MY CHILDHOOD

MMI

Metromedia, Inc., 205 East 67th Street, New York 21, New York, LEhigh 5-1000

March 11, 1964

Mr. Win Griffith
Room 1313
New Senate Office Building
Washington, D.C.

Dear Win,

Here is the transcript from our first interview with the Senator. Our final talk with him in Washington the other week went beautifully, and we expect the film to be completed this month. Thanks again for all your help. I hope you are well.

Sincerely,

Arthur Barron
Director of Creative Programs

AB:bp

INTERVIEW WITH SENATOR HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
October 31, 1963

Barron: Can you tell us the name of the town you grew up in and what you recollect about it?

Humphrey: Well, I grew up in the town of ~~Dolton~~ Doland, South Dakota. Of course, I was born in a town by the name of Wallace, South Dakota. It was a much smaller town, Dolton being the large metropolitan area of about 600 people at that time, as I recall. And my birthplace, Wallace, being of about 100 people. So there were both very, very small town, out in the prarielands of South Dakota.

~~Dolton~~ Doland, South Dakota was located in ~~Spay~~ SPINK County, in a rather flat land area. It was served by the Chicago Northwestern Railread, I recall. There was a little spur line that used to go out to ~~Dolton~~ Doland, and up to Groton, South Dakota. Groton was a traditional enemy of ~~Dolton~~ Doland,

the field,
on football, that is, at the high school level. You asked me about what kind of a.....

Barron: ..town. What did it look like. Many streets?

Humphrey: Yes, well Delano was a very, as I indicated, very small town. It had one main street, as I recall, the main street was one block long. On one end of the block, there was a series of elevators, because it was in a wheat-growing country. There was the old farmers' elevator, I remember. A man by the name of Bert Ewing ran one of the big elevators and the Ewing family were our next door neighbors. They were just across the street. The whole city, the whole town, I suppose, wouldn't be over, oh, fifteen or sixteen blocks, maybe twenty blocks, from north to south. The residential area was practically right up on Main Street. I can remember, as a little boy, running from one end of that town to the other. I

could run all the way home, for example, from my-from the grade school way to our house in the south part of town, as you recall it, so there wasn't too long a stretch. Out alongside of the town, were a cpiple of hills. I used to think they were terribly big. IN fact, we used to have a cave at the top of one of these hills that we could have all sorts of imaginary activitees there. I could. I remember so well the older boys used to frighten we younger boys by getting the skulls of a cow that had died in the pasture, or a horse skull, and hanging over the edge of the cave, and have us little guys inside there, and making all kinds of wierd noises. Actualy, what it was, was just an old gravel pit that had been dug out at the side for a cave. But in the wintertime, we used to go sliding, and we used to have our sleds and come sliding down, and there was a little creek at the

bottom of the hill and we used to go skating on that creek. This was a great thrill for me, I can remember. But I went back, years later, and I looked around and I wondered what happened to the hill. It seemed to have just sort of blown away. There was just a slight rise in the terrain, yet that area used to look to me like it was a mountain when I was a little boy.

Barron: Was it a pleasant, drowsy, or bustling place?

Humphrey: Oh, we used to think it was really some place. As a matter of fact, I don't know if I've described it too well at that. There were many fine homes, and I mean good houses in this town. Well built. I can remember them very, very well. I remember the names of the Debrie family, for example. The.. Mr. Brown, who was the president of the State Bank, and Mr. Gross, who was the president of the Security State Bank. They liv ed right near

us. There were the Garthwaite family, oh, there were many wonderful, wonderful people that lived there. The Doctor Sherwood and Doctor Wood, who were very good physicians. They were general practitioners. Dr. Sherwood was a...when you described Dolton, if you didn't describe Dr. Sherwood, you were just miss one of the most beautiful parts of the town. He was a real country doctor. I can remember his old Dodge car that he used to drive around in. And he was the family doctor. He used to prescribe out of our drug store. And I can see him behind the prescription case coming in, filling up those little vials that he carried in his medical kit, going an d filling them up with pills. My father never paid any attention to him at all. He just went ahead and did his own refills for his medical kit. He was the Sunday School superintendent. He was the family doctor.

Then there was Mr. Risky. I can remember him and Mr. Scogmole. These were the all very fine families and fine homes. I'm trying to convey to you that the quality of construction was good. There was one little area in the town, up on the north side of the railroad tracks, in the east part of town, where people of lower, some lower income would, had lived. And, well, they were less fortunate, one might say.

But interestingly enough, as the years went by, the sons and daughters of those people became very successful. We didn't haveany class ~~distinction~~ distinction, you know, or anything like that, around town. Everybody was just people. There was a little Methodist church to which we belonged, and then there was the Catholic church. Those were the only two religions. I remember there was

at

at least one Jewish family in town. Mr. Schraider is his name, as I recall it, very close friend of my father's. He ran a general store. And his son was- his family were good friends of ours. I can remember being at their home. So when you describe the community it was a community of genuine friendship, warmth, but there was a spark about it. For example, the businessmen got together and built a hotel. It was one of the best hotels in the run. All and when I say on the run, I mean on the highway. People would come and stay there, rather than go to Watertown or to Aberdeen, which were the big cities. They were 10,000 , or Huron, of 10,000, or Aberdeen of twelve or 15,000 in those days.

My father was on the committee to raise the money for that

ho

hotel, and he was on the committee to buy the furniture, and it was really quite fancy. The lobby was fine. About fifty bedrooms hotel. It had a wonderful restaurant. I used to be very proud of that hotel.

There were fine, modern garages. I remember one of the garages on one end of town where they sold, oh, let me see now, Chevrolets. And then the Kitsman Brothers had the Ford garage. They're still there, I think.

Barron: Could you tell us about the feeling of closeness and identification in that town?

Humphrey: Yes, in the..in our town of ~~Delton~~ Doland, you did know each person as if they were a member of your family. You knew everybody. I mean,you just had to know everybody.

There weren't too many ~~people~~ to know. You not only knew the people in town, you knew everybody that lived around the town. All the..well, the farm families that lived around the town. So, you knew them in church. In fact, the main activitées that you had in a town of this size were the activities related to the school or to the church that you belonged to. Or to the business club. Or to one of the lodges, like the..the Rebeccas of the Oddfellows or the Eastern Star or the Masons or the Knights of Columbus. Those were the activities..they were fraternal orders. You just knew people as neighbors and as friends andin our business, my father being the druggist, he knew them as customers. And you just knew everybody. You knew the grandmother and the grandfather,, and you knew the mother and the father. You knew the cousins and the children. So that it was as if ..if anyone

was ill, of course you knew about it. If anyone was in trouble, you knew about that. If anybody got out of line, you knew about that. It was a..very intimate, very p 2 close, intimate relationship. Wonderful, wonderful, in fact, it's very nice. I think it had a great effect upon me in terms of my politics. I like to know people. I don't like to think of people in the mass. In fact, I think the word 'mass' is a rather ugly word. It relates, it should relate, primarily to a pharmacy- a pill mass- out of which you can create a little pill. But we knew people as individuals. And I often thought of, in later years, of how impressed I was with each of the individuals. I can remember each of these people and each of these families as if they were a seperate flower, or a plant, or 3. something very beautiful or something very distinct. I can recall their real differences. You got to know them

for what they were, and what they wanted to be as well as what they were..and what they..and how they acted at the time. So I found it very, very good. I suppose some people would say-well, you just knww too much about everybody. There was no privacy. Well, there was great privacy. There was privacy in the matters about which you needed privacy. But when there was sickness..when there was sickness in the community, people knew about it and people were concerned. There wasn't just a funeral. There was sorrow in the families and in the neighbors when someone passed away. When there was a new baby, there was joy, and you just knew about it. I guess it was my good fortune, to live in a ..in a community where there was lots of civic activity. We created a little park, for example. I can remember that park distinctly. It was right on the end of the street, right by the post office,

at that time. Since then, the post office is changed. It's over on another corner. But at that time, when I was a little boy in ~~Delton~~ Doland, South Dakota, there was a little, old wooden post office that faced to the south and it looked very much like a western town post office that you see in the television. You know, the angle roof, and the front would go up high. It was single story, and you'd go on into that post office and there'd be those little postal boxes with the dial on them, and you'd have your..like opening a vault. And of course, you could always mail the letters on the weekend. The door would be open. But right across that street was a park, with a flagpole, and in that park , they tried to raise flowers in it, and they planted some trees. It was a memorial park to the veterans of World War I. And just south of the e park was the ..was the railroad station.

Many is the night I went down to the railroad station, and would mail letters on the train as itwent on through to the West, because you could always drop the letters in the train slot. There was a slot on the..on the mail car that you could drop the letters in. And then I used to know the .. some of the men that ran there.. that were on the postal car..post office car. We'd get to know them by name. And I remember also, that train would come in about six o'clock at night, and on that train I'd get the newspapers that I was to sell for the weekend. And I sold The Chicago-Herald Examiner. It was a Sunday paper that used to come in on Thursday. I guess they had qualities of prophecy. They'd prophesied the news for Sunday. And the ice cream that my father used to buy for the soda fountain would come in on that train from Watertown, from the Langenfeld Ice Cream Co.

And then the morning train would come in from the West andthe ice cream would come in fromthe Hopkin's Dairy Co. in Redfield. And they used to come in in these big tubs, woodenx tubs, packed with ice, and then the five-gallon container of ice cream would be in like, a capsule. And many is the time I've gone down to pick up that ice cream in the cart.

Barron: Was the train coming in an event for you? Tell us.

Humphrey: As I said, it was the Chicago Northwestern. We even had a spur track or you know they would have that little tunervalle train, so to speak, that would go north up to Turton and Gonde and up to Groton. That was about 40 miles. It used to seem to me like it was about as far as anybody could ever go, to go 40 miles. And

that train didn't run too often, but at least it was there. But the main train was the train that came ~~in~~ in at night from the ~~East~~ East. , yes, from the East going West, and the train that came in in the morning from the West that was going into Watertown. The main terminals were Watertown, South Dakota and Redfield. They were the big towns. Redfield was the County seat in Spink County. Twenty-two miles from Doland. That was quite a trip,

Barron: Did you ever get on a train? Tell us about it.

Humphrey: Oh, yes. I..I really almost hesitate to tell this lest it start something up that shouldn't be started. But when I was a little boy I used to go down and jump freights as they were coming through. And right alongside of the railroad tracks, just south of the depot

itself-this old depot, by the way, had that sandy, that kind of sandy covering on the outside, the sort of reddish maroon, you know-rough. And the platform was this hard plank, there it was always a lot of slivers in it. Whenever you'd run down barefooted, which we generally did, you'd come out with those great big slivers in your feet. And we'd go jumping across those tracks and on the other side, as I said, south of the depot, there were.. there was the lumber yard. And the lumber yard sold coal as well, and sold sand, so that when the trains would come through, the freight trains, many of them would come right alongside the lumber yard, so they could park their...their..their box cars and unload the lumber, you see. Or unload the sand. Well, once in a while, while they were shifting trains, getting the cars together on these spur tracks, why us kids would go down there, we kids

would go down there and we'd jump on the box cars, while the steam locomotive was pulling the cars, and then we'd jump off the moving train into the sand pit. Or into, the you know, into the .. well, into the sand pit that was alongside of the lumberyard.

Patron: Did you as a child ever think that some day you would get on that train and leave? Or was this out of your thoughts?

Humphrey: No, no, I used to think about that. I can remember standing at the depot... I can remember standing at the depot in Doland and looking down the track. You can see down the track in Doland, South Dakota, clear to Raymond, which was about nine miles, on a clear day. Or to Frankfort, which was about twelve or thirteen miles to thewest. It was just so flat, that you could

see the tracks just fade out of existence. They'd start out with this..you know, two tracks, and all at once they'd fade inot the distance into just one track. So, I can remember very well, wanting to get on a train, and travel long distances. Amd to me, a long distance at that time, I used to think-if I could just get a whance to go to Minneapolis, that was like the end of the world, so to speak. You know, that would be really big. And I remember, as a little boy, getting on the train in Doland and travelling to Gettysburg, South Dakota. I was about eleven years old, as I recall, and I had a cousin there, eleven or twelve. My cousin at Gettysburg, was a chap by the mame of Bob Thurn. He now lives out in Sacramento, California. He's a lawyer out there. His father ran a clothing store. And Bob used to think I was quite a guy. I was a little older than Bob. And when I got to.. when I got on the trainat Doland to go to Gettysburg, I

couldn't find my ticket, and I can remember this so well, because I had everything out of my pocket, everything out of my little suitcase. I was looking all..through every piece of clothing I had and I couldn't find my ticket. And about two months later, I saw a Rockwell cover on the Saturday Evening Post, of a kid who was on a little train, just like this, sitting in one of those green .. you know, green seats that these old trains had, looking for his ticket. A freckled faced kid, and I used to have a lot of freckles, and I often wondered if the artist wasn't on that train, later on, because I could just see myself there in that miserable mess. Well, I got on the train. That was a long trip. One hundred miles, way out West. Almost right out, almost to the Missouri River. That seemed like a fantastic trip to take alone. So I did have as a dream, though, really as a childhood dream to get on the train and go to Minneapolis,

and I made it. I remember that my father and I drove as far as Watertown by car, Watertown, South Dakota. That was fifty miles, about fifty or fifty-one miles from Doland, on a gravel road. We had a model A sedan. This was in the winter, and Dad left the car at Watertown, and we got on the M and St. L, The Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway. And went from Watertown to Minneapolis...on that train. And I'll n ever forget it. That was the longest ride, it was terrific, I can remember getting off the train in Minneapolis, I remember going to the Andrews Hotel in Minneapolis. I remember spending all of my time looking for fire wagons. And saw two or three big fire wagons, you know, fire engined coming down and putting out fires. That was the great..was the great experience When I was Mayor of Minneapolis, many years later, I went on that same route back from Minneapolis to Watertown,

as the guest speaker in Watertown on the M and St. L. The only thing is, this time that I went in the president of the railroad's private car. It was a little better, might I add, than the first trip that I made on that.. on that train. So I remember that..dreaming about the train. Every kid likes trains. I mean, even to this day, and we really had them in those days, you know.

