

AT THE REDFORD THEATER



Against the colorful and adventurous background of the Old Redford Theater beginning Friday West, in the days when justice was administered at the point of a gun, and roistering Judge Roy Bean loomed as the "Law West of the Pecos," Samuel Goldwyn's "The Westerner," with Gary Cooper in the title role, will be shown at the Redford Theater beginning Friday.

Directed by William Wyler from the screen adaptation by Jo Swerling and Niven Busch, "The Westerner" features in the cast which supports Cooper such notable play-

ers as Walter Brennan, Fred Stone, Doris Davenport, Lillian Bond, Forrest Tucker and Paul Hurst. The setting of the story is Vinegaroon, Texas. In the roaring days of the '80's when there raged a bitter and long protracted battle between the cattlemen, original settlers of the land, and the homesteaders, who sought to till the land which they homesteaded under the law.

More than eight and a half miles of virgin roads were built by the Samuel Goldwyn Company preceding the filming of "The Westerner" on location at Goldwyn City, Arizona, near Tucson. The roadway crossed a mountain range and meandered over forests of cholla and saguaro cacti. In all, the company remained on location for four intensive weeks, during which time the largest herd of cattle ever photographed in movies passed before the cameras. A herd of seven thousand was photographed as it crossed the Mexican border to Arizona. Among the most unusual sets constructed for the film is the saloon—a replica of that infamous liquor dispensary in which Judge Roy Bean held his court and ruled as the sole law west of the Pecos.

In 11 of the 1940 hunting season's 39 fatal gun accidents, the injuries were self-inflicted. Sixteen of the 71 hunters wounded were hurt by their own guns. In addition to gun accidents there were six fatal heart attacks and five drownings among 1940 hunters.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED Thanksgiving dinner? "I don't know. Do you think we'd better, pa?"

"I ain't sure 'e we had or not," candered, "but it's been my mind consider 'ble the last few weeks, an'—an' I guess mebbe I'd like it; we'd both like it. Ye see, ma, I'm over 70 now, an' there can't be many more times. We've been down here to Florida twelve years, an' never a Thanksgiving dinner in all the time."

"I know, pa," huskily, "but it's never seemed like I could. An' I kind o' felt you wouldn't like it, either. We've never spoke of it together—but you remember the last time?"

"Fifteen years ago," trying to keep his own voice firm and steady, but turning his face away from her. "Sometimes I've tried to think mebbe I was too harsh with him, an' too hasty; but when I've studied it all over, fair as could be, I've felt I'd have to do just the same thing, the same way. There never was a black sheep in the Hubbell family from the time Great-Grandfather Hubbell's brother ran off to be a sailor, till—till our Enos—"

Ma Hubbell did not speak. Tears were twinkling silently down her cheeks.

"I've tried to think I was ha'h, the old farmer repeated, "but couldn't I tried to train Enos up to be a good farmer, to know the best way to grow things, an' the best way to sell 'em. An' Enos learned it all, too, with reminiscent gratification in his voice, an' we were both proud of him. He was a good boy an' a good, sensible grower an' seller. Then all at once he commenced going wild, an' then he learned to play tricks on he could join the circus. Said he was tired of diggin' dirt an' wanted to see the world."

Ma Hubbell nodded. It was all just as fresh in her mind as in his, though neither of them had spoken of it in the long fifteen years.

"Then he came home for that Thanksgiving day," the old man went on, after a long silence, his face growing a little harder. "An' we killed the biggest turkey, an' after dinner I talked with 'im 'bout what we hoped an' the Hubbell family, an' what chances the world offered to young men. An' an' he laughed in my face, an' used some pretty strong language. An' that night he went off an' got so drunk we had to bring him home. The next day I told him to go an' not come back any more. Then we sold the farm an' came down here. Seems as if neither of us could live on the old place after that."

Pa Hubbell walked heavily to a window, repeating to himself as he did so: "Mebbe I was too ha'h with him, mebbe I was, though it never seemed so." A slight drizzle was beginning to fall and already the ground was wet. Many turkeys and other poultry were pecking in a desultory manner about the kitchen door and between there and the barn, and out under the long shed the hired man was preparing some of the fowls for market. The farmer looked at him with unseeing eyes. At length he turned back into the room.

"I'm over seventy," he repeated, "an' you're pretty close to me, ma. We can't reasonably count for much longer. An' I've been thinkin' it's about New England an' Thanksgiving dinners lately. I don't want to go back, but seems like I could relish a real old-time dinner once more. Enos is likely dead long ago. Circus folks don't live long, they say. We—we can imagine him sittin' at the table with us, jest a little boy, like he used to be."

Ma Hubbell's lips quivered, but by a strong effort she stilled the quiver and turned to him what seemed a calm face.

"All right, pa," she agreed. "I'll start in at once, an' with the whole day before us I think Betsey an' me can get pretty much everything cooked up. The turkey we'll leave till mornin', for I'll taste better fresh-baked. But you'll have to buy me some cranberries in town, an' some raisins an' other things. I'll set 'em down. We can stew cranberries, an' mix an' bake some mince pies this evenin' after you get back. An' say, pa, if you should see anybody on the road, you'd especially like, you might ask 'em to dinner. 'Twould make it more sociable for you."

