

# WOODY



— WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY GABY BOGDANOFF —

"Remember, it's just maybe, some day,  
sometime, somebody will pick you up  
and look at your picture and read your  
message and carry you in his pocket,  
and lay you on his shelf and burn you in  
his stove. But he'll have your message  
in his head and he'll talk it and it'll get  
around. I'm blowing, and just as wild  
and whirling as you are, and lots of  
times I've been picked up, thrown  
down, and picked up; but my eyes has  
been my camera taking pictures of the  
world and my songs has been my  
messages that I tried to scatter across  
the back sides and along the steps of  
the fire escapes and on the window sills  
and through the dark halls."

-Woody Guthrie  
Bound For Glory (1943)

# WOODY

DUST BOWL TROUBADOUR



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Our ol' friend Woody came to be in 1912 down in ol' Okemah.  
Born in the midst of dust and oil, he lived hard and tough from  
day one. A cruel cycle of hardship and loss formed him early on  
into the fella we know today.





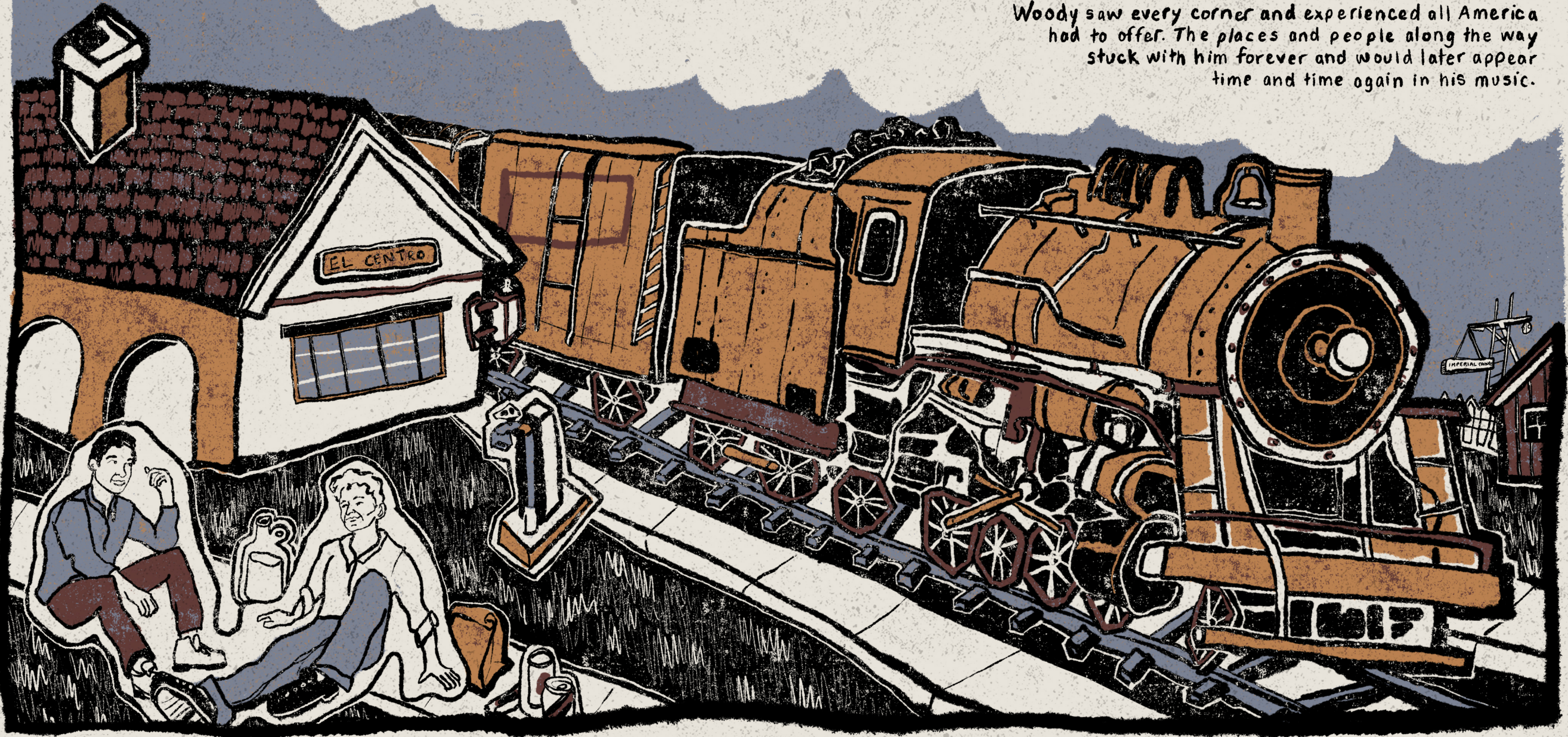
1931 found young Woody over in the panhandle town of Pampa, Texas. Among earnin' a livin' slingin' root beer, paintin' and fortune tellin', it was here that he first picked up the guitar. In 1937, the Depression hit, hardship and dust makin' survival harder than ever.

