

# TIME

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## THE NATION

### FOR PERSPECTIVE & DETERMINATION

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

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

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

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

That, for most Americans, did not make the loss any easier to bear. Lyndon Johnson, who has more than once brooded late into the night with friends on the subject of violence, seemed shaken and visibly disturbed by the shooting in Los Angeles. He did what he thought had to be done. He promised the stricken family any help that the Government could provide, appointed a commission to study the causes of vi-

olence, and called, in the most vigorous language at his command, for an end to the "insane traffic" in guns—a trade, as he observed, that makes instruments of death as readily purchasable as baskets of fruit or cartons of cigarettes. Almost as he spoke, Congress sent him a crime bill with a gun-control section, but the measure was so flabby as to be almost as scandalous as the lack of any legislation in all the years. Congress, on Johnson's request, also passed emergency legislation authorizing Secret Service protection for the other major presidential candidates (cost: \$400,000 this month alone).

"Must Not Demoralize." Disturbed as he was, Johnson also reminded the nation in a TV address that "200 million Americans did not strike down

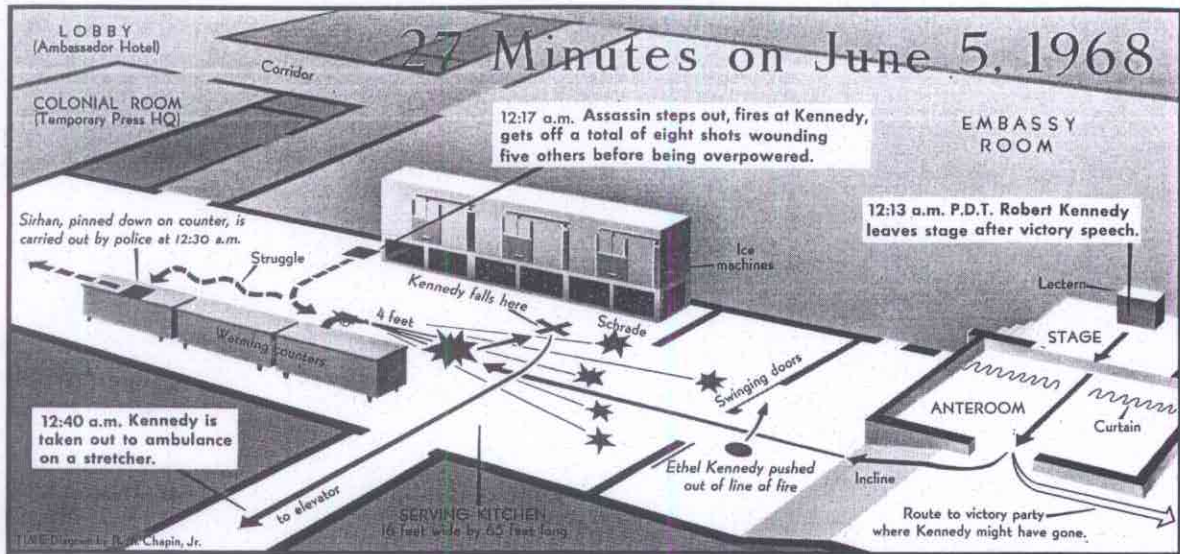
Robert Kennedy" any more than they struck down his brother or Dr. King. While it would be "self-deceptive to ignore the connection between lawlessness and hatred and this act of violence," he said, "it would be just as wrong and just as self-deceptive to conclude from this act that our country itself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

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



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

PETER BERKSON



## A LIFE ON THE WAY TO DEATH

**T**HE circumstances were cruel enough: son of a house already in tragedy's grip, father of ten with the eleventh expected, symbol of the youth and toughness, the wealth and idealism of the nation he sought to lead—this protean figure cut down by a small gun in a small cause. Crueler still, perhaps, was the absence of real surprise.

