ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

ANDOVER, N. Y. JAN. 18, 1929

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ACTIVE — NEW YORK PRESS ASSOCIATION — A DROP OF INK MAKES MILLIONS THINK — ORGANIZED SEPT. 6, 1853 — MEMBER

The New Year In Our Community

THE festivals are over, and now another year of work is before us. Let's hit the ball before it hits us. It was a Merry Christmas, anyway, and a Happy New Year—as usual.

Prosperity comes to those who urgetly and dilligently and intellegently seek it, unless it is left by a rich parent who conveniently fades away. It is greater prosperity that we want in this community, and in the state and nation.

Let's go after it and stick until we get it. Then hang on to it when we do get results. Talking is sometimes good because it puts in the right shape of mind. But work is better because it enables us to accomplish definite and desirabe results.

Therefore—let us do both in 1929—talk and work It's the sure road to prosperity. And while we are engaged in beguiling prosperity, we should also endeavor to promote harmony. If the doors are open, harmony will always seek admittance. It doesn't like to wander around without a home—and its home is in the head and heart.

Harmony will do wonderful things for us in the run of a year. And along with harmony comes good fellowship—its twin brother. Good fellowship promotes harmony and harmony promotes good fellowship, and when the two pull together it is difficult to resist or check them.

By all means we should strive to have good fellowship too. But that isn't all—Harmony and good fellowship promote kindness and generosity and thoughtfulness and a willingness to do for others as well as for self.

That, also is good—very good. The fellow who lives for self alone doesn't really live. He only afflicts us with his presence for a time. But when we perform a kindly act for others it leaves a warm glow in the region of the heart—that heart which should never grow cold.

We must have all these,too. In fact, there are many things we might have and do in this community in 1929—things that work for improvement, prosperity and sociability. We might suggest that the new year will be better if made, instead of being married.

Making a community is not difficult. It only requires intelligence and a will to accomplish. Marring a community is even less difficult. In fact, it is not hard at all. It only requires that spirit of indifference that is so often found where it should not be.

If skirts continue to get shorter, the necks will keep on getting longer.

In Snow Cleaning Business

IN 36 States, where snowfall is heavy, 111,645 miles of main highways were cleared during the winter of 1927-28, according to reports received by the Bureau of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Ever since the practice of removing snow from highways began in 1921—22, there has been a steady improvement in machines and equipment available, with an increased amount of equipment every year. In the six years, the use of truck plows has grown from 184 too 3,412; the number of tractor plows from 281 to 1,275. Since both types multiplied more than eleven-fold, and since road mileage cleared increased only about four fold, indications point to a greater completeness of snow removal. The use, during the past season, of less than half the number of graders employed in the previous year indicates that the grader has been found less effective than the truck and tractor plows.

In 17 of the States, all snow-removal work was done under the supervison of the State highway departments. In 15 States, the work was done by both States and counties or other local governments. In only four States was the work done solely under local control.

Beaten Paths Today

AGES ago, someone, some place, made a statement about mouse traps—better mouse traps—and today in modern business that old axiom still holds true.

The sentence which was uttered is recalled as follows: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he make his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Today these beaten paths are being made in every community. Probably it is not due to a sermon, a book or mouse trap. It is being applied every day to general merchandising.

Advertising in newspapers today has turned many a beaten path into a broad highway. A shoe dealer in a larrge city, far from the main thoroughfare once called attention to that saying. For many years people have beaten a path to this dealer's store because he proved the truth of this famous axiom.

People today find out which are the best mouse traps, books, groceries, wearing apparel and hundreds of other items, by reading newspaper advertisements, and they buy them in preference to others. They know that when a merchant puts advertising back of the things he sells, he is telling the community that the path to his store is a broad highway.

A Decided Contrast

THE Department of Agriculture in Washington is able and anxious to give definite assistance in planning crops and feeding systems for the year that lies ahead, according to Nils A. Olsen, chief of the economics bureau, who is preparing the annual report for the department to be issued the latter part of January.

Commenting on the difference between the present time and that of fifty years ago, Mr. Olsn declares that radio is one of the most important because it has abolished the isolation of the farm.

He professed no ability to foretell how far farming would progress, but said it was easy to see how far farming has advanced in fifty years, painting the picture of 50 years ago with reference to tallow candles, homespun fabrics, fire-places, chapped hands from home-made soap,newspapers printed a week or more before they were read, bad roads, isolated homes, oxen for draft animals, grain cradles, hand rakes, flails, and primitive marketing by laborious hauling and barter. With these he compared the present farm home, furnace heated, lighted by electricity, and equipped with such conveniences as washing machines, vacuum cleaners, running water, hardwood floors, telephone, prompt delivery of newspapers, paved roads and automobiles, and with the farming equipment such as milking machines, tractors, drills, binders, haying machinery, litter carriers and manure spreaders.

