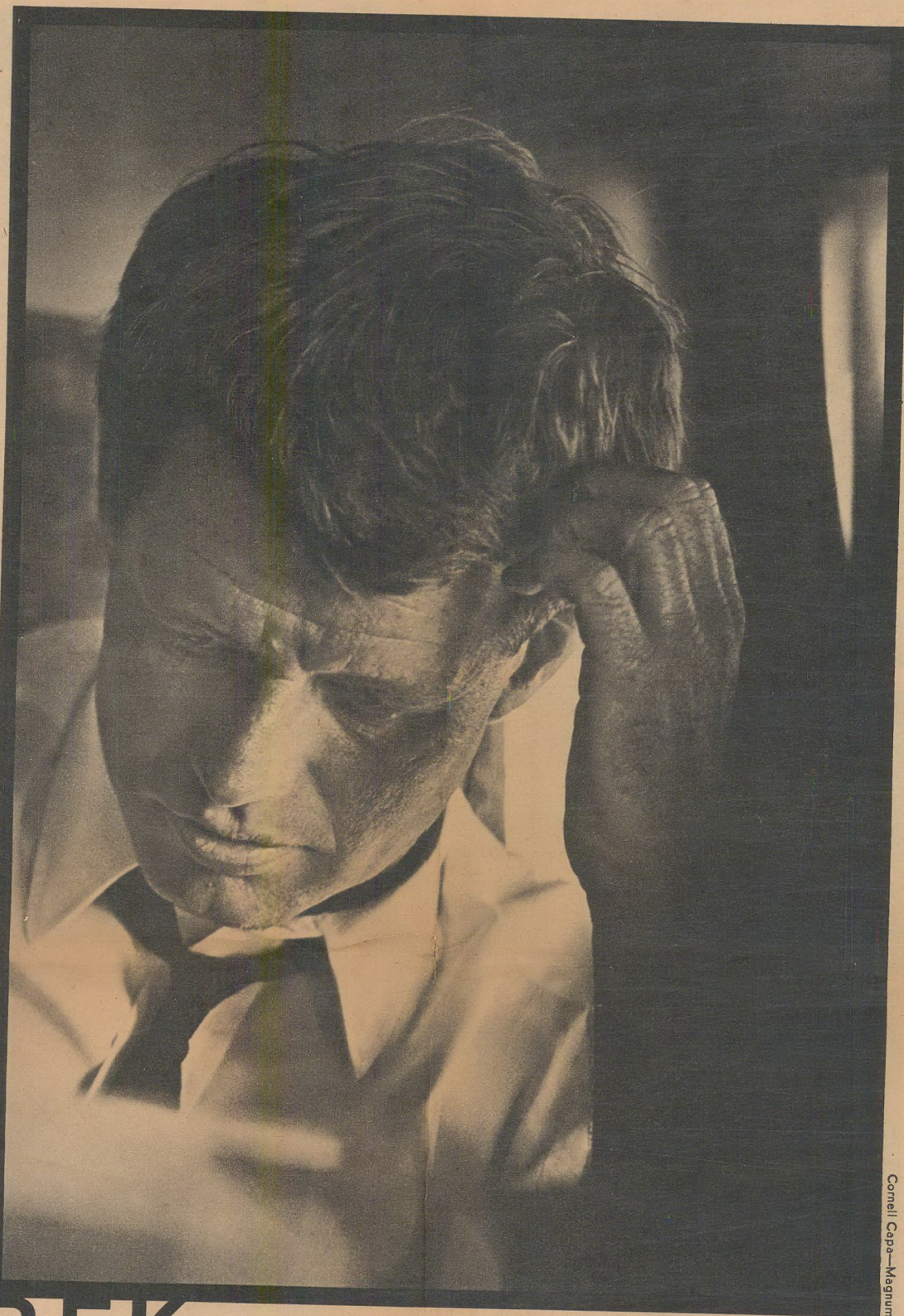
His speeches got a trimming, too, not in length but in a configuration that allowed for the fears and interests of the old and middle-aged. With a kind of wild magic, Kennedy made the middle of the road his own. And the voices that count were heard—victories in all the major primaries but Oregon's.

He could provoke the hatred of conservatives and members of the Democratic establishment. He could inadvertently convince many that he was ruthless, rude, and inconsiderate.

He could excite liberals of many political spectrums and anger others who could remember his "red-baiting" days with Joseph McCarthy or his alleged disregard for civil liberties during his stay in the justice department.

He could disarm a mildly hostile group with humor and boyishness, or turn a conference room to ice. He could hold out hope for black people and assail the voices that preach violence and civil disruption.

Bullets end something, according to the rhetoric of national mourning. But the shots that stilled the voice of Robert F. Kennedy perpetuated one of the most interesting enigmas in the nation's history.



Cornell Capa—Magnum

R.F.K.

"Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope. "



Above: The Kennedys in 1934: Front—Joseph Jr., Mrs. Rose Kennedy, Robert, Joseph Kennedy Sr., with Edward, Patricia, Jean. Rear: Rosemary, John, Kathleen, Eunice. Above right: The June, 1950, wedding of Robert Kennedy and Ethel Skakel. Right: Touch football — a favorite Kennedy game. Bobby, John, Jackie, Ethel, and an unidentified friend play on a Georgetown street in the late '50s.



Three Lions

R.F.K. "We came by politics naturally . . ."

"As far back as I can remember, politics was taken with special fervor and relish in our house. We came by it naturally on both sides of our family. Our Grandfather Fitzgerald—"Honey Fitz"—who had been a Congressman and Mayor of Boston, talked frequently with us about his colorful career which epitomized the rise of the Irish politician. But it was more than that. I can hardly remember a meal time when the conversation was not dominated by what Franklin D. Roosevelt was doing or what was happening around the world."

—Speech, 1964

"Whenever I receive an award or am present when other people receive an award it takes me back to my days in high school and in college . . . You know, when the graduating class gave the award for the best athlete and for the best scholarship and for the person who was best in Latin, and best in Greek, and who wrote the best composition—I received a prize for being the fellow with the fifth best sense of humor in my graduating class."

—1962

"People are making too much of my so-called conversion to liberalism. . . . But liberals had an emotional thing about me, maybe because of [Joseph] McCarthy, maybe because of my Roman Catholicism, maybe because of my fights with Humphrey and Stevenson. I'm not that different now. I know more now and I stay up late at night more often thinking about these problems. But I was never all that ruthless, as the liberals said."

—May, 1966

"People keep bringing up the time when my brother was looking for the best lawyer in the United States to make Attorney General and happened to light on me, and when he asked what was wrong with giving me a little experience before I went out and practiced law."

" . . . You know, you can hear all that just so long, and if you are a sensitive soul it begins to affect you. . . . I would have thought it had gotten thru to . . . you that I got out of law school and went to work in the Department of Justice as a regular attorney in 1951."

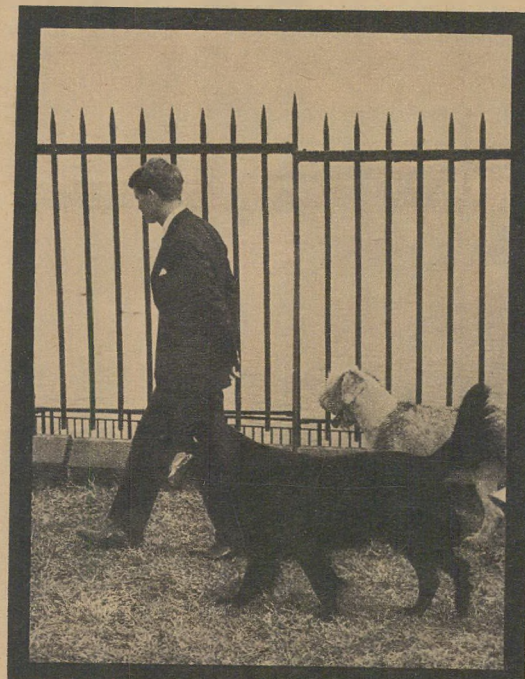
"It is not as if I had had no experience when I worked there. I worked very hard. I took my work home at night. I was diligent, industrious, and then 10 years later I became Attorney General."