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

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

For many, the only solace was

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

*Faraway Tomorrow.* More than anyone else, Robert Kennedy had long felt the possibility that some day people



SIRHAN IN CUSTODY  
*Born to love—and hate.*

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

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

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

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



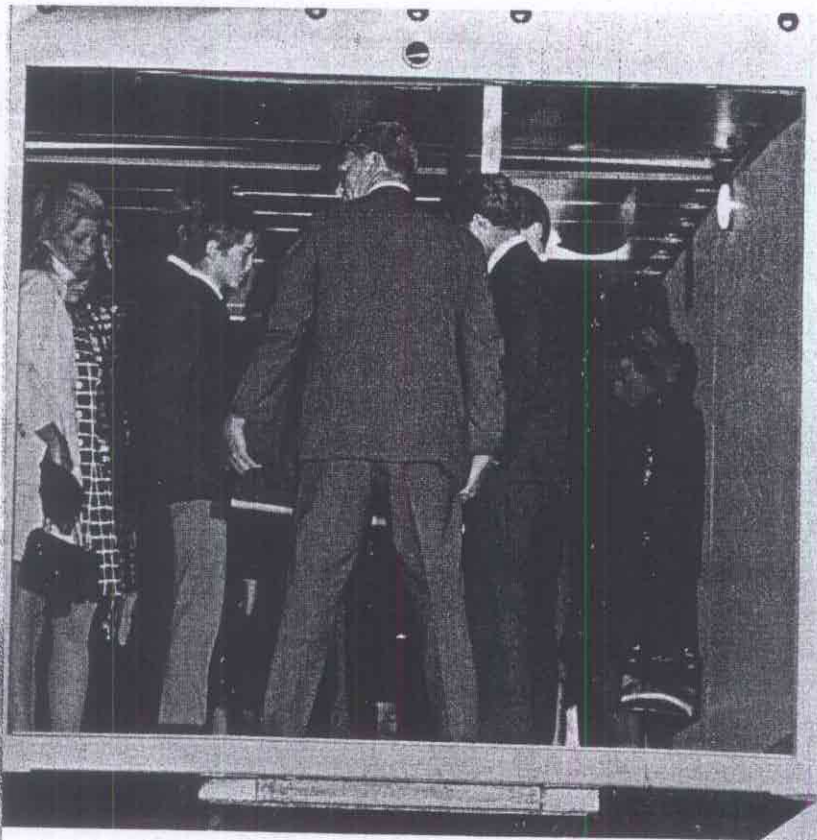
Robert Kennedy at moment of triumph, minutes before he was shot.

PHOTO REPORTERS—F. GONZALES

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



PETER BERKSON



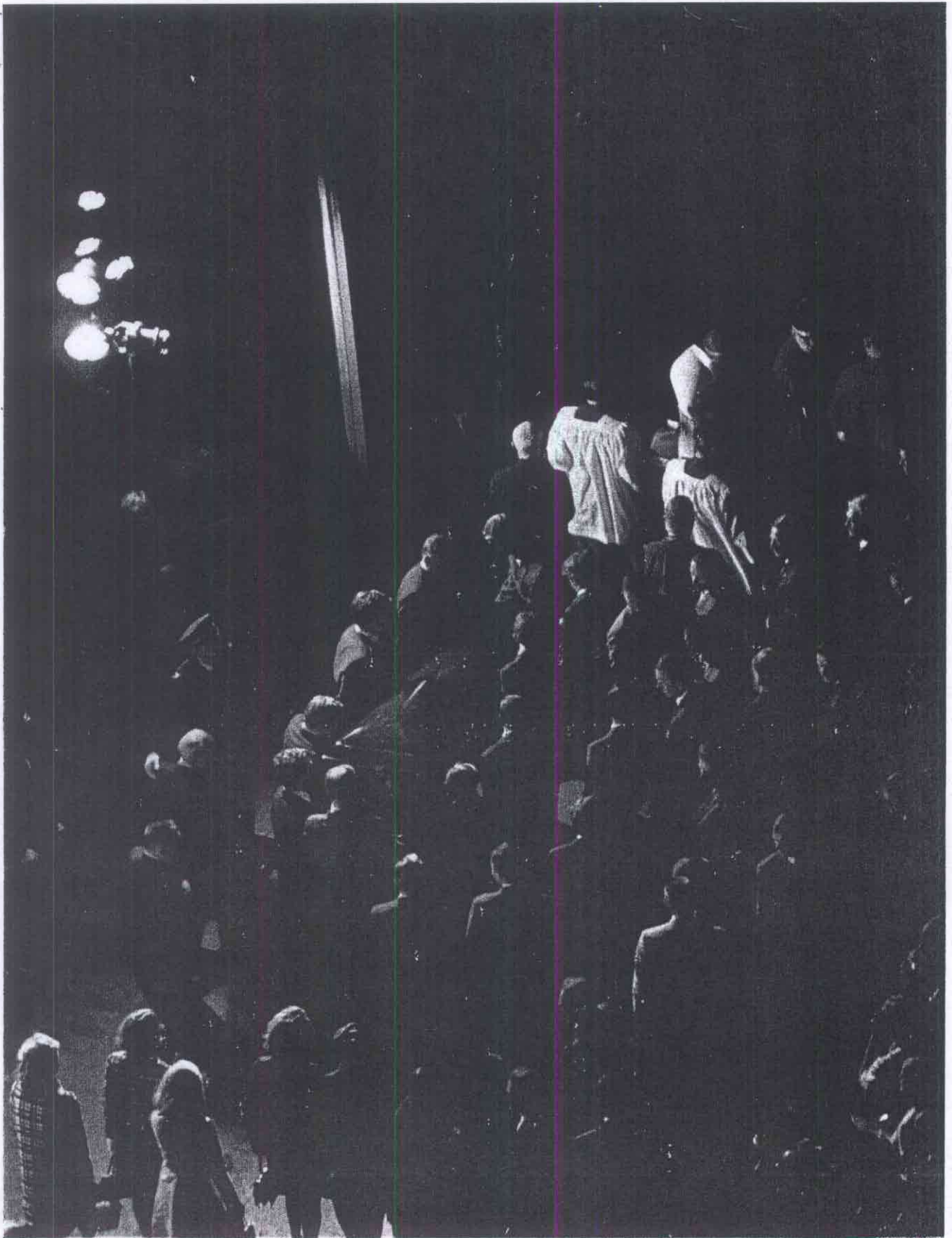
Sister Jean Smith and Wife Ethel flank casket as it is lifted from Air Force plane in New York. Son Robert Jr., Bodyguard Bill Barry and Brother Teddy (right) steady the descent.