"The whole production picture," he added, "is in strong contrast with fifty years ago. The cows give more milk; and more eggs are produced per hen. The farm yields infinitely more per hour of man labor; and produce is hauled to market in a mere fraction of the old time."

Summarizing the past, Mr. Olsen commented that every farmer hoped to do better in 1929, and said that this season had been a sore disappointment to farmers whose main income was from potatoes, and to some wheat and corn growers. On the other hand, it was moderately good for dairymen, cattle raisers, sheep raisers, cotton growers and others. "The thing we are always striving for," he said, "is to have a greater percentage of farmers close their books each year with a profit."

Common Topic—The Weather

PROBABLY nothing occupies so much comment and discusion as does the weather. It requires a sudden change in temperature, like the recent cold wave that swept over the entire country, to call attention anew to its importance in the daily life of every individual.

To quote from the poet—

"For whether it blow or whether it snow,
We must have weather, whether or no."

It's a time honorer jest that when all other subjects of conversation fail, we may turn to the weather. Whether hot or cold it asumes first place in more conversation than any other one subject.

We may be interested in our every day tasks, the latest movie, tax reduction, politics or whatnot, but let an overnight change in the weather come, we rush to the thermometer to see what the mercury shows.

Icy blasts freeze the marrow of the bone and the sun's hot rays bring human frailty to the melting point.

The ability of the body to resist extremes of hot or cold is the thing that really counts, but the human being is only vaguely aware of that fact, because he believes that his comfort depends largely upon what the themometer shows.

This age-old superstition is no more the evidence of the frailty of human nature than the one that the seasons are changing.

How often have we heard that? Some unknown scientist, evidently looking for publicity, averred that by reason of the Japanese earthquake the earth's position with relation to the sun had changed so that the United States was 500 miles nearer the sun.

His theory held out until a kind provdence in the form of a cold wave pushed it into an untimely grave.

Every few years the fishing worms take a winter outing above the ground and the fruit trees obligingly bloom for Christmas, but consult the weather code any place and it will be found that temperatures average up about the same in cycles of years.

The weather is not such a fickle old fool as most of us imagine.

Preparing For Census

IN preparing for the forthcoming census of 1930, seventy-two cities are defining their metropolitan regions in order that the returns may be compiled hereafter to show the rate of growth for such units. It is recognized that the American city has spilled over its limits and is now an aggregation of municipalities.

Among the cities defining such areas are New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, St. Paul, Minnapolis, Dallas, Buffalo, Rochester, Kansas City and others. Twenty-one metropolitan area maps are in prepration or have been made.

Nearly all of the cities have recognized the purpose of the metropolitan regions and have drawn boundries which conservatively outline areas that are urban in character and that are closely associated in the work of the central city. In one or two cases, after maps have been received and the accompanying data studied, it has been suggested to those cities that boundaries should be enlarged in order to include an area evidently of an urban character, in only one case so far has a city definitely suggested including territory that did not fall clearly within the purpose of the work. Apparently it is recognized that a metropolitan region means responsibility as well as opportunity and that grasping at too much would not only arouse ridicule outside the community but would tend to bring discredit upon the undertaking among the "home folks."

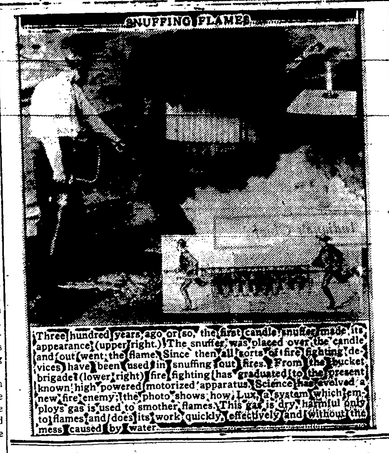
It is usually the best policy to jump out of the way of most things, but most of us will take our chances of getting hit by prosperity.

Just about time now for someone to predict that next summer will be the hottest since away back in the early eighties.

Flying across the ocean is a great adventure, but the ocean liners still offer the safest means of making the trip.

The old timer who used to break his arm cranking an automobile, still breaks his arm trying to unfold a road map.

Three men were killed in Texas in a fight over a bottle of milk. They probably thought it was white mule.



