

ONCE AGAIN . . .



The assassination, Los Angeles, 1968

Boris Yaro—Los Angeles Times



A frantic Mrs. Kennedy wards off crowd

Associated Press



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

UPI

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

... ONCE AGAIN

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

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

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

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

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

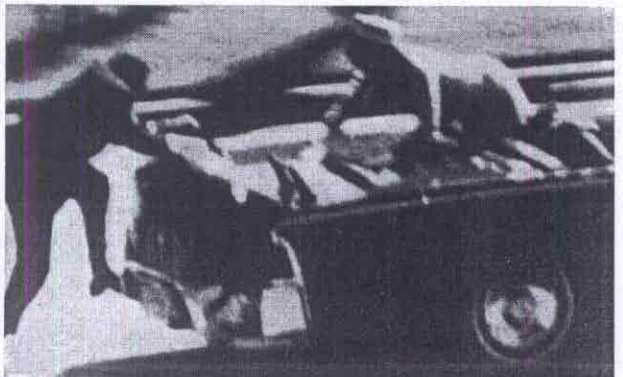
June 17, 1968

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The assassination, Dallas, 1963

UPI



A frantic Mrs. Kennedy scrambles for help



© 1963 Robert Jackson—Dallas Times

Jack Ruby slays suspect Lee Harvey Oswald. John F. Kennedy's body arrived in Washington.

UPI



BOBBY'S LAST, LONGEST DAY

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

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

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

Yet the moment passed quickly, lost in

the resurgent confidence that pervaded the Kennedy camp as he neared the end of the long primary road. He had taken a sound and quite possibly critical thrashing at McCarthy's hands in the Oregon primary only the week before—a setback that made California, politically, a life-or-death trial by combat for Kennedy. “If we lose here,” an aide conceded, “we can all go home.” So they set out to win the way the Kennedys always had, saturating the state with money and glamour and, most of all, the candidate himself. While McCarthy rationed himself to two live appearances and a radio talk on the



Kennedy after the shots: ‘Why him? Why him?’

last campaign day, an exhausted Kennedy, sun-baked and hollow-eyed, put in fourteen punishing hours. Midway through a closing rally in San Diego, he cut a talk short, started off the platform and sagged down on the ramp with his head between his knees. His two Negro celebrity escorts, pro footballer Roosevelt Grier and onetime Olympic decathlon champ Rafer Johnson, helped him to a dressing room. He vomited. Then he went back to the platform and spoke again.

But that night he slipped away to Malibu, where six of his ten children were bunking in movie director John Frankenheimer's beachfront home, and the break seemed to restore him. He spent the morning body-surfing with the kids (and collecting a small bump on the

forehead when he fished son David, 12, out of a mild undertow), then repaired—fresh and rested—to his fifth-floor headquarters suite at the big, rambling Ambassador Hotel just as the returns began coming in.

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

And finally, with the California returns piling up toward an ultimate 46 per cent to 42 per cent victory over McCarthy, somebody said: “Let's go down.” “Do we know enough about it yet?” Kennedy asked.

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

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



Howard Decker—Photoreporters

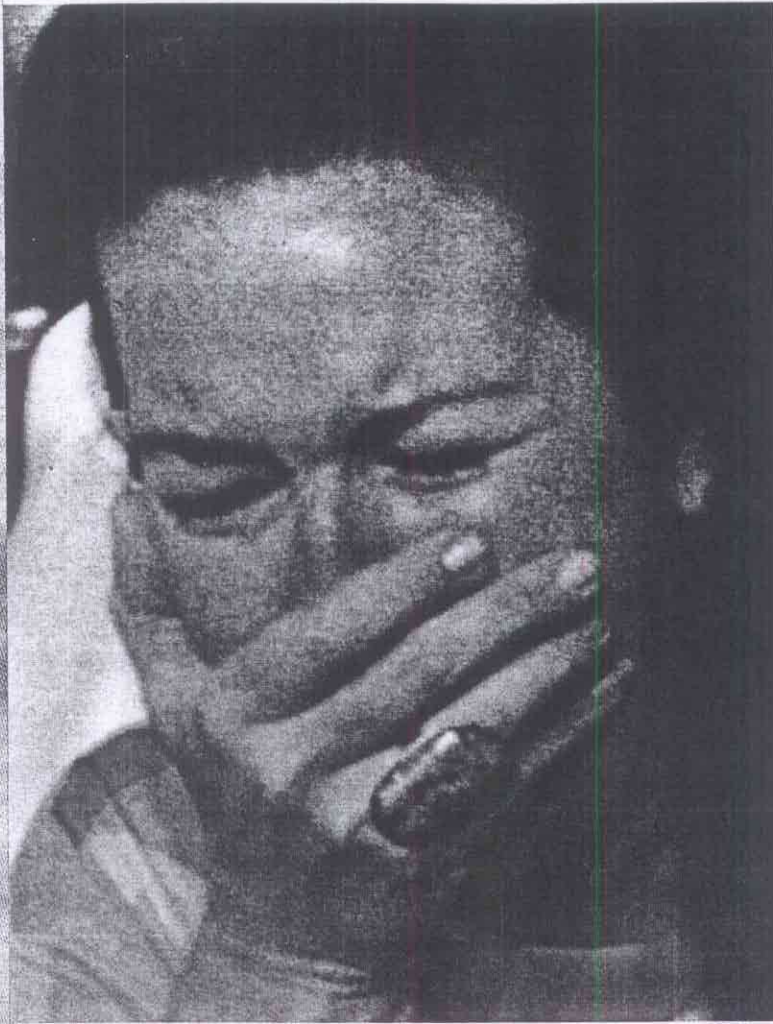
TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY: At the height of his hardest-won victory, Robert Kennedy faced his jubilant supporters in the ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel. Moments later, in a tableau of senseless carnage, he lay sprawled on a pantry floor as the blood drained from a fatal wound in the back of his head.

Phil Gonzales—Photoreporters



CBS News film by James Wilson



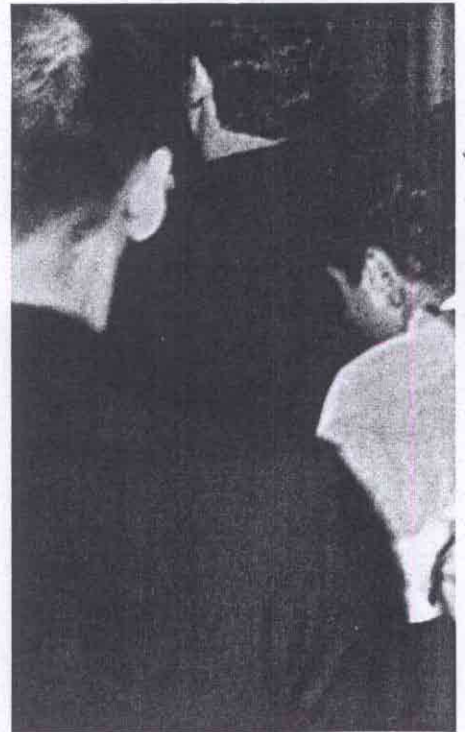


CBS News

'HE'S BEEN SHOT!': As the news spreads, grief grips the ballroom



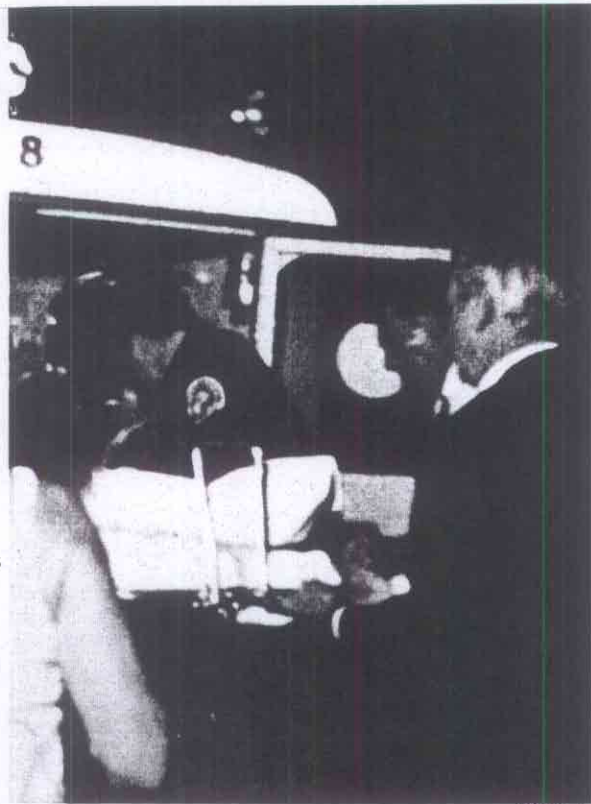
OUTSIDE THE HOTEL: Ethel Kennedy follows