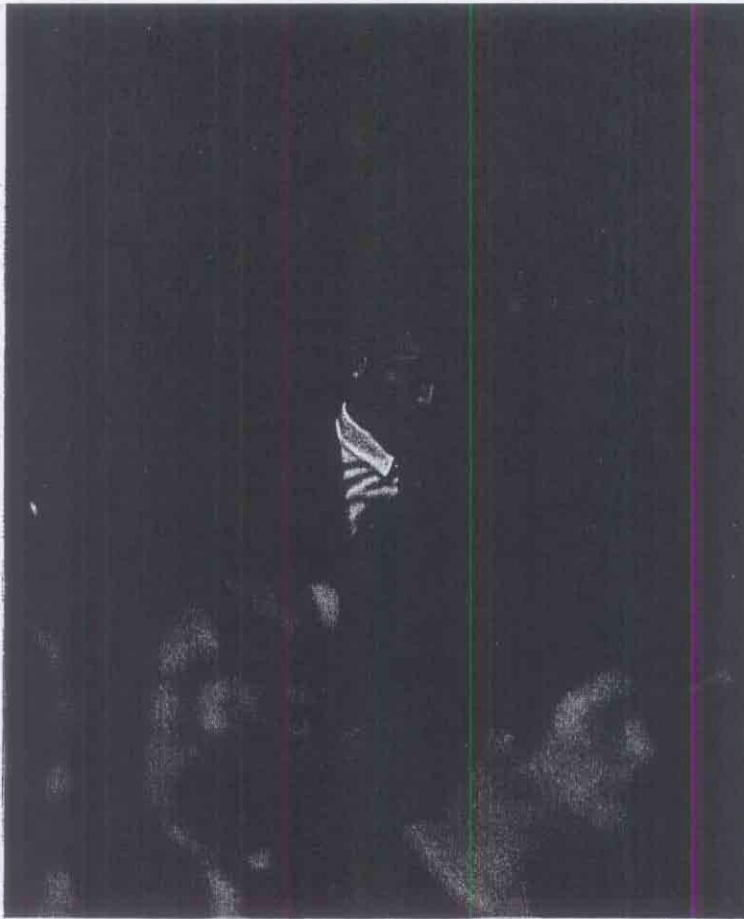
Relatives and friends carry casket into Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral, where body lay in state while the great and the humble trooped past. →

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

GEORGE LEAVERS







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

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

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURTON BERINSKY



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

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

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

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

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

Johnson finally knocked the pistol out of the stubborn hand. "Why did you do it?" he screamed. "I can explain! Let me explain!" cried the



