

AO49LE

uivqyy

LOS ANGELES Step-by-Step BJT AO46LE add: gon on.

The crowd laughed when he voiced "gratitude to my dog, Freckles, who has been maligned in the campaign..." It shared his embarrassment in saying, "Not in order of importance, but I also want to thank my wife, Ethel."

Mother of his 10 children and two months along in bearing his 11th, she pushed her face close to his at the microphones. Her smile had pride in it.

"On to Chicago, and let's win there," Kennedy concluded with a raised hand, two fingers forming "V" for victory.

Then he headed away for a promised appearance in a nearby press room. Taking a short cut, he started down a narrow corridor behind the ballroom stage, leading from the kitchen. His easily spotted head of tосeled, thick hair bobbed up and down in the sea of humanity that flowed with him.

Now it was 12:15 a.m. in Robert F. Kennedy's march of destiny.

"I saw an arm come out of the crowd," said Richard Drew of the Pasadena Independent Star-News, one of a horde of newsmen trying to keep close to Kennedy.

"It was holding a gun.

"As soon as I saw the gun-it was pointing right at me for a second-I ducked and tried to get out of the way.

"Just then I heard two shots. Then there was a half-second pause and then five more."

Blood flowed down the right side of Kennedy's face. The bullet had entered his ear and lodged in his brain. A second pierced his shoulder. A third grazed his forehead.

Kennedy slumped to the floor, eyes open.

"Get a doctor, get a doctor," repeatedly rose the cry from out of the confused and milling crowd.

"Get back and give him air," the fallen Kennedy's associates pleaded as they knelt in protection on the floor.

Huge Roosevelt Grier, Negro tackle for the football professional Los Angeles Rams, saw a man with a gun.

Grier, a Kennedy bodyguard, seized the man and with his great strength wrestled the eight-shot pistol free. Two other Kennedy aides, decathlon champion Rafer Johnson and bodyguard Bill Barry, grabbed the weapon together.

The seconds dragged like painful hours.

A priest jammed in the crowd managed to reach down and put his rosary in the motionless Kennedy's hand.

A doctor finally managed to squeeze through the shoulder-to-shoulder mass of people, summoned from the ballroom to give aid.

Kennedy's stunned wife, Ethel, was literally lifted over the milling people to her prostrate husband's side shortly before he was placed on a stretcher and taken to an ambulance.

"Oh, no. No, don't" Kennedy managed to stammer just before the ambulance door closed, his wife Ethel at his side, for the trip to an emergency hospital.

In the crowd left behind, many a face that a half hour before was flushed by the shout of victory was stained by tears.

DH13Oppd June 5

AO50LE

wyyfcszcle

CORRECTION

LOS ANGELES, Dighton's Kennedy Medic AO39: Third graf, read:

In New York, Dr. Lawrence Pool, Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center neurosurgeon, said Dr. Henry Cuneo, one of the men who operated on Kennedy, had authorized him to give this version of the injury:

"There was, 4th graf.

DH139ppd June 5