

ent "testimonials" held in his honor between 1961 and 1965—one of them a marathon "Dodd Day" that included a high-priced breakfast, lunch, cocktail party and dinner. The testimonials netted over \$170,000, and Dodd admitted that \$28,500 of the money went to pay off federal tax debts, tens of thousands more to repay personal loans, nearly \$9,500 for improvements on his house in North Stonington, Conn. Smaller sums from the testimonial funds paid for trips to the West Indies and London, lunch tabs at the Senate dining room, liquor bills, Army-Navy football tickets, the rental of a limousine, even a Washington-New London plane trip for his dog.

The Senate committee, composed of three Democrats and three Republicans under the chairmanship of Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, was chiefly concerned with one crucial point. Was the money Dodd's to spend as he saw fit, or was it raised as campaign contributions and therefore unusable for any other purpose? If Dodd's supporters merely meant to present him with gifts, then the money was his—tax-free. If, on the other hand, they were led to believe that they were contributing to his campaign chest, then the Senator's diversion of the funds could put him in deep trouble—not only with his Senate colleagues but with the Internal Revenue Service—for failing to report the personally used funds as taxable income.

Complete Debacle. Dodd argued that his supporters understood "about my financial situation," which, he said, had been precarious since he first ran unsuccessfully for the Senate in 1956. "I got in the hole in '56, and I never was able to get out, and some of these things had to be paid off," he said. His 1958 campaign manager, Paul V. McNamara, concurred sadly that Dodd could not "keep his head above water. His financial affairs were a complete debacle." In 1961, for example, despite an income of \$88,031, plus \$56,110 from testimonials, he ended the year \$149,461 in debt.

At the 1963 Dodd Day festivities in Connecticut, then Vice President Lyndon Johnson was to be the star attraction. Former Dodd Aide James Boyd, one of the four ex-staffers who ransacked the Senator's records and fed copies to Columnist Pearson, testified that a Johnson aide named Ivan Sinclair had demanded a letter stating the purposes of Dodd Day. Boyd wrote the letter, he said, but does not remember if he sent it. Earlier this month, Sinclair signed an affidavit for the Stennis committee; its last sentence said that the "purpose of Dodd Day was to raise funds for Senator Dodd's forthcoming 1964 campaign." Then, on the stand Sinclair repudiated the affidavit as so much "nit-picking semantics," contended that he had no certain knowledge that the funds were meant for the campaign rather than for Dodd's personal use.

Also at issue was a total of \$10,150 donated to Dodd by officers of the International Latex Corp. Three witnesses, including Boyd, testified that former Latex Vice President Irving Ferman hoped to promote an ambassadorship for Board Chairman A. N. Spanel through Dodd.

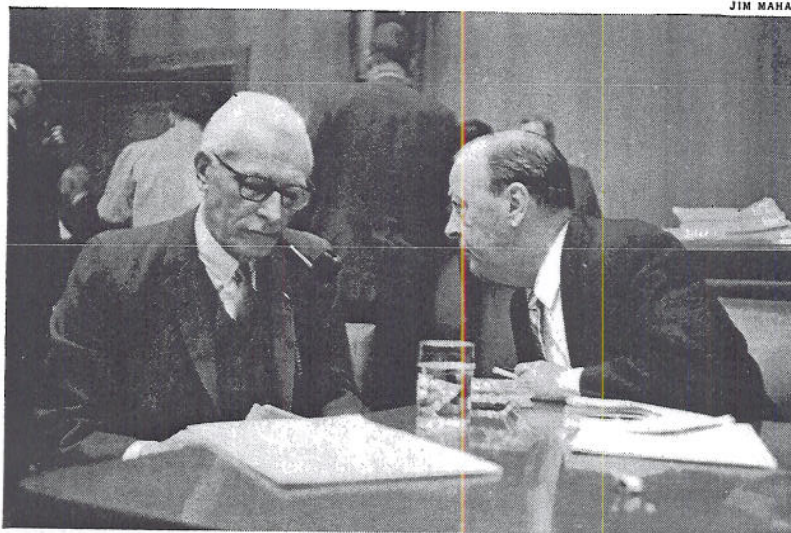
Double Billing. Dodd and his lawyer, New Yorker John F. Sonnett, aimed their bitterest attacks at the Senator's onetime bookkeeper, Michael V. O'Hare, one of the four who had scoured the files. O'Hare swore that on five occasions, acting under the Senator's instructions, he had "double billed" the cost of airline tickets, getting reimbursement both from the Senate and from the organization that had invited Dodd to appear. He also told of allowing Dodd to "borrow" \$6,000 from one of the Senator's testimonial accounts to clear up back income taxes and of converting funds from one of