—1964

[Before leaving home one morning, Sen. Kennedy carried the newspaper upstairs to his wife. When he came back downstairs, he turned to a friend and said:]

"That's my good deed for the day. Now I can go back to being ruthless."

(The above quote reprinted courtesy of Droke House Publishers, Inc., Anderson, S. C.)



UPI

R. F. K., after having announced he would run for the Senate in 1964, walks in solitude beside the East River, followed by two of the family's dogs, "Battle," and "Panda."

At left, R. F. K. campaigning in New York.

Ira Mandelbaum

Ethel and Bob meet Indiana supporters after his victory in that state's primary.



UPI

R.F.K. "America must look to its youth."

Declan Haun—Black Star



"The young thruout the world will not wait for our concern. They are going ahead with their own revolution, not waiting for us. They are going ahead in their own way and in their own time."

"In many countries today they are in open revolt against oppression and against poverty, against the grinding condition of systems which have not allowed progress. They are in revolt against the established order, against the status quo. History is on their side, and in one way or another they will achieve a large measure of success in their endeavors, whatever the cost."

"In so many instances, their revolution is an easy

decision for them, for they feel they have nothing to lose. What they think and what they do has a direct effect on all of us here in the United States."

"Across the globe they are a force of whirlwind proportions, and the world of tomorrow will bear the imprint of their ideals and their goals. For this reason, we must be concerned about them." —1964

"In such a fantastic and dangerous world—we will not find answers in old dogmas, by repeating outworn slogans, or fighting on ancient battle-grounds against fading enemies long after the real struggle has moved on. We ourselves must change to

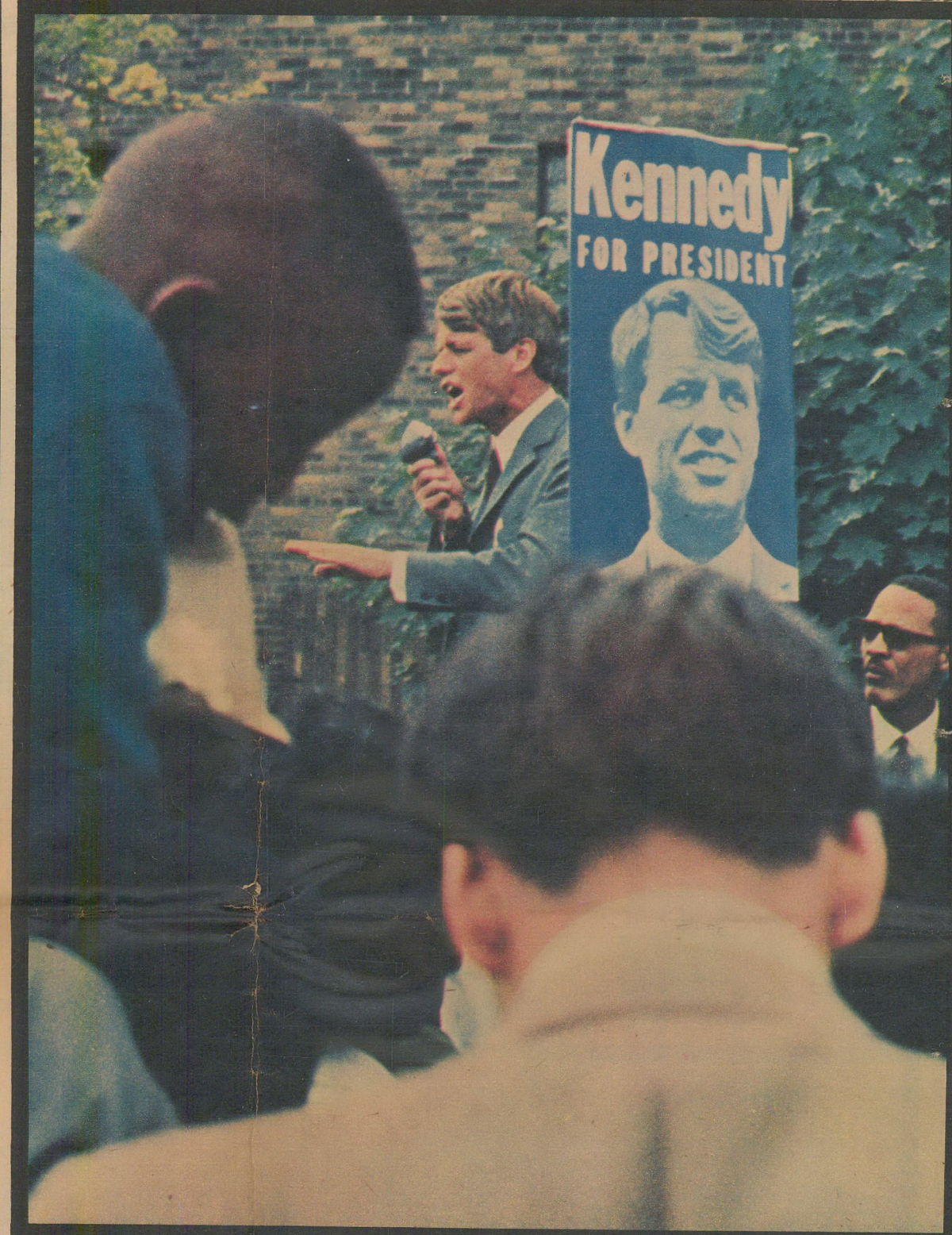
master change. We must rethink all our old ideas and beliefs before they capture and destroy us. And for those answers America must look to its young people, the children of this time of change. And we look especially to that privileged minority of educated men who are the students of America."

—1966

"But for our young people, I suspect Viet Nam is a shock as it cannot be to us. They did not know World War II, or even Korea. And this is a war surrounded by rhetoric they do not understand or accept; these are the children not of the Cold War, but of the Thaw."

—1967

Declan Haun—Black Star



The young always were greatly attracted to Robert F. Kennedy. Youthful admirers (far left) listen attentively to him in La Porte, Ind., during the recent Hoosier state primary. A youngster (above) climbs atop shoulders to get a better view of the senator during an Indianapolis speech. And left, R. F. K. in a quiet moment with his son David.

Jacques Lowe

R.F.K. "Men must seek acceptance of their views thru reason . . ."

Right: Senator Kennedy moves thru the riot-torn streets of Washington following assassination of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

Below: As attorney general, R. F. K. [fourth from right] meets with his brother [second from right] and other members of the Kennedy cabinet.



AP



Cornell Capa—Magnum

"This country faces very complex difficulties internally—in the field of civil rights, in the field of poverty, in our relationship with communism, whether it be the Chinese or the Soviet Union kind—and great and complex problems in dealing with the underdeveloped world.

"Some of our citizens feel that there are easy answers to these matters: The Communists are here and they've been here for 50 years. Why don't we threaten them with the atomic bomb? Why don't we make them disappear? . . . Let's get rid of Castro. Let's get rid of the Communists in Cuba. Why are the Communists in Berlin? Why do we have to put up with this behavior from 14 or 15 million people in North Viet Nam? Why don't we just destroy them? The Negroes are causing unhappiness within our major cities. Why should they? . . .

"In the same way, there are those on the extreme left—those involved, for instance, in some of our civil rights movements—who claim that if you're a white man you're automatically evil. . . . These people have no confidence in the democratic will of the people, or our ability to develop answers to these problems over a period of time. They want these problems to disappear right now. They feel that they have to protect the Constitution, protect the white race, protect the womanhood of the United States, and protect the country against communism. So they turn to extremism."

—TV 1966

"For an American man, woman or child to be turned away from a public place for no reason other than the color of his skin is an intolerable insult, an insult that is in no way eased by the bland explanation that it has been allowed to go on for a hundred years or more. It is plainly a wrong and must be corrected."