Joinin' thousands in search of a better life, he hit West on Route 66 never lookin' back again.



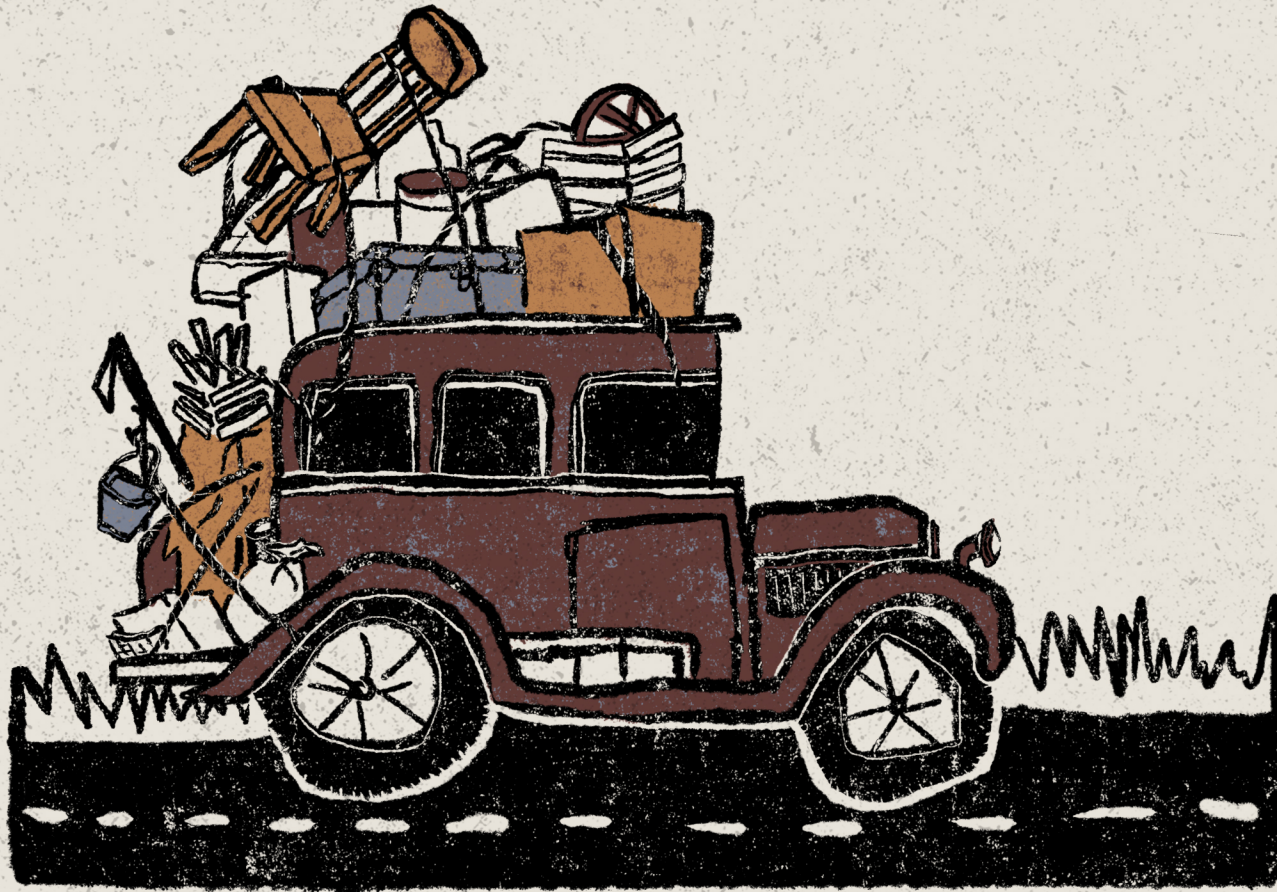
From here on out Woody set off to explore every bit of this land by foot, train, thumb and everything in between. The highway became his home.

