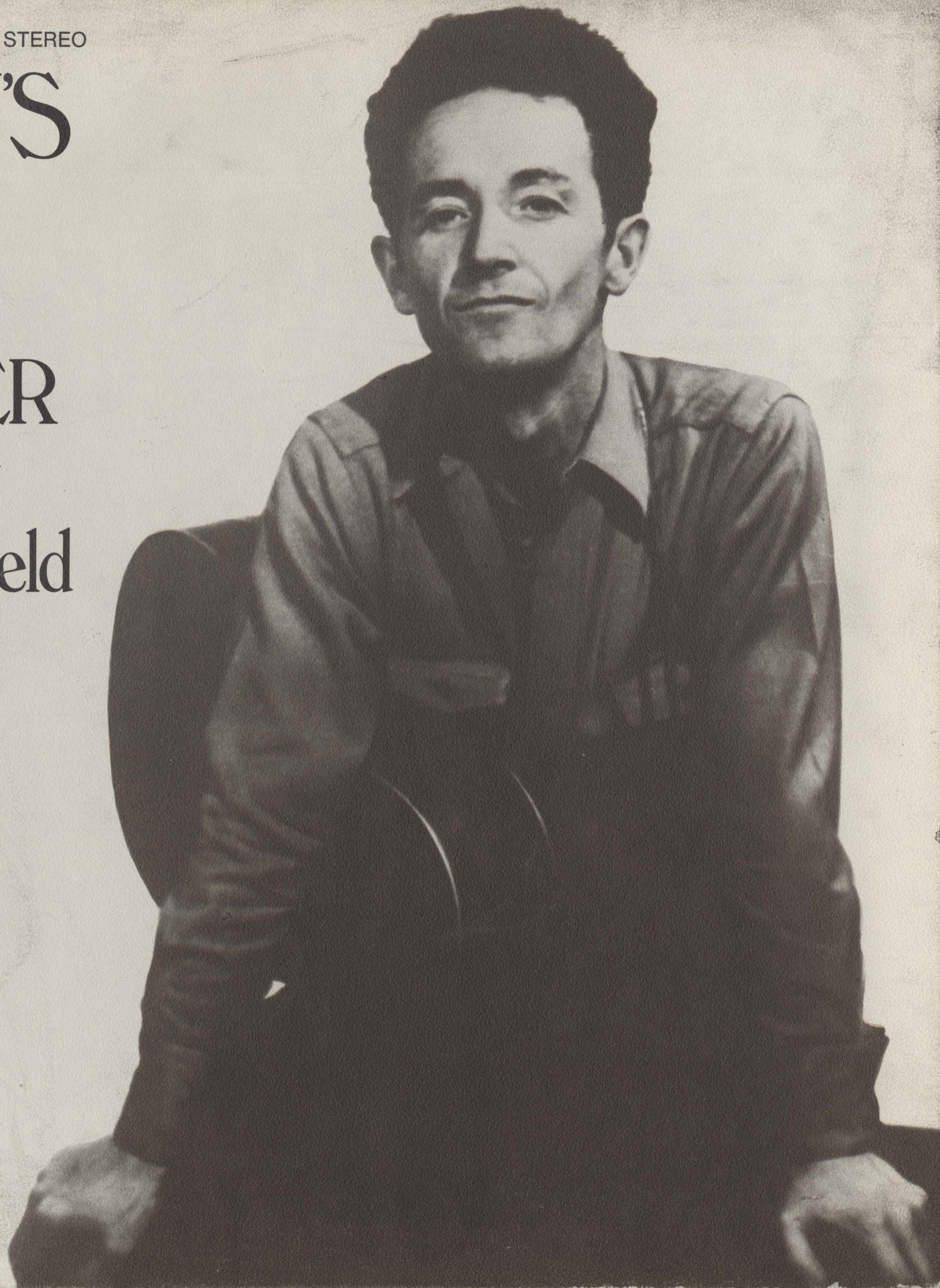


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2930 STEREO

WOODY'S STORY

As told by
WILL GEER
& sung by
Dick Wingfield



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2930
STEREO

Woody Guthrie — his early life,
his travels, his illness.
Twenty-four songs.

SIDE 1

Swing Low
It Takes a Worried Man
This Train
Hard Traveling
I'm Going Down This Road
I Ain't Afraid
So Long
Do Re Mi

SIDE 2

Talking Dust Bowl
Pastors of Plenty
This Land Is My Land
Biggest Thing Man Has Ever Done

SIDE 3

When the Saints
Philadelphia Lawyer
Good Night Irene
Jesus Christ
There's a Better World A-Coming
Pretty Boy Floyd
My Daddy Flies

SIDE 4

Reuben James
Roosevelt Button
Grand Coulee Dam
Brown Eyes
This Train Is Bound

Photo by Sid Grossman

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701 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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Dick Wingfield

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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As told by **WILL GEER**
and sung by **Dick Wingfield**



BALLADS FROM THE DUST BOWL is the Fourteenth album I've done by myself and with others. I made up my first loose songs when I was a kid, a few about other kids and teachers in school. I left my home state, Oklahoma, and moved over the line up onto the high flat wheat and grazing lands just at the time the first oil derricks were jumping up in front of the cowmen's eyes. I traveled all around over the Texas Panhandle with cowboy fiddle bands, played at farm houses, ranch dances, Chamber of Commerce banquets, centennials, holidays and the likes. I made up my first written down songs in these days. I hit the highways west with the families that blew out with the big dust storms, played all up and down the southwest, the west coast, played and sang on a Los Angeles radio station for a half an hour a day for two years.

I played around at the cotton pickers strikes and on all kinds of picket lines with Will Geer, and several other actors and entertainers, kept on making up songs and learning new ones from all of the union battlers I would meet. I followed the crops in season, the schools of running fish, the flights of bees and birds, chased rodeos, carnivals, fairs, and celebrations where I tossed my hat on the floor and sung for my tips. I sang for all kinds of picket lines as I went up and down roads. I hit New York in a big blizzard in 1940, and read the papers, made up songs, played in all kinds of halls, homes, apartments, outdoor rallies and meetings that fought for things I liked. I got jobs in every radio station, almost, and hit all of the coast to coast networks. I traveled the country with the Almanac Singers, and we made several albums of records of a militant union flavor. I joined up with the Merchant Marines during the war and made Three Invasions, got torpedoed twice.