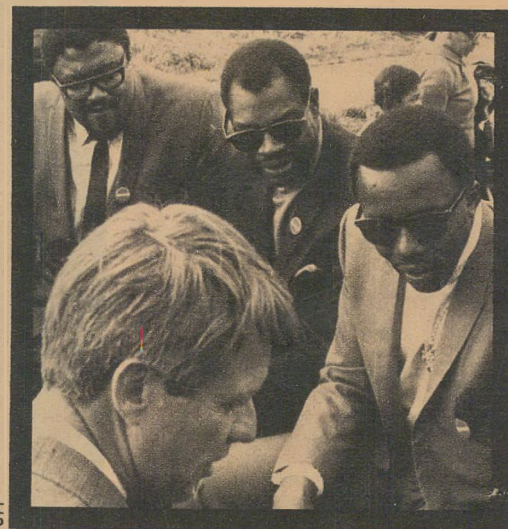
—1964

"We are finding that it is not enough to feed and clothe a man—or even to give him work. Instead we are finding that the most important thing is to help men help themselves. This is the most difficult task of all."

—November, 1965

"It is not enough to allow dissent. We must demand it. For there is much to dissent from. We dissent from the fact that millions are trapped in poverty while the nation grows rich. We dissent from the conditions and hatreds which deny a full life to our fellow citizens because of the color of their skin. We dissent from the monstrous absurdity of a world where nations stand poised to destroy one another, and men must kill their fellow men. We dissent from the sight of most of mankind living in poverty, stricken by disease, threatened by hunger and doomed to an early death after a life of unremitting labor. We dissent from cities which blunt our senses and turn ordinary acts of daily life into a painful struggle. We dissent from the willful, heedless destruction of natural pleasure and beauty. We dissent from all those structures—of technology and of society itself—which strip from the individual the dignity and warmth of sharing in the common tasks of his community and his country."

—1966



UPI

Above: During Indiana primary, Kennedy huddles with a trio of Negro football players.

Left: Senator Kennedy addressing students at the Columbia university journalism school.

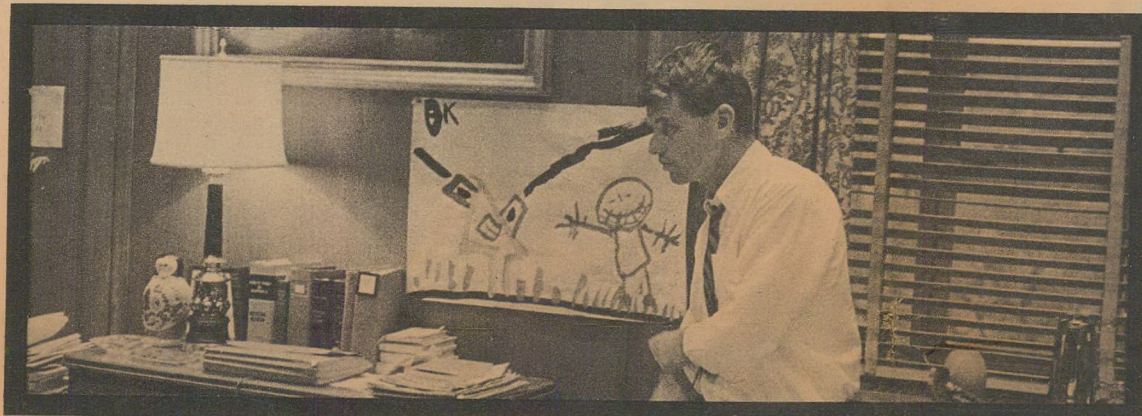
Below: The senator talks to Negroes in Greenville, Miss., during a 1967 tour of the state.



AP



Robert Kennedy with Jacqueline and Caroline at the funeral of President John F. Kennedy.



The senator at work. Drawing in background is by one of his children.

1968: The senator marches in the funeral procession of the Rev. Martin Luther King in Atlanta.



Magnum—Charles Harbutt

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Magnum

"We have a responsibility to the victims of crime and violence. It is a responsibility to think not only of our own convenience but of the tragedy of sudden death. It is a responsibility to put away childish things—to make the possession and use of firearms a matter undertaken only by serious people who will use them with the restraint and maturity that their dangerous nature deserves—and demands. . . . It is past time that we wipe this stain of violence from our land."

Congressional Record, 1st session, 89th Congress

"It is from numberless diverse acts of courage and belief that human history is shaped. Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

—1966

"Full and informing debate rests upon moderation and mutual indulgence. Men must seek acceptance of their views thru reason, and not thru intimidation; thru argument, and not thru accusation. We are all patriots here. We are all defenders of freedom. We are all Americans. To attack the motives of those who express concern about our present course—to challenge their very right to speak freely—is to strike at the foundations of the democratic process which our fellow citizens, even today, are dying in order to protect."

—1966

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

—1966

R.F.K.

Born—Boston, Mass., Nov. 20, 1925

Schools—Milton academy; Harvard, B. A., 1948; University of Virginia, L. L. B., 1951; Assumption college, L. L. D., 1957.

Military—Served in navy, 1944-46

Married—Ethel Skakel, June 17, 1950

Children—Kathleen H., Joseph P., Robert F., David A., Mary Courtney, Michael L., Mary K., Christopher, Matthew, and Douglas H.

Named United States Attorney General—Dec. 16, 1960

Elected United States Senator, New York—Nov. 4, 1964

Shot—June 5, 1968

Died—June 6, 1968

UPI

"Moral courage is a rarer commodity than bravery in battle . . ."

