

[Folk Talk]

Nothing here we can use. [lw?]

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK 11/14 [?] Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Wayne Walden

ADDRESS 51 Bank Street, NYC

DATE November 14, 1938

SUBJECT [FOLKTALK - FOLKSTUFF: [?] Recordings?]

1. Date and time of interview November 7, 1938
2. Place of interview Heard along the streets
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.

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[1?] 11/14 FOLKTALE [??]

[Subject?]: Heard along the streets.

(Wayne Walden, Nov. 9, 1938) [1000?]

A walk along the city's streets, with ears spread to catch some of the fables folk-tales— produced these examples of fundamental folk interests interest, or lore; recorded this stuff on a [?] ***** xxx

Two men, obviously on the bum, were sitting on the curb of a street near the Bowery. As I came nearer one of them, sizing me up as a possible live [?] [?] began his spiel:

“Hi, Doc! How's everything, Doc ? Say , Doc, can I speak to you, Doc?”

Pausing to look into a store window nearby, and to overhear more, my pride in being mistaken for a doctor was soon dispelled.

“Why you 'Doc' him so much?” asked his partner, “Mooch him, for crisake; [?] him, and flatter the damned fool accordin' to wot you git.” ***** XXX

School let out. Vacation time approaching. A boy, about thirteen years old, is ambling down the street. A younger boy runs after him.

Younger boy: “Hey, d'ye know yer kid-brudder was promoted?”

Older boy: “Yeah? Wot for ?” I wonder?” ***** XXX

A gang of fellows on the corner, apparently swapping off-color stories. “Aw, dats dat's old stuff. I fell out of me cradle laffin' at that when I wus a baby.” ***** XXX

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From another group of fellows arguing over something. One of them says, referring to a member of the bunch: "Gees, yehr his ignorance is refreshin'!" He dont don't know whether Christ was crucified, or struck by a switch engine!" ***** XXX

A more solemn discussion is engaged in by three young fellows on the street. In this a point of ethics is raised.

"Right is right — you can t can't get away from that. What I say is, that a girl when she gets that way, aint ain't right in blaming the guy altogether — hell, she was there, wasn't she.!"
XXX 2 [2?] Subject: Burns and Davis Informant [David Hutchinson, 226 W. 111 St. N.Y. City*1] (Wayne Walden, Nov. 7, 1938.)

My informant, *1 a worker on the staff of a Home Relief station uptown, told me something of the circumstances of the following "poems." He permitted my making a copy of them. As will be obvious, they were not lifted from the published or unpublished work of a Shelly, Keats, Pope or Byron, nor from even an Eddie Guest or Walt Mason. / One is the effusion of a college-educated lady interviewer, moved to lyrical outburst in admiration of a couple of male supervisors. An uneducated guard —working at the same office— brain-heaved the other , the completer version, in resentment of the lady's eulogy of but two of the hard-working staff, when all, including himself, were as deserving of the lady's lyrical lines. Anyhow , this ([printed in the "Staff Bulletin"?]) and signed "J.S." is the lady's poem. 1- If you want to see life Know it's humour and sobs Just come to reception And sit down with the mobs!

2- For there you will find What a Ph.D. never learns The dramatic careers Of Messers Davis and Burns.

3- These popular chiefs Have a purpose united The one is quite calm The other's excited.

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4- The combination's essential Makes plenty of static When one is all poised, And the other's dramatic.

5- Both men please the public With their vision and tact For in truth these Apollos No virtues have lacked.

6- The clients, they come, They argue with fire, While the poor struggling "in-takers" Sit and perspire.

7- The guards, how they yell And bellow all day And push back the throngs To keep them at bay.

8- While Davis with charm And Burns with emotion

8 con. Manage to fill their fair staff With commotion.

9- Oh! callous Society Little doth know The heart of the East-side Its life and its woe.

10- But ask the "in-takers" Handsome Davis and Burns Who lasten, perspire argue, budget in turns.

11- If they were permitted To tell all they know They'd touch hearts unheeding And light on life throw!