And then I was drafted into the Army when Hitler surrendered, I walked into the inducting office on VE day. I took my music box with me on every ship and sung in the PX's and barracks of all the Army Air Fields I stayed at. I kept making up songs. I made a hundred or more records with Moe Asch in his studios between trips of ships and trains, some with Cisco Houston, an NMU Seaman.

I met most of the old Almanacs a day or so after I got my Honorable Discharge, and they had organized a trainload of new Almanacs, and progressive song writers and singers into a group called "Peoples Songs", formed to get the idea you need to you on the day that you need it, the song, the ballad, the chant, or the material that you need for your militant trade union program. I commenced going around singing with them again, and with Peter Seeger, the elected president of "Peoples Songs." I made a new album for Moe Asch for his new DISC COMPANY, "Ballads From The Dust Bowl", songs of the Migratory Worker. A couple of the songs were already made up out in the

Pacific Northwest about the King Columbia River and the Bonneville and Grand Coulee Dams, by the Department of the Interior, Bonneville Power Administration, in Portland, Oregon.

I am now working on several book ideas, books of ballads, songs, stories, tall tales, and some straight facts about things I've seen singing songs for the labor movement. I have had to jack up my fee on account of high prices, and am not able to sing at small gatherings as I one time did, trying to reach only the larger crowds, and to devote more time to the books crawling around in my head. I am still open for bookings, but the affair must be large.

WOODY GUTHRIE

SIDE I

I was what you call an Oklahoma boy, Okemah, Oklahoma. And I carved my initials on about anything that stands still out there: W.W. Guthrie. My poor ma got all worked up about good and bad things in politics and named me Woodrow Wilson Guthrie, W.W. Guthrie. I remember trying to follow my big sister Clara off to school, my mama come out, she dragged me back to the front porch, and there on that front porch, when I was five years old, I remember making up my first song. The grass and the pickets out there in the front was my first audience.

Listen to the music, music, music
Listen to the music, music, music man.

In those days our folks getting along pretty good. We lived in a great big seven-room yellow house, and folks would ride by in their buggies and surreys and they'd say "Ah, that's Nora and Charlie Guthrie's place."

My mama taught me all kinds of songs. Taught me the songs people sang, songs she knew, we called them songs, we didn't hear about ballads or folk songs, they're just songs. She taught me about how people lived, good and bad, and about how to look at the other person's point of view. Folks down the road, over the tracks.

Swing low (swing low) sweet chariot
(sweet chariot)
Coming for to carry me home
(Swing low) swing low sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

Well, I looked over Jordan and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A whole band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

Papa taught us never to be a-scared of anybody or let anyone bully us or scare us. He was a brave man. And our great big seven-room yellow house burned down.

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm a worried now, but I won't be worried long.

Well, I went across the river, I lay me down
to sleep
Yes I went across the river, I lay me down to
sleep
When I awoke, had shackles on my feet.

And it takes a worried man to sing a worried
song
Oh yes it takes a worried man to sing a
worried song
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

Twenty-one links of chain around my legs
Twenty-one links of chain around my legs
And on each link is an initial of my name.

Oh, it takes a worried man to sing a worried
song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

That train I ride is twenty-one coaches long
The train I ride is twenty-one coaches long
I'm on that train and I'm bound to be gone.

'Cause it takes a worried man to sing a
worried song
O yes it takes a worried man to sing a worried
song
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

If anybody asks you who made up this song
If anybody asks you who made up this song
Tell him we did, and we'll sing it all night
long.

O yes it takes a worried man to sing a worried
song
O yes it takes a worried man to sing a worried
song
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

I can remember mama coming in the bedroom and saying: "Come on you young sprout, cover up; you're my newest curly-headed youngest hardest-headed one." "What's a hard-head, mama?" "Means you go and do what you want to." "Is my head a hard one, mama?" "Yes, you bet it is." "Mama, do you know, do you know what I, who I'd marry if I was grown up?" "No, haven't the least inkling. Who?" "You." "Me?" "Uh-huh." "Well, you couldn't marry me if you wanted to, I'm already married to your papa." "Ah, can't I marry you too?" "Certainly not." "Why?" "You can't marry your old mommy, you'll have to look around for another girl-mama." "Mama do you know what that mean little kid across the alley said?" "No." "He asked me how come our pretty big seven-room yellow house burned down and he wanted to know if you set a match and set fire to it."

It takes a worried man to sing a
worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a
worried song
I'm worried now, but I won't be
worried long.

"Woody, have you got that box of matches again?" "Hmmm, just playing with it." "What are you playing?" "War." "You're too big to play war, games like that, you're twelve years old now, Woody." "You don't get too old to play war, mama." "Well, you just have a war with something else. You see that, fire-bug? See that?" "Don't be scared, mama." "Oh, mean old Woody, mean to his mama, mean, cause I just can't understand how I get all worked up when I see something like that. Your little eyes haven't seen, maybe you don't even halfway guess the misery that goes through my mind when I hold a match in my hand. I'm not afraid. I'm not a-scared, though, Woody, there's nothing on the face of this earth that scares me, Woody, Woody...."

That train pulled out, twenty-one
coaches long
That train pulled out, twenty-one
coaches long
I'm on that train, and I'm bound
to be gone.

Mama kept on having spells like that. My papa went off to the hospital, the neighbors come in and they fetched her off and they took her on the Westbound passenger train to the Asylum. "Bye Woody, 'Bye Woody. Woody."

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory, this train
(Woody, don't be scared, Woody)

This train is a-leaving town, well, it's
a hitting the road
And a-heading on down
Well this train is bound for glory, this
train.

This train don't carry no gamblers, this
train
This train don't carry no gamblers, this
train
This train don't carry no gamblers, liars,
thieves or big-shot rambler
This train is bound for glory, this train.

An uncle of mine taught me to play the guitar, I
went around to all of the square dances all over the
county singin', uh, "Buffalo Gal", "Old Joe Clark",
I got three dollars a night. Made up new words to
the old tunes, sang 'em everywhere I go. It's a
song you can sing right out. People will jump up
and down, they sing with you, and on top of this
you can say what you think in a song. And, on the
Texas plains, right out there in the middle of the
old Dust Bowl, with the oil boom over and the wheat
rolled over and hard-working people just stumbling
around bothered with mortgages, debts and bills, and
worries of every known kind, I'd seen that there was
plenty to make up songs about.