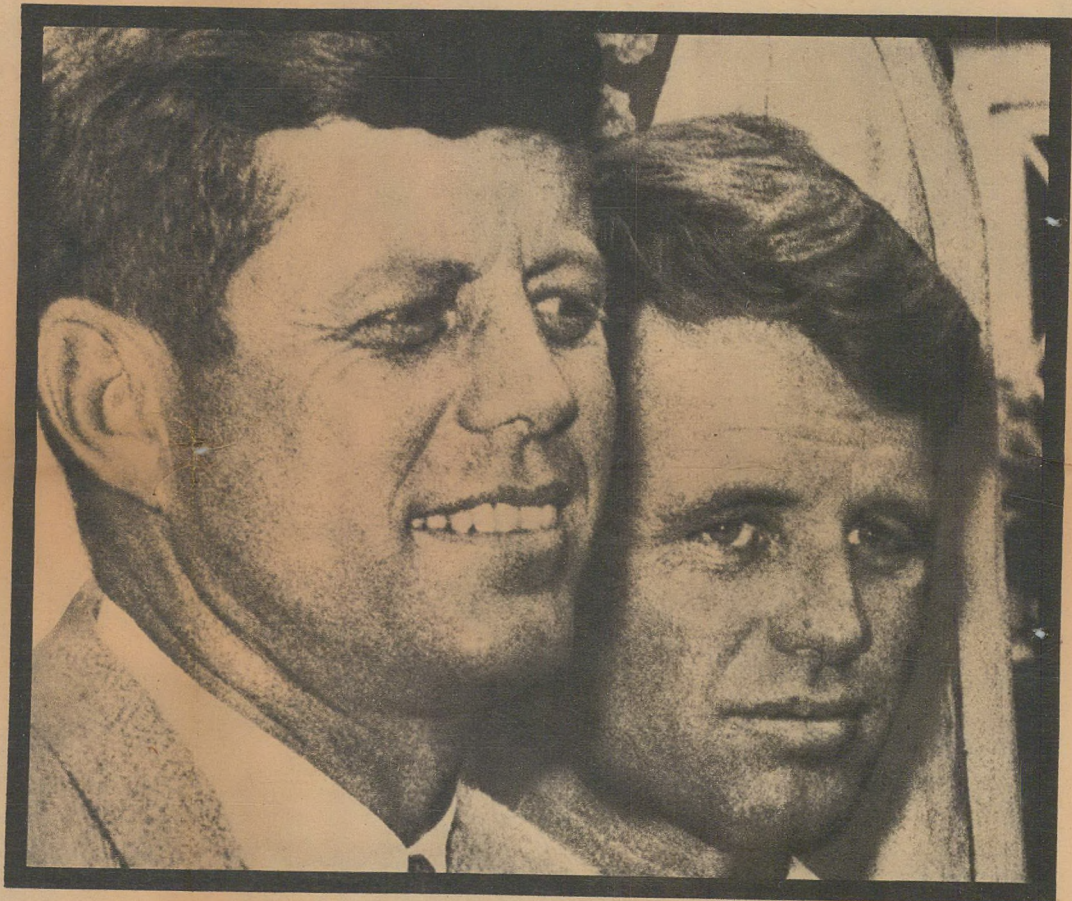


Burt Glinn—Magnum

R. F. K. [left] discusses campaign strategy with advisers earlier this year at Hickory Hill, his home at McLean, Va. At lower left, Bob and Ethel push thru a crowd on the way to the TV debate with Sen. Eugene McCarthy in San Francisco. Below: Two brothers—the 1960 campaign.



AP



AP

"Freed minds will never be lost."

"In the light of a truly freed mind no prejudice can disguise itself as zeal, no bullying can masquerade as leadership, no pettiness can pose as importance. The freed mind will never confuse a

sentimentality with a true emotion, an act of violence with an act of heroism, a slogan with a cause. Men and women with freed minds may often be mistaken, but they are seldom fooled. They may be influenced, but they can't be intimidated. They may be perplexed, but they will never be lost."—1963

R.F.K.



Declan Haun—Black Star

BISHOP SAYS RICH NATIONS ~~BUILD~~ HATES

YORK, England, June 10 [Reuters]—The Anglican archbishop of York, Dr. Donald Coggan, told a memorial service here today that all wealthy nations shared in the creation of hatred and violence leading to tragedies such as the assassination of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

He told the special service in York cathedral that explosive situations resulting in tragedies such as the assassinations of the two Kennedy brothers and Dr. Martin Luther King would continue as long as vast sums were spent on weapons while millions starved, and wealthy nations exported arms for the poorer nations to destroy themselves.

Coggan added: "The United States of America have certain problems of their own which they alone can solve—for example, their laws regarding the sale of firearms. But the deeper problems we share with them." He cited the British attitude to non-white immigrants "and to a right distribution of wealth."

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Sirhan Will Choose 'Top Lawyer' Soon

LOS ANGELES (AP)—The man accused of killing Sen. Robert F. Kennedy will choose a lawyer soon, says the American Civil Liberties union.

The announcement came as Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24, remained under security guard at Los Angeles County jail. An A. C. L. U. lawyer talked with Sirhan.

Ed Cray of the A. C. L. U.'s Southern California chapter said Superior Court Judge

Richard Schauer will confer with officials of the county bar association to choose attorneys from "more than a dozen top lawyers" who have volunteered to take Sirhan's case without pay. He wouldn't name the lawyers.

Leonard S. Janofsky, president-elect of the bar association, issued a statement which said his group had no official request yet to help choose counsel for Sirhan but would act promptly if asked.

Sirhan, a native of Jordan admitted to the United States as a permanent resident, has been represented by a deputy public defender, Wilbur Littlefield.

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SIRHAN SHOWS NO REMORSE, JAIL REPORTS

Asks A. C. L. U. to Get Prominent Lawyer

BY SEYMOUR KORMAN
[Chicago Tribune Press Service]

Los Angeles, June 10—Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24, indicted for first degree murder in the assassination of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, has displayed no remorse and refuses to discuss the crime of which he is accused, county jail officials said today.

The Jordanian immigrant, seized after the mortal wounding of Kennedy in a kitchen of the Ambassador hotel last Wednesday, has requested A. L. Wirin, chief counsel for the American Civil Liberties union, to attempt to get a prominent attorney to defend him.

Belli Is Mentioned

Melvin Belli of San Francisco has been mentioned as a lawyer Sirhan would want. Belli was one of the defense staff of Jack Ruby who shot and killed Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas Nov. 24, 1963, two days after Oswald had been arrested as the killer of President Kennedy, Sen. Kennedy's older brother.

Wirin will appear before Judge Richard Schauer of Superior court in a few days to ask the Los Angeles Bar association to engage a noted lawyer for Sirhan.

At present, Sirhan is represented by the county public defender's office, which will enter a plea for him on June 28.

Won't Be Moved

Judge Arthur Alarcon, at the arraignment last Friday, directed two psychiatrists to examine Sirhan.

"The examination will take place in the jail," said the

office of Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess. "Sirhan is not going to be moved a single inch out of there."

The prisoner is kept under the most stringent jail guard in Los Angeles' history. He is eating three meals a day, is sleeping well, and he is given daily exercise walking up and down the jail corridor outside his cell, the guards reported.

Guns for Cop Killer

It was learned that the three guns which a woman tried to smuggle into the county jail Friday were not intended for Sirhan but for Gregory Ulas Powell, 36, convicted murderer of Ian Campbell, a Los Angeles policeman. The loaded weapons were taped inside a typewriter case and confiscated in the jail lobby as Sirhan was being arraigned.

The woman, Mrs. Edyth Grant, 55, an employe of a bail bondsman, was held on suspicion of taking firearms into a penal institution.

Powell and Jimmy Lee Smith, 37, were found guilty in September, 1963, of first degree murder in the kidnap slaying of Campbell. They were sentenced to die in the state gas chamber. The California Supreme court reversed the conviction, and the two men have been held in jail here pending a new trial.

Pro-Red Leanings: Yorty

Manchester, N. H., June 10 [Special] — Pro-communist leanings of the alleged assassins of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy and President Kennedy should be explained to the American people, Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles said in an interview with the Manchester [N. H.] Union Leader tonight.

"It is most important," he said, "for the people of the United States to realize the alleged assassin of Sen. Kennedy was strongly influenced by communist ideology and was strongly pro-Communist."

Yorty said that the diary of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, accused in the slaying of Sen. Kennedy, repeatedly praised communism of the Russian, Chinese, and Cuban varieties. He said the dominant theme

that runs thru the diary entries of Sirhan is his dedication to the communist cause.

Yorty said that in the case of the assassination of President Kennedy, Lee Harvey Oswald was an American citizen who had rejected the United States and had sought asylum in communist Russia. Therefore, Yorty said, in both Kennedy assassinations, the alleged assassin was motivated by a strong feeling in favor of communism.

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Sirhan Asks Services of Best Lawyers

BY SEYMOUR KORMAN
[Chicago Tribune Press Service]

Los Angeles, June 11—Sirhan Bishaya Sirhan, 24, accused assassin of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, has asked for two "of the best lawyers available" to defend him in his trial, it was disclosed today by A. L. Wirin, local chief counsel for the American Civil Liberties union.

A number of noted criminal attorneys in Los Angeles and thruout the country have volunteered to represent the Jordanian immigrant on the first-degree murder charge, Wirin said, but Sirhan has specifically turned down two of them—F. Lee Bailey of Boston and Melvin Belli of San Francisco.

Bailey has appeared in a number of sensational murder cases. Belli represented the late Jack Ruby, who killed Lee Harvey Oswald, two days after Oswald was arrested as the murderer of President John F. Kennedy.

Wants L. A. Lawyers

"He doesn't want either one of them," Wirin told reporters after visiting Sirhan at the County jail. "He wants Los Angeles lawyers. He has asked me three times to be one of his trial counsel also, but I refused."

"My interest is in seeing that none of his constitutional rights and civil liberties are abrogated and not to be his lawyer on a question of guilt or innocence of the crime involved."

Wirin said that he believed the county public defender's office can represent Sirhan adequately but that the prisoner has the privilege of asking for private counsel.

