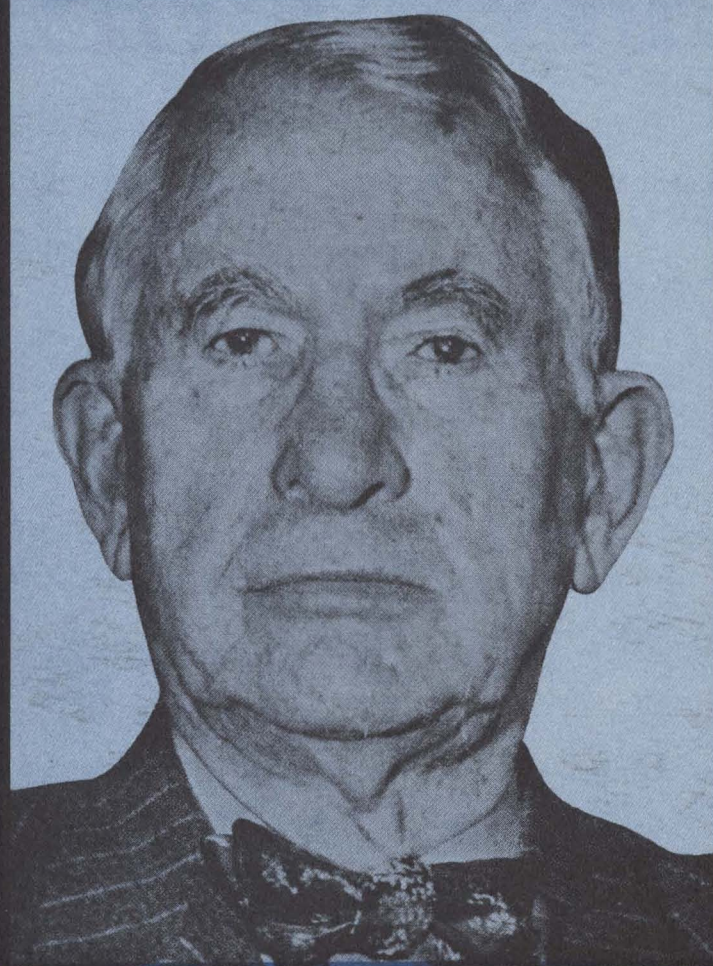


FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.

FS 3870

“VEEP”



Alben W. Barkley
Tells His Own Story

Interviewed By Sidney Shalett

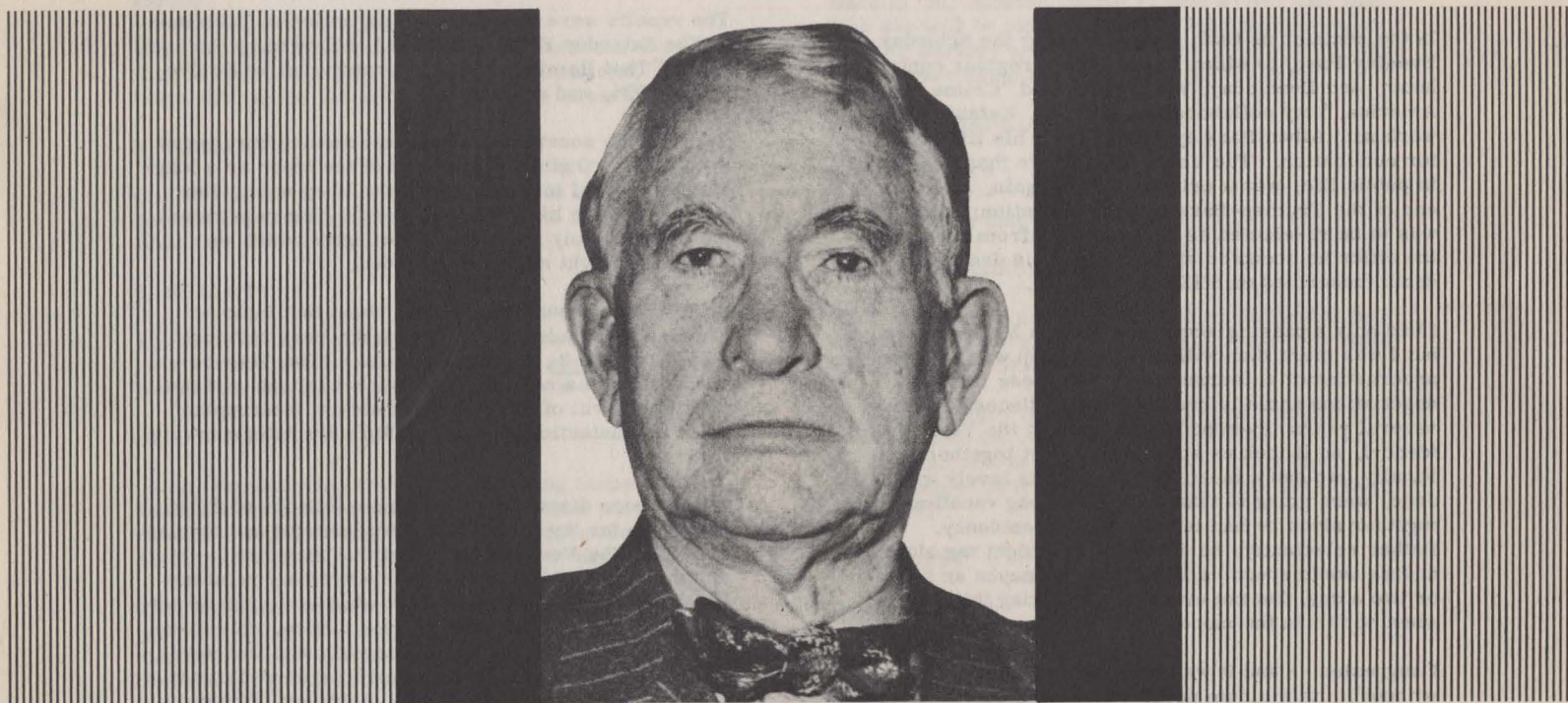
DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

“VEEP” Alben W. Barkley

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FS 3870

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"VEEP"



Alben W. Barkley Tells His Own Story

Interviewed By Sidney Shalett

Notes and commentary by Sidney Shalett

In the summer of 1953, I was asked by the Saturday Evening Post, to which I have been a regular contributor, and Doubleday, which published "Crime in America," my collaboration with Sen. Kefauver, to work with Alben Barkley in preparing his life story for publication. The Veep, after more than 40 years in public life, was a private citizen again, after the end of the Truman-Barkley administration; later, he was to be re-elected as U. S. Senator from Kentucky, the office he occupied at the time of his dramatic death (described on SIDE II, Band 10).

I had only a passing acquaintance with Mr. Barkley, but I was more than willing. The Veep was a great procrastinator (I learned later that these literary negotiations actually had been under discussion for several years, even before he had left the Vice Presidency), so it took us some time to get together. Finally, we had a meeting. He and his lovely wife, Jane, were going to take their first long vacation together since he had left the Vice Presidency. Rather reluctantly, he agreed that I might tag along, and we would spend "a little time -- maybe an hour or two a day, but not every day," talking things over when he felt in the mood.

I suggested -- and it was a happy inspiration for, without it, this album never would have been produced -- that I take along a recording machine and put our interviews on tape. I never had operated a tape recorder before and, to tell the truth, I am sort of mechanically inept. A machine was delivered to me about an hour before I was to take off with the Veep; I had about 20 minutes instruction in how to operate it, and I was on my own. It has been a source of minor amazement to me -- a great tribute to the foolproofery of tape recorders -- that I came up with anything at all. Some of the background noises that have the sound of a cocktail shaker operating at full blast may be attributed to my inexperience with the microphone; fortunately, I managed to keep my finger off the "erase" button when playing back our recordings for the Veep. (My equipment, incidentally, was strictly of the home-recording amateur variety -- nothing professional.)

Over the next several months, I trailed along with the Veep and Jane -- from New York to Montreal to Quebec to Schroon Lake, N. Y. (where Mrs. Barkley's mother was a voice coach at the Seagle Music Colony) to Nantucket to Paducah to Washington. To my delight, I found that the tape recorder was just what Mr. Barkley needed to get him rolling. The sight of that mike on a table and all those lovely rolls of virgin recording tape, waiting to be filled with reminiscences and observations, were to the Veep what the clang of a brass bell was to an old firehorse. Instead of the grudging "hour or two a day -- maybe," there were days when he would talk for 5 or 6 hours.

