been redeemed in legislation by the 89th Congress. But President Johnson clearly isn't ready to rest yet. In spite of the costs and distractions of the Vietnam war, he has maintained a pace of proposals for the new 90th Congress that is reminiscent of early New Deal days. Since Congress opened early this year, Mr. Johnson has submitted 66 legislative requests, including 24 major messages—for a near-record average of two messages a week. In the process, he has already assembled a dozen key measures as the core of his program for the 90th Congress and his platform for the 1968 election (box, page 32).

It is a program with a difference. Despite the size of the laundry list, the items reflect little of the political boldness that marked Mr. Johnson's earlier proposals. In the fourth year of his Presidency, the innovator has retired. Mr. Johnson, the consolidator, has taken charge.

Declaration: The President's poverty message last week—almost three years to the day since his formal declaration of war on poverty—was an accurate measure of his modified and modulated approach. This was to be the year the expenditures for the poverty program took off, but Mr. Johnson asked Congress for only $2 billion, a modest $460 million more than the current budget. And more than half of this gain is to go outside Sargent Shriver's controversial anti-poverty agency. Health, Education and Welfare, for example, would receive $110 million to help Head Start kids through the lower elementary school grades.

While he was at it, the President also strategically undercut Republican Sen. Charles Percy's pet proposal—to encourage home ownership by the poor. Mr. Johnson said that some $20 million in Federal mortgage funds would be used to do just that. For good measure, the President also tossed in a $20 million rat-extermination bill, prompted in part by Sen. Robert Kennedy's repeated questioning of an Administration witness last year on the problem of rats in the slums.*

De-escalation: Mr. Johnson's request seemed to contain just a little something for everybody. One notable omission, however, was any mention of a "war on poverty." In place of the weathered metaphor was a notably less militant reference to a "strategy against poverty." More to the point, observers remarked, was the President's strategy against opponents. His subdued, something-for-everyone tack seemed to pay off in an uncritical reception of his request last week.

So it has been all along as Mr. Johnson has fired his barrage of messages at the 90th Congress. Generally progressive in their objectives but cautious in their immediate requests, the proposals amount to a master politician's assessment of the current go-slow mood on Capitol Hill. Indeed, the President's program has generated almost no Congressional activity so far. "The 90th Congress," said an Administration official last week, "is starting out to be a do-nothing Congress like the 80th. The outlook for the President's program is, in two words, not good."

But if the President himself was upset by the prognosis, he hardly showed any signs of it. In addition to the poverty message, he fired off two more from the White House last week—one on a Latin American summit meeting, the other on government organization and personnel (in which he sidelined his plan, opposed by labor, to merge the Labor and Commerce departments). With the messages sent, nearly all of his program was on the record. Now it was up to Congress.

Associated Press

Russo: Hypnosis did the trick

THE ASSASSINATION:

Thickening the Plot

For three headlined weeks, New Orleans's flamboyant District Attorney Jim Garrison bragged that he had cracked the murder mystery of the century—the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Last week, Garrison finally had to put up or shut up. He put up—more or less. At a preliminary hearing before a three-judge panel, the D.A. produced two key witnesses to support his case that his lone living suspect, bachelor-about-town Clay L. Shaw, 54, a retired businessman, had plotted JFK's murder with a bewhiskered Lee Harvey Oswald and a bewigged charter pilot named David W. Ferrie. The witnesses turned out to be a 25-year-old hypnosis buff and a 29-year-old ex-junkie. But, for the moment at least, they turned out to be enough.

The immediate question was not Shaw's guilt—he denied it all—but merely whether there was sufficient evidence to put him on trial. To make his case, Garrison first summoned one Perry Raymond Russo, an insurance salesman. In rapid-fire bursts, Russo related to a jam-packed courtroom how he had happened on the assassination "plot" in mid-September 1963 in the dregs of a party at his pal Ferrie's pad. He found himself alone, he recalled, with Ferrie; a tousled, unshaven man he knew as "Leon Oswald," and a third man introduced to him as "Clem Bertrand." While Russo watched in unprotesting silence, he testified, the three discussed how to kill the President, down to such details as "triangulation of cross fire," "diversionary shots" and "availability of exits."

When witness Russo was shown photos of Lee Harvey Oswald in the courtroom, he identified some of them as "Leon Oswald." As for "Clem Bertrand," Russo descended from the stand and dramatically placed a hand over the head of Clay L. Shaw.

