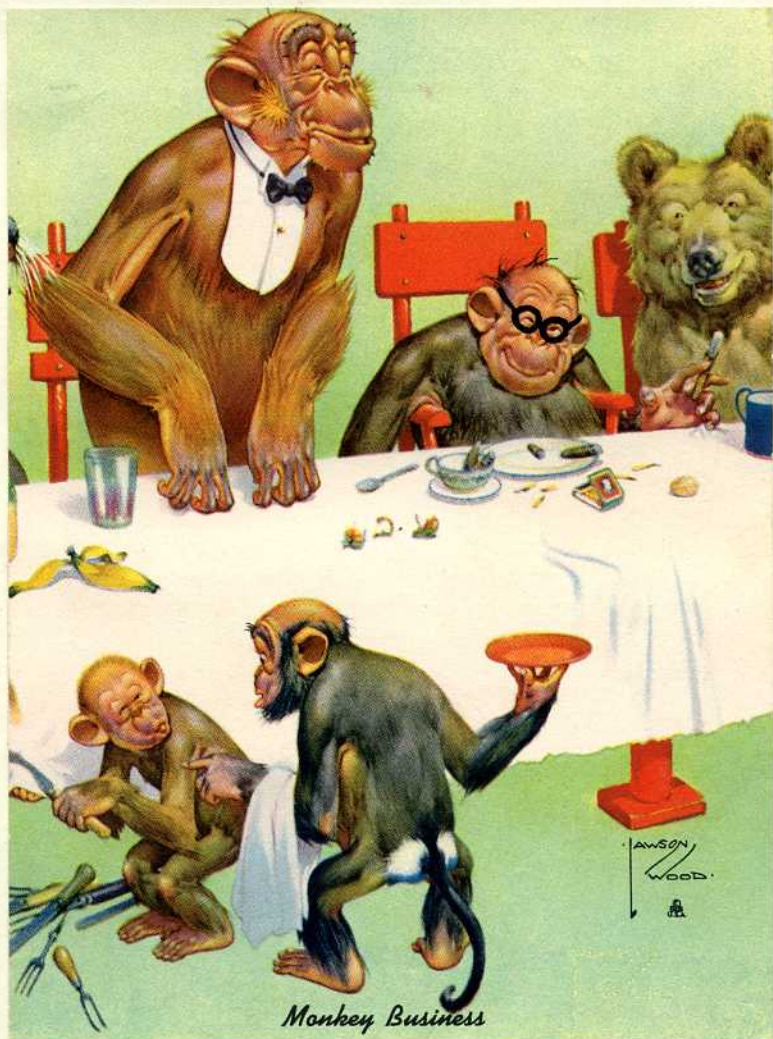


SAWDUST

JUNE - 1944

VOL. IV. - NO. 6

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



Monkey Business

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.

A Good Word For Dad . . .

I think it is time to be writing in rhyme,
Extolling the virtues of Dad.
It's gone far enough, and sure does seem tough,
To think of the snubs he has had.

We write of Mother, and tell how we love her,
We offer our hearts at her shrine;
We praise her ornately (she takes it sedately);
But this time it's Father for mine!

Of course, I'll admit it, she deserves quite a bit
Of love and affection, no doubt;
I always have said it, she gets all the credit
While Father's 'most always left out.

Who does all the plugging, while Ma gets the hugging?
Who toils in good weather, and bad?
Whose arms bear the burden? Who scarce gets a word in?
You can bet your sweet life that it's Dad!

How long has he waited for praise long belated?
Let's make his poor starved heart feel glad.
And while we're about it, let's stand up and shout it:
"Three ripping hot cheers for old Dad!"

—Clara McCulley.



