

# On Washington Train, Kennedy Elan and Courage

Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.  
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WASHINGTON, June 8 — Joseph P. Kennedy 3d was the first of the Kennedys to leave the railroad car that bore his father's coffin, and after him along the aisles came his sister Courtney, his cousin Caroline and his mother, Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy. But Joe, the eldest son, who is 15 years old, was the first.

Down the swaying train he went, putting out his hand in 19 of the other 20 cars, saying "I'm Joe Kennedy," while outside in the early afternoon sun, the old men of Linden, N. J., stood silently in their undershirts and the women held handkerchiefs to their faces.

"I'm Joe Kennedy," he said to strangers, his pin-stripe black suit not yet a shambles from the failing air-conditioning, his PT boat tie clip neatly in place. "Thanks for coming, thanks for coming."

Joe's sister and cousin had no such responsibilities. The little blonde girls popped in and out among the campaigners and friends with what appeared to be a spirit of adventure.

"We'll go that far," Caroline said once, pointing to the front of the dining car, where a lucky few were eating sandwiches and drinking soft drinks.

"O.K.," said Courtney, who was surrounded by women in black dresses and men in black suits.

And then, on the outskirts of Trenton, where a brass band of teen-agers in bright-

ly, colored shorts and shirts had gathered in a grassy field beside the tracks to sound taps, there was Mrs. Kennedy, all in black.

She had pushed her chiffon veil away from her face and it streamed down from the back of her silk crown. She was with Roosevelt Grier, the football player, and William Barry, an aide to the Senator, who have hardly left her side since Los Angeles, and LeMoyné K. Billings, a family friend.

"Hello," she said warmly, as awed passengers stumbled to their feet surprised, or, "Nice to see you."

#### Talks to Green Berets

"There they are," she cried out when she recognized members of the Green Berets, who had been with her at the family's private mass in Holy Family Church in New York. "You thought you could hide from me. Well, you can't."

"Hi Pat, nice to see you," she called to Daniel P. Moynihan, the Harvard expert on urban affairs, and then introduced Mr. Moynihan and his wife to Mr. Billings.

Laughing and smiling, Mrs. Kennedy called to one remembered face after another, always reaching to shake a hand, touch a shoulder, pat a back gently, kiss a cheek, or hug a whole person.

But behind her, where those she was speaking to could not see, her left arm would shoot out nervously, clutching at Mr. Billings's suit, and then drop again to her side. And there were times when her hands shook.

Mrs. Kennedy spoke to

nearly all of the 1,100 passengers, and in the last car on her walk, the car that was just behind the locomotive, she paused for a moment and took a vacant seat beneath a New York Telephone Company poster. The train was in North Philadelphia.

#### Onlookers Surprised

"Have you ever been to Disneyland?" she asked after a few minutes, apparently trying to keep some kind of cheerful conversation going among her aides.

"Disneyland is green and big and there's a mountain."

An assistant gave her a paper cup of Coca-Cola, which she shared with Mr. Barry. She pulled at the black stockings that had wriggled down around her ankles. And she turned to look out of the window.

She smiled and waved a tanned right hand to North Philadelphia and, in turn, people of North Philadelphia, startled to find her familiar face available to them, smiled and waved and called to her by name.

Like most of the other thousands who had gathered along the 226 miles of railroad tracks that join New York and Washington, the North Philadelphians were looking to the last car draped in bunting for a glimpse of their people — the car with the coffin draped in an American flag and propped up on four chairs so everybody could see it through the windows. Mrs. Kennedy had obviously surprised them.

"If it keeps going like this, we'll never get there," Mrs. Kennedy jokingly told aides.

They reassured her. "But what about another train catching up with us?" she asked.

The aides explained that the railroad tracks had been cleared, that the track was safe. They did not tell her that two persons had been killed trying to view the train and that others had been injured.

After perhaps 10 minutes, Mrs. Kennedy made her way back through the train to the last car. She paused when she reached a stuffy hot car jammed with people.

#### Urges Cooler Cars

"You gotta be kidding," she said, looking around at the crowd. "There are lots of other cooler cars, front and back."

No one answered.

"Why are you here?" she demanded, looking at Frank Mankiewicz, Senator Kennedy press secretary.

Mr. Mankiewicz, in shirt sleeves with perspiration beading on his forehead, told Mrs. Kennedy he had called a briefing session for the press.

"Something's happened," Mrs. Kennedy said.

Mr. Mankiewicz told her he was discussing what he called "arrangements." He had previously told the newsmen that the family did not know about the track-side accident.

Aside from Mrs. Sargent Shriver, who appeared in the car nearest the family car, and Senator Edward M. Kennedy, who passed through the entire train near Baltimore, the other members of the family remained in the back with the coffin.