

## Pine Trees Available For Private Planting

On hand at Higgins Lake state nursery are 10,235,000 young pine trees available for spring planting. Most of them will be used on state lands, but some are distributed free for community forests and some are sold at modest prices to encourage private reforestation.

Demand for white pine has been such that stocks of seedlings and transplants five years old are exhausted, and the stock of three-year-old transplants reduced to 49,000. Jackpine seedlings on hand number 5,275,000, and there are 4,616,000 Norway pine seedlings, 159,600 Norway transplants (three years) old and 138,400 Norway transplants four years old available.

Seedlings are supplied free in limited quantities for community forests developed on publicly owned lands. Planting stock supplied private owners may not be used for decoration, nor resold, nor used commercially. Buyers must agree that it be allowed to grow in forest until it is large enough to produce timber products.

## Eagles Seen at Swan Creek Wildlife Station

Eagle, Michigan's largest bird of prey, may be seen almost daily at Swan Creek wildlife experiment station near Allegan. The bald, or American eagle and the golden eagle range over the station and adjoining territory.

Wing spread of adult bald and golden eagles is from 6½ to 7½ feet. White head and tail of the adult bald eagle distinguish it from the buff-colored, dusky golden eagle. Young of the two species are not so readily distinguishable, head and tail of the bald eagle not becoming white until the bird is three or four years old.

## FUR BREEDERS TO MEET

Members of the Michigan Fox and Fur Breeders' association announce a one-day conference to be held at Michigan State College, Saturday, March 9. Officers of the association, outside speakers and college staff members will be on the program. One phase is to be devoted especially to mink breeding and an evening banquet is on the schedule. Willard H. Sheldon, Harbor Springs, has announced plans as secretary of the state organization.

## DEFINING CONSERVATION

Many phases of Michigan agriculture fall naturally into one of the latest definitions of conservation, the "wisest use of our natural resources for the greatest number of people for the greatest length of time." In a national survey, however, it is declared that after only a century of extensive cultivation, this country has destroyed, seriously damaged or threatened with destruction an area equal to all the land from which we normally harvest crops.

## MEATS IN FREEZERS

Without losing quality, a good grade beef or fat lamb carcass can be kept in a cold storage locker for as long as six months.

## AT THE REDFORD THEATER



On Friday of this week, the Redford Theater presents "Swanee River," 20th Century-Fox's story of Stephen C. Foster, the great American troubadour, filmed in Technicolor. What Robert Burns was to Scotland and Thomas Moore to Ireland, Stephen Foster is to America. His songs embody the very soul of his country and spring inspirationally from its rich earth. What American is there who, at some time has not hummed, sung or whistled "The Old Folks at Home" (Swanee River), "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," "De Camp Town Races," "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," "Oh! Suzanna!" or "Ring, Ring de Banjo?"

"Swanee River" is said to be a magnificent picture because it combines the immortal melodies of Foster with the romantic drama of his life, so that it is more than a glorious musical cavalcade of one of the most romantic periods in American history.

Darrell P. Zanuck in charge of production for 20th Century-Fox, selected Don Ameche to portray the great American troubadour, with Andrea Leeds as his sweet heart and wife, Jane McDowell, for whom Foster wrote, "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair."

"Swanee River" faithfully tells the story of Foster's life as he actually lived it. His life contained all the dramatic ingredients—the romance, the comedy and the color—which go into the making of a great motion picture. Few liberties were taken with the facts, for there was no need to do more than portray them faithfully.

In beautiful Technicolor, "Swanee River" takes viewers back to the romantic, colorful days of Foster's time when minstrels and river boats were popular. It shows his happy young manhood, depicts his early struggles, the introduction of his songs by Christy's Minstrels, his meeting with and marriage to "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," portrays his rapid rise to fame and happy life with his wife and daughter.