Barron: Can you tell us about your house, room, street?

Humphrey: Yes. I can tell you about our house. We really had in Doland, and that's the community I speak of now. I don't remember too much of our house in Wallace, South Dakota, because I was just so little there. About four or five years old when we left there. But in Doland we lived in three houses, during the fifteen years

or so that we lived in Doland. But the main house, the one that was most important to me was the house that we lived in from the day that I was about five years of age, until I was about eighteen. And that house was in the south part of the city. It was a very wonderful house. It's still there. And it's a fine home, even to this day. But I remember it so well, then, because it was a sort of a square, boxy type of house, two stories, rather more than two stories with a high roof and a big back porch that was screened in and glassed in. Of course, the glass windows, you had to put in. I mean, they're like storm windows. And underneath the porch, I can remember, you could walk. And behind the house was a big garage, and I can remember just as plain as day, it was a one story garage, but very large, with a cement floor, and alongside of the garage was a..a gas pump,

with a gas tank. Boy, we were really fancy..in this house. This gas pump, was I guess, the way that people ~~xxxx~~that were livin' it up in those days, could show that they had really made it. Dad bought this house from the man from whom he had purchased the drug store. He bought the house and the drug store, together...in about 1916.~~'~~15 or '16. There was also, this house..~~this garage was~~ a two-car garage. ~~We never had two cars, but we had a two-~~ car garage. And there was, alongside our house, coming in from the street, you sort~~xx~~ of had a little elevation, and then there was a platform, like a loading dock, almost, it was sort of like a carport in a modern community. Oh, and concrete~~x~~, and that went all the way back to the garage, so that you could drive right into the garage and drive out. And behind the garage, there was sort of a tool house, whichlater ~~xx~~ on we made into a chicken coop.

because my grandfather used to give me chickens, and I'd bring those chickens home and we had quite a time with those chickens. I'll get around to telling you about that, sometime. Then back of the garage, way back to the alley was an orchard. I used to think it was a very big orchard. In fact, it was a rather small orchard, but there were plum trees, and apple trees, and cherry trees, and then alongside the orchard was a garden. And I remember the garden so well, because our congressman, whose name was Royal Johnson, from Aberdeen, South Dakota, he used to send us free garden seeds. And I would plant my garden seeds out there. And mother had strawberries, and we used to have currant, currant bushes. And she used to make currant jelly, apple jelly, plum jelly, cherry jelly. We had all kinds of trees in the back. And alongside of our house, were big cottonwoods. I re-

member one of the cottonwood trees was right along side of the carport, where the landing would be, where you could drive the car up. And my brother used to climb up in that tree, and I'd climb up in it. We'd get into a scrap, once in a while, and I remember one time he fell down. I don't know whether he broke his leg or not, but he fell out of the tree. The front of the house, we had a very nice porch on it, screened-in porch. You'd have to walk up several steps to get into that front. And inside, the house had hardwood floors, oak floors. It was two-story. I remember the kitchen very well. In fact, it's on the northwest corner of the house. And upstairs were the bedrooms, and we had a nice bathroom. I can remember the bathroom very well. I can remember that you, the water closet, you'd had to pull the chain, you know, it was one of those..we were quite fancy in those days-and I can remember mother and dad's bedroom, because on the ceiling, it had some fancy decorations.

And there was, in the dining room, I can remember that, also, there was some bluebird kind of decoration, there. So I remember this house, I used to think it was the finest house in town. It was really, juat about, too. In fact, later on in life, I dreamt of it many times. It's a peculiar thing, how that house would leave a profound impression on you.

Barron: Tell us about that dream.

Humphrey: It's very vague, but the fact that I have dreamed of it, it would come into my memory and I would see the rooms, and I remember our bedroom, where my brother and I slept. He had that thing wired like it was an electrical laboratory. He was alwaysmakingradios. He built the forst crystal set in town. And I

think, the first radio. I used to finance him out of my paper sales, but he was the engineer, so to speak. And I can remember that room so well, and I've dreamed of it. I've dreamt of it later on. I also can remmember, as I said, the room where my father and mother.. and the furniture, I mean the bedroom furniture. I can remember, it was a kind of...white, enameled, but wood. I'm trying to..it's more like an off-white, furniture, and some of that furniture we still have, to this day. We have, for example, the marble-top dressers, that are very... they're antiques now, they're very nice

Barron: When you had this dream, was it a happy feeling?

Humphrey: Wonderful. There were nothing but happy memories about this home. I remember the girl that used to

work for us. We called her Happy. And I don't remember her last name now, but I can remember her very, very well. I remember how good she was to us, and how much trouble we used to cause her. One time I had a birthday party for all of my.. I invited all my young friends in. I was supposed to have about six, accprding to the story I've heard about it, but I had thirty, before it was through. My mother had gone to visit some relatives, and she had left Happy to kind of take care of the birthday party, and our girl, the lady working for us, didn't get the food on fast enough to satisfy my young friends. And in the meantime, they'd been working the orchard over, eating the plums, or not eating the plums, it was too early, but climbing the trees, I should say, which used to cause great concern. And finally, when they didn't get the lunch soon enough.....

29

Well, yes, my father was a druggist and a very active druggist, an active civic leader. He was mayor of our town. He was on the city council. He was a very well respected citizen, somewhat controversial because of his outspoken attitudes. He was a Democrat in a Republican area. In fact, I think he was one of five in the whole town. But people liked him, and he was a very warm and likable and gregarious, friendly, outgoing person, always full of laughter, and yet a good business man. Very attentive to his family and to his customers, and without 24 a doubt the real inspiration in my life, there isn't, I mean this is, was, and continues to be the inspiration of my life.

The store, the drugstore, was not just a place of business. Actually, we had to work such long hours in the store,

that it was like your home and business and social center. We..when Ix say we, because I literally grew up, I was born above a drug store, and I've said many times, raised inside of one. We opened the store at seven o' clock in the morning, and I don't recall, well, a single night that we closed up before twelve... at eleven thirty twelve o'clock, but generally twelve o'clock. And they were long hours, that was the way that you had to do it. The..my father was a good merchant. He was a very modern merchant at all times, he was an innovator. He understood display. His store was interestingly merchandised. By that, there were open displays, long before people had open displays. He didn't put everything behind glass, covered up. He got it out in the open. At that time we had a Rexall drug store, and I can see now, those little, small display tables, three legged, with the kind of octogon sides, and we'd pile up their Clenso toothpaste,

or mouthwash, and we used to sell Art-Style chocolates. My father sold Mother's Day chocolated. He got a prize for selling so much Mother's Day chocolates. We'd take orders, we'd start taking orders in the winter for Mother's Day chocolates. We sent Mother's Day chocolates in metal boxes to countries in Europe, South America, everbody that came through. I remember we sold a pound one for a doolar and a half and shipped it. And we'd have them stacked up in the drug store five, six hundred, thousand pounds of chocolates out of this little town and then mail them. I can remember filling out the little blanks,as a little ...young boy. In this store my father always had a big inventory. My mother used to argue with Dad about that. He..the drug store came first. And he said to me many times-now listen son, you can't make a living without merchandise. The

customer that comes here and asks for something that we don(t have is a customer you won't see again. So he'd carry a big..carry a big inventory. Plus the fact he used to tell me also, when he had an inventory he knew what he had. He didn't believe in having too much cash in the bank. He wante d to have the goods on the shelf, and the property, the land, the property, the tangible had assets. Now we also had a soda fountain in this drug store. And that soda fountain was the center of considerable social activity. We had not only a soda fountain, but in the back of the drug store we had an ice cream parlor. I don't know if you fellows have ever seen an ice cream parlor. But an ice cream parlor in those days..we had a real fancy one. We had French-type windows, you know, these...kind of laced windows, and

it was a...polished-type oak front. And in badk of it there were these little tables with mirrors on the side. The wall..I can still see them. There were four tables on each wall and then we'd have at least a half a dozen center tables that could be moved around. We served.. ice cream sodas, you know, and all the soft drinks, and back in that room at night, my dad would sit down with the local lawyer. His name was Zarnicky. And Mr. Zarnicky and Dad were good personal friends...And Mr. Risky, and Dr. Sherwood, they'd sit back and discuss everything. In fact, I could say, that, I don't believe in all my life I ever heard better discussions about political and economic issues than I heard as a boy in Doland, South Dakota. I have attended two or three good universities and there hasn't been a professor that I haveknown that could hold a candle to these people.

Barron: Where did you sit during these discussions?

Humphrey: Oh, I was just sort of listening, you know. Dad would be talking to Reverend Hart, who was the Methodist minister, or he'd be talking to.....one of the salesmen that came through that might be very well informed on something. It was conversation. The art of conversation. They drew each other out. They'd talk about everything. They'd listen to the radio programs. They'd listen in those days to Father Couglin...was just getting started. And then there'd be Harry Emerson, Fosdick, and Dr. Cadwell, I believe his name was, another one of these Sunday speakers...was a famous minister, Protestant minister. They'd read books. We had a good library in our home and these books would be discussed. And Paul Brown, the banker, would come down, and

Mr. Gross, Fred Gross, the other banker, would come in. Al Payne, who was the postmaster, came on in. They had quite a discussion.

Barron: What did you get from these conversations as a child?

Humphrey: Well, as a child, I found these discussions to be ..very..intriguing, interesting, and I can remember that I would attempt to write into editorials for the local newspaper for the column, for the high school, called High School Pep. Hiscopep. H-i-s-c-o-p-e-p. And I've looked over some of those articles later on, and I discussed The St. Lawrence Waterway, and the problems of youth, and taxes, and money. I guess I gleaned up enough just to show that I didn't know much what I was

Important as clue to future

talking about. But it surely gave me an interest, and it made me willing to want to look into these subjects. And to study them. As I know, when I went to the University later on, these were the topics that were discussed in that store, and at our home, and much of this went on at home, too. These were the topics that I wanted to discuss when I .. and study when I went to the University. To find out more about. I think that that experience in Doland, South Dakota really was the..seed of learning for me. It gave me the desire to learn. And I tried to tell you, and I've tried to tell others, that I've never known a community in which there were as many interesting, intelligent, alive, controversial, exciting people, per square block. Now there weren't too many people, but what were there, the people that were there, they were unusual. They really were. They were ~~different~~ gifted

and talented people. They loved good music, and we used to have good music come to town. My dad used to bring it , as a matter of fact. He sold Edison phonographs. And he had artists come in. I remember, as a boy, he'd have the Edison phonograph up on the atage of the Opera House, or they used to call it the Opera House, you know. You know, of the theatre, and then he'd have the artist, the Edison phonograph, this beautiful, big console would be.. had been..it used to.. it had a diamond needle, and my father had a little truck, in which he used to put these phonographs, on a little kind of a crib, and he'd take them out after he'd sold one, and on the side..the outside of the box, on this little trailer, he had the Edison phonograph, the phonograph with the soul. I remember that. And it really was a marvelous machine. He'd when they'd had these demonstrations in the Opera House, now going back to that, they'd have the phonograph play-

ing a number, and then they'd have the artist alongside the phonograph, and they'd burn the lights off, and then they'd ask the audience-is this the phonograph or is this the artist. Because the voice was true. And I remember that very distinctly. I remember that they used to bring lectures to the church and to the high school. These were events, you know. these were big events. Everybody used to attend. So that you really got intellectual ferment, of a limited type, I might add. Nevertheless, a lot of this, as I said, went on in a business place. Because business was not just selling mercandise, it was getting to know your customers!

Barron: Could you tell us about working in the store, and the kind of jobs you had to do?