ROSE KENNEDY  
After the ice pack, only a rosary.

swarthy man, now the captive of the two black athletes and spread-eagled on the counter. Several R.F.K. supporters tried to kill the man with their hands. Johnson and Grier fended them off. Someone had the presence of mind to shout: "Let's not have another Oswald!" Johnson pocketed the gun.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At Good Samaritan, meanwhile, a team of neurosurgeons was being assembled. At this stage, there was still some frail hope that Kennedy would live. It was known that he had been hit twice. One of the .22-caliber "long ri-

fle," hollow-nosed slugs\* had entered the right armpit and worked its way up to the neck; it was relatively harmless. The other had penetrated his skull and passed into the brain, scattering fragments of lead and bone. It was these that the surgeons had to probe for in their 3-hr. 40-min. operation (see MEDICINE).

**Never Alone.** In the intensive-care unit after the operation, Kennedy was never left alone with the hospital staff. Ethel rested on a cot beside him, held his unfeeling hand, whispered into his now-deaf ear. His sisters, Jean Smith and Pat Lawford, hovered near by. Ted Kennedy, his shirttail flapping, strode back and forth, inspecting medical charts and asking what they meant. Outside on Lucas Street, beneath the fifth-

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

The man seized at the Ambassador was taken first to a local police station, then to North Los Angeles Street police headquarters. His arraignment would have to take place at the Hall of Justice, a few blocks away, and Reddin, ever mindful of Dallas, was determined to make it as private a proceeding as possible. First the police con-

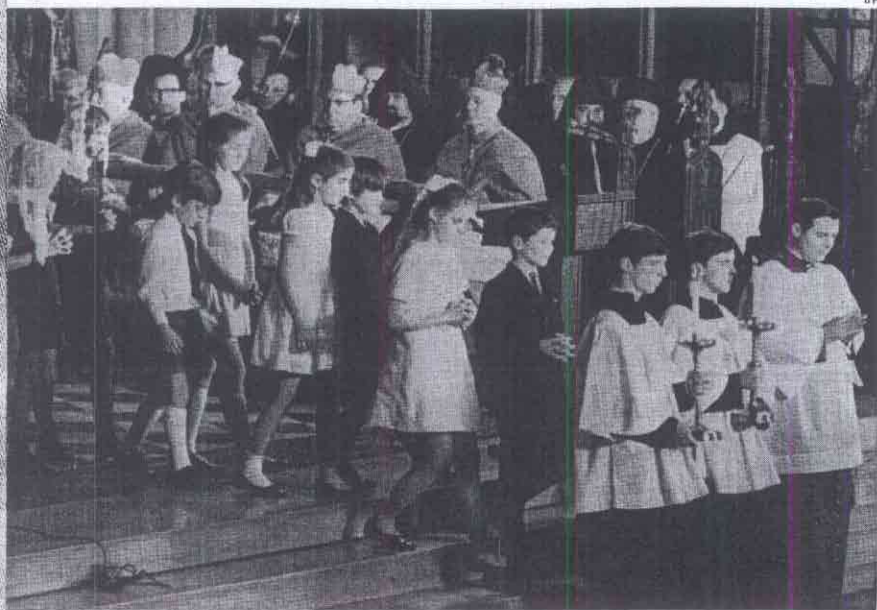
nated "John Doe"? The police had few clues: height, 5 ft. 3 in.; weight, 120 lbs.; eyes, brown; hair, thick, black; accent, foreign, but not readily classifiable. He had a broken index finger and a sprained ankle as a result of the struggle in the pantry, but his basic condition was good. His fingerprints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

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

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

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

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



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

floor window, hundreds of Angelenos gathered for the vigil; crowds were to be with Bobby Kennedy the rest of the week. A local printer rushed out 5,000 orange and black bumper stickers: PRAY FOR BOBBY. His daughter and other girls gave them away to all takers.

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

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

sidered using an armored car for transporting the prisoner, but decided instead on a patrolman's pickup truck that was, conveniently, rigged as a camper. A judge was recruited to preside at an unannounced 7:30 a.m. session, an hour before the court usually convenes. With Public Defender Richard Buckley representing him, the prisoner was charged with six counts of assault with intent to kill.