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
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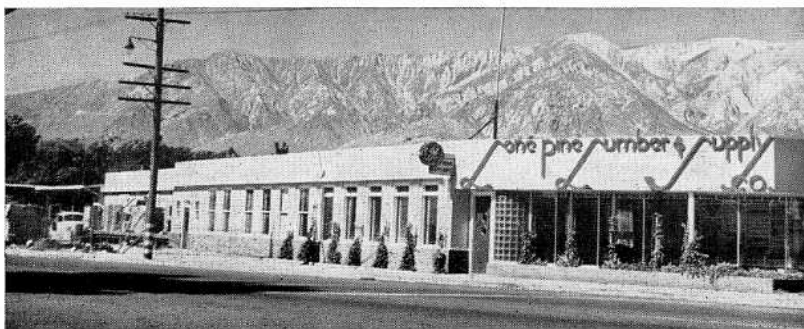
BEHIND SCHEDULE . . .

As June SAWDUST goes to press, the major political party, and the New Dealers with the enthusiastic help of Earl Browder and Sidney Hillman who have proselyted the once staunch Democratic Party, have both held their national conventions.

It may thus be realized the tardiness of this issue and of others to follow.

Despite this writer's brawn and broad shoulders he has been virtually relegated to the duties of water-boy five full evenings a week during construction of Lone Pine's community plunge. Thereby, is the prime reason for SAWDUST's lateness. Rather than, as has been suggested, telescope a number of months into one issue, an attempt will be made to bring them up to date in much the same manner as our numerous back-orders for materials for many of our best accounts.

Actually we toyed with the idea of omitting this issue for another reason. To this writer it seemed that cover-artist Lawson Wood's June assignment was very personal—almost maliciously so. The somewhat pot-bellied, be-spectacled, surfeited and definitely saturated, cigar smoking, baldheaded, cock-eyed and simpering baboon on this month's cover seems definitely more than a coincidence. In fact, one would judge that said baboon can scarcely hold out to the tape. Thereby hangs the slender thread of difference. This writer believes that he can hold out to the tape. Nevertheless, we feel that we should complain to Mr. Wood.



SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Sidesman

We of the Democratic Central Committee are preparing to send out some interesting material and not having a great register handy are wondering what your party affiliations are.—Curtis Phillips, Bishop, Cal.

● **Definitely with the Party that finds it unnecessary to "Clear Everything with Sidney".—Ed.**

Stalling Time and Tide

Please tell your customers to wait until after the war to pass away as it at present we are swamped with business we do not know which way to turn.—M. C. Yahne, General Manager Inland Stages, Los Angeles.

● **Presumably notice is hereby served that those about to die must bear in mind that "there is a war on", and their funerals may be drab affairs without flowers expressed via Inland Stages.—Ed.**

Motivation . . .

Have mailed the 3 SAWDUSTs sent me to my old friend Jess Hession who will enjoy the old time articles. I knew Jess when he was delving into Blackstone while handling Blackberries for Julian Eiberschutz at Independence.—Jack Murphy, Reno, Nev.

. . . Results

Our mutual friend, Jack Murphy, has just sent me . . . (SAWDUST) . . . How about putting me on your mailing list? These issues contain many items of interest to me, particularly the Genevieve issue of February, a deserving mention of a deserving person.—Jess Hession, Assistant Attorney General, Sacramento.

Queries

Are you still publishing SAWDUST? Miss it.—Bert W. LeCrone, Los Angeles.

Just wondering if by any chance you had forgotten to send us SAWDUST. We really do enjoy it so much.—Mrs. Stella C. Williamson, Oceanside, Cal.

We have lost touch since seeing the April issue.—L. Kenneth Wilson, Payson, Utah.

What's become of SAWDUST? —"Ma" Reid, Los Angeles.

● **To the above and 162 others who have written, turn to previous page.—Ed.**

Rebellion Against Bureaucracy

Away up in the mountains of Inyo County, California, is a man who is going to run his business to suit himself! His name is -----
—CREDITOR'S JOURNAL, San Francisco.

