

THE ANDOVER NEWS

A PROGRESSIVE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR ALLEGANY COUNTY PEOPLE, IN POLITICS INDEPENDENT, BUT NEVER NEUTRAL.

VOL. XXVII, NO. 9

FOR THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1922.

TERMS: \$2.00 per Year in Advance

FARM HOMES ARE IMPORTANT FACTORS

The Best Citizen is He Who Has the Courage to Own His Own Home and Improve it

America has marvelous wealth. It is rich in fertile soil, in its mines, in its water power, in its forests. But above all, America is rich in people—rich in workers on the farm and in the factory. Its largest single industry, however, is agriculture.

One-third of the toilers of America are farmers; more than one-half the people of America live under rural conditions. The farm home has been an important factor in American history. It has been the nursery of great men and noble women. It should belong to the one who tills the soil.

The American home began when the first Indian pitched his tepee on the western continent. Its evolution has been marked by the characteristics of the people of the various ages.

The home of the pioneer was built, not as he should have preferred to have it, but as the necessities of the time required. He lived alone and placed his cabin without regard to social experience. He lived a lonely and independent life, but the beginning of the family group dated from his advent.

The pioneer established the farm home in America and the land farmer, who followed him, brought it to a high state of perfection.

The land farmer lived in a time of plenty. He reaped the first values of virgin land. He developed personality. He perfected the family group. He built a homestead representing his idea of domestic and family comfort. He built for permanence the classic period of American life. The typical American home as it idealism, in sentiment, in literature, in idealism, was the home of the land farmer.

He considered his estate as belonging to his family group, but had no idea of community prosperity. Realizing that the home owner is the community builder, the people of every community, whether in town or country, should adopt some co-operative plan which will tend to convert the tenant into the home owner.

But much depends upon the individual. Buying a house and lot or a farm is more of a philosophical conclusion than a physical or financial transaction. He, who is afraid to own his own home, may be a good citizen, but the best citizen is he who has the courage to own property; to pay taxes on it; to build it up and improve it; to help support the community; to be useful to himself; to his children and to the world.

Such a man embraces the opportunity which home owning only affords—the privilege and duty of merging the struggle for life into the struggle for the lives of others. This takes the sting from the toil for existence. It makes life worth while.

The money invested in a home is securely invested. It is subject to the accidents and misfortunes common to capital invested in trade or manufacture. Money used for the purchase and improvement of a home is as well secured as the nature of human affairs will permit.

The beauty of the country, suburban or small-town home, the pleasure and tranquility which it guarantees and the independence which it affords are not provided by any other form of investment.

A community of home owners is a community of good schools and churches, of excellent social conditions, of high moral environment, of beautiful homes and general prosperity.

MRS. FRANK GILDER ILL.

Mrs. Frank Gilder suffered a stroke of apoplexy in Hornell, Thursday last week. In company with Mrs. Jack Dolan and Mrs. Mae VanZandt, she had motored to Hornell. The party drove into the city and Mrs. Dolan stopped the machine and went into one of the stores when without a word Mrs. Gilder fell over against Mrs. VanZandt, beside whom she was seated. A physician was called, who realizing her serious condition, at once summoned the ambulance and she was taken to St. James Mercy Hospital, where she has been since. At this writing her condition is reported favorable by those in attendance, and her many Andover friends hope for a quick recovery.

DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE MEETING

The regular monthly meeting of the Dairymen's League will be held in the Town Hall, Saturday, at 2 p. m. Very important business to every milk producer. Let every member be present.

W. C. T. U. President



DR. JOHN COMMON

Andover's newly appointed Postmaster, who will take over the office in a few days.