Frequently I would wind up exhausted, but the Veep -- 75 years old at that time -- would finish in a state of exhilaration, just as if we had quaffed a couple of mint juleps together (which, incidentally, we never did during working hours). We didn't work every day, and much time was spent in travel, but I wound up the research period with some 42 hours of informal interviews, containing much priceless Barkleyana.

Our itinerant interviews were recorded in hotel rooms overlooking the St. Lawrence River in Quebec, with steamboat whistles blowing; in the midst of a music colony, with sopranos trilling scales in the background and dinner bells clanging; on the broad porch of the Veep's pre-Civil War home, "Angels," at Paducah, with cows lowing in the pasture, and so forth, so all sorts of strange noises find their way onto the master tapes.

The results were a series of eight articles, published in The Saturday Evening Post (*), followed by the book, "That Reminds Me --," brought out by Doubleday in 1954, and now this record.

Early in the sessions, I began to conceive the idea of eventually bringing out portions of the tapes as a long-play record. I mentioned it to the Veep and to Jane Barkley. Both liked the idea and for that reason we put on tape many stories and sidelights which we otherwise might not have recorded.

A bit of background explanation about that famous deathbed mint julep story, which the Veep tells on Side II, Band 3, might be helpful. (The Veep recorded this in a cottage on Nantucket Island, and the political moral of the story was sort of interrupted by an enthusiastic exclamation from the interviewer's wife!)

We had been discussing that famous "draft" of Adlai Stevenson for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1952. The Veep had revealed that Stevenson -- a distant cousin of his -- had been extremely reluctant -- almost wishy-washy -- about whether to run or not to run. Adlai had come to him for advice. The Veep, who frankly wanted the nomination himself that year and thought he had the blessing of President Truman and his political kitchen cabinet, told Gov. Stevenson that, whichever way he decided, he would have to make up his mind and stick to it.

At the convention the Veep (and this rejection by his labor friends deeply hurt him) received what he regarded as a "kiss of death" from organized labor on the grounds that he was "too old", and Stevenson's nomination went through. The convention seemed enthusiastic about Adlai, all right, but there were unmistakable overtones of the fire being blown on by assorted machine politicians. As the Veep, without rancor, comments on Side II, Band 3, it was "a well-organized draft".

Anyhow, I had learned that the Veep had a good story in the light vein on tap to illustrate any serious situation about which he commented. I prodded him for one about Cousin Adlai's "reluctance," and he came up with the mint julep story related on the record. However, the story itself is such a classic that it stands on its own, and the relation to the Stevenson dilemma is almost lost in the hilarity!

I wish to acknowledge my gratitude to Mrs. Alben W. Barkley for her gracious approval of the issuance of this recording of the Veep's own words. I hope the excerpts will provide not only some informative and entertaining footnotes to history, but also an insight to the rare, earthy, sagacious qualities which made the SIDNEY SHALETT "Man from Paducah" such a unique figure in American politics.

TRANSCRIPT FOR "VEEP"

(*NOTE: Asterik denotes questions or comments by Sidney Shalett during actual interviews with Alben W. Barkley.)

SIDE I, Band 1

Sidney Shalett speaking. In the summer of 1953, I traveled around the country with Alben W. Barkley -- the "Veep". We took along a tape recorder. The Veep would set down recollections of his boyhood in Kentucky and of his nearly 50 years in American politics. The result was a book covering the Barkley career.

What you are about to hear are excerpts from more than 40 hours of highly informal conversations. The voice will be the voice of the late Veep himself.

S. SHALETT:

One of Mr. Barkley's favorite lines was that he was born in a log house and split more rails than Abe Lincoln.

S. SHALETT: *

You told me that actually where you were born was your grandfather's house which was a story log house. Would you describe what a story log house is?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

... A two-story log house. It was a log house with a second story and you got up to that second story through a stairway that went up on an open terrace porch. You didn't go up on the inside of the house.

This log house in which I was born was the house of my grandfather. Now my mother went down to her stepfather's and mother's house to give birth to me, because my grandmother always looked after those births. I think she attended nearly every birth of her grandchildren. I know she attended all the births in my family, as far as I can recall, because there was no help -- no outside help -- in the neighborhood and she was good at it.

Well, when my mother was on the verge of giving birth to me she went down to my grandfather's in this log house. It was in that house that I was born. From the time I was ten years old, well, I would say, 18 -- 16 or 18 years old -- I split as many if not more rails than Abraham Lincoln ever split. I really mean that literally ... I say that as a great admirer of Lincoln, too, because I've been one of his great fans and great admirers. I never got any credit, however, and I never got elected President by being a rail-splitter!

S. SHALETT: *

Let me ask you briefly, Senator, as a young boy, doing the hard work in the fields, did you ever have any feeling of resentment over having to work so hard or was it something a boy accepted then?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

No, I had no resentment at all. I accepted it as a part of the duty of a young man raised on a farm, and

the fact of the business, I rather enjoyed the experience of plowing. There's a sort of a thrill that comes to a barefooted boy in plowing up ground and turning it over and stepping into the fresh furrow with his bare feet. And the birds -- the black birds and all kinds of birds -- and the chickens follow right along behind the plow to eat the worms. And they're very smart about it. They'll just come right in behind you to pick the worms as you turn them over with the plow. And with all that and with my country associates and my schoolmates and the fun we had in the family made me rather enjoy the farm and the farm work, although when I got a little older I decided that I was not going to make farming my occupation.

S. SHALETT: *

Back in '36, Senator, some Yankee writer said that "the day will be topped off by the keynote speech of Senator Barkley of Kentucky -- the greatest hog-caller that ever came out of the Blue Grass State ..."

(SENATOR BARKLEY LAUGHS.)

S. SHALETT: *

Do you accept that honor?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, no! I was never designated or entitled to be designated as the greatest hog-caller that ever came out of the Blue Grass.

Of course, every farm boy learns to call hogs. And I learned like the rest of them. And there is a peculiar hog call that is well recognized among farmers and I indulged in it like every other farm boy. But I was never ...

S. SHALETT: *

How does it go?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, you start -- you can't get this into the written page -- but you go out there and you have a basket full of corn, and rattle that corn and you say:

"PIG ... PIG ... PIG ... PIG ... OOOO-EEEE!
PIG ... PIG ... PIG ... PIG ... OOOO-EEEE!"

And you can hear them begin to grunt and squeal and run for a half a mile getting to the barn lot to get that corn! That's the way you call them.

S. SHALETT:

After we got to know each other pretty well, the Veep told me something he never before had revealed in all his public life. His name at birth really wasn't Alben. It was Willie!

S. SHALETT: *

Senator, let's jump way back to the day you were born. What was your name on birth?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

(LAUGHING) Well, I had two uncles -- one on my father's side of the family and one on my mother's side. Their names were William -- William Barkley and William Smith. My mother's maiden name was

Smith. Strange to say, both of them were called "Willie" instead of Bill -- they were given the name "Willie" as babies. Well, these two uncles I called "Uncle Willie", both of them, and when I was born, my parents named me Willie Alben.

I went by the name of Willie Alben until I got old enough to realize, as I thought, that that was an awkward name and I changed it myself (to) -- Alben William Barkley and I was never called Willie. It was incongruous for me, it seemed even as a boy, robust and strong as I was, to go around with the name of Willie attached to me! So I changed it.

S. SHALETT:

There was a family legend that the Veep never wore shoes until he was 21. Senator Barkley nailed this story as exaggerated.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

School began along in August or September and, when November came and the frost began to show up on the ground and the grass, I still had no shoes because my parents hadn't gone to town with the crop to buy the winter supplies. So these frosts got pretty heavy and I think there was a light snow that took place in November and the result was I was still barefooted and, in order not to frostbite my feet or freeze them, I walked along in the tracks of those who had shoes, stepping in their tracks all the way from my home to the schoolhouse. That sounds fantastic in a way and my children even to this day make fun of me when I say that, and they have exaggerated the story into the statement by them that I was 21 years old before I ever had on a pair of shoes. Of course, that's just a joke in the family, but that was literally true that I had to walk in those tracks where the frost or the light snow had been knocked away so I could step in with my bare feet.

