

["Here's a good one"]

[?] 1/4

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK DUP Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE NEW YORK

NAME OF WORKER Marion Charles Hatch,

ADDRESS 862 First Ave.

DATE Dec. 5, 1938

SUBJECT "HERE'S A GOOD ONE" - YARNS OF NEW YORK HACKIES.

1. Date and time of interview Saturday afternoon Dec. 3, 1938

2. Place of interview

Hiring Hall, Taxi Drivers Union of Greater New York, Room 205, 1947 Broadway

3. Name and address of informant Jack Ryan, address above, organizer in charge of taxicab maintenance; Sidney Burowsky, welfare director address above.

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

Several hackies suggested I try the taxi union.

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

6. Description of rooms house, surroundings, etc.

As suggested by Mr. Hartog I will later write a general lead under which any taxicab stories can be assembled. Because of the manner in which these stories are told it is difficult to obtain the information under form B. In the case of some informants I may be able to do this later.

PLEASE CHANGE THE INFORMANT'S NAME IF ANY OF THE MATERIAL IS PUBLISHED.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of interview ([Unedited?])

STATE NEW YORK

NAME OF WORKER Marion Charles Hatch,

ADDRESS 862 First Ave. New York

DATE Dec. 5, 1938

SUBJECT HERE'S A GOOD ONE" - YARNS OF NEW YORK HACKIES INDIAN FOOL STORY - TOLD BY JACK RYAN

Now here's one that actually happened.

At Atlantic Avenue and Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, there is a Parmole cab stand there and at this stand, working, there was a little inoffensive fellow married to a very beautiful

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girl. But he had to get permission from his mother-in-law when ever he wanted to see his wife. The fellows were constantly kidding him about this, how the devil he could manage to get along without having any women, except on the very rare occasions when his mother-in-law allowed him access to his wife. So the fellows on the line cooked up a scheme. He happened to be a tight wad. He would never buy anything. He had to be tight because his mother-in-law made him turn in all his receipts. One of the fellows by the name of Joe Flore went to him one day and described to him a very beautiful Indian woman and told him that this Indian woman had seen him and liked him very much and had asked Flore to arrange for him to come up to her house and see her. She wasn't by any means a gold digger. All she wanted him to do was to bring up some fruit and a bottle of whiskey and take it up to her room that night. He gave him the number of her rooming house. This girl lived on the fourth floor of a walk-up apartment. All he had to do was go up to the Fourth floor and knock on the door and the girl would admit him. He was to have the 2 the whiskey and the fruit along with him. This fellow agreed to do this. In the meantime Joe Flore came up to the garage and he got the mechanic there to give him a lot of burned out electric light bulbs. He went with these electric light bulbs and parked himself on the fifth floor at the appointed time. After awhile this driver came up with the whiskey and the bag of fruit. He knocked on the door where the supposed Indian woman lived and as soon as he did this Joe fire down the bulbs one after another. They sounded like pistol shots in the confined space of the hallways. Just like pistol shots. At the same time he started running down the stairs, making a heavy noise with his feet and yelling, "You're the son-of-a-bitch that been after my wife." The fellow dropped his package of whiskey ran for his life. Of course all the boys had a lot of fun with the fruit and the whiskey. Strange to say they pulled this on him a second time. They told him the Indian woman had been down and told how sorry she was that it happened. This time her husband was definitely out of town and wouldn't be back for months, for him to come again with whiskey and fruit and she would see that there was no interference this time. The guy went back the second time and Joe was again waiting for him. This time he yelled, "You ran fast last time but this time you bastard you won't get away from me. I'll follow you to the ends of the earth," or words to

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that effect. The guy ran out of the house, left his cab where it was and he's never been seen by any of those men since. He just faded out of the picture, disappeared completely. I'm the guy that gave Joe Flore the bulbs and had some of the whiskey too.

***** YOU NEVER KNOW WHO PICKS YOU UP - told by Sidney Burowsky.

They get you in the cab and they tell you they are Gov. Lehman or President Roosevelt and just go ahead and break the speed laws. Until some cop picks you up. That is the one cop they don't know.

I once had a guy he picks me up on Williams street and we go over to the West Side Highway. He starts tellin' me, "a fine piece of work," and I says to him "What are you talking about?" "This is a fine piece of work this West Side Highway. I agreed, its a fine piece of work. "You know who built it dont' you?" I said, No who to hell did?" He said "I did". I said, "No"!" I'm James E. Stewart," he said. He was just a bum.

Lot of people wouldn't even believe that its true. You got a slob with a woman and he wants to impress the woman he's somebody. He will tell you he did this and he did that. Here's a little story to show you what I mean.

I once worked for the Yellows that was in the olden days about thirteen. years ago. I'm sent out in the job. You know they call up the place and you pick up the fare. He takes me around to a lot of places. He takes me to a bank. The Chemical National Bank, I think. You know he goes into the bank and I wait outside. He's in there about an hour. And he takes me to a restaurant. I see the guys easy with money, you know, and I eat the right thing, with a guy like that you don't order a glass of beer. I developed a severe case of heart burns. He takes me into a drug store and he tells the guy to mix up some medicine for me. I says to him, "Who to hell are you, anyway?" and he says "I'll show you who I am!" He takes me down to Polyclinic hospital and when he got in there everybody in the place

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says, "Hello!" the girls and the man working there all know him. He picks up a lot of stuff and I found out he was one of the best medical illustrators in the country. He draws and paints, a kidney, you know, for the doctors to lecture on. He takes me down stairs and shows me where they perform autopsies and all that. After fussing around he takes me out to Grantwood, N.J. He took me around and the bill was \$28.00 He gives me a check. So I told him, "This is no good for me. I can't turn it in!"