Humphrey: Well, I..yes, I did begin working very early

in the drug store, but really it wasn't so much work as it was that my father just dedided to have me near him. I asked Dad about that many years later. I said-how in the world did you put up with all of us kids around the store? Well, he said-I had one or two choices, Hubert. He said-I either had to put up with you around the store, or just not have you around at all, because I had to work so long. Nowadays, you know, it's difficult. Fathers that are working in corporations or here in the government, or in factories, in the big cities, you can't have your children around. You can't have..if I had them around up to the Capital, they'd call it nepotism, you know, I'd have a write-up in the local paper saying that Senator Humphrey has his family in his office. Its almost like it's a crime. Nowaday....in those days it was the right thing to do, it was the moral thing to do.

It was the good thing to do. The father was to be chose to his children. This is one of the great lossed today. Really, it's a tragedy. The young people of today don't have any opportunity to get work experience with the apprenticeship with their father, but I did. I remember when I was a little fellow, I don't know how old it'd be, maybe eight years of age or so, my dad dedided now was a good time for me to learn how to do dishes behind the soda fountain and serve ..pop, and soda and ice cream comes, and I couldn't reach the spigot, you know, for the soda water..seltzer water, so he built a rack, that was about four inches high, about three or four inches high behind. I guess it made it easier to clean behind there, too. And then, when I stood on that rack, I could reach up there and get that and make coca cola, and rrot beer, and ice cream sodas, and I really got to be pretty good

at a soda fountain. And as a matter of fact, I think I was the best around the country. My father used to tell me that all the time which made me work a little harder. When I was about eleven years of age, he taught me how to take inventory. I remember distinctly, there was a ..where the prescription department was in the store, then, back alongside of that was a little alley, so to speak, that went down back, oh, say, twenty-five feet, so you could go down to the basement, and in that area would be what we call the propietary drugs, old products like Lydia Pincum's compounds, you knowTanalac, Peruna, the Vicks Vapo-Rub, etc. the trade-name drugs. And Dad said to me-Well, son, it 's time for you to learn how to take inventory, because every year we had to find out about how much merchandise we had. And he gave me the Minneapolis Drug Company Blue Book. I can see it right

now, as I'm talking to you. A blue bood with white lwtters-The Minneapolis Drug Company, and in there was the list of all the items that you ..that we bought.. 'cause we bought from the Minneapolis Drug Company or the Jewitt Drug Company, in Aberdeen. And all I had tp do was tolook up on the shelf, and I could look up there and count-let's say-twelve bottles of Vicks-Vapo-Rub. And had somebody faided to put the cost on there, and we had a code for our cost, which I was taught. That code told us a lot of things, themonth in which we bought it, the year in which we bought it, and what the wholesale price was. But all I needed to do, if that wasn't on there, was to look into the drug catalogue and find Vicks Vapo-Rub, and as I recall, it was about 23¢ a bottle, wholesale. Then I'd put down ten or twelve bottles, whatever the number was, Vicks Vapo-Rub, at 23 and take it out,

you see, I mean twelve times 23. And this I was taught to do as a boy in my...about eleven or twelve years of age. And we used to start taking inventory every year after Christmas. And I can remember many a New Year's night that I didn't get out at all, because we wanted to finish our inventory as quickly as possible. And that was the time, of course, that you learned a lot about merchandising. Cleaning up your merchandise. Cleaning out the shelves. Getting your old merchandise up front, so that you sold that first, and I learned as a boy how to really take care of merchandise, and was taught by my father that you could lose an awful lot of money if you didn't take care of this merchandise.

Barron: As a child, did you resent being in the store all the time?

Humphrey: No, as I child, I preferred being in the drug store most of the time. I had normal desires of getting outside and my dad was very understanding with that. As a matter of fact, I think he felt it was good business to. Because I used to organize a baseball team, and Dad would furnish a couple of gallons of rootbeer, you know, for that team, when we'd go out and practice in the afternoon. I can see those old metal buckets. But we used to sell all the kids baseball bats..and baseball..and we..Wright and Ditson and Reach, R-e-a-c-h. I remember the Reach athletic goods. And I used to go swimming . We didn't work all the time. I mean, obviously, I had a lot of free time, because I used to go swimming, and when I was in high school I was on the basketball team, the track team, and the e football team, the debate team, but many a night I would have to work. I mean, after I got through with the

sports activities at school, I'd come back, have my dinner, I'd come back and work in the store for two or three hours. Also, Dad used to have a little multi..multi-graph machine, a multigraph. This little printing press. And I used to set type for that multigraph machine, because he used to send out letters, oh, all around the trade territory, with a little catalogue. At least once a month, or oftener than that. I can still see how we used to set those..those...those letters up. I see that..it was a boiler kind of a cylinder, and you would slip the type right in the grooves, and it looked just like a typewritten letter. And you could run it off by the hundreds, by the hand crank. And I used to do that.

Barron: Looking back today, what did you take with you of value? What has endured?

Humphrey: Looking back over my experience in the drug store, I find many things that I took out from that experience that have been of great help to me. First of all, Ilearned how to serve the public. I was taught how to serve the pnblic. And taughtrespect for the public. This is invaluable for you, in public life, in political life. I learned, also, a good deal about business. The better part of business, as well as just business. My father was an active civic leader, and he was also a fairly good business man. But he was more of a man, and more of a father, and more of a civic man than he was just a business man. He wasn't just interested in the dollar. He was a church man, he was as I said, on the dity council in the city government, he was a good friend to lots of people. He was sort of a ..well, you know, in a town the size of Doland, thedruggist was a kind of a doctor, druggist,

Father confessor, little bit of everything, and people liked him. So I took away from that and understanding of costs of business, appreciation for work, also the fact that you have responsibility. You're supposed to keep it and fulfill it. I can remember a particular experience of where a lady brought in a prescription, one time, to have it filled, and I forgot to tell my father. And when she came back, the prescription wasn'T filled, and my father took me aside, after it was all taken care of, and he got me aside, and he said-I want to tell you something, young man, when you're left here alone- he'd been away for supper, we didn't call it dinner, we called it supper. He'd gone home for supper and I was there, I remember, and this prescription was brought in. I forgot to tell him about it, and he said to me-When you're here alone, and you're taking care of the

store, I place a lot of responsibility in you. Youb are the manager, when I'm away. I was just a little fellow then. He'd gone home for just a few minutes to eat-and youre supposed to take responsibility, you're not a boy, you're a man now, when you're left here, in charge. And of course, that was a great honor to me, that my father would trust me enough to leave me in charge of thaat store, even for the twenty or thirty minutes that he went home to eat. I can remember distinctly, when he took a trip to Minneapolis one time, and he called me aside and said, Now you're Spencer's right-hand-man, Spencer Nash was our chief clerk in our store, at the time. I mean, he was my father's assistant, or my father's clerk. And he made me feel, Dad had a way of making me feel that I was very important. He would..I'd overhear him say to the salesmen, you know, my son Hubert, he knows every piede

of merchandise in this store. Boy, I'd want to know more about it then. Or-he's the best duster, I used to dust a lot and clean. You had to in Dakota, and I never, and even to this day, ~~xhx~~ take a..whatever I take out of the store, I can't stand dust. The dust storms, that later on came, and that per~~iii~~od, just gets on..it left an impression on me that is..I'm sure, a bit neurotic, because I just don't like dirt, just don't like dust. So I took away from the store, not just these little things, but a respect for people, a respect for work, a respect for business. I saw what business people had to go through. And I learned such simple little things, as just a little bit about bookkeeping, that you could lose money and you could make money. I learned a little bit about the care of the merchandise that is entrusted to you. That this was a trust, this wasn't just a plaything. But more than

anything else, I took away the memory of wonderful friends.

Barron: Tell us something about your own products.

Humphrey: Yes, I had my own products. I was a newspaper boy. I used to sell newspapers and magazines. I sold the Minneapolis Tribune, Minneapolis Journal, Denver Post, The St. Paul Dispatch, The St. Paul Pioneer Press, The Milwaukee Centinal, and the Chicago Herald Examiner. I even sold the Chicago Ledger once, I remember. I also had the Curtiss Publishing Company magazines, at one time. The Ladies' Hme Journal and Country Gentleman, Saturday Evening Post-it seems to me like there was another one. I also sold a boy scout magazine..youth magazind, of some kind. Then my father had the regular magazine business.

Barron: How did you pick these up, carry them around,

how much money did you make?

Humphrey: well, these maga...the newspapers used to be.. I used to pick them up at the post office or at the railroad station. Once in a while, I'd forget to do it on time, and my dad would remind me that the papers were waiting down there. Then at the very front of the store there was a sor t of a board rack on the floor, right under the magazine rack, where we'd pile up the different papers. Now I had all these kinds of papers because I would absorb my competition. Ever so often, some young fellow in town, would decide he wanted to sell newspapers. And-I started doing this when I was about six years of age, I should add. I used to carry them around in a wagon, at first, 'cause I couldn't carry them in a paper bag, I was too small. And every time I'd get a little competition

and I could remember that my friendCharlie Riley, one time, a young boyfriend of mine, was going to sell magazines and newspapers, and I'd step up my activity, I'd give better servicep proving that competition does make people get out and dig. And then I remember, one time, that a boy by the mame of Charlie Muck, Jimmie Muck, his fathers was in the garage business. He was going to sell newspapers. And I figured-he shouldn't be in the newspaper business what does he know about that. So I'd go on out and work a little harder and I'd absorb his newspaper..he sold the Milwaukee Centinal, which was real competition, might I add, to the Chicago-Herald Examiner. I should point out to you that I never knew how many papers I was going to get ,because the Chicago*Herald Examiner in those days, would send me any number of papers, becaude they were on a circulation promotion drive, and I had to order, let's

say, seventy Sunday papers, I might get 250 or 300. They'd just come in by the barrel..the bales. But I could always clip out the little corner and get credit for it. I used to..those papers used to cost me 7¢ and I'd get a dime. I used to make 3¢ on each paper. But I ran my competition out of business, a real competitor, or I'd absorb them, buy them out, after a while. And so I really had sort of a monopoly on the newspaper business around town. And I'd carry them around in a big newspaper bag, or slung over my shoulder, and they could hear me from one end of town to another, I've never been short of a good voice, a loud one, at least. And my mother used to tell me that she could always tell where I was by hearing me holler out all the papers and I'd scream bloody murder, you know, hollering out the papers--Chicago-Herald Examiner, Minneapolis Tribune, and I'd give all these different names

papers, and so the people would know. Well, most of the paper selling was done at night, despite the fact that I worked all day, occasionally sneaking away, I might add. I remember, one time I went to a birthday party and forgot all about selling the papers and when I came back to the store, my father got a hold of me and said- What are you going to do with these newspapers? And I had gotten into a fight that afternoon, with one of my friends, and was scratched up a little bit, and he said you better get out in the street, or you're going to look worse than that. So I went out and immediately sold all those newspapers.

Another time or two, not only a time or two, I'm sure, quite often, I never confessed this before, but I used to sneak off and get up into the movie. They only had

movies on Saturday nights, you know, and I'd sneak in about a half hour of that, that meant I'd have to work much harder. But I did a pretty good business a lot of the times; because, there was a road construction crew working, travelling the reads. I want to mention that to you, and they used to..they didn't have..well they didn't have trucks, at first, they had teams, mule teams and dump wagons, and many of them were colored. This was the first time I ever saw Negroes. And I used to go out after school every nlght, and ride out on those truck..not every night, but many nights, and ride on those dump trucks, with the Negro drivers, and when they'd come to town after they got paid on Saturday, they'd come to the local pool hall. And the local pool hall had billiard tables and pool tables and Hams pop. Hams pop. I can still see those pop bottles , and I loved cream pop and strawberry pop. And my mother was quite a proper woman, you know,

and when she'd come uptown about seven o'clock at night, to do her shopping, here'd be all these fine Negro felloes, you know, and theyxd knew me real well, and they'd be hollerin' at me and I'd be walkin' around with them, and Mom thaought that this was kind of peculiar, that she didn't really like it, that her son was just mixin' up with what we Mid-westerners , at that time, would have cdassified at that time, as just common laborers, you see, strangers, too. But they were my friends, and whenever I was in a jam on sellin' newspapers, these fellows'd buy two or three, you know. They'd just sort of clean me o ut, so I'd have a good record for the day. I remember very, very well, and they were delightful people, and they'd always buy me pop, too. So I'd clean out real good.