To A

MOST IMPORTANT GROUP OF MOTOR CAR BUYERS

Certain American people are getting on in the world. Many of them are just starting. But they're headed up the ladder. Their ideas of luxury and beauty are expanding. They want finer homes, finer furniture, finer automobiles.

During the past three years, hundreds of thousands of these progressive Americans have been buying the Pontiac Six. Some of them have bought it as the first car they ever owned. But to most of them, Pontiac has represented the first big *step up* from the lowest priced field.

For this progressive group, Oakland has now created a brand new Pontiac Six. It represents an even greater advancement over everything else in its field today than the original Pontiac represented in 1926. It will take its buyers farther than ever up the ladder of motor car quality in one step. Watch for the

NEW PONTIAC BIG 6 at $745 f. o. b. factory

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AMES L. ROGERS, Secy.

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No. 171, I. O. O. F.
Meets Second and Fourth Monday Evenings of Each Month
FRANK BURNS, C. P.
A. L. ROGERS, Scribe
Visitors are Always Welcome

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 555 F. & A. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome
B. B. HANN, Secy.
ARCHIE L. BLOSS, W. M.

ANDOVER DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE
Co-Operative Association, Inc.
Meets First Saturday Each Month.
JAMES McANDREW, President
HENRY JOYCE, Vice President
HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

ANDOVER GRANGE NO. 1098
Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I.O.O.F. Hall.
CHARLES NEVOL, Master
EMMETT ROBINSON, Lecturer
AMES L. ROGERS, Secretary
Visitors Always Welcome

MUTUAL TENT NO. 18
K. O. T. M.
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Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of J. Maynard Brundage, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executors, at the Andover State Bank, in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 30th day of April, 1929.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., October 17, 1928.

FRANK S. CLARK,
ANDREW D. FULLER,
Executors.

MIRA DIFFIN,
Attorney for Executors,
Andover, N. Y. 16

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of George Hartrum, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Administrators of said estate at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 25th day of June, 1929.

Dated November 10, 1928.

MARY HARTRUM,
C. A. SLAIGHT,
Administrators.
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"His Majesty!"

By R. EDWARD SHAFF

"Whats a Killer!"

"Well, he has a weakness for the hearts of live cattle, and also the mauling of human beings. He lives over on the island in the swamp. A man can't get there except with a boat. It seems that when he was a cub he was caught in a forest fire. In some way a burning stub fell across his head. Must have pinned him long enough to cook one side of his face. One of the wardens saw him going crying ahead of the fire one side of his face seared of hair and skin. He headed for the swamp and some how got to the island. There he eeked out an existence until his face healed and he grew to be a bear of size. In time he left the island and made trips to the main land. Where the fire had left its mark the hair came in white so they called him Sear Face. He developed a taste for sheep and pork and being so close to the southern edge of the park he was within easy distance of the ranches. Soon the wardens got word to get him. So the warden in this end got a canoe and crossed to the island and set a trap using a small steel cable to reach outside the cliff to a clod and covered it all with dirt. The killer had grown real wary, the ranchers had dogged him and put out poison bait, but he had inherited some of his parental instincts so the warden tried his trap. The next morning he paddled to the island, climbed up the side of it. Towards the cliff there were huge branches of alders all over the lower part. All that is known about what happened was found a few days later when they missed the warden and going over to the island they found the canoe ripped to shreds, the clod fast in a clump of saplings, two claws in the jaws of the trap and the mauled body of the warden a mute testimony of the short struggle. From then on Sear Face went from bad to worse, he included calves and young stock then he got to killing full grown cattle. He was a big, crafty brute now. One blow and he bowled over a critter, ripped up the front leg and tore out the heart, gorged himself on blood and his chosen delicacy. They set traps around his kill and used poison but he never came back. Even in times when his kills were far between which were seldom. He had even entered one engineer's camp the summer before and had mauled two men getting away. It wasn't any use to use dogs as he always made for the island and he did not come in the same way and the island was large and his sense of smell the keenest, so he was still at large. That was the reason for the heavy reward both state and local for his death." They rolled in their blankets on the bough bed.

As daylight broke there was a scratching outside the hole in the tent and soon that slim nose poked inside. Boardman sat erect and yelled "Shoo ! !" but he might as well have saved his breath. A white streaked body followed the nose, and his nibs marched around the tent wall winking his little beady eyes, his plume hoisted at half mast. The warden sat up and grinned, "Sort of likes your layout I guess." Boardman was showing fright. As the animal reached the back corner of the tent the lunger reached the outside, but the warden didn't follow. Catching up a sizable knot Boardman stationed himself outside the hole. He was mad clear through, but though he stood there nearly naked for a long time nothing darkened the hole. After a while the warden came out fully dressed. He smiled as he beheld the lunger, murder in his eyes still waving the big knot. "Better put it down and get dressed mister, His Nibs has gone to rest"

"Where?"

