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With Kennedy AO76 Lead No Pickup

PARIS AP - U.S. Ambassador Sargent Shriver said today that he and his wife, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy's sister, and Mrs. Edward Kennedy, the wife of the Massachusetts senator, "are making arrangements to fly to the United States if necessary."

Mrs. Edward Kennedy is in Paris with the Shriviers after a visit to Dublin.

Shriver said they were all "very shocked by the news" of the shooting of Sen. Kennedy.

"We have been in constant touch with members of the family in Los Angeles," he said. "We have been advised not to leave France until the results of the operation are known. The operation may take one to three hours. We are making arrangements to fly to the United States, if necessary."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Shriver, the former Eunice Kennedy, was expected to go ahead with plans for her first call on France's first lady, Mme. Yvonne de Gaulle, late this afternoon. Shriver arrived in Paris May 8 to take over the embassy.

An embassy spokesman said Shriver also was going ahead with his day's schedule.

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Robert F. Kennedy

Personality in the News 550

By SAUL PETT

AP Special Correspondent

WASHINGTON AP - Among the overwhelming ironies, one rushes to mind among reporters who have covered Robert Francis Kennedy on his intensive campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination.

It occurred to virtually all of us as we watched the pattern.

Invariably, he would bounce down the steps of his campaign plane and, with little protection, plunge into frenzied screaming crowds seeking to grab and tug at him. And inevitably we thought of Dallas and thought that this Kennedy was moving among strangers with much less protection than his brother did on the dark November day in 1963.

Ironically, it was a thing that he felt, according to his aides, that he had to prove: That he, Robert Kennedy, a United States senator and brother of the assassinated President, could move more freely and with more confidence among crowds than President Johnson.

He seemed to do so with a certain sense of fatalism. Those who observed him closely are certain he did not relish being grabbed and pushed and mauled by strangers. It violated his sense of privacy.

But he was, as Kennedys always seem to be, the all-out candidate; he would do what he thought necessary to win.

He talked rarely of possible assassination or the murder of his brother. When questioned, he would say simply he was satisfied with the findings of the Warren Commission, which investigated his brother's death.

He mentioned the late President often in his speeches but it invariably was in an impersonal way. He referred to him as "President Kennedy" and almost never as "my brother" or by his first name. Repeatedly, as he campaigned, there were reminders of the man who campaigned in 1960, in the current candidate's stance, cadence, rhythm, Boston accent, right hand pumping, and, almost invariably, after describing deplorable social conditions, this peroration: "I think we can do better. That is why I run for president. That is why I ask your help."

But while there were many reminders, he seemed compelled to keep personal memory at arm's length, at least in public. When, on occasion, an admirer in the crowd would offer him a gift memorializing his brother, an etching or quilt, he would try to pull away, murmur a hurried thanks and ask an aide to take the gift.

And then there was this, and it needs to be described carefully: During the lulls in the campaign, at the end of a long day, or during a long flight before the next stop, we often noticed as he rested and finally was alone, a look of infinite sadness, of terrible hurt, in his blue eyes and taut, angular face.

Most reporters noticed this and among those who knew him well, newsmen and staff aides, there was common agreement that that look wasn't there before Nov. 22, 1963.

He was, on the stump, intensive, hard-hitting and frequently very funny, especially in a self-deprecating way that might tend to undermine his alleged ruthlessness.

But away from the platform, he was a man much less inclined to laugh. He would make jokes, listen to jokes but he, himself, seemed to laugh seldom.

And when he could, even during the campaign, he would walk off alone with his dog at night, or early morning, and he leaned forward into the wind, coat collar up, hands deep in his pockets, very much a reminder of a famous picture taken of him on the day the bulletin came from Dallas in 1963.

About Robert Kennedy, there was always that.
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Kennedy Lead A077

By BOB THOMAS

Associated Press Writer

LOS ANGELES AP - Six neurosurgeons fought to save the life of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy today as the brother of the slain President John F. Kennedy lay with a gunman's bullet in his brain.

The New York senator, who Tuesday won the prize California delegation in his race to become the Democratic nominee for president, was shot down with a .22 caliber pistol by a young man who refused to tell who he was or why he committed the crime.

Kennedy had just accepted the cheers of about 2,000 supporters for his victory in California's Democratic presidential preferential primary. Kennedy's condition, 3rd graf A077IA.
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Kennedy-FBI Insert

WASHN Kennedy-FBI A083WX insert after 1st graf: Kennedy.

The Justice Department said the suspect's fingerprints had been sent from the FBI office in Los Angeles to Washington to aid in identification.

Additional security was posted at Kennedy's suburban McLean, Va., home by the Justice Department.

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