

## [Letter from Woody Guthrie to Alan Lomax, ca. April 1941]

Howdy Alan —

How's old war shit Ton coming? All well here. Been singing around at some few Peace Rallies, Womens Teas, Union Meetings and so forth. Just heard from Pete Bowers. Him & Lee Hays and Mill Lampell are a knocking songs out to beat hell and I hope they beat it. Good old boys. Hows your wife? Too busy to drop us a line? We got us a house thats a pretty good double for the Old Tower. Rambling, Rotten, Rundown, Rusty — Swayback, Side Swiped, Hog jawed, bumpy; Hard gaited, disjointed. Hard to get into. Hard to pay rent on. Hard to get out of. But 3 kids has got to live in a house. More like the crickets that sing in rotten timbers. We'll be plumb radical if this keeps up. I think my wife will turn out a songwriter like Sarah Ogan. Hope she does. Sarahs a good one. Why dont you find out where Sarah is and which hospital since she's had her sickness and see if she's wrote any more songs. I think hers tops all I ever herad. Americas Singin Cousin Sarah Ogan. Could you mail my big old heavy book to me. I want to chew on it some more. Might get a couple of short stories out of it for McIntosh & Otis. Wish I could enclose postage but am busted disgusted and not to be trusted. Roll 'er up easy. How's the' American British High Dives?

Aint she a bitch. Woody Guthrie

Love & kisses to Nick Ray. He's a good mathematician. Got 700 WPA Workers 6 mos salary. Poore schoolin but dam good raisin. Poore figurin but good horse sense. Old Nick. I guess him & Leadbelly will tear old Jerusalem down sine I left them away up there by there self.