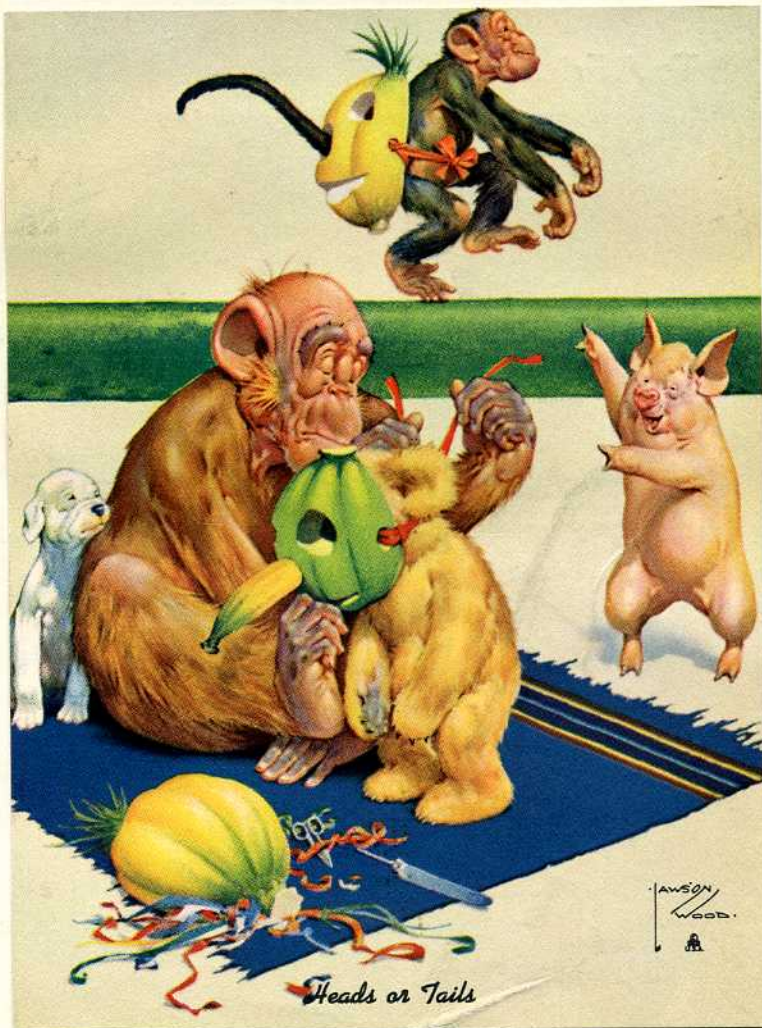


# SAWDUST

OCTOBER - 1944

VOL. IV - NO. 10

*"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  
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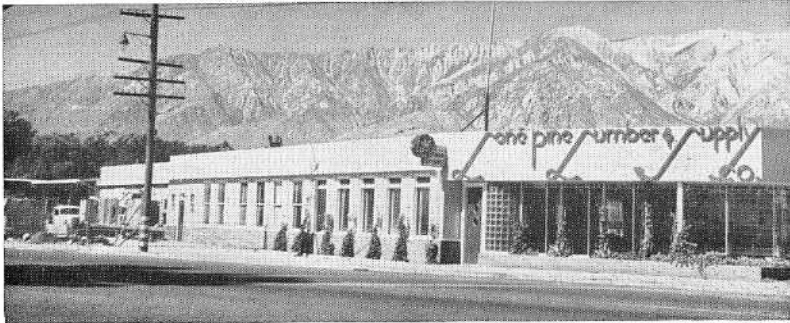
## FRIENDS . . .

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 week-ly 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 liltng. 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.