I want to tell you about the magazine business, because

this shows how you can over-expand. This is a lesson that one ought to learn. I was doing very well in the newspaper business . I'd make anywhere from four to five dollars a week selling magazines...newspapers. I'd keep my money in one of these little ice cream cartons. You know, a circular, cylinder, tubular ice cream cartons with the cap on it. And I was makin' pretty good money, as for a young fellow at that time. I bought all my own clothes from the day that I was about twelve years of age, until I went to college, and even after that, I bought my own overcoat, my own suit, because I would save up my money from the newspapers. Well, I looked at those magazines up there, and I'd think my dad was makin' too much money off those magazines, that it would be a good idea if I went into the magazine business. Now he used to caution me about this, sayin' if you do this

you gotta watch it, because your returns have to be in every week. If you tear the cover off of a magazine that you didn't sell, you have one week to get that cover back to the company, to get credit. 'Cause if you laid it up two weeks, you didn't get credit. That meant you really had to watch it every week. Well, now, I had to watch my newspapers, too, because I also got credit for any newspapers I didn't sell. I could return, you see, a little corner, showing that I hadn't sold it, to the company, and they'd credit me with that, 'cause they were all on this circulation drive, at the time. So I buy out my father's magazine business, he'd inventory them out to me. I remember one time I paid him over $50 for his magazines. They were mine now. I had the newspapers, and the magazines. Well, I proceeded to lose about $100 in about three months on the magazines 'cause I just

kept too busy with too many activities. And I can remember there was the Argosy magazine, and there was the Blue Book, and the Red Book and all these different kinds, and I didn't tear off the covers soon enough.

Barron: Why did you work so hard?

Humphrey: Well, I don't know. I never figured that out. Just did. I mean there...just the way there wasn't much else to do and out of that I sort of enjoyed it. I was around the store..just worked.I Sometimes xxxx used to wonder, myself, now that you've mentioned it, why I didn't get a vacation, occasionally. Aregular vacation. Because the minister's son used to get one. Julian Hart, he was my good friend and he still is, by the way. He's up at Yale. He's a fine professor of Philosophy and Theology there. And he used ot get vacations and I used to wonder

once in a while why we didn't have them. But my father was not very strong on vacations. He thought that that was sort of a waste of time. Mother used to get one, and take my sisters, and occasionally took me, I'm sure. I'm sure I had more vacations than I new recall, but I didn't think I had very many then. But I liked to.. you know, liked to sell the magazines and the papers, because it gave me independence. Opened up my own bank account, Security State Bank. REmember that very well. I had my checking account..I started writing checks when I was ten years old, much to the chagrin of-I should say-and much to the unhappiness of the local banker, because when I'd go across to the restaurant, Lovelesses Restaurant across the street, I'd have a ham sandwich and a glass of milk, it'd be 15¢, I'd write a check for 15¢. I remember I had an overdraft a couple of times, scared me half to

death. I was gonna go to jail. But I had a checking account and a savings account. But the checking account was the main ac count for my newspapers, 'cause I used to pay all of my accounts by check, and I still have my ledger where I'd keep the record of how many papers came in each week, and how many I sold, and how much money I deposited in the bank. I'm not sure, but I do believe I have some of those cancelled checks someplace. But I can remember the poor banker, her must have thought that he had something else to do but to pick up those 25¢ and 15¢ checks. But I was independent, you know. I could go to the State Basketball Tournament on my own money, and the State Fair on my own money. Then my Brother, Ralph, would gyp me out of a little of it, every so often... by some of his fancy deals. A little blackmail here and there, and talking me out of money for his radios that he had. I can recall one time that my father told me if I

practiced the piano every day while he was gone to California, to see his mother who was very ill, he was going to be gone about six weeks and when I came back, he'd give me a portable phonograph which I had my eye on. I wanted that phonograph, oh, how I wanted it. So I practiced the piano one hour every day. When Daddy came back, he kept his word. He gave me the portable phonograph. One day I missed the portable phonograph, and finally I find it downtown at Hubins Barbershop and Electrical Supply Store. My brother, Ralph had traded in the portable phonograph for a test..for a tube for his radio. And it wasn't his phonograph, he just traded it in. He needed a tube, and I suppose that I had been doing something, like maybe smokin' Kewbags or somethin' and he's gonna... he thrwatened me. He'd say - if you don't do this, why I'm gonna do somethin' else to you, you know. Weal, then

he'd sell me things for my money, most of which wasn't very good. Now he's a pretty decent fellow. I've always been a little suspicious of him since, I've told him. But I remember, when I'd go up to see my grandfather, my brother, Ralph, he didn't care much for the relatives, at that time, so he..he was very independent. So he'd be workin' on the farm, instead of the drug store. And he now of course, operates the store, but then he earned more money workin' on the farm. And the..when I'd go up to see Grandma and Grandad, I'd come home with about a... maybe a silver dollar. Grandpa always used to have silver dollars. We'd get home in that old Saxon car, a kind of touring car, about midnight, I'd be dead tired. I was just a little kid, maybe one o'clock in the morning, and I'd climb up..go up to my room and Ralph would be there. We only had a double bed, we both slept in the same bed,

and then my brother ~~XXXXX~~ Ralph, he'd have a big, he had a big bag of marbles, I remember it, he had a big bag of marbles, and it had..it was in a chamois bag, you know, a leatherish type of bag, and in that big bag there was a marble shooter, that was terrific. A glassie. It was as big as a silver dollar and bigger in diameter and I loved that marble and he had all kinds of other glassies, I don't know ~~whether~~ where he got these marbles, but they were the best marbles I'd ever seen. And I used to want those marbles with a passion. When I'd be so tired, I was just a little guy, and my brother would say-I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you all the marbles for a dollar. So I'd buy the marbles. This would be about two 0'clock in the morning. And then he'd have a flash-light, and he'd say-Now let's play Jack in the bush, they used to call it. And that would be..you'd put so many

marbles in your hand and you'd shake 'em. Then you'd guess how many was in there. And every time you'd.. if you didn't guess right, you'd had to pay him the number of marbles which you guessed wrohg. And I'd get so sleepy, by the time the night was through, he'd have the dollar and the marbles.back.

Reel 3

Barron: Tell us about the four legged animals that your drug store catered to.

Humphrey: Yes, our drug store was more than just an average drug store, you must remember, it was an a rural community, and the customers, were for the most part, farm people, because we lived in a very productive part of the state of South Dakota at that time...a number of farm

families. My father, had in his store, a department, which still exists to this day, in our present store, only much larger now, a vetinary department, vetinary supply. Now, how did we get into that and how did he get into that business? Well the answer is, out of sheer necessity. Dad's business life was filled with many uncertainties. For example, many people today forget that in 1922, there was a severe recession. In 1926, the banks in South Dakota all closed their doors, taking what little money in capital that we had, so that it wasn't as if the twenties were the glorious and happy twenties that you read about so much. The twenties, with the exception of a few years, were rather difficult ones. And it was in the early 1920's that Dad, out of sheer necessity, because of losses of merchandise and bank failures, and so forth, and losses on credit-you know, we used to charge things to people,

credit.. and people were always responsible and paid their bills-but they coudn't after a while, and we had to find new ways of keeping in business. So Dad took up selling vetinary supplies. He also took some training- I've forgotten now, just where, in how to vaccinate cattle an d hogs and chickens. And he opened up almost a new area of pharmaceutical business or pharmacy business. And I remember he told me about it because he said he made a little report to the South Dakota Pharmaceutical Association one time, and he said that was the mistake, big mistake, 'cause he said he immediately had competition after that..after he told them how successful he had been. But Dad put in hog collery serum, for example, Anthrax vaccine, hemorrhagic septicemia vaccine for different... for cattle and sheep, different types of vaccine for chickens. But also we had all kinds of ..chemicals, see.

....for the animals and the poultry. He used to sell Pratt's baby chick food by the hundreds and hundreds of pounds, thousands of pounds. We used to sellCreaso Dip... that was used-one part of Creaso Dip to fifty parts of water. You'd use this to dip the sheep, and the hogs for body lice and for different skin diseases. So, I sort of grew up in that atmosphere, too, knowing a little bit about that. And I can remember that hog cholera, which is still a very serious disease, in the rural areas, hog producing areas, the corn hog areas, in those days you knew so little about it. It was a very serious disease. I can remember one farmer, some twenty miles south of Doland, I beliege his name was Feldman, ad I recall, who lost several hundred hogs in one period of time, a week or more, out of hog cholera. It just would decimate the entire hog population. Well, Dad taught the farmers how

to vaccinate their own hogs. There weren't many veterinarians around, and they were very, the farmers were not doing too well. Prices had gone down and yet their mortgages were very heavy, and many of them had lost what little money they had in the banks, and insurance companies were foreclosing on farms. Now mind you, this is in the twenties. So Dad would teach farmers how to vaccinate their hogs, and the way he'd do it, if they'd buy the hog chollery serum from us, he'd go out on the farm, and he would vaccinate the hogs for 10¢. And I can remember that I used to go with him after school. My brother, Ralph, used to go with him some of the times, but many times I went with Daddy. And we'd go out on these farms and it was hard work, and I often wondered how my dad could do it. But there'd be all these little pigs and we'd give them, let's say, 25 cc's of hog chollery serum. You'd put that up in the front legs, like under ~~the armpits~~

the armpits, and then you'd give two c's of hog chollery virus, and you'd put that fight into the muscle in the back. And Dad would show us how to do it. I did it many times, many is the time that I vaccinated hogs with him, and you'd take a sow, an old sow, and you'd just put a rope around her snout, or a piece of wire, and just tighten down on it and flip her right over on her back. And vaccinate the sow, the two or three hundred pound sow.

Well, Dad taught farmers how to do this, and he used to loan them, afterwards, the syringes. I used to have to clean theme syringes back inthe prescription counter. We had, of course, a sink, and soaked them in alcohol and clean them and we'd have to put new rubbers in before like the gaskets for the valves, and new tubes in, glass

tubes, so that you couldsee the amount of hog chollery serum that was in the syringe. And I can remember how you could adjust the little screw on the back so that you could just give 10 cc's or 20 cc's, whateveryou wanted to. And we had as many as a hundred sets of syringes that we would rent out free, if you'd buy hog chollery serum from Humphrey's we'd teach you how to vaccinate the pigs and loan you the syringes free. My daddy had a contradt with the Anchor Serum Company for a million cc's of hog chollery serum a year. That was a lot of hog chollery serum for a little town. And he'd..he got a better price that way, on it. And I remember when Antrax struck the cattle, and that came in and they drouth period, in one of the early drouths. This came later on, years later, later on, too. But the first time was in the '20's, and it is a terrible disease. And..the reaction..the cattle getit, and they

Part of depression

generally get it from going too deep in the arid soil and getting down into the ground where there's some infection. And they get it up through their nostrils, and when they start to get it, they bleed black, from the nostrils. And they roll over, stiff-legged, and they're dead. And they're just decimated (NOT CLEAR) the herds of cattle. Father..Dad used to teach people how to take care of their anim....cattle, that way. Then he'd even have what we'd have, demonstrations in the store, in the back of the store, where the farmers could come on in and he'd show them how to ...take care of their chickens, if they root, for example, or if they had hogs with necroenteritis, which was a kind of bowel infection, what you could use to treat that. And he made many of his own medicinals. He made many of his own preparations. And I used to work with him in making those preparations, and later on

when I finished pharmacy school, we had what we called we call Humphrey's Laboratories. They weren't-there wasn't much of a laboratory, but we made large amounts of poultry and animal and hog preparations. So this was a very important part of our business, and by the way, it gave me an insight into agriculture. I was on hundreds of farms. You could really see what farmers were up against. And I, later on in the Senate, served on the Committee of Agriculture and Forestry. I think I understood a lot better, the problems of the farmer, because when we'd be out there, vaccinating the cattle, well, you know, they'd talk about everything. They'd talk about the price of wheat and oats and barley. They'd talk about their marketing problems. They'd talk about their insurance costs, their taxes. You got an education out in the, really out in the barnyard. And there just isn't any substitute.

for that. I don't care how much you read or what you do, there's no substitute for it.

Barron: Could you describe your father, what he looked like to you,as a child?

Humphrey: Well, he had dark hair, almost black hair, blue eyes, and I remember him now, as a child, I'm speaking of, when I was a boy, let's say-eight, nine, teh years of age, or younger, I remember him as rather slim, and quick of step, happy, always, weal, really very good looking, much better looking than either of his sons. And really a very good looking man, and Dad ...was not particularly athletic, as such, but he was light of step, let's put it that way. Quick, alert, I remember,as a young man, he smoked. I remember that, because the reason

I remember that, is because I remember when he quit. Very well, I remember exactly how he did it and when he made up his mind. He used to smoke Camels cigarettes. I remember, he told me, if you're going to smoke, smoke a good cigarette. He was a Camel fan. Well, I smoked later on, a lot, but I didn't agree with him on cigarettes, much. And I quit, too. But I remember that Dad, as he grew a little older and ..when, let's say, when I was a boy, like in the high school level, he put on a little weight. I guess I have some of his same characteristics. We tend to get a little pot, if you don't watch.

Barron: Was he big to you? Did you want to be cuddled by him?

