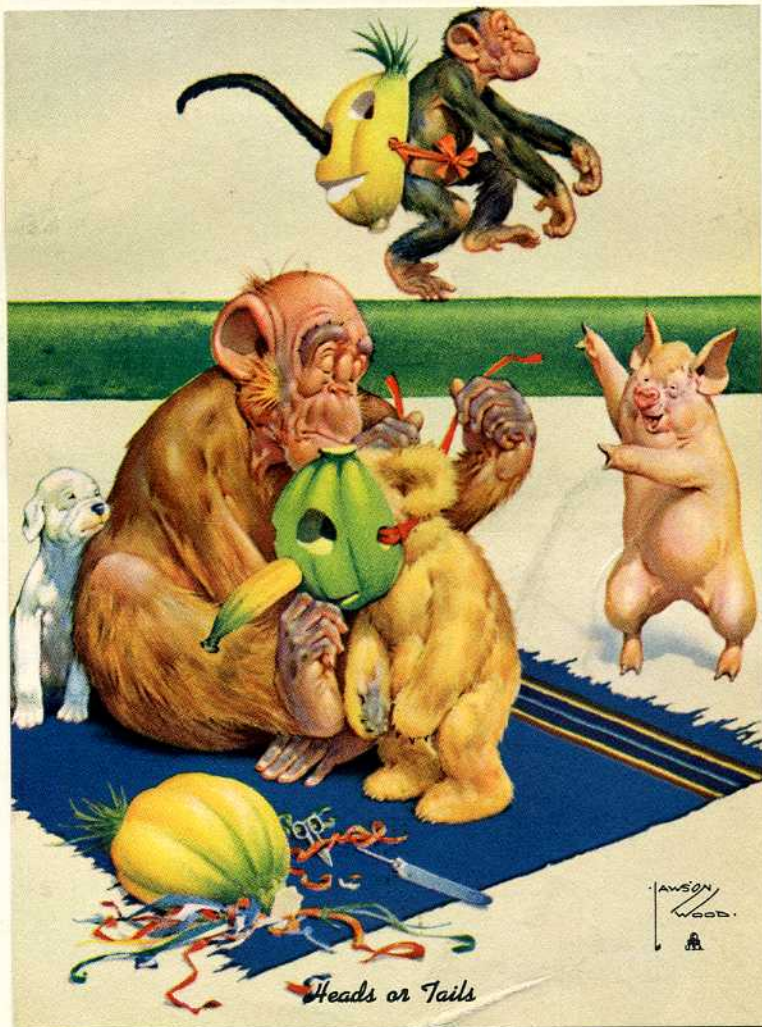


SAWDUST

OCTOBER - 1944

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



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.

To A Friend . . .

"I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.

"I love you not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me.

"I love you for the part of me that you bring out.

"I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over all the foolish and frivolous and weak things that you can't help dimly see there, and for drawing out into the light all the beautiful radiant belongings that no one else had looked quite far enough to find.

"I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool and weakling in me, and for laying firm hold on the possibilities of the good in me.

"I love you for closing your ears to the discords in me, and for adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.

"I love you because you are helping me to make of the timber of my life not a tavern, but a temple, and of the words of my every day not a reproach, but a song.

"I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me happy.

"You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sign.

"You have done it first, by being yourself.

"After all, perhaps this is what being a friend means."

—Mary Carolyn Davies



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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•

E. P. Fitzgerald
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Jimmy-the-Red, Mascot
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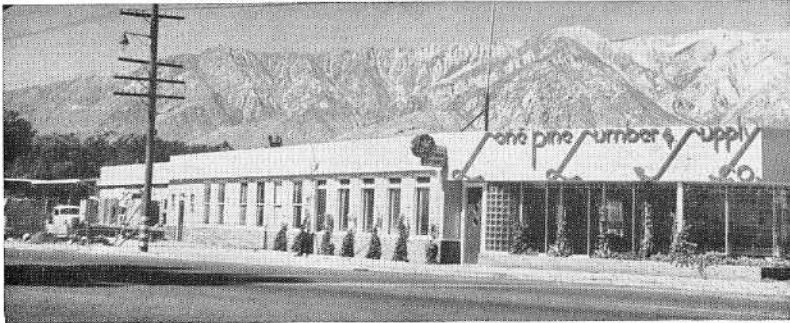
FRIENDS . . .

On the opposite page is a selection that we have heard many times on Ted Lenz' after-midnight broadcast over San Francisco's KPO. In cold print it lacks the throat-lumping impact of its radio rendition to the music of Wayne King's orchestra.

