

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Quality of Mercy Was Strained When Mantell Played 'Richard'

By BILLY ROSE

A few years back, I got the nobby notion of reviving "Henry VIII," by one W. Shakespeare, and the day after the first three-line announcement appeared on the drama pages my office was crammed with well known actors who were willing to work for what ordinarily would have been their agents' commissions.

Subsequently, for reasons that have nothing to do with this piece, I pigeon-holed my plans for doing "Henry," but I sure learned a lot about show folks during the month I was buddying up to the Bard.

To nine out of ten of them, I found, the pentameters of William the Great are the chocolate sauce on the profiterole, and during rehearsals they go about their business as if they were in a temple of worship.



Billy Rose

On opening night, as far as the cast is concerned, the theater has stained glass windows, and I'm not exaggerating when I say the actors would probably kill anyone who tried to foul up the performance.

If you think I'm using "kill" carelessly, try this one on for sights . . .

BACK IN 1904, an obscure thespian named Robert Mantell, who had been playing desultory one-nighters in the Midwest, received word that a choice Broadway theater would be available during the Christmas season. He promptly cancelled his road engagement and brought his troupe to New York, but shortly after his arrival he discovered that the "choice" theater he had been offered was the Princess, a small second-story auditorium on Broadway between 27th and 28th streets.

No more daunted than solvent, Mantell announced he would present his production of "Richard III" on December 5, and when friends and colleagues warned him that not a hundred people would climb a flight of rickety stairs to see a Shakespearean play during the holidays, he shrugged his broadbare shoulders and posted his rehearsal schedule.

Immediately, however, there was trouble. The stage crew insisted on a scenic rehearsal, and when the impoverished actor refused they decided to get even by lousing up his show on opening night.

On the evening of the 5th, a minute after Mantell began to declaim his way through the initial lines, a stagehand lunged at him from behind a cloth drop and almost

knocked him into the pit. And a few moments later the same "accident" happened again.

When the act was over, Mantell quietly told the crew that he would kill the next man who tried to disrupt his performance—and halfway through the second act he darned near did. In the middle of a speech, he saw the outline of a hand behind the curtain trying to locate him and, never faltering in his lines, he drew his dagger and plunged the blade full-force into the drop.

When he went into the wings at the end of the scene, one of the crew grabbed him and said, "You've killed our head carpenter."

"I hope to Heaven I did," said Mantell. But when he examined the stagehand he found the wound was only a gash in the thigh.

TO MAKE SURE no one would misunderstand how he felt, the actor went up to his dressing room and came down wearing the iron-studded glove that was part of his costume in the last act. "Any more trouble," he said, "and I shall brain each and every one of you." The stagehands looked at Mantell, at the mailed glove, and at the bleeding man on the floor. And from then until the final curtain, the crew was as quiet as a Scottish meeting house after a call for contributions.

Next day, the critics bailed Mantell's performance as "the greatest 'Richard' since the days of Booth," and before the week was out he had been signed by the late William A. Brady, under whose management he went on to achieve recognition as one of America's leading classic actors.

Recently, Theresa Helburn of the Theatre Guild offered to let me buy a small piece of "As You Like It," starring Katharine Hepburn. "In all fairness," she said, "I think I ought to tell you that Katy's contract is only until June."

"I'm not going to brood about that," I said. "The play is by Shakespeare, and if it gets over, I doubt whether Hollywood will see her again until both she and the scenery fall apart."

Game Protectors And Sportsmen Plan Project At Mountain Springs

Reynolds and Ayre On Mozart Program

Ruth Turn Reynolds of Trucksville has a solo part in Mozart Club's Lenten Recital at First Baptist Church, Wilkes-Barre Tuesday at 8:15. Louie W. Ayre, also of Trucksville, accompanies.

Guest soloist is Leslie E. Hopkins, a new member of Wyoming Seminary faculty. Charles Henderson of Wilkes College will play the organ, the entire Mozart Club chorus will sing.

Game Protectors of the North East Division plan another browse cutting and game cover improvement project for Saturday and Sunday, according to Carl C. Stainbrook, Supervisor, Division "B".

The site selected for this month's operation is on State Game Lands No. 57 in Wyoming and Luzerne Counties. All Division Game Protectors will meet at Mountain Springs Saturday morning, and will disperse to the several areas on Game Land where the work will be done.

On February 11th and 12th, Game Protectors and sportsmen, working together, improved some 39 acres on State Game Lands 127 and 135 in the Poconos.

The Game Supervisor stressed the importance of this work, not only as a measure to supply additional browse for deer, but also the long time benefits to other forms of wildlife—food and cover for rabbits and snowshoe hares, nesting and escape cover for turkeys and grouse.