H

Humphrey: Oh, yes, very much so. Dad always seemed like a very strong and big man to me. And as far as affection,

was concerned, our affection was..or our relationships were less physical, than they were in a sense, ..oh, the good word, the cheerful note, the happiness of being around him. In otherwords, he was a pal, real friend, you know. You'd just like to talk to him, you could talk to him about almost anything. He always had a good story to tell you. Of course, I remember more of this in his later years, when I was let's say, in my later teens or my early twenties. But even as a young boy, even as a young boy, I can remember that one of the things I remember of my father was how much respect others people had for him, even though he was controversial on many issues. But, for example, he was a Sunday School teacher... for the men's class. And people came from miles around to hear him. He had a terrific, big class. My father didn't take his religion easily, lightly, let's put it

this way. He..we lived in a small town. We had attended church, my mother was much more churchy than Dad was... in the early days, as I remember them. My mother was, you might say, more orthodox, and Dad was much more of a free thinker. He read all, he read everything. He'd read the different kinds of books. He read Bob Ingersoll, and the Books of Mormon, and the..he'd read everything. And Mother was brought up in a much more strict environment, as a child, and so she used to wonder just a little bit if Dad wasn't just a little too radical about these things. But when Dad decided that he wanted to be a churchman, he was a good one. I saw my father become a member of the church. I saw him baptized in his faith. And I remember it distinctly. I remember when my father decided to really take an active part in church activities. Now this left a real impression on me, because this was an act

of faith, and yet, he was never on e of these people who went around admonishing others. I told many people that Dad never once in his life told me what time to go to bed. He was not negative, but he surely used to tell me what time to get up. He was the best getter-upper in town, and there's a lesson there, in that, that I don't think I've done very well about that lesson in my life, but in a very real sense, he always used the character, and not so much the stick, you see. Even though I'd receive punishment from him, particularly if I was unkind to my mother.

Barron: Did he read to you a lot?

Humphrey: Oh, yes, poetry..my father read to me a great deal. He had time for that. This is something else that

these days I wonder about. That we don't seem to have time for people any more. As a boy, Sunday was a real family day! We'd have Sunday School, church, and then we'd always have Sunday dinner at home, and Mother was a wonderful cook. I can still see the good food. And then we'd have company. And Dad would..as I grew along, let's say, in high school age or eighth grade and on up, he would read a great deal about Lincoln and Jefferson. Woodrow Wilson was his hero. And my brother and I used to buy Dad books for Christmas on Woodrew Wilson. And he'd read to me about that..he would read poetry, he liked poetry. He'd read Walt Whitman's material, Emerson, I can remember that very well. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, poetry. Edgar Guest, yes, the kind of people's poet. He loved thattoo, and then we'd listen to the radio a great deal, and argue about everything. We'd argue about everything, poor Mother. She was a wonderful mother and

kept a good home for us and was always good about having people in, and all that sort of thing. And marvelous cook, and best in town, just terrific. But nobody, hardly remembered what we were eating, because Dad'd have a full scaleconversation going on, or argument, at practically every meal. Everybody had a chance to discuss things. I mean, he'd really just draw you out on these things. We always had company, too. So here was a man that was rather rich, I would say, in personality. Rich in a sense of getting other people to talk to him, work with him,and..

Barron: Tell us about this utility fight that your Dad got into.

Humphrey: Well, my father got into a real struggle over the

local utility. When Dad was the mayor of this town, the Northern States Power, yes, no, Northwestern Public Service Company at Huron, South Dakota had offered to buy the local municipal power plant. Now this local municipal power plant was the pride of at least a portion of the citizenry. I can remember it very well. I remember the engineer, Charlie Bowsley, and Mr. Davis. The utility, I don't want to be unkind to them, or unfair, because things change now as life goes on, but as I recall it at that time, my dad was the mayor of the town, and the Northwestern Public Service Company had been into the town telling the people that-if you'll sell that utility to us, we'll give you new street lights and cheaper rates, and, oh, all kinds of benefits. And my dad, they had a big mass meeting, after a while, and Dad resisted this. He said the utility was a municipally owned plantprovided good electrical

service, and that this company, once it got the municipal plant out of business, that these promises wouldn't be kept. And it was a very bitter fight, because there was real hostility stirred up . And I was a young fellow, and a boy scout, I remember. And I had been out-overnight hike, on a weekend, Saturday, or Friday night, and I remember coming into town on Saturday morning, and I went to Thompson's Butcher Shop to pick up some weiners, hot dogs. And Mr. Thompson in there said-your dad almost got beaten up last night. And I said-what do you mean? And he said-well, they were going to take after him with clubs, because he..there was a big mass meeting up at the theatre, the Opera House, and your dad was there demanding that the people keep the municipal power plant. And there were others that wanted to have the plant sold. Well, the upshot of it was that the company was gonna get the plant

for nothing. Just literally, nothing, in order to give the people better street lights and better rates and better electrical service, according to their claim. Dad I believe, if my memory is correct, compelled them to pay a sizeable sum for the plant, something like $25,000, and sign certain contracts to give good service. It was a very, very tense period. Dad was not really liked at that time by many of the people because he stood his ground and he fought back. They actually, the company actually hired away the engineers, and my dad got in his car and drove upto Aberdeen and picked up a mechanic by the name of Mr. Davis and brought himdown and...to run the power plant. They thought they would get the power plant by no service, you know, just break down. Now I remember this, primarily, because of what other people told me. And I can remember later on, when I had been

elected Mayor of Minneapolis, in the 1945. I went back to Doland, South Dakota in the 1946 period or '47. One of the old citizens there said to me-he said-well Hubert, your dad was right. He said-I was against him at the time, but your dad was right. He said-we never got those street lights , and we didn't get all the things that had been promised to us. But he..Dad wasn't so much just for public power, as such. We didn't debate that issue in those days, it's just that this was his..this was their power plant, to give them good service, and he thought they ought to have it. And he stood up and fought them, even though he was a business man. I might add, that my dad never ran away from politics. He never felt that politics hurt his business, and what's more, I don't think he really cared. He, for example, in 1928, in the community that was essentially Protestant, and when religious

intolerance was quite high, my father was for Al Smith as President, and he was one of very few, in that area. And I want to say that there's one thing I learned from my father and I wouldn't want to forget this for a moment, was tolerance. I really, I've had people ask me, you know-how did you get interested in civil rights, Senator Humphrey? What did you read and what interested you, as if it were some big intellectual exercise. It had nothing to do with that at all. I don't even know, I don't even try to ...to judge my interest in these matters, from an intellectual point of view, per say. I was... my dad and the community in which I lived as a boy just taught me that you were supposed to be respectful of people, just people. It didn't make any difference whether they were Catholics, or Jews, or Protestants or whites or blacks. My dad, in particular, now not all

were this way, I want to say, because many a small community is very intolerant. But Dad was a very, very tolerant and understanding man. Much more than many of his, than his fellow citizens. I won't say he was without prejudice, don't misunderstand me, but I remember he used to say to me such things as this-Remember, son, that every man, no matter how poor he is, or what his station or condition of life, he has a friend , and maybe there's something good about him. Look for it.

Barron: Can you tell us something about the school?

Humphrey: I hope I can remember it all. I don't remember it in such detail, but I think I can do fafrly well. Our school in Doland, South Dakota, was an independent school district. And I want to emphasize that, because it wasn't

a consolidated school, and it wasn't a country school. It was an independent school district. And with its' own school board. And we were very proud of it. Not so much the physical plant, as the spirit of the school. As I've said, that the town-the whole life of the town revolved around the school and the church that you belonged to and the business institutiom that you may have patronized, and the fraternal orders. This was about the life of the citizen. And the school was maybe, the center of this activity. There was pride in the school. there were eight grades in the elememtary school, and four years of high school. Th e high school and the elementary school were all in the same building. And the school lot was gravel, aand, and outside around there was some swings, there were some swings and then there was this kind of a circular business that you could get on and go around and around. There were...

In the back of the school building there was a large playground where you could play baseball. Just anopen space, no trees, no landscaping, and leading up to the school was a sidewalk, and when you-it was a reddish kind of brown-red brick building with big windows. You've seen these buildings in small rural towns. Large windows, maybe eight feet, or six feet high, or more and about four feet or three feet wide. There was the first and second grade in one room, and the third and fourth grade in another room, the fifths and sixth grade in another room, and the seventh and eighth grade in another room. Fourrooms on the main floor, not very imaginative, you could..with a hallway, little hooks to hang up your clothes as you went into eachof these rooms, and then the back steps, going downstairs where there wa s the boys' toilet and the girls' toilet, and there was the gymnasium in the basement. Later on, the gymnasium wasn't much of a gym,

I might add, either, there wasn't much seating space, even though we used to be a very athletically inclined and very competitive. You could almost reach up at the.. when you..the high school seniors, and by jumping, touch the ceiling. So it was a very low-ceiling gym, with little or no ventilation, I might add. But later on, in about 1927, a new addition was added to this building, added right on, and a rather modern addition, with an auditorium and gym and a big..and some classroom space. That was a very significant improvement, I might add, in our community.

The high school in this..building I was first describing, this red brickish-type building, had an auditorium in which all the freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors sat. And then at the..there was a platform at the head of

the auditorium, where the principal would sit and kind of supervise us, and often that platform was a little library. NOt too many books in it, but there was a little library and study room, and then there were a series of classrooms. I can remember one..two..three, three of fourclassrooms, as I recall. That took care of all the classrooms. When the..we had a bell system that bells would ring between classed. We had a rather large hallway. I used to think it was a large hallway, it wasn't so large. And the superintendent's office was sort of like, you call, on the mezzanine floor. It was on the platform between the..the..high school..between the grade school and the high school. And in the basememt, we had our laboratory, our physics lab, with all..what little equipment we had in those places. Excellent teachers. I tell you, that I thought a great deal of our teachers. I suppose there may

have been one or two that weren't as impressive or as well, as meaningful to me as others. But I remember the very first Superintendent of Schools we had, his name was Voss. And the man that I remember most distinctly as superintendent was Guy W. Cook. A fine man, a veteran of World War I , he'd been gassed in the war, I remember. He always had a little cough as a result of it. I can remember so well, so many of my teachers. I remember Miss Keenan, for example. It was my teacher, I think, in the fifth and sixth grade. She was a very wonderful teacher. Miss Ermine, was another teacher, oh, there were many of them. I shouldn't mention names, because I'll forget them. But in high school I had Miss Crouch and Miss Evans, who is now Mrs. Webb. She lives up in Aberdeen, and Irvin Herther who was our coach, made a tremendous impression on me.

Barron: What did you learn? Was it a good school?

Hisrecord?

Humphrey: Yes. Well, I think a very good school in the sense that we were expected to do well. We had very simple, direct coursed. Not too much fanfare. You had a glee club. Later on, a band. We had drama. High school, senior class play, junior class play. We had an opera, I remember, I was Jack in the Beanstalk-I was Jack, when I was in the eighth grade, or something like that. The local Methodist minister was the giant. So, we had, you didn't have to be very good, I might say, to be in the extra-curricular activities, so you really got a chance to participate. But I found out that..what I later on found out to be true, that there's basic talent in everbody, if you can just have a chance to use it. You can really develop this talent. The trouble in some of the big schools is that young people don't have a chance to develop the talent, because the good ones are flushed out in a hurry. I mean, you find them by a

screening process, and there isn't time to take care of those that are less responsive, or less good. We had mathematics courses, for example, my mathematics was algebra I, algebra II, plane geometry, solid geometry, a bit of trigonometry. I took four years of Latin, I had general science. I had all kinds of history, four years of English. Debate, declamation, oratory, very haeavy on that. That school, well, when I was in the school we were very active in all the debate tournaments, won many of them. I was the district winner in the oratorical contest. I was on the debate team. Very competitive in sports. Football, we had a football team and a good one. And basketball, we played in the state basketball tournament. We beat some of the large teams of bigger towns, in basketball and football. And track teams, very good track teams, you know, off and on. You don't have

good years every year, but there was a real spirit. The orange and black was our colors...school colors. And we were called the Wheelers...as a basketball team. And I can remember vividly, when we got our first good basketball outfits. It was when I was a senior in high school, and they were beautiful, with jackets and all. You know, really great. I..I can remember when we lost the regional basketball tournament. I remember we played Aberdeen, South Dakota, and I was on the team. And Aberdeen was a town of about 18,000 then, 15,000@, we were a town of 600, and we played them right up to the finals. We lost.. we were ahead of them one point at the half and lost by one point. And they were terribly rough, you know, they were big guys, we were smaller. I rememberdistinctly, I can remember the track events, and by the way, I met one of the fellows that I used to play football against,

and runn in the track meets with him, from Wes[s]tington, South Dakota, out at San Francisco. He's with the United States Navy now.

Barron: And did they put up signs around-Go, Wheelers ?