Woody saw every corner and experienced all America  
had to offer. The places and people along the way  
stuck with him forever and would later appear  
time and time again in his music.



By 1937, Woody reached California and was right away met with scorn and hostility towards Okies like him. His fellow Dust Bowl troubadours were forced into crowded migrant camps where they worked without cease, strugglin' to make ends meet.

Life here was tough, dangerous and uncertain. Woody felt their plight and devoted himself to makin' their stories heard, fightin' for what's right and givin' a voice to those otherwise ignored and silenced.



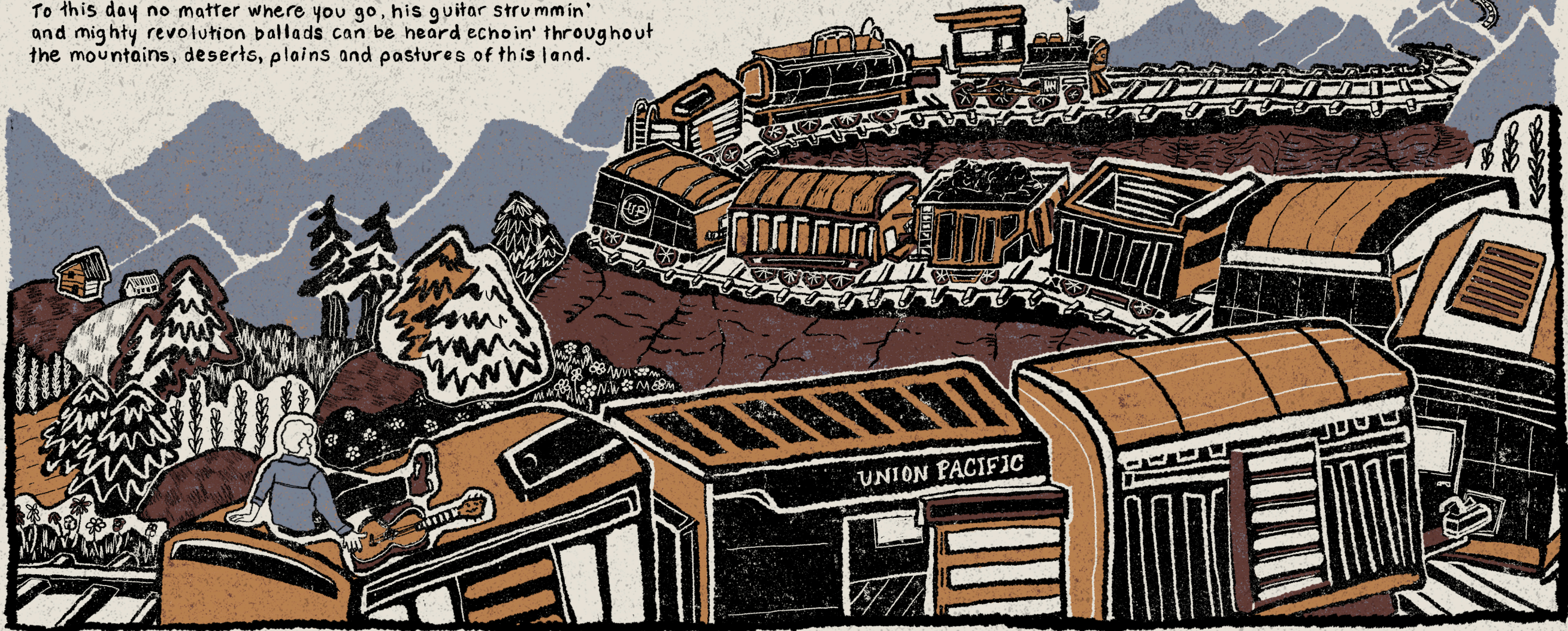
By the late 1930's, Woody had already made his mark, sparked social change and earned a legendary status among his community of outsiders.

Whether he was playin' shows, writin' tunes or takin' over the radio, he was always bringin' people from all walks of life together no matter where he set foot.



Forever stayin' true to himself, Woody spent the rest of his life ramblin', travelin' and singin' the "people's songs" everywhere he went.

To this day no matter where you go, his guitar strummin' and mighty revolution ballads can be heard echoin' throughout the mountains, deserts, plains and pastures of this land.



THE END

This one's for you, Woody!  
Thank you.

[gbogdanoff.com](http://gbogdanoff.com)

THIS MACHINE  
**KILLS**  
FASCISTS