Tidbits From

Our School

Program for Friday morning was as follows:

Song By School
 Recitation Louise Folsing
 Recitation Birdie Sandberg
 Piano Solo Anna Faisant
 Recitation Rilma DeRemer
 Simple Questions Mr. Tubbs

66. How many toes has a horse? a cow? a sheep? a pig? a cat? a dog? a hen?

67. Mention two things accomplished by the Arms Conference.

68. Who has been elected Pope? by whom? for how long?

69. Why does the Pope never leave the Vatican?

70. Is it beneficial to underdo work? rest? exercise or sleep? To overdo?

Song "Orange and Black" by School

Honor Roll

First Grade B. Class

Mary Monica Lynch, Eva Dunning

Charles Lynch.

A.

Eleanor Baker, Charles Howland

Second Grade

Aileen Walsh, Leon Nichols.

Third Grade

Ella Baker, Helen Smith, Doris

Yager, Garmon Youmans, Mirial

Braque, Helen Martin, Lorella Boyd,

Marion Cook, Bartrum Campbell.

Fourth Grade

Marguerite Perry, Ila Chapman,

Doris Gherah, Kathryn O'Donnell,

Eleanor Williams, Ellwood Williams,

Lucile Dawson, Letitia Lehman.

Fifth Grade

Georgia Broughan, Lillian Holmes,

Edward Cannon, Robert Common,

Dorothea Snyder, Cecelia O'Connell,

Ina Williams, Margaret Folsing, Mildred Campbell.

Sixth Grade

Frances Brundage, Clifford Howland,

Gertrude O'Connell, Mary Cabl

Pauline Martin.

Seventh Grade

Ruth Whiston, Birdie Sandberg

Gerald Hann.

Eighth Grade

Deris Tubbs, Onnolee Hammell.

High School

Anna Faisant, Mabel Wagner, Lil

Han Warfield, Betty Cannon.

Reporters for next week are Angi

Edwards and John Faisant.

The Andover Basket Ball Girls

journeyed to Canisteo last Friday

night and altho the Canisteo girls

were very fast and our girls had not

practiced that week, they won the

game with a score of 12-14. The

Andover girls enjoyed an entertain

ment and refreshments afterwards

CARD OF THANKS

No words of ours could ever express our deep appreciation to our many friends and neighbors for their help and sympathy in the death of our loving mother, Mrs. Mary Sherwood.

HER SONS and DAUGHTERS.

STORY OF FLORIDA BY A NORTHERNER

A. L. Jones Tells Intensely Interesting Story of Fishing Experience While He Was in the South

Oh yes! about fishing. Well, I went and will write of it, but there must be a distinct understanding that this story stands as written. Positively, I will make no corrections of feet, length, lbs., weight, or dozens caught; neither will I assume any legal responsibility for accuracy of my figures on same. There!

It happened thus: A foggy market morning, I paid my usual visit to the "curb" and found "Curley" with his back load of fish nearly sold, for he is an early bird, had only four minutes while we stood talking. I shared the last one with a customer who did not want all of a four-lb. fish. "Curley" said he had heard that the trout were commencing to bite in the bay across the Lake Florida trout? "Billy" Shakespere said "a rose by any other name would be as sweet," but I claim that it is misleading, anyhow. (Their trout are our large mouth black bass.) He thought it was early yet, but in two weeks it would be in full swing then we would "make a date" and he would run me over in his motor boat. So far, so good. But when I got home it did not look as good, but it did look a heap sight farther. There was that in the air that reminded me of the North, and it was not snow either. It was cold talk, and I felt sure that in two weeks no fish line of mine would reach from myself to the waters of Tohopekalifa. But I had the present "Let's go." I got out my steel pole which I had smuggled into the trunk, my tackle, my heavy shoes and fishing clothes, filled my empty tobacco can with bits of beef and catfish for bait. (There are no angleworms in St. Cloud.) I did not use that meat, but threw it away on my homeward journey, and it must be good and "ripe" by this time. I can imagine a group of buzzards around it, trying to devise some means of opening that can. My plans were to find "Curley." If possible, and try to bribe him to take me over. If I failed, I could at least fish in the canal, near his home, which is dug to carry the water of East Lake to West Lake, and thus drain the surrounding country. With my meat, I might get some perch, rock bass or at least, say I had been fishing.

