

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Famous Star Tells Of First Movie Job

Everybody likes to talk about their first job. I like to talk about mine.

When I was in High School in Los Angeles, all the boys worked during the holidays as messengers, errand boys, or such. The girls? One girl worked as a housekeeper the whole time even during term, and she was not a foreigner. She got the highest marks in class. Do not ask me when she did her school home work. Other girls were Cash Girls, carrying slips of paper with the cash. I suppose, of customers, the Cashier. It must have been the same service that we now do for ourselves when we buy and pay for anything in the big stores.

Two sisters I knew went as children's nurses. The daughter of the biggest banker in the country was with us at L.A. High. Carmel Myers and her brother Zion whose father was a rabbi; also another friend of ours who became a lawyer and whose father was a tailor. In my widest dream I cannot imagine any of those fathers allowing their daughters to be Cash Girls in a store.

We were very poor. Unnecessarily so. And when my mother read in the paper about some film star spending the season in Florida, that did it. People were always saying that I looked like Mary Pickford. Mr. Griffith never called me anything but "Miss Mary." But I am ahead of myself, writes Leslie Love in the Christian Science Monitor.

My father never would have consented to my seeking work in films. My resourceful mother said, the Saturday before school let out one summer, that there was no reason why I should not get a job and tell him about it afterward.

I remember thinking that I should go before school let out because the best jobs would be snapped up by the time the Assembly bell stopped ringing for the last time. I did not know quite what I imagined; that all the girls were going out to become film stars suddenly! Just for the summer? It must have been some such idea because I felt that having a whole week's head start would give me quite an edge every one.

My mother's letter in a factory, "Antzren's Kaitovor" (and "Bathurst"). Later I learned that she had been up for promotion as forelady at that time. Well, she could not get away herself. So? Mrs. Delano, the wife of a couple renting a room from us, went with me to Tom Mix. It was in Edendale, a suburb of Los Angeles. I had been there once on a visit with my father.

This day Tom Mix was away, or so we were told. We were sent next door to see the Wardrobe Lady. I think she was, but I am not sure. What I am absolutely certain about is that this very nice woman was not playing a cruel practical joke on us when she said that, if I wanted to get into pictures, D. W. Griffith was the man to see.

For those who may not know, D. W. Griffith was the most brilliant and one of the most important film directors, producers, and showmen that this industry has yet produced. This lady said that he had made all the big film stars at that time (which he had). It was the sort of naive, direct reasoning that went on in our own household, so that is what we did. We took a streetcar to the Griffith Studio on Sunset Boulevard and I asked to see him — a proceeding which would today be comparable to knocking at the gates of Canaveral and saying, "Please, I want to be an astronaut." Only without the Please.

As it happened, Mr. Griffith, who had that day returned to the studio from San Francisco, was on his way to his office and overheard me ask for him, saying that I had an appointment. I didn't mention I had made it myself. A few years later, the man who had opened the office door to me told me what had happened next, so that I know it is true. Mr. Griffith had continued his office. This gentleman, Mr. Woods, head of the

So They Cut Down The Old Swing Tree

Somebody cut down our swing tree. And long ago I concluded it goes no good to lift a plaintive wail about such things, for men seem not to be guided thereby. Plenty of people join in the wailing, and lift their hands, and deplore, but in the end the crasser motives prevail and those of us who lament have had only the "exercise" of our lamentations. Why would anybody want to cut down a swing tree?

Seems as if all my days somebody has been coming around to cut down trees nobody wants cut down, and although by times vicious objections have been raised and pretty good arguments have been advanced, I don't seem to recall any particular case, public or private, that got saved.

All right. So times advance, and distance is not a problem, and a few homes have been built in there—not far from here for suburbanites. In the great forward surge of improvement and progress, by whatever means this creates, somebody came around about a week ago and cut this swing tree down. It was worked up into cordwood logs, and left piled for a day or so, and then it was carted off. Traces and the conservation are that-true-dirty has to be mellowed with a few tree-farm fancies. We've been paying for it, and somebody must have given and executed the order. Why?

Never again will anybody, rounding the turn, come upon this elm and have his heart hop at the prospect of a swing. This is a tremendous loss to everybody, a tragic loss to all who grew up in these parts. It can only conclude that we—or I—must be wrong. It must be wrong to have a sentimental attachment to shade and symmetry, grace and growth and loveliness. It must be wrong because we are so uniformly outwined. Somebody always cuts down swing trees. From the Preface to "Frontiers of the Sea," by Robert C. Cowen.