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

Who was the man initially desig-



## WHEN THE HEIGHT IS WON, THEN THERE IS EASE

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

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

### Liberal & Conservative

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

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

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

### Some Faraway Disaster

After Dallas, she had the soothing hand, the understanding heart. "There was in those days," TIME Correspondent Hugh Sidey remembers, "a sense of urgency about him, almost as if he were sliding off some horrible precipice toward some faraway disaster. There was an irresistible compulsion to do everything and try everything. That is when he began to shoot rapids and climb mountains." This com-

pulsion, an almost existential need to dare the elements, combined with a lifelong love of physical exertion, prompted him to lead the first ascent of the Yukon's 14,000-ft. Mount Kennedy, named for his brother, and plunge, during a 1965 canoe trip down the Amazon, into piranha-infested waters. A group of Indians cried anxiously that he was risking his life. "Have you ever heard of a United States Senator being eaten by a piranha?" he asked, and swam on.

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



JOHN, ROBERT & TED IN 1962

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

### Pain Which Cannot Forget

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What had this to do with Robert Ken-

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

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

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

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

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

## POLITICS &amp; ASSASSINATION

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

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

## Verbal Overkill

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

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

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

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

There is a grim possibility that yet another candidate will become a target. What to do? Stop crowd contact, use sealed cars, exploit TV to the exclusion of almost

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

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

## Uncritical Lovers &amp; Unloving Critics

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Things That Never Were.** There remained the final searing day, the day of formal farewell amid all the ancient

panoply of Roman Catholic ceremony and all the contemporary irony of American politics. There was Cardinal Cushing in his purple, his rumbly intonation evoking yet another memory of that earlier funeral. There was the President, who started his presidency by giving condolences to the Kennedys and now, near the end of his power, came to mourn the man who had helped shorten the Johnsonian reign. There were the men pausing in their pursuit of succession: Nelson Rockefeller and Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy. And there was Ralph Abernathy in his denims, William Fulbright, Averell Harriman, Barry Goldwater and so many others of the powerful and the prominent.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



THE FUGITIVE (1968)  
A passport too many.

## ASSASSINATIONS

### Arrested at Last

Among the 96 passengers debarking at Heathrow Airport from BEA's Lisbon-London Flight 75 was Ramon George Sneyd, who went to the Commonwealth immigration desk and presented his Canadian passport. The immigration official took one look at the document, then asked the bespectacled Sneyd to join him in a back room for some "routine" questions. The interrogation was far from routine. Sneyd was found to be packing a loaded pistol in his back pocket, plus another Canadian passport. And when Scotland Yard's crack detective Tommy Butler took over, the alert immigration official's original suspicions were confirmed: fingerprints proved that Sneyd was, in fact, Illinois-born James Earl Ray, 40, alias Eric Starvo Galt, the escaped convict accused of assassinating Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. on April 4 in Memphis.

**A New Identity.** Since the time that Ray had left his fingerprints on the .30-'06 Remington rifle that killed Dr. King, he had made an elaborate odyssey from justice. He fled to Toronto on April 8, where he checked in and out of two \$9-a-week flophouses. He adopted the name Ramon George Sneyd, that of a Toronto policeman, which he possibly picked at random from a city directory. Using his new identity, Ray submitted a passport application. Because of Canada's ludicrously simple passport procedures—which demand, in effect, that the applicant merely swear that he is Canadian—he was granted one. On May 6 he flew BOAC to London, and the next day on to Portugal.

The FBI, meanwhile, had launched the biggest manhunt in its history (cost: \$1,000,000), warning officials in Mexico and Canada, favorite hideaways in Ray's tawdry past, to be on the alert. Scotland Yard and Interpol joined the manhunt, and FBI liaison men traveled to Europe and Australia in search of their man.

For all the manpower and expense,

Ray's trail seemed to grow progressively colder. Then, on June 1, came the first big break. At the U.S.'s request, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had been checking passport mug shots for the slippery suspect. After assiduously studying about 300,000, they spotted the face with the box-tipped nose.

**Pistol & Cards.** While all this was going on, Ray was in Lisbon calculating his next move. He apparently attempted to alter his fraudulent passport, but only got as far as changing the *d* in Sneyd to *a*. At the Canadian embassy in Lisbon he told the consul: "My name has been misspelled," and was issued a new passport on May 16. Thus, with the two cards and pistol in pocket, he flew off to London and incarceration at Cannon Row police station, a stone's throw from Big Ben.