I been doing some hard traveling, I thought
you knew
I been doing some hard traveling, way down
the road
I been doing some hard traveling, hard
rambling, hard gambling
I been doing some hard traveling on.

I been riding them fast rattlers, I thought
you knew
I been riding them flat wheelers way down the
road
I been riding them blind passengers, dead
enders picking up cinders
I been having some hard traveling, Lord.

Some people like me, hated me, booted me, jeered
me; before long I was kicked out of every old place
in the county. I never did make up any songs about
cow trails, the moon skipping around through lovers
trails; I made up plenty songs of what was wrong, how
maybe you could make 'em better. Good or bad.

I'm going down this road feeling bad O Lord,
Yes I'm going down this road feeling bad
I'm going down this road feeling bad, O Lord
God
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

Well now your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet,
Lord
Yes your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet
O your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet, Lord
God
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

Takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,
Lord
Takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,
Lord

Takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,
Lord
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

Then I got a little braver. I made up songs about
what I thought was wrong and how to make it right.
Songs of what everybody was thinkin' about, you
know, and that.

I ain't afraid of no God-damned deputy
sherriff
No and I ain't afraid of no God-damned
deputy sherriff
No and I ain't afraid of no God-damned
deputy sherriff
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

I'll get me a deputy sherriff if they get
me
Yes, I'll get me a deputy sherriff if they
get me
O I'll get me a deputy sherriff if they
get me
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

Hey now you bastards you better leave me
alone
Hey now you bastards you better leave me
alone
Hey now you bastards you better leave me
alone
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

Now I stayed in Pampa after my mother and father
died, I was about fifteen years old, over in the
Panhandle of Texas. I got on a little old radio
station over there, it had about six or seven watts...
and the dust started to begin blowing out there,
thirty-three, blew and blew everything away...dust
kept getting blacker and blacker, and drought more
and more, and rain less and less, and then I thought
I'd get on out so I said:

I've sung this song but I'll sing it again
The place that I live in the wild windy plain
Was the month of April, the county of Gray
And all of the people were heard to say

So long, it's been good to know you,
So long, it's been good to know you,
So long, it's been good to know you
This dusty old dust is a-getting my home
And I've got to be drifting along.

Well, the dust storm hits and it hits like
thunder
It dusted us over and it dusted us under
It blocked out the traffic, it blocked out
the sun,
And straight for home all the people did
run, singing

So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
This dusty old dust is a-getting my home
And I've got to be drifting along.

Well the sweethearts sat in the park and
they spark
They hugged and they kissed in the dusty
old dark
They sighed and they cried and they hugged
and they kissed
Instead of marriage they talked like this

Well so long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
This dusty old dust is a-getting my home
And I've got to be drifting along.

Well, the telephone rang, it jumped off
the wall
And that was the preacher a-making his
call
He said "Hi folks, this may be the end
So I gather the price of Salvation from
Sin

And it's so long, it's been good to know
you
So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
This dusty old dust is a-getting our
home
And I've got to be drifting along.

Well, the churches was jammed and the churches
was packed
The dirty old dust was a-blowing so black
That the preacher could not read a word of
his text
So he folded his specs and he took up
collection, said

So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
This dusty old dust is a-getting my
home
And I've got to be drifting along.

So long...so long, long about with two hundred
twenty-thousand oakies, that's what they called
us. We set out across the Texas Panhandle to
Arizona. We got out alone, over in the edge of
Arizona, heading straight for the old Peach bowl,
California.

Lots of folks back home they say
Leaving home every day
Beating that hot old dusty train to
the California line
'Cross the desert sands they roll
Getting out of that old dust bowl
They think they're going to a sugar-
honey coated bowl
Here is what they find
For the police at the port of entry say
You're number fourteen thousand for today.

If you ain't got the do-re-me, boys
If you ain't got the do-re-me,
You better go back to beautiful Texas
Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee

California is a garden of Eden
A paradise to live in or see
But believe it or not, you won't find
it so hot
If you ain't got the do-re-me.

You want to buy a home or farm, well,
That won't do nobody harm,
Take your vacation by the mountains or
sea,
Don't trade your cow for a
Better stay right where you are
Better take this little tip from me.

"Cause I look through the want ads every
day
But the headlines on the papers always
say
If you ain't got the do-re-me, boys
If you ain't got the do-re-me,
Well you better go back to beautiful
Texas
Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee
California is a garden of eden
A paradise to live in or see
But believe it or not, you won't find it
so hot
If you ain't got the do-re-me.

Well, John Steinbeck said in his book, Tom Joad,
"We buried Grandpa on the Arizona side, and
Grandma on the California side. But we made it."

SIDE II

Well, back in nineteen twenty-seven
I had me a farm, I called that heaven.
The prices up and the rains come down
I haul my crops all into town
I got money, bought some groceries and
some clothes
Fed the kids and raised a big old family,
Then the rains quit and the winds got high

The dirty old dust storm filled the sky
Traded my farm for a Ford machine and
Poured full of this gasoline
It started a-rocking and a-rolling
Deserts and mountains, right on out to the
old Peach Bowl.

Well, way up yonder on a mountain road
Had a hot engine and a heavy load
Going pretty fast, we wasn't even stopping
Just bounced up and down like popcorn
a-popping
Had a break-down, got a nervous bus there,
of sorts,
A mechanic up there told me I had engine
trouble

"That's what you got, boy, engine trouble."

Well way up yonder on a mountain road
Way up yonder in the piney wood
Give that rolling Ford a shove,
I was gonna coast just as far as I could
Then it started rolling, picking up speed
Then a hairpin turn, and well, I didn't
quite make it.

Man alive, I'm telling, you them fiddles
and guitars really flew
Oh, yes, that Ford took off like a flying
squirrel
Flew halfway around the world
Scattered my kids, and my wife, and me all
over the side of the mountain

Well, we got to California so dad-gum broke
So dad-gum hungry I thought I'd croak
But I bummed up a 'tater or two
And my wife fixed up some 'tater stew
With the kids full of it and bedded down

Lord, man, I'm telling you
That surely was thin 'tater stew
So damn thin I mean, I could read a
magazine through it
And look at the pretty pictures too.
Pretty whiskey bottles, naked women,
and such

Well, I've always thought, always figured, always
contended that if that stew was just a little bit
thinner, just a little bit thinner, some of our
politicians could have seen right through it.