He took me to every leading citizen in the town and they all swore by their kids their fathers, and mothers that they aint got no change. Next day I went over to the bank on 41 St. and Madisons, The Chemical National. Its on the southwest corner. I go in with chick and they tell me, "No funds!" I tell them he was in 4 here yesterday for over an hour. They say, "Sure, we know! He's crazy. He's a lunatic!"

Let me tell you what happened after that. His wife paid me \$5.00 at a time. She was a nurse working for a family in the town and I couldn't stand the way she was crying. So I lest her pay twice, ten dollars in all and I let the thing go.

***** THREE HOURS TO CROSS THE AVENUE.

Told by Sidney [Burowsk?]y

This is about the Pennsylvania, too. Of course everybody in New York knows the Pennsylvania Hotel is just across the Avenue from the Pennsylvania Station. The driver was working for the Terminal Taxicab. He was one of these river rats. It just happened that the river front was slow that day and he decided to play the Pennsylvania station. His luck he got in the Pennsylvania station. A passenger came out with plenty of baggage and started to put the baggage in the cab and the passenger tells the driver to take him to the Pennsylvania hote. The driver says to the passenger, "Pennsylvania Hotel, Yes sir, I'll be glad to take you there!" He took him out the Eighth Avenue side, went over to the West side Highway. Got up on the highway, rode him down to the battery, came back around the horn, over the Brooklyn Bridge, rode him down Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, back again

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to Long Island City. Thats a true fact and I know the driver, too. Over the Queensboro Bridge, down to Park Avenue, down to Thirty-Third Street and the Pennsylvania Hotel on Thirty Third Street side. He jumps out of the cab, opens up the door holds up his hand and says "Here we are, sir! Pennsylvania hotel!" The door man unloaded the baggage. The passenger paid the driver a sum over ten dollars and gave him a fifty cent tip. He thanked the driver for taking him there safely after giving him that big joy ride.

The passenger finally went to sleep after that tiresome trip. The following morning he gets up and he gets a visitor in his room. He pulls the window shade up and remarks to his friend, in the room, that a lovely day it was and so forth. He 5 looks out of the window and sees a very odd looking building, about two blocks [?], and enquires from his friend "What is that building, pray tell me!" What is the name of that building across the street!" His friend says to him, "That's the Pennsylvania station!" He says, "Holy Cow," he says, "only last night I came off the train at the Pennsylvania station I engaged a taxicab there and told him to take me to the Pennsylvania Hotel. After taking me for a joy ride crossing several bridges we finally arrived three hours later!" This friend said, "You did, hey? I'll have that driver reported." So they came down the next day and started to look for that driver and they recognized him and they got him. After being threatened by the Company that they would turn him into the hack bureau and have his license revoked, he's finally settled the bill for five dollars. He turned back half of what he accepted and everything was honky dory after that.

Text of Interview (Unedited) "JARGON OF NEW YORK TAXICAB DRIVERS."

(Collected from numerous taxi drivers in many different locations.)

Hackie taxicab driver

Hack any cab

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Load-a cab; particularly an old, dilapidated car.

Lump-a cab; “anything they don't like.”

Blimp - one of the big “Town Cabs” with 'artillery” wheels. An old-fashioned car. One of the first stream-lined cars which came out about 1938.

Crate-same as lead.

Heap-a cab; “anything they don't like.”

Jiloppie an old car

Skunk passenger who does not tip, paying exactly what's on the meter. To be 'skunked' is to fail to get a tip.

clock the meter.

Watch same

Rip A trip with a passenger.

On the arm- To ride with the flag up, that is with the meter not registering, cheating the company out of the money.

Stick up Same as 'on the arm.' 2 JARGON OF NEW YORK TAXICAB DRIVERS.” with his banner flying - same as ‘on the arm.’ Riding the ghost This is the opposite situation. This is riding with the flag down, with the clock in a recording position. This occurs when the driver has had a bad night and knows the boss won't give him a cab the next morning if he doesn't show more returns. So he puts his own money up for the time he is riding with the flag down. Riding his cap

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When the hackie puts his cap against the back window so that it appears as though a passenger were there. This is the same as 'riding the ghost.' Jockeying (First meaning)

It is against the law to permit any other driver to drive a cab dispatched to a certain driver. On the other hand the hackie may want to go to a show. If he doesn't make enough bookings he won't get a cab the following day. He gets a 'jockey' to drive the cab for him for a few hours to keep the bookings up. The 'jockey' turns over only the company's share keeping the usual percentage of the driver. Jockeying (Second meaning)

This word is also used to mean giving a friend a lift or riding a passenger in the front compartment of the car either free or by giving something to the driver. THE Company's end

The company's share of receipts which, throughout New York is 67 1/2 per cent. The Driver's end

The driver's share which is 42 1/2 per cent.