S. SHALETT: *

You deny categorically that they had to tie you down to get that first pair of shoes on you?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Oh, yes, I deny that. As a matter of fact, I was always very proud. What they usually bought for me at that time was not shoes but boots.

S. SHALETT: *

Leather boots?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Leather boots and they had a certain type of boot known as red top and brass toes; there was a little brass piece around the toe to keep from wearing the toe out when we were crawling around on our knees and hands. This red top was just an ornament, so that's what I usually wore and I was very proud of those brass toe and red top boots, so that they didn't have to lasso me or run me down to get a pair put on me.

SIDE I, Band 2

S. SHALETT:

Eventually and inevitably, Alben Barkley got into Kentucky politics. His first race for Congress was against a man who once gave him a job ...

S. SHALETT: *

Which was the candidate that tried to pull the old political trick of youth and inexperience on you and said that "this dangerous young man will try to run for the Senate ..."?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

That was Colonel Hendrick.

S. SHALETT: *

Your old law ... ?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

My old law employer as a partner of Judge Bishop and the man who had been elected to Congress and defeated Capt. W. J. Stone, who was a one-legged old Confederate soldier. Now, he rather resented the fact that I, as his stenographer, of a few years before, was bold enough to run for Congress. And he thought that he ought to go back to Congress instead of me, just a mere boy. And I had worked for him for \$12 a month salary. Who was this upstart who was trying to go to Congress?

Well, when we were winding up the campaign there at home, we spoke out on the Courthouse steps at night. There was an enormous crowd there, the courtyard filled with people, and he was saying something about me being over-ambitious. He said, "He was elected prosecuting attorney here and we elected him county judge and now he wants to go to the Congress and," he said, "if you elect him to Congress, it won't be long 'till he'll want to go to the Senate." And he got some applause with that statement. I followed him and I referred to that -- I said, "Well, it is true that I was elected prosecuting attorney here and judge, for which I am grateful, and it is true that I'm ambitious enough to want to go to Congress. If I weren't, I wouldn't be a candidate. And," I said, "if, after I'm elected to Congress, I see a Senatorship lying around loose and it looks like it's as easy to get as this race is, I may run for that." I got a big hand on that and I was told afterward that my boldness in not denying my ambition and announcing that if something came along I'd reach out for it got me a lot of votes. Several people told me that they had intended to vote against me but that the way I had answered Hendrick made them change their minds.

ALBEN BARKLEY

When we were ... when I was making my first race for Congress against Hendrick and Corbett and Smith, we rode together; that is two of us -- we'd pair off in two's and ride together, either by automobile or in a horse and buggy. Well, one day I was driving along in a buggy with Colonel Hendrick, we were talking about the campaign and Hendrick said to me, he said, "Alben, did you ever see as big a demagogue in your life as this Denny Smith is?" ... (who was one of the candidates in the race) ... I said, "No, Colonel, I never in my life saw as big a demagogue as he is." And we agreed about that. We went on to the speaking. The next day it fell my turn to ride with Denny

Smith and we were riding along through the country and Denny said to me, he said, "Alben, did you ever in your life see as big a demagogue as old John Hendrick?" (LAUGHTER) I said, "No, Denny, I don't think I ever did, he's the biggest demagogue I ever saw." We agreed about that. On the third day I'd be riding with Jake Corbett and he would say, "Alben, did you ever see two bigger demagogues than old John Hendrick and Denny Smith?" And I said, "No, Jake, I never did." We agreed on that.

S. SHALETT: *

Of course, when the other two were riding with each other they were agreeing that you were the biggest demagogue.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Undoubtedly they were agreeing that I and maybe the other candidate riding with me were the two biggest demagogues in the world! (LAUGHTER)

S. SHALETT: *

From your long political experience, is there any kind of a political dowser or divining rod that you can use to detect when a man says he isn't a candidate (but) he really is?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, I told this story on President Truman after he became President at a banquet in Washington one night when he said that he had never really been a candidate for any office that he ever held, that the office caught up with him. I said, "Well, that reminds me of a Republican from Somerset, Ky., when the first Republican Governor of Kentucky, William O. Bradley, was elected in 1895. All the faithful party workers came down to Frankfort looking for jobs, and one man rode a mule down from Somerset, which was 100 miles from the State Capitol, looking for a job. He stayed around there 6 months and he got no job and finally spent all his money, and, disgusted, started home and when he got in the edge of Frankfort he met a friend and he said, 'Where are you going,' and he said, 'I'm going home,' and he said, 'What's your hurry,' and he said, 'Hurry, I've been down here 6 months!' He said, 'You know I've all my life I've always heard that the office ought to seek the man -- let the office seek the man.' He said, 'I've been down here 6 months looking for an office and I haven't seen anything of an office going around here looking for a man.' "But," he said, "if you do see or hear of one going around looking for a man you tell it that I'm riding out to Somerset Pike and riding damned slow." I said at this dinner for the President -- he enjoyed the story very much, and it applied to him, I said, "You may not have been seeking any of these offices that you've held from County Judge up to President, but you've been riding mighty slow when they were out looking for somebody.

S. SHALETT:

The Veep had another story to prove -- literally -- that politics makes strange bedfellows.

S. SHALETT: *

Did you ever have to share a bed with, say an older son when you were (making your early campaigns)?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

I shared a bed with an older son and I shared a bed, I remember one cold winter night, with a father and husband. When I rode up in front of his house late in the afternoon and asked if I could spend the night he invited me in and took my horse down to the stable in the barn and fed him and we went in and had a lovely meal. Then when bedtime came he seemed a little bit embarrassed because on account of the cold weather and having the stove in only one room, both the beds had been put in this one room and his wife and grown daughter had to sleep in one of the beds and he and I in the other. So he said, when bedtime came, "Now, we'll have to go out on the porch while the women go to bed and then we'll come in." So we went out on the porch and shivered (LAUGHTER) while the womenfolk went to bed and then we came back and crawled into the other bed ourselves. And before I woke up the next morning the women had gotten up and dressed and were out fixing breakfast. So that was a very amusing experience. It didn't embarrass anybody, we just took it as a matter of course.

S. SHALETT: *

Did he sort of back you up against the wall, though?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, (LAUGHTER) intellectually and theoretically (LAUGHTER) he backed me up against the wall and at the very moment when the thing first happened I wished he had backed me out of the door because it was an experience I hadn't ever gone through with before!

S. SHALETT: *

Senator, will you digress and tell the story of your campaigning in '32 with Roosevelt and the Corbin, Ky., speech?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

(LAUGHTER) Well, that was a little bit of political humor and by-play that President Roosevelt mentioned frequently after that for years. He was the nominee for President, and I traveled with him, campaigned with him, speaking in auditoriums and from the rear of trains and so forth.

Well, we got to Corbin, which is a considerable town up in the corner of 3 or 4 counties in Eastern Kentucky. And the train pulled into Corbin and it was my custom to introduce Mr. Roosevelt to the audiences; because I was the Senator and running for reelection, I always introduced him. Well, at Corbin there must have been twenty thousand people assembled at the railroad station, and they rushed in behind the train at the rear as soon as it stopped and I pranced out, of course, to introduce Mr. Roosevelt, and I looked out over this crowd, and after a few preliminary sentences, I said, "Now, I haven't much time to speak, but I do want to say this" I said, "It's been 4 years since I spoke in Corbin, and naturally I could not call by name every individual in this great crowd. But," I said, "I can recognize that you are the same crowd that I addressed when I was here 4 years ago. And the reason I know you're the same crowd is that you've got on the same clothes you had 4 years ago when I was here." Well, the crowd roared, and laughed, and they shouted, "That's the truth! That's right, we've got on the same ones!" Because they were in

the midst of the depression which had existed under Mr. Hoover, and, of course, we did not fail to call attention to the fact that this great depression had occurred under the Republican administration. Well, that little political piece of humor and by-play, which had an element of truth in it, not only tickled the crowd but it tickled Roosevelt. And he after that, for years, he referred to it as what he thought was a clever little piece of political propaganda, and the point was not lost on that big crowd.

