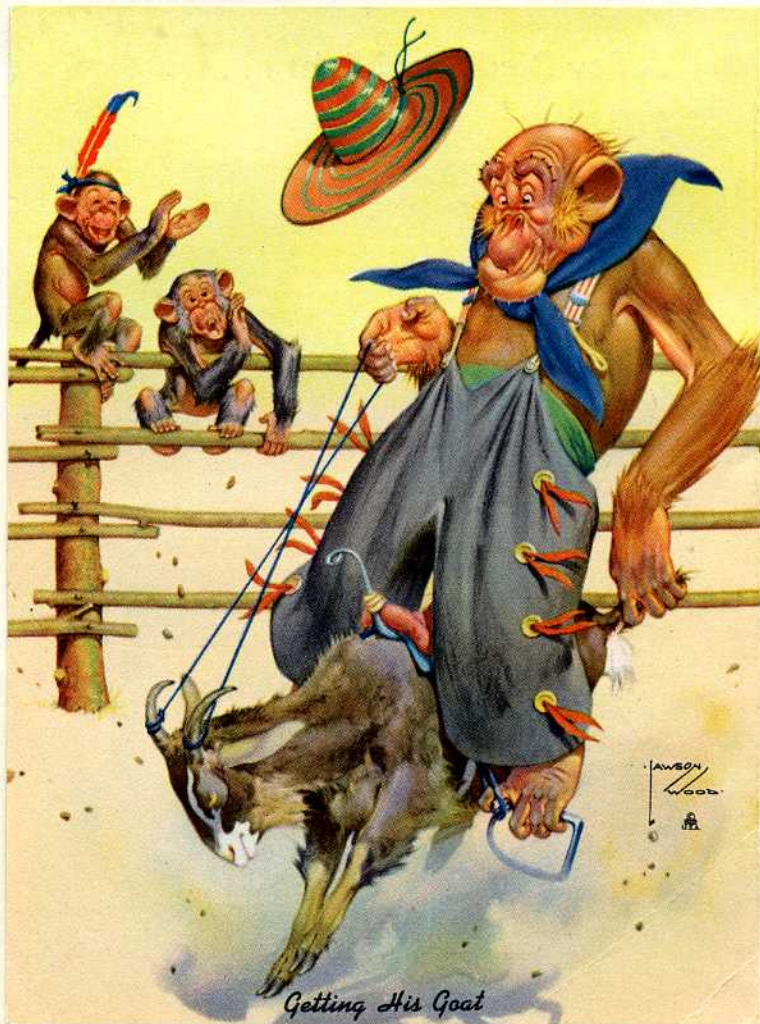


SAWDUST

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



Getting His Goat

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 Boy Died Last Night . . .

A BOY died last night. It doesn't make much difference now about his name. It might have been your son, your brother, your husband. The important thing is that he died, in poignant and awful loneliness out somewhere on a waste of sand, out in a starless silence, 10,000 miles from home.

"Missing in action" read an obscure line in this morning's communique. That was all. Now he lies there, a crumpled, twisted mass of flesh, that yesterday was his body. The fine head and the shirring face and the broad shoulders remain only in a picture that looks out upon a quiet living-room on a shaded street an eternity away.

Last night, in those agonizing hours of unspeakable isolation, he went through a thousand deaths without the one thing that might have helped a little—the sound of a familiar voice, the pat of a friendly hand. Many people died last night in their beds at home, surrounded by those who cared. Last night he died in utter desolation in an unimaginable loneliness.

The pain was terrible enough. But then there had to be that dreadful burden of thought in those endless last hours. Mom and Pop. The flowers blooming again in the backyard. The good old roadster in the driveway. That last sweetheart kiss at the station. Those dances last summer. That half-finished letter in his blouse. All those plans for the future. Couldn't somebody find him, please? That wracking pain again.

Too much for you, all this? But it really happened last night, just like that. It's going to happen a thousand times—ten thousand times, and perhaps a million times in the nights to come. If people could only understand it. If they would just grind deep into their thinking the stark, terrible reality of it, every petty, selfish interest would be swept away. They would sacrifice anything and everything just to make themselves worthy of that boy.

He died last night, you see. There's no way to get around that.

—John H. Hoagland in the Louisville Courier-Journal.



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REPLYING TO YOURS OF . . .

SAWDUST rounds out its 45th continuous month of publication with this issue, each with a Lawson Wood cover. Political, bureaucratic commissars almost continuously panting down our necks, permitting, we have in hand stock for 15 additional issues with covers by Lawson Wood.

Why this "thing" called SAWDUST?

The prime reason may be found at the bottom of the front cover. Secondly, we like to consider it as being in lieu of our inability to find time to write letters to our numerous friends. SAWDUST, for that reason, differs from typical house organs—not necessarily for the better. We well know that in candidly expressing what we believe is right, is far from soothing to some of our good customers.

"Exilic Yearnings" in this issue is a prime example of SAWDUST's secondary purpose. In eight long years, Clarence Badger has yet to receive a letter from this writer, and in all that time we have consistently heard from him. Yet, in reference to SAWDUST, Clarence asserts: "My Lord, it was good to hear from you."

That many interpret SAWDUST similarly is mutely testified by the many letters we receive from those whose previous ones remain unanswered.

One of our good friends recently griped righteously that this was his fourth letter without a response. Like all, he is low on our correspondence list, but exceedingly high on SAWDUST's ever lengthening mailing list.