Humphrey: Oh, did they ever. And we had our an..... we put up signs around classes, and in the gym, where our rival, our big, historical rival, traditional rival, was Clark, South Dakota. And we used to have the, you know, signs of ..they were almost vicious. Say, Knock Out Clark, or we'd have the name of the player..Who's gonna get this guy and so on and so on. Lots of pep. We had the school cheers and school cheerleader, like you know, kids do in school band. We'd play very hard in these football games..we didn't have too many boys for the team, but

we'd do the best we could. And the coaches, there were two coaches, I remember. Irvin Herther was the first coach, and then Coach Ray White who succeeded him. Both of these men have made a real mark for themselves in education, and Mr. Herther really taught us how to be real sportsmen and tough competitors. And Ray White just didn't believe in losing. I remember he'd just take fellows who had no more ability in football than the man in the moon, as we say, but he would make that boy a football player.

Barron: Mr. Herther tells a story about what you said when asked what you wanted to be when you grew up. Do you remember that?

Humphrey: I think I said I wanted to be in the government,

or something.

Barron: You said you wanted to be President.

Humphrey: I guess that's right, yes. Well, I don't remember it too well. I think I remember..I don't recall the..too well, what the story that my old professor and the teacher, Irvin Herther says, but we were asked-what did we want to be when we grew up, when we were just youngsters, and many of them, of course, responded as to what they wanted to be, and I am reported to have said-I wanted to be President. And the kids laughed at me and I became quite angry about it. I recall it, primarily, because others have reminded me about it. I imagine, this is primarily true, because I've been in politics in my later years. But I..I was always very keenly interested in politics. Even as a boy,

and I remember very well, thinking about Washington, you know, and thinking about the state capital, and dreaming about that sorta of thing. I can remember that very distinctly, and as a debater, and one that wanted to study in that, in the social sciences we just used to call them in history and geography, and coursed like that, I wouldn't be a bit surprised but what I responded that way to Mr. Herther.

Reel 4

Barron: Tell us about the swimming hole.

Humphrey: Well, the swimming hole was out....I remember there was a swimming hole out at Hanson's farm. about four or five miles northeast of Doland. You had to go by the cemetary, out by Hab's place, and you'd go on out there. It was really just the sort of a wide spot in a

creek, and the creek only flowed in May and June, and maybe up to the first of July, and July and August the swimming hole would become rather stagnant. And we generally quit going swimming around in July when we couldn't stand the smell any more. I mean the end of August... cpuldn't stand the smell, but actually it was a sort of a shale bottom. We had a home-made diving board out there, and if you went out in June and early July, you really had yourself quite a swim. If you went a little bit later, you generally ended up with a little water and lota of mud. But it was about the best that we had, and everybody around town that was anything, you know, the boys, we'd all go out to the swimming hole. We didn't bother with bathing suits..there was no problem there at all. Then we had Turtle Creek, that was seven miles away west of twown. The main problem there was that it wasn't very deep. But at least, it was wet, part of the time.

And that's about all. There were no lakes right around to go to unless you could get off with your folks... We'd occasionally catch a ride, and we used to take our bikes.

I remember pheasant with much pleasure. In fact, well, I tell my boys about it now, because there were more pheasants than there were people, by a long shot. And pheasant hunting was just opening up as a great sport, where the big people would participate. I remember when the people used to come up on the train , the Chicago Northwestern, from Chicago, or in from Milwaukee, or from Minneapolis, and they would come in in private cars. And they would look ..like they were very rich. They had good guns and just..real hunting outfits. And as a boy, I used to get the job, being the guide..for these

hunters. We could go out before school and shoot our limit in pheasants, any day. My father sold shotgun shell, too, during that season. He used to sell high power shotgun shells. He bought them from the Federal Cartridge Company at Anoka, Minnesota. I mention this, because, later on the man who was the head of the Federal Cartridge Company became a very good close friend of mine, primarily, because of my father, even though the president of this company was a Republican and I was a Democrat. These hunters that would come on in, they needed somebody to take them out to a good cornfield or a..to make arrangements for a farm, and I was available for that. And I'd get as much as $3 a day to go on out as a guide. Phesant shooting was just natural. I mean it was..you'd go out after school, or you could do it before school.

Barron: What do you remember, the colors, the crack of

The bullet?

Humphrey: I can recall very vividly, when you went pheasant hunting in the Dakotas in those days, you would not only had pheasants, but you had what we called Russian Thistles. And they were prickly type of bulbous, kind of weed, about as big arounf as a large big balloon, or as big around as a tire, and you'd have to walk through patches of those Russian thistles. The..it was late ~~in~~ in the fall, it was dusky, and the ground was usually hard, and it was cold, the corn was harvested and we'd traipse through these old cornfields and at the end of a field you'd have several of your hunters, with guns, and we walked through the cornp fields and flush out the birds, and then the shooting would come like mass slaughter. These double barrel shotguns blazing away, and some people even used ten guage guns.

I remember when we used to think those were massive cannons. I, as a young fellow, used to use a four-ten or a twenty guage..I still to this day, use a twenty guage, it's my favorite gun.

Barron: Was it exciting? How did you feel?

Humphrey: Oh, of course, it was exciting. As a matter of fact, it's more exciting now than it was then because it was so commonplace then. Everybody just went hunting. You just didn't think much about it. We didn't really have dogs. We used kids. The kids would flush the birds from the field, and the pheasants were lively, and many of them, you'd had to be an awfully poor shot not to be able to hit them. I used to, later on when I went hunting, had an old model T Ford. I called it the first armored car, it had no top, and we'd go barrelin' down through

these..on the road in this Model T, with a..one man on each fender, and two men in the car, and a man sitting alongside of me withthe gun. Of course, this is now against the law. The whole world is getting organized legally, you know. But we didn't have too much law in those days, and we'd get in this car and go charging on down. Well, this was when I was in high school. A teen-aged boy and this car..when we'd see some pheasants, we'd just jump out of the car and pull up the handbrake and just le t the car sortof work it's way down the road or down the ditch, because you didn't have time to stop it, 'cause the brake just took it out of clutch, you know. I mean it just neutraized it. And we'd bang away at these birds and then we'd load 'em up in the car and go on our way.

My mother was a very good cook, and she loved to cook. And our family always had lots of good food. I guess this is 'cause Mothers was a country girl, and..Norwegian descent. Her mother's home, my grandmother's place was a real mecca for good food and for good company. Mother made the best graham bread in the whole county. In fact, she won the prize at the State Fair,m,aking what we call graham bread. My father asked her how she did it. In fact, they asked her, they asked Mother for the recipe, and I can remember that Mother wrote the recipe up about as follows: well, you put a little of this in and a pinch of that, and a little of this..Mother had no more idea how she made that graham bread than I had. It was great. It was soft, and the aroma was good. There was some molasses in it, you know, and you could, well, I don't know, it just made you hungry. I remember the cinnemon rolls she

made better, I liked it better than graham bread. And when she'd make those, we'd come home from school and we'd go through a couple of dozen of those, with my friends, before Mom even knew what hit her. She was always baking bread. I can remember Mom with the..had the big dishpan, you know, with the kneading the bread, you know. And then she'd cover it at night with the..put it on a stool in the kitchen, by the radiator, or by the stove, and then she'd cover it with the towel, and it..when the next morning ..there it would be all inflated, you know, with the yeast having been worked in it. Then Mom would whack out the loaves of bread or the rolls, whatever she was making. She was a champion bread-maker. Tere's no doubt about that. She won the prizes and never knew what was the formula. My dad told her once, that if he filled prescriptions like mother made bread, that he'd kill most of his customers, 'cause he had to be exact on prescriptions

But Mom just did it by instinct.

Our household diet was not what you would call one of great variety. We always had, of course, fowl, chicken, and then many times duck and pheasant, because those were available. Occasionally, in the winter, we'd have a few cottontail, a rabbit, because I'd go out and kill a few of those, and you could whack, by the way, we used to whack them up on the end of the barn, or the garage. Keep 'em frozen, outside, that way, you know. Just really put the whole rabbit right up there, just stick him up there and he'd be frozen, and when you'd need him, just take him out. We didn't have deep freezers in those days. But, not too often would we have that. Beef and pork and veal were the mainitems. Mother would cook that, and we didn't have too many frish vegetables, we had a root

cellar, however, and every fall I would have to dig up the tomatoes and the rutabagas and the turnips and the carrots an d put them in sand and put them downstairs in the root cellar, and the potatoes. We always had more than enough to eat. Lots of milk, whipped cream, Mother used to make marshmallows, home-made marshmallows, too, pans of them befor e Christmas. And of course at home we made popcorn balls and home-made fudge and all the can - dies. We'd make that, even though Dad had all the stuff in the store, Mom would make it as a home-made item. And her cabbage salad was the bestin the world. And even, I don't want my wife to hear this, but I want to tell you, she'd have this cabbage, and she'd make her own dreasing, and then she'd put pineapple and marshmallow in the cabbage, and it was terrific. I can still taste that good cabbage salad, that pineapple and marshmallow, and home-made dressing.

And mashed potatoes we always had a lot of. My brother would never let me get at them first, because, believe it or not, I could eat a whole bowl of mashed potatoes with chicken gravy or beef gravy. So they'd pass them around to everybody else before they gave them to me.

Barron: Did you pray before meals?

Humphrey: Yes, we..not always, but we generally had a grace.

Barron: Behind your house it looks as though there were names of an old chicken house.

Humphrey: Well, behind our house, as I have indicated, there was the garage, and then behind the garage was what turned out, later on, to be an old chickenhouse. It was

actually a sort of an appendage to the garage, sort of a tool house. But when I'd go up to see Grandma and Grandpa why they'd occasionally give me some chickens, and we'd..I can remember so vividly, having..getting a dozen eggs, or two dozen aggs and having a hen set on these eggs, and we'd get those baby chicks. And we always had some chickens in the chicken house, and we had a little chicken yard around there, and Mom would..we'd go out and pick in the eggs. I even had a pet rooster, he was a dandy. He was a real battler too, he got..would get in so many fights with the neighbor's roosters, he lost his bill, and he would come up and crow in the morning on the back porch to get me up. He was a real pet. And we used to sleep on the back porch, it was a screened-in porch, and this oldrooster, I can't remember his name now, but I can see him vividly. He was a..had a kind of a black

a black feathers with red and white and a real bowed neck and a majestic-type head with a real red comb. That..he'd get into these terrible cock fights, these rooster fights and he'd have his comb half chewed off and he lost his bill. Well finally one day this old rooster just got so old that we had to do away with him, and I remember that they were going to make a stew out of him and I never really enjoyed that chicken stew. It just seemedlike it was cannibalism, I remember that very well, dear old rooster. I never wanted to kill him. But my mother would get very discouraged with me on taking care of those chickens, particularly in the winter, when I wouldn't clean out the hen house, and so she would then occasionally, give the chickens to my brother, and he'd get a little lazy about the chicken department, and then Mom'd give 'em to me. And the only question was-who owned the chickens

at the time that we were gonna sell 'em to the poultry house. Because that was very important timing. Because once a year or so we'd sort of clean out the flock down to a minimum by crating 'em up and taking 'em down to the local poultry house. And I always used to feel that my brother was..had this thing worked out better than I did. Being about four years older, he was a little more savvyabout these arrangements and who would louse up the chicken detail, you see. But we made pretty good money off those chickens, and I can't quite remember how we got out of the chicken business. I guess it was when weleft town.

Barron: Tell me about a typical Sunday.

Humphrey: I remember our Sundays because those were real family days for us, and I remember the Sundays centering around church, Sunday School, company, and the big Sunday dinner. Always a big Sunday dinner. Sunday School as I

recall opened about 10 o'clock on Sunday, and we'd all get up in the morning and ordinary family confusion. There always seemed to be a lot of family confusion about getting going. My younger sister, Frandes, was always more or less, hanging around with me and she'd be a little tardy, even to this date, about getting dressed. And mother would always have me be sure to take care of Frances. And my younger sister, was young sister,Fern. She was really much smaller, and I don't recall her too much on Sundays, because she was just a little bit too little. Brother Ralph never really liked to go to Sunday School very much. He was always as independent as anybody could ever be, and sort of just ran things the way he wanted to, and now is much more, actually now runs the business and all. But I can remember getting up and having breakfast.. we used to have a ..oatmeal..now I still love oatmeal.