UNDER ARREST: Flanked and held firmly by policemen, suspect Sirhan Sirhan is led away



CBS News



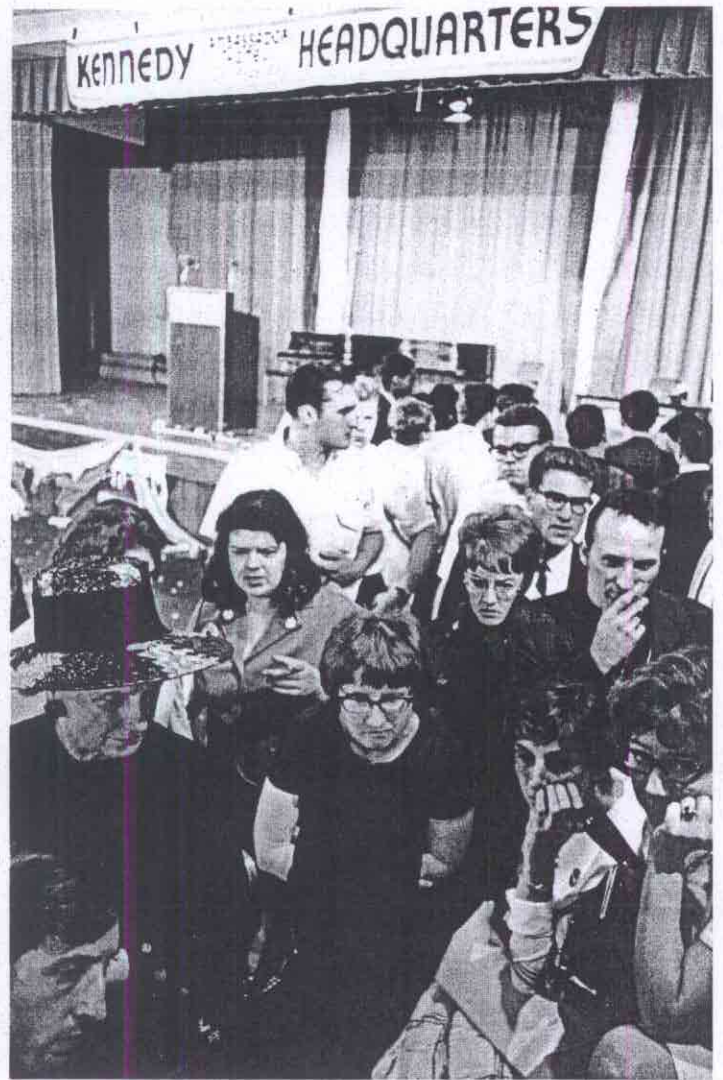
NBC News

closely as Bobby is eased into ambulance No. 18



NBC News

LONG WAIT: Suspense grips Kennedy workers eying TV. Word RFK was dead comes hours later (below) from press secretary Mankiewicz.



Newweek photos by Dee Gurton





Newsweek—Curt Gunther (Camera 5)

FINAL FLIGHT: Edward Kennedy (center) helps load coffin on plane for trip to New York



RESTRAINED GRIEF: Robert Kennedy's widow accompanies her husband's casket into St. Patrick's Cathedral

MOMENT OF MOURNING: Ethel Kennedy and her eldest son, Joseph Kennedy III, pray silently while the body of Robert Kennedy lies in state.

VIGIL: Jacqueline Kennedy, with Caroline (right) and John

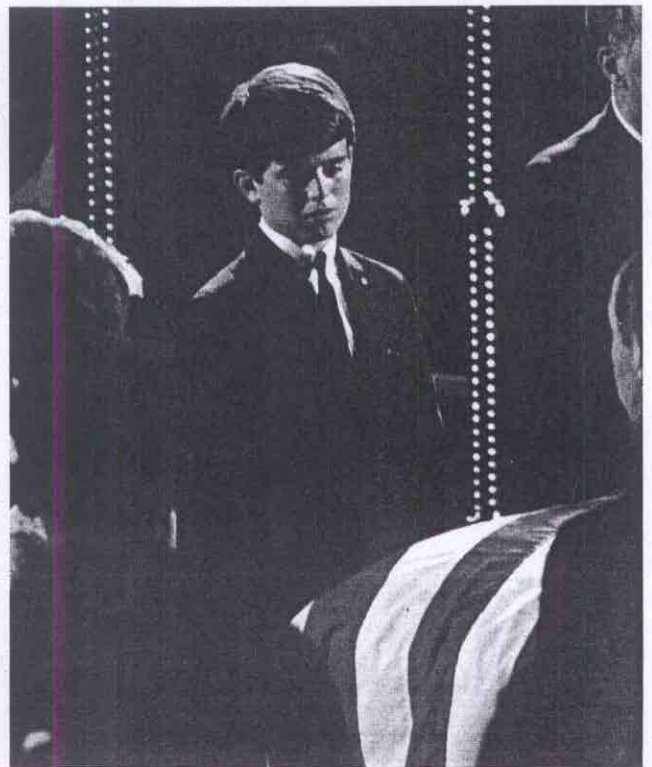




Newweek—Fred Mayer (Magnum)

n Jr., prays as Robert Shriver stands beside his uncle's bier

Newweek photos by Burk Uzzle (Magnum)





Newsweek—Burt Glinn (Magnum)

Newsweek—Constantine Manos (Magnum)

SUMMATION: In the nave of St. Patrick's during the funeral service, Ted Kennedy pays tribute to his dead brother: 'He loved life completely and lived it intensely'

EXODUS: The body is borne from the cathedral by pallbearers (visible, clockwise) David Hackett, Robert McNamara, Lord Harlech, John Glenn, Averell Harriman, Douglas Dillon, James Whittaker, LeMoyné Billings, Stephen Smith



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Star-crossed: Joe Kennedy Jr. . . .



. . . Kathleen (with husband) . . .



. . . Jack and Bob, 1962; Ted (with Joan) after the crash





Los Angeles Times



UPI
Gunman at bay: Plimpton (far left) and Grier (foreground, photo above) help subdue suspect Sirhan Sirhan

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

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

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

suming Sirhan meant America. "He tried to do so much." But Sirhan only muttered: "It's too late, it's too late." After that, he clammed up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The word reached Ted Kennedy in

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

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

"But how is he?"