It has been a lovely week for sitting out in the garden and I have made the most of it, taking with me my mending, knitting, writing or anything that could be done comfortably outside. That is, until Partner started moving our work into the morning and the noise was enough to burst one's ear-drums. Bob was looking at it yesterday so we hope it will be better next time.

—If not I can see a new maw on the books and the restricted circles of its maritime applications. It is tackling problems of immediate and long-range significance for men everywhere. Its emergence is the theme of this book. —From the Preface to "Frontiers of the Sea," by Robert C. Cowen.

Q. This is the meaning of "a la carte" in a restaurant. A. This simply means that you select any dish that appeals to you and pay for each separate item, whereas in ordering "table d'hôte," you pay a set price for the whole meal.

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Great Wealth Hidden in Oceans

Earth is a water world. If you could look back at our planet from the moon, through the obscuring haze of the atmosphere, its most striking characteristic would be the dark cast of the oceans.

The sea, spreading as an irregular but unbroken envelope, dominates the world's surface. It is the ultimate source of all our water. It provides a habitat for plants and animals far greater in area and volume than the life zone of the land, so that marine organisms can be thought of as the most luxuriantly representative life forms of the earth.

Can men look to the seas to meet their ever growing needs for food and minerals? Can they learn to farm the waters as they do the land? Can they extract the mineral wealth that lies in diluted form at every season? These are the kinds of questions that now are helping to shape the research conducted with the sea. They are not strictly "scientific" questions, although it will take a good deal of basic scientific research to answer them. They have a practical flavor that is foreign to the search for knowledge for its own sake, that has characterized oceanographic work until recent times.

After millennia of neglect, the oceans are beginning to command the attention of land-based men as something more than a hunting ground for fishermen or a highway for ships. The fact that such questions have begun to arise is a place in the thinking of ocean scientists along with the traditional questions of biology, chemistry, and physics of the sea indicates that, in terms of its broad perspective, oceanography is emerging from the academics and institutes and restricted circles of its maritime applications. It is tackling problems of immediate and long-range significance for men everywhere. Its emergence is the theme of this book. —From the Preface to "Frontiers of the Sea," by Robert C. Cowen.

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He Steals Bases Like Ty Cobb Did

Outside the National League dressing room in Washington, D.C. Stadium, a guard suddenly stepped in front of the open doorway. "Are you a ballplayer?" he demanded. The slim, thin-faced man in blue polo shirt and white slacks scowled and, without a word, walked into the room. The guard followed, watching slyly until the stranger stepped readily the locker marked "WILLYS" and sat down. "Well," the guard, staring at Maury, said, "the sure doesn't look like a ballplayer."

Shortstop Willy, 5 feet 10 and 163 pounds, sure did look like a ballplayer later that afternoon. He played the All-Star game in the sixth inning as a pinch-runner for Stan Musial. Willy quickly became a President Kennedy favorite. He was named MVP and 45,479 other spectators why he is the best base-runner in baseball.

On Camilo Pascual's second pitch, Willy hit a good jump and stole second without even drawing a throw from the pitcher. A moment later, he raced home on a single.

In the top of the eighth, Willy led off with a pop-fly single into short left. When Jim Davenport of the San Francisco Giants singled to left, Willy took a wide arched diving leap, and without a word, he landed on the pitcher's mound. He threw to second base, and the runner was out.

Willy was a surprise. He had been a quiet, unassuming man, a steady, reliable player. He had been a quiet, unassuming man, a steady, reliable player. He had been a quiet, unassuming man, a steady, reliable player.

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U.S. Fishermen Have Troubles A-Plenty

To the schools of tourists on their annual summer migrations, the old New England fishing towns looked the same as ever. Last month, with cork-studded nets drying in the sun and the stubby trawlers and draggers, creaking on the dockside swells. With the picturesque scenery, however, there was a different flavor — decaying piers, shuttered warehouses, worn-out vessels — that America's fishing industry is dying. Once a keystone of private enterprise, whose steady profits led to a new land of commercial fishing is now a neglected soft spot in the national economy.

In the past decade, 31,000 fishermen and 16,000 fishing boats have been beached. In Gloucester, where men have been going down to the sea since 1623, the fishing fleet has dropped from 400 vessels to less than 100. Dispirited fishermen are particularly urgent in New England, but many a port along the lower Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts also may be abandoned to the gulls and tourists.