## Do You Need TIRES?

We will allow you

**\$2.00**

For any fire and tube  
traded in on a new

**GOODYEAR**

**Burnett Bros.**

SINCLAIR PRODUCTS

## State Shrubs, Trees Among Nation's Hardest

Agricultural Commissioner Elmer A. Beamer this week pointed to the out-state demand for Michigan nursery products as ample proof that thousands of prospective purchasers of trees, plants and shrubs within the state should give first consideration to the "home-grown variety."

Michigan nursery stock by Beamer declared, in pointing out its superiority over other stock.

First, Beamer pointed out, outside purchasers understand fully the climate conditions under which plants are raised in this state, and recognize them for being most hardy. Northern grown stock should be planted in northern climate especially, because of its hardiness. While northern stock works to an advantage in the south, it is difficult to obtain success with southern stock in Michigan.

Another important feature is the close inspection of nursery stock within the state, assuring disease free plants and shrubs, another important factor in the successful gardening or orchards operations.

Another reason for the popularity of Michigan nursery stock is the thorough offerings of nursery stock, salesmen, and to purchase only from established and reliable nurseries.

## William Lyon Phelps Is Next Town Hall Speaker

William Lyon Phelps, nationally popular critic, philosopher, educator, who packs them in each year at Town Hall will speak in the Fisher Theater Wednesday, March 6, at 11 a. m. "How to Live With Yourself" will be his subject.

Now professor emeritus of Yale University, Dr. Phelps was Latin professor of English Literature for 22 years and one of the most popular teachers at the University.

His long-awaited autobiography, gives the full flavor of his extraordinary personality. Unaffected, full of anecdote, trenchant observation, humor, memories of men and manners, it contains the same quality of enthusiasm and infectiousness which have made Dr. Phelps one of the most sought-after speakers on the lecture platform.

Edgar A. Guest, Detroit poet, will introduce the speaker.

"OPERATING ROOM" MEANT "HOSPITAL" TO THIS LAD

A group of school children was being taken through a telephone central office in Philadelphia recently. "And now," said the guide, "we're going to the Operating Room." A boy in the crowd looked up, startled, and with definite anxiety, exclaimed: "Not me, Dad!"

News items are always welcome.

## RENO MONEY

By PHYLLIS GALLAGHER  
(McClure Syndicate—WFO Service.)

JEANNE pulled the dress over her golden curls and began the routine ritual of priming, not proudly, but from a habit that had begun at sixteen, five years ago, when she had discovered the importance of makeup.

She wondered about that now. It was important before marriage, but what about afterwards? Makeup or no makeup she was always beautiful to Ned.

"Honey!" Ned would say. "I'd love you if you were bald!"

Ned always expected that to enrapture her. But it didn't. It hurt her.

Why select clothes with discrimination, work over lashes and complexion when Ned wouldn't notice? Jeanne rather slammed her face together now, for Ned wouldn't care, and she didn't primp for other men. Not yet!

Then she went over to the twin bed with a struggle—she was only five feet and none the better—brought forth an envelope, marked Reno Money which she had hidden from Ned.

Jealousy with frugal savings from the housekeeping budget. She hated cutting on Ned's food.

Mrs. Worthington, next door, had done that and for months afterwards told her thin Mr. Worthington that while she was starving the Reno money out of him!

Monotonous? That was it! Her husband, monotonous! He wasn't like other women's husbands, smoking, burning holes in the furniture, flashing a promiscuous eye—things to inspire names she hadn't learned. He had no bluish nights of reconciliation.

Ned was handsome enough, at least she had once thought so. But was he? If he were handsome other women would flirt with him at parties. True, Ned didn't give them much encouragement. He always cornered some duffer, old as sin, for an economic discussion.

Even if a dozen men rushed Jeanne, Ned wouldn't notice. Jealousy was foreign to him.

After one party she had probed, hopefully, "What do you really think of so many men rushing me, Ned?"

"They're damn good tasters!" he answered, yawning. And then, "Gosh! Two a. m.! My head'll be an army blimp at dawn!"

Jeanne thrust the Reno Money in her purse, slammed a pillow back over one determined blue eye and banged the door behind her.

