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Sunday, June 28th, we left the hotel a little before twelve to go to the Mount Olivet (?) Lutheran Church -- the largest Lutheran church in the United States. The Pastor is Ruben Youngdahl, a very famous minister, and brother I believe of a Federal Judge and a past Governor. The service actually was very like the Episcopal except I stumbled over one line in the Creed that we say I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church. They don't say Catholic Church.

After church we drove in an open car to ~~Minnie Ha Ha~~ ^{Minnichaha} Park. Part ~~on the~~ of the time I sat on the back of the seat with Lyndon. Part ~~on the~~ of the time I rode with the ladies. It depended on how thick the crowd was.

The occasion was 50th Anniversary Day Observance. That means the gathering of all the Swedes, the descendants of all the Swedes who had come to settle in this part of the country. They swarmed to the park in great streams on one Sunday in each summer. Families bring their picnic lunches and for miles and miles up and down the creek, a small river, in the shade of trees you will see picnic lunches spread. They tell me there is a great variety of Swedish dishes, meat balls, sort of pickled fish, smorgasbord type of things and wonderful pastries. Every now and then there will be somebody in a Swedish costume -- perhaps something they have inherited from

an ancestor.

There is a
During the day ~~the~~ program which includes all built in
the visiting politicians with a natural ~~ability~~ *and an in-*
resist?
escapable audience, how could the politicians ~~resist~~. They
also have a Queen and several princesses of the day. We
met them, and beautiful blondes they all were save one
lonely brunette. They have dances from the parts of Sweden
from which their ancestors came. They are all dressed up
in costumes of that country and day, and the flag of Sweden
was flying all ~~through~~ *two* the park *around* the band stand along
with the flag of the United States. It was very colorful and
delightful -- they sort of thing my spirit would ~~xxx~~ usually
rise to with exultation. But to tell the truth I feel rather like
one of those oldfashioned victrolas that you wind up -- I am just
about run down and the record is just grinding along. Partly
I guess I mirror Lyndon's own feeling caused by this heavy
cold. ~~Although~~ *A*lthough he has gotten through three hard days very
competently, very successfully, ~~It~~ *it* hasn't been with ~~xxxxx~~
any great burst of energy, planning, enjoyment that he some-
~~times~~ ~~times~~ ~~back~~ has.

Minneapolis is blest with its beautiful parks and
 its ^{where} is said to be the scene of Longfellow's characters Hiawatha
 and Minnehaha ^{Minnehaha} lived. It was somewhat disillusioning to
 find that the city fathers had to grant permission to allow
 an extra amount of water to flow out of the dam ^{how you feel} some that
 the water ⁴ could really come roaring over Minnehaha Falls,
 but they did grant permission, and it was as picturesque as you
 could ever want.

Upon the flag-bedecked rostrum, ^I we met not only
 the Queen and the Princesses, and all the assembled political
 figures, but the Swedes who put this great ~~rock~~ festive holiday
 together and then everybody spoke, including once more my
 contribution to the affair. "When they elect a public servant
 out here they get the whole family," and that "we feel very much
 indebted for the caliber of the people they send to Washington,
 the Freemans the Humphreys and the McCarthys."

It was n't exactly a McCarthy sort of crowd, he being
 an Irish Catholic and practically every ^{one} here being Swedish Lutheran.
 Of course, dear Hubert is as adaptable as a chameleon. To
 borrow somebody ^{else's} phrase, where there is life there is
 Hubert, which somehow adds an extra ~~twice~~ twist of ugly
 poignancy to his son Bob's desperate illness.

There were ~~acres~~ and acres of people that we could see from the rostrum, all through the park. In fact, all day long there had been crowds lining every street, friendly cheering crowds. I wonder how much of it is the general air of euphoria in the country or ~~respece~~ respect for the office of the Presidency or how much of it is an understanding and liking of Lyndon himself. At any rate, we have progressed beyond Texas.

About 2:30 we rode back to the airplane where we finally at long last had some lunch en route to Washington, arriving at the White House a little past five.

*Lady

~~Adax~~ (2) Jackson was still here, so we went for a walk around the South Grounds with her and ~~k~~ our delightful companions Him, Her and Blanco. She has been up in her room the last several days. "Scribble, scribble, scribble, Mrs. Gibbons," she expresses it. She has several manuscripts to show Lyndon. I think the major theme is the beautification of cities in the next decade. And I find myself now whenever I go to a city looking to see what they have done in urban renewal, and looking at it either with a criticizing or approving eye, but certainly a more alive eye and more interested eye than I have before I met Lady Jackson.

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She must leave Tuesday morning, and so I am glad at least that she has had this opportunity to be with Lyndon. She told us about her little boy, showed us pictures of him, and of her husband who looks like just as strong and determined a man as she is an interesting and vital woman. She had been 40 when the little boy was born.

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