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

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

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

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

Bouncing Ball: It fell to Ted to call the parents at the family's Hyannis Port compound. Rather than wake them with sketchy word, he waited till morning. Mother Rose, 77, had got up early, as she always does, for morning Mass and heard the news on television. Ted told his mute, partly paralyzed father. The compound was sealed off. But late that morning, newsmen peering over the palisade saw Rose Kennedy, in a long pink coat and white shoes and sunglasses, walking from her house to the now shut-

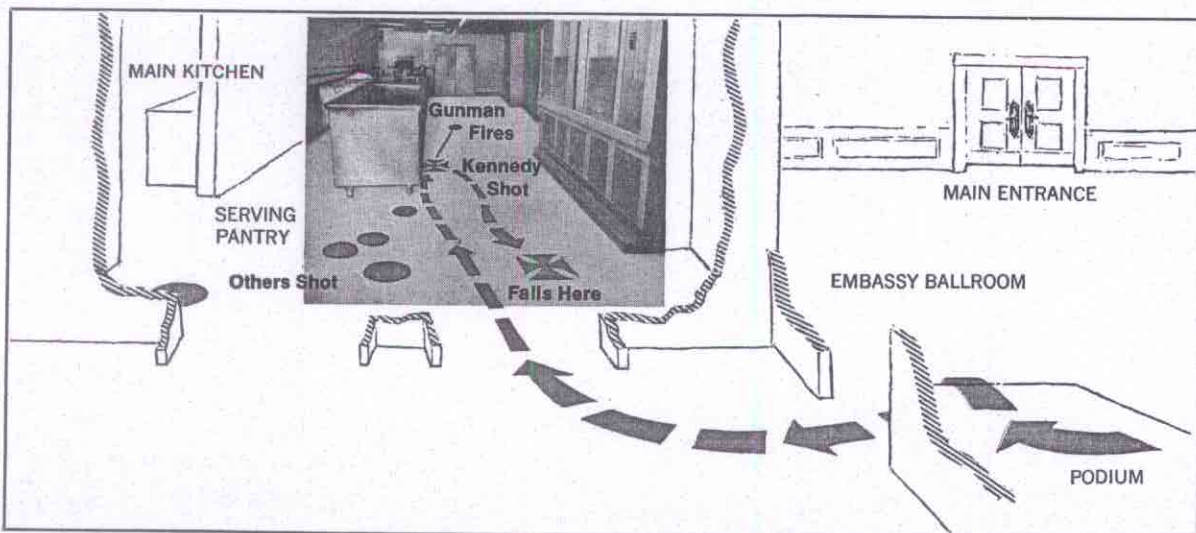
tered one where Jack used to stay. She was bouncing a tennis ball on the walk, and when she got to Jack's house, she threw it against the wall, caught it, threw it again—a slow and mechanical game that went on for ten minutes. Once she spied photographers watching her, and she told them evenly: "Really, how can you be so unfair?" No one answered.

The circles spread, engulfing the Capital and the world.

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

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

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



Scene of the crime: In a serving pantry at the Ambassador Hotel, a chance encounter—and a rendezvous with death
June 17, 1968

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

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

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

At 2:45 a.m., Kennedy was wheeled into a ninth-floor surgical suite, and—while two grim-faced cops stood guard outside with green surgical smocks over their uniforms—a team of three neurosurgeons went for the bullet in Kennedy's brain. They expected, Mankiewicz said, that the operation would take 45 minutes or an hour; instead, it dragged on for three hours and 45 minutes, and what the doctors found plainly appalled them. Tiny bits of shattered bullet and bone were strewn through the brain, ripping vital arteries and penetrating the cerebellum, which controls muscular coordination. The surgeons got all the fragments but some near the upper brain

stem, too chancy to go after; they elected to leave the second bullet lodged in Kennedy's neck. They were not optimistic. One of them, Dr. Henry Cuneo, spoke by phone to a New York colleague, Dr. J. Lawrence Pool, who summed up later: the outcome, even if Kennedy lived, could be "extremely tragic."

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

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

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

Once again the ripples spread. Lyndon
(Continued on Page 34)

'THERE JUST HASN'T BEEN A NICER BOY'

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

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

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

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

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



Survivors: RFK and children, Nov. 22, 1963; RFK Jr., June 5, 1968



Frank Q. Brown—Los Angeles Times
Sirhan: 'An A-1 boy'

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

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

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

The explosions, when they came, seemed often to be touched off by references to Israel. John H. Weidner Jr., the barrel-chested owner of three organic-food stores in Pasadena, hired Sirhan as a \$2-an-hour stock clerk for nearly six months last fall and winter. "He was a man with principles," according to Weidner. "He didn't smoke. He didn't drink. He always said he wouldn't lie." He was so trustworthy that Weidner assigned him to pick up all three stores' receipts and take them to the bank. But occa-

sionally Sirhan flew into blind rages against Israel and Jews. "He often mentioned seeing people of his race killed by Israelis," Weidner recalled. "He was very resentful of the U.S.'s policy because he was a refugee, and he talked about President Kennedy helping other refugees so much, but nothing for the Jordanians."

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

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

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

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

More evidence leaked out later when a grand jury met to consider the murder

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

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

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



Yorty (left) with Reddin: Bias?

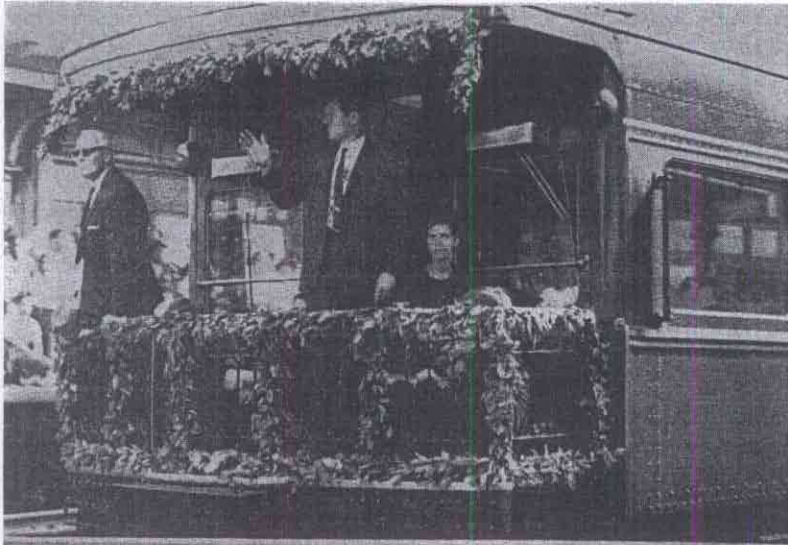
(Continued from Page 32)

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

Richard Cardinal Cushing sat at Joseph Kennedy's side when Teddy called with the news; he composed a little tribute ("Even where duty was wedded to

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

The long flight home was, as recount-



Associated Press

Long journey home: The last of the brothers waves from the funeral train

danger, he embraced it . . .") and headed for New York and Washington to bury Robert, as he had buried "dear Jack." The longshoremen walked off the docks in New York City, and a local TV station canceled two and a half hours of morning programs and ran the single scrawled word SHAME instead. Mrs. Martin Luther King, herself widowed by an assassin only two months earlier, flew to Los Angeles to be with Ethel, just as the Kennedys had come to be with her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The day of the funeral, for all the pomp and pageantry and live TV, he be-

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

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

A Good Man: Yet nothing in the service was so painfully affecting as the moment Ted Kennedy, looking suddenly alone and vulnerable, left his place at Ethel's side and stood before the flag-draped coffin to speak for the family. His voice caught once early on as he called the roll of the Kennedy dead—"Joe and Kathleen, Jack." But he steeled himself through a reading of Bobby's own words, from a tribute written for his father and a hortatory speech in South Africa two years ago. Then, his voice turned thick and tremulous. "My brother," he said, "need not be idealized, or enlarged in death beyond what he was in life, to be remembered simply as a good and decent man who saw wrong and tried to right it, saw suffering and tried to heal it, saw war and tried to stop it . . ." He stumbled on: "Those of us who loved him and who take him to his rest today pray that what he was to us and what he wished for others will some day come to pass for all the world. As he said many times . . . 'Some men see things as they are and say why. I dream things that never were and say why not?'" Then he retired, eyes flashing, to his pew.