S. SHALETT: *

And then you went back in '36?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

I went back in '36--yeah, I went back in '36--and Roosevelt wasn't with me then but I had a great crowd in the largest auditorium in Corbin, and I said: "I'm glad to be greeted by this wonderful crowd. I always get a fine reception here in Corbin." And I said, "I hardly know you! I hardly know you people!" I said, "You're so dressed up after 4 years of a Democratic administration that I hardly recognized you." Well, that got a big hand, and a good laugh, and some shouts from the audience "That's true!" and so forth. Well, it was all a lot of fun, and yet it was very effective political campaigning. All they wanted was an object lesson, and you can just make the comparison.

S. SHALETT:

As we moved along, Mr. Barkley gave his account of the events leading up to the much misunderstood "Dear Alben" letter from Franklin Roosevelt.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

In my keynote speech at Philadelphia in '36 I took note of the reactionary tendency of the Supreme Court, and, while I did not know that Roosevelt was going to ask for the court legislation that he subsequently asked for, I felt that it would be an uphill job to get the country out of the ditch and to get it on the highway to progress and prosperity.

S. SHALETT: *

You were not then majority leader?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

No, I was not then majority leader. I was deputy-- I was assistant to Senator Robinson. I was his assistant majority leader, but he was majority leader until he died in July of '37.

S. SHALETT: *

And then he wrote you the letter that ... the "dear Alben" letter ...

ALBEN BARKLEY: *

He wrote me the "Dear Alben" letter, which was misconstrued very largely by the press and by a lot of other people. And I was precipitated into the fight for the majority leadership. As far as I know, Roosevelt never took any hand in the fight for the majority leadership. It was a friendly fight between Senator Pat Harrison and me. We were always friends. After I beat him by one vote -- we had 75 Democratic Senators at that time and it was close nip and tuck all the way up and they got up to where

it was 37 and 37 and there was only one more ballot left in the hat and, when the teller reached in and pulled out that ballot, nobody knew whether it was for me or for Harrison. A lot of us said that that ballot looked as big as a bed quilt! And when it was announced that it was for Barkley, Pat Harrison jumped up on his feet at once and moved to make my election unanimous.

S. SHALETT:

Then he told of his dramatic break with F.D.R.:

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, here's what happened. We were in the middle of the war at that time and it was necessary to raise more money to carry on the war. We realized that we could not tax the people sufficiently to raise all the expenses of the war... (to) pay 'em as we went... but we were anxious and he was, too, to raise just as much as was possible in taxation so that we wouldn't have to borrow any more than was necessary to conduct the war. So he sent a message over to the Congress recommending the increase of the taxes by a sum of not less than \$4 billion, as I recall. We couldn't find the \$4 billions, or whatever the figure was he wanted. As the bill finally passed, it raised approximately \$2.8 billions. That was all we could get. Well, the bill was sent over to the White House and at the next Monday's conference, which was a regular conference of a Monday morning between the majority leaders of the two Houses ...

S. SHALETT:

That's you and Rayburn?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Yes, and the Vice President and the Speaker of the House.

S. SHALETT: *

Where would you meet with him -- in his bedroom...?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, we would meet in his bedroom in the White House proper. He would be in bed. He would have had breakfast; he would have done some work; he would have read the morning papers, read reports; but he was still in bed, as a rule. And we met there in his bedroom.

Well, the first meeting after the bill had reached him, he intimated that he didn't like it, partly because it didn't raise enough money, didn't raise as much money as he wanted, and really needed.

I was somewhat surprised that he indicated he might veto the bill and I said, "Well, if you veto it, why, you get no new taxes at all because this is all we can do. And if you veto this bill, you won't get another tax bill."

Well, the veto came over, and, of course, it created a good deal of excitement, the fact that he had vetoed a tax bill in the middle of the war and the language in which he vetoed it. He went on to say that this was a bill not for the relief of the needy but for the relief of the greedy. Well, that language offended me very deeply because I had been a loyal supporter of his whole program and I believed in it. I was not just a yes-man, a me-too man -- I believed in the program, because I was a liberal and a progressive long before I ever heard of Franklin D. Roosevelt ...

When I left home the next morning, I said to my wife, "I'm going to make the speech today opposing the President's veto and I'm going to resign as Majority Leader." And she said, "Go to it, I'm with you."

I went to my office and I dictated my speech. And 12 o'clock came before it was half transcribed on the typewriter and I wanted to get recognition at once, at 12 o'clock, so as to be the first man on his feet ... And I took a long chance in starting on it for fear it might not all be there when I'd want it. I think I had about 6 or 7 pages of it when I went over and I said to my secretary, I said, "You send this over just as fast as you get a page ready because I may run out." So, she sent it over by a page.

And at one juncture in the middle of it I was about to run out of paper when I had almost exhausted these 6 or 7 pages I took with me. Senator McKellar of Tennessee, who sat next to me in the Senate, was there, and I said to McKellar, I said, "Mac, go out there in the cloakroom and call my office and see if there is some more of that speech coming over here, I'm nearly out of speech." He rushed out in the cloakroom and in about a half a minute he came back with 2 more sheets, and all during the rest of the delivery of that speech he was my messenger boy, back and forth, going out to get what had been sent over until the last sheet came over ...

And after it was all over with and I had delivered the speech and the Senate had arisen and given me a tremendous ovation -- Democrats and Republicans -- McKellar shouted, "I forgive him of everything he ever did!" Just like that! (LAUGHTER)

S. SHALETT:

Senator Barkley did resign as majority leader. His colleagues immediately reelected him. But it was the beginning of a rift that undoubtedly induced F. D. R. to reject the Kentuckian as his fourth-term vice president.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

I felt in my heart that he never quite forgave me for my opposition. And, probably, for the language I used in analyzing and refuting the statements that he'd made in his veto ... I'm saying what I have said in the utmost friendly feeling and good faith. There is no touch of bitterness, disappointment or resentment in my heart over anything that happened between Roosevelt and me. I cherish for him a very beautiful memory.

S. SHALETT:

So Harry S. Truman, rather than Alben Barkley, went into the White House when President Roosevelt died. Senator Barkley recalls a bit of man-to-man advice he gave Mr. Truman when it got into the newspapers that the new President was speaking poorly of his ability to measure up to his job.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Mr. Truman began to rather deprecate his situation. He was extremely humble and modest about it all, and, finally, I thought a little too much so, because he very frequently said he wished he hadn't been President. It got in some of the papers that he said things like that, so I one day said to him, "Mr. President, I realize how you feel about this job that you have inherited, but," I said, "you've got it. You are

President of the United States, and I hope you will no longer deprecate your own personal situation or minimize your ability to carry on." I said, "God raises up leaders. We do not know the process, but in the province of Almighty God you have been made President of the United States and you'll have all the help that any of us can give you and," I said, "I think you ought to have confidence in yourself because if you don't have confidence in your own ability to guide this country, the people will lose confidence in you and therefore, however humble and contrite you may feel about it, I would not continue to express that feeling because you've got to go forward and you've got to lead the Nation out of this war in Europe and in Asia and you can do it." I said, "You just have confidence in yourself and trust in the God that brought this condition around and you will make it all right." And he thanked me, and he didn't continue that self-deprecation which he at first felt.

S. SHALETT:

Later, Senator Barkley became Mr. Truman's vice president, and a new word -- "VEEP" was added to the dictionary of politics. The Veep himself tells how that word came into being.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

After I was elected Vice President there was great confusion among a lot of people, whether they should continue to call me "Senator", as they had always done, or "Mr. President", as they address the Vice President in the Senate, or whether they should call me "Mr. Vice President", which is a sort of tongue-twister like saying "Mr. Chief Justice". So everywhere I went people were saying, "What shall we call you?" Well, I said, "Call me anything you want to so long as it's respectful!" (LAUGHTER)

One night I was out at my daughter's, Mrs. Max Truitt, and she had four, rather alert, inquisitive, and positive boys and the youngest was about 12 years -- Stephen. I was saying to my daughter and to my son-in-law, "There is a lot of confusion about what I shall be called" -- and I went through the ordeal of "Mr. President" and "Mr. Vice President" and "Senator" and all that, and this kid says to me, "Why, Gramps," -- he called me Gramps instead of Grandpaw, or Grandfather or Granddaddy -- he said, "Gramps, 'V. P.' stands for Vice President. Why not put two little 'e's' in there between those two big words ... big letters ... and call it 'Veep'?"

About a week later I was in Philadelphia to make a speech and the newspaper boys came up for a news conference and in the course of it they said, "What shall we call you?" Then I told this story about this grandson and they sent that story all over the United States -- and from that time on it was "The Veep".