Walking rapidly in the clear gold noon, her rebellion rose.

She didn't know quite what she wanted; not other men. There were wiser trying that pained. But Jeanne Evans would use her Reno Money before she'd sink to that!

She wanted only to feel on tip-toe again... thrilled with today's uncertainty of tomorrow!

Suddenly, she found herself in Washington park near a bench that she and Ned had sat on one spring afternoon, two years ago.

She stopped and stared at it, an aching lump in her throat.

She was remembering a party where Ned had escorted "ebony-haired Eunice Walters," a visitor from "Patent No. 1" and acted with Eunice that night very much as he acted with the economic duress. Jeanne had left early, and for five days she had nursed her wound and refused to see him. They had met, accidentally, at this very bench. She could imagine Ned beside her on it.

"Jeanne," Eunice Walters means nothing to me!" His eyes had implored her to understand.

She hadn't been sure of Ned then. "I just couldn't marry a twinner, Ned!" It was silly remembering all that now. Ned Evans, two-timing!... Jeanne started off hurriedly. She couldn't bear to think of that vanished Ned.

On State street Jeanne paused before Market cafeteria's pastry display. Ned loved French brioche and when she started in to buy some, she stopped suddenly, her eyes dilated.

Ned was at a lacquered table with the most ravishing brunette that Jeanne had ever beheld! In the brief second she stood doubting her eyes, she saw the woman reach over and touch Ned's arm possessively! And Ned chuckled.

In a poignant revelation, Jeanne realized that she hadn't tried for a long while to make Ned chuckle. Jeanne backed out and leaned in vainly against the window-pane. Emotions conflicted.

She wanted to rescue Ned from that insolently beautiful busybody; she wanted to march off to Reno and never, never see him again!

But she didn't do either.

Instead, she spent her Reno Money, spent it all quickly for a finger-wave, dresses, a Bruges lace negligee that trailed over impudent satin mules.

When Ned came home that evening he stared at Jeanne with such dark eyes that her heart trembled beneath the new magenta dress.

He had stared like that once long ago... Did he look like that because he was remembering someone dark and lovely? She had to know

at that woman... this minute! They were in the living room and Ned sat curled up in a chair. Jeanne crouched near, a nervous finger tucked in his breast pocket. "Have a trying day, angel?" "Sure!" Ned sighed. And then: "I hope dinner's on time. I'm starved."

"Gracious! You sound as if you hadn't had lunch!" she said promptly. That opening! From heaven itself!

Ned looked up quickly. When he kept staring, she wanted to cry out, panic-stricken. "Ned! Tell me about that woman!"

"I had a rotten lunch," Ned said, calmly. "Jim Walker and his wife were in Markers' and that darned woman gabbled away. She forgot her milk and butter and well, she kept Jim and me hopping back to the counter every minute for something. By the time she was all set, I was late for a client. Ever hear her, Jeanne?"

Jeanne's lids dropped with relief? She believed Ned.

No matter if she had heard that chuckle, if she hadn't seen Jim Walker at all! She was thinking fast now. Even if that Ned had explained were true, and it probably was—or was it?—she didn't care. rappers in Ned's office just as lovely as Mrs. Walker, and unattached. Funny she hadn't thought of that part of Ned's life, his temptations.

Jeanne's jaw tightened. "From now on life is full."

Ned wouldn't keep on loving her, if she were bald. Not in a world full of Mrs. Walker. Jeanne's heart realized before that holding a man was as thrilling as catching him!

She sighed warily. "No-o-o, I've never seen her. Dearest, is she pretty?" "Pretty?" Ned chuckled. "Gosh, no!"

Ned wasn't chuckling over Mrs. Walker not being pretty. He was chuckling because he was having one great time listening to Jeanne's "dearests" and "angels."

But she hadn't had time for one week of a long time. When he drew her into his arm, her cheeks flushing bright at the contact, he thought he must be dreaming.