I heard that on station KFVD, Tiajuana, Los
Angeles. Went right down to meet that feller,
that's the first time I heard Woody sing a song,
nineteen thirty-six. And we got together, went
off into the Imperial Valley, for the lettuce-
pickers strike, and sang for the migratory workers,
most of the Okies from his home state, went up
North into so called Steinbeck country in Salinas,
up around into Indio, the date country, and we, uh,
there we were picking the apples and the peaches
and the cherries, and we all picked apricots...and
Woody made up a song there that is pretty popular,
too. Pastures of Plenty.

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hand-
shave hoed
My poor feet have traveled that hot dusty
road
Out of your dustbowls and Westward we roll
And your deserts was hot and your mountains
was cold.

I've worked in your orchards of peaches
and prunes
Slept on the ground in the light of your
moon
On the edge of your city you'll see us
and then
We come with the dust and we go with the
wind.

California, Arizona, I've made all your
crops
Then it's north up to Oregon to gather
your hops
Pick the beets from the ground, cut the
grapes from the vine
To set upon your table that light spark-
ling wine.

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert
ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters
run down
Every state in the Union us migrant has been
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till
we win.

It's always we ramble, that river and I
All along your green valley I'll work till
I die
My lands I'll defend with my life need it
be
For my pastures of plenty must always be
free.

Woody and I got a job in Holly in a picture called
"Fight for Life" U.S. Film Service. We both got
our job because our wives were pregnant, pregrant,
as Woody called it then. The picture needed
eight months wide long gone to be taking the pictures
at a certain time. Well, we were up in this part
of the country, we done the first shooting, I was a
doctor in this picture, "The Fight for Life", we got
word up in San Jose and John Steinbeck told us we
had to get back, he was supervisor on the picture,
so we hurried out in Woody's old Ford, we got along
pretty good, we came picking people up along the
way...we came down through past Bakersfield, we got
on a grapevine curve there, and I looked ahead and
there was a wheel off the car running up front of
us. I said "Woody, looka here, the wheel, the
wheel's off the car!" Woody said, "Well, let's
catch up with it."

Well, we got to the hospital all right, and Woody's
wife was havin' her baby; the baby was named Will,
after me, William...funny thing you know, how life
the tricks life plays. That boy William when he was
twenty-one years old, he was killed on that same
highway.

It takes a worried man to sing a worried
song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried
song
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried
long.

The train I ride is twenty-one coaches
long
The train I ride is twenty-one coaches
long
I'm on that train.

My daughter Kate was born in that picture. Right
after that I took off, I got a job in New York
playing Peter Lester in Tobacco Road; I told Woody
I'd be seeing him, to keep on singing songs, making
up songs; he made up a new song every day. And I
went back East, and about a week or two after Woody
packed Kate and my wife on the train that's my
favorite wife; got to Kansas City, she got off to
mail a letter, left her guitar and Katie on the
train. Train went off to Chicago without her.
Next day she caught up. Mother that got lost got
caught up. Such a hullabaloo about it in all the
newspapers, front page stories and everything. Woody
heard about it (even though he didn't read the papers).
And, they put the family in "Who's Who In America....
don't pay any attention to publicity and all that,
"Who's Who In America's just a plot to get you to buy
a copy.

Well, Woody set off to follow us come back and get into
the big time himself. He really hit the big time, he
better come back and get some shoes on those kids. He
had two or three by that time, back in Oklahoma. So
he set back to visit them for awhile, came right back
through Arizona, the Panhandle of Texas, and back
through Oklahoma long enough to say hello to his wife
and pick up some underwear, sewed himself into it for
the winter. He came across the country, through
Kansas, he got there to New York in the blizzard of
1940, in February. Well, on the way he certainly
made up some the things, in this song, that's world-
famous today.

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood forest to the Gulf Stream
waters

This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood forests to the Gulf Stream
waters

This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and I rambled, and I followed my
footsteps
To the sparkling sands of your diamond
deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood forests to the Gulf Stream
waters

This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust
clouds rolling
And a voice was chanting as I was walking
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood forests to the Gulf Stream
waters

This land was made for you and me.

And as he came across the country Woody Guthrie had
a lot of people ask him then "Will you teach me how
to play the guitar?" That's my advice to people who
go into the theatre, too. Well, this is what Woody
said. "Hell yes, I'll teach you how to play the
guitar. You pick up a guitar, you plank your ass up
against the barn or wall, you start fiddling with the
strings of the guitar, and you get a crowd around you
big enough to take up a collection, you know how to
play the guitar." That was advice to people coming
across the country.

Well anyway, he used to take up collections at a lot
of meetings, around. He first got into New York he
landed in the middle of a big, the big snowstorm, the
blizzard of 1940 in New York, and he headed first out
to the Bowery, and he wrote a few songs about the
winos, and the places down here; that's hard cider.
Well, anyway, he said, "I hit New York City in the
big blizzard of 1940, and I headed for the Skid Row
and the Bowery. I won't go beggin' nobody, a feller
like to give me some help and I'd be much obliged,
and I'll not fake you out, take it easy, but I'll
dang sure take it. Since I seen the difference between
the rich and the poor I don't feel at home on the
Bowery no more."

He said, "I always call a song just a song, and I
didn't even hear the word "ballad" or the word "folk"
till I hit New York City in 1940." Written February
18th, 1940, in the city of New York on West 56th
Street in Will Geer's house, in the charge of his
wine and in the shadow of his kindness. The rent
there was \$150.00 dollars a month and he thought
that was for the whole year.

I like my good whiskey, I like my good wine
And good-lookin' women to have a good time
Cocktail parties and a big built-in bar
But I don't feel at home on the Bowery no more.

It was a good thought for Hedda Geer and Katie; Katie is a seven months old, red-headed; husky, pretty like a picture. Hedda's older than that; she's the mama, and pretty like another picture, and I dedicate this song to the Geer family and the bum situation up and down the Bowery and the Skid Rows all over the country. This bum situation is a pretty big situation. Since I wrote up this song, another third Geer has been added; her name is Ella Geer, and this song is just as much Ellie's as it is any of the other Geers; and this makes a song with four Geers forward and none backward. The Bum Situation.