'Vagabond': Why had Russo sat on his secret for more than three years? Under cross-examination, Russo blandly explained: "When the FBI came out and said [Oswald] acted alone, I accepted it. I didn't want to fight the FBI." Besides, he said, pictures of Lee Oswald showed him clean-shaven, while his "Leon Oswald" was a dirty, whiskery "vagabond." Not until a Garrison aide penciled rumpled hair and beards on pictures of Lee Harvey Oswald did Russo positively match him up with "Leon."

It further developed that Russo had undergone some two years of psychiatric treatment and that he had unfolded his story to Garrison's investigators under hypnosis, thrice the eyeball-to-eyeball kind and once under "truth serum." And Garrison's witness No. 2, ex-drug addict Vernon Bundy, said he was about to mainline two "caps" of heroin when he happened to spy Shaw and Oswald talking one summer day in 1963.

The gumbo of hypnotism and drugs, spiced with a soupçon of homosexual entanglement, raised the eyebrows of American newsmen, many of them veterans of the assassination story. Two of Garrison's "plotters"—Oswald and Ferrie, who died of a cerebral hemorrhage four days after the D.A. first linked him to the conspiracy—were eternally beyond questioning. Neither Garrison nor his star witnesses had yet explained a major point: how the "plotters" had the foresight to plant sniper Oswald in the Texas School Book Depository in Dallas two months before JFK—or anyone else—knew the Presidential motorcade would pass beneath its windows.

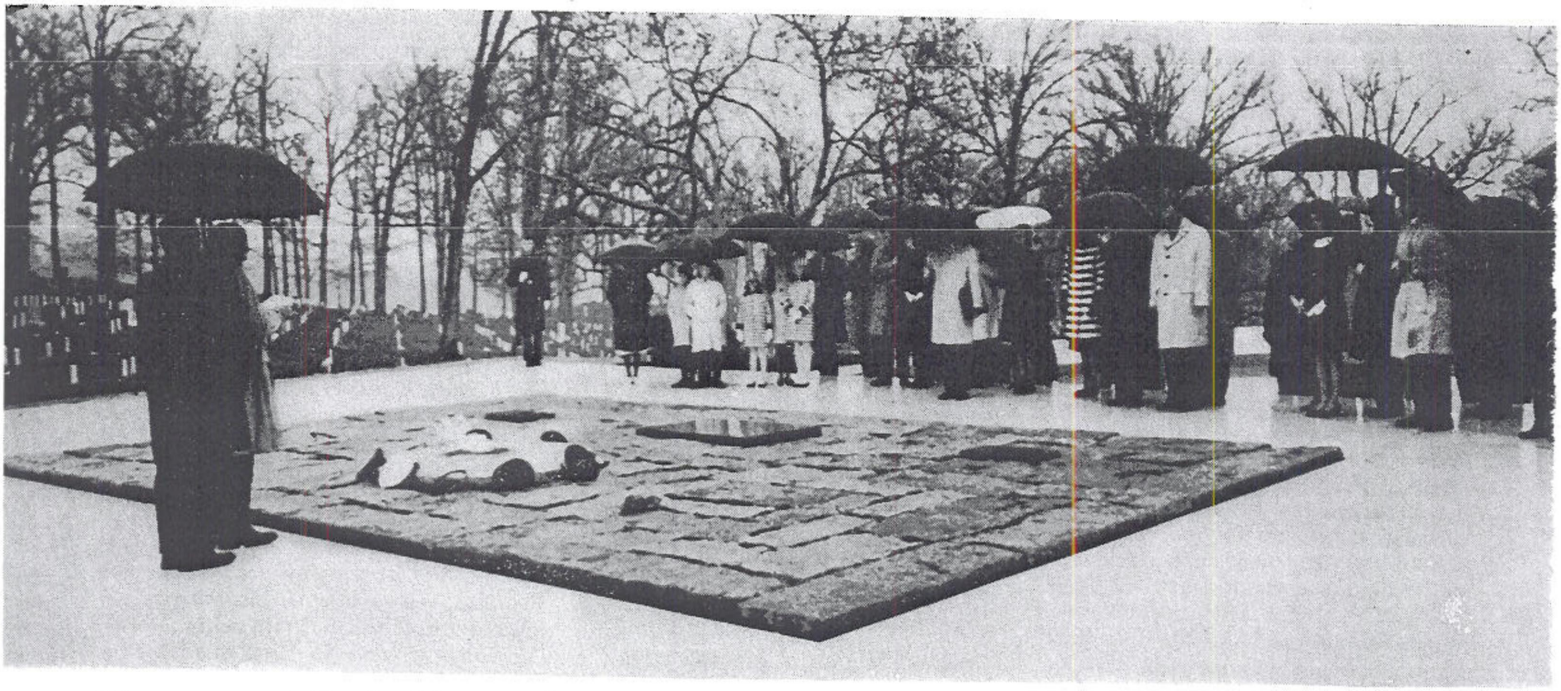
Nevertheless, the three judges ruled, after 33 minutes of deliberation, that

