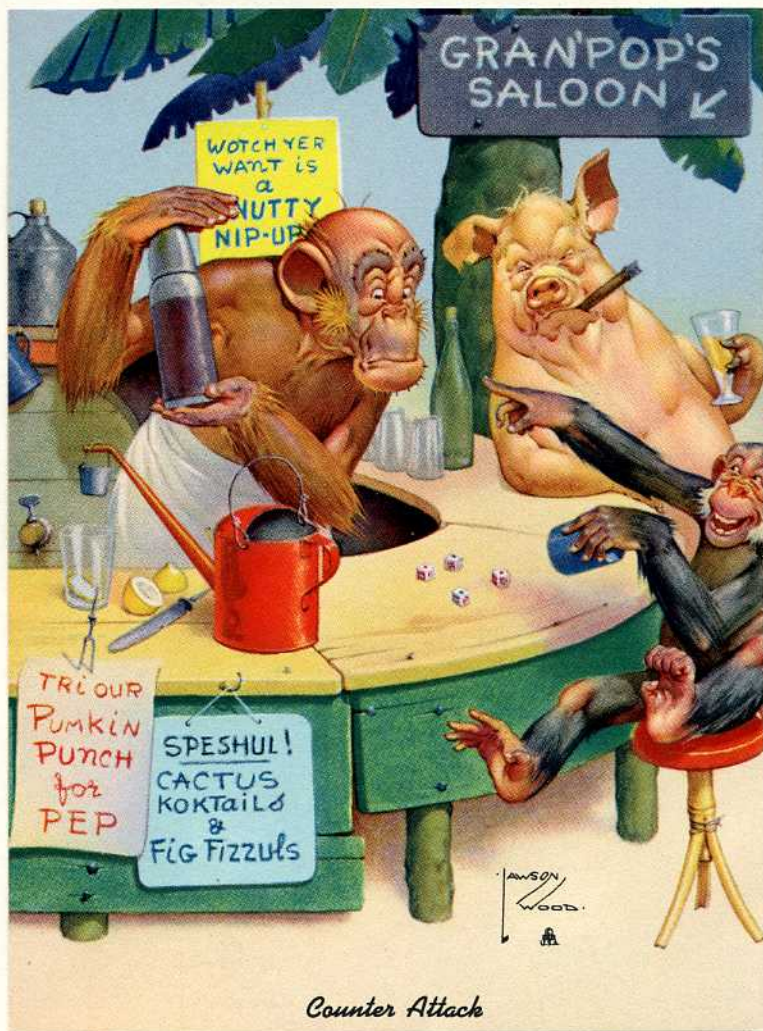


SAWDUST

JULY - 1944

VOL. IV. - NO. 7

"Inyo - Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"



Counter Attack

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

TODAY

I've shut the door on Yesterday,
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and heartaches;
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hope and smiles
And every spring-time bloom.
No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain,
And every malice and distrust
Shall never therein reign;
I've shut the door on Yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no doubt for me
Since I have found Today.





Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

•
Rudie Henderson
Edward Hjeltness
Guy Martin
Florence Adair
Albert Sainz
Cruz Sainz
O. H. Honerlah
Amanda Lasky
Chas. E. Ellis
Orin F. Dearborn
Walter Santos

•
E. P. Fitzgerald
Lee Meyers

•
Jimmy-the-Red, Mascot

•
Chalfant Press, Printers

IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT . . .

Lone Pine's Community Plunge constructed by the spontaneous efforts of local folks and unsolicited cash donations from Kansas to the far Pacific, missed by a split hair the axe of the War Production Board's. Fortunately there had apparently been no blunder in exceeding the new materials and labor limitations, so again, Charlie Sumner was deprived of putting to use his new and unpatented invention for funneling sunshine to local individuals incarcerated in dark dungeons for violation of putrid bureaucratic regulations.