conducted the inquiry punctiliously, the committee's recommendations—which are not due for "some weeks, at least"—were very much in doubt. On an ascending scale of severity, the recommendation could be for exoneration, rebuke, censure or expulsion. Few if any observers anticipate the most severe punishment.

Dodd himself occasionally seemed genuinely confused about the difference between his personal and his political expenses. As he put it to his colleagues in the Senate on the final day: "Just about everything I've done from 1956 to this hour has been intertwined with politics. I rarely remember a time when I had anything in these years that I would say was purely a personal matter." In fact, he added, "when I say personal, I should say personal-political. It is pretty hard for me to distinguish between them."

For a man whose life is politics, the

JIM MAHAN



DODD & ATTORNEY SONNETT
Cloudiest of all was the judgment.

the accounts to money orders to pay for liquor, lunches and country-club bills.

O'Hare's testimony about the "borrowed" money raised a particularly delicate question. As Kentucky's Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper asked at the hearing, if Dodd had really understood the money in the testimonial accounts to be his as a gift—and not a political contribution—why had he carefully avoided writing personal checks against it? Attacking O'Hare's testimony, Sonnett implied that he was a forger, brought in Handwriting Expert Charles Appel, who had testified in the Lindbergh kidnaping case, to show that a number of checks drawn on the account had not been signed by Dodd. The Senator himself, otherwise apathetic, was roused to his only really angry outburst of the week by his former bookkeeper. "Mr. O'Hare is a liar," he snapped. "It's as simple as that. He's a liar."

Personal-Political. No one else was likely to call any aspect of the Dodd investigation simple. Although Stennis

line must sometimes be easily blurred. The question is whether it was blurred just a little too often in the case of Tom Dodd—and if so, what penalty he must pay for his faulty vision.

INVESTIGATIONS

The D.A. Wins a Round

Even in the somber setting of a courtroom, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's spectacular investigation of the assassination of John F. Kennedy was barely distinguishable from a circus sideshow. In a hearing to determine whether retired Businessman Clay Shaw, 54, should be tried on charges of conspiring with Lee Harvey Oswald and others to murder the late President, "Big Jim" produced only two prosecution witnesses. One was a confessed heroin addict. The other was a young insurance salesman whose impeccable clothing concealed a mind in considerable disarray and whose memory had to be jogged by means of hypnosis. Yet their testimony was enough, in the view of a three-judge



WITNESS RUSSO
A jog for his memory.

panel in Orleans Parish Criminal District Court, to establish "probable cause" and require Shaw to stand trial.

Triangulation of Crossfire. Garrison's star performer was Baton Rouge Insurance Salesman Perry Raymond Russo, 25, who seemed a perfect witness for the prosecution—until the defense began questioning him. Russo said that in September 1963 he heard a plot to kill Kennedy revealed during a late-night party at the New Orleans apartment of David Ferrie, the ex-airline pilot who died last month. Also present were two men whom Russo knew as "Clem Bertrand" and "Leon Oswald." Russo said he had seen Oswald, who was "half-shaven and dirty," once before in Ferrie's apartment—cleaning a rifle. Like the rifle found in the Texas Book Depository, the weapon had a bolt action and a telescopic lens.

