

## [Da Pinga Schleep]

1/4

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK [430?] Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Wayne Walden

ADDRESS 51 Bank St. NYC

DATE January 4, 1938

SUBJECT [Street Lore: "Da Pinga Schleep"?]

1. Date and time of interview January 3, 1939
2. Place of interview overheard on street, by staff-worker
3. Name and address of informant
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.

(Street Lore)

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Subject: "Da Pinga Schleep".

Wayne Walden

Jan. 3, 1939. 1/4 [430?]

An Italian laborer, employed upon a W.P.A. project, received a "Pink slip". The work, from which he was now severed by the dismissal notice, was excavating the foundation for a hospital. The loss of his job was a blow to the poor "Wop", and pitious was his wail.-

"Me Double Poo Ah.(WPA) Me go awshpeetahl. (hospital) Me worka like basticha. Udda fell he goodda for nut—loafa alla time. Bossa come, he do somating. No goodda for nut. Me worka like basticha. Me getta da pinga schleep!" (Pulls forth a piece of note paper from his pocket and, with a stub of pencil, scribbles upon it.) "Me scrivo (write) a (to) Mussoleen—he feex. Shoo, he feex! Wotta you teenk, he no feex? Aw, you stupeedo. Who, me? You stupeedo. Worka like basticha. Getta da pinga shleep. Sonnafa beech!" ( The above, lament of a laborer, was told to me by an English speaking Italian friend, Anthony DelVecchio. He assures me that it is reported almost precisely as he overheard it expressed by the wrathful "Wop" )

\*\*\*\*\* Ghost Writers?

"Wonder if they caught them lunatics that escaped lately from that hospital prison for the 'criminally insane'?"

The questioner, a lean, old man, appeared as if nothing in a cockeyed world would surprise him. Apparently he but wished to start a conversation. The answer came from a portly, middle aged man, not impossibly a Democrat. "Naw they aint caught 'em. And they aint ain't goin' to catch 'em. But I know where they are. Any fool ought to know where they are. They're down there in Washington writin' out the speeches of the incoming

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Republican Congressmen—there's where you'll find 'em.” (Overheard in a cigar store) [X X X X X X?]

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Street lore.

Wayne Walden

Jan. 4, 1939

Overheard on the Avenue.

Said one young lady:- “He gimme a book of quotations for a Christmas present.”

The second young lady: “A what ? “

The first: “A book of quotations; like Shakespeare— you know.”

\*\*\*\*\* She Didn't Hear His Answer.

The Avenue was unusually crowded, and walking exasperatingly slow, the trio of chattering maidens blocked the way of a dozen or more who were in [?] a greater a hurry. Suddenly the [?] gals swerved to gaze entranced upon a window display. “Oh Maud”, said one, “what was it I was so crazy about yesterday?” The answer I heard to the question, was from a grouchy old man. “No doubt it was the thing you're crazy about all the time”, he muttered.

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This, too, I heard upon a New York street recently. [??] [??????] Apparently employed by the same store, a couple of boys were hastening along the street with packages of to-be-delivered groceries. Some distance behind the other, the heavier burdened was

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endeavoring to catch up. [??] “Hey, George”, he shouted, “Hey, what're tryin' to be - a wise guy or a boy scout?”

(May be this isn't so hot, but I heard several men laugh when it occurred)

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