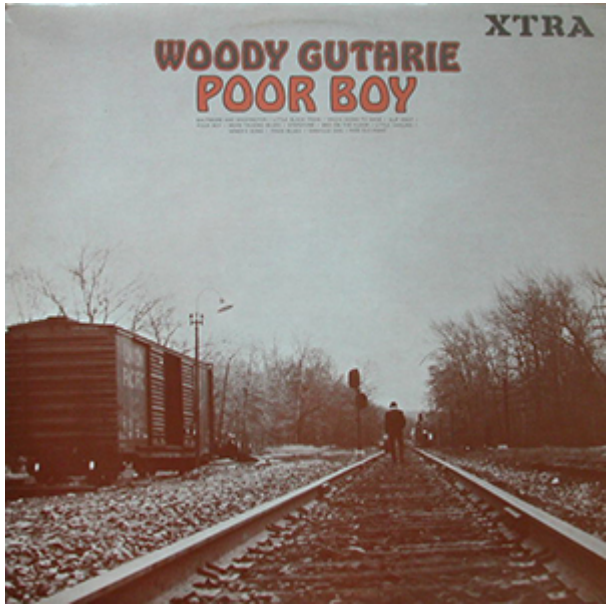

WOODY GUTHRIE
POOR BOY

XTRA 1065

FOLK SONGS ARE ON THEIR WAY IN

by Woody Guthrie

I've heard various pretty smart thinkers tell me that folk songs are on their way out. That folk music as we hear it and know it is on its way out the old gate of history. That a folk song, to be called a folk song, must wear a snatch of hair and whiskers under them an oily leather skin shell.

They say that folk music and folk songs can't be crushed and mixed, cut and perched, whirled, whittled, ran around to fit into your highly artistic concerts and onto the grooves of our three-minute records for our model machines, radios, records, dances, and keep up the swells of national and native lines which burn in the blood of all good folk songs and folk stories set to folk music.

I say that folk music and folk songs, folk ballads, are just now getting up onto their feet, like Joe Louis after a couple of cast knockdowns. Every other kind of art that you can mention has been poured about the jaw and eyes, mainly because you can't fit out and kind of a cold service paper and find a green government check in your mailbox for making up and playing folk music and folk songs. You've got to go to work at a factory and spend two thirds of your time doing a job you hate in order to have enough gelatin to go on with your folk songs and your folk music. You can tool your flute in a military band and get 10 pay for it, you can stick your nail in a whoopsy-ne hand and get 12 pay for it. But there's not any 10 hate that you can tie a finger on to make up folk songs and folk music.

About sixteen years back down my road I started making up little songs, true stories, wild tales, long and short hauls about things I saw happen to the oil people, coffin people, wheat hicks, on the upper north plains of high Texas, where the wind and the dust was born. I got onto a Pampa Texas radio station of six or eight watts, stomp mashing, and I sung and played by myself and with other musicians around all outdoor platforms or parking lot beer joints. My dad and myself made up many songs just for the fun of it. **FLAPPER FANNY'S LAST RIDE, BARNEY GLUCK'S LIQUOR PUP, WINDY RIVER BLUES, DUST PNEUMONIA, TALKIN' DUST BOWL BLUES,** and all kinds of tall tales with the names of our buddies stuck in. If I didn't like my uncle that week, I'd make up a song where he would get shot, hung, swung up, and drowned. If you made me like you, I'd sing your name into a song where you struck out down the rock road feelin' sorta fluent an' found a big pocketbook chuck full of money. I'd do those same things with the names of people last known around town and keep the aerial waves pushed with the latest gossip, news, and blues of the day. I kept this up for thirty minutes a day on Los Angeles radio station KFVD, talking and singing tall windy tales with a sailor movement stunt, oh, for two years. I get more than twenty thousand handwrote letters from folks in Canada down to Tia Juana — desert rat prospectors, seamen on the Pacific boat decks, snowy drivers, trans drummers, as well as all of the trade union local halls up and down the westerly coastline. This was really where the final little nights dawned on me of what a folk poem, a folk tale, a folk ballad, a folk tune really was. And my own original songs now have been on not just the three big radio dragnets, but I've been on most of their big and little programs in my track and on my fifteen albums of commercial records, both by the bet and by the bulk. No, I've not got rich. I've made up scatches and snatches of songs, ballads about fires, floods, droughts, hailstorms, hornets, killings, riddings, hurricanes, gaming gamblers, deathbed mutters, outlaws, blows, bad men, bad girls, wrecks, trains, cars, planes, ships, terrible accidents, political-ratty songs, songs of strikes, trade union songs, ballads to tell you how to live, ballads how to die, ballads about then and gone, a-gathyall tunes to tell you how pretty you shut and swim, to tell you how I love you, to tell you about you, and can't stand you. I shit up old tunes, I shook them and I beat them, and I shuffle them out across my barking boards. I use half of two tunes, one third of three tunes, one tenth of ten tunes. I always save back my notes and words

left over and pound them out to poke fun at the democrats and the republicans and these likes' timed numbers.

As long as I can sing my hands against my brothers' legs and holler out how pretty Marjorie looks when she's dancing, folk songs are on their way in, not out. And as long as Pete and Mome Wise sing for their countrytime ballots, folk songs are shit on their way in, not out. As long as we've got wrecks, disasters, cyclones, hurricanes, explosions, lynchings, trade union troubles, high price and low pay, as long as we've got cops in uniform bathing with union pickets on strike, folk songs and folk ballads are on their way in.

As long as a woman and a man walk off somewhere and fall in love with each other, talk, sing, hula, whistle, and dance around one another, folk songs will be on their way in. If Hurley my wood block here, and hurls to stretch and I yell out this chorus for union times, that, just as long as the fellas are on their way in, the folk song will be on its way in.

from BORN TO WIN by Woody Guthrie,
THE MACMILLAN CO.

These recordings represent a wide variety of WOODY GUTHRIE over a ten-year period, from the time he came to New York until he became ill.

Side I

Band 1 —	**BALTIMORE TO WASHINGTON** (Woody Guthrie — solo)	2:55
Band 2 —	**LITTLE BLACK TRAIN** (Woody Guthrie — solo)	2:30
Band 3 —	**WHO'S GOING TO SHOE YOUR PRETTY FEET** (Woody Guthrie & Cisco Houston)	2:30
Band 4 —	**SLIP KNOT** (Woody Guthrie — solo)	2:30
Band 5 —	**POOR BOY** (Woody Guthrie — solo)	2:25
Band 6 —	**WEAK TALKING BLUES** (Woody Guthrie — solo)	3:25
Band 7 —	**STEPSTONE** (Woody Guthrie, Sonny Terry & Cisco Houston)	3:10

Side II

Band 1 —	**BED ON THE FLOOR** (Woody Guthrie & Cisco Houston)	3:00
Band 2 —	**LITTLE DARLING** (Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston & Sonny Terry)	2:05
Band 3 —	**MINER'S SONG** (Woody Guthrie — solo)	2:15
Band 4 —	**TRAIN BLUES** (Instrumental) (Guthrie)	3:20
Band 5 —	**DANVILLE GIRL NO. 2** (Woody Guthrie & Cisco Houston)	3:40
Band 6 —	**RIDE OLD PAINT** (Woody Guthrie & Cisco Houston)	3:00

all songs by Woody Guthrie
Recorded in Mono Hall
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This record is STEREO. It can also be played with a modern lightweight pickup for perfect Mono reproduction.

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