

Most of Kennedy's southern California motorcades had occurred in brilliant sunshine. But on June 3, the skies were leaden and smoggy, and the crowds in Watts were smaller than usual, partly because Kennedy was following a back-street route designed to spare him the usual battering and avoid some of the wild scenes that appeared so frightening on the evening news. Still, spectators hurled themselves in waves against Kennedy's slow-moving convertible, and as hundreds of hands slapped his, his body jolted, as if shocked by an electric current. It took three men—Bill Barry, Rafer Johnson, and Rosey Grier—holding on to one another's waists in a chain, to prevent him being yanked into the street. An inebriated young man with a goatee leapt onto the hood and rode for blocks while screaming "Make way for Kennedy!"

Kennedy stopped frequently so he could ask the crowds, "Are you going to vote for me tomorrow? ["Yes!"] Are you just going to wave to Mr. Kennedy and then tomorrow, when I'm gone, forget about me? ["No!"] Or are you going to vote? ["Yes!"]" When he finally sat down his face was expressionless and his eyes unfocused. A five-year-old black girl, whom he had earlier pulled into the car to keep her from falling under the wheels, sat in the backseat playing with a huge stuffed white rabbit. He placed her between his knees and began whispering into her ear. Finally, he stopped the motorcade. He and the girl got out and stood together at dusk in the middle of a wide boulevard, the girl clutching Kennedy with one hand and the stuffed rabbit with the other, waiting until a car could be found to return her to her parents.

After leaving Watts, Kennedy complained of feeling nauseous. Dutton dashed into a grocery store and returned with some ginger ale that revived him. The motorcade ended at the Los Angeles airport. Kennedy told Tolan and Hannon that they looked exhausted and should take a break after the primary. Tolan said that they were flying to upstate New York that evening to begin advancing his appearance at Niagara Falls on Friday. "You know where these kooks are going? They're going to Buffalo!" Kennedy shouted to Ethel, adding, "I'm due in Buffalo on Friday."

In San Diego, so many people had come to the El Cortez Hotel to