SIDE II, Band 1

S. SHALETT:

There was one thing about the Veep: He was never at a loss for a good story about any situation or any personality. I asked him one day about Senator "Tom Tom" Heflin of Alabama...

ALBEN BARKLEY:

There's a very amusing story about a conversation that took place between him and his secretary down in Montgomery when he was making the last race for Congress before he ran for the Senate, because he realized that unless he stayed in the House he would be out of the picture as far as the Senate was concerned and he was anxious to remain in the House. In this particular race a very strong man in the district had threatened to run against him, and he talked in the cloakrooms about this man, and it's amusing what remarks you hear in the cloakrooms around the House and even the Senate by sitting members against whom some man is threatening to run. (I wouldn't repeat them here because it would be too much of a detail.) But this man was supposed to be a very strong man and the fact is that Mr. Heflin was afraid of him. He was a threat to his continuance in the House until he could find an opening for the Senate. The man hadn't filed, however, although he was threatening to and there was a certain day which was the deadline, at midnight that night--after that nobody could file for the primary election.

Well, about a week before the primary he sent his secretary down to Montgomery to watch in the office of the Secretary of State and to let him know the developments and see if this man filed against him for the House. Well, he'd call him up every day about it and he hadn't filed. Finally the last night came. We were having an all night session in the House for some reason and there was a telephone booth right in the cloakroom and during the last half hour before midnight which was the deadline for this man to file, Heflin called his secretary up every five minutes and you could hear the conversation outside this booth--it was enclosed by a glass door.

Well, the conversation ran somewhat like this: Heflin would take down the receiver and call his secretary in the Secretary of State's office in Montgomery and he'd say, "Is that you, Jim?" (If that was his name, and I think it was.)...

S. SHALETT:*

(The Senator is holding his hand to his ear...)

ALBEN BARKLEY:

"Is that you, Jim?... Yeah... Well, how is it down there?... Where are you? You're right there in the office are you--right there in the Secretary's office?... Yeah... You're right there where you can see what goes on?... Yeah... What time is it down there? You say it's ten minutes to twelve? Yeah, well, has he filed? Did he file against me? Has he filed against me? No, he hasn't? What, you say he has? He filed? You mean he did? Oh, he didn't file, he hasn't filed yet. All right, all right, old boy, thank you!"

And he hung up the telephone. Then he'd go back outside and in about two minutes he'd call again and that same conversation would take place, and finally he called him at one minute after twelve in Washington; he called him, he said, "Hello, is that you, Jim?... Yeah, well where are you? Still there are you, right there in the office, right there by the desk are you? Well, what time is it down there? One minute after twelve? You sure? Are you looking at the clock? Are you sure it's one minute after twelve? Well, what did he do? Did he file? What, he filed? You say he filed? He did? Oh, oh, you say he didn't file. He hasn't filed yet? Didn't file? It's too late now, is it? Deadline has gone and it's after twelve and he didn't file and he can't file. All right, old boy, thank you! Good-bye--see you later." He hung up the telephone. He came out of the telephone booth and shut the door, and he said to all of us who were sitting around, wondering what was going to happen, he said, "Damn him, I wish he had filed. I'd beat hell out of him!" (LAUGHTER) ... Of course, I'll have to eliminate that cuss word!

SIDE II, Band 2

S. SHALETT:

Republicans, of course, always were fair targets for the Veep's humor. He had a special story he sometimes told on ex-President Hoover.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, the story is that during the depths of the depression in 1932, they erected a monument or a memorial of some kind in Charleston, W. Va., out in a public park, and they invited Mr. Hoover to come down and dedicate it. He went; they met him at the train at 8 o'clock in the morning, took him to breakfast, and then took him up to this place where they had erected a platform and where 20,000 people were assembled. And as he walked up on the platform, got up on the platform, they gave him the usual 21 gun salute, which they give to the President. And for a moment after the guns had ceased fire, everything was deathly silent, all over the place. And way back in the middle of the audience some old fellow shaded his eyes with his hand and looked up on the platform and he saw Hoover still standing there and he said to himself, but loud enough to be heard everywhere, "My God, they missed him." (LAUGHTER)

SIDE II, Band 3

S. SHALETT:

The Veep wanted the Democratic nomination for president in 1952. He thought he had the nod from President Truman, but it didn't work out that way. Mr. Barkley took his disappointment like an old warhorse but he always had some reservations about that famous "draft" of Adlai Stevenson...

S. SHALETT:*

Do you regard the Stevenson nomination as a genuine draft?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, yes and no. I think it was a well organized draft. He could have stopped it if he had positively said, "I won't accept this nomination. I don't want it, and I won't accept it."

S. SHALETT:

Continuing our discussion of this "draft", one afternoon, when the Senator and I and our wives were relaxing at the end of a day's work, I asked him if he had a story illustrating Mr. Stevenson's "reluctance" to run in '52. Sure enough, he had such a story, which he proceeded to tell. It struck the ladies as so funny that they cut him off just as he was about to expand on the point!

ALBEN BARKLEY:

This story...

S. SHALETT: *

(...His throat's a little dry...)

ALBEN BARKLEY:

... revolves around an important piece of legislation that was pending in the House of Representatives some years ago when I was a member. It was a bill to increase the salary of Congressmen. It was a very controversial measure and it was debated all day--fore and aft, pro and con, up and down, by those who favored it and those who opposed it. Many of those who vociferously opposed it hoped it would pass over their dead bodies.

Well, along late in the afternoon, when the debate had gone all day, Congressman Frank Clark, of Florida, arose to speak in favor of the bill. And he made very cogent arguments in favor of it. But finally he said, "You men here, who have been speaking all day against this bill, hoping it will pass over your dead bodies, remind me of the old gentleman down in Mississippi who was on his death bed--or thought he was. And he was lying on his bed late in the afternoon as the sun began to sink and its shadows lengthened and its rays played in through the window. And his wife, Mary was sitting over in the corner of the room as the only nurse.

And as these shadows lengthened and the rays came into the window and gave brightness to everything, he motioned to her to come over to the bed. And she leaned over to catch his whisper, because he could scarcely talk above a whisper. And when she arrived he said to her:

"Mary!"

"Yes," she said, "John, what is it?"

He says, "Mary! Do you remember that old trunk down in the basement?"

"Yes," she said, "since you mention it I believe there is an old trunk down there."

He says, "Mary! Don't you remember that there's a quart of old likker... (GASPING)... in that trunk?"

"Yes," she said, "I believe there is--since you mention it--I believe there is a quart down there."

"Well," he says, "Mary, go down and get it!" And he says, "Bring it up here!" And he says, "Dissolve a little sugar in the bottom of a glass in a teaspoon of water--dissolve it!"

She said, "Yes, John, what else?"

He says, "Get a little mint--get some leaves of mint and bruise 'em. And put 'em in the bottom of this glass and bruise these mint leaves until the substance of them exudes into the dissolved sugar."

And then, he says, "Mary... Mary!" He says, "Then get some ice--some crushed ice--and fill the glass with ice. And when you've filled the glass with ice," he says, "Mary, then get this old bottle of likker and pour it in over this ice until the glass is filled."

"And then," he says, "Mary, get some sprigs of mint and stick them down through the ice into the glass. And then, Mary, set it all out on the shelf to cool and to frost."

"And when it's all frosted on the outside--you know what I mean, you know how it should look! When it's all frosted on the outside, bring it in here, Mary!" And he says, "Mary! No matter what I do or say, make me take it!"

(LAUGHTER)

ALBEN BARKLEY:

And he (Congressman Clark) said, "That's what you fellows want to have done to you--you want to be made to take this increase in salary!" Well, that story and that experience and that illustration did more than all the arguments of the whole day's debate. And when the vote was taken, it was passed--and they were made to take it!

S. SHALETT: *

And I think we also agreed that at the last Democratic Convention, Mr. Stevenson was made to take it...

ALBEN BARKLEY:

(LAUGHING) Well, uh...yes, he was made to take it! Not exactly a mint julep...

(HERE SENATOR BARKLEY'S CONCLUDING LINE, "but the Democratic nomination," WAS OVER-RIDDEN BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC EXCLAMATION FROM THE INTERVIEWER'S WIFE.)