Faith Fulfilled

You have been the most liberal of creditors, and I sincerely wish to complete the payment of this account.—A. N. F., Borger, Texas.

Cephalopod

I would almost bet that your mother read the Great Octopus sometime in the months immediately preceding your birth, for nothing else but pre-natal influence could account for this continued and constant desire of yours to play David and Goliath with the Southern Pacific Company, and damned if I'm not with you all the way.—Irving G. Bishop, Attorney and Counsellor, Los Angeles.

23-X-21311 . . .

Raissa Irene Berkman Browder, Russian-born wife of Phew Deal-loving Earl Browder has just become a legitimate alien immigrant eligible for U. S. citizenship. Perhaps following instructions from The Man, immigration and consular officials just ended the long dispute relative to her deportation (never enforced since illegal entry in 1933—the year F. D. R. first became president) by allowing her to re-enter the U. S. from Canada with a legally stamped visa.

Raissa Irene Berkman Browder's political drag will perhaps enable her to become naturalized long before Lone Pine's active and mentally alert 90-year-old Ygnacio Cruz Ruiz who filed his first papers in 1875 at Solomonville, Graham County, Arizona. Y. C. Ruiz' fond hope before he passes on is to die a U. S. citizen. Whether he owes his longevity to the U. S. Dept. of Justice's slovenly Immigration and Naturalization Service is another point. But at four-score years and ten it is natural that the hourglass is running low.

Born Jan. 17, 1854, in Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico, Mr. Ruiz married beauteous Ysabel Madril, July 8, 1875, only four days before her 16th birthday, and entered the United States at Nogales, Arizona, in October of that year. Mr. and Mrs. Ruiz have been honorable and self-supporting residents of Lone Pine for fifty years. Deserving as they are, they are ineligible for old-age pensions.

Always a conscientious and law-abiding resident, Y. C. Ruiz has nevertheless been assigned a number. The Immigration and Naturalization Service knows him as 23-X-21311. Geometrically speaking, "X" has always been an unknown quantity. But Mr. 23-X-21311 has



23-X-21311 AND COMPANION IN 1943

known for 69 long years that he wants more than anything to be a U. S. citizen. With the Phew Deal dishing out the raw deal with wrecking abandon for the past twelve years, we sometimes wonder why? Perhaps at 90 years of age one becomes immune.

Two years ago this writer assumed the supervision of Mr. 23-X-21311's citizenship application after all others had given up in exhaustion.

After two years we are now in the mood to fight.

One of the multiplicity of essentials of citizenship applications are photographs of the applicant within the last 30 days. To date we have completed his third set of photographs in the past two years. By the time red-tape confusion of a given nature is surmounted, the photographs accompanying them become too ancient in the opinion of Immigration and Naturalization officials, and a new set is required "taken within the last 30 days".

Two years ago, the papers of 23-X-21311 were being handled by an individual in the Bakersfield office. Bakersfield being too convenient, the files covering 23-

X-21311 were transferred. The next question was where? The Fresno office knew nothing of them. The San Francisco office knew nothing of them. In due course they turned up in the Mis-laid Files Department in Los Angeles.

Overnight mail service between Lone Pine and Los Angeles was getting us no where. Thereupon this writer recently journeyed to



COMMUNIST BROWDER WAS LUCKIER

L. A. to infest every Governmental department until citizenship would be granted to 23-X-21311.

Accosting an austere male in the office of the U. S. Dept. of Justice in the huge Federal Bldg. he said: "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"On or about the 15th day of December, 1875, Ygnacio Cruz Ruiz filed declaration of intention ----"

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence—kindly, but firmly. I walked down to another office. Cooling my heels for two hours I was finally ushered into the sanctum sanctoribus of another Civil Service member in good standing, and began: "On or about the 15th day of December,

1875, Ygnacio Cruz Ruiz filed declaration of intention----"

"That will do, sir, that will do! This office has nothing to do with citizenship applications."

I went away. I was exasperated.