During the 1963 party, Russo testified, Ferrie paced up and down, throwing out ideas about "triangulation of crossfire," the need for more than one gunman in the assassination attempt, and the probability that "one of those there on the scene would be a kind of scapegoat—one had to be sacrificed." Discussing escape routes, Ferrie suggested flying to Brazil with a refueling stopover in Mexico, or directly to Cuba. Played in court later was a television interview that Russo gave to a Baton Rouge station last month in which he quoted Ferrie as saying, only a month before the assassination: "We will get him, and it won't be very long."

Garrison turned to the subject of "Clem Bertrand." In a brief note in the Warren Commission exhibits, a "Clay Bertrand" was named as the man who phoned an attorney on the day after the assassination and asked him to defend Oswald. Was Bertrand in the courtroom? Garrison asked Russo. Without a word, the witness strode melodramati-

cally to Clay Shaw and held his right hand above Shaw's head. Shaw did not look up.

Lakeside Fix. Clear as Russo's memory was for the prosecution, it clouded under defense cross-examination. Shaw's lawyers established that Russo had once been under psychiatric care for 18 months, that he had been hypnotized three times by the prosecution physician and that he had been injected with sodium pentothal, the "truth serum," to help him "remember" details. With the defense hammering away, he was unable to recall exactly when or where he met Ferrie, how and when he had arrived at Ferrie's apartment the night he heard of the "plot," how he had traveled home afterward. Shaw's lawyers also noted that Russo said in the TV interview only last month that he did not know a Lee Harvey Oswald. Why had he changed his story? Simple. The "Leon" Oswald he met had a four- or five-day stubble. He had not connected "Leon" with "Lee Harvey" Oswald, he said, until the D.A.'s office spent several hours drawing whiskers on photographs of Oswald. "We tried beard after beard," Russo said.

Equally puzzling was why Russo had not come forward with his story until last month. "I have never pushed myself on anybody," he explained. Besides, he added loftily, he had heard that "every screwball in the street" was talking to the Warren Commission and he did not want to be a part of such company.

Garrison's second witness, Junkie Vernon Bundy, said that he had seen Shaw and Oswald talking together in the summer of 1963 near Lake Pontchartrain, where he had gone to give himself a fix. He identified Oswald from photographs, picked Shaw out in the courtroom.

In persuading the judges to bind Shaw over for a formal trial, Garrison won Round 1 in his effort to prove that he has "solved" the assassination. But the D.A. will have to produce more than he has so far to obtain a conviction, and he has yet to introduce any evidence to show that Shaw, Ferrie or anyone else helped out when Lee Harvey Oswald squeezed off his murderous shots in Dallas.

CONSERVATION

Last Stand

No legacies of the land are more deeply embedded in American emotions than the Grand Canyon and the redwood forests of Northern California. Yet, because of their commercial potential, conservationists have had to fight to preserve them. Only last month they beat off—for the time being—an Administration attempt to build two dams that would have flooded both ends of the Grand Canyon. Now their principal concern is the soaring redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*).

Since 1820, loggers have turned 85%

of the redwood forests into building materials. While enlightened lumber companies have long practiced selective logging and reforestation, some still buzz-saw heedlessly through stands of trees that may have been saplings at the time of Christ's birth. Where once the redwoods covered nearly 2,000,000 acres, today only 300,000 acres of virgin trees are left, including 50,000 acres sequestered in scattered state parks.

Prized & Profitable. Standing, in some cases, over 300 ft. high, redwoods are prized by the public—and profitable to the loggers. Their wood is rotproof, termiteproof and practically weatherproof, nonwarping, retentive of paint and, because of its softness, easy to work. Before the days of cheap, non-corrosive metals, it was widely used for sluice boxes, water tanks, pipelines, pier piles, fences and wine casks. Today, homeowners use it for outdoor terraces and to panel both exteriors and interiors. So well does the wood sell that profits sometimes exceed 25% of total earnings. The Arcata Redwood Co., for instance, made \$2,640,000 in 1965 on sales of \$8,930,000. Much of the profit, of course, goes toward reforesting cleared areas with redwood saplings so that a continual supply of the tawny lumber is assured future generations. Though they endure for millennia, the trees achieve their greatest growth in their first 30 to 60 years.

Since redwoods grow only in the moderate, foggy climate of northern Cali-

