

## Efficient Political Pros

# Closing Down the Office

By GEORGE WILLIAMSON

A sturdy dozen showed up this morning to close the Robert Kennedy for President headquarters here.

Wastepaper baskets had to be emptied. Floors needed sweeping. Files required closing.

On the mezzanine floor of the cavernous Market and 11th Streets office the trio of higher-level, white-collared pros hung tough and efficient.

"Hi Mac, how are you," Ray King, a San Francisco public relations man and Northern California coordinator of the campaign, said on the phone.

### STILL PENDING

"Yeah, Mac, I'm operating under the assumption — and everything at this point has to be an assumption — that we'll be cleared out of here by the first of next week . . ."

Off the phone, King explained that numerous business responsibilities remain up in the air. One matter, for instance, is how arrangements will be handled for the 174 California Kennedy delegates when they go to the August Democratic convention in Chicago.

Earlier a husky, spectacled man with clear eyes and a well tailored suit breezed quickly down the stairs.

### BRISK PACE

"That's Mr. Evans . . . He's a top administrator for Ted Kennedy," whispered the red-eyed office manager, Alice Johnson.

"He has to catch a plane for the East at 1 p.m."

"Hi, how are you," Evans said efficiently, not interrupt-



**KENNEDY VOLUNTEERS BEGIN ONE OF THEIR TOUGHEST CHORES**  
Just last Saturday the candidate had visited Market Street office

ing his brisk pace toward the next task at hand.

Bill Thomas, who handled Kennedy's Northern California press relations, strode in, weary but apparently unslowed.

"I never thought I'd spend a victory night in church," he said.

A tall, massive, handsome black man in a brown suit came in for a quick goodbye.

### I LOVED HIM

"Another time, another place," King said to him as they shook hands, again briskly. The man left as

quickly as he had entered.

On the office's lower level the workers in open-collar shirts and rumpled blouses were not up to such briskness.

"I loved him . . . I loved him," a scholarly-looking girl in her mid-20's wept to leather John James Patrick Fitzgerald, who had a large wastepaper basket in his hand.

Fitzgerald, a retired Muni driver, has been working 8-to-10 hours daily as a volunteer handyman and janitor in the headquarters.

"He (the late Senator Ken-

ned) came in here about 9 a.m. Sunday, you know, in an unmarked car, SAID Fitzgeralds working to retain the smile and hold back tears.

The office was virtually empty then, after Saturday night festivities.

"I opened the door . . . 'What's your name?' he asked . . . John James Patrick Fitzgerald, I said . . . 'A distant relative!' he said . . . 'Would you like some coffee? I'm the coffee-maker around here,' I said . . . 'I sure would,' he said, 'but darn it, I forgot the bourbon' . . . Just like that, he said it."