Father and grandson, Donald, insisted on going with me a ways, to get me started right. Donald does not think it is safe for me to go far afield here, without him, as the compass in my head which leads me so sure in the North, is reversed at St. Cloud. (North is South.) The sun rises in the west. It is a strange, uncomfortable feeling, which will not change. Twice Donald, while with me, had to tell me I had turned wrong to go to the post office. So they went with me until we came near the corner, where in a previous letter, I told of seeing the young lady on horseback. Father gave me directions and I swung on alone. Just before I passed out of sight over a slight rise, about a quarter of a mile away, I turned for a last look. There they stood, hand in hand, great-grandfather and Donald, watching me. It reminded me of Little Nell and her grandfather in Charles Dickens's story. I also saw near them a one-horse wagon with two men in it coming my way, leading a cow. The distance was too great to distinguish features, but one of them certainly had the figure and bearing of "Curley." I was not sure, but walked more slowly. It was only a short distance to the lake and then I took the "new track," down close to the water's edge where the white sand is damp and has been rolled hard and smooth by the auto tires, and you might think your were walking on marble, were it not for the shoe-calk marks made by horses. I had one and one-half miles of this and so much did I lag that the party behind overtook me at the canal. I had long since decided that it was "Curley." He had stayed in town to help a neighbor get his cow from the pound, where all stray cows go in St. Cloud. Fee for release \$1.00. Opening the gate for his neighbor to drive in, we passed on to "Curley's" cottage, where we were met at the gate by his wife (a bit of a woman not much above 5 feet high.) Why didn't I bring that camera? I said so, some more, when at the canal I saw a herd of thirty or forty Florida long horn cattle. As we started away, his wife called: "Don't buy any tobacco." I have just got some at the store." I noticed he didn't, and while he was fussing with his boat I slipped into the store and got some which earned me his eternal gratitude, later in the day.

His partner was just coming in from going over the set lines with his motor boat and when he got in, dumped the catch in the live-box (a crate set in the water to keep them alive till dressed.) I looked at the fish, but my attention was centered on their conversation. I got scraps from "partner" like this: "Just as well go. Be sure and get back by six. I can lend you gasoline; minnows, up at the right of bridge. If you can't find sand minnows, catch eroppies with the small ones."

We were going. I suggested an anchor. "Curley" hoisted on board a huge chunk of iron weighing fifty or sixty pounds, one of the weights for their set-lines. I said: "As it is the largest loose thing about the boat, it will be a good thing to hang to if we upset." He said: "This boat won't upset; you can't tip it over."

Believe me, I didn't try. He started the one cylinder engine and away we went. Chug, chug, up the canal for the lake. After about twenty rods, I felt something gripping the bottom and our speed slackened. "Curley" stopped the engine slipped off shoes and socks, rolled up his overalls and slid over the side. Relieved of 225 lbs., the little boat lifted from the sand and he easily pushed it twenty rods farther till we had passed the bar. When he got in, pulled off his outer-shirt and behold "Curley" nothing on but what had once been a sleeveless gauze undershirt and overalls, rolled above knees. He wears no hat and his skin, under the tropic sun, is burned to a deep copper color.

It is seven miles to the bay we were headed for. About two mile out, "Curley" pointed to some empty five-gallon oil cans, floating on the water and said: "Boys for our trout-traps. That is where we get the big fellows." After another mile, he put out a long trolling line with an artificial minnow, covered with hooks attached, and handed it to me saying:

"This is the way we get the big ones, sometimes they weigh ten or twelve pounds."

