

tion and the world in praying for him."

At 6:30 PDT that night, fifteen hours after leaving Houston, the moonmen and their entourage finally put down in Los Angeles—for the biggest blowout of all. Billing it as a "state dinner"—though technically it was only a Presidential do*—Richard Nixon lined up a gaudy and occasionally improbable congregation of politicians (including 44 governors), judges, movie stars, business leaders, old aviators, clerics, space scientists and other notables in the Los Angeles Room of the new Century Plaza Hotel.

Cast: Though the Democrats were represented by an ebullient-as-ever Hubert Humphrey, there was a decidedly Republican cast to the guest list. The Republican Senate whip, Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott, was invited, but the Democratic whip, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (whose brother launched the moon program) was not. California's Republican Sen. George Murphy received ten tickets to the affair, California's Democratic Sen. Alan Cranston got none.

The snafus were generous enough so that Emil (Bus) Mosbacher, the State Department's chief of protocol, rolled his eyes toward the klieg lights and vowed that "I had nothing to do with this." But things were worse in one kitchen: the temperature rose so high that the automatic sprinklers turned on, flooding the chefs and waiters.

For all that, dinner was served—a feast of beef filets topped with goose-liver pâté and salmon-in-champagne, backed by a California white wine and finished off by Clair de Lune, a nonesuch dessert of marzipan and meringue surmounted by Old Glory. Between courses the Marine Drum and Bugle Corps played selections from the works of John Philip Sousa, and the Armed Forces Strolling Strings offered intimations of Mantovani.

Guests: The guests themselves were more interesting than anything that happened to them. Wernher Von Braun was seated with Billy Graham and reported later that they talked of "guidance systems, both divine and inertial." Faded Hollywood personalities—Edgar Bergen, Jack Warner, Andy Devine—made one-night comebacks. And Democratic Gov. Lester Maddox of Georgia trailed after the President to tell him "there are forty or fifty thousand American Legionnaires waiting for you in Atlanta next week." "I'll check on it, Governor," said the President, edging away.

But Mr. Nixon's spirits were too bouncy to be deflated by minor contretemps. He proved an exuberant master of ceremonies, whether passing out Medals of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor, to the three astronauts, or keeping a poker face as Gov. Ronald Reagan offered a toast to "California's nicest birthday present in 200 years."

At the end, in his remarks to the astronauts, the dinner guests and the ubiquitous TV cameras, the President very

clearly caught the pride and gratitude that had prompted so many cheering millions to take to the sidewalks during the long, emotional day. "We thank you for your courage, we thank you for raising our sights, the sights of men and women throughout the world, to a new dimension," the President said. "The sky is no longer the limit."

THE KENNEDYS: D.A. on the Spot

With each passing week since Mary Jo Kopechne died in the plunge of Sen. Edward M. Kennedy's car off Dyke Bridge on Chappaquiddick Island, pressure has been building for answers to the host of questions the senator's account of the accident left unanswered. And the man most under pressure to get



Dinis (right), Brominski: Pressure

them is a small-town district attorney, who seemed last week to be basking in the heat. D.A. Edmund Dinis (pronounced *Den-ees*) of New Bedford, Mass., was unruffled even by skeptics critical of his sometimes awkward handling of the case. With an eye to his Sept. 3 inquest, Dinis said serenely last week; "All the questions raised by investigators, by the press, by gossip even, will be satisfactorily answered."

Pol: Such self-assurance is characteristic of Dinis—at 44, a twenty-year veteran of rough-and-tumble Massachusetts politics. The bachelor son of an immigrant Portuguese furniture maker and New Bedford pol (he died while making a campaign speech), Dinis entered public life at the tender age of 23, taking over his father's seat in the state legislature. He quickly developed a flourishing law practice and an insurance business that some say once netted him as much as \$150,000 a year. Politically, Dinis—a maverick Democrat who reveres the memory of Boston's fabled boss James Michael Curley but supported the new wave of Eugene McCarthy last year—hasn't been

quite that successful. He has been defeated three times as a candidate for mayor of New Bedford, and last year was trounced in a bid for a seat in Congress.