Finally, on a June morning turned suddenly balmy and brilliant, the great bronze doors swung open; the "Hallelujah Chorus" filled Fifth Avenue; a little circle of family and friends handed the coffin gently down to the hearse. Past tens of thousands of weeping and waving mourners, some flinging roses in its path, the cortege crawled downtown to

Penn Station. And there Kennedy's casket was lifted aboard the ivy-decked funeral train. The family followed, Rose and Ted and Jacqueline, and Ethel, thickly veiled, shepherding all but the tiniest of her ten children. The 21-car train puffed out of the station. The long, slow journey home had begun.

Journey: It was a page from the American past, a throwback to the trains that carried Lincoln and McKinley and Franklin Roosevelt to their graves. Mourners by the thousands stood in a baking sun for hours at every station, jostling for a glimpse of Ethel and Jackie and the flag-draped casket as they passed in the observation car. Teddy came out on the platform and waved, and they waved back, flags and handkerchiefs fluttering. In Elizabeth, N.J., a man and a woman, crowded too close to the edge of the platform, were swept under the wheels of a northbound train

pinstripe gray suits, then Ethel and Jacqueline and Teddy. "I hoped," said one family intimate, "that we'd never get there."

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

The mourners had been gathering for hours. The diplomatic corps and the Con-



Newsweek—Bernard Gotfryd

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

and killed as they craned for a look at the incoming Kennedy train. With that, the train stopped; advance man Bruno refused to give the go-ahead until railroad officials suspended all other traffic on the route. Even then, the great throngs slowed the journey, and so did mechanical trouble. The day had faded to a mellow gold when the train passed Baltimore, through a crowd singing the "Battle Hymn" and "We Shall Overcome," and night had fallen when at last it reached Washington four and one-half hours late.

No one aboard wanted the trip to end; there was a certain release in motion, a terrible finality in reaching the end of the line. The trip, for the 700 passengers, was a rolling Irish wake; drinks were served up; the bereaved laughed in the face of sorrow. The survivors walked through the train to thank everybody for coming: young Joe in one of his father's

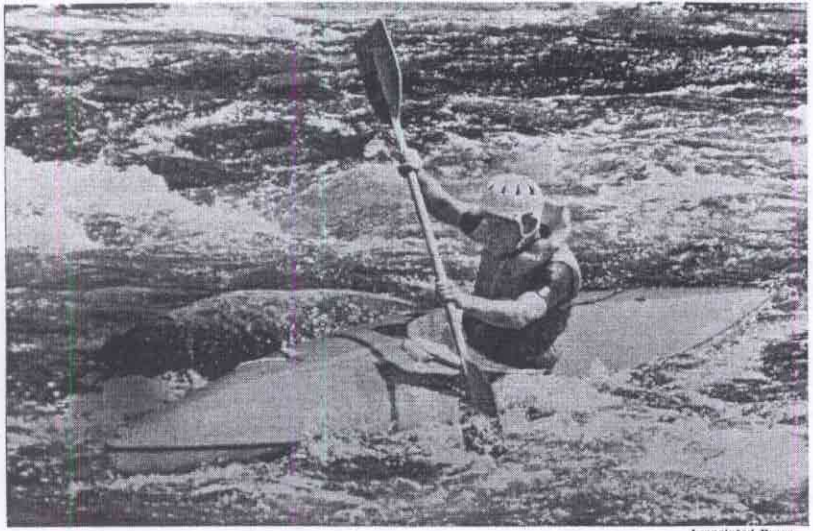
gress stood waiting through a brief, spattering rain. In the eerie half-light, the President took his place near the gravesite. The eternal flame danced in a freshening breeze. Cardinal Cushing had fallen ill during the train journey; Archbishop Philip Hannan delivered Robert Kennedy's soul to his God.

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



Associated Press

The adventurer: On Mount Kennedy



Associated Press

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



UPI

Scrimmaging with Ethel and Ted in Acapulco



UPI

Skiing the Rock Garden run in Sun Valley



Newsweek—Milan J. Kubie

Slogging through the waters of the Amazon



London Daily Express

Toppling into Idaho's 'River of No Return'

Newsweek

A FLAME BURNED FIERCELY

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

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

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

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

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

heard, stripped to his shorts and plunged into an icy, angry surf for a swim.

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

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

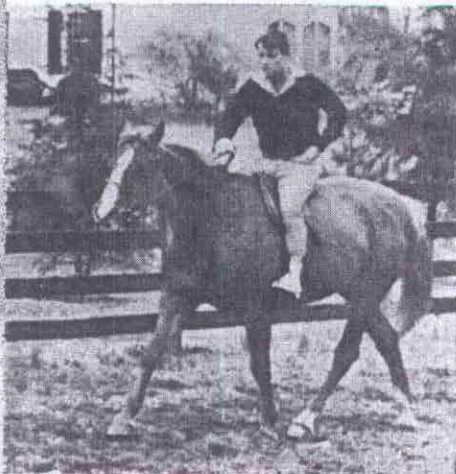


Stove Schapiro—Black Star

Roughhousing with the kids



Skin-diving in tropical waters



Associated Press

Riding after dawn at Hickory Hill

June 17, 1968



Fred Ward—Black Star

Attorney General: Growing

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

By the time he was a Harvard footballer, he had an understandable repu-



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

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

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

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

State pols. "I want to elect John F. Kennedy." Inevitably, the legend fed on such encounters.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



... And the kids in Harlem

Newsweek

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

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

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

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

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

So tough-minded a journalist-historian as William V. Shannon credited Robert

'LAUGHTER IS BETTER THAN TEARS'

Never was there a more unlikely candidate for somber widowhood than Ethel Skakel Kennedy.

She has long been the eternal child of the Kennedy clan, bubbly and bouncy, irrepressibly vital and irresistibly friendly, a puckish foe of the false and the pompous, always loving and loyal to her husband, earnestly compassionate about animals, incessantly searching out joy—an authentic blithe spirit even in prolific motherhood. She was the one who could shepherd a vast and volatile brood of ten with the same wide-eyed zest that was visible when she was snagging a pass at touch football or riding a careening raft in and out of lethal rapids or zigzagging down the ski slopes. With the Kennedy family, Ethel was always the one who hurled herself impulsively into life as though it were indeed one big ball, or at the very least a romping surprise party to be relished with all the zest and gaiety that one could get and give. "Laughter," she said, "is better than tears."

And for Ethel, a life of exuberant action was much better than one of morbid introspection. In Bobby's Senate campaign she begged leave of a cluster of woolgathering journalists with a cheerful confession: "Look . . . It's too mental here talking with you reporters. It's physical out there shaking hands." At parties her style showed in delight in the innocently outlandish. At one of hawkish pundit Joseph Alsop's parties where everyone anticipated dampening tensions because of Bobby Kennedy's antiwar feeling, Ethel elected to show up in a wild black and white vinyl miniskirt and skipped in among the other ladies dressed in formal gowns to become the hit—and salvation—of the occasion. "She broke up the tensions," a friend recalls. "It turned out one of the best parties of the year." Ever the enemy of willful gloominess, Ethel once asked Edward Albee why he wrote "all those depressing plays." And her approach to theater was quite like her approach to life. "Why burden yourself watching depressing plays?" she said once. "I just can't go for that. I like jolly happy things."

Undiminished: Tragedy, nevertheless, has washed over her life as inexorably as it has over the Kennedy clan. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Skakel, were killed simultaneously in a private plane crash in 1955. Less than two years ago her brother George Jr. died in still another plane crash. And just months later Ethel's sister-in-law, George's widow, died after strangling on a piece of meat. All the Kennedy family tragedies have been no less hers, too, for she was a totally married woman. Yet no an-



Frank Edwards—Foto International

Ethel: No hand to hold

guish ever seemed to diminish her spirit.