Well, I'm just a lonesome traveler, the
greatest historical bum
Highly educated, out of history I have come
Well, I built the Rock of Ages, that was in
the year of One
And that was about the biggest thing that
man has ever done.

I'll work in the garden of Eden, well that
was in the year of Two
I joined the apple picker's union and I
always paid my dues
Well, it was me who signed the contract to
raise the rising sun
And that was about the biggest thing that
man has ever done.

I defeated Pharoah's army, I defeated the
mighty Turks
And I brought down Nero's army in about ten
minutes work
Oh, I fought the greatest leaders and I
whooped 'em every one

I was in the revolution when we set the country
free
I was at Bull Run, and in Civil War, all three
of 'em
Well, we won the battle of Hastings, we won at
Bully Run
And that was about the biggest thing that man
has ever done.

Now, there's a feller 'cross the ocean, I
guess you know his well
His name was Adolph Hitler, God damn his
soul to hell
Oh, we kicked him in his panzers, then we
put him on the run
And that was about the biggest thing that
man has ever done.

SIDE III

The Weavers sang all over then, got on the show called Cavalcade of America, when I was playing Tobacco Road, and somebody, announcer, there called him a hill-billy, so he quit the show and went right back to Oklahoma and came back next week. You never knew where Woody was going to be; he might go down, and say "Im going down to the corner and get myself cigarettes", and he'd end up in Oklahoma, and tell you he's coming back again.

He kept coming back a couple, three times, he wrote a lot of his songs in our bathtub. Woody loved to write songs while he was sitting on the pot in the morning, we used to ease him off a little bit, and he'd keep right on playing and singing, he wrote a lot of his songs, famous ones like Jesus Christ there; and of course, comin' across the country from Oklahoma in those days, he believed 'cause his mother had told him it was very dangerous not to get unzipped from your underwear and when he came across in the blizzard, between my daughter Katie's diapers and Woody's underwear, the place was getting pretty raunchy.

So I had to, said something's gotta be done. So I went in the bathroom and eased him over a bitm and I stripped off and I poured a great big bottle of green pine oil into the tub and I said "Woody, this smells just like the piney woods of Texas. Why don't you climb in?" He says "Oh no, hell no." Says "It's very

damp weather, I'll catch pneumonia." So we sitting there, he singin' away, I said "Cmon Woody." "Nope no, pneumonia, pneumonia weather." So I yanked at his britches and pulled them off and pulled him in the tub with the pine oil and scrubbed him down good, there was a great commotion there, we wrestled around awhile, and finally came out feeling pretty good and smelling pretty sweet and I gave him a bottle of gin; and the next morning I come in there, he was right in the bathtub with the pine oil and singing a hymn. From then on, well, every day I had to give him a bottle of pine oil and a bottle of gin. It got pretty expensive. He got to smelling so sweet that he went out and got himself a new wife. Was a Martha Graham dancer, Marjory Mazia, and he caught hold of her, he got to smelling so sweetm he got this new wife, got married, and the moral of this story is, to all you young children when you're scrubbin' and they don't want to take a bath, Woody is now flat on his back and this same Marjory Mazia, Martha Graham dancer is taking care of him hand and foot. That's the moral of the virtues and rewards of taking a bath.

Ah, Woody went on to do a lot of interesting things. We had a first hootnanny in 1940, right on stage at the Forest Theatre, where we were doin' Tobacco Road. It was with the share croppers that time Tallulah Bankhead was having orgasms about the play,

and she wanted to have benefits for them, but instead we had a benefit for the share croppers. And we had a wang-doodle, the first hootnanny, in the country, I think; certainly the first one uptown in New York, and, uh, in it was Burl Ives, and Alan Lomax was the master of ceremonies, and Aunt Molly Jackson, she came out from her cowpatch down in Illinois, and uh, we had, best of all, Woody Guthrie's first appearance in New York City, in the big time really, and uh, Burl Ives first appearance, and old Leadbelly came out to do his broom dance, and sing his song. And we even allowed Pete Seeger to hang around the edges and singing some of the songs. "When the Saints Go Marching In".

Well when the saints (when the saints)
Go marchin' in
O when the saints go marchin' in (O Lord)
O Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marchin' in

O when the new world is revealed
O when the new world is revealed
O Lord I want to be in that number
When the new world is revealed

When the Sun
Refuse to shine
O when the sun refuse to shine
O Lord I want to be in that number
When the saints go marchin' in

Hallelujah, Woody was in the big time. He set off with Alan Lomax, the MC of that show to do the recording of the Library of Congress, same recordings you can now hear, big albums along with Huddie Ledbetter, Huddie Leadbelly, and, down in passing through Philadelphia he sang a song that he'd written about a Philadelphia lawyer, a very popular song at that time period, which has been dramatized, make a pretty good play. Philadelphia lawyer.

Way out in Reno Nevada
Where the romances bloom and fade
There was a great Philadelphia lawyer
In love with a Hollywood maid

Come love, and we will wander
Out where the lights are so bright
I'll win you a divorce from your husband
And we could get married tonight

But Bill was a gun-totin' cowboy
Six notches was carved on his gun
And all of the boys around Reno
Left Bill's Hollywood maiden alone

One night when Bill was returning
From riding the range in the cold
He thought of his Hollywood maiden
Her love was as lasting as gold

Bill drew near to the window
The shadows he saw on the shade
Was the great Philadelphia lawyer
Making love to Bill's Hollywood maid

And the night was as still as the desert
The moon hung high overhead
As Bill waited there at the window
He could hear every word that they said

Your face is so fair and so lovely
Your form is so rare and divine
Come go back with me to Philadelphia
And leave this vile cowboy behind

Now tonight back in old Pennsylvania
Beneath those beautiful pines
There is one less Philadelphia lawyer
In old Pennsylvania tonight.

That's a typical Woody song, the understatement of this period. Something that Will Rogers used to do too 'course, who came from, found his home town in Okemah, Oklahoma.

