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# Cheers... Shots... The Hospital

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LOS ANGELES, June 5—

It happened in a kitchen passageway in the Ambassador Hotel. It was a little after midnight here on the Pacific Coast and Robert Kennedy was looking forward to a small party with a few newspaper reporters and some other friends.

He had been in good spirits all evening, joking about his young wisdom as a campaign manager eight years ago and about his unwisdom as a candidate himself.

"I thought I knew everything then," he said, laughing. "Now all I know is what they tell me on television."

A few minutes later he went down to the Ambassador ballroom, greeted his followers, thanked them for his victory and walked into the kitchen on his way to a press conference in a room at the end of the passageway.

Budd Schulberg, the author, and Pete Hammill, a journalist, were a little in front of him. His wife Ethel was a few feet behind in a crowd of campaign workers and reporters.

Sen. Kennedy turned to a worker in the kitchen, shook his hand, and started to walk on.

At that moment a small young man thrust out his arm at full length and began firing rapidly with a small pistol. He was only five feet from the Senator.

We were about 20 feet away, the room to which Sen. Kennedy was going. The shots sounded like firecrackers, but somehow everyone sensed what had happened.

We ran into the passageway, and he was lying on the cement floor, bleeding from the right side of his head. He looked dead.

The kitchen erupted into madness. Jack Gallivan, a young Kennedy assistant,

and George Plimpton, the writer, grabbed the gunman first. Roosevelt Grier, the enormous tackle for the Los Angeles Rams, slammed the man with the gun up against a serving cart and began wrestling for his gun.

Rafer Johnson, the Olympic hero, leaped on him, too. So did Bill Barry, the big and gentle Irishman who once worked for the FBI and who has been the only security man Sen. Kennedy has had in this campaign. He is a security man without a gun.

People were screaming: "Oh no! Oh no!"

It looked like Grier and Johnson and Barry were beating the gunman to death, but they were just trying to get the gun.

When the shooting started, a newsman grabbed Mrs. Kennedy and pulled her back. When it was over she was lifted up and put down beside her husband. She knelt at his side. His sister, Jean Smith, appeared out of the hysterical crowd and knelt down beside him too. Someone put a paper

campaign hat under his head. Another man knelt down and began fanning the stricken Senator.

Suddenly, he regained consciousness for a moment and raised up on one of his legs. He asked people to give him air.

The fight with the gunman was still going on. Grier threw him on top of a serving cart, and people in the passageway rushed over to beat him and strangle him. Grier and Barry and Johnson knocked them back.

Barry took off his belt to use as a tourniquet, but it wasn't needed. People were crying out for a doctor and finally an ambulance arrived. It seemed like hours

had passed, but it was only a few minutes.

As Sen. Kennedy was lifted from the floor, he gained consciousness again and said, obviously in great pain: "Oh no, no, don't." Then he closed his eyes and was silent. He left behind, on the floor, a great pool of blood.

They took him down a service elevator and put him in an ambulance. Mrs. Kennedy got in beside him. So did Fred Dutton, who, more than anyone, has been managing the campaign.

In the front seat of the ambulance were Barry and Warren Rogers, the Washington correspondent for Look magazine.

It was, Rogers later said, a bumpy ride to Central Receiving Hospital, a mile or so away. Mrs. Kennedy gestured to Barry to tell him that her husband was finding it hard to breathe.

At the hospital, he was taken immediately to the emergency room. Doctors and nurses were waiting.

A surgeon, Dr. Albert Holt, said Kennedy was almost dead—comatose, in deep shock, not breathing and with virtually no blood pressure. Dr. Holt stood on a stool and began external heart massage. Kennedy was given adrenalin. A heart-lung machine was brought into use. "He revived," Dr. Holt said.

unbreakable glass portnoie in the door.

"We can get to him fast if we have to," Pitchess said.

Flanking the corridor outside the cell, four other deputies remain alert. All the guards are picked men, Pitchess said.

Sirhan is in the medical section of the jail because he is under treatment for a broken indexfinger and a sprained ankle—injuries he suffered in his capture at the hotel. Sirhan has facial bruises as well from the arrest, Pitchess said.

**PITCHESS SAID** Sirhan got a thorough medical examination when he was brought to county jail Wednesday morning after his Municipal Court arraignment on the original charges, attempted murder.

Sirhan is under the care of Dr. Marcus Crahan, jail medical director and also a psychiatrist. Asked whether Sirhan underwent psychiatric examination, Pitchess said yes.

The accused man, he said, has behaved well and has not asked for any visits from his family. Pitchess repeated what other officers have repeatedly said, that Sirhan refuses to talk about the shooting.

Sirhan is "totally noncommittal to our personnel," the sheriff said.

Sirhan learned of Kennedy's death and the worldwide reaction to it when, Pitchess revealed, he asked for and received Wednesday and yesterday copies of the morning Los Angeles Times and the afternoon Herald-Examiner.

Sirhan also received at his request — but barely read, Pitchess said — two theosophical books—"The Secret Doctrine" by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and "Talks on 'At the Feet of the Master'" by C. W. Leadbeater.

The books are the works of leaders in the theosophical movement—a body of thought claiming special knowledge of divine wisdom. Some theosophists looked on India as the source of all wisdom and most espoused the Indian doctrine of reincarnation.

All security has been beefed up at the concrete jail, mostly because of Sirhan's presence some of it due to mailed and telephoned bomb threats

—"at least a dozen"—against the life of Pitchess and department personnel.

"We are ignoring these," Pitchess said, adding that most of the calls came yesterday.

Within a mile or so of the jail, official activity was at fever pitch. Four news conferences were held at differ-

ent times by the sheriff, district attorney, county coroner and Mayor Samuel W. Yorty.

Yorty has aroused the ire of state and local legal authorities over his release of portions of Sirhan's notebook taken from his Pasadena apartment.

**THE OFFICIALS** expressed concern that the material might prejudice a fair trial. Yorty said Wednesday that Sirhan's notebook contained one entry about "the necessity to assassinate Sen. Kennedy before June 5, 1968."

That is the date of the first anniversary of the Arab-Israeli war decisively won by Israel.

Younger told reporters the assassination was a great tragedy and would be a "greater tragedy . . . if successful prosecution of the person responsible for the terrible crime was jeopardized by statements prior to the trial commenting on evidentiary matters."

California Atty. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch, saying he was concerned "over giving out information that might prejudice a fair trial," said that U.S. Supreme Court and California Supreme Court decisions severely limit what public officials can say.

**YORTY TOLD** newsmen he had "exercised my judgment" in the matter, pointed out that he was a lawyer, and declared the trial would not be affected because the public had seen so much more on television.

Police said yesterday afternoon they had issued an all points bulletin for a white woman between 23 and 27 years old who reportedly was seen with Sirhan prior to the shooting. She was wearing a white dress with black polka dots. She was not named.

Inspector Peter Hagan added later, however, that the bulletin was only an informational one following a report from a young Kennedy campaign worker and was not for the purpose of arrest.

"We are merely asking for anyone to come forward with information regarding the girl in the ploka dot dress," he said.