And we had oatmeal with brown sugar. I still eat oatmeal with brown sugar. And we had poached eggs. I can remember the egg poacher. It was a sort of an aluminum outfit , with little cups. There are some around even yet, at this date. And when we didn't have that, why Mom used to just put the eggs in the water, and poach 'em. We had poached eggs on toast, and I always..my dad used to pour the hot water over the toast and the eggs. And I've done that many times now, and most people think it's kind of peculiar that you do that, but that's just the way we grew up. So we'd have a quick breakfast, lots of toast and eggs and oatmeal, always oatmeal. And we'd go on off to church. Generally, Dad would drive, but frequently my sister, Frances and myself would walk, mainly run. And our Airedale dog went with us. His name was Rex. Sort of mangy, and lots of fleas, but he was a wonderful dog and he was our

best friend and he'd go to church with us, Sunday School, and he'd wait underneath the church steps, and the church bells'd ring and hurt his ears and he would howl bloody murder, you know, just like a coyote, in the middle of the night. But he..that dog attended more church than most people. He'd actually come into the church, sometimes, and sit under the..under the pew. He did that many times. So Sunday School would be the first orde.. the first item of the day, and I can remember Sunday School. Dr. Sherwood was the Sunday School superintendent, and we'd get up and sing some songs, and some of the old fashioned hymns, and I still..when I go to a church now, and they don't sing the songs that we used to sing, I really don't like the church so much. Oh, God Will Take Care of You,and Abide With Me, and Rock of Ages. I like those old hymns. I really don't like some of these Anglo..

the Saxon..Anglo-Saxon hymns that way out, so to speak. I just..I don't remember the names of all of them, but i remember the tunes very well. And we'd sing those songs and we'd go to our Sunday School and I can remember, we'd get these little cards in the Sunday School..and after the Sunday School, then it would be church time. And we'd stay for church. And first Reverend Vernon was the first church man that I remember. A great big man. A fine, good natured hale and hearty, well cushioned type of fellow. Well, he really looked just like a big Santa Claus, in fact, he was Santa Claus at every Christmas. And following Reverend Vernon came a much more erudite intellectual type, Reverend Albert Hart, who was the greatest influence of any man on my father. Father found a man whose mind he respected, and Reverend Hart was an intellectual, a learned man, a scholar, a graduate of

Boston University, as I recall, from Boston.

Barron: What do you see, what do you hear, what do you feel, in church?

Humphrey: As a boy, in church, I occasionally sat with my family, but most often I sat with Julian Hart, who was the Methodist minister's son. He and I were close pals, and I can remember that on occasion we'd look at the hymnal and the one.. some of the songs we'd make little jokes about. There was one something like-pass me not- or somethinglike that and we would make believe that that was about a car, a Chevvy or Ford, But basically, I recall, the ceremony was very simple. There would be the opening hymn or two. There would be the opening prayer, the opening announcements, the taking of the collection, the choir

would sing and the local dentist was in the choir, and most of the school teachers would have to sing in the choir, and the Reverend would sing in the choir, and then there would be the sermon, which was always a very good sermon, and then afterwards would be another hymn, and when there'd be the behediction, that would be about it. We..it was very simple, very simple ceremony. But the church, I recall very well, was generally filled. It seemed to me like the church was very big. It was a new church. The old church ~~xxxxxxxx~~ wooden church, was burned down or was taken down, I've forgotten. But the new church was of brick, and it hadn't..there wasn't enough money to paint it inside, so that the walls were just simple plaster, kind of greyish-white. But there was a very nice altar, very simple, and I thought it was so big. It just seemed to me like it was a massive church. And later on in life, I went back, and it was a very small

church.

Barron: Were you afraid?

Humphrey: My feeling of being in church was on e of comfort, in a very real sense. The church was more than just a spiritual institution. It was a social institution. We had Eprith Beague for the young people, later on. This was the young people's group. And tha at was just a general discussion of some religious topic with a good deal of boy and girl activity. You know, just getting acquainted. Singin' a few songs and having a few..maybe putting on a little skit or play. SO I felt very much a part of a sort of a club, a family, a part of just a very social, fraternal, spiritual experience. p. 17

Barron: What did you feel at the end of a church day?

Humphrey: Oh, I... as a littlw boy when the church services would be over I'd be just walking out with my friends. I had had what I had been taught to believe was the right thing, namely I'd gone to church, and I'd prayed and I'd been singing and I listened with reasonable attention to to ceremony, but primarily, I was glad to get on out to be able to make some noise. And talk with my friends and be able to see my dog again and get on my way to do what I really wanted to do outside. So that the....I must say, even to this day, that the church experience that I like is one that's similar to that. I don't care for too much formality. Ilike a good sermon, I like to sing in churches. I can't sing very good, but I still like those old hymns, I like it just like it was then.

At least it conditioned me to that and I had the privilege of real fellowship. In other words, there was a brotherhood and a sisterhood, there was a fellowship, not by sermon but by fact. I mean not by theory, but by experience. And it was a social occasion. People all got together and talked about things after church. I know Mom and Dad would see many friends from the country, that they hadn't seen during the week. I can remember, too, that they always had..in the Sunday School, they had the number of people that had attended Sunday School last Sunday, the number this Sunday, the collection last Sunday and the collection this Sunday. So that we had all those records up there available to us. And it always seemed like there was a money drive on.

Barron: Tell us about your Grandps's farm.

Humphrey: I recall so well, the many visits that we made to my grandfather's farm. And I say my grandfather's, I mean my mother's father, Grandfather Sannis. He was a Norw egian immigrant. He was an old Norwegian sea captain, and he was a hard bitten fellow, so to speak. Frugal, hard-working, physically strong, very firm and stern atandards of conduct, frugal. Grandma was sweet and gentle, and rather rotund, sort of fat, you might say, as we say today, but a very sweet face and very considerate of her children and of her grandchildren. Grandpa was mor e of the hard-working, stern type of man, but a very fine man, with sharp characteristics. Pointed chin, sharp features, piercing eyes. I remember him very well. I remember he used to have that ...black purse that he carried, one of those long ones, one side for the paper money and one side for the silver money. I also remember that he had a strong box in his bedroom, and I can remember

where it was. He had a big lock on it. It was black It had.a bronze trim on it and it had a great big bronze padlock on it, and he had the key. Grandfather's farm was..had two flagpoles at that time, one for the Norwegian flag, and one for the American flag. And every holiday the American flag went up and every Norwegian holiday the Norwegian flag went up. I recall this farm as being one that had..that was orderly, that was well groomed. It was as if it were polished and raked and kept in fine shape all the time. As a matter of fact, the fields, my grandfather practiced crop rotation long before people wrote books about it, and the fields, after he would shock the wheat, for example, he'd come....my job, when I was a little boy and I'd go visit would be to take an old wooden rake and rake around the shocks so that he could pick up that last little bit of wheat, or rye, or barley, or oats. Actually the fields were raked, so that to be

no waste, and it was very clean. No weeds, wheat controlled, yes, always. Fine pasture, fenced in for his cattle. A big wind break..trees that had been planted...at a sort of an angle, like an L on the northwest angle. I can recall the ravine. There was a little ravine that went down to the pasture. And there were a lot of gopher holes. I use d to go gopher hunting. And we'd snare the gophers by taking a bucket of water and pouring down the hole and the gopher would come up (sound effect) and we'd pull this snare and catch the gopher around the neck and we'd sell the gopher tails for two or three cents, into the county..into the county seat. We'd get paid money for it.

BArron: Was the farm neat? clean?

Humphrey: Grandpa's farm was the example of good husbandry,

orderly. It was neatl It was clean. The fields were well plowed, there was actually soil conservation practices, at that time. So thatyou protected the soil. More importantly, too, or equally important the machinery was well taken care of. He had machines sheds. He had a wagon, I remember, that was 40 years old, and he was still using it. It was painted every year. The binders were under cover, and all of the equipment that could be moved, like tha canvas that was used in the binder would be removed and wrapped up and put away in the granery. In fact, when Grandpa died, he still had about eight or nine thousand bushels of good first class wheat, grade I wheatx in his graineries. The barns were clean. The hay mow was filled. Actually, in truth, it was a very, very fine farm and it was operated, of course, by the family. Threshing time come, Why people went out and helped each

other. They went from farm to farm. Everybody didn't own a threshing rig. There was one threshing rig owned by one and that would be used by many. So that you had a farm that had..I won't say loving care..but had methodical , orderly care at all times. That farm, of course, was sort of a second home for us, and when..then after Grandpa passed away, and the farm was sold, first to a member of the family, who took very good care of it, then later on, when it was bought up, I don't know by whom, now, I can't recall, but all I know is that that fine farm home was let go without care and the land was put in the soil bank, and it grew up into weeds, a lot of it. I remember going back there and seeing it, and I was shocked. In fact, I was angry. In fact, I'd introduced legislation that will prevent that kind of thing, because I don't believe that you ought to let land go up into weeds.

as if they were a plague, and he believed that land ought to be used, and preserved, and conserved and protected. And I saw the trees, for example, that were no longer taken care of. Many of them died out in later years. I saw the old pasture where Grandpa had the well, where you could pump with the old wooden handle pump, into a big tank for the cattle, that had grown up into masses of weeds, and thistles, and cottontails, as we call it. In other words, this is a pity to let a beautiful piece of ground in which lives had been poured. Really and truly, lives, blood and the sweat of families had gone into the care of that land and it was productive. And now to see large parts of it, not all of it, I want to say, but large parts of it, just left to sort of, as they call it, a soil bank. It's really regrettable that that sort of thing should happen.

Barron: Do you feel a sense of loss?

Humphrey: I must say that when I see land that is left like that I feel not only has the nation lost a productive asset, but we've lost character. We've lost something in our..in our moral and our..in our national life. Because the care of the soil has something to do with the molding of character. Good..good farmers, who care for their cattle, care for the machinery, care for the properties, care for their land make good citizens. And when you have land that is uncared for, and in fact, even yet earns income as you don't care for it, I think it does something to you that's not very good. So, I must say that I had a very sad feeling, and almost a feeling of disgust, at times, over this kind of practice.

Well, I remember how we kids used ~~to~~ go out to Grandad's farm on the weekends. It was beautiful, like a garden. The house, the barn, always had fresh coats of paint on them, and they glistened, and they glistened cleanly in the sun. The rows of crops were straight as razors. Old Grandad used to get us kids to sweep the areas around the barn and the house. Yes, I..I mean, sweep the ground. Everything was neat and perfect. It was like a garden. Well, last year, I went out to South Dakota, and had a few spare hours, so I went out to the spot where Grandad's farm was. It was awful. I could barely find it. Weeds. They were ~~afx~~ everywhere. I could barely see the house and the barn. The weeds were too high. I couldn't help it, I..I cried. It had been like a garden and now it was nothing but weeeds. The land used to be proud and the people were proud of it. Not so much of it is like

p. 19

Grandad's land. Now so much of it is like Grandad's land owned by people who just draw payments for letting the weeds engulf it.

Reel 5

Well, for many years in Doland, we had a good life, good family life, a good community life. WE'd done fairly well. Some people might have said-prospered. My father had earned a good living, was a respected ditizen, we had a relatively happy family life. But then, things turned for the worse. Something happened. Something that I couldn't make sure at that time..fully understand, something beyond the control of my father of the community in which we lived. I can recall the banks closing. Fi rst, the first bank to close was the State Bamk. My father had his business account in that bank. WE lost our money. And that meant that Dad had to go to the other bank and

~~open~~

open up an account with what little cash we had, little reserves, and that bank closed. Farmers lost their farms, and there was worry and concern and unhappiness. There were many foreclosures. I can recall so vividly p. 30 one day, coming home from school, when I came to our home that we loved so much, Dad and Mother were in the orchard, and Mother was crying and Dad had tears in his eyes, and I asked what was wrong, because this was a rather unusual experience. And there was another man there, too. And Dad told me that he had had to sell our house. Our home. Not our house, because it was more than a house, it was our home, and of course, this was a very sad moment for Mother, and he told us that he had to sell our home because we had bills that we had to pay. This was what we needed to do. That moment may very well have been the time that my childhood experiences came to

and end and new experiences of at least the beginning of adulthood, xx even though at a very young age, had started. Because I surely do recall those years, and I recall the pain and the suffering and the unhappiness that many people experienced. One of our good friends, took his own life because of problems, financial problems. One of our neighbors. These things you can't for get. AndI suppose that I learned some lessons about social and political forces that stayed with me for many years, and to this very day, namely that one man, no matter how good he was, or iswasjust not big enough to resist the powerful forces that may engulf him, and therefore, whild I didn't realize it at the time, it surely lent itself to an understanding that a government that represented people would have to do something about these things.

For many years we had what you would call a good life in Doland, and we prospered. At least we had a good living. My father was relatively successful as a businessman. We had the very fine house, a happy home, many good friends, and a real, genuine, good community life. And then there seemed to be a turn of events. Things were different.) p.18 When it started and how it started is very difficult to recall. Many people feel that the depression started in the '30's. For our family it actually started in the late '20's. Actually, in South Dakota, where I spent my childhood, the first impact of the depression was in 1926 and then in '27. It was in 1926 that the banks started to close their doors. It was in 1926 and '27 when farmers started to lose their lands and farm prices started to skid. And when the impact of the first stages of economic difficulty was beginning to be felt. I can recall, 1926,

when the State Bank of Doland closed its' doors. The president of that bank was one of my father's closest friends. It was a tragic moment because it was more than closing the bank. It was in a sense the failure of a friend and defaultingfor a whole community. People were very upset. They weren't angry at the banker. They were just sad. No one quite understood why. Why it happened. We just understood that there were reasons in the banking structure, the economic structure, that compelled this bank to close its' doors, even though the customers and the depositors were good citizens and were reliable citizens. My father lost some money in that bank, and it was years later that it paid out very few cents on the dollar. Dad opened his account in the second bank in town, The Security State Bank. The president of that bank was a neighbor of ours, and it was

only shortly after that that that bank closed its' doors. Fortunately, that bank paid out on its' deposits fairly well, some years later. But what a tragic moment that was too, because the depositors were some of the, were of course, the families of that community. They lost their savings, and it meant that the whole way of life had changed. There is no..there were no banks, there were no banks in the neighboring communities. Town of Huron, South Dakota, the banks had closed its' doors. Redfield, all the neighboring towns. Actually we did business out of the cash box, using (NOT CLEAR) checks and postal money orders. Now this was in the late '20's. And I can recall so vividly, one day, coming home from school and finding my father and mother out of the house. Late afternoon, after 4 o'clock. They were in the.. our orchard. And my mother was weeping. She was crying.

