

AT THE REDFORD THEATER



Myrna Loy, teamed for the first time with Melvyn Douglas, abandons her role as the "perfect wife" to keep the man who made Garbo laugh in continuous hot water in "Third Finger, Left Hand," hilarious story of a romantic mix-up, coming Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday to the Redford Theater.

Miss Loy plays a magazine editor who, because her boss' wife is jealous, invents a mythical husband who she's supposed to be trying to find to get a divorce. The deception is perfect until Douglas, who has learned about it and is in love with her, blandly shows up and assumes the role of the missing spouse. Her family likes him. She doesn't—and proceeds to keep him in all manner of trials and tribulations. She scandalizes Niagara Falls on their "honeymoon." He invites another couple to join them in a "double honeymoon." Her attorney plans ways and means of getting her a divorce so that he can marry her himself. And all three start towards Reno to get there. But after all the lighthearted troubles they go through, Myrna and Melvyn find they're really been in love with each other all along.

Robert Z. Leonard, director of

"New Moon," "Pride and Prejudice," "Maytime" and many other outstanding hits, directed. John M. Considine, Jr., producer of "Boys Town" and "Edison, the Man," produced.

The cast includes Lee Bowman, latest discovery in leading men, as the attorney, Raymond Walburn is seen as Miss Loy's father, Donald Meek, eccentric aplarist and detective in the Nick Carter series, plays an equally eccentric and comical art dealer. Felix Bressart, of "Ni notcha" and "Shop Around the Corner" fame, adds more laughs to the situations as the art editor who helps Myrna in her deceptions. Bonita Granville, erstwhile child actress, plays her first sub role as Miss Loy's very active younger sister. Ann Morris and other featured players unite to keep the comedy pot boiling at full steam.

FARM INCOME IMPROVES

Michigan's farm income in the first nine months of 1940 ranged from 100 to 109 per cent of that obtained by farmers in the state in the same period in 1939, it is announced by the bureau of agricultural economics of the United States Department of Agriculture.

FARMER WANTS STEADY INCOME SAYS COMMISSIONER

In a major address at the annual meeting of the National Association of Commissioners, Secretaries and Directors of Agriculture at New Orleans, Louisiana, recently, Michigan's Commissioner of Agriculture, Elmer A. Beamer, said that the American farmer of today wants at stabilization of his farm income.

"While agriculture is the oldest industry in the world, and the most important," Beamer said, "no industry of the present or past has gone on its way with more unsolved problems than has this basic industry. The problems of tomorrow are going to be how best we can market and distribute the products of our fields and orchards.

"The problem of the future is not going to be how many acres of this or that the farmer is permitted to raise, but rather that he be encouraged to market nothing but a first class article for which he can receive the cost of production and a reasonable profit. In a great many cases the surplus represents that portion of the crop which should never be offered to the consuming public."

Beamer pointed out that markets are developed by creating in the minds and hearts of consumers a desire to possess the product which the other fellow has to dispose of. Many plans have been devised to induce the consuming public to purchase the products of farms and factories, he said, but the lasting market will be created by producing the highest grade article possible and offering it to the public truthfully branded as to its quality.

Beamer concluded that the economic future of the American farmer depends on several factors: The protection of the American market for the American farmer. The encouragement by agricultural colleges, experimental and extension divisions to use the very best foundational stock in the production of these things which are in the greatest demand in our home markets. Federal and state grades for all fruits and vegetables so as to broaden the market for farm products. Proper arrangement for the transporting of farm products from these sections that have a surplus to the localities in need.

He that can have patience, can have what he will.—Franklin.

A BOY'S DOG

By FRANK PEARSON
(W. C. Chapman—WNU Service)

The Waltons were not idealists, and when, after six years of married life, they took themselves and Bobby, aged five, to the long hoped for country home, they were prepared for certain tribulations. They did not feel exasperated when the coal turned to cobbles in the furnace and the kitchen chimney made smoked meat a part of every dinner. But they did hope to raise chickens.

"One pair of Plymouth Rocks will produce two hundred young at the end of a year," said Mary. "Now, allowing for 10 per cent falling to hatch, that means 32,000 at the end of the second year. At fifty cents apiece, \$16,000. Deduct \$500 for food and fencing and—Bobby, don't you go near the pond!"

John did not see it that way, but he did see a future in intelligent chicken raising. He preferred ducks, but with a roving little boy upon the premises the duck pond was not to be made attractive with feathered tenants. Bobby was abnormally fond of ducks, and the pond kept his mother in constant "alarums and incursions," as Shakespeare puts it. So they planned to drain it, and meanwhile started on the chicken proposition, in the shape of a gigantic rooster and ten hens, thereby increasing the estimated profits.

