tion and the world in praying for him." At 6:30 PDT that night, fifteen hours after leaving Houston, the moonmen and their astronaut 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 occasionaIly 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 embittered-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 Demo- cratic whip, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (whose brother launched the moon pro- gram) was not. California's Republican Sen. George Murphy received ten tickets to the affair, California's Democratic Sen. Alan Cranston got none.

The mood was generous enough so that Emil (Hot) Manzuracher, the State Department's chief of protocol, rolled his eyes toward the king 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 sonorous rendition 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 Montovani.

Guests: The guests themselves were more interesting than anything that happened to them. Werner Von Braun was seated with Billy Graham and reported later that they talked of "guard- ance systems, both divine and inertial." Faded Hollywood personalities—Edgar Bergen, Jack Warner, Andy Devine—made one-night comebacks. And Demo- cratic Gov. Lester Maddox of Georgia trailed after the President to tell him "there are forty or fifty thousand American Legionnaires waiting for you in At- lanta next week." "I'll check on it," Gover- nor, said the President, edging away.

But Mr. Nixon's spirits were too buoyant to be deflated by minor contrari- temps. He proved an eminently master of ceremonies, whether passing out Medals of Freedom, the nation's highest civil- ian honor, to the three astronauts, or keeping a poker face as Gov. Ronald Reagan offered a toast to "California's newest birthday present in 200 years."

At the end, in his remarks to the astron- auts, the droll guests and the ubiquitous TV sets tuned in, Mr. Nixon ventriloquised the Public Service. He thanked the research staff of the Philippines for their work; he praised the tireless efforts of the Postmaster General; he thanked the letter carriers; he expressed the hope that the Space Station would be a "national treasure." But although he might have been speaking for biologists, Mr. Nixon's ending was one of California's least black humor.

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

Newsweek, August 25, 1969

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 ac- count of the accident left unanswered.

And the man most under pressure to get 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 rais- ing 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." 2

POT: Such self-assurance is characteris- tic of Dinis—at 44, a twenty-year veteran of rough-and-tumble Massachusetts poli- tics. 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 Bouching 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 revoices the memory of Boston's fabled boss James Michael Curley—but supported the new wave of Eugene McCarthy last year—hasn't been quite so successful. He has been de- nied three times as a candidate for mayor of New Bedford, and last fall he 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 grandstand- ing to the press. In one murder case in Truro on Cape Cod, Dinis announced to reporters that the victim's hearts had been torn out by their bodies—a flashy dis- agnosis subsequently contradicted by medical examination. As a result of Dinis' blunder the defense won a change of venue—and Dinis earned his first censure from a local judge. The D.A. subse- quently accused the judge of running a "kangaroo court"—which earned him an- other censure, this time from the bar as- sociation. And he has conducted running battles with the state insurance com- missioner (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 Depart- ment. But he has won enough cases to persuade the voters last year to return him to office as D.A. for the past eleven years.

SNUB: Yet nothing Dinis has handled matches the ticklishness and the signifi- cance of the Kennedy case. Indeed, there has even been talk that there might be a blood between Teddy and the D.A. dating to the time Kennedy snubbed him during Dinis' 1968 campa-ign for Congress. Sitting in his New Bedford law office 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. "Bet- ter days," he mused. "Camelot."

No one can say how extensive Dinis' 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 a intriguing line of specu- lation. The Massachusetts N.H.I. Under- 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 Chappaquidd- ic and twelve more during the night from a pay phone at the Shiretown Inn across the channel on Martha's Vineyard. The pre- vious day, according to the paper, included a 21-minute conversation with the family compound in Hyannis Port and shorter calls to Kennedy advisors Theodore Sorensen and John F. Marshall, who was not at home. If confirmed, the report would tend to back up Teddy's own assertion that the accident happened about 11:15 p.m.—as against the official
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 origination. Nixon has said he will subpoena the phone records and may settle that question, at least, at the inquest.

Another question was raised by columnist Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson (page 75), who reported earlier that Teddy initially persuaded cousin Joseph Coram 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 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. Bismiinski 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 offshore sex—and, for once, there may be more truth than fantasy in the flashy talk of the town.

Stylized: 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; Voytek Frykowski, 37, another Polish filmmaker and a friend of Polanski's; Abigail Folger, 20, 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 Selby, 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

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