*By conservative Administration estimates, there are currently 100 million rats in the U.S

Garrison had presented "sufficient evidence . . . to establish . . . probable cause that a crime has been committed." Garrison promptly announced that he would file a bill of information against Shaw—a move that spared his having to go to the grand jury for an indictment. And that meant that Garrison's bizarre investigation would, implausibly, put someone on trial for complicity in the murder of John F. Kennedy.

At Rest

Under floodlights in the dank March night, an Army crane plucked the coffins —two tiny ones and one full-size—and gently transferred them 20 feet down the slope at Arlington National Cemetery. Just after dawn next morning, Lyndon Johnson joined the Kennedys—Jacqueline, Bobby and Ethel, Teddy and Joan,



Defense Department Photo

'Be at peace . . .': Cushing (foreground) blesses permanent JFK grave as family, Mr. Johnson stand watch in the rain

Pat Lawford, the Sargent Shrivers and the Stephen Smiths—as Richard Cardinal Cushing blessed the new, permanent $2 million gravesite where John F. Kennedy will rest with the two children who died before him, infant Patrick and a stillborn daughter. To the new gravesite as well went the eternal flame that Jacqueline had ordered.

"Be at peace, dear Jack, with your tiny infants by your side," intoned the cardinal at the private, secret ceremony last week, "until we all meet again above this hill and beyond the stars." Before she left, Jacqueline Kennedy placed a simple bouquet of lilies of the valley on the black marble slab that reads "John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 1917-1963." And throughout the service, a somber rain fell on all the living and the dead.

CONGRESS:

Bipartisan Span

The roll-call vote was Lyndon Johnson's first real test of power in the unfamiliar terrain of the 90th Congress. The issue was the long-stalled treaty to govern consular relations with the Soviet Union—a modest enough step in the President's East-West "bridge-building" offensive. When the showdown came last week, Mr. Johnson got his bridge—but with 22 Republican signatures inscribed alongside his in the keystone.

It wasn't easy. The treaty was a red flag to conservative pressure groups, which mounted a massive write-your-senator campaign to kill it. Front and considerably right of center was the Washington-based Liberty Lobby, which mailed out 170,000 copies of a comic strip casting a dubious J. Edgar Hoover in a white suit, a foppish State Department slicker in black—and a menacing Red agent packing a baby A-bomb in a suitcase. Letters crammed mailboxes on the Hill. "I've had 7,400 against the treaty and 46 in favor," winced Illinois Republican Charles Percy, and Ohio Democrat Stephen Young, 77, indulged his legendary short temper as a correspondent* with this hot reply to one particularly vituperative constituent: "It is evident you have a diseased brain. Also you are a lowdown jerk."

The State Department mounted a sales campaign for the pact—the first bilateral treaty between the two nations—but, in the end, it was Kentucky Republican Thruston Morton who saved the day. Some of his conservative confreres argued that the treaty would only provide cover for arrest-proof Soviet spies—and reward the Russians to boot at a time when they are lavishing aid and comfort on Hanoi. Morton, a longtime internationalist and a former Assistant Secretary of State, took a head count late in January—and discovered to his dismay that the 36 GOP senators were split three ways among pros, cons and undecideds.

In Line: Morton took charge: he rallied proponents with an impassioned speech for the treaty, prodding both Mr. Johnson and Dwight Eisenhower to plug it publicly, finally urged archdove J. William Fulbright of Arkansas to bow out as floor manager and thus neutralize the Vietnam issue.

The handwriting was already on the wall when the most notable convert of all, Everett McKinley Dirksen, left Walter Reed Hospital (after a two-day rest on doctor's orders) and materialized melodramatically for the finale. Ringlets rumpled, tonsils oiled, a green St. Patrick's Day carnation pinned (a day prematurely) to his lapel, the Minority Leader intoned the final benediction: it was the "sacred duty of the two most powerful nations on earth . . . to pursue a viable pattern of conduct which might prove not only mutually beneficial to both but to the people of the entire world." The U.S. Senate did its duty: 22 GOP "ayes" made it 66-28 for the treaty —a bare three votes over the two-thirds majority required to ratify the treaty and hand the President his first major Congressional victory of the year.

*His most quoted reply to a complainer: "Some crackpot has written to me and signed your name . . . I thought you ought to know about this . . ."