The day after the purchase, however, there were one rooster and nine hens. The next day there were one rooster and eight hens, and a week later there were one forlorn and angry-looking rooster and two hens, which went about their domain with an apprehensive air.

"It's the pip," announced John, after studying them intently.

"But pip doesn't obliterate them, does it, John?" asked Mary.

"Wouldn't there be something left to show?"

"Then it's thieves," said John exultantly. "Now I've got it. I'll get 'em."

Mary was afraid of guns and wanted to insure their lives instead. But John was scornful of this proposition. It was to be a gun or a dog—not a thoroughbred, but just a good, square, honest dog, might be had for less. John couldn't make up his mind. Providently, as it seemed, it was made up for him. That evening an elderly darky appeared at the front door.

"Yo' don't want to buy a good hound, do yo', boss?" he inquired, pulling at a length of string, from the far end of which a yelping sound was heard. The yelping became more audible, and after a few yards had been driven in a yellowish parallelgram came into view.

"Lay down, Charlie," his master commanded. "Ah! let yo' have this houn' for five dollars, boss," said the Negro. "He's a good watch dog an' yo' won't be troubled by no thieves when he's around."

The yellow parallelgram came forward and stuck his nose into the end of John's trousers.

"Oh!" cried Bobby, and the next moment the two were rolling over and over in playful happiness, such as a dog and a boy can ever attain.

This clinched the bargain. "We can get some more chickens," said John, and the giant rooster was comforted by the presence of another half dozen hens.

"I see you've bought Jim," said their neighbor looking over the fence next morning. "Regular boy's dog, ain't he?"

"My dog is named Charlie," responded John with dignity.

"Suit yourself, neighbor," replied the other. "He was called Jim when I had him."

John was a little mystified, but the sterling quality of Charlie quickly assured him of his wisdom in purchasing him. Did any stranger draw near the house, Charlie's fangs were bared and his growl gave evidence of danger to all predatory persons who dared to molest the sanctity of the Walton home.

However, a week later, to Mary's consternation, when she approached the chicken pen the gigantic rooster stood gazing upon her in affronted dignity. And not a single hen was visible.

"John, they've stolen all my hens!" she cried, almost in tears. "What's the good of Charlie if he doesn't keep guard over the chicken house?" It thought he was such a good dog, too.

The mystery was solved by the disagreeable neighbor. He came over the fence later in the day.

"Lost your hens, hain't you?" he asked of John, with friendly interest. "I'd had liked to warn you, only you seemed huffy about that dog."

"What do you mean?" asked John, quite humbly this time.

"Well," said the other, "Jim's been owned by quite a good many folks hereabouts. He's a chicken dog."

"A chicken dog!" exclaimed John Walton.

"Yes, sir. Old Moses trained him to steal chickens since he was a pup. He sells him round, and when Moses comes for his dinner Jim knows him and helps round 'em up. Then he goes back home. I guess Moses has sold Jim half a dozen times since I've been here."

"Do you mean to say that infernal

dog has caught all my chickens?" cried John Walton. "I'll shoot him. Why hasn't anybody else killed him?"

The other chewed a straw reflectively. "Oo, well, he's just a boy's dog," he answered. "Besides, nobody raises chickens hereabouts."

"And Moses?"

"Ha, ha! You'd have to be smart to catch Moses. Why, all he does is just stand outside and whine."

"You haven't got a gun, have you?" demanded John quietly.

"Well, yes," admitted the other. "But I wouldn't shoot old Jim, if I was you. He's a real boy's dog."

"What do you mean by that?" asked John.

A piercing scream from the bottom of the garden answered him. Mary came running from the house.

"Bobby!" she gasped. They raced together toward the duck pond.

On the brink sat Bobby, very wet and very much terrified. Beside him, licking the boy's face and wagging his tail, sat Charlie, also wet. There was a rent in Bobby's pinafore, where Charlie's teeth had met to drag him from the water.

Mary Walton caught Bobby in her arms, and Charlie jumped gleefully beside her. In silence the four returned to where their neighbor stood.

Then John Walton stooped down and laid his hand caressingly on Charlie's head.

"Never mind that gun, neighbor," he said. "I guess I know what you mean now. By the way, do you know anybody who wants the gift of a rooster?"

"I guess old Moses might take him," answer the other, chewing his straw.

Ukelele Player

By LEETE STONE
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service)

THE Simpsons were at breakfast, that is, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were, but Betty was absent. Simpson Senior spoke with a rasp in his tone:

"I suppose you realize that Betty didn't come in until two last night."