SIDE II, Band 4

S. SHALETT:

The Veep sang for us--a work song which he had learned as a boy and had not thought about for more than 50 years.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, this song to which you refer, Sid, is a song that I have remembered from my boyhood days when I worked on the farm and worked with the Negroes on the farm, not only in the cultivation of the crops but in the wheat-threshing season, the stump-digging season and all the other seasons of toil where I worked among the colored men and boys of our community. Back in the recesses of

my brain have been preserved a few stanzas of this Negro folk song. You won't find it written in any music store; you won't find any bars or notes, but it was just something made up out of the hearts of these men who worked and it's come down with me for half a century. I can't remember all the stanzas but I do remember 3 or 4 of 'em, and I really enjoy perpetrating them on my friends sometimes (LAUGHTER) ... which I will now do.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, it goes on and on and on for verses and verses and I wouldn't perpetrate you with all of them, but there are dozens and dozens and hundreds of them that were made up in the field right out when they were pitching wheat up to me on the wagon. And they'd make them up as they went and fortunately for me I get a great deal of pleasure out of remembering a lot of those old Negro folk songs that have come down through the years with me.

SIDE II, Band 5

S. SHALETT:

As majority leader, the Senator had a conference with President Roosevelt after the latter had returned from Yalta. It was a very private meeting in a most unusual setting. I asked him to relate the details.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, soon after his inauguration after his fourth election, he was going to Yalta to meet Stalin and Churchill, and so on. He was gone 2 or 3 weeks. When he got back to Newport News on the cruiser which brought him home, he called me up over the telephone and asked me to be at the White House the next morning at 9 o'clock. He wanted me to bring him up to date on what had happened in the Senate and in Congress, and he wanted to bring me up to date on what had happened in Yalta.

At 9 o'clock I was in the White House and went up to his bedroom, as usual. When I got into the bedroom I found him in the bathroom sitting on a low stool, shaving. And he had a mirror that came way down low so he could sit on this stool and see his face to shave.

S. SHALETT: *

What did he shave with?

ALBEN BARKLEY:

With an old-fashioned straight razor. He said, "Come on in here and we'll talk here in the bathroom." Well, I said, "Where'll I sit?" Well, he said, "Sit on the stool!" (LAUGHTER) Well, I said, "That's about the only article of furniture in here I could sit on!"

So I sat down on this stool, and he sat on his stool--of a different type--over in front of the mirror and we lit into talking. I suppose we sat in there for an hour, talking about what had happened in Washington and what had happened in Yalta. And he'd lather his face out of this old shaving mug that he had, and then he'd light into a line of conversation, and the lather would dry on his face, and he'd have to lather it again. And he'd lather it again, and then he'd start out talking, and it would dry again. I think he lathered his face at least 6 times before he ever got shaved.

After it was over I was sorry I hadn't had a photographer. If I'd known that it was going to be a conference like that, I think I'd have had a picture taken of it, because it was a historic conference--a very unique conference. I doubt if any other such conference had ever been held in the history of the United States, between the President of the United States and the Majority Leader of the Senate, in the bathroom, with one sitting on one stool, and one on the other.

And when he got finally through and shaved I rolled him out on his wheelchair into his bedroom.

S. SHALETT: *

Don't hit me, Mr. Barkley! But you can say you were really "closeted" with the President!

ALBEN BARKLEY:

(LAUGHTER) Well, I was closeted with him, but it's been a matter of regret for me that I don't have a picture reproducing that scene in there.

SIDE II, Band 6

S. SHALETT:

He went on to recall a story he told the President during that bathroom conference--one which made F. D. R. laugh so hard that the Secret Service men in the hallway were startled.

ALBEN BARKLEY:

The story which I told him was this: there was a stranger in a community on Sunday, and he decided he'd like to go to church and he inquired about the different churches and the preachers and finally selected a Methodist church, and he attended the service and he was very much impressed with the minister and with his sermon. When the services were over he walked up to the pulpit and shook hands with the preacher and congratulated him, and he said, "That was a damn good sermon you preached today."

"Well," the minister said, "I like your compliment but I don't like your language."

"Yes," the stranger said, "that was such a damn good sermon that I dropped \$100 in the plate when it passed."

The preacher said, "The hell you did!" (LAUGHTER)

SIDE II, Band 7

S. SHALETT:

The Veep was proud of his age and he loved to tell stories about robust old-timers. One of his favorites--naturally--was about an old fellow in Kentucky ...

ALBEN BARKLEY:

Well, we had an old neighbor down here in West Kentucky, who was about 92, but very vigorous, physically and mentally--very alert, worked all the time, walked as straight as an Indian. One day, one of his neighbors said, "Mr. Knight, to what do you attribute your old age and your mental and physical vigor?"

"Well," he said, "before my wife and I married, we entered into an agreement under the terms of which if, after we were married, at any time I railed out at her, nagged her or picked a fuss with her, she'd just take her knitting and go out into the kitchen and knit till it was over. (That was back in the days when women

did most of the knitting for their families.) And, on the other hand, if any time she picked a fuss with me, railed out at me or nagged at me, I would just put my hat on and go outdoors and stay till it was over." And he said, "I've spent most of my life in the open air!" (LAUGHTER) ... I can't claim that as a reason for my being 76 years old!

SIDE II, Band 8

S. SHALETT:

He also had a couple of salty ones about the famous Speaker of the House-- "Uncle Joe" Cannon; ...

ALBEN BARKLEY:

... Another great Illinois son, Joseph G. Cannon -- everybody called him "Uncle Joe". He was quite a human being.

The first woman ever elected to Congress was Jeanette Rankin of Montana. Well, Miss Rankin was up making a speech one day about something and Uncle Joe was sitting there listening, and finally he got an urge to interrupt her and in order to do it he had to rise and address the Speaker. So he rose and said, "Mr. Speaker," and the Speaker said, "Will the lady from Montana yield to the gentleman from Illinois?" And Miss Rankin, with a very gracious bow said, "I will be delighted to yield to the gentleman from Illinois."

Well, Uncle Joe being then about 85, whispered to the fellow, the member, sitting by him, and he said, "My God, she has yielded to me and what can I do!" (LAUGHTER)

ALBEN BARKLEY:

It's sort of like another I heard about him told by Jim Watson. They were over in Missouri campaigning one time for the Republican ticket and Uncle Joe spoke first and they were in a community where a lot of Uncle Joe's old boyhood friends had moved over from Illinois ... Uncle Joe was telling these old friends of his good-bye. One of them put his arm over his shoulder, he said, "Well, Joe," he said, "I hope you live to be a hundred years old and are indicted for rape."

Uncle Joe said, "Indicted, hell!" he said, "Anybody can be indicted--I want to be convicted." (LAUGHTER)

SIDE II, Band 9

S. SHALETT:

The Veep loved these stories--but he was more than a story-teller. He had a political credo in which he believed deeply. In his own words, this was his political faith:

ALBEN BARKLEY:

I've always believed that all government, local, state and national ought to be regarded as servants of the people, not masters of the people. There was a time when people looked upon Uncle Sam, as we call him--this austere, old man with whiskers--sitting astride the Capitol in Washington, complacently looking around, drawing his salary and doing nothing.

And it was after the turn of the century that the people's attitude toward their Government and the Government's attitude toward them expanded. They don't look on it any longer as some austere old entity off yonder that

has no connection with the people. They have learned to appreciate their Government and to cooperate with it and I think that is a fine thing and I have myself -- in my 40 years of public life in Washington -- I have advanced that theory over the opposition of a great many people who believe in just standing still, that Uncle Sam or the Government ought to be hitched to a post, and, notwithstanding improvements in every other field, like agriculture, medicine, education, transportation, that Government, politics itself, ought to stand still.

Well, now the people don't believe that -- and I don't believe it.

SIDE II, Band 10

S. SHALETT:

Well, that was the Veep. There never will be anyone quite like him in American politics.

On April 30, nineteen hundred and fifty-six, Alben Barkley, back in the Senate again at the age of 78, was making a speech at Washington & Lee University. It was an election year, and the students were having their traditional mock political convention. The "old firehorse", as he called himself in that speech, was having a wonderful time. He came to the climax ...

ALBEN BARKLEY:

And now I'm back again as a junior senator. (LAUGHTER) And I'm willing to be a junior! I'm glad to sit on the back row! For I would rather be a ... servant in the house of the Lord ... than to sit in the seats of the mighty ...