Down Washington we found out Huddie Leadbelly and Alan Lomax and Woody and I, we couldn't stay in the same quarters, the same house anywhere with Huddie Leadbelly. Who was a great folksinger of the time that Alan Lomax's father found down in prison. And as Woody said about Huddie Leadbelly, "He was the greatest folk-singer of all time. He had a loud powerful voice; his arms were like iron stove-pipes, and his face was so awful marred and ugly it was just beautiful. And we used to sing there, he wrote up a song in Washington, D.C. because they couldn't all stay together. Washington, D.C. is a bourgeois town I'm gonna spread that news all around. And other songs that became pretty familiar later on, when the Weavers came, after the Almanacs, on the record that made Leadbelly's widow a very good sizable profit a after Woody had gone, after Leadbelly had gone, with also Woody's song, "So Long" and the song that Huddie made famous that time was "Good Night Irene" -- it's a little tribute to Woody's great friend. (we'll just run a little bit of that maybe)

Good night Irene, good night Irene
Good night Irene, good night Irene
I'll see you in my dreams.

Last Saturday night I got married
Me and my wife settled down
Now me and my wife are parted
I'll take another stroll around town

Irene good night Irene, good night
Good night Irene, good night Irene
I'll see you in my dreams

I love Irene God knows I do
I love her till the day I die
And if Irene turns her back on me
I'll take morphine and die

Irene good night, Irene good night
Good night Irene, good night Irene
I'll see you in my dreams.

Woody made up a lot of records and sung over two hundred songs for Moe Asch, later became the Folkways records; and uh, the Almanacs, the Weavers; he sang for unions and churches, and causes and said "I don't sing any song that makes fun of your color or yer race. I hate a song that makes you think you aren't any good and I hate a song that makes you think you're born to lose. I am out to prove to you that this is your world, and that it's hit you pretty hard and knocked you for a dozen loops, that you can get up singin'. Now that's religion.

Jesus Christ was a man who traveled through
the land
A carpenter true and brave
He said to the rich "give your goods to the
poor"
And they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

Jesus Christ was a man, a carpenter by hand
A carpenter true and brave
And a dirty little coward named Judas Iscariot
Laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

Now he went to the humble and he went to the
poor
And he went to the sick and the lame
He said that the poor would one day win the
world
And they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

This song was written in New York City
With the preachers and the rich men and
slaves
If Jesus was to preach like He preached in
Galilee
They would lay Jesus Christ in his grave.

We used to do a lot of booking together for various causes, anti-facist causes, and all those premature anti-fascists later got called up before the McCarthy committee; we played a lot of benefits around for maybe five dollars a booking a night to buy shoes for our kids and uh, some of the big organizations of course, we'd sing in the early days of the organizing of the C.I.O., first big organizational drive for trade unions in this country. And we sang a lot of union songs, "There Once Was A Union Maid", er, yeah, "A Better World A-Comin'".

There's a better world a-comin'
I'll tell you why why why
There's a better world a-comin'
I'll tell you why
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you know know know
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you know.

We will beat them in the air, in the ground
on the sea, in the sky, everywhere
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you know.

There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you see see see
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you see
When we'll all be union and we'll all be
free
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you see.

I'm a union man, it's a union war
It's a union world I'm fightin' for
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you know.

Out of marchin' out of battlin'
You can hear the chains a-rattlin'
There's a better world a-comin'
Don't you know.

There's a better world a-comin'

And back East they loved the songs about the outlaws, songs like Jesse James, for instance, went to the same tune as "Jesus Christ"...Then we also sung a song about Pretty Boy Floyd; that we always loved; I think it's a great song. Pretty Boy Floyd.

Gather 'round children, a story I will tell
'Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, the outlaw
Oklahoma knew him well.

'Twas on a Saturday afternoon
In the town of Shawnee
His wife beside him on the wagon
As into town they rolled.

There a deputy sherriff approached him
In a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of language
And his wife, she overheard.

Pretty Boy grabbed a long chain
That deputy grabbed his gun
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down.

Now Pretty Boy took to the timbers
To lead a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name.

But there's many a starving farmer
The same old story told
'Bout how this outlaw paid their
mortgage
And saved their little home.

Others who tell of a stranger
Who came to beg a meal
And left beneath his napkin
A thousand-dollar bill.

Was in Oklahoma City
'Twas on a Christmas Day
Come a whole carload of groceries
With a letter that did say:

You say that I'm an outlaw
You say that I'm a thief
Well, here's a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief.

Now as through this world I ramble
I meet many funny men
Some rob you with a six-gun
And some with a fountain pen.

As through your life you ramble
As through your life you roam
You will never find an outlaw
Drive a family from their home.

Ah, rob you with a fountain pen. That always made a great impression on me; it goes back to the old Robin Hood ballad, of course, Robin Hood was just that same sort of feller. Later on, years afterwards when Woody and I were off, tryin' to elect Franklin D. Roosevelt for his last term, we happened into Indianapolis. We went out there to visit a graveyard, because we heard Dillinger was buried out there. We got out there to the graveyard, Forest Lawn or something like that, and it's true, there's a great big hill right in the middle of that cemetery, and on up on top of the hill, all the bankers are buried. Down at the bottom of the hill there's a path as wide as this house that leads straight to the grave of Dillinger. So the Robin Hood, Pretty Boy Floyd legend goes on.

Well, Woody said then y'know, his guitar got to be a weapon. He traveled all around with it, and wherever there was something wrong "and I aim to try to fix it and I think I can. "I'm aimin' to try to fix it and I think I can". That's a wonderful song, I wish we had it here tonight.

But Moussolini was bombing the Abbsynians, the bombs except the villages. Below they looked like rose, petals, Moussolini's son-in-law said, and they bombed them. And Hitler was destroying old cities in Granada, in Spain, dropping bombs, and all of us were very horrified. Now we do it ourselves with napalm with equal aplomb.

But Woody plastered his guitar then, with his "This Machine Kills Fascists". And little kids running around, their fathers and brothers goin' off, and airplanes, they were fighting in Spain, against Franco, everybody's flying around in airplanes. A little girl wanted to know what his, what Daddy's doing in the airplane. This goes back to a song he wrote for Cathy, that little girl was burned in the fire.

A curly-headed kid with a sun-shiney smile
Heard the roar of a plane as it sailed through
the sky
To her playmates she cried with a bright
twinklin' eye
"My Daddy rides that ship in the sky!"

My Daddy rides that ship in the sky
My Daddy rides that ship in the sky
Mama's not afraid and neither am I,
'Cause my Daddy rides that ship in the sky.