Has No Money

"If he had money, he could buy the best lawyer he could afford," Wirin said. "But having no money, he is still entitled to ask the court for the best counsel he can get. I have also transmitted Sirhan's request to the Los Angeles Coun-

ty Bar association."

A private lawyer taking Sirhan's case would receive no compensation for his time nor his expenses from the county, since the public defender's

staff is maintained by county funds to aid the indigent.

Wirin said Sirhan has admitted to him parking his car under the Ambassador hotel the night of June 4. Kennedy was shot and fatally wounded early June 5 as he walked thru a kitchen of the hotel after having been acclaimed the winner of the California Democratic Presidential primary. Sirhan was seized with an emptied revolver in his hand.

Reads About Occultism

Wirin said Sirhan has no complaints about his treatment in jail, where he is held under heavy guard. Sirhan is reading books on occultism, Wirin said.

"He had four \$100 bills and some change when he was arrested," Wirin added. "He asked me to have \$300 sent to his mother, May, in Pasadena."

He wanted another \$200 to go to a religious institution, and \$3 returned to me for money I advanced him for sundries, also 20 cents for me for two newspapers I bought for him. The rest of the money he wanted put to his account in the jail. If the money is impounded as evidence for the trial, I may be out \$3.20 for the time being."

Wirin said he approved of the order of Judge Arthur Alarcon of Superior court prohibiting public officials from open discussion of the case. A copy of this order was served yesterday on Mayor Samuel W. Yorty, who had held press conferences last week to disclose possible evidence against Sirhan. Yorty promised to abide by the court

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Sirhan Being Treated Fairly, Attorney Says

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24, charged with murdering Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, seems satisfied with his treatment in custody, says an American Civil Liberties union attorney.

A. L. Wirin, counsel for the A. C. L. U.'s southern California chapter, commented on Sirhan's condition at a news conference yesterday. Wirin has visited the Jordanian immigrant in his 12-by-12 foot jail cell several times since his arrest June 5.

Meanwhile, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, who was criticized after he disclosed information about Sirhan's background, defended his actions as being in the public interest.

He said he acted only to "get the facts to the public to prevent rumors and violence" such as that which occurred after the assassination of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. in Memphis April 4.

Denied Radio, TV

Sirhan is denied radio and television and says he doesn't want to read newspapers, Wirin said. The attorney said the defendant is allowed a few minutes of exercise each day in the corridor outside his cell and spends his time reading books on occultism.

Wirin declined to give the titles of the books Sirhan read and would not name a Protestant religious organization to which Sirhan asked Wirin to contribute \$20.

Wirin said he was asked to give to Sirhan's mother \$300 of the \$400 found in Sirhan's possession when he was arrested. Wirin said the rest of Sirhan's money would be deposited with

the sheriff's office to pay for items Sirhan needed while in jail.

Security Is Tight

Security for Sirhan remains strong, Wirin added. He said he was searched each time he visited the prisoner and the deputy accompanying him to Sirhan's cell in the jail's infirmary wing was given the same treatment.

Despite Sirhan's asking Wirin three times to defend him, the attorney said he would not take the case. His role, Wirin said, was to safeguard Sirhan's rights and to help find a lawyer to represent him.

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Assassination Fails to Spur Gun Turn-in

A nation-wide drive to have citizens voluntarily turn in their guns apparently has made little impact in Chicago, Francis P. Kane, head of the city gun registration drive, said yesterday.

Altho 51 guns have been turned in to the police department's recovered property division since the killing of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy last week, the number is no higher than the average weekly gun turn in since the city passed a gun registration law, Lt. Paul Duellman, commanding officer

of the recovered property division, said.

Kane said the number of turn ins increased in May, when the gun registration ordinance went into effect.

558 Guns Turned in

Capt. Daniel Dragel, director of the Chicago police crime laboratory, said 558 guns were turned in in May. About 66 per cent of them were hand guns.

Kane said that Chicago has conducted a gun turn in campaign for several months, unlike many cities that began the

drive after the Kennedy assassination.

Persons wishing to turn in guns may contact the police department by calling PO 5-1313, Kane said. Police will pick up the guns. This week unregistered guns will be accepted without prosecution of the owners.

Avoid Registration Fee

The heavy gun turn in in May was attributed to the apparent feeling of citizens that they would rather turn in their weapons than register them and

pay the state registration fee of \$5 effective July 1, Dragel said.

In the first months of 1968, gun turn ins varied from 200 to 350 each month, Dragel said.

Altho several of the weapons turned in this year were inoperative, many were new models recently purchased, he said.

Weapons received from the public are collected by the recovered property division, examined by the police laboratory, and sent to various steel mills, which melt them down.

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Sirhan bars 2 defense aces

LOS ANGELES (UPI)—Sirhan B. Sirhan, accused of slaying Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, Tuesday ruled out two of the country's top lawyers as his defense counsel.

A. L. Wirin of the American Civil Liberties Union said at the County Jail that Sirhan "doesn't desire" the services of Melvin Belli or F. Lee Bailey. Neither had volunteered to represent Sirhan.

Bailey won acquittal for Dr. Sam Sheppard, who had been convicted of killing his wife, Marilyn. Belli defended Jack Ruby, who was convicted of killing Lee Harvey Oswald, alleged assassin of President John F. Kennedy.

Wirin said Sirhan, who has said he wanted a "big-name" lawyer, agreed to accept any attorney selected by the Los Angeles County Bar Assn.

HOWEVER, LEONARD Janofsky, president of the associa-

wants two private attorneys. He can't afford to pay a lawyer, so he will accept the choice of the bar association. An attorney chosen by the association would serve without pay.

"A number of attorneys" already have agreed to serve without a fee, Wirin said. He declined to identify them.

"I have not considered handling the case," Wirin replied to a newsman's query. "The defendant has asked me three times to be one of his counsels."

WIRIN EXPLAINED that he

would not represent Sirhan because he could see "no constitutional civil liberties issue in the trial." He added he did not expect the ACLU to be involved in the trial.

Sirhan, 24, a native of Jordan, was indicted last Friday by the county grand jury on one count of murdering Sen. Kennedy and five counts of assault with intent to commit murder against five other persons.

Sirhan has been ordered to return to court June 28 to enter a plea to the charges.

MEANWHILE, Mayor Sam

Yorty Tuesday defended as a "public service" disclosures he made after the arrest of Sirhan.

Yorty, who has been criticized on the ground that his disclosures might prejudice Sirhan's trial, said he made statements about Sirhan only to dispel rumors that followed the shooting of Sen. Kennedy.

Revelations disclosed by Yorty included existence of two diary - like notebooks, seized by authorities at the home of Sirhan, in which was written a notation that Sen. Kennedy had to die by June 5.

Wirin
Bailey,
Belli
counsel
refused



tion, said the group "has no power to designate counsel. The court does not appoint private counsel unless the public defender is disqualified or declines to act."

But Janofsky also said the bar association "continues to stand ready to assist the court in any manner it may request."

Sirhan is "not dissatisfied with the public defender" appointed by the court to defend him, Wirin explained, but he

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RFK TESTIMONY

Tell Of Sirhan Pistol Practice

By Ron Einstoss and Dial Torgerson

Special from the Los Angeles Times

LOS ANGELES—Sirhan Bishara Sirhan practiced, plotted and lay in wait to shoot Robert F. Kennedy, witnesses told a grand jury, in testimony kept secret until Thursday.

When Sirhan fired, he hit the senator with three bullets—not two, as reported earlier—the grand jury transcript disclosed. The fatal shot hit Sen. Kennedy in the brain. Two others

struck a half-inch apart in his right armpit—apparently as his hands flew up across his face.

Sirhan stepped from the side of a “very good-looking girl” in a polka dot dress and fired rapidly, “a very sick-looking smile on his face,” from about 3 feet away, witnesses told the grand jury.

Twelve hours before, one witness testified, he had seen the same man practicing rapid fire with the same gun on a pistol range in the San Gabriel Valley.