San Diego's tuna fleet, numbering 183 boats ten years ago, is down to 210. The salmon catch off Alaska and the Columbia River is half of what it was fifteen years ago. In a decade the oyster take from Long Island Sound and Chesapeake and Delaware bays has dropped 19 million pounds. The Gulf of Mexico's shrimp industry also has been hit hard.

Once a strong challenger to Japan as the world's foremost fishing nation, the U.S. in the last two years has dropped to fifth behind Red China, Peru, and Russia. Ironically, this decline has come at a time when American canners are eating more fish than ever. But nearly half of these fish are now caught in foreign boats; by 1975, the foreign boats will account for three-quarters of all fish eaten in the U.S.

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Watered-Down Version

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Modern Etiquette

Q. When does my boy friend give me my engagement ring — while we are alone, or in front of our guests at the engagement party? A. Since this is one of your greatest moments — a strictly personal affair — you certainly should receive your ring in private.

Q. Where should the bridegroom keep his bride's ring until the proper moment when he places it on her finger? A. The bridegroom always has best man take charge of the ring, and the best man hands it over to the groom at the proper moment.

Q. Whenever we are invited to dinner at a friend's home, I join my hostess in the kitchen while she is finishing her preparations for the meal. My husband says this is improper. What do you think? A. You may join your hostess in the kitchen only if the special-tying. Remember, in a living room.

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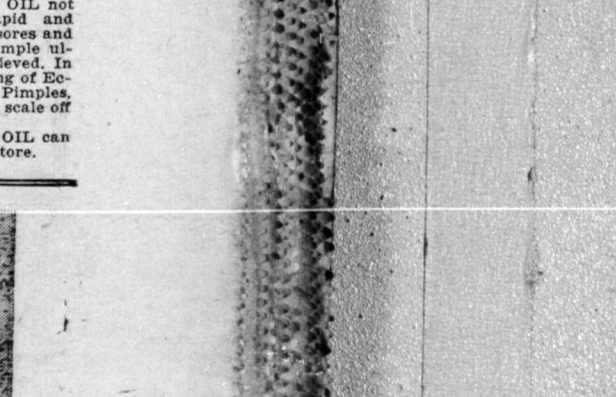
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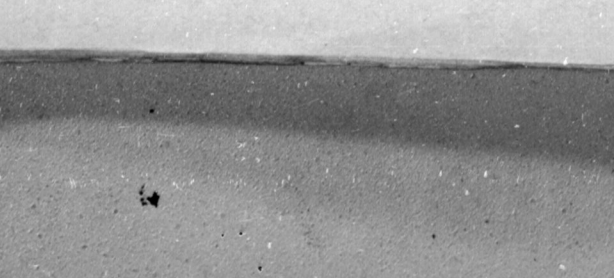
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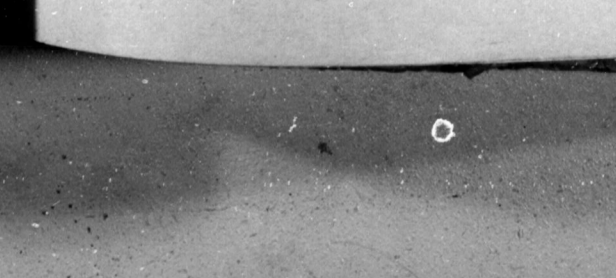
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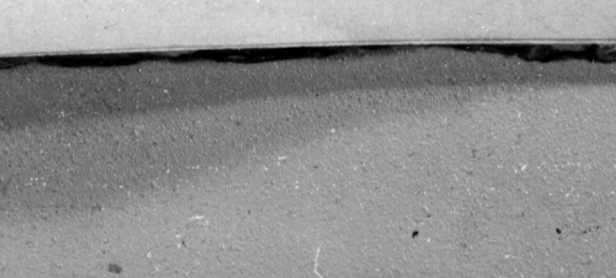
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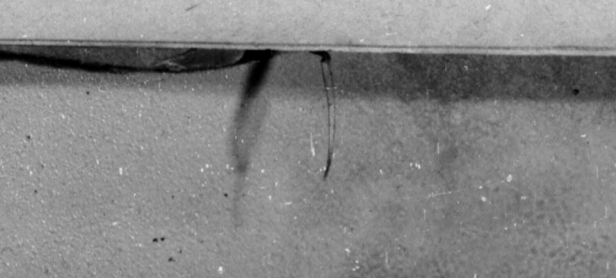
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