

1964
SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1968

Saturday, June 27th. This is the day Lynda Bird christens a Navy transport named Austin, after Austin, Texas. She has asked Luci to be her maid of honor, and they are going to New York where Lynda will crash the bottle of champagne ^{bow} over the ~~bough~~ of the ship, the first one she has ever done. Lyndon's cold is still with him, reducing ~~him~~ his terrific energy to bounds where the rest of us can keep up.

We left Detroit about noon for Minneapolis, traveling in the Jet Star to save money for the Democratic Party. We were met by Governor and Mrs. R. OLVARY ^r. She is a Texas girl, Hubert and Muriel, Gene and Abigail McCarthy. I rode in with the three ladies, and it ^{was} my chance to ask Muriel how Bob was. Her son has just gone through the devastating experience of having surgery for cancer of the lymph gland. They think they have got it all. He is only 20. Hubert says "He is the best boy we have got." ^{is} Handsome, smart, always has been a good kid, ["]But what he faces is a very uncertain future.

Our first stop was the Convention Hall where the Democratic Farm Labor Convention was being held because Party the Democratic here inherited farm labor party and coalesced with it a couple of decades ago I believe. We rode to the Twin Cities. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ You can't tell when St. Paul leaves off and Minneapolis begins. The convention was in a rather barn-like

structure, and I gather it isn't a very hot convention. Gene McCarthy is up for re-election with no real opposition.

Lyndon made a speech and I got up to express my appreciation and very real it is ~~worth~~ for three of the most capable women I know, Abigail, Muriel and Jane Freeman.

Then on to the hotel and then a replica of last night. The President's Club reception, and here it is indeed a triumph ^{have} to/accumulated, or at least so the program said, 200 members who are willing to pay a thousand dollars to belong to the President's Club.

^{LATER}
~~Next~~ we rode out to the auditorium in an open car. . . There was always a crowd in front of the hotel, and there was a thick crowd along the sidewalks wherever we had been all day long, enough to give heart to Gene and Hubert, and draw a response from Lyndon who shook hands over and over and over. The dinner was comfortably brief. The red ~~white and~~ white and blue ^{Aspirin} announced a salute to President Johnson with one of his best pictures on the outside. It was very unlike our trip to Minnesota in 1960 when it was hard to corral 200 folks and once more it was said to be the largest fund raising dinner that had ever been held in this state.

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We spent the night in the Presidential Suite because
tomorrow is another day for Minneapolis Democrats.

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