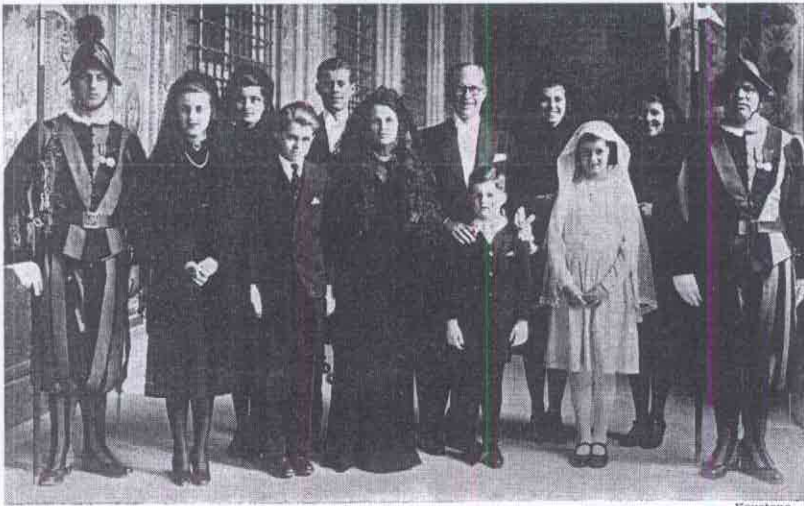
Intimates hand Ethel the lioness's share of credit for retrieving her husband from the consuming spiral of melancholy following his brother's assassination. "Without her," a friend said, "Bobby might well have gone off the deep end." And sure enough, it was Ethel herself who elected to move about the plane that carried her own dead husband to New York in an effort to cheer up the shattered band of friends on board.

Rescue: Such direct action has always been characteristic of her—even if it has sometimes landed her in trouble. Thus, in 1963 when she saw an emaciated neglected horse penned near the Kennedy Hickory Hill estate at McClean, she took him home for feeding and care. She was formally charged with, in effect, horse stealing, but the acquitting jury accepted her reason for helping the horse. It was, she said, "the saddest sight I ever saw." But why hadn't she returned him later? "Why would you give it back to someone who was mistreating it?" she asked.

The response was pure Ethel, as had been the act. And just as she has always been quick to offer compassion to others—man or beast—she has always been free about admitting when she needed it herself. When making airplane landings, which she hated, she would unblushingly call for Bobby. "Would you mind getting my husband back here," she said as the plane approached one recent campaign stop. "He always holds my hand."

When the Presidential jet set down in New York after the flight from Los Angeles, the wiry, tanned little woman emerged with the casket—holding nobody's hand. She moved unpausing and unglancing past friends and strangers with a taut, finchless mask that gave way neither at St. Patrick's nor later at Arlington. She stood with invincible composure, unapproachable it seemed, an apostle of life at the rites of death.

She had always said she would take "whatever comes" in numbers of children. Providentially, even at the time of death, life thrived in her. Ethel Kennedy was carrying her eleventh child—due seven months after its father's death.



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



Sworn into the Navy at 17



Married to Ethel Skakel, 1950



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



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



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

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

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

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

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

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

Other things were happening, to be

UNDERSTANDING VIOLENCE

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What's America coming to?" a grief-stricken witness asked after the shooting of Robert F. Kennedy.

The question was endlessly repeated and rephrased in a thousand variations last week. A few observers thought they discerned some of the outlines of the new national destiny in the political assassinations, the race riots, the student rebellions and the muggings that are as routine on city streets as dirt and gum wrappers. Americans, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., the historian (and longtime Kennedy friend), told the commencement audience at the City University of New York last week, "are today the most frightening people on this planet."

President Johnson's new commission on violence, which was asked to determine "what in the nature of our people and the environment of our society makes possible such murder and such violence," can make a start in that direction of understanding. It has as a model the Kerner commission's civil-disorders report. But men can be unknowingly blind. When they look into the face of violence, they see not a reflection of themselves but of their antagonists. Thus California Gov. Ronald Reagan blamed civil disorders on unnamed demagogic leaders in and out of office and on "the spirit of permissiveness that pervades the courts," while Sen. Eugene McCarthy found the violence

of Robert Kennedy's assassination linked to the violence of the Vietnam war. The young blame violence on the intransigence of established order. The elders cite the disrespect of youth; the voices of the white establishment blame militants like H. Rap Brown; the black militants point to the pervasiveness of white racism—and both sides arm for more violence (estimates placed the number of "private" weapons in the U.S. at 50 million, with 2 million small arms purchased last year alone).

'Real': Violence, it seems, always turns out to be what someone else does. The assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. were the work of aberrant individuals (and in RFK's case, not even a "real" American). Also, the argument goes, violence has always existed and always will, and the U.S. is no worse than other nations.

Compounding the difficulties, few hard facts exist about the many different forms that violence takes and how extensive it is. Rap Brown observed last year that violence is "as American as cherry pie," a half-truth at best, though American violence does go back to the first days of the Republic. Indeed, sociologist Gilbert Geis of California State College claims there are probably fewer crimes of violence today than in the early days of the Republic. The frontier served as the low-rent district of Colonial society as well as a safety valve for the acceptable release of violence. "Inner-city" riots were endemic from 1830 to 1870. "It is the Irish who wrote the script for urban violence," notes Dennis Clark in the June 1 issue of the Jesuit magazine *America*, "and the black terrorists have not added anything particularly new." Racial disorders are not new either, though the terms of combat have shifted radically; in the past, notes Harvard government Prof.

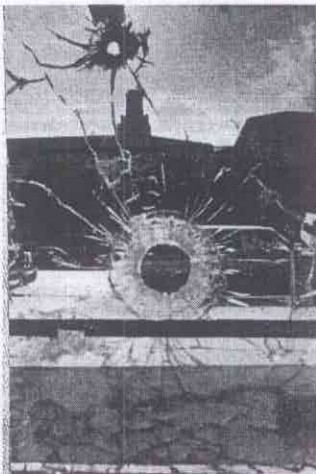


Newark News

In Newark: A new dignity or self-destruction?

What is America coming to? Has violence become an American way of life? Is U.S. society sick—or at the least sicker than other contemporary societies?

Such questions are at once too vast and too unsettling for easy answers. They force men to peer into the abyss of their own selves, and few men have the moral or 'intellectual equipment to undertake that exploration. To be sure, pop experts talk about frontier violence, the unsettledness of American life, and such spiritual antecedents as Bonnie and Clyde. There is some truth in these observations. But, comments University of Chicago anthropologist Clifford Geertz, they only "provide us with prefabricated 'explanations' for events we, in fact, not only do not understand, but do not want to understand . . . We do not know very well what kind of society we live in, what kind of history we have had, what kind of people we are. We are just now beginning to find out, the hard way."



Jim Seymour—Pis



Associated Press



Associated Press

The American way of life? Mass murders from a Texas tower, combat in Vietnam, riots at Columbia

James Q. Wilson, major riots like Chicago's in 1919 and Detroit's in 1943 were begun by whites and aimed at Negroes. And some forms of American violence have all but disappeared. Labor-management warfare, which claimed 30 deaths as recently as 1934, has declined now that the labor combatants have largely won their war for union recognition.

Yet statistics plotting the rising or falling curves of violence can be notoriously inaccurate, influenced as they are by such variables as population growth, better crime-reporting methods, more accurate diagnoses by coroners (who can distinguish violent deaths from deaths due to natural causes), and the development of lifesaving drugs and surgical techniques. Whether or not violence is on the increase or decrease, it is clear that there are measurable changes in certain kinds of violence. For example, Dr. John P. Spiegel of Brandeis University's Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence distinguishes three kinds of violence: collective violence such as rioting, individual or private violence like muggings, and political assassination.

Collectively, in their civil life, Americans are more peaceful than many other people. Nothing in the contemporary American experience compares with the Indonesian slaughter of hundreds of thousands of Communists or the massacres of the Congo—though this may be changing. The Lemberg Center now issues a Riot Data Review—its reflection of the times—and the first issue last month reported more than ten times as many "racially inspired civil disorders" in the U.S. during the first three months of 1968 than in the same period of 1967.