Quite audibly. And Father had tears in his eyes and there was another man there. And I asked Daddy what had happened. Why was Mother so ..why was she crying? And he told me then, that he had..that he'd been compelled to sell the house. That this was the only way that he could cover and pay his bills. And when I say sell the house, really, we sold more than the house, because that was a home. It was a very precious place for us and Mother loved that home, so we had to move. I can remember that because it sort of..it was more than an economic experience. It was a very emotional experience for a young man, and I was just a sophomore in high school at that time. And yet, while, I was very young, I think it's fair to say that for all practical purposed, the joys of childhood sort of came to an end. Because from there on out, despite the fact that we had a couple of years of good crops, it was only two years later that the crash on the stockmarket

took place. And then the great depression set in. And one sort of sensed, even at that time, when the home had been sold, that a very wonderful period in life had.. was sort of drawing to a..to an end or a conclusion. And that there were some very uncertain days ahead. I sensed that in my father's words, and of course, I saw in the days ahead that..that suspicion. That feeling that there was uncertainty.,and difficult days ahead would come true. So a very beautiful and very wonderful period came to a rather sad and prompt end, and left us with uncertainty for the tomorrows.

Well, as one reflects on this period , it's rather difficult to draw conclusions as to what you have learned or what you learned at the time. But there was a realization that from that day on things would be different, there would be a much more unpredictable, or should I say,

a much more uncertain future. But more important than that, or more significant to me, I believe that one learned that no matter how competent his father may have been, or how good his mother, or how fine his community, that it could be destroyed or it could be wrenched, or it could be injured by forces over which he or his parents had no control. That this little secure world of his home town just wasn't strong enough to fight off or resist the powerful economic and social forces that seem to be crowding in upon them, and when the banks closed their doors, and when the home had to be sold, this was just symbolic.. it was..it was so ...a demonstration that there had been a great change or there was a change in the making, and that these changes would require a different approach to our political and economic structure...and to our..and would require different political and economic solutions. Now this is reflection on the yesterdays, and of course

later on we found out that there had to be changes. But even as a boy, then, Iknew that there was a different day that somethin' had happened to Dad and happened to Mom and happened to the store and happened to the community, because that community was wounded then and never really fully recoverdd. It was changed from that day on.

Of course, these reflections and observations about my family should not be interpreted as being unique, for one family. As a matter of fact, the experiences that we went through was maybe even less arduous, less painful than what many others did, because many people at that time lost everything, not, they not only had to sell their home but they lost their home, they lost their land and their properties, many of them even lost their liges. Gave up their lives. So that there was a broad change taking place in every one of these rural

communities. Changes that took many years to repair, if at all. Changes in the banking structure and the land ownership pattern. Changes in merchandising.

One can recall that many people were frightened, partidularly with the bank failures. Great fright, great concern and fear. This..this look, not of despair, because I don't believe there was despair. There was the look however, of uncertainty, of unpredictability. These people were good, solid citizens, and they pretty well knew what they could do by themselves, and what they could do wit h community work. But with the whole house of the economy starting to crash and crumble around them, they felt rather helpless. And there was a ..almost a sense of fear and of.. and of..hopelessness that seemed to grip many of them, and you could see it in their faces, and you could see it in their atti-

tude of wanting to leave, and rather than to stay. And of wanting to get away from the area, rather than to develop it.

I remeber how wekids used to go out to Grandads farm on the weekends, it was a very beautiful farm, very much like a garden. The house and the barn always seemed to have fresh coats of paint on them. They glistened cleanly in the sun. And the rows of crops were straight as razprs. Old Grandad used to get us kids to sweep the areas around the house and the barn, and indeed, around out in the field. Yes, mind you, sweep the ground. Everything to me seemed neat and perfect. It was like a garden. Well, last year, I went out to South Dakota, and I had a few spare hours, so I travelled out to the spot where Grandad's farm was. And it was to me very sad. It wa s awful. First of all, I could hardly find it. There were

weeds, many weeds. They seemed everywhere. I had difficulty even finding the outline of the house and the barn. The weeds were just that high. I frankly coudn't help it, but I..I got a tear inmy eye and I sort of cried. I'd been, I could remember that place when it was like a garden and now it was nothing but weeds. The land used to be very proud, and the people were proud of it, now so much of it is like Grandad's land, owned by people, sometimes people who don't even live there, or in the community, but people who just draw payments for letting the weeds over..overwhelm and engulf the land.

My father was more than a parent to me. He was a friend, a real warm friend, a pal. He was an adviser, and he was a man of great youthful and joyful spirit that always made one feel good. He was a teacher, too. Genuinely an educator, with a sense of inspiration, so that

I had the privilege of having a father or a Dad that was an instructor, a rather soft, and quiet disciplinarian, a man of inspiration and of good spirit, but most importantly and best of all, a constant companion and a real, wonderful, warm friend... who expected me to do good. He set high standards, and I suppose the one concern that I've had all of my life, is that I would disappoint him. I know that as a boy it was more concern that I would fail the standards that my Dad set for me than anything else. That sort of kept me at work and made me want to do good in school. Now, I'm sure I did disappoint him, many times. But if I did, he had the most subtle ways of showing it and generally got me to do the things that he wanted me to do by holding up some rather highgoals and standards, prizes and achievements incentives. Those are some of the recollections that I have of him.

Barron: Was he an important influence on your life?

Humphrey: Of course, my father was a very important influence on my life. Very, very important. He was a student, and he expected one to be a student. He was a..he loved history, and he expected one to have an appreciation of history. He was an unusual man, he had many interests, and I guess maybe that's where I got the feeling of having many interests. He not only had a business that he liked, and he loved his business, but he loved art, music, poetry, argument, debate, conversation, a great conversationalist, civic life, politics. In fact, I can reaall that my father, when he was much older decided that he was going to become knowledgeable in the field of opera and he did. He bought books, read them, bought records and listened to opera, and he knew a whole lot more about opera than the people that

were teaching it.

Barron: When you were a child did you ever hear the conversations that your father had about Wilson, etc.?

Humphrey: When I was a child , my father would converse with his contemporaries about matters of politics, and of course, many times about books. Our house was filled with biographies, and I heard Dad talk about these men many times, but very frankly, he would permit us to sit in on the conversations, and actually get in on the conversations. I think it was somewhat the simplicity of life that permitted this. It wasn't as if if you had your son or daughter around that he might..they might embarrass you or sort of interfere with the people with whom you were talking. It was just a good family dis-

cussion. And I believe ~~xhaxakh~~ that one picked up a good deal of information that way.

Barron: What was the happiest recollection of your childhood?

Humphrey: Well, I had so many of them. Most parts of pur childhood, as far as my childhood was concerned, it was generally happy. I guess this is why, that if I had a moment , and which I did, of sadness and heartache, it's well remembered. I don't remember all the good meals that Mother cooked. I suppose that I could remember if she had a bad one.

~~XXXXXXX~~ I had a very fine and wonderful childhood. The memories I have of that childhood, are, in the main, happy ones, affirmative ones. They're..they're good memories.

It was a childhood with a relatively happy family life, plenty of work to do, but I suppose for the good deal of grumbling at the time about some of the work, rather healthy. It was a childhood in which there were many friends. The recollection is one of friends. It's a recollection of..my memory of childhood is one of activity. OUtdoor activity, sports, picnics, family get-togethers, baseball, and athletifs of all kinds. High School, and the fun of the high school play and the high school picnic. It's the memory of working in my dad's store and having a little financial independence. Really, it was quite a ..good, wonderful, healthy, happy childhood. Of course, there were some moments that were not too good. Times that I was unhappy when I didn't maybe do as well as I should have, in school, well, I mean, like on the athletic team or when I may have gotten into some trouble. But by and large I really searched through my memory to

try and find what were those bad times and most of them have faded away from my memory, with the exception, of course, of the time when the financial crisis of the banks closed in on us. (NOT CLEAR) our home, those are the sad moments, but as far as my individual life is concerned, I really can honestly say that if I have a warped personality, that it isn't because of what happened in my childhood.

I consider my childhood to be just about as American as apple pie, and the 4th of July, in the sense that it wasn't the childhood of the son of a rich man or a poor man, it wasn't the childhood of poverty or luxury, it was the childhood of normal, healthy, energetic people...living a rather normal, energetic, healthy, full life. Simple, but full. It was pretty much like the meals that we had on the table, no crepe suzette, no fancy FRench dishes, but l

but lots of good food, nourishing, healthful, tasty, pleasant, good. That's about the way I grew up. Never had too many clothes, didn't have too many..didn't have too much free time, but always had enough so that we were never without decent clothes, always had enough loose change, so to speak, so that we could at least have a little independence, but above all, I would say that we had a good family. A really good family. A good home. My dad made..brought me up to respect my mother. I haven't mentioned that. I should emphasize it., because Dad always talked of Mother as his sweetheart and his wife and our mother. And many times he would say to my brother and myself-youboys treat your mother with respect and you protect her, and you watch over her, 'cause she's my sweetheart, and if you ever are unkind to her I want you to remember you can leave the house, 'cause this is my sweetheart and my wife, and it happens to be your mother,

So he put her first, and we were brought up that way, and I have never forgotten it. Many times, later on in life, he reminded me of it. So that Mother was in a sense, rather protected, because that's the way Dad wanted it.

I suppose that I think my childhood was very American, because it was the only experinde that I had about America. I imagine everybody feels that their childhood was an American, a very thoroughly American experience, but when one looks back over what we call Americana, or what you call the American life, one is so,romantacizes. I'm sure the smaller community, the country church... I mean the local church and school, the home, the little Main Steet. This is what you see in the portraits and the pictures of America. This is what I grew up in, and I see the picture of a so-called typical, even New England village,

or the village of the mid-west. This is Doland, South Dakota. There wasn't any great library, nor was there any Metropolitan Opera nor was there any fancy restaurant with fancy names. We had books. Most of them were in the homes of the people, and we had music. (NOT CLEAR) in the church, but also in the homes of the people. We had good food, not so much in the restaurant but wherever you went to visit. As a matter of fact, I haven't had better food since.

I suppose that in a very real sense, we've lost some of this picture, or some of this type of America, but that's the natural process of change. There's still much of the same spirit. Later on, when I was Mayor of Minneapolis, I was a young man in my late middle thirties, I found in this city of over a half a million people many of the same qualities, in fact, much of

the same community spirit, but it was broken down into smaller communities within the big city. I think there's a great deal of this kind of America left, but some of its' richness and some of its' blessings have really escaped us, such as the intimacy of the community, the chance for the boy and girl to be with the parent in the work experience, in the social experiences of community life. We just have to face up to it, the big urban centers do not provide this. It doesn't mean that they do not provide some other things that may be even more worth while or equally worth while, because there are many advantages to living today in the modern big city. But you surely don't have the same family relationship in the present day and age , and it is very difficult for the boy or the girl to have ..what I call the social-work experience. And I believe that this is something that we've lost and I think we're paying a

price for it. Possibly we can compensate for it, through education, through training, and so on, but thereis no real compensation, no way to really add an alternative or substitute for love and for affection and for understanding. You can't teach that, you can't buy it and you can't get it out of a machine. It's just impossible. IT's just impossible. And I feel today, as a parent, somehow or another, I haven't been able to give to my boys and my daughter what my father and my mother gave to me. It isn't because I didn't want to, because I did, because more than anything else I wanted to do this. But it's because I simply haven't lived in an environment where it was possible to do so. My life has been one, more or less, of public life, of education and it just wasn't possible to have that same intimacy of contact and relationship between father and son, or mother and daughter

or father and daughter. We try to, of course, adjust ourselves accordingly, and make ..compensate some other ways, and I'm sure that my boys, for example, have had much richer experiences in some ways than I ever had.. for travel, for example, the variety of activity in which they participate. The opportunity to see so much more of thelife of their community and of their nation and of their world. So there are compensations, which was the better, I don't know. All I know is, I had a ball, I really enjoyed it and I would..I surely have no complaints about the early years of my life. In fact, I don't have much about any of it.

Minnesota
Historical Society