

January 30, 1965
Saturday

January 30, Saturday, was filled with the roll of drums and the pageantry of Churchill's funeral on TV. It began early and continued all day, interspersed with magnificent lines from his war-time speeches. You had the feeling you were saying good-bye, not just to a man but to a period of history. Word had come that Rusk was ill, confined to his bed with a bad cold, unable to be at the funeral. Dillon was ill too, and the most shattering news was that McNamara was in Walter Reed with a virus. We both thought of how we had seen him the last few weeks looking wan and too thin. Lyndon stayed in bed most of the day.

Before these quiet days vanish I want to get as much preparation work done as I can in learning about beautification and what more obvious than to drive around Washington with Libby Rowe a member of the Planning Commission. To really learn ~~with~~ what the proposals are. To tear down and rebuild in the southeast, or is it Southwest, section of the Capitol, ^a long neglected ~~drab~~ area. But today was beautiful with falling snow and the landscape would be masked. But it being the only day I had, Libby and I set out a little before three, drove out across the bridge toward Anacostia, with Libby outlining plans - areas where clusters of old buildings that were scars on the landscape

had been taken out and new ones were being planned - or already built. But alas, snow prevented us from seeing the vistas- the approaches to the Capitol and from getting too good a grasp of the overall picture. Then we went out 16th street and cut across to the left on S or T, where a proposed freeway that would go bisecting the city, to ~~disadvantage~~^{doubtful} advantage - ~~A~~^C controversial approach to handling this city's pressing traffic problem. ~~We~~^{She} discussed the rapid-transit proposals with subways running from suburban parking area on the fringes of the city ~~and~~^{down} to the heart of the city. With people and cars competing for the same room there's ~~not~~^{not} simply ~~aren't~~ enough square feet for both. Meanwhile, any solution would ~~acquire~~^{take} years from paper to finished product, ~~though~~^{so} some decision has to be reached by the beleaguered forecasters of the future.

When I got back to the White House I asked Lyndon who he would enjoy seeing for a quiet family dinner and made several suggestions. I was delighted when he mentioned Tom and Mary Clark~~a~~. We decided to ask Rams^apy and Georgia, Rams^apy having just joined the official family as Deputy Attorney General. We asked Jake and Beryl Pickle. It was a pleasant evening. Tom and Mary are good people in the simple true meaning of that word. And being around ~~them~~^{her} has a beneficent

influence, although it certainly gives me perspective to remember that Ramsey^a used to turn the ice cream freezer in my house when I couldn't hire help during the war time years. Tom and Mary have been friends of ours for so long. And now he is number 2 man in a tough spot in the government.