Interested sportsmen will again be welcomed to participate in the work on the second day—March 12. They are asked to bring their own tools and lunches. Power saws, furnished by the Commission, will be on the job to tackle the more difficult specimens.

The Creveling Memorial entrance to Game Lands No. 57 will be used. This is just off Route 487 about 100 yards south of Ricketts.

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RETURN FROM SOUTH

Dear Editor: Myrtle Martin and Hazel White Derby of Beaumont, have returned from Fort Lauderdale and Miami, Florida where they have been vacationing.

Among the high lights of their trip, was a visit to Key West. Crossed the famous seven mile bridge, bordered by the Atlantic Ocean on one side, and the Gulf of Mexico on the other. A master piece of engineering.

Past the U. S. Marine Base where hundreds of air bombers stand in readiness to defend our country at a moment's notice.

Saw President Truman's Little White House of the South. Visited the remarkable yacht harbor at Bahia-Mar, which has docking facilities for 400 yachts and parking space for 1,800 autos. One of the largest and finest bases of its kind in the country.

There is nothing much to see at the Seminole Indian Reservation, unless you are interested in the only pure bred Indian tribe in the country. They live mostly under palm thatched "chickies" in surroundings neither modern nor sanitary.

One of the largest truck-farming markets of U. S. is located at Pompano. The huge shed is 1008 feet long by 100 feet wide, where farmers from the local districts bring their produce to sell to brokers. Hundreds of trailer trucks can be seen loading the produce for transportation north.

A very enjoyable day was spent at the Famous Bird Farm, at Kendall, ten miles south of Miami, where hundreds of rare birds, with bright colored plumage were in evidence. Such specimens as the talking parrots, the laughing love birds, penguins, peacocks, ostriches (7 feet tall), emu, powerful vultures, pelicans, graceful swans and the most ornamental birds of all—pink flamingoes. Great flocks of these attractive birds add indescribable beauty to the famous Hialeah Race Course.

A drive through the well pruned orange groves including a guided visit through an orange packing house was very interesting.

On the way home, we were escorted around St. Augustine (oldest city of U. S.) in a quaint horse-drawn "Surrey with the Fringe on Top." The well informed guide pointed out, with pride, such outstanding features as the Million Dollar Memorial Church built by Henry Flagler, in honor of his daughter; the beautiful Ponce De Leon Hotel containing 185 rooms; the oldest wooden school house (a drastic contrast to the modern schools of today); the massive gates to the city; the old fort; the narrow streets. All this and much more.

The visitor drank freely of the "Fountain of Youth" in vain hopes of regaining her girlish figure, and changing her silver locks to the shade of a crow's wing. No change has been noted to date. Perhaps it takes time. Who knows?

Students of U. S. History will remember the story about Ponce De Leon (a Spanish Explorer) searching for the "Fountain of Youth", in whose waters he could bathe to restore his youth. The fountain was never found; but instead, a land of beautiful flowers, which was appropriately named Florida.

Another thrilling experience was a visit to Casper's Alligator and Ostrich Farm, where 8,000 alligators, of many ages and sizes could be studied. Handsome purses, bags, shoes and belts, made from skins of the alligators, were on display at no reduced prices.

Here, too, ostriches are raised and trained for racing. These huge birds, hitched to a two-wheeled cart or sulky, are driven around the race track at a lively rate of speed to the astonishment of the spectators.

No trip south would be complete without a bird's-eye view of our nation's capitol. The towering Washington Monument; Smithsonian Institute; Bureau of Printing and Engraving; and of course the Capitol Building itself.

It was indeed a privilege to meet W. A. Crouch, better known in show business as "Trixie". He performed with the Famous Buffalo Bill Show for thirty-eight consecutive years, showed in every state of the Union, and four times abroad. At last, he met with a serious accident, which left him a cripple and forced him to retire. He is an old man now, but loves to relate his many thrilling experiences with "Buffalo Bill" whom he affectionately regards as the best "showman" in the world, with no one in sight to take his place.

Enthusiastic sport-lovers need have no dull moments, with plenty of good fishing, horse racing, dog (Continued on Page Seven)

THE DALLAS POST "More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

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Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grille, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

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Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

Editor and Publisher HOWARD W. RISLEY Associate Editor MYRA ZEISER RISLEY Contributing Editor MRS. T. M. B. HICKS Sports Editor WILLIAM HART

ONLY YESTERDAY

From The Post of ten and twenty years ago this week.

March 8, 1940

Dallas Borough Council has voted to appropriate \$300 annually to Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company.

Congressman C. Murray Turpin delivered the principal address this week at Kingston Township High School when the P.O.S. of A. presented 18 American flags for classroom use and two to wave over the building. Prof. James A. Martin accepted the flags for the school.