Mayhem: In the category of private mayhem, the U.S. is clearly more violent than any other industrialized society. The U.S. homicide rate is five per 100,000 persons annually, a figure roughly eight times that of England and Wales and four times that of Japan, Australia, New Zealand and Canada—though less than the rate for some Latin American countries. In the U.S. the high violent death rate has produced a grisly bonus: because of the frequency of homicides and auto accidents (another form of

mayhem, largely unconscious), Texas doctors have been able to perform more heart-transplant operations than doctors in any other region in the world.

Most ominous of all, the pattern of political assassinations in the U.S. now resembles what one would expect in a banana republic. "The assassination of Lincoln," Spiegel says, "established a scenario for political violence." Starting the count with Lincoln, four of twenty U.S. Presidents have been assassinated, and assassination attempts have been made on three more. Moreover, a Secret Service report released in January shows that the number of persons arrested for threatening the President of the United States has increased alarmingly since John Kennedy's assassination, from 80 arrests in 1963 to 425 arrests in 1967, the most recent year reported.

Mother's Boy: What kind of Americans threaten Presidents? Beginning shortly after President Kennedy's assassination, Dr. David A. Rothstein of the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Mo., interviewed 27 inmates who had threatened a Chief Executive. Among his cases, seventeen had threatened President Johnson; eight, President Kennedy; and two, President Eisenhower. The men tended to have much in common: several were young and many came from unhappy homes. Typically, they were raised by dominant mothers, while their fathers stood ineffectually by or were absent altogether—not unlike the youth accused of murdering Robert Kennedy.

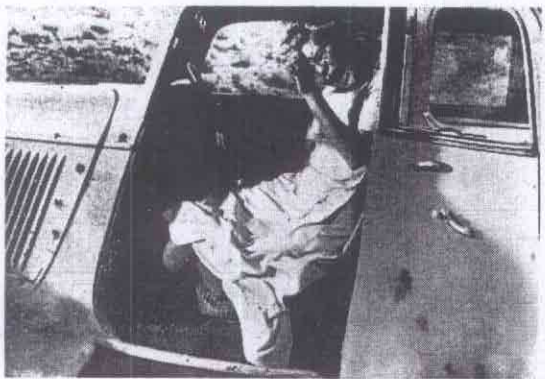
Although their threats were directed at men, Rothstein found the underlying source of their resentment was directed at their mothers. Rage against mother, he said, "is only later displaced onto male authorities," then to the government and finally to the President, "the embodiment of the U.S. Government."

Rothstein's study is further evidence that the character of contemporary violence has undergone change. Violent offenses are being increasingly committed by younger people. Rioting, says Harvard's Wilson, has changed from instrumental acts—such as the Civil War draft riots and labor wars aimed at achiev-

ing a specific objective—to expressive acts intended to release bottled-up psychic pressures. The new violence, in fact, may set the tone of the times. Yale psychologist Kenneth Keniston, who has observed students and activists at close range, portrays a new generation hung up on violence the way the Victorians felt threatened by sex. "Sex for most of this generation," Keniston writes, "is much freer, more open, less guilt- and anxiety-ridden. But violence, whether in one's self or in others, has assumed new prominence as the prime source of inner and outer terror."

Killer Man: When the President's commission sits down to its task it may have to pursue many scientific and scholarly byways before it can deal with the larger questions of violence in America today. Zoology, psychology, anthropology, neurophysiology—all have something to say about the subject. The noted ethologist Konrad Lorenz, for example, argues that aggression is an evolutionary instinct—a drive inherited by man from the lower animals. He also holds that modern man finds himself trapped in his violent patterns because of a trick of evolution. Most carnivores, especially those equipped with lethal teeth and nails like the wolf, have instinctive inhibitions against killing members of their own species. On the other hand, says Lorenz, evolutionary man never had to develop inhibitions against killing other men for the simple reason that he was so physically ill-equipped to kill—until, that is, his brain grew, and he invented weapons. Among all the carnivores, man—and the rat—are the only species that kill their fellows.

But most anthropologists discount the notion that man has a "killer instinct." It is possible to live in peace without a defense force or arms. And although societies of such gentle souls are few and hard to find, the commission will undoubtedly consider such peaceful preliterate tribes as the Arapesh, the Lepchas and the pygmies of the Ituri rain forest in the Congo. According to the anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer, one of the distinguishing characteristics of all three of these peaceable kingdoms is that boys



Blood and guts, TV and real: Bonnie's death, video fight, a New York mugging victim

aren't constantly told what "all real men do..." For the teen-ager, masculine status and virility are not defined by demonstrations of aggression and violence—as they are in so many areas of American life. In many ways the U.S. hippie subculture—with its desire to make love rather than war, its androgynous couples and in its pure rather than commercial form—can be seen as a homegrown counterpart of these cultures.

Neurophysiology may also have something to say about the nature of violence. Experiments in both animals and men show that the brain contains a well-defined "aggression center." In humans the area is the amygdala nerve cells, located in the temporal lobe. When the amygdala of a mild-mannered woman patient was stimulated electrically with a thin wire passed through her skull, she turned abusive and threatened to strike the attending surgeon. When the current was turned off, she became her customary gentle self again. This aggression center is part of man's hereditary endowment, but it is affected by changes in body chemistry and mediated by the higher centers of the brain that have learned the evolutionary lessons of social adaptation, cooperation, empathy, loyalty to others, postponement of gratification, attachment to ideas and symbols—in short, all the forces that can control and contain aggression.

Rage: All men, then, may be created violent but each learns to handle or, in Freud's word, sublimate, his violence in a particular social setting. In the spring issue of *The Yale Review*, sociologist Robert W. Friedrichs analyzes the way U.S. Negroes are dealing with their frustrations and aggressions. For generations, says Friedrichs, the underdog Negro turned his rage inward upon himself and his community. (In some cities, Negro arrests for homicides were ten times the white rates, with Negroes the victim in almost every case.) Recently, with the cry of black power, the Negro is beginning to direct his rage from self-aggression to outside aggression. The black-power movement, says Friedrichs, is not primarily a political cause so much as the necessary stage in the U.S. Negro's long

march back to psychic and social health.

Violence as therapy—the idea that aggression is a necessary cleansing force for the psyche of blacks and colonial nations—is perhaps the most important theme in the writings of the Martinique-born psychiatrist Franz Fanon, one of the ideological heroes of black militancy. His ideas have since been tested in a score of U.S. cities. The Watts riots, concluded a Negro psychiatrist with the Los Angeles County Department of Mental Health, conferred on the rioters a "dignity and self-respect" which more passive demonstrations did not. Friedrichs naturally hopes that the Negro will exert his aggression in Rap Brown speeches and LeRoi Jones poems rather than in burning down the cities. Direct physical aggression demands direct police response but, adds Friedrichs, it is the white man's burden in this generation to submit to the black man's verbal, emotional and social aggression.

TV War: Yet no one knows how to assure that aggressions are acted out rather than launched blindly into the maelstrom of civil insurrection. For a subject so important as violence, few experimental findings exist to explain or even hint what atmospheric factors influence behavior. Today, to take one instance, many experts would argue that violence increases during wartime. Others disagree, pointing out that in Britain in 1940, crime and violence declined, and during the blitz, the mental illness caseload was at its lowest in years.

But for most Americans, the Vietnam war is a television war, live and in color in U.S. living rooms nightly. And as such, it becomes another example of the sad violence that is the new pornography on television and in movies. One survey—made a few years ago—showed that between the ages of 5 and 14 the average American child will witness 13,000 violent deaths on TV. In one Monday-Friday period on four commercial channels in a major city, Stanford University researchers counted twelve murders, a guillotining, 37 hand-to-hand fights, sixteen major gunfights, two stranglings, an attempted murder with a pitchfork, a psychotic loose in an airliner and two at-

tempts to run cars over persons on sidewalks, among other episodes.