Pa Hubbell nodded and glanced through the window. He didn't see anything in particular because his thoughts were far away. "Get your list ready," he said, "an' I'll go an' be gettin' the big farm truck ready. It's got to be a regular rain by an' by. Up on the farm it would be snow now, an' the truck would be a sleigh. Well, I want to be gettin' back if it's goin' to be an all night's rain. I guess there's enough poultry dressed for a nice truck-load by now, for Bill an' I picked forty turkeys an' as many hens last night. This lot I think I'd better take to the fashionable street, which has nice stores an' high-priced trade. Such turkeys as ours ought to sell well, bet' the day before Thanksgiving. An' I'll keep my eyes open for anybody I

think will make good Thanksgiving company."

It was a full fifteen miles to the stores at Clearwater that Pa Hubbell had in mind, and though he started fairly early, and had a good truck, it was well toward noon when he slowed up and began to study the store fronts he was passing. At length he stopped before one.

"Fine big show of everything except turkeys," he thought, "an' they seem to be in good shape. The owner will be glad to buy mine."

He swung his truck to the curb, clambered to the sidewalk and went inside. The store was well filled with customers and he went to the counter and began to look over some boxes of oranges and grapefruit marked "From Owner's Grove."

"Fine I ever seen," he thought, musingly. "That owner must have grown up a farmer an' fruit-grower, sure. Must take home a dozen of these for ma."

The talk of the customers was coming to him from all sides and he listened intently.

"Why, you seem to know all about turkeys, sir," he heard one woman say.

"I ought to," laughed a voice which made Pa Hubbell start and crane his neck. "I was brought up on a farm and learned to know turkeys from the egg to the Thanksgiving dinner. Why, I almost believe I could look at a turkey and tell just how long it took to grow and what it fed on. But I'm sorry I've such a poor stock to show you, madam, I wish I had one of the birds my old father used to—"

A shaggy gray head suddenly loomed up beside the customer.

"I've brought a flock of 'em, son," Pa Hubbell announced grinning. "I'll tell the lady to wait till I bring 'em in."

He started toward the door, but before he reached it a hand was on his shoulder. "Father," a voice said huskily, "I didn't know I thought I went back to the place and is mother—"

"We sold an' moved down here," briefly, "and your ma ain't here no well. No, you needn't say a word, son. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving an' you ma told me to bring out some body to eat with us as an' I'll take you. Now help me with the turkeys an' then ask your boss to let you off till day after tomorrow, when I'll bring you back."

The man laughed shakily, his hand slipping carelessly across the elder's shoulders.

"I have no boss," he said. "You don't understand, father. I'm not dancing close now, nor drinking. I quit that more than ten years ago. I just couldn't keep it up, remembering all you and mother had taught me. Then I tried half a dozen other things and went broke on the third all. At last I settled down to something I knew—something you had taught me—eggs, poultry, beef, mutton, fowls, and all the rest of it, and the like, and I've made good."

Pa Hubbell's mouth opened and shut and a great light came into his eyes. But all he said was, "Ma'll be dead. Of course you'll go right off."

"Of course. I'll speak to the chief clerk about a few matters, and then—But I'm glad you have a true father, large enough to hold the whole bunch."

"The what?" looking bewildered. "All of us. But I forgot. I supposed you don't know there are seven of us, wife, children and myself. The oldest boy is twelve, and named after you. Then there are girls of eleven and ten, and the youngest boys. We live in rooms over the store."

Pa Hubbell lost command of himself.

"Five children—for Thanksgiving!" he shouted. "An' one of 'em a boy twelve years old!"

Then he whirled to the wagon. "Come, help me with the turkey," he cried. "Then take me right upstairs to see 'em. Five! What will ma say?"

Imitation of Weathered

Pine Produced by Stain

A country house of the English type near Philadelphia holds new pine woodwork finished in exact imitation of weathered pine. The stain used to produce the effect was made by mixing one pound of raw sienna with one pound of burnt umber and an even teaspoonful of brown sienna. All of these were oil colors. A half gallon each of turpentine and boiled linseed oil was added very gradually to thin the mixture thoroughly. The stain was then applied and immediately wiped away again with rags or waste. Each door or window was completely washed before leaving it. The following day, when the stain had dried, a small dab of quick drying black, ground in coach Japan, was applied with the thumb for irregularity in each panel and blended with a dry rag or blender. When the entire finish became hard, another coating was added—this time of white lead barely tinted gray and thinned with turpentine and a small quantity of drier. Again each unit of door or window was entirely completed and rubbed before turpentine was dissolved in day three coats of wax were applied, with polishing between coats. The floor was finished with the ground stain, applied evenly without lapping and waxed. No wipe-off coats or dabs of black were used on the floor. It is possible to create the same effect by applying crude blue-bonnet of potassium dissolved in water for a ground stain instead of the sienna-umber mixture.

Sorensen Sells Bull to Golfer Gene Sarazen

The American Guernsey Cattle Club, Peterborough, N. H. reports the sale of a registered Guernsey bull by Charles E. Sorensen of Farmington, to Gene Sarazen, well-known golfer, of Brookfield Center, Conn. This animal is Cesar Gedeon's Leviathan 293105.

Letters to the editor are always welcome by this newspaper.

The tongue of the just is as choice silver; the heart of the wicked is little worth.—Proverbs 10:20

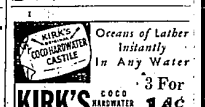
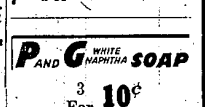
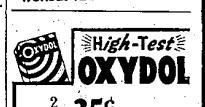


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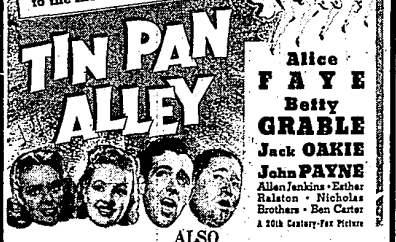
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