(APPLAUSE ... NOISE OF FALLING)

S. SHALETT:

There was thunderous applause. He stepped back to acknowledge it. Then he fell over. The Veep was dead.



NEW NUMERICAL LISTINGS

Old Numbers are in Brackets ()

FOLKWAYS RECORDS

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AMERICANA 10"

FA2001 (11)	Square Dances, Piete Pate
FA2002 (3)	Christmas Carols, Summers
FA2003 (4)	Darling Carey, Seeger
FA2004 (3)	This Hammer, Leadbelly No. 1
FA2005 (6)	American Folk Songs, Seegers
FA2006 (6)	Washboard Band, Terry
FA2007 (67)	Cumberland Mountain, Clayton
FA2009 (9)	All Day Singin', Van Wey
FA2010 (10)	Lonesome Valley, Folkways
FA2011 (11)	Dust Bowl Ballads, Guthrie
FA2013 (13)	Railroad Songs, Houston
FA2014 (14)	Rock Island Line, Leadbelly No. 2
FA2019 (19)	Sea & Logger Songs, Eskin
FA2021 (21)	Seeds of Love, Summers
FA2022 (22)	Cowboy Ballads, Houston
FA2023 (23)	Salomon Valley, Jamison
FA2024 (24)	Leadbelly Legacy, No. 3
FA2025 (23/2)	Ohio Valley, Buckley
FA2028 (28)	Get On Board, Folkmasters
FA2030 (30/2)	Blues, Brownie McGee
FA2034 (34)	Easy Rider, Leadbelly No. 4
FA2035 (35)	Harmonica & Vocal Solos, Terry
FA2036 (36)	Mormon Folk Songs, Hilton
FA2037 (37)	Anglo-American, Nye
FA2038 (38)	Negro Spirituals, Hall, Reed
FA2039 (39)	Songs of Joe Hill, Purdy
FA2040 (40)	Smoky Mountains, Lunsford
FA2041 (41)	Lady Gay, Summers
FA2042 (42)	Hard Travelin', Houston
FA2043 (43)	Sampler, Seeger
FA2044 (44)	Folk Songs, Seeger
FA2045 (43/2)	Goofing-Off Suite, Seeger
FA2046 (46)	North West Ballads, Robertson
FA2049 (49)	Courting & Complaint, Peggy S.
FA2070 (35/2)	Suite from Little Fugitive

JAZZ SERIES 12"

FJ2801 (53)	Anthology No. 1, The South
FJ2802 (55)	Anthology No. 2, Blues
FJ2803 (57)	Anthology No. 3, New Orleans
FJ2804 (59)	Anthology No. 4, Jazz Singers
FJ2805 (61)	Anthology No. 5, Chicago 1
FJ2806 (65)	Anthology No. 6, Chicago 2
FJ2807 (67)	Anthology No. 7, New York
FJ2808 (69)	Anthology No. 8, Big Bands
FJ2809 (71)	Anthology No. 9, Piano
FJ2810 (73)	Anthology No. 10, Boogie, K. C.
FJ2811 (75)	Anthology No. 11, Addenda

AMERICANA 2-12"

FA2941 (241)	Leadbelly Legacy No. 1
FA2942 (242)	Leadbelly Legacy No. 1
FA2941 (251)	Am. Folk Music, Vol. 1
FA2952 (252)	Am. Folk Music, Vol. 2
FA2953 (253)	Am. Folk Music, Vol. 3

WORLD HISTORICAL AND SPECIALTY — 12"

FW3001	O'Canada, Mills
FW3002	Irish Rebel, House
FW3004	Scottish War Ballads, Dunbar
FG3502	Recording Canadian Indians, Barbeau
FG3505	Ballads of Newfoundland, Peacock
FG3508	American Folk Songs, John Lomax
FG3515	Folk Songs from Sussex England
FG3530	Indian Ragas, Songs of India
FG3540	Songs of French Canada, Labrecque
FG3576 (76/1)	Netherlands Songs, Kunst
FG3585	Blind Willie Johnson, story of
FG3586	Big Bill Broonzy, story of

FOLKWAYS SPECIAL 12"

FS3852	Cannonville Story
FS3840	Music from Picasso Film
FS3841 (86/1)	Henry Jacob's Radio program
FS3862 (86/2)	Rawhide, Radio program
FS3863 (86/3)	Courlander's Almanac, Radio program
FS3864 (86/4)	Seeger & Broonzy, Radio program
FS3866	Gargarian Chants
FS3867	West Coastville Story, TV program
FS3881 (88/1)	Anthems of All Nations, Vol. 1
FS3882 (88/2)	Anthems of All Nations, Vol. 2

ETHNIC MONOGRAPH LIBRARY 12"

FM4000 (1000)	Hungarian Folk Songs
FM4001 (1001)	Wolf River Songs
FM4002 (1002)	Songs from Aron
FM4003 (1003)	Great Lakes Indians
FM4004 (1004)	Nova Scotia Folk Music
FM4007 (1007)	Lappish Joik Songs
FM4008 (1008)	Folk Music of Norway
FM4009 (1009)	Lithuanian Songs in U.S.A.
FM4011 (1011)	Drum Dance from Carriacou
FM4014	Songs and Pipes from Brittany

ETHNIC FOLKWAYS LIBRARY

FE4401 (401)	Six & Navajo Music
FE4402 (402)	Equatorial Africa
FE4403 (403)	Drums of Haiti
FE4404 (404)	Music of Turkey
FE4405 (405)	Music of Ethiopia
FE4406 (406)	Music of Indonesia
FE4407 (407)	Folk Music of Haiti
FE4408 (408)	Folk Music of Palestine
FE4409 (409)	Folk Music of India
FE4410 (410)	Folk Music of Cuba
FE4411 (411)	Folk Music of Spain
FE4412 (412)	Indian Music of Mexico
FE4413 (413)	Folk Music of France
FE4414 (414)	Music of Peru
FE4415 (415)	Music of the Russian Middle East
FE4416 (416)	Negro Music of Alabama, regular
FE4417 (417)	Negro Music of Alabama, religious
FE4418 (418)	Folk Music of Rumania
FE4419 (419)	American Indians of the S. W.
FE4420 (420)	Music of South Arabia
FE4421 (421)	Traditional Music of India
FE4422 (422)	Music of Southeast Asia
FE4423 (423)	Folk Music from Korea
FE4424 (424)	Folk Music of Pakistan
FE4425 (425)	Spanish Music of New Mexico
FE4426 (426)	Folk Music of the Western Congo
FE4427 (427)	Songs of the West
FE4428 (428)	Folk Music of Japan
FE4429 (429)	Songs and Pipes of the Hebrides
FE4430 (430)	Religious Music of India
FE4431 (431)	Songs and Dances of Haiti
FE4432 (432)	Maori Songs of New Zealand
FE4433 (433)	Folk Music of Yugoslavia
FE4434 (434)	The Black Carib of Honduras
FE4435 (435)	Burmese Folk & Trad. Music
FE4436 (436)	Flemenco Music of Andalusia
FE4437 (437)	Cajun Songs from Louisiana
FE4438 (438)	Tribal Music of Australia
FE4439 (439)	Religious Songs of the Bahamas
FE4440 (440)	Drums of the Yoruba of Nigeria
FE4441 (441)	Music of the Palatash
FE4442 (442)	Music of the Ukraine
FE4443 (443)	Eskimos, Alaska & Hudson Bay
FE4444 (444)	

SONGS OF THE STATES 10"

FA2106 (47/2)	Massachusetts, Clayton
FA2110 (47/3)	Virginia, Clayton
FA2112 (40/2)	North Carolina, Moser
FA2128 (47/1)	Texas, Nye
FA2134	Kansas
FA2136	Kentucky, English

AMERICAN HISTORICAL 10"

FH2151 (48/1)	Revolution 1767-75, House
FH2152 (48/2)	Revolution 1775-81, House
FH2163 (48/3)	War 1812 No. 2, House
FH2164 (48/4)	Frontier Ballads, Seeger
FH2176 (48/5)	Frontier Ballads, Seeger
FH2187 (48/6)	Civil War No. 1, Nye
FH2188 (48/7)	Civil War No. 2, Nye
FH2191 (48/11)	Heritage Speeches, Kurlan
FH2192 (48/12)	Heritage Speeches, Kurlan

