

"THE PAPER THAT HAS NO ENEMIES HAS NO FRIENDS."

Political Season

Have you heard? They say its a sure thing. "New dealers" are headed for defeat. The Democrats are sure to sweep to victory. The Republicans are as good as in office.

The season of political prediction got under way when Representative George Smathers over-ran Florida's "new deal" Claude Pepper in the state's primary election. Already philosophers in their chairs of prediction are telling us that it means something. Some have gone so far as to call It a nation-wide trend. Oh, well, that's part of the political season.

There is, however, something of significance in the whole affair. While democracy may have a host of faults no one has yet come along with anything better. Irregardless of the pros or cons of Smathers and Pepper Floridonians retain their right to change their governmental representatives. Every state in our union will express that same privilege in the coming elections. It will make little difference as to what political forecasters may say, the people will vote for the person they feel is best for the office.

Whenever we lose the privilege or fail to exercise that right, we have lost our democracy. If such convictions are true, and there can be no question, in state and national affairs, then equal thinking must dominate selection of leaders in every small community. With various elections in the offing it will be the duty of individuals in our community to make democracy work. A working democracy in every instance will mean death to political, fraternal, and family cliques. Again it will assure the people of representation of the view of the majority.

For example: America's ingenuity has produced in full luxury, automobiles that are nearly effortless. However, despite all of the automatic gadgets available it will always take a certain amount of effort on the part of the driver. It is somewhat like democracy, to make it work and enjoy its benefits will require a certain amount of effort on our part.

Let's make democracy work everywhere, and do our share of steering.

New Industry for the City

Industrial committees, politicians, and others have all reached an intelligent decision for the canyon's prosperity. Get more industry.

With so many interested parties looking into every possibility of bringing new industry into the canyon we would also like to make our suggestion.

Our city is in an excellent position to set up a wholesale house for auto parts. They would in fact have no difficulty in finding a ready market within the city limits.

Picture the lush opportunities and the service to the community. At least under present conditions there would be no fear of a diminishing market caused by initial supply. Topographical arrangements (sometimes called streets) are arranged to assure continual sales of shock absorbers, tires, and other lucrative items.

Perhaps the co-operative arrangement could be started. This would enable the city residents not only to get a reduced rate on these necessary

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Quality of Mercy Was Strained When Mantell Played 'Richard'

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 cramjammed with well known actors who were willing to work for what

By BILLY ROSE

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 knocked him into the pit. And a Great are the

chocolate sauce on the profiterole and during rehearsals they go about their busi-ness as if they were in a temple worship. On opening night, as far as the cast is concerned, the

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 cilled 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 ironstudded 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 hailed 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 be 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 fariness," she said, "I think I ought to tell you that Katy's contract is only until June."

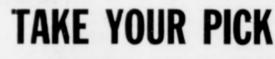
"I'm not going to brood about that," I said. "The play is by

Ketchum. The guests surprised Don-



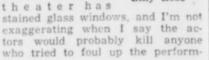
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who tried to foul up the performance. If you think I'm using "kill"

carelessly, try this one on for sighs

BACK IN 1904, an obscure thesian 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 be would present bis production of "Richard III" on December 5, and when friends and colleagues warned bim that not a bundred people would climb a flight of rickety stairs to see a Shakespearsan play during the bolidays, he shrugged his thread-bare shoulders and posted his rebearsal 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 that," I said. "The play is by minute after Mantell began to deci- Shakespeare, and if it gets over, I bel his way through the initial lines | doubt whether Hollywood will see a stagehand lunged at him from be- her again until both she and the hind a cloth drop and almost scenery fall apart."



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