I gripped the line with all my strength at first, but when I shot of the shock of a twelve-pound fish at our rate of speed, for we had not slowed up, I slackened my hold, drew in about ten feet more of spare end and resolved to burn my fingers to the end of that and then if "Curley" had not stopped the boat in time, overboard she goes, but not me with it. I was not put to the test as I got no strike. Ahead of us, hundreds of wild ducks rose up out of our path and flew away to a safe distance, then dropped to the water once more. The bridge, our destination, makes an opening in the drive around the lake which is here built between piles and planking across the mouth of the bay and shuts off a sheet of shallow water, ten times the size of Andover pond. We did not go into the bay at once, but skirted the shore of the lake to the east until the boat grounded on the sand. Here we were to look for minnows and I stripped off shoes and socks, rolled up my trousers and followed "Curley" overboard.

The minnow net was about 25 feet long and 3 feet deep, lead sinkers on bottom, cork floats on top, with a short pole at each end. Each of us held a pole and locating a shoat of minnows, we rapidly surrounded them with the net, pulled the center to us and emptied the catch into the bucket. After several casts we had nothing but small minnows about 2 inches long. They would not do for bass, but we became discouraged and I was folding the net to stow it in the boat when "Curley" called for me to bring it quickly. He had discovered some of the elusive sand-minnows.

We captured fourteen, five to six inches long, then sped back under the bridge into the bay. There are

Major Kemp Sends Check to Help Hook & Ladder Boys, and Gives Sage Suggestion

Enclosing his check for the Andover Hook & Ladder Co. to help them pay for their new fire truck, Major Kemp writes as follows to the News: "Every normal man, every public-spirited woman, and every unaged boy feels, at one time or another, and maybe at all times for all we know, the impulse to go to a fire. That is one thing that fires are for, he it summer or winter, day or night, to call us away from our work, games, parlors and afternoon teas out into the open street, where our firemen are fighting the flames which are eating the very heart out of some unfortunate brother's house or business; out where we will have the direct opportunity to witness the work of our Volunteer Fire Department, and then we can go home and explain just how it should be done, but, on the other hand, let's be conservative in our criticism unless we have previously assisted them in securing the very best equipment that the town is able to afford."

The total amount raised in the 1921 Christmas Seal Campaign, conducted by the Allegany County Tuberculosis Committee, was \$5,232.10. The Town of Amity had the largest per capita sale of seals with 20 towns of Birdsall and Burns having the lowest per capita sale. Friendship had the largest per capita sale thru the mail. The quotas for the towns were based on a 15c per capita sale, this amount being increased for towns which had in several years past realized considerably more than their quotas.

The following are the amounts raised in each town and their quotas:

Town	Quota	Am't raised
Alfred	\$200	\$249.85
Allen	75	20.00
Alma	100	90.10
Almond	185	152.49
Amity	300	489.40
Andover	275	192.48
Angelica	200	203.20
Birdsall	75	15.00
Bolivar	350	387.25
Burns	200	54.00
Canadea	150	139.44
Centerville	100	34.60
Clarksville	115	92.10
Cuba	400	436.20
Fillmore	250	292.02
Friendship	300	387.60
Genesee	135	91.81
Granger	90	41.31
Grove	90	47.05
Independence	100	122.1
New Hudson	100	45.01
Rushford	200	102.77
Scioto	160	59.21
Ward	60	17.00
West Almond	75	19.85
Willing	75	58.00
Wellsville	1500	1218.70
Wirt	150	77.95
Belfast	200	143.70

A repetition of your want ad may bring it to the notice of the person who overlooked it to-day.

HELPING TO PAY FOR NEW TRUCK

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Bolivar	350	387.25
Burns	200	54.00
Canadea	150	139.44
Centerville	100	34.60
Clarksville	115	92.10
Cuba	400	436.20
Fillmore	250	292.02
Friendship	300	387.60
Genesee	135	91.81
Granger	90	41.31
Grove	90	47.05
Independence	100	122.1
New Hudson	100	45.01
Rushford	200	102.77
Scioto	160	59.21
Ward	60	17.00
West Almond	75	19.85
Willing	75	58.00
Wellsville	1500	1218.70
Wirt	150	77.95
Belfast	200	143.70

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CHRISTMAS SEAL SALE REPORT

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