Postmaster Irwin Davis of Shavertown has returned from General Hospital where he has been a patient.

Thelma Gregory has been awarded a Shorthand Certificate at Wyoming Seminary for turning in a perfect paper in the Gregg Shorthand test.

Marguerite Ide, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Ide and Theodore Cobleigh, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Cobleigh were united in marriage by Rev. Francis Freeman on February 28.

March 4, 1930

Shavertown postoffice has been moved from the store of H. S. VanCampen into large quarters in Van Campen building on Main street, just two doors away.

Gottlieb Bauman, Wyoming Valley florist, is constructing two large greenhouses to cost \$20,000, on his land near Castle Inn.

Peter Culp, Huntsville, celebrated his 88th birthday this week.

G. Harold Wagner of Dallas has been appointed sub-assessor for the Dallas District.

John L. Sullivan has closed negotiations with the Dime Bank to purchase the land, buildings and stock of lumber formerly owned by Dallas Lumber Company.

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The Book Worm



The Bookworm is conducted for and in the interest of Back Mountain Memorial Library.

Bookworm Book List

Recently placed upon the shelves of the Book-Club of the Back Mountain Library for current reading by Book-Club members and eventual enjoyment of all subscribers to the library, are the following new books, listed with brief comments on each volume:

A Bullet for My Love, by Octavus Roy Cohen, fully up to the usual standard expected by Cohen fans. Love Story, by Ruth McKenney, author of a former best seller, "My Sister Eileen."

The Flame Tree by Theodore Pratt. Covers the period of the rapid expansion of Palm Beach and the establishment of the famous Royal Ponciano Hotel. A novel based on a triangle.

A Search for the King, by Gore Vidal, highly recommended by the "Atlantic Monthly" for excellent literary style. Deals with the period of the Crusades, starring a troubadour in search of Richard the Lion-Hearted, held captive by Duke Leopold.

The Wooden Horse, by Eric Williams. An enthralling story of escape from a prison camp. Factual. A Few Flowers for Shiner, by the author of "How Green Was My Valley", Richard Llewellyn.

Morning Faces, by John Mason Brown, with a few line drawings by Susan Suba. For all parents. Side Street, a first book by Nathaniel Benchley. Thoroughly delightful.

Love in a Cold Climate, Nancy Mitford. English setting.

The Freeholder, Joe David Brown, author of "Stars in my Crown". Period of 1800 to 1861. A period piece.

Swiftwaters, by Paul Annixter, with a Maine woods setting.

My Three Years in Moscow, Walter Bedell Smith. Serialized recently in Saturday Evening Post. Important, weighty, but highly readable.

Do You Want To Cut Your Federal Taxes?

Overlapping Bureaus

The Executive Department of the Federal Government has grown from small beginnings into a mighty colossus composed of 1,812 separate bureaus and agencies employing 2,090,554 civilian workers with an annual payroll of more than \$6,000,000,000.

This growth was haphazard. What happened was that when a job needed to be done, an agency was hurriedly set up by executive order, or created by Congress. We are now paying for all these mistakes.

On July 7, 1947, Congress authorized, by unanimous vote, the launching of the greatest effort yet made to plan an efficient, economical government reorganization. With the approval of President Truman, a bi-partisan, twelve-man commission, headed by former President Hoover, was established. This Commission found many discouraging examples of the confusion in our government machinery, and has made concrete suggestions to correct these ills.

As matters stand, when you attempt to deal with your government, you will find 34 agencies engaged in obtaining land, 10 in Federal construction work, 9 in credit and finance and 50 in gathering statistics. A rancher desiring to pasture his livestock on public lands must obtain separate permits, each containing different terms and conditions, from both the Department of Interior and the Department of Agriculture.

The Army Engineers and the Reclamation Bureau cost the taxpayers untold millions of dollars through duplication of effort on water resources development. As an instance of this wasteful duplication, the Hungry Horse Project in Montana was estimated to cost \$6,300,000. The actual cost was \$92,500,000.

In New Orleans, there are 6 Federal hospitals operated separately by different branches of the government. Their joint capacity is 1,620 beds. When surveyed, they had a total of 913 patients.

If you want this waste and inefficiency stopped, write your Congressman. Write the Citizens Committee for Reorganization of the Executive Branch of the Government, 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania, for further information. Get your neighbors to work with you in this crusade.

Barnyard Notes

Once more an unusual letter has come across my desk, written in a familiar style, on a typewriter that oddly resembles the one used on two previous unsigned letters that appeared in this column some weeks ago. The letter, unsigned, was handed to a friend to use wherever she thought best in newspaper or on the radio. This time I know the identity of the writer and that knowledge make me still more appreciative of the truth with which she speaks. She has gone through her ordeal and her name, although signed to a Red Cross card early in the campaign, appears in this week's list of blood donors.