And his wonder and puzzled over this change in Jeanne. He struck on a happy, irrelevant thought: "Guess it'll be safe now to buy a new car with that dough I've been saving up to add to Jeanne's Reno Money that she's been hiding for months under the mattress."

## Rabbit Fur Is Popular With American Women

In touch with the times, rabbits—not the kind that run wild, but those that provide half the fur coats, neck-pieces and muffs for American women—are becoming streamlined.

The American Rabbit and Cavy Breeders' association believes the most attractive animal fur is the long, sleek "Havana Satin," which featured a new and important development—a glossy cord hairs of the common domestic strain, this new type offered to furnish a pelt short, soft, uniform in texture, possessed of an unusual, natural sheen.

Rabbit breeders are considered almost as important as furriers in this country as those men who provide sable, ermine and exotic brands. Although foreign furs are more expensive, the rabbit, stimulating other animal pelts, is offered to the fur-conscious public in great quantities. Rabbit is still one type of rabbit fur. There are 21 other legal breeds named.

Annual shows are held to exhibit improvements and developments of old strains, and the origin of new ones, to commercial breeders. The fanciers, those who breed rabbits as a hobby, are "laboratory technicians" of the rabbit fur industry. With time for experiment and without too many animals to occupy their attention, they are constantly introducing new fur or changing old style pelts.

Regulations of the association require a new breed to exhibit three successive years before gaining recognition as a genuine "new model." Then, the breeder must show proof of some characteristic to justify this breeding innovation independent of other types.

Most breeds can be traced to Europe, and the bulk of the show rabbits are descendants of rabbits prevalent as far away as Persia and India hundreds of years ago.

A new line starts when a breeder sees a mutation, an unpredictable freak, in a litter. Always weak, the freak requires introduction of vitality, then over a six-year period the strain is strengthened. A likely offspring is mated back to the parent. This is repeated for five generations, when a cross is made with another branch of the now very large family. The six years, 12 generations, produces a true breed, a literal thoroughbred.

Shocking Fish Story Catching and weighing a 12-pound carp was a shipping, to say nothing of electrifying the people for Harold Alexander of Indiana. After landing the fish, Alexander decided to weigh it. He hung the scales on electric line connected to the scales, fish and his hands were wet and what is likely to happen under those circumstances is common knowledge. Alexander's brother, Frank, tore his brother's fingers from the scales and the fish. In doing so, the scale hook caught in Harold's finger, inflicting a deep wound. The fish, appeared unharmed.

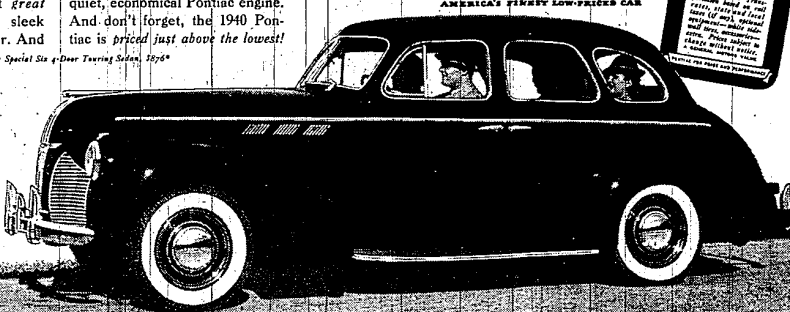
## SO GOOD THEY ALL WANT IT even in preference to higher priced cars!



IT MAY SOUND exaggerated to say that whole families fall hard for the 1940 Pontiac, but talk to any one of your friends who has one! There's a promise of great motoring in the smooth, sleek lines of this smart new car. And

that promise is fulfilled in the wide-seated luxury of its "Triple Cushioned" ride and the power-packed performance of its smooth, quiet, economical Pontiac engine. And don't forget, the 1940 Pontiac is priced just above the lowest!

**Pontiac**  
AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR



# Keego Sales and Service, Inc.

Keego Harbor

Michigan