Along the way, Dinis has displayed a genuine knack for making headlines and controversy. In the last year alone, he has twice been censured for grandstanding to the press. In one murder case in Truro on Cape Cod, Dinis announced to reporters that the victims' hearts had been torn from their bodies—a flashy diagnosis subsequently contradicted by medical examination. As a result of Dinis's blooper the defense won a change of venue—and Dinis earned his first censure from a local judge. The D.A. subsequently accused the judge of running a "kangaroo court"—which earned him another censure, this time from the bar association. And he has conducted running battles with the state insurance commissioner (after he warned Dinis to stop using official stationery to solicit insurance business) and with former Massachusetts Attorney General Elliot Richardson, now the No. 2 man in the U.S. State Department. But he has won enough cases to persuade the voters to keep him in office as D.A. for the past eleven years.

Snub: Yet nothing Dinis has handled matches the ticklishness and the significance of the Kennedy case. Indeed, there has even been talk that there might be bad blood between Teddy and the D.A. dating to the time Kennedy snubbed him during Dinis's 1968 campaign for Congress. Sitting in his New Bedford law and insurance office under portraits of Curley, Churchill, Lincoln and FDR, Dinis reached into his desk and flipped out a four-year-old picture of himself with the senator and another prized picture of himself with JFK. "Better days," he mused. "Camelot."

No one can say how extensive Dinis's inquest preparations have been. He has said he will call at least fifteen witnesses and has his men working on the case. But so far he has turned up little more than the senator's public statements and a ream of newspaper revelations.

Last week's papers gave Dinis and his investigators an intriguing line of speculation. The Manchester, N.H., Union-Leader, which has been rabidly critical of all the Kennedys, reported that Teddy had made no fewer than seventeen telephone calls on the day of the accident and in the hours that followed. Using his telephone credit card, the paper said, Kennedy made five calls before midnight from the party cottage on Chappaquiddick and twelve more later from a pay phone at the Shiretown Inn across the channel on Martha's Vineyard. The pre-midnight calls, according to the paper, included a 21-minute conversation with the family compound in Hyannis Port and shorter calls to Kennedy advisers Theodore Sorensen and Burke Marshall, who was not at home. If confirmed, the report would tend to back up Teddy's contention that the accident happened about 11:15 p.m.—as against the official

*According to strict protocol, the President can throw a "state" dinner only for another head of state.



James R. Silke—Globe

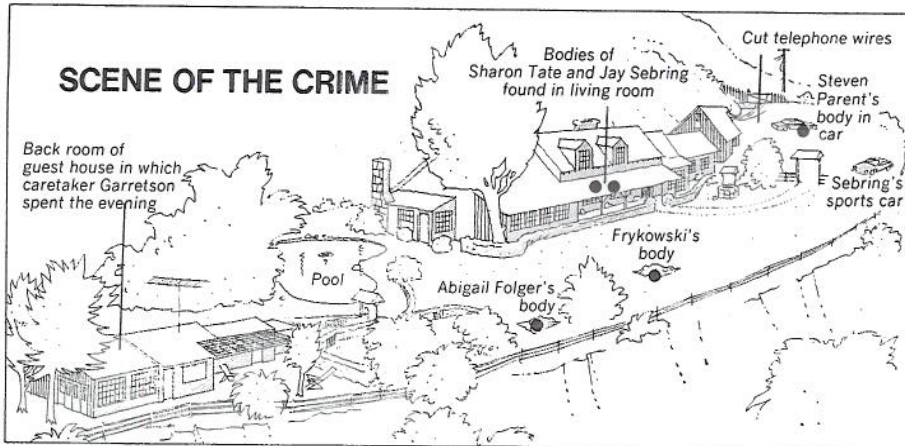
Tate: People were talking

theory that the time was actually 12:45. But the timing of the first calls would somewhat discredit Kennedy's story that he repeatedly tried to save Mary Jo's life—and the sheer number of calls would cast severe doubt on Teddy's insistence that he was in a "state of shock."