"Curled up in that burlap right under the upper edge of the bunk near the hole." There was anger in the others face.

"I'll not have that thing in there"

"You've got to get him out." The other only grinned.

"Can't be done old timer he is a privileged character here, so you will have to put up with him. Go get your things he won't bother you if you leave him alone." Together they retrieved his clothes, the warden even lifting the boughs to disclose black and white fur. While the lunger started the meal the other slid down the bank, cut an alder sprout, took out a line and hook, kicked over a sod and extracted a worm, proceeded to pull out a couple of nice trout. The lunger took it all in from the cliff. There never had been time for him to fish since he was a lad but he began to sense what he was missing. He was surprised at his not thinking of fishing before.

He was told that his mail would be left in the box twice each week at the forks where the warden first found him, if any came. He walked out that far and posted his mail. A week passed by. Each evening his nibs left his burlap bed at dusk and returned at dawn. Gradually the lunger became reconciled to him but not friendly. Then came a letter.

It was not good news. The mill where his wife worked had gone on a strike and the payment was one on the place and if it was not met they stood to loose all. There was no salvation in view. He was better but it was impossible to do anything, so he took his fishing pole and went down the creek. He was getting keen on angling again, but he was depressed by the news he had received. There was no way to meet it only let it take its course. He sat on a log and rested. Over north of the swamp it was clouding up. There was a dead lull. It was harder to breathe, even sitting there he breathed with much difficulty. There came a jarring crash. It startled him. As he started up the creek the leaves began to stir, he tried to hurry but his strength failed him and he had to stop to rest. Even as he came in sight of the tent he broke out in a fit of coughing. The wind was waving the trees beyond the cliff. As he looked there was a crash and roar but no flash of lightning. The tent careened and lurched towards the cliff,—hung an instant on the ledge and plunged over to splash in the pool at the bottom. The rain came in torrent. Gradually the coughing ceased. He climbed the hill slowly. What was the use he had no home here now and the one in the city was as good as gone?. The wind changed his way, the rain was most over, a sickening odor came to him. Some more luck, his nibs had gone over the cliff. Anyway he had his just deserts. He was drowned by this time. It sort of made him feel better to think that he was not alone in his hard luck. As the lunger stopped at the edge of the cliff to watch the rising stream eddy around the remains of his recent home some one hailed him and as he turned the warden broke from the dripping brush cover. There they stood side by side surveying the wreck. The smaller man became vehement. He cursed his luck, he cursed the elements and he cursed the owner of that awful odor that radiated from the rag house. The other listened until the end and then sauntered down the hill. The lunger followed. Grasping the edge of the tent they pulled, and the heave of the rising stream helped, and they dragged it partly out of the water. The end of the broken center pole had ripped its way through the tent top, the contents were rolled into a great ball, the whole thing reeked with scent. It was impossible to pull it clear of the stream, the warden grasped the loose flap and started exploring the contents as he pulled out dough after bough. He suddenly stepped back, there sticking out of the mass was a hairy foot. He tore out some more boughs and the huge head and shoulder of the sear face grizzly eared up at them. Hate still gleaming from his snarling face but he had snarled his last snarl. They returned to the top. The sun was shining again. As they stood looking at each other his nibs slowly emerged from the old stump and ambled off into the brush. He had saved the day. It was he who had slain the enemy so to speak. As the huge bulk had entered the tent, lured by the smell of the half consumed ham hanging to the ridge pole by a strong wire. It had resisted his tugs and in a flash of temper the big brute had given it a quick thrust just as his nibs had started through the hole. The crash of the ham against him caused that scent gun to fire, the stinging, blinding spray had hit Sear Face full in the face. The mountain of flesh vaulted back tearing the tent clear of its moorings and over the cliff they had gone down in the pool.

The warden broke the silence, "Suppose you will take your $5,000 and hie back to the city now?." The lunger laughed a real mirthfull laugh for the first time since he had come. I know some one in the city that surely needs that money, but as for me, I am going to follow his Majesty and when I find him, I am going to apologize.

(The End)

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Emily L. Cole, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor, at the law office of Mira Diffin, in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of May, 1929.

Dated October 24, 1928.

JOHN DIFFIN,
Executor.
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Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, surrogate of Allegany County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of Frank Raufenbarth, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executrix at her residence in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of April, 1929.

MATILDA RAUFENBARTH,
Executrix.
15

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