Waiting For Half Hour

CHICAGO SUN TIMES

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FOUR STAR FINAL

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Half an hour before the crime, another witness said, Sirhan had been waiting in the Ambassador Hotel kitchen — asking a kitchen porter nervously, three or four times, if Kennedy was expected to pass through the room.

Kennedy, followed by a throng of supporters and newsmen, left the Embassy Room stage where he had claimed victory in the June 4 California presidential primary. Testimony revealed that he was led by the hand by a hotel employe to the spot where Sirhan was waiting.

Details of the testimony at last Friday's grand jury hearing became public record Thursday when the testimony was filed in the county clerk's office.

Henry Adrian Carreon, a college student and playground director, said he saw a man he identified as Sirhan about noon June 4 at the San Gabriel Valley Gun Club. Sirhan had already fired 300 or 400 practice shots, Carreon said, and was standing amid empty shell casings.

Shots Fired 'Very Rapidly'

His testimony indicated Sirhan was practicing rapid shooting. Carreon said he was at the range with a friend, David Montellano.

"To the left of us," Carreon said, "five feet away, there was an individual shooting very rapidly with a revolver. On the range you are supposed to shoot and pause, etc., etc. Usually the range officer goes up to the individual shooting in this manner and he will inform them that it's not supposed to be done. . . ."

Carreon said he and Montellano spoke to Sirhan. Sirhan identified his pistol as an Iver Johnson, Carreon said.

Montellano, noticing that Sirhan had one box of bullets set aside from the others he was using, asked Sirhan if he were using "a special type bullet," Carreon said. The bullets, Carreon said, are called "the Minimagnum."

"This type of bullet," Carreon said, "when it penetrates an object usually tears and splits out into different directions. The regular bullet of a .22-caliber goes in a hole, and when it goes into an object, it will come out the same size." Sirhan was noncommittal about the bullets, he said.

The testimony relating to how many times Sen. Kennedy was shot began when coroner Thomas Noguchi was asked: "And would you tell us how many wounds there were?"

The coroner replied: "A total of three gunshot wounds, sir."

Dr. Noguchi said the bullet which killed the senator entered the right mastoid bone (behind the right ear), while the other two hit behind the right armpit. The latter two shots, according to Dr. Noguchi, would not have been fatal.

Shot At 'Very Close Range'

Q—"Doctor, as a result of your examination, did you come to an opinion as to the cause of death of Sen. Kennedy?"

A—"Yes. The cause of death was gunshot wound of the right mastoid, penetrating the brain."

Dr. Noguchi said powder burns on the edge of the senator's right ear showed the head wound was inflicted at a "very, very close" range.

Q—" . . . Do you have an opinion as to the maximum distance the gun could have been from the senator and still have left powder burns?"

A—" . . . Allowing a variation, I don't think it will be more than two or three inches from the edge of the right ear."

Karl Uecker, assistant maitre d' at the hotel, said plans for Kennedy to visit a crowd in another ballroom were changed "at the last minute" to enable him to go to a press conference in the Colonial Room, by way of the kitchen.

Uecker was guiding Kennedy by the hand—the senator's right hand in Uecker's left—when, he said, "something rushed on my right side . . . Then I heard the first shot, and Mr. Kennedy fell out of my hand. I lost his hand. I looked for him, and I saw him falling down."

Uecker then grabbed Sirhan, and wrestled with him as other shots blasted into the corridor of the kitchen pantry, hitting five other persons. All survived.

Waiter Tells Of Seeing Girl

Vincent Di Pierro, a student and waiter at the Ambassador, gave the grand jury which indicted Sirhan on charges of murder a dramatic account of the shooting. He also told of Sirhan's struggle to escape afterward—and of the good-looking girl he saw talking with Sirhan earlier.

She was wearing a polka dot dress, he said. It was on this testimony—and that of another witness who told of seeing a woman in a dress of similar description run from the hotel—that police sent out an all-points bulletin for a young woman possibly involved in the case.

Di Pierro told the 22-member grand jury that he was walking with Sen. Kennedy through the kitchen and was 5 feet away when they reached the pantry's ice-making machine. Said Di Pierro:

"It was there that I noticed there was a girl and the accused person standing on what we call a tray stacker, where we had all the trays. . . ."

He was asked what he noticed about Sirhan.

"The only reason I noticed him," he said, "was there was a very good-looking girl next to him. That was the only reason I looked over there. I looked at the girl and I noticed him. . . . He was grabbing on (to a pipe on the tray holder) with his left hand."

"I could not see his right hand. He looked as though he was clutching his stomach, as though somebody had elbowed him."

The next time he looked at Sirhan he was holding the gun, Di Pierro said.

"He kind of moved around Mr. Uecker," Di Pierro said. "He kind of motioned around him and stuck the gun straight out. And nobody could move. It was—you were just frozen. You didn't know what to do."

On the first shot Sen. Kennedy "reared back" and began to fall, he said. "And when he stuck the gun (out)," he

said of Sirhan, "he looked like he was on his tiptoes because he wasn't that tall."

What happened next?

"The suspect turned almost immediately, and after all the shots were fired, he was trying to escape. . . . He tried very, very hard to get away. But Mr. Rafer Johnson and Mr. (Roosevelt) Grier and Mr. Uecker were all holding him against the stainless steel table.

"And people were trying—were hitting him and cursing at him, and it was utter confusion. I mean, everyone was trying to kill him. . . . I think it was Mr. Johnson who tried to get the gun."

Pressed for details of the girl in the polka dot dress, Di Piero said:

"I would never forget what she looked like because she had a very good looking figure—and the dress was kind of lousy. . . . It looked like it was a white dress and it had either black or dark-purple polka dots on it.

"It kind of had—I don't know what they call it, but it's like—looked like a bib in the front.

As the girl and Sirhan stood together on the tray rack, before the shooting, "he looked as though he either talked to her or flirted with her, because she smiled," Di Piero said.

Both Smiling—Then Murder

"Together, they were both smiling. As he got down, he was smiling. In fact, the minute the first two shots were fired, he still had a very sick-looking smile on his face.

"That's one thing—I can never forget that."

What did the girl look like?

"She had dark hair that was cut, I would say, just above the shoulders. And it just kind of looked like it was messed up, at the time, I mean. She could have changed that—she could have come with curls. I don't know. It was just messed up at the time.

"She had what looked like a short nose. She wasn't too—facially, she wasn't too pretty. She was not that pretty. And, like I say, figure—she had a very good figure."

He said that after the shooting he did not see her.

Authorities have questioned at least three young women who have identified themselves as having worn polka dot dresses to the Kennedy affair the night of the killing. All were released. One officer said: "There may have been 20 girls there in polka dot dresses."

It was Jesus Perez, a kitchen porter, who told the grand jury of having seen Sirhan a half-hour prior to the shooting. He identified Sirhan from photographs as a man who had been next to a kitchen steam table.

"He asked me about three or four times if Mr. Kennedy (were) coming through that way. And I answered, 'I don't know,' because, really, I don't know what way he comes."

Policeman Arthur Placencia, the first officer to reach the kitchen after the shooting, said he answered a call that there was "some kind of difficulty or police problem" at the Ambassador.

"When we got to this area where we got the suspect, there were people holding this suspect down on top of this

sheet metal table," he said.

The first thing he and his partner thought of, he said, was the safety of Sirhan. He said they pulled Grier and several others off him and then "just started pushing" to force their way out of the room with the suspect. The crowd kept shouting: "He did it. He is the one that shot him."

He said as they were taking Sirhan from the scene, a man he later learned was Jesse Unruh, California Assembly speaker and Sen. Kennedy's California campaign manager, kept shouting, "We don't want another Oswald. We don't want another Oswald."

En route to the police station, Unruh rode with them, the officer said. He said he asked Unruh, "By the way, who did he shoot?"

He said Unruh replied: "Bobby Kennedy."