Facing Ray after his extradition to the U.S. are a Shelby County, Tenn., murder indictment and a federal conspiracy charge. The big unanswered question is where he got the money for a two-month foray to Europe.

## POLITICS

### The Race After R.F.K.

The assassination clamped an immediate moratorium on campaigning, but there was no end to the speculation about what Robert Kennedy's death would mean to the future of the presidential contest. The first effect was confusion, accompanied by a Babel of rumors. One had it that the U.S. Supreme Court would study the constitutionality of simply postponing the election until 1970. Another predicted that Hubert Humphrey would withdraw from the race in favor of Ted Kennedy. Yet another said that Lyndon Johnson might plunge back into the race. All were remote possibilities at best.

Ironically, however, the assassination probably will have the effect of clarifying rather than obfuscating the prospects of the campaign year. As a result, most politicians agree, Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon, even more than before, seem destined to capture their parties' nominations and meet in November.

**Pockets of Strength.** Even before last week, Humphrey's forces had quietly marshaled sufficient delegate strength to put him within clear marching distance of a convention victory; Kennedy's death put him even closer. In his eleven-week campaign, R.F.K. had amassed more than 300 convention-delegate votes, including the 172 he won in California last Tuesday. Much of Kennedy's delegate legacy will inevitably fall to Humphrey. In Indiana, for example, the New Yorker's May 7 primary victory had assured him of at least 53 of the state's 63 convention votes. After Kennedy's death, Indiana party leaders declared that the slate would go uncommitted to Chicago, but in fact Governor Roger Branigin, who

ran as a favorite son in the primary against Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy, will almost surely throw most of the votes to Humphrey on the first ballot.

Similarly, 94 of Michigan's 96 votes are expected to be solidly arrayed for the Vice President. While McCarthy will doubtless inherit pockets of delegate strength formerly pledged to Kennedy, the Minnesotan's unorthodox style does not endear him to Democratic party professionals, who have tended to favor either Kennedy or Humphrey. With the important primaries over, the search for delegates will shift from the polls to political clubhouses—an uncongenial environment for the professional Senator.

The inheritance of Kennedy's popular support is problematic. Many of his partisans, stunned and embittered, have already forsworn further interest in the outcome of the election—an attitude that would hurt the Democratic candidate in November. Yet thousands of former R.F.K. backers in organized labor and among Negroes, Mexican-Americans and urban ethnic groups will undoubtedly gravitate to Humphrey. Students, intellectuals and antiwar Democrats who favored Kennedy will probably wind up with McCarthy.

**Who for Two?** Richard Nixon, like Humphrey, was already well on his way toward nomination even before last week. Rockefeller's on-again, off-again campaign has generated little heat, although this week, when he resumes his effort, he will speak with a new intensity, especially in Los Angeles, where he will open a campaign headquarters. Party professionals believe that Kennedy's death may leave Nixon farther ahead of Rocky than before. Had Kennedy seemed likely to be the Democratic nominee, they reason, G.O.P. convention delegates might have been convinced that they should choose Rocke-



HUMPHREY RETURNING TO WASHINGTON  
Within marching distance of — ?

feller because of his relative strength among Negroes and other minorities.

In the new situation, vice-presidential candidates abruptly assumed greater significance. Some Kennedy partisans hoped that Humphrey, should he be nominated, would select a running mate who was not a mere politician but a social thinker on the order of Urban Coalition Chairman John Gardner. And then there is Teddy Kennedy. Everywhere last week, Teddy was inevitably mentioned as his brothers' heir. If a presidential run would be premature for the Senator at 36, he was an almost excessively obvious choice for the No. 2 position—if he would accept it. "The superficial thing would be to take Teddy," said one Humphrey adviser. "But it might be too cute."

**Mourning & Reconciliation.** For his part, Nixon, if nominated, will likely seek his running mate in the G.O.P. liberal wing in order to foster an image of reconciliation. He does not lack for possibilities—Illinois' Charles Percy, Oregon's Mark Hatfield, Massachusetts' Edward Brooke—although one nearly ideal candidate, New York's Mayor John Lindsay, would seem to be out. According to the Constitution, a presidential and a vice-presidential candidate cannot "inhabit" the same state with-



ROCKEFELLER PONDERING STATEMENT  
In the aftermath, an ironic clarification.

out one of them forfeiting that state's electoral votes in November.

