

[Letter from Alan Lomax to Woody Guthrie, July 9, 1942]

July 9, 1942

Dear Woody,

I spent an afternoon singing your war-time songs to a pretty little gal named Dorothy, and some of her friends. They said they'd like to meet you, and I told them that that could probably be arranged, although you were somewhat tied up at the moment. I have turned awfully long haired for the last two weeks and have been wheeling and dealing with a group of college professors so hard and fast that I wake up in the morning and start to stroke my long grey beard, and I find it warnt there. On picnics and beer parties the songs that they've liked the best have been Pretty Boy Floyd and then Pretty Boy Floyd all over again. It's my favor ite . I've been bombarding my boss in Washington to get the two song books I talked about, and I think he's going to do something about it. I also sent him your new war songs, and I hope he'll be able to do something about them, since he's on the Army-Navy Morale committee. The best person to write at Decca is Jack Capps. Tell him you're a friend of mine and then watch him like a hawk. He likes countryfied music and likes to get his hands on it and put it in his pockets. I haven't seen Hitler in the last few days, but the last I heard of him he was getting worried. No changes at this end.

Alan

P.S. The last time I saw you I decided that you were about the most ornery and onfriendly character I'd ever met, and I decided to avoid you like Hitler does Stalin. The hatchet is buried now, though, and I'm off to Mississippi.