The WPB investigator would not believe that so many thousands of hours of labor could be utilized without expenditure of one penny. With his wife (who came along for the pleasure ride), he laid over until evening to personally verify the spontaneous labor of local fellows sweating away pouring concrete. Free beer and cokes were served to workers only.

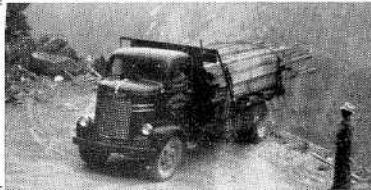
Assuming a violation had been uncovered it would be small change compared to flagrant nose-thumbing of WPB regulations that go on in a big way throughout our nation.

For example, during the months of April, May and June of this year, the Chicago SUN used 886.79 tons of newsprint in excess of WPB's quota. At 40

tons per carload that amounts to a fair sized freight train. Shortage of paper has impeded the war effort. But the Chicago SUN is consistently New Deal and is hotly for the 4th term.

Comparison is ridiculous. With an office in Chicago, WPB has failed to stroll over to the SUN'S plant, but considered it essential to rush an investigator from Los Angeles to Lone Pine on a round trip of 450 miles. Gasoline and tires are not even a consideration to WPB when the desire dominates to resort to pettiness—and perhaps put the axe to persons who will not bend their knees meekly and worshipfully to dictatorship.

Capable driver Lee Meyers easing lumber load out over precipitous Morgan Creek Canyon, preparatory to making turn on one of several switch-backs enroute to U. S. Vanadium's mine, 11,000' up the slope of the Sierra Nevada.



SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

De-Ranked

In re your comment on me and my slight relationship to the plunge—you called me “a rank outsider” you know. Just how much investment of cash, labor, and worry does a guy have to make in a community to at least get the “rank” dropped from the title?—Roy L. French, Director, School of Journalism, USC, Los Angeles.

● Let reader Major French, veteran of World Wars I and II, wearer of the Purple Heart, angel of the publishing cartel in Owens Valley, refer to Webster's Unabridged to ascertain that in addition to strong-scented, “rank” is defined as very rich and fertile. Major French has made two substantial cash gifts to Lone Pine's community plunge.—Ed.

Quotationist

A clipping from my brother who is secretary of the Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, Kiwanis Club, shows that SAWDUST surely does get around.—G. O. Goodwin, Independence, Calif.

Colossal Request

I read the POST which carried Father Crowley's story and sure would like to see his life story in SAWDUST so it could be kept.—Lois Hopewell, Compton, Calif.

Pining for Lone Pine

A while back I read the article on the Desert Padre in the POST, with Dr. Dueker's picture . . . It sure made me homesick for the Valley.—Doyle R. Abern, Bremer-ton, Wash.

Quote of the Campaign

If Roosevelt gets elected again I'm going to move to Canada. If I've got to live under a king, I want it to be under one with some experience.—C. I. Sumner, Lone Pine, Calif.

The Perfect Tribute

“Harold Ickes . . . that prodigious bureaucrat with the soul of a meat ax and the mind of a commissar . . .”—Clare Boothe Luce.

Incendiariist

“I ain't got time to be sitting around here on my pants, trying to dope out what you crackpots are saying,” observed Mr. Digby. “I figure I owe Uncle about a yard and a half, so here's the dough. You can fill out the form yourselves. You got more time than I have, on account of I have to work for my living.”—Mr. Digby and the Income Tax in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

June Lake Hypochondriasis

Regarding three pieces of White Coralite that you were to ship me direct from Los Angeles. Will you please advise whether or not this is to be delivered before I die of old age?—Jack Cassidy, June Lake, Calif.

Finally received my siding, now if I could get them sash that I order in april I might be able to start my joint. A house does not look good without sash in it. Hope I get them be fore I die.—John C. Jones, June Lake, Calif.

Solace

Inclosed is money order . . . My stove is fine and I thank you.—Mrs. Lou Williams, Leevining, Calif.

