

## [We Oughta Print Money Ourselves]

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FOLKLORE

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NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Herman Partnow Saul Levitt

ADDRESS 557 W. 144th Street 557 W. 144th Street

DATE June 14th, 1939

SUBJECT Fringe Folklore

WE OUGHTA PRINT MONEY OURSELVES

1. Date and time of interview

2. Place of interview

Bryant Park

3. Name and address of informant

Anonymous

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4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C

TEXT OF INTERVIEW (UNEDITED)

STATE New York

NAME OR WORKER Herman Partnow Saul Levitt

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SUBJECT Fringe Folklore WE OUGHTA PRINT MONEY OURSELVES

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You can't steal my shirt. I always got two shirts. If one gets dirty I give the other one away to some guy, but I won't let you steal it. The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want. I want a suit of clothes, not a shirt. Will some millionaire with Jesus in his heart be kind enough to give as a suit of clothes? I'd like to take this here bum offen the streets. What I oughta do is not allow the Federal Reserve to print money. We oughta print it ourselves. That's the only way we're gonna get any. The Mayor says: Please don't give the hungry man on the street any money. Call a policeman and he'll tell the man where to get something

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to eat. All right, so they call a policeman. What happens? He don't ask if I'm hungry. He asks: How tall are you? How much do you weigh? Hell, I want to eat. An old man came to me crying the other day, take him to the Station House. The captain is out. So we go to the home relief. They tell us to go out and beg, steal, anything. If you know how to start a revolution, they'll pay your rent. Don't take as seriously, if nobody was on relief the damn middle class'd be on relief. I'm gonna send a 2 telegram to the Mayor and tell him there ain't no bums on the Bowery, all the bums are on Park Avenue and Central Park West. The real bums, if you want to know, are in Coney Island, no admission, no dues. That's where they belong, if you're gonna stop the revolution by feeding the bums, don't do it, no sir, let em starve. The sooner we can print money the better.