Then a pug-nosed kid as she kicked up her
heels
Said "My Daddy works in the iron and the
steel"
He makes them planes so they fly through
the sky
And that's what keeps your Daddy up there
so high."

My Dad keeps your Daddy up there so high
My Dad keeps your Daddy up there so high
If you're not afraid, well then, neither
am I
'Cause my Dad keeps your Daddy up there so
high.

Then a shy little girl pinched her toe in
the sand
Said "My Daddy works at the place where
they land
My Dad brings your Daddy back home again
So don't be afraid when it gets dark and
rains."

You tell your Mama now don't be afraid
Don't be afraid when it gets dark and rains.

SIDE IV

Woody said "I can't invent news today, nobody can, but I can do my little job, which is fix the days news up so that you can sing it up." This about that ship that was sunk by a Nazi torpedo before we declared war on Hitler and Moussolini.

Have you heard of a ship called The Good
Ruben James
Manned by hard-fighting men both of honor
and fame
She flew the stars and stripes of this land
of the free
But tonight she's in her grave at the
bottom of the sea.

Tell me what were their names, tell me what
were their names
Did you have a friend on the good Ruben
James?
Tell me what were their names, tell me what
were their names
Did you have a friend on that good Ruben
James?

Well, eight hundred men went down in that dark
and watery grave
When that good ship went down only forty-four
were saved
'Twas the last day of October when they saved
the forty-four
From the cold Iceland waters of that cold Iceland
shore.

Tell me what were their names, tell me what were
their names
Did you have a friend on the good Ruben James
Tell me what were their names, tell me what
were their names
Did you have a friend on the good Ruben James?

Tonight there are lights in our country so
bright
In the farms and the cities they are telling of
this fight

And how the mighty battleships steam the bounding
main
And remember the name of the good Ruben James.

Tell me what were their names, tell me what were
their names
Did you have a friend on the good Ruben James
Tell me what were their names, tell me what were
their names
Did you have a friend on the good Ruben James?

Yes, Woody had a friend on that ship. His name was
Slim Houston. He has a brother Cisco Houston, two
brothers, hitchhiked across from Eagle Rock to join
us. Slim was killed in the engine room of that ship.
Woody and Cisco went out shipping together, and they
made two or three trips together, they were torpedoed
twice. Off Palermo, and Woody came back, and we went
campaigning around, to elect Franklin D. Roosevelt for
the last time, in 1944. We toured all over the country.
Hit all the big C.I.O. towns, campaigned.

When he was down in Akron, as he was goin' across from
the train when the show finally closed, Cisco and he
and I had been in all these towns together. We sat
on the train comin' back from Akron, goin' back into
New York City, and he wrote something like this. It
developed into a very interesting song later. This
is where it started. 'Cause this is the development
what got him the final accolade from the Department of
the Interior. I can 'member as easily being Akron.
It was the last night, and before he used to sing
down there about the Roosevelt button, that same old
number, "Last Night I Danced With a Gal With a Roosevelt
Button", and this started "Clackety-Clack", the song
he used to sing at all the rallies. "I Danced With A Gal."

I danced with a gal with a Roosevelt button
A Roosevelt button, a Roosevelt button
I danced with a gal with a Roosevelt button
And danced by the light of the moon.

Her heels kept a-rockin' and her knees kept
a-knockin'
Whatever.....
Danced with a gal with a Roosevelt button
And we danced by the light of the moon.

"Last night I got to Akron. A right good rubber town,
on the Keehawga River that runs from Cleveland down.
I sung at the Akron Armory, a nice big dirty hall,"
on the train back he's writing those songs about the
Columbia River and all the five tributaries: The
Snake River, The Hood River, The Willumet, The
River, and the . . . The train, this train
stops at Cross-Back, Rabbit-Track, Pump-Kennel,
Mary's Field, Prospect Gap, Bitter Spirit, Pong
Down, Corn Chop, Kiddee-wee-Kiddee, and Caughlin
Corners...on its way to Wormy Hill....Goodbye to
old Akron. Goodbye for awhile.

The Columbia River takes 'em all to the ocean blue,
Snake, Hood, Willumet, and . . .
He wrote plenty songs about the Grand Coulee Dam, he
just got a job in the Department of the Interior.
This department is the same as the one that just gave
him the medal. And some of the songs, twenty, you
know some of them, perhaps; "Roll On, Columbia", or
"Grand Coulee Dam".....

Through this world of seven wonders, the travelers
tell it well. The towers and the gardens, I guess
you know them well. But now the greatest wonder is
in Uncle Sam's fair land. It's the King Columbia
River and the big Grand Coulee Dam.

Through this world of seven wonders, the
travelers tell it well
The towers and the gardens, I guess you
know them well
But now the greatest wonder is in Uncle
Sam's fair land
It's the King Columbia River and the big
Grand Coulee Dam.

She heads up the Canadian Rockies where the
tippling waters glide
Then she tumbles down the canyon till she meets
the salty tide
Of that wide Pacific Ocean where the sun sets
in the West
In that big Grand Coulee country in the land I
love the best.

Uncle Sam took up the challenge in the year of
thirty-three
For the farmer and the factory and all of
you and me
He said "Roll along, Columbia, you can ramble
to the sea
But river, while you're rambling, you can do
some work for me."

Now in Washington, in Oregon, you hear the
factories hum
Makin' chrome and makin' manganese and light
aluminum
And the flyin' roarin' fortress wings her way
for Uncle Sam
She was born on the Columbia River by the big
Grand Coulee Dam.

Then because I got him out to do this campaign tour
for Franklin Roosevelt, the army got a hold of him,
'cause he wasn't shipping out just then, he'd been
torpedoed several times...and he went down to the
army camp...about four of 'em, they got in and out
four army camps, back in the same country he came
from, around then, to Oklahoma and Texas. He used
to write me post-cards, mostly filled with four-
letter words he heard in the army. And then he began
the onslaught of what Woody had, I suppose some of
you have heard of Huntington's Chorea. That time it
happens to you, it's hereditary, and begins to come
to you when you're in your forties. And his mother
got that. And he used to jerk like this, jerk like
that, lots of times people said "What the hell you
bringing Woody around here to this big mass meeting
for; he's drunk; how dare you bring him?" Was the
onslaught of this nervous disease.