During the daylong hearing before the grand jury, Deputy District Attorneys John E. Howard, Mori, Fukuto and John W. Miner questioned 22 witnesses.

Johnson and Grier were excused because they were in New York attending the senator's funeral.



Police photo of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, assassination suspect.



ABOVE: The struggle with suspect at Kennedy shooting scene in Los Angeles. Arrow locates Karl Uecker, maitre d' who helped subdue the suspect.



LEFT: Uecker on his day of testimony before grand jury. (AP)



Vincent Di Piero, part-time waiter at Los Angeles hotel, stands at spot where he said he saw Sen. Kennedy standing when mortally wounded. Di Piero told grand jury he saw girl in polka dot dress talking to Sirhan earlier. (AP)

Sirhan dad prepares for a trip

By Jay Bushinsky
Daily News Foreign Service

TAIBEH, Occupied Jordan — Bishara Salameh Sirhan, father of the man charged with the murder of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, has been granted a permit by the Israeli military government to travel to Jordan.

The 52-year-old retired resident of this picturesque village northeast of Jerusalem said he may leave for the Jordanian capital of Amman Sunday to draw money from his bank.

However, Sirhan insisted that he has not yet decided to go to the United States, despite reports to the contrary. "I want to have money in my pocket in case I should decide to travel to the United States," he said.

This means Sirhan probably intends to return to his home in the Israel-occupied West Bank after completing his business in Amman. He would then apply for a travel document from the Israeli authorities.

SHIRHAN ALSO will need a U.S. visa, though he holds a "green card" issued to him during his last stay in America, when he enjoyed the status of a resident alien.

Ordinary requests by West Bank Arabs to cross the Allenby Bridge into Jordan take two days to a week for approval. Sirhan's request was approved in 24 hours.

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Kennedy's killer smiled Good-looking girl with him, jury told

Indictment testimony revealed

Daily News Wire Services

LOS ANGELES (UPI)—The accused assassin of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was standing with a girl and had a "very sick looking smile on his face" when he opened fire on the senator, grand jury testimony disclosed Thursday.

The testimony said Sirhan B. Sirhan was standing with a girl "on a tray stacker" about four to six inches off the floor in a pantry area of the Ambassador Hotel where Kennedy was shot early June 5 moments after he claimed victory in the California presidential primary.

"As he (Sirhan) got down, he was smiling," hotel waiter Vincent Thomas di Piero

testified "In fact the minute the first two shots were fired, he still had a very sick looking smile on his face. That's one thing I can never forget."

A transcript of the proceedings last Friday, which resulted in a murder indictment against Sirhan, was made public when it was filed with the county clerk.

DI PIERRO said "the only reason I noticed him (Sirhan) was because there was a very good looking girl next to him. After the shooting I did not see her."

The witness said the girl with Sirhan was wearing a "white dress and it had either black or dark purple polka dots on it."

"She had dark hair, that was cut, I would say, just above the shoulders. She had what looked like a short nose. She wasn't too—facially, she wasn't too pretty. She was not that pretty and like I say, she had a very good figure."

DI PIERRO'S testimony seemed to corroborate a statement by Kennedy campaign worker Sandy Serrano, 20,

shortly after the shooting.

She said she saw a woman in a polka dot dress run from the hotel shouting: "We shot him. We shot him."

Miss Serrano asked who had been shot and said the woman

replied: "We shot Kennedy."

Three women who thought they might possibly be the woman have turned themselves

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into police but all three have been cleared.

DI PIERRO said he noticed Sirhan and the girl when he had walked up with Kennedy to an ice machine. The witness said he (di Pierro) was within five feet of Kennedy at that moment.

"I saw him (Sirhan) get down off the tray stand and

when I went to turn, the next thing I saw was him holding the gun. He kind of moved around Mr. (Karl) Uecker (assistant banquet manager of the Ambassador Hotel) and he kind of motioned around him and stuck the gun straight out and nobody could move.

"It was—you were just frozen; you didn't know what to do and then I saw the first powdering or plastering (gun discharge). When he pulled the trigger, the first shot, Mr. Kennedy fell down."

DI PIERRO said the suspect, whom he identified from two photographs, was within four to six feet of Kennedy when the shots were fired.

He said that when Sirhan stepped down just before the fatal shots were fired both he and the girl were smiling.

Asked what happened to Kennedy then, the witness replied, "He was on his way, falling—he was falling down. The first shot, he kind of reared back, very, very sharply."

Di Pierro described what happened after Kennedy was felled:

"The suspect turned almost immediately and after all the shots were fired, he was trying to escape. He tried very hard to get away. But Mr. Rafer Johnson—and by this time Mr. (Roosevelt) Grier and Mr. Uecker were all holding him against the reater. And people were trying to were hitting him and cursing at him

and it was utter confusion. I mean, everyone was trying to kill him."

MEANWHILE, police announced Thursday that a special 22-man task force of experts has been named to investigate all facets of the Kennedy assassination.

Deputy Police Chief Robert A. Houghton said the possibility that accused assassin Sirhan did not act alone was still being considered and that all leads, no matter how fragile, will be checked out.

ANOTHER OF THE grand jury witnesses, Irwin Neal Stroll, 17, one of those wounded, gave this description of the shooting. "All of a sudden she procession stopped and it was like firecrackers, just pop, pop, pop, all over the place, and smoke."

Stroll, testifying from a wheel chair, said he was put in charge of guarding the door from the kitchen to the room where Kennedy spoke shortly before he and five others were shot.

Stroll said as Kennedy passed him going from the podium to the kitchen en route to a press room, "I shook his hand and said: 'Congratulations, senator.' He said: 'Thank you.' Then he went through the door and all of a sudden the procession stopped and it was like firecrackers, just pop, pop, pop, all over the place, and smoke."

"I pushed Mrs. Kennedy—just a reaction—and everyone in the front turned around."

"I **TURNED** around and saw Mrs. Kennedy on the floor with Roosevelt Grier covering her. It was like a swarm of people pushing me out of the room."

"I went out of the podium

door. I said: 'God, I'm shot,' and then my friends carried me off. I noted U was shot because of the blood; when the shooting started, it felt like a kick in the knee. . .

"Right before going in, and Roosevelt Grier was behind her because I remember her face, she got crushed like, and she went like this . . . and they came down and said: 'Ake you all right?'"

"Roosevelt Grier pushed the people away from her."

"Then the procession went through then we went through the door, Mrs. Kennedy and I and Roosevelt Grier, and then the procession stopped again, and then like firecrackers went off, like six."

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Sirhan Is Granted 3 Week Continuance

BY SEYMOUR KORMAN

[Chicago Tribune Press Service]

Los Angeles, June 28—Sirhan Bishara Sirhan today was granted a continuance to July 19 to answer to the indictment charging him with the murder of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy [D., N. Y.]. A second psychiatrist was appointed to examine the 24-year-old Jordanian immigrant amid increasing indications that he will plead innocent and innocent by reason of insanity.

After the hearing, conducted under super-security precautions in the chapel of the county jail, Sirhan's attorney, Russell E. Parsons, was asked by a newspaper man: "Does your client understand the nature and consequences of his act?"

"There may be grave doubt of that," Parsons replied.

Insanity Valid Defense

"If psychiatric examinations showed Sirhan has sustained some brain damage, will you plead that as insanity?" Parsons was asked.

"That would certainly be a valid defense," Parsons said. He added that he has made a study of insanity defenses during his years of practice, and disclosed that he is part owner of a mental disease hospital in Los Angeles.

Judge Richard Schauer of Superior court presided, and designated the chapel as branch 100 of the court for the hearing. Sirhan was brought in, surrounded by five sheriff's deputies, who formed a shield between him and newspaper men and others in the chapel seats. He was in white shirt, blue jail trousers, and black cotton slippers.

Agrees to Lawyer

Sirhan was expressionless as he seated himself before the chapel altar. He said, "Yes, sir," when asked if he agreed to Parsons as his attorney as a substitute for the county public defender.