What are the effects of the televised mayhem from Vietnam and from Culver City? The hard findings can be counted on one hand. Some 2,300 years ago, in the "Poetics," Aristotle wrote that action on a stage provides the spectator with an opportunity to purge his own strong emotions harmlessly through identification with the people and events on the stage. Not until the mid-1960s did anyone try to test this notion of catharsis. In an ingenious experiment, the University of Wisconsin's Leonard Berkowitz showed a filmed sequence of violence (Kirk Douglas's bad beating in the fight film "Champion") to volunteers unaware of the purpose of the test. Berkowitz found that Aristotle was apparently wrong: aggression depicted on TV and on film or observed in actuality is more likely to induce aggression than drain it off. Moreover, the effect was the same on the mentally stable as on the emotionally disturbed. Recently, Berkowitz and his associates discovered that already angered people exhibited aggressive action when exposed to weapons. The psychologist said that he is finding "more and more evidence that aggression stimuli in movies or from the presence of weapons momentarily cause violent reactions in people that otherwise would not occur."

Other investigators at the University of Washington and Florida State University have recorded similar results. But researchers are generally diffident about applying their findings since no one is sure how long the "violence-stimulation" effect lasts. The most indefatigable foe of mass media violence, psychiatrist Fredric Wertham, is not so reluctant to draw conclusions about the harm he says comic books and TV Westerns can do. Three decades ago he predicted that violence among children would increase in the U.S. When he made his forecast, the 1924 Leopold-Loeb murder case involving one 19- and one 18-year-old "thrill" killer was still very much on the American mind because the murderers were so young. Today, Wertham says, "it is not uncommon to see deliberate murder

committed by children of 12 or 13 or even younger. Our children," he adds, "have been conditioned to an acceptance of violence as no civilized nation has ever been before."

"Conditioned" is the key word. It is neutral, implying neither acceptance nor rejection of violence but merely familiarity. Young (under 10) American boys and girls already seem to be conditioned in a cool, distinct way, that places them apart from even Kenneth Keniston's college-age group. They are truly the TV generation, coming to consciousness with the omniscient box in their rooms. Many parents observed this cool style in their children's reaction to the Kennedy assassination. The children were saddened, yes, and angry and tearful. But they were not surprised. "My 6-year-old daughter was not shocked when she heard the news," the actress Joanne Woodward recounted last week. The little girl had already grown accustomed to gore-fictional as well as real-on television; after all, it was the second political assassination in a few months brought to the screen in her home.

These children are the enigmas of the next 30 years of this century, as indeed America is now the enigma. For while the politicians last week talked of gun control, the psychiatrists in their brisk professional way have now begun to weigh the possibilities and problems of people control.

Detection: Such a suggestion grew out of a meeting in Boston last week aimed at getting the U.S. to establish one or more \$25 million research centers for the detection and treatment of potentially dangerous individuals. As outlined by Dr. Vernon H. Mark, director of neurosurgery at Boston City Hospital, the program would treat violence just like typhoid fever or any other major public-health problem. Large numbers of citizens would be screened, perhaps when they apply for a driver's license. What would be needed is a simple and reliable battery of tests to judge an individual's "impulse control." People with "poor impulse control," it seems, are often involved in traffic accidents, beat their wives or children, and become uncontrollable on small amounts of alcohol.

This would be at best a holding action—a half step ahead of police work. The American experience aspires to much higher goals. No one can be guaranteed a happy and meaningful psychic life, no matter how much economic security and political freedom underpins his life. But a decent level of existence can at least be the means of lowering the violence quotient. Behavioral science tells us that when people are without hope and without opportunity they become a people of resenters and revenge-seekers.

"We are not a sick nation," says Brandeis's John Spiegel, offering a realistic diagnosis, "but we have unattended problems in our social structure which must receive attention."

GUNS: LIKE BUYING CIGARETTES

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

Indeed, the very availability of firearms in the United States amounts in one breath to a national tradition and a national tragedy. No one knows exactly how many guns are in private hands in the country; estimates range from a conservative 50 million up to an astounding 200 million. What this fantastic arsenal produces, however, is eminently meas-

from possessing any kind of firearms at all.

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

Loophole: The public apparently shares this view. The day Senator Kennedy was shot, a nationwide Gallup survey showed that most people in the U.S. favored the registration of all firearms in the country. The President also had reservations about the legislation. No sooner had the gun-control measure cleared the House last week than Mr. Johnson made a nationwide television address. The President said that strict curbs on who can own guns had had a profound effect on crime in other countries. "Each year in this country, guns are involved in more than 6,500 murders," he said. "This compares with 30 in England, 99 in Canada, 68 in West Germany and 37 in Japan." Growing more emotional, Mr. Johnson denounced the bill before him as a "half-way measure." It covers adequately only transactions involving handguns. It leaves the deadly commerce in lethal shotguns and rifles without effective control. Later, Mr. Johnson indicated that he would try to plug what he described as "the brutal loophole" in the law by trying to extend the bill's provisions to the interstate sale of rifles and shotguns as well as handguns.

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



The gun that killed Robert Kennedy

urable. In 1966, for instance, guns of one kind or another accounted for 6,500 murders in the U.S., 10,000 suicides and 2,600 accidental deaths. Since the turn of the century, three quarters of a million Americans have been killed by privately owned guns in the United States—more Americans than have died in battle in all the wars fought by the U.S.

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

POLITICAL QUESTION MARKS

At McCarthy election-night headquarters in Los Angeles's Beverly Hilton Hotel, they were dancing and singing "When the Saints Go Marching In" when the word came. "Oh God," cried a girl as she slumped into the arms of the boy beside her. A young man at the door raved hysterically and had to be subdued by his friends. Another distraught campaign worker looked down at the badge marking him as a McCarthy staff man. "And here we are—against him..." he mumbled softly.

In the anguished hours that followed, the badges began to come off. The bunting came down from the campaign offices. The barbs came out of the political rhetoric and were replaced by the balm of sympathy. The bullets that struck down Robert Kennedy had also stopped the clattering 1968 Presidential campaign dead in its tracks.

All candidates declared a moratorium on politics. And as Secret Service teams took up their stations around each major candidate at the special order of President Johnson, one of the first questions to emerge from the collective shock was whether America's freewheeling campaign style would—or should—ever be the same.

"Maybe we should do it in a different way," pondered Eugene McCarthy in his hotel suite during the first moments after the tragedy. "Maybe we should have the English system of having the Cabinet choose the President. There must be some other way." McCarthy has never felt comfortable about the frenzied ordeal of physical contact between candidate and voter that supply both the drama and danger of American politicking. "We proceed as though we were still a pioneer country. We're not," he said later. "It's become a rather complicated, sophisticated civilization. Not enough people respond to that reality."

Nelson Rockefeller disagreed and explained why. "If a Presidential candidate cannot expose himself to the people," he said, "then we've lost one of the great resources and strengths of this

great land of ours—freedom of movement, freedom of expression, freedom of the individual to go and be with the people. This is essential for a democracy... None of us can be intimidated. All of us must serve our country as best we can no matter what the risks." A friend of Robert Kennedy's grimly agreed. "We'll all say a prayer," he said, "but then on with the business of politics."

The business of politics in 1968, however, lay drastically transformed with the passing of one of its chief practitioners. Not only had a major candidate been suddenly removed from the political line-up, but a surge of raw emotion had been injected into the campaign. For the moment none could tell whom it might drive forward and whom it might drag back—even though the political odds still seemed to favor a final confrontation between front runners Vice President Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon. But once the intermission was over, the renewed struggle for the party nominations might sort itself out in favor of any one of the current candidates and possibly even a new one.