"Yes, Father," mildly, "but—"

"Out with that ukelele player again, I'll bet." The rasp sharpened.

"Now, Father, Jim Leeds is a nice, clean boy. It's no sin to play the ukelele."

"At this juncture Betty Simpson entered, her pretty head tilted a trifle and her eyes dancing.

"Don't tell me I'm making conversation for every time you've asked me that question at breakfast you could make quite a killing!"

"You won't gain anything by being disrespectful, young lady. From now on, I'm going to take charge of your affairs and the first thing I'm—"

"Why, Dad," Betty laughed her most engaging laugh, "you mustn't talk to me like that, you really mustn't."

Mr. Simpson's naturally high color took on a deeper hue and he spluttered. Lydia Simpson devoted herself calmly to her soft-boiled eggs. Betty assumed a dutiful expression.

"I'll talk to you just as I please and you'll listen. The first thing you'll do is to stop running around with this ukelele player."

"What's your grudge, Dad, against Jim? He's straight, has a good job in a good orchestra—and he loves me as if he meant it."

"Now, let's be sensible, daughter. Your mother and I have given you everything you've needed or wanted. Consider us! It's time you married. We've spent your money in a most particular way. You've got to marry him."

Believing he saw signs of weakening, Simpson Senior continued:

"Now, here's my plan, Betty. A week from Saturday we'll have a party, invite everyone that counts and announce your engagement to Corny. He's always asking you to marry him, you say. Well, see that he asks you that night if not before and accept him this time." Mr. Simpson's mind widened to a correct proportion of his best business smile. "You'll never regret taking Daddy's advice, my dear."

"I'll have to think it over, Dad."

Betty's dimples and eyes were positively frisky in their attempt to cloak a bursting elation.

Every few seconds she turned her head and looked down the wide hall to the base of the broad stairs. In the little silence that fell at the breakfast table, energetic footsteps were heard on the floor above.

"Mother—please tell Hilda to set another place."

Father and Mother both looked inquiringly at their thoroughly up-to-date daughter. Above the now descending tread, rose the soft twang of ukelele strains in that particular number, "Stormy Weather."

Mr. Simpson's horrified stare he tokened apology. Lydia Simpson smiled a knowing smile. Betty addressed Hilda, the maid, who stood at her side.

"Hilda, that's my husband, Mr. Leeds, coming down. We were married last night. Get him some orange juice and toast and coffee, please."

"Yes, yes—Madam."

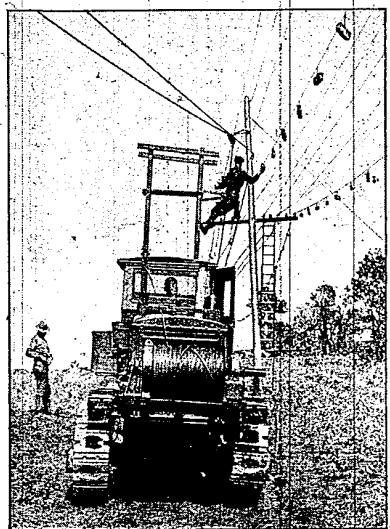
OFFER SOILS ENGINEERING

A request for a vote on the type of short course based on soils engineering studies most useful to Michigan engineers is announced by C. L. Allen, professor of civil engineering at Michigan State College. Principal question involves whether the course should be conducted an evening a week for eight weeks or should be a three-day conference operated probably the latter part of January. Soil is the oldest of engineering materials, claims Professor Allen, yet the investigation and study of soil and its behavior from an engineering standpoint is one of the newest phases of the engineering field.

Let brotherly love continue.—Hebrews 13:1.

Say you saw it in The Enterprise

Bricks Pinch Hit for Sleet in Wire Test



It isn't always winter at the Bell Telephone Laboratories field station at Chester, New Jersey, and to bricks are substituted for ice on experimental open-wire telephone lines to find out how well the wires will hold the extra weight they have to sustain during snow and sleet storms.

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A Henry Koster Production A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Original Story by Ernst Merikall Screenplay by SEUCE MANNING and FELIX JACKSON

ALSO

THIRD FINGER, LEFT HAND

Myrna Loy

MELVYN DOUGLAS

Raymond WALBURN • Lee BOWMAN

Bonita GRANVILLE • Felix BRESSART

Produced by John W. Considine Jr. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

Take advantage of the Redford Theater-Eastern Michigan Motorbus combination tickets. Combined Theatre and round trip bus tickets. Adults 35 cents, children 15 cents. Shows at Farmington every hour. Shows start at 7 p.m. throughout the week. On Saturdays, Sundays, holidays, continuous shows start at 1:30 p.m.

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