[?] 3 Informant: D. Hutchinson Subject: Davis and Burns. page 3 (Wayne Walden Nov. 7, 1938) (Now comes this! See what an that uncouth guard did to scribbled after those lovely lines!)— #

***** " If you want to see life, "says a Bulletin bard " Know it's hunger and sobs " , and it's side that is hard, " Just come to Reception, " of the hungry and sore " And sit down with the mobs, " for a few hours or more. F " For there you will find, " if you'll sit long and wait, " What a Ph.D. never learn, " until it's too late, " The dramatic careers " of a prize pair

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of shieks, “ Of [?] Messers Davis and Burns “ -of these only she shrieks! “ These popular chiefs “ -Burns and Davis, no less! “ Have a purpose united “ -she does not confess, “ The one is quite calm “ , like a turtle, he's slow ., “ The other's excited “ -well, she ought to know! “ The combination's essential “ -that's cryptically clear, “ Makes plenty of static “ -However, that's queer! “ When one is all poised “ -and never excited, “ And the other's dramatic “ -they're darned well united. “ Both men please the public “ -at least cause 'em no rancor, “ With their vision and tact “ , in evading an answer “ For in truth these Apollos “ , the poetess glows, “ No virtues have lacked “ , nor vices disclose. “ The clients, they come “ -in myriad numbers, “ They argue with fire “ -and return to their slumbers, “ While the poor struggling 'in-takers' “ —cogitating new wiles, “ Sit and perspire, “ -and absorb the staff's smiles. “ The guards, how the they yell “ -they perform the real work, “ And bellow all day “ —(while Meserrs B. and D. shirk) “ And push back the throngs “ , thus safe-guarding the staff, “ To keep them at bay “ —aye, and get a horse laugh! “ While Davis with charm “ -charmingly chats in his chair, “ And Burns with emotion “ -churning the air, “ Manage to fill their fair staff “ -with great gobs of gravy, “ With commotion “ —not felt since their nights with the Navy. “ Oh! callous Society “ —of bootlegger or banker, “ Little doth know “ -of anything ranker. “ The heart of the East side “ —like it's lungs and it's liver, “ It's life and it's woe “ —extend down to the river. “ But ask the 'in-takers' “ —(you'll be none the wiser) “ Handsome Davis or Burns “ —or their supervisor, “ Who listen, perspire, argue, budget “ —and prance “ In turns “ -but give the poor clients a long song and dance! “ If they were permitted “ —to do what they'd like, “ To tell all they know “ —they'd both hit the hike; “ They'd touch hearts unheeding “ — wherever wherever they'd roam, “ And light on life throw “ -and pee phooey on this 'poem'. XXX 5 Sheet [?] -5-

Wayne Walden, November 22, 1938 11/23 300

The following fragments of discussions, picked up in passing along the city's streets, are a continuation of some similar material previously turned in. [?] is American, [????]?

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[A High And Haughty Manner?]

In a cigar store which serves as the rendezvous of the neighborhood's sport fans, a gang of usually noisy young men were intently listening to one of their fellows. Evidently, the speaker had suffered a rebuff from the captain upon applying for a position on a ball team. While giving vent to his disappointment he was interrupted by a question. "Snooty?" / was came the answer , " d'ye ask if the guy was snooty! He acted as stuckup and snooty as a bank clerk cashing a home relief check."

[Consigned to Everlasting Hell. ?]

Passing by a house, the renovation of which was about completed, I heard the agent striving to impress a prospective renter with a glowing description of the available apartments within.

"No" / said the prospect, / "I cant can't see it at that price at all. When you're more reasonable I may be interested, but not now."

"I'm afraid you'll have a long wait", / replied the agent, / "for rents are going up, not down, and -"

"Maybe", / said the prospect, /" maybe rents are going up, but if my nightly prayers are answered all you landlords will be going down, not up; and you'll stay there a damned long time."

[Fatalistic Resignation?]

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“Let 'em fire, and be damned”, said a W.P.A. worker when told of still another threat to his precarious job. / “Hell, I've got now so that I'm like a punch-drunk fighter in the ring, / and dont don't care much which corner I'm knocked out in.”