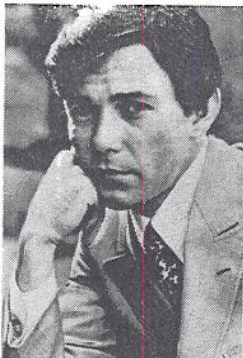
Calls: A Kennedy aide labeled the newspaper's story "preposterous" and added: "At least half a dozen people have access to the senator's credit card . . . but I doubt any of them made any calls that night." Phone company officials refused to comment on the report, citing Federal regulations protecting the privacy of telephone conversations—but pointed out that records of credit card calls do not normally show the point of origin. Dinis has said he will subpoena the phone records and may settle that question, at least, at the inquest.

Another question was raised by columnists Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson (page 75), who reported earlier that Teddy initially persuaded cousin Joseph Gargan to take the blame for the accident. Anderson repeated that story last week and added that Kennedy, instead of impulsively swimming the channel back to Edgartown after the accident, had actually been ferried across by friends in a small boat.

Kennedy denied all those stories and said his conscience was clear. "I can live with myself," he told *The Boston Globe*. "I feel the tragedy of the girl's death . . . that's what I will always have to live with. But what I don't have to live with are the whispers and innuendoes and falsehoods because these have no basis



Newsweek—Ib Oulson



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Sebring, Frykowski, Folger: Behind the mystery, a subculture

in fact." Privately, the senator admitted he may have erred in not enlarging his television account of the tragedy; he is said to feel that eventually he must face up to the unanswered questions.

Whether that time will come at the inquest is not yet clear. Prosecutor Dinis says it is his custom not to put a possible defendant on the stand in such a preliminary proceeding. "There are constitutional grounds [of self-incrimination] to be considered," said the D.A. Yet he did not rule out calling Kennedy.

Clearly, Dinis was commanding the spotlight—and enjoying it. Last week, he flew to Pennsylvania personally to request Luzerne County Common Pleas Court Judge Bernard C. Brominski to order Mary Jo's body exhumed for a pre-inquest autopsy—a move bitterly opposed by her parents. A hearing was scheduled for Aug. 25. "The autopsy is necessary to clear the air," said Dinis. If Dinis's entire investigation fails to clear the air, a Martha's Vineyard grand jury stands ready to start its own inquiry right on his heels. "I want to see what develops," said jury foreman Leslie Leland. "If Dinis is thorough, then fine. If he isn't, it's another matter entirely."

CRIME:

The Tate Set

The bizarre murder of actress Sharon Tate and four others at Polish film director Roman Polanski's secluded villa in the Hollywood hills confronted the police with a fascinating whodunit. But

nearly as enchanting as the mystery was the glimpse the murders yielded into the swinging Hollywood subculture in which the cast of characters played. All week long the Hollywood gossip about the case was of drugs, mysticism and offbeat sex—and, for once, there may be more truth than fantasy in the flashy talk of the town.

Stylist: A week after the slaughter (*NEWSWEEK*, Aug. 18), police had no suspect in custody and few clues in the murder of Miss Tate, who was married to Polanski and eight months pregnant, and her fellow victims: Jay Sebring, 35, a celebrity hair stylist and once Miss Tate's fiancé; Voyteck Frykowski, 37, another Polish filmmaker and a friend of Polanski's; Abigail Folger, 26, heiress to a West Coast coffee fortune and Frykowski's girl friend; and Steven Parent, 18, a bystander. The initial suspect, 19-year-old caretaker William Garretson, had been released for lack of evidence and the tangible clues were sparse: the handle of a broken revolver, a cache of drugs found in Sebring's sports car, a thick rope that had been used to tie Miss Tate's head to Sebring's, and bullets taken from the bodies of Sebring, Frykowski and Parent. There was no trace of the knife or knives used to slash all the victims.

Detectives complained that most of those who knew the victims were huddling silent for fear of being tainted by scandal, but at least one reportedly has given the police leads to possible fresh suspects. And in talks with members of the Tate set, *NEWSWEEK*'s Min S. Yee