

## [Marvin Leonard]

Beliefs & Customs - Occupational Love Tales - Anecdotes 16

FOLKLORE

\*\*\*

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Frank Byrd

ADDRESS 224 West 135th Street, N.Y.C.

DATE March 28, 1939

SUBJECT Pullman Porters' & Dining Car Workers' Stories

1. Date and time of interview March 27, 11:30 A.M.
2. Place of interview 46 West 136th Street, N.Y.C.
3. Name and address of informant Marvin Leonard 46 West 136th Street New York City
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.  
Robert Ball 46 West 135th Street, N.Y.C.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

## Library of Congress

None

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

Apartment House

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Frank Bryd

ADDRESS 224 West 135th Street, N.Y.C.

DATE March 28, 1939

SUBJECT Pullman Porters' & Dining Car Workers' Stories II - CHEF SAMPSON  
SAMPSON'S ICE BOX

When we were running on the Pennsy, there was an old chef on our run who was the [ meanest, ] most onery old cuss you ever heard of. His name was Sampson and he could out-cuss a blue streak. [ He was short, squatty and black... and as evil as he was black. ] He was a dictator in his kitchen and there was hell to pay any time the dining car waiters and cooks assistants did not hue the line as far as chef's kitchen-rules were concerned.

There was one thing he was particularly mean about. He didn't allow anybody, not even the steward or second cook, to go into his ice box. The steward had the right to, of course,

## Library of Congress

but even he used to humor the old man because he was so efficient in his work. And any time the second or third cooks wanted anything, they had to say:

“Going in, Chef!”

Meaning, of course, the ice box . Well, if he felt in the mood, he'd say:

“Go 'head in!”

2

If he didn't, the answer would be:

“Wait a minute. I'll git it for you. I got my box 'ranged jus' lak I want it an' I don't want it mixed up.”

We also had an inspector named Mister Trout. He was a tall, rangy, mean-looking cracker from down in Georgia. He used to pop up unexpectedly in all sort of little out of the way stations, board the train and start gum-shooing around, seeing what he sees. Well, this day he climbs aboard at Altoona and just when we're speeding through the mountains to Pittsburgh, [old?] [man?] Trout eases back into the kitchen and starts rummaging through [chef's?] ice box . Chef had his back turned and was busy chopping some onions on a board near the window. He heard the commotion, however, and, without turning around, said:

“Git the hell outa dat ice [?] box .”

Old [man?] Trout said nothing, but continued his inspection.

“Git outa dat ice box, I say!” [chef?] repeated, still without turning around.

Old [man?] Trout straightened up to his full six, rawbony feet, took one contemptuous look at Chef Sampson and said;

## Library of Congress

“Who in hell do you think you're talkin' to? My name is TROUT!”

Chef Sampson stared back as cool as you please. Finally he / drawled:

“I wouldn't give a damn if it's CATFISH. You git duh hell outa my ice box!”