

# S. F. Asks—'What Happens Next?'

By WILL STEVENS

Dawn came to San Francisco with a melancholy mood that even the noisy construction equipment along Market Street could not budge.

Again and again, men and women in all walks of life — asked for their reaction on the attempted assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy — began with the same phrase:

"My God, what happens next in this country?"

Billy Murphy, a janitor, of 1673 Turk St., was hosing down a sidewalk at Fifth and Market Streets.

"It's a tragedy," he said, "right after the other one. It's a shocking thing."

## 'SOMETHING WRONG'

Across Market Street, Dave Troy, a mechanic weld-

er of 743 Circle Court in South San Francisco was checking a towering crane in the bitter cold. He paused long enough to say:

"Somebody has to take more drastic action to stop all this. It's reached the point where nobody fears a penalty — so people just go out and do what they damn well please. This is shocking."

Near the Powell Street turntable, Anatol Lomakin, a city painter, of 650 42nd Ave., was applying fresh red paint on a curb.

"Something is wrong someplace in this country," he said, "when things like this happen. This is terrible. It is tragic and terrible."

## SADNESS

Up Powell a few more blocks, Joe Hegwood, a building maintenance man, of 1007 Wisconsin St., went on pushing a huge broom. He did not pause, but said, with sadness in his eyes:

"It's beginning to seem as though a Kennedy, even if he wins — doesn't win. I'm shocked, as are all my friends."

"I shook hands with him on Tuesday at an Irish-Italian luncheon," Bert Nicholson said. Night manager at a Powell Street hotel, his voice was barely audible. "I wished him good luck as a fellow Irishman, and the Senator grinned and said 'thank



A Kennedy worker cries uncontrollably after the shooting.

rain, matched the melancholy mood. And sometimes there were touches of anger.

Edward Schofield, a truck driver who lives in Daly City, shook his head. Then he said, very slowly:

"Here was someone trying to help the poor, trying to help the working man. So somebody tries to kill him. There's something behind all this. Somebody seems to want to prevent all this

Roy McCann, a relief cook who lives in Albany, was rushing to work along a dark and silent street. He hesitated only for a moment.

"Somebody didn't want him in there. It's bad when this can happen in a country like America. It's awful. It's tragic."

Many, like Jack Richardson, who resides at 481 Min-

you!' And now — all we can do, everybody, is pray that he recovers."

Harry Tomlin, a seaman aboard the SS Mariposa, was en route to his ship at the Union Iron Works.

## TOUCHES OF ANGER

"It's unbelievable," Tomlin said. "It's hard to realize. It's an awful thing. These maniacs — and this guy that did this — they should throw him in the nearest creek and forget about him."

The cold mist, almost like

na St. and passes out circulars for a living, could only repeat:

"I don't know what to say . . . this is too shocking."

And then Leonard Bregante, an electrician, of Kentfield, en route to work in overalls, was saying:

"My God, what happens next? You just don't go around shooting people, whether you like them or not. You don't shoot them. That's why you have the ballot. After all, this is America!"