And then the army cap, he begun to write other
letters, too. Quite interesting; there's a great
mass of this sort of thing that Woody Guthrie, that
some time, will be published. Part of it is in a new
book called "Born To Win". And I like, I think, Jake,
we ought to have some little tribute to this sort of
thing. It is a part of Woody too. Just as we know
that Robert Frost has written some fascinating and
wonderful pornographic poems, which Mr. Edwards has,
and Mark Twain has a lot of things, too, which he
wrote, which you can only do at the Player's Club
downtown.

And this is a part of Woody, which it was, part of
this disease also, Chorea. Which is a thing I think
perhaps in another fifty years we'll look at a little
more clearly. I have about twenty of these plays that
he wrote, most of 'em with a cast of thousands of people,
which he couldn't possibly put on, but they're quite
pornographic in nature. I just sent them to Pete
Seeger for safekeeping. Put 'em in the wall, in case
his wife, Marjory wants to get a hold of 'em.....
maybe in another hundred years, they might be....and
this is what he's begun to write back.

"I'm not ashamed of me, or ashamed of myself. I'm
not ashamed of me and of any of my positions or moods.
My body is naked now, and I was born naked. I love no
man or woman until I see you or help you get naked.
I love most undressed words or thoughts which you
have hid from my eyes. I am not ashamed of the state
I came from, Oklahoma. I'm not ashamed of the belly
of the mother and father that I sprang from, or the
natural fact that I did squeeze my way out of my
mother's womb amidst those hairs between her legs. . .
Not being ashamed of this, I have not been sourly
ashamed of any thought or feeling of passion that
comes and goes in me. I have been frozen stiff along
the sides of roads, been chased with the clubs and
guns of the deputy sheriffs, been on top of fast
freights in thunderstorms, cyclones, and floods,

droughts and dust storms, through the mills of marriage
three times, bankrupted a thousand times, torpedoed
three times and laid out in the army. Say my beau-
tiful brown-eyed baby back home."

Beautiful beautiful brown eyes
Beautiful beautiful brown eyes
Beautiful beautiful brown eyes
I'll never love blue eyes no more.

So my woman came to me, so strong and plain, while I
was at sea and in the camps, that I vowed and I swore
I would eat you up from your head down to your toes,
if you would freely allow me to do so. And I made you
such a thing of glory in my mind that I wanted to lick
you down like a big pile of dark brown sugar. If
there's a prettier sight on earth than those patched
hairs between your legs, I've never seen or heard
about it. If there's a prettier sight than this long
and viney root that stands up here between my legs,
I've never seen it. My pecker hard, my pecker soft
and limber. My root, my rod; this climbing, long and
jumping pole, this thing that is my gate of life, this
door of mine to which we flow; this that I pass my
creation through; I pass you out and down. This
planting tool, this hose, this dong, dick, this stick
and rod, this staff of birth; these visions come to me
at my present age of thirty-eight, on my crazy old
army cot.

At some later age I might feel that this exercise is
not needed any more, my glands, my testicles, my
breast and thigh bones might operate to mix up differ-
ent feelings in me at some other age. I am singing
this here for us thirty-eight year yearlings, and
younger, but when I am sixty-four, I am sure I'll
not ask all of you thirty-four year youngsters to act
like us sixty-fours act. I give unto each year of you
the right to move your moves and to sing your songs
that fit; so I ask you and I tell you to kick your
legs 'round in the air for me; spread your legs apart,
I will be so light and easy that your good feelings
will make you forget all about me, my name, my color,
my age, my politics, my religion; of any of these
same things of your own. And let me be man enough
to stay here in you, till your old spirit is satis-
fied; I will rub it against every move you make. I
will rub your hips, your legs with it; your knees and
stomach with it, your back and breasts and your ears
and lips with it; and you shall beg and bite me and
nibble and kiss me and let me come in as slow as you
want me. I am this kind of man, and I love you with
this kind of way. A way that makes me want to see
you dance naked all around me, and to push your belly
up against my nose so that I can kiss and lick your
hairs down slick with our foams and honeys' and this
over and over and over and on and on. My secret:
nothing on this earth, in life, is vulgar to me.
Nothing around the planet's crust is lowdown to me.
I see nothing obscene around me no matter where my
ten senses scratch around. Love is the only medicine.

And for you, the death dope drug, you, the crazy
needle, the pill, the reefer fag, the hot needle,
the hot spoon, the opie pipe, the dead mattress, gone
spirit, the gone life, the heavy headache, the
crackling temples, the wall-eyed eyeballs, the spitty
lips, the gun, the gat, the stick-up, the fight, the
cops, the big chase for more dope, your own fears and
hates can be cured by only one kind. Love- tonic.
That's all my new Bible-book is. The command that
nature, in her control over all the forces of Maw and
Paw, Nature.

And I got Chorea. And it did me in. Huntington's
Chorea. It means that there's no hope nowhere in
the science of medicine for me. And all of you
Choreanites like me, 'cause all of my good nurses
and all of my good medicine-men and all of my good
attendants all look at me and say "By your words,
by your looks, or maybe by your whiskers, there's
just not no hope, no and all treatments known, to
cure me of my dizzy. Maybe Jesus Christ can think
up a cure of some kind. I could see my mother in
Okemah, just plain now, gettin' worsen and worsen

every passing minute. And all my passing years,
even before I saw her getting bad enough really
bad enough for any of my next door neighbors to get
wind of what she'd done, or even for my own Daddy
to get wise at all, and I learned how, if not why it
is that my people spend about a good ninety-nine and
nine-tenths per cent of their lives and hours just
trying to hide the little simple facts of truth and
life from one another.

"Good-bye, Woody. Woody, don;t be scared, Woody.
Don't be scared Woody."

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is leavin' town, it's hittin' the
road and headin' on down
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train, it don;t carry no gamblers, this
train
This train, it don;t carry no gamblers, this
train
This train, it don't carry no gamblers, lears,
thieves or big shot ramblers
This train, it's bound for glory, this train.

This train, it don't carry no liars, well,
this train
This train, it don't carry no liars, well,
this train
This train, it don't carry no liars, well,
she's streamlined and a midnight
flyer, well
This train is bound for glory, well, this
train.
Well, this train is bound for glory, well
this train.

Just saying so long, in honor of Woody Guthrie, but
like he said, "I ain't dead yet!"

So long, it's been good to know you
So long, It's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home
And I got to be driftin' along.

So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you.