Lindsay was being mentioned for another job. By law, Nelson Rockefeller must appoint Robert Kennedy's successor in the Senate, and will probably do so this week. Lindsay, with his popularity among Negroes and understanding of urban problems, might be a logical prospect, except that his departure would leave his hard-won mayoralty to the Democrats until a special election in November. Rockefeller may appoint an older figure, like Thomas E. Dewey, to serve out the last two years of Kennedy's term as a caretaker. There was some speculation that in a spirit of mourning and reconciliation, he might

name a Democratic associate of Kennedy's, such as Ted Sorensen or Stephen Smith. However, if he is still seriously in search of the G.O.P. nomination for President, good politics would suggest that Rockefeller choose a Republican.

## PRIMARIES

### Step to the Right

Given the conservative mood of California Republicans over the past four years, Senator Thomas Kuchel had become almost an anachronism, the last high-level moderate in a state party dominated by George Murphy and Ronald Reagan. In last week's G.O.P. primary, voters decided to retire Kuchel. By nearly 67,000 votes out of 2,168,117 total cast, he lost the Republican senatorial nomination to California Superintendent of Public Instruction Max Rafferty, a granitic conservative.

While the election clearly marked a step to the right within the state party, Tommy Kuchel, 57, had also brought trouble on himself. In his 16 years in the Senate, Kuchel, appointed by Earl Warren in 1952 to fill out Richard Nixon's unexpired term, had entrenched himself as minority whip. With his bland, litigious mind, the Californian found a congenial environment in the clubbish Senate, but he was never very careful about looking after his political fences at home, where he was often more popular with Democrats than with Republicans. Nor did his refusal to support the campaigns of Barry Goldwater, Reagan and Murphy endear him to California G.O.P. workers.

Throughout this spring's primary campaign, Kuchel ignored his advisers' counsel to abandon his long-winded, carefully qualified political statements and serve up hard answers. By contrast, Rafferty waged purple war against the "four modern deadly sins of violence, pornography, drugs and lawlessness" and demanded that the nation "take the handcuffs off our military people." In November, Rafferty will face Democratic Nominee Alan Cranston, a liberal and former state controller, who is slightly favored in the race.

In other primary contests:

► Texas' three-term Lieutenant Governor, Preston Smith, 56, a homey, lackluster conservative from Lubbock, defeated Liberal Houston Attorney Don Yarborough\* by 756,909 votes to 620,726 in a runoff for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Though articulate and imaginative, Yarborough failed to win any major financial or editorial support against Smith, who called for "more of the good, sound, conservative government we have had in the past." In November, Smith will face Wichita Falls Attorney Paul Eggers, a virtually unknown candidate who is unlikely to make Texas history by becoming the first Republican Governor since Reconstruction.

\* No kin to Texas Senator Ralph Yarborough.

► Alabama's former Lieutenant Governor, James B. Allen, defeated Representative Armistead Selden to win the Democratic nomination for the Senate seat being vacated this year by Lister Hill, who is retiring. Since both Allen and Selden support former Governor George Wallace, they virtually ignored issues in their campaigns, relied instead on personal attacks, with Allen accusing Selden of being one of "the Washington crowd"—a dirty



RAFFERTY AT VICTORY FETE  
Purple war can break any handcuffs.

phrase in Alabama. The Republicans, who will nominate a candidate at their convention this month, have little hope of preventing Allen from traveling up to join the Washington crowd himself.

## POVERTY

### Insurrection City

From the start, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy's lax grip on leadership of the Poor People's Campaign has been steadily slipping away. Last week his hold relaxed to the point of paralysis. While Resurrection City afforded Washington an unseemly display of backbiting and verbal pyromania, the protest movement's leaders purged the man who, above all, might have given their faltering cause realistic direction.

Bayard Rustin, invited by Abernathy to make order of the chaos surrounding the upcoming mass march June 19, took his task seriously and responsibly, setting out to organize a peaceful demonstration and asking the support of all "Americans of good will." When he followed by issuing a manifesto of reasoned, possibly attainable goals, his measured moderation proved too much for the conflict-ridden Abernathy inner circle.

Rustin's economic charter called for a million new public-service jobs for the poverty-stricken, passage of an omnibus housing bill, extension to farm workers of labor bargaining rights, more funds for welfare budgets and emer-