This writer, as detailed in "Strictly Personal" this month, visited friends of his childhood and youth. Those Hoosiers are old friends. Californians, who have become friends in the past 20 years, are newer friends. One is inclined to ask whether new friends who are worthy of friendship are to be preferred to old friends? The question is unworthy of a human being, for there should be no surfeit of friendship as there is of other things.

There were old friends who did not seem to be such in this writer's childhood. For example: school teachers. How good it seemed to see them again and apprise them with a matured mind! As a youngster, I could scarcely realize they were my guides, philosophers and friends. Aside from my own worthy parents, they had more influence in moulding character, than all others. As Lincoln said, character is like a tree and reputation like its shadow. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing.

A divine person is the prophesy of the mind; a friend is the hope of the heart. And yet, it is strange that a man can always tell how many cows or sheep he has, but he cannot tell how many friends he has, so slight is the value he puts upon them. Nothing but heaven itself is better than a friend, for he or she is a person with whom you dare to be yourself.



SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Baited

I've got a lot more to say along these lines (journalism schools), and if you don't go to sleep on me, I'll beat my gums about it. If, after I state my full case, you still feel critical, I'll have to take it.—Major Roy L. French, Director, School of Journalism, USC.

● A worried reader carefully noting that SAWDUST frequently "takes pot-shots" beginning with a full page in October, 1942, at docile, Sinatra-resembling, malnourished Major Roy L. French, wonders whether we are trying to create reader interest ala-Jack Benny vs. Fred Allen, or, violently dislike him?

1—SAWDUST finds it unprofitable with free circulation, to create reader interest.

2—Benny vs. Allen comparison is inept. Benny and Allen each control a microphone. Major French controls two well equipped printing plants and three newspapers; SAWDUST doesn't even own a press to print on!—yet.

3—Bombastically disrespectful at times, SAWDUST quietly esteems Major French for his deep sense of humor (of which we take liberties); his more than two decades capable pedagogy at USC; his added duties, paternalistically re-orienting dislocated and disillusioned Veterans—with a capital V—recently TIME-tetched & bungled, which we predict will be interestingly detailed in a national weekly in the not distant future.—Ed.

Homespun

Life in an Army camp is certainly brightened by such memories from the past as SAWDUST recalls. Will you let me know in what issue of the SEP the article about Father Crowley appeared?—Owen Mello, Lincoln Army Air Field, Neb.

● May 20, 1944.—Ed.

Floriferous Request

I happened to see . . . SAWDUST . . . if possible would like to subscribe for it because I don't know if I will ever be one of your customers, as I am in "The Land of Sunshine" and you are in the "Sunshine State."—Lacy D. Croft, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

● One of increasingly many requests that puzzle us. Non-localites miss many points vaguely treated in SAWDUST. How well might new-reader-Croft be mystified at this reference in August "Wallpaper": 'Charlie Cord was present both times, and didn't ask anyone to pass the mustard.' Nevertheless SAWDUST adds with pleasure another name to our list of non-customers-to-be in "The Land of Sunshine."—Ed.

Challenger

Regards SAWDUST, I didn't like the word "fairly" good wife in regard to Louise. We all know she has been a good wife to you. Just who were you trying to kid, anyway?—Mrs. Mary Journigan, Whittier, Cal.

● We should have been a bit more liltling. To be called merely Braggadocchio would be pleasantly mild.—Ed.

Pine Dust

I often wonder how they can make so much sawdust out of that lone pine.—C. T. Hodgman, Berkeley, Cal.

● "The roses wither and the lilies pine."—Ed.

Fidelity

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.



Lone Pine's 13-year-old Norman Kelley missed a couple of weeks of school last month. Norman, who has never taken a singing lesson, participated in a series of amateur contests sponsored by the Lone Pine Lions Club and Chamber of Commerce, under direction of radio announcer Bill Sharples. He won. Pictured above, is Norman and Bill Sharples practicing for the 30-minute KMTR Saturday night program dedicated to Lone Pine's Community Plunge, and entitled "The Old Swimmin' Hole". Harry Vonzell officiated as announcer, Bill Sharples narrated local events and personalities, and Norman creditably sang three solos in his heart-tingling boy-soprano.

STRICTLY PERSONAL . . .