MUSIC U.S.A. 10"

FA2201 (601)	Country Dances, Seeger, Terry
FA2202 (602)	Creole Songs, Van Wey
FA2204 (604)	Spanish Songs, New Mexico
FA2215 (615)	Dutch Songs from Pennsylvania
FJ2290 (30)	Drums, Baby Dots
FJ2292 (32)	Mary Lou Williams, Rehearsal
FJ2293 (33)	Art Tatum, Trio

AMERICANA 12"

FA2305	Ballads Reliques, Nye
FA2310	Anglo-Am. Ballads, Clayton
FA2312	Songs of the Sea, Mills
FA2314	Banjo, Scruggs style
FA2315	Stoneman Family, Banjo etc.
FA2319	American Ballads, Seeger
FA2320	Favorite American, Seeger
FA2324	Walk in the Sun, Robinson
FA2326	Country Blues, Seeger
FA2333	Women's Love Songs, Marshall
FA2334	Men's Love Songs, Ross
FA2354 (56)	Old Harp Singing
FA2361 (61)	Hymns & Carols, Summers
FA2364 (64)	Unquiet Grave, Summers
FA2372 (72)	Fisk Jubilee Singers
FA2452 (85/2)	Sing, with Pete Seeger
FA2453 (85/3)	Love Songs, Seeger
FA2481 (78/1)	Bound for Glory, Guthrie

MUSIC U.S.A. 12"

FA2401	South Jersey Band
FA2406	One-Man Band, Blackman
FA2410	American Skiffle Bands
FA2450 (450)	Music from the South No. 1
FA2451 (451)	Music from the South No. 2
FA2452 (452)	Music from the South No. 3
FA2453 (453)	Music from the South No. 4
FA2454 (454)	Music from the South No. 5
FA2455 (455)	Music from the South No. 6
FA2456 (456)	Music from the South No. 7
FA2457 (457)	Music from the South No. 8
FA2458 (458)	Music from the South No. 9
FA2459 (459)	Music from the South No. 10
FA2471 (471)	6 & 7/8 String Band

FE4445 (445)	Flathead Indians of Montana
FE4446 (446)	Music from the Moto Grosso
FE4447 (447)	Music from South Asia
FE4448 (448)	Folk Music of the Amami Islands
FE4449 (449)	Japanese Buddhist Rituals
FE4450 (450)	Songs from Cape Breton Island
FE4451 (451)	Bulu Songs from the Cameroons
FE4453 (543)	Folk Music of Jamaica
FE4454 (454)	Folk Music of Greece
FE4458 (458)	Indian Music of the Upper Amazon
FE4460 (460)	Tamil Dram Songs from Malaya
FE4461 (461)	Jamaican Cult Rhythms
FE4462 (462)	Wolf Music of Senegal & Gambia
FE4464 (464)	Indians of the Canadian Plains
FE4465 (465)	Folk Music of Liberia
FE4466 (466)	Hannoo Music of the Philippines
FE4467 (467)	Folk Dances of Greece
FE4469 (469)	Kurdish Music from Iraq
FE4471 (471)	Negro Music of Alabama, Vol. 3
FE4472 (472)	Negro Music of Alabama, Vol. 4
FE4473 (473)	Negro Music of Alabama, Vol. 5
FE4474 (474)	Negro Music of Alabama, Vol. 6
FE4475 (475)	Negro Prison Camp Work Songs
FE4476 (476)	Baole Music of the Ivory Coast
FE4480 (480)	Arabic & Druse Music
FE4482 (482)	Folk Songs of French Canada
FE4501A/B (501A/B)	Music of the Iuri Forest People
FE4501C/D (501C/D)	Music of the Mediterranean, No. 1
FE4502A/B (502A/B)	African Drums, Part 1
FE4502C/D (502C/D)	Afro-American Drums, Part 2
FE4502A/B (470A/B)	Folk Music from Italy, Part 1
FE4502C/D (470C/D)	Folk Music from Italy, Part 2

ETHNIC FOLKWAYS LIBRARY 2-12"

FE4500 (500)	Negro Music of Africa & America
FE4501 (501)	Music of the Mediterranean
FE4502 (502)	African & Afro-American Drums
FE4503 (503)	African Music South of Sahara
FE4504 (504)	Music of the World's People, Vol. 1
FE4505 (505)	Music of the World's People, Vol. 2
FE4506 (506)	Music of the World's People, Vol. 3
FE4510 (510)	World's Vocal Arts
FE4520 (520)	Folk Music from Italy
FE4525 (525)	Man's Early Musical Instruments

AMERICAN HISTORICAL 2-10"

FH5001	Ballads of the Revolution (2151 & 2152)
FH5002	Ballads of the War of 1812 (2143 & 2144)
FH5003	Frontier Ballads, (2175 & 2176)
FH5004	Ballads of the Civil War (2187 & 2188)
FH5006	Heritage Speeches, Vol. 2 (2191 & 2192)

AMERICAN HISTORICAL AND DOCUMENTARY 12"

FH5251	American Industrial Ballads, Seeger
FH5255	Days of the '49 Gold Rush, English
FH5256 (85/1)	Union Songs, Seeger
FH5257	The Unhappy Politician
FH5258	New York '19, Doc. Schwartz
FH5259 (58/2)	Nueva York, Doc. Schwartz
FH5260 (60)	Millions of Musicians, Doc. Schwartz
FH5262 (62)	Exchange, Doc. Schwartz

SCIENCE SERIES 12"

FX6100 (100)	Sounds of Frequency, Peter Bartok
FX6101 (101)	Science in Our Lives, Calder
FX6120 (120)	Sounds of South Am. Rain Forest
FX6121 (121)	Sounds of the Sea
FX6122 (122)	Sounds of the American Southwest
FX6123 (123)	Uro Humana, vocal extension
FX6124 (124)	Sounds of Animals, zoo & farm
FX6125 (125)	Sounds of Sea Animals
FX6126 (126)	Sounds of Coal
FX6127 (127)	Sounds of Medicine Operation, Body
FX6130 (130)	Sound Patterns, Nature, Man Made
FX6140 (140)	Sounds of Sports Car Races
FX6151 (151)	Sounds of South African Homestead
FX6152 (152)	Sounds of Steam Locomotives, No. 1
FX6153	Sounds of Steam Locomotives, No. 2
FX6160	Sounds of New Music

INTERNATIONAL SERIES 10"

FW6802 (802)	Chinese Folk Songs & Dances
FW6803 (803)	Folk Songs of Hungary
FW6804 (804)	Folk Music of Colombia
FW6805 (805)	Songs and Dances of Yugoslavia
FW6806 (806)	Songs and Dances of Armenia
FW6807 (807)	Songs and Dances of Switzerland
FW6808	Calypto & Marineres
FW6809 (809)	Jewish Freilach Songs
FW6810 (810)	Argentine Folk Songs
FW6811 (811)	Haitian Folk Songs
FW6812 (812)	Chinese Classic Music
FW6814 (814)	Songs & Dances of Greece

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FC7200	Pueblo Indian Story & Songs (4.95)
FC7201 (7701)	African Songs, Vol. 1
FC7208 (708)	French Songs for Children, Mills
FC7214 (714)	Game Songs of French Canada
FC7218	Spanish Songs of Latin America
FC7224 (724)	Jewish Childrens Songs, Rubin
FC7229 (829)	Christmas Songs of French Canada
FC7250	Jamaican Songs, Bennett
FC7307 (7)	Music Time, Bailey
FC7308	Rhythms for Children, Jenkins
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FC7307 (7)	Music Time, Bailey
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FC7341 (741)	Sounds of New York City, Schwartz
FC7350	Wm. Douglas, Supreme Court
FC7402 (2)	Who Built America, Bunyon
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FW8752 (52)	Exotic Dances, Many Lands
FW8753 (53)	Russian Chorus Music, Many areas
FW8801 (80/1)	Songs & Dances of Turkey
FW8802 (80/2)	Songs & Dances of Puerto Rico
FW8803 (80/3)	Songs Dances of Yugoslavia
FW8809	Songs of the British West Indies
FW8810	The Canadian Black Watch
FW8811	Caribbean Rhythms, San Andres
FW8850	American Indians of the Southwest
FW8851	Mexican Indians, Boulton
FW8852	African Music, Boulton

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INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE SERIES 12"