A case could indeed be made for each of the Presidential contenders, who to a man personally honored a self-imposed restraint on active campaigning. Inevitably, however, the emotional shock would soon wear off. In fact, with the stakes as high as they are and the time before the conventions as short as it is, supporters of each of the potential nominees were already quietly speculating about the new political situation and the way to assemble a winning number of delegates in August. From each of the contending political camps, these were the speculative prognoses of victory on the convention floor:

HUMPHREY

The Vice President's adherents argue that he is already the front runner in the Democratic race and that he cannot help but further benefit from the moratorium. In the first place, they argue,

their only remaining declared opponent, Eugene McCarthy, has no realistic chance left to demonstrate his popular support. Thus the big blocs of delegates in the key industrial states—Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois—are more likely than ever to fall into line behind the Vice President. In the second place, they expect a national mood of reconciliation to set in after the assassination—and calculate that their candidate is best qualified to fulfill the call for unity. Their confident prediction: an easy first-ballot victory for HHH.

MCCARTHY

The Minnesota senator's supporters argue, on the contrary, that he is likely to be the ultimate beneficiary of the latest cruel twist of political fate—that McCarthy will be swept ahead on a surge of public sentiment for Robert Kennedy's cause. Democrat and Republican alike, by this reasoning, will be repelled by the irony that Hubert Humphrey, whom Kennedy marked as his main antagonist, should profit from the tragedy. They recall Kennedy's victory speech just moments before he was shot, in which he hailed McCarthy as an ally: "The fact is that all of us are involved in this great effort." Their fond—and fundamental—hope: the next round in the public-opinion polls will show a dramatic boost in McCarthy support.

EDWARD KENNEDY

For much the same reasons as in the McCarthy scenario, the case is already being made that Ted Kennedy will be thrust forward as the only proper inheritor of his brother's cause. This raises three possibilities:

1. Teddy will be boomed as a new Presidential candidate, and the Chicago convention will remain a three-man donnybrook, with Kennedy riding an emotional wave of incalculable proportions. Militating against this prognosis are the lateness of the day for any new candidate, the fact that Ted Kennedy is little known nationally as a distinct personality, and his youth (he is 36, just a year



Newsweek—James D. Wilson
June 17, 1968



Dennis Brack—Black Star
McCarthy and Humphrey:
In a conciliatory mood?



The New York Times
Nixon and Rockefeller:
A conservative trend?

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

over the constitutional minimum for a President).

2. Teddy becomes a Vice Presidential candidate, a winning symbol of reconciliation, on either a Humphrey or a McCarthy ticket. Of these alternatives, a Humphrey-Kennedy ticket seems more likely, because both McCarthy and Kennedy are Roman Catholics and because personal antagonism runs stronger between McCarthy and the Kennedys than between either one and Humphrey.

3. Despite all urging, Ted Kennedy refuses to become involved in Presidential politics in any way. His personal anguish, his obligations as the only healthy adult male survivor in a tragedy-stricken family, his sense that he would reawaken too many painful public memories to be effective in national office—all these lead him to stay out of the race.

NIXON

As in the case of Hubert Humphrey, supporters of Richard Nixon argue that the front-running former Vice President stands to profit mightily from the muting of political activity, however brief it may prove. By this reasoning, even a short moratorium on campaigning will cost New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller his last faint chance to capture the Republican nomination. What's more, some Nixon backers hunch that a national trend toward conservatism will, ironically enough, gather extraordinary added momentum from the shock of the Kennedy assassination. Thus, the growing public demand for firmer enforcement of law-and-order procedures may be buttressed by a popular yearning for a quiet, less contentious style of politics. The predicted result when the Republicans gather at Miami Beach this August: GOP delegates overwhelmingly decide that Nixon's the one.

ROCKEFELLER

Rocky's supporters must, in a sense, bank on an onrushing Humphrey bandwagon that persuades anti-Administration Democrats and independents to look to a progressive Republican like Rockefeller. That, together with a national surge toward a unity candidate who does not bear the bitter antipathy of the other party could, they predict, produce the desperately needed result: Rocky's rapid rise in the opinion polls.

Of course these are all political dreams, and they hardly seemed to stand equal chances of coming true. Late last week, most party pros and veteran analysts insisted that the nominees would be precisely those they had predicted before the nightmare in Los Angeles: Humphrey and Nixon. But the politics of 1968 have already carried Americans from lethargy to exhilaration, from sunbursts of joy to the darkest clouds of despair, and further surprises, shocks and upsets may yet await them.

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Los Angeles Times

Rafferty: Riding a tide

CALIFORNIA:

The Blue Max Scores

Since 1936, when he won a seat in the California State Assembly, Thomas Kuchel had never lost an election. His dry, bland manner was scarcely calculated to whip the voters into an adoring frenzy, but Kuchel's liberal Republicanism made him one of the strongest bipartisan vote getters in the splintery arena of California politics. In the United States Senate, where he served for fifteen years (the last nine as Republican Whip), Kuchel's style was sufficiently ecumenical that when he began his drive for re-election this year, ringing endorsements poured in from such unlikely bedfellows as Barry Goldwater and John Lindsay.

But there remained the matter of California's Republican primary, an event to which Tommy Kuchel had paid scant attention in previous election years. This time, he had a stronger than usual opponent: conservative Max Rafferty, the crusty state superintendent of public instruction, a slam-bang orator who ranks as one of the fastest tongues in the West.



Newsweek—Tony Rollo

Abernathy: Feeling a pull

And when the dust finally settled last Tuesday, it developed that "the Blue Max" had talked California's Republicans into giving Tom Kuchel the gate.

Rafferty kicked off his campaign on Washington's Birthday by promising "to go to the mat" with Kuchel, and he was soon hammering away at the theme that his Republican opponent was "about as popular as a skunk at a picnic." Kuchel, declared Rafferty, "voted 61 per cent of the time in support of President Johnson" and was "in effect doubling as a floor leader for the Administration among Republicans." And Rafferty pointedly reminded the party faithful that in earlier elections Kuchel had refused to support such GOP stalwarts as Murphy, Reagan, Nixon, Goldwater—and Rafferty himself.

Haranguing his audiences with a fundamentalist litany of religion, patriotism and law and order, Rafferty ranged beyond Kuchel to attack other conservative bugaboos. Crime, he declared, had become so commonplace that Lizzie Borden would "have to broil the old man piece by piece on the backyard barbecue and then show up in court topless in order to rate even the smallest headline." He was always able to get a laugh by describing the members of the Supreme Court as "social reformers, political hacks and child-marrying mountain climbers."

Lackluster: The onslaught stung Kuchel into an uncharacteristically energetic campaign. Stumping all over the giant state, he earnestly reminded his constituents of the Senatorial seniority he had built up and of the pork-barrel goodies he had delivered to the people of California. But the GOP incumbent put on a lackluster show. Kuchel's speeches were about as arousing as a triple dose of Miltown, and even his advertisements were a flop, some of the billboards being totally illegible.

On voting day, Kuchel was swamped in the conservative bastions of southern California and lost the primary by 67,000 votes. The outcome was a double victory for conservatism, for it not only gave Rafferty the nomination, but may ultimately elevate Nebraska's right-wing Sen. Roman Hruska to Kuchel's job as second-in-command of Senate Republicans. Given the 3-to-2 Democratic edge among registered California voters, Rafferty will have an uphill fight in November to beat the Democratic nominee, former state controller Alan Cranston. But the Blue Max's ability to knock off Tommy Kuchel suggested that a conservative tide was running in California—and that Rafferty might ride it all the way to the U.S. Senate.

CIVIL RIGHTS:

Disarray in the Ranks

In the first shocked hours it was clear that the murder of Robert F. Kennedy was a devastating blow to civil-rights leaders. "Every time a colored or a white fellow tries to help us make a better

Newsweek, June 17, 1968