

# Way Back When

By JEANNE

## AN OIL DRILLER

CLARK GABLE was little different from any other small town boy. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1900, and later living in Hopedale, Ohio, population 500, Clark Gable was a regular American boy, fond of the outdoors and all sports. Motherless from the time he was seven months old, he was raised by his grandparents until his father remarried. He held a deep love and respect for his stepmother.

Like any other normal American boy, Clark Gable was not sure what position he would like to hold in life. He thought for awhile that he might be an architect, and later he studied medicine at night school. Ambitious but poor, he had to work



from the time he was seventeen years old, and his jobs were as varied as his opportunities. He was time-keeper in a rubber factory, call boy in a theater, an oil driller, a telephone linesman, a surveyor's assistant and a lumberjack. Clark Gable might have been anything but a motion picture actor.

He became a star by traveling the hard road of theatrical stock companies and motion picture extra, overcoming many disappointments, until he reached the pinnacle in "It Happened One Night," which won the Motion Picture award for the best picture of 1934.

## CARL SANDBURG NEVER WOULD SETTLE DOWN

HOW many times have you heard someone say, "I don't know what to do about that boy of mine; it looks like he never will settle down"? Carl Sandburg was like that. A boy who skipped from job to job, and gave his simple Swedish immigrant parents many a worried hour! He was born in 1878 in Galesburg, Ill., of people who were uneducated and kindly, simple and poor. Forced by poverty to go to work when he was thirteen, he began the seemingly endless series of jobs that gave him such true understanding of the common people.

He drove a milk wagon in Galesburg and he blacked boots in a barber shop. If you could have looked into the future and said that some day Carl Sandburg would be a great poet, they would have laughed you out of town! He became a scene shifter in a cheap theater, a truck handler in a brick yard, and then a turner's apprentice in a pottery shop. Cheap manual labor, nothing skilled about most of it! He worked as a dish-washer in



mid-western hotels, a harvest hand in the Kansas wheat fields, and a carpenter's helper.

Carl Sandburg was learning the painter's trade when the Spanish-American war broke out, and he enlisted. A comrade persuaded him to go to Lombard college and he worked his way through as a bell ringer, gym janitor and college correspondent for the Galesburg Daily Mail. In college his literary ability developed and he became editor of the school publications. After graduation he supported himself as advertising manager of a department store and sales manager of a business machines firm.

He entered politics, became a reporter, and in 1917, Carl Sandburg joined the staff of the Chicago Daily News, where his work has been outstanding.

A rolling stone, a restless jack-of-all-trades has been Carl Sandburg, but from the time of his literary awakening in college, he has written steadily stories for children, a biography of Lincoln, and hundreds of poems about the mass of people.

So, if that boy of yours is restless, if he skips from place to place, be patient. Carl Sandburg gained fame by knowing many people, many jobs, many problems.

©-WNU Service.

# THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

## THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



## S'MATTER POP—Mention This to Your Pooch!

By C. M. PAYNE



## MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

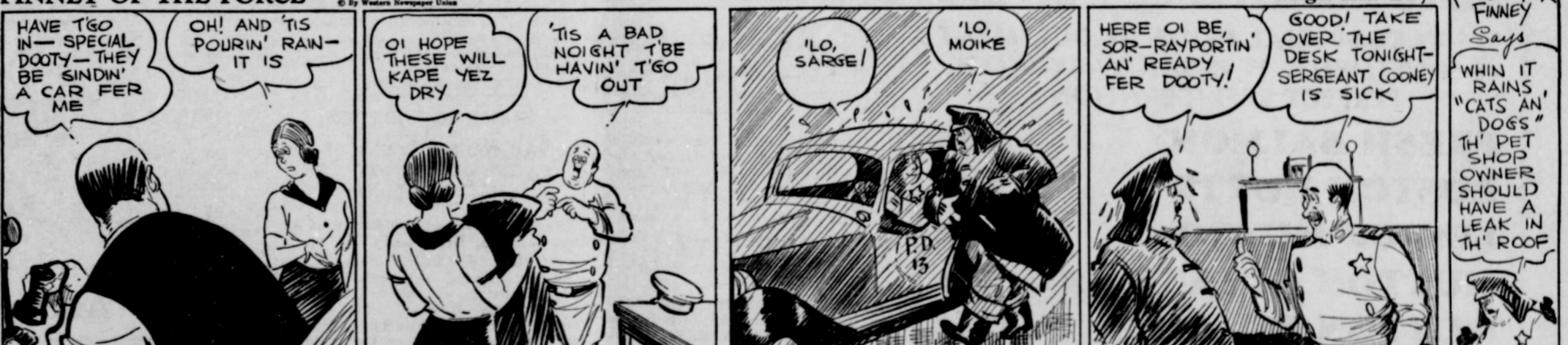
Lucky Muley



## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

High and Dry



## BRONC PEELER—Bronc Witnesses a Brandin' Party

By FRED HARMAN



## Curse of Progress



**No Sale**  
Druggist (infuriated at being aroused at 2 a. m.)—Five cents' worth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time of night! Why, a glass of hot water would have done just as well.  
MacDougal—Weel, weel, I thank ye for the advice, and I'll not bother ye after all. Good night.

**Papa Still Pop**  
"From now on, father," said the bright offspring, "I've decided to paddle my own canoe."  
"Splendid!" approved the relieved parent.  
"Yes, sir," went on the boy, "and so I wish you'd lend me 50 bucks to buy the canoe to paddle."  
"Line Busy"

First Neighbor—May I use your telephone?  
Second Ditto—Certainly! Is yours out of order?  
First Ditto—Not exactly, but my sister is using it to hold up the window; ma's cutting biscuits with the mouthpiece and the baby is teething on the cord.

## MORNING EXERCISES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

