

[Nobody Boddas You]

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Duplicate Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Herman Spector

ADDRESS 701 Crotana Park North

DATE

SUBJECT "NOBODDY BODDAS YOU" (BELISKA'S RESTAURANT)

1. Date and time of interview
2. Place of interview BELISKA'S RESTAURANT CORNER ORCHARD AND DELANCEY
3. Name and address of informant MANAGER OF PLACE NAME AND ADDRESS UNKNOWN
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

NONE

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

FRIEND, MR. GORDON

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6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

TAKE FROM TEXT OF REPORT

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Herman Spector

ADDRESS 701 Crotana Park North

DATE

SUBJECT "NOBODDY BODDAS YOU" (BELISKA'S RESTAURANT)

Come in, gentlemens, sit down I got here a nice table. You vant better to sit over here - [Louis?], clean off! - is de same price. A pot of tea, right away. Here is evvyboddy velcome. Vot kind of people is here? You see. Dere is pushcart peddlers, a few contractors, bricklayers, maybe carpenters., painters a few. Heff and heff: heff is voiking, heff on relief - homerelief you call dis. Here noboddy boddas you: for 5 cents a day you sit, for a pot 10, 15 cents for two people. You play cards; do vot you like, so long you don't disturb. No, dey don't play for money; just for de treat. Is hungarians, Russians, de same faces, always the same, business is steady, ven somebody dies is vun less. Since de immigration is closed, you know, it grows gradjally less people; it is shrinking, yes, business is shrinking liddle by liddle...

Voices: Stop hocking a chynig! (Quit clapping on my kettle)...De vater gets cold already...

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- Excuse me please, gentlemen, later I come back, now I am busy.

(Note: I was directed to the tea-room by one [ccp?] and a couple of pushcart-peddlers on Orchard Street who told me it was a real old-time joint and insisted that the “tie” was drunk there from pitchers. The tearoom, known as the Beliska Restaurant, is located on the first floor of a building undergoing demolition at the corner of Delancey and Orchard. Its windows, smudged and bleary, afford an interesting view of the East Side street traffic. Seated at ancient tables along the walls and upon a platform in the [?] are gesticulating merchants and peddlers who drink tea from glasses and bite into [cubes?] of sugar while they play a “[shtiekel pinechle?]” or discuss affairs in Europe. It is an 2 interesting “joint” and the following rough transcript of the manager's friendly conversation is merely to set the locale for stories which I hope to gather there in the future.)