"WHY SHOULD I?"

"Why should I be a blood donor for the Red Cross?" shrugged the woman on the bus as we discussed the current drive for donors to sign to give blood, so that a blood bank would be available when needed for emergencies.

"I guess many people feel that way, since it is not something that is touching them in any way personally just now; but I know how it feels to need help desperately in just such an instance," I replied to my friend sharing the bus seat beside me.

"Well?", she turned to look at me to see if I was in earnest. "Imagine someone you love very deeply in a crisis—husband, child, parent or friend. Word comes to you from the doctor that a transfusion might save the life of the beloved one. There is no blood available of that type. Can you possibly know what anguished telephoning goes out at all hours of the night and day, waking people from sleep, begging for someone to give their blood to save a life? Do you know how it feels to see strangers come in to offer themselves in this fight? It is a tremendous thing to realize how great the power of love is at a time like this. For it is love of one's fellowman that sends these volunteers in answer to a call that is a hope and a chance for a life to go on."

"Well, that seems to be each person's problem—and their doctor's", she answered. "Of course—yet as human beings we are somehow dependent upon one another for many things—look at the work of the many, laborer, grocer, doctor, lawyer, farmer—all of these give their services to mankind and we all share in the benefits. Yet when a call is sent out by the Red Cross it usually is a worthy cause, and should be thought of as a personal challenge."

"You said you knew how it felt to need help of this kind. Did someone you know need a transfusion?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered in a low voice, "My husband was able to live for some time after he took sick, and after many donors gave part of their life, in a sense, to prolong his. He died, when complications set in; but to this day I recall with the greatest joy and love those men and women who came at a call, to help one in distress."

"Well, I guess I'd help someone if they asked me", she said, "But I don't see any reason just now to do this."

"You would do this, as I have done already, to repay humanity, in a way, for what they have done for me, without being asked and urged, if you could only imagine a young child fighting for life, waiting for the blood that would save him. Or if you could visualize a young mother praying that help would come for her before it was too late", I answered.

"I guess I never thought, really, about its being important that way—but I can and will sign for this now," she said kindly.

"Well, when you have given that vital spark of yourself that is your own pulsing life-blood, you will know something of the rarest kind of happiness and contentment that is possible on earth. It is a feeling of love that is expansive and creative. It is giving of one's self as God meant us to give, in loving one's neighbor as one's self. And money can never buy this peace of soul that is yours for simply your bit of self-sacrifice."

And with tears in my eyes I smiled at her, for I knew what happiness was to be hers in the future.

THREE MILCH COWS SOLD FOR \$15 SIXTY YEARS AGO

Three milch cows for sale, \$15. In the Trading Post? No such luck. Those three milch cows changed hands almost sixty years ago, along with a pipe-box wagon for ten dollars, a reaper and mower combination for five dollars, an old draft horse for twenty-five dollars, and a second-hand two-seated sleigh for five dollars.

Items listed above were selected from an inventory compiled in 1892 by Abram G. Hoyt and B. M. Espy,

of the "goods, chattels, and credits of Charles Dorrance, late of the Borough of Dorrance, County of Luzerne" at the request of Sheldon Reynolds and Benjamin F. Dorrance.

Sheldon Reynolds was the father of Colonel Dorrance Reynolds of Goodleigh Farm, Benjamin Dorrance his uncle.

The inventory was recently found among some old papers by Mary Weir, manager of Goodleigh Farm.

David Schmerer Arranges University Jade Exhibit

An exhibition of jade at Syracuse University which recently attracted the attention of metropolitan newspapers was arranged by David Schmerer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schmerer of Dallas.

A Junior at Syracuse, David, is head of the cultural committee of Syracuse in China.

The exhibit, which was in the main foyer of the University Library, included rare jade in shades representing almost every color of the spectrum. Included was a rare black jade bowl and an archer's ring used by a Bowman of probably one or two thousand years ago. Many of the pieces were owned by students who collected them while they were in military service. The black jade was purchased by David Caldwell, a member of the University faculty, in Chengtu, China. He found it in a

shop where it was being used for an inkwell. The owner, not realizing its value, sold it for a song. The purpose of Syracuse-in-China is to promote better relations between Americans and Chinese and to acquaint the fifty Chinese students on the Syracuse campus with American ways of life. A member of the Syracuse faculty also teaches in West China University at Chengtu Schezwan, Province.

Before entering Syracuse, Mr. Schmerer was a student at Parsons School of Design in New York City and last summer spent his vacation in a fabric house in California. This summer he expects to study Mexican art in Mexico.

During the war he served in Japan, the Aleutians, Hawaii, Iwo Jima.

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