

Agonizing Train Ride--Tra

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WASHINGTON — "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd . . . night and day journeys a casket."

That was the way Walt Whitman put it 100 years ago when Abraham Lincoln's body was taken by train from Washington to Springfield, Ill., through a sorrowing land for burial.

This is the way Robert Kennedy, who never got a chance to prove how much of Lincoln there may have been in him, was taken from New York to Arlington National Cemetery, where he was buried last night.

The 10-hour journey from St. Patrick's Cathedral to the side of his brother, the late President Kennedy, was the same mixture of tragedy, emotion and courage that gave his 42 years of life their particular splendor.

The dead Senator lay in his casket in an observation car that was draped in black and dressed in live laurel, a memorial symbol of the victor-poet.

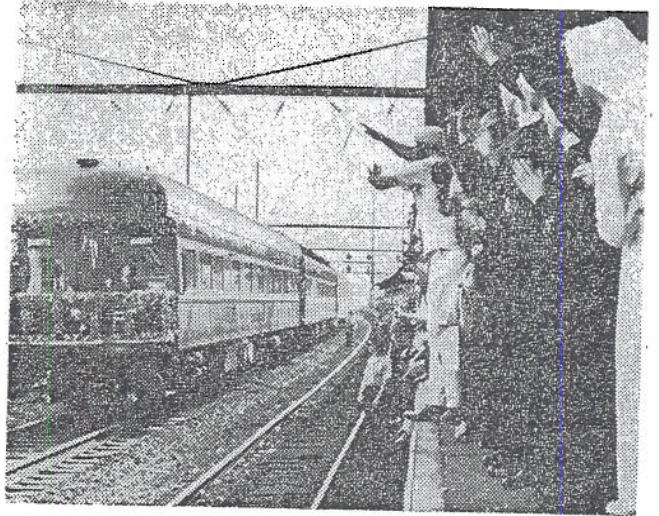
The tragedy that has dogged the Kennedys and brought despair to a nation was relentless even on the former Attorney General's final ultimate trip.

At Elizabeth, N.J., two spectators eager to glimpse the flagdraped coffin set before large windows on chairs, crowded onto the Penn Central platform.

They were swept under the wheels and killed instantly by a New York bound passenger train.

In Trenton, a youth, eager to view his idol as he passed in the accelerating 21-car train, scrambled above a boxcar, and was electrocuted by an overhead high-voltage line.

Senator Edward Kennedy, who has plucked up the



Funeral train leaving Philadelphia

—UPI Telephoto

sword laid down by his three slain older brothers, sat on the rear platform of the train almost incongruously waving to the hundreds of thousands braving the heat to hail the fallen Senator.

The train, surely one of the most emotion-filled vehicles since President Lincoln crossed "the varied and ample land" of Whitman's poem, gradually fell behind until it was four and one half hours late reaching Washington's Union Station.

Edward Kennedy, alone on the platform, waved, as a

gedy, Emotion and Courage

friend said, "because they have been waiting a long time for his brother and Teddy thought he ought to respond."

Then Edward, too, trooped the train, as Ethel Kennedy had earlier. Jacqueline Kennedy and her daughter, Caroline, 10, the youngster in a smocked dress, also came out of the family car of the train and spoke with passengers.

Aboard the train the passengers were the true evidence of Robert Kennedy's complex talents and personality:

The Rev. David Ralph Abernathy and Actor Sidney Poitier; former Sen. Paul Douglas and the man who defeated him, Sen. Charles Percy; footballer Rosie Grier and egghead Arthur Schlesinger.

There were cabinet members and their secretaries, "Green Beret" rangers, their tunics full of battle ribbons, and girls just out of their teeny-bop days who had run mimeograph machines in the California primary days.

In city after city — with what Whitman called "dwellings so dense and stacks of chimneys" — throngs of Negroes and whites massed besides the tracks.

Outside of Newark, the locomotive clattered over a Passaic River bridge and below, two police saluted from a patrol boat. Its name: the "John F. Kennedy."

In Philadelphia, Elizabeth, Baltimore and Wilmington, groups of construction workers turned from their job for a few moments, their yellow hard-hats over their hearts.

In the hot blue sky of Jersey, a helicopter backed and filled over the silver train, with photographers and security men aboard. The train's heavy burden of the powerful and the famed brought maximum security along the

whole route — above, below the bridges, and beside the tracks.

The emotion showed most readily on the women's faces. Near Rahway, N.J., a freckled teen-age girl wept behind her sunglasses.

Outside Croydon, Pa., a 25-piece band of 12 and 13 year olds played "God Bless America." Aboard the train, the sight of this youthful hope washed tears into many of the women's eyes.

An old lady in North Philadelphia held up a sign to the mute coffin. It said, "Pray for us, Bobby."

Moments later, the train passed a random group of Negroes and whites bound together by their grief, singing at the top of their voices, "Glory, Glory, Halleluia."

The biggest greeting came in Baltimore, where tens of thousands had waited more than three hours to say goodbye to the New Yorker.

For two miles outside of the station, Negro faces lined the tracks or stood on hills green with the only plants that would grow there, ailanthus, the "slum tree", and stunted wild roses.

At Washington's approaches, the train slowed through Negro slums. here, Kennedy had playgrounds built. It was too dark now to see the black faces, thousands on thousands of them, the bodies etched against the deep blue-gray of the dying day.

They stood, cheering or raising their arms in what must have been Kennedy's V-for-victory salute.

"With the waiting depots, the arriving coffin, and the somber faces" Whitman wrote of the long ago train "in the day, in the night, to all, to each, sooner or later delicate death."

For Kennedy, death was not delicate.