Finally, I learned a startling fact. The Immigration and Naturalization Service had recently been transferred from the U. S. Dept. of Justice to the U. S. Dept. of Labor. A brilliant stroke bordering on sheer genius considering all of the labor required in trying to become a citizen.

The architects and designers of the new Federal building contemplating its adequacy for Federal requirements for the next hundred years, failed to comprehend the mushrooming bureaus created by the Phew Deal, and occupancy became too cramped. The U. S. Dept. of Labor was to be found in a limit-height office building at 354 S. Spring St.

Entering the proper office I was sent to the First Auditor. The First Auditor sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller. He examined all of his loose papers, but found nothing on 23-X-21311. I was encouraged. Before closing time I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that Division.

Next morning being Saturday, I was aware my business must be completed by noon. I got a foothold in the Director's office. But he was not there. There were 24 bare-backed, bare-legged, beautiful blondes and brunettes with a sprinkling of red-heads in the office, punching typewriters and calculators. There were 14 well favored young men of draft-age, showing them how. The girls smiled up over their shoulders, and the young men smiled back at them. All was sliding along as

merrily as sleigh bells. Two or three young men that were reading newspapers looked up at me rather hard. Then I said to one of them that was reading:

"Where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean, sir? Whom do you mean? If you mean the Director, he is out."

"Will he visit the harem today?"

! ? ☆ # ! ? % ☆ ! ? !

Back in Lone Pine we are again resorting to mail service in behalf of 23-X-21311. Perhaps we should appeal to Rep. Clair Engle for special Congressional dispensation. 69 years is a long time to await naturalization.

Mr. Ruiz fervently desires to visit Magdalena, the place of his birth, before he dies. Despite his age he is keenly alert to the fact that unless he is a U. S. citizen he may not be permitted to re-enter the United States.

Ygnacio Cruz Ruiz, an unprivileged member of the common herd, can scarcely expect to have the Phew Deal luck of Russian-born Communist Raissa Irene Berkman Browder.

—SD—

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT . . .

Thanks to capable photographer Allan W. Ramsey for the portraits of Y. C. Ruiz in "23-X-21311" and the center-spread under "Retrospection". Photographer Ramsey donated the proceeds of these pictures and of others in future issues to Lone Pine's Community Plunge.

—SD—

Some tourists were standing on the edge of Mt. Vesuvius looking at the molten lava. An American said to his companion, "Looks hot as Hell."

And Englishman standing nearby said to his friend, "Those Americans have been everywhere."

PLUNGE HIGHLIGHTS . . .

John Ford of Bishop putting in an 18-hour day on the dragline



to complete plunge-site excavations in one day, and then coming down the following week to operate for the gravel haulers . . . The drag-line's bucket jerking out a two-inch water main of the Lone Pine Water Company's meandering smack across the middle of the plunge . . . Everett Shellenbarger being inconvenienced by the

severed water-main, but making a financial contribution to the project nevertheless . . . Lions President Art Ray puffing away helping to hoist the bleachers onto the trucks . . . Ben Baker salvaging empty beer and coke bottles on the site and Bob Bryerton sighting one that he overlooked, yelling: "Hey Ben! Here's another penny laying in the ditch!" . . . Mike Baker being completely satisfied with the hole "as was" after the drag-line was done. A little water in it made further work unessential and somewhat of an inconvenience to Mike . . . Myrnadel Hewitt, this year's elementary school Queen of the May, sitting alongside her daddy operating the bull-dozer, as proud as a little queen . . . Geof. Watterson hauling out the first load dropped by the drag-line in his dump truck just painted a flashy green . . . The dirt was offered free to anyone that would take it, and before the day was done, bidders were paying \$1.00 a load for it . . . Don Smith with a Model T truck was hauling one bucketful at a time, and at the conclusion begging for one more load, and after obtaining permission, borrowing a truck that hauled three times the usual amount.