HOOSIER INTERLUDE

Oct. 15—Sunday luncheon at Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow's Whittier home as served by solicitous Sun Ki Gee . . . Thence to shoot the first movies of 3-weeks-old nephew John Harley . . . To Los Angeles' Union Station after picking up mother on South Burlington . . . Mr. & Mrs. Twohy were at the station with a boxful of assorted Santa Fe, Webster, Optimo and Antonio & Cleopatra cigars for the jaunt . . . Charlie Sumner failed to appear, although we later learned it was due to parking difficulties, and we were unable to deliver his mail to him . . . Aboard Union Pacific's 17-car streamliner "City of Los Angeles." Jimmy-the-Red running alongside as it slowly picked up speed, wistfully yearning to go along with his dad and brother Rudie II . . . Into the lounge car, "Little Nugget," surprised to recognize John Long, Executive Secy., California Newspaper Publishers' Assn. Parried with the greeting: "Can it be that I have the rare and undue pleasure of gazing upon none other than John Longfellow?" He muffed recognition. So we groused: "That's gratitude. After spending several thousand dollars with you on a certain abortive congressional campaign two years ago, you can still afford to not know me!" From then on the bars were down, and he was a constant pal of Rudie II's all the way to Chicago . . . Into the diner for dinner, watching from the window the swerving streamliner snake up Cajon Pass in the twilight, with—of all things—a steam tea-kettle chortling in deep-throated glee as it gave the new-



" . . . DAD, NOT A DAY OLDER"

fangled train a tow . . . Conducted Rudie II the full length of the train, and back to our bedroom to tickle the old alfalfa at—Horror!—8:00 o'clock . . . Told Rudie II he didn't need to go to bed. He expressed hesitancy about running the length of the train, due to the possibility of his not being desired. Set aside his fears by quietly informing him that kid or not, he was on a full fare ticket and was entitled to every privilege of any adult, except smokes and certain kinds of drinks in the lounge car, and off he dashed until midnight . . . Off the train for a few minutes respite next morning at Ogden . . . Rudie II paused to admire one of many four-wheeled, steel-rimmed, baggage trucks, and opined that one would make a swell cart for his horse Ginger . . . Late afternoon, clipping down the long tangents on the east slope of the Continental Divide, we stood on the rear platform and clocked the Streamliner's

speed by the mile posts, registering from 110 to 120 miles per hour. . . . Listened to Dewey's St. Louis speech over the "Little Nugget's" radio, and noting my obvious pleasure at his forthright comments about Truman and his Boss Pendergast's machine connections, a draft-aged New York Jew (by later admission) together with his youthful companion, had the effrontery to attempt a New Deal conversion. Even Rudie II gazed in pop-eyed, open-mouthed and grinning astonishment. However, we exhibited startling paternalistic patience, and after the young Hebrew's companion departed for more fertile fields, we dismissed him with the elementary reasoning: "You've never known anything but the Raw Deal. Were I as young as you, there would be enough gambling instinct in me to at least be desirous of satisfying my curiosity as to what something different might be." . . . Thence to bed. . . . Tuesday morning we rolled, non-stop, across the full width of up-state Illinois into Chicago, on time. . . . By Parmelee Transfer over Chicago's jolting cobblestones to dingy Dearborn Station, to miss by seconds the C&EI train to Terre Haute. . . . Another would be but an hour, so we took Rudie II over to Michigan Avenue and on to the Illinois Central crossover opposite the huge Stevens Hotel . . . Pointed out Lake Michigan to the offspring, and he swore he could see land on the other side. Some eye-sight! . . . Among other things pointed out the Wrigley Tower, blocks north, and he suggested we might be able to buy chewing gum there. . . . Back to the Dearborn Station, and so appalled at the long ticket line, we detoured it and used our return tickets to California to crash the gate. . .

Not having seats, we boarded the train and took chairs in the observation car, and when well out of Chicago, satisfactorily adjusted the matter with the conductor, although we were compelled to remain there. . . . The C&EI boasts: "The Boulevard of Steel." If and when they use steel compared with the PRR and learn to spike it down without kinking, they'll probably term it "The Sleeky Glide of Steel." . . . Into terrible Terry Hut in the smog of dusk and there was old Dad, all grins, not looking a day older, to welcome and chauffeur us the 16 miles to hometown Brazil. . . Street lights were silently pin-pricking the early October night with a fuzzy glow as we rolled along a strange Main Street of America. Strange, because electric interurban tracks were gone that had been there as long as I could remember . . . Thence to 617 N. Meridian Street for another welcome from Mother Grace and a home-coming dinner in her own inimitable style. . . They answered questions, questions, questions. . . Thence down town with Rudie II to point out such nostalgic spots as the Lark, where his father last worked prior to going to California; the Times office; and many other places that he glanced at with polite and bored interest. . . . Back to 617 N. Meridian so Rudie II could go to bed, and again back to Main Street, alone, to saunter and to search the faces of passersby for at least one person I knew, until midnight, when the city was buttoned up—not even a cafe open. How different than little Lone Pine where more interesting things often begin at midnight. Back to Dad's home with a queer feeling of being from another life in my complete fail-