The judge inquired if Sirhan was ready to plead to the in-



Russell E. Parsons

dictments which accuse him of mortally wounding Kennedy and shooting five other persons early on June 5 in the kitchen of the Ambassador hotel.

Parsons spoke up, asking for the three-week continuance so he could get another lawyer into the case with him, and have more psychiatric tests made on Sirhan.

Selects 2d Psychiatrist

On June 7, when Sirhan was arraigned on the indictment, the court had appointed two psychiatrists, Dr. Edward Stainbrook and Dr. Eric Marcus, to examine Sirhan and report to the defense. Stainbrook refused to accept the appointment, and Judge Schauer selected another psychiatrist, Dr. George Abe of the Metropolitan State hospital at suburban Norwalk.

"Under California law," the judge informed Sirhan, "you are entitled to trial a maximum of 60 days after your arraignment, unless you make a time waiver. Continuing this hearing to July 19 brings it perilously near that 60-day deadline. Do you give up your right to trial in 60 days for trial later?"

"Yes, I do," Sirhan said. He was then taken back to his cell.

The security was as rigid as at the arraignment in the chanel. No cameras nor tape

recorders were allowed in the chamber, and all who entered had to first go thru two friskings.

Parsons told a newspaper man that Sirhan has been visited in jail by one of his brothers, Adel, 29, and that his mother, Mrs. Mary Sirhan, will see him there for the first time on Monday.

C-6

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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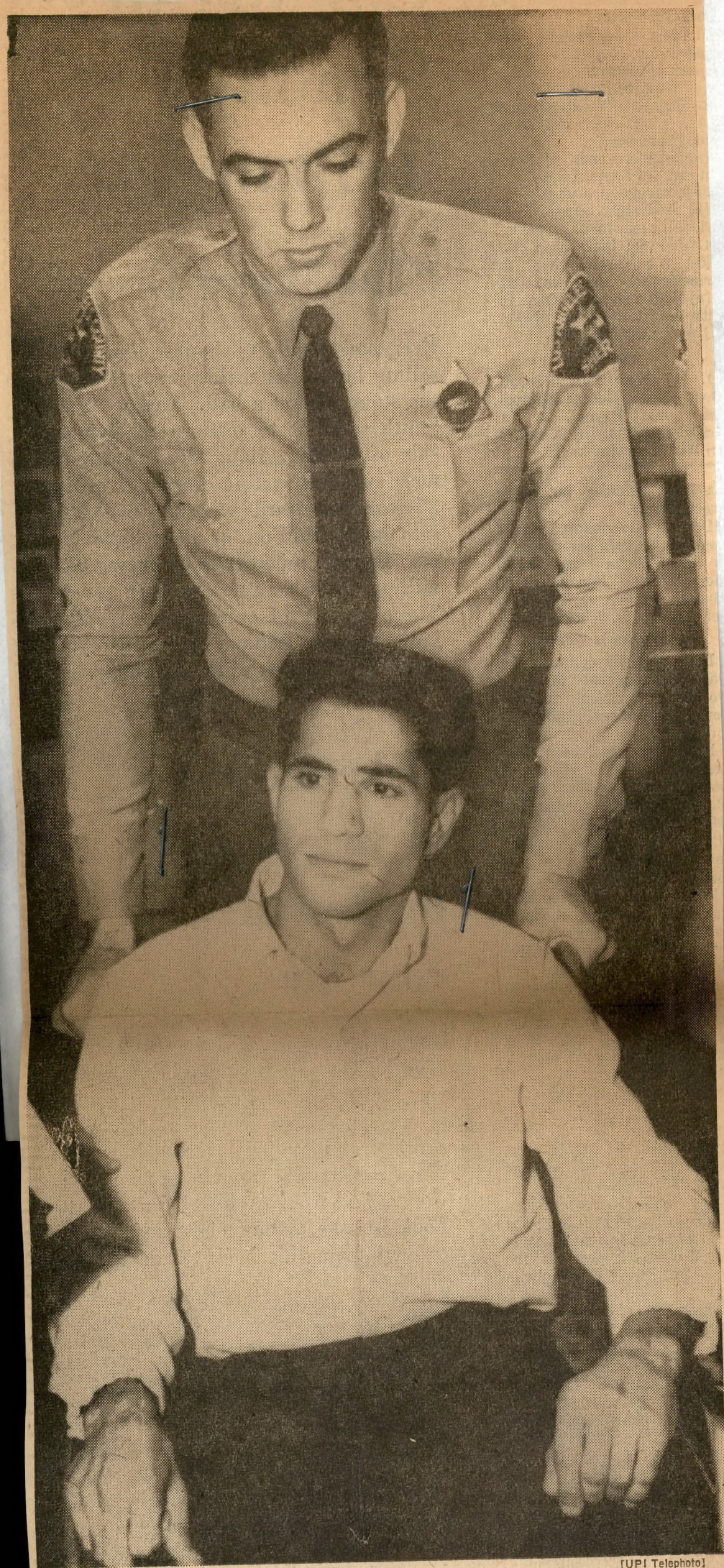
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[UPI Telephoto]

Back to Jail Cell

Sirhan Sirhan, Robert Kennedy's accused assassin, is wheeled back to cell in Los Angeles county jail after hearing. He suffered an injured ankle during his arrest.

2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176



[UPI Cablephoto]

Sirhan Sirhan leaving courtroom of Los Angeles county jail. He was granted continuance to July 19 to answer indictment charging him with Sen. Robert Kennedy's murder.

Frisk Everyone for Weapons at Sirhan Hearing

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Even the sheriff and his deputies were searched for weapons at the hearing on the arraignment of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, 24, the slender Jordanian accused of assassinating Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess explained later: "Someone could plant something on us."

Such were the security precautions yesterday as Sirhan was granted a 3-week delay in entering a plea to give his attorney more time to study the case.

Superior court Judge Richard S. Chauver postponed Sirhan's plea of guilty or not guilty to July 11 after defense lawyer Russell E. Parsons said he had had only "limited time" to study the transcript of grand jury testimony.

175 at Hearing

About 175 newsmen and others attended the 9-minute hearing in the Los Angeles county central jail's third-floor chapel, a large, oblong room with oak pews facing a platform at one end. No cameras or recorders were allowed in the room during the hearing. Everyone was searched twice.

Schauver, standing behind a lectern at the rear of the platform, announced that "these facilities"—the jail chapel instead of a regular courtroom—"are to insure the defendant's security."

Adel Sirhan, 29, one of the defendant's four brothers, sat among front-row spectators. For Adel's protection he was escorted by several detectives.

4 Escort Defendant

Sirhan entered from a door to the spectators' right. Four

deputies, towering over him, closely escorted him. Two stood behind him, one to his right, and one to the left of his attorney as Sirhan sat beside his lawyer at a small table facing the judge.

Arriving visitors were first searched outside the building, where deputies confiscated pocket knives, including a money clip with a retractable penknife in it.

After a single-file walk through long corridors, up an escalator, and past two electrically operated steel gates, spectators emptied their pockets and were frisked even more thoroughly.

A deputy took a reporter's pipe apart, stem from bowl, to make sure it wasn't a weapon.

Close to Deadline

In granting the postponement, Judge Chauver said this "comes dangerously close" to the end of the 60 days in which by law, Sirhan must be brought to trial or the indictment dismissed. He asked: "Mr. Sirhan, do you give up your right to go to trial in a 60-day period and agree to go to a trial at a later date?"

"Yes, sir, I do," Sirhan said.

The four deputies, two close in front of Sirhan, two close behind, escorted him out of the room, back to his wheelchair, back to the heavily guarded cell where he is constantly watched.

For the first time since his arrest, cameramen were allowed to photograph Sirhan as he left court. Cameras and recorders were allowed in the chapel, for interviews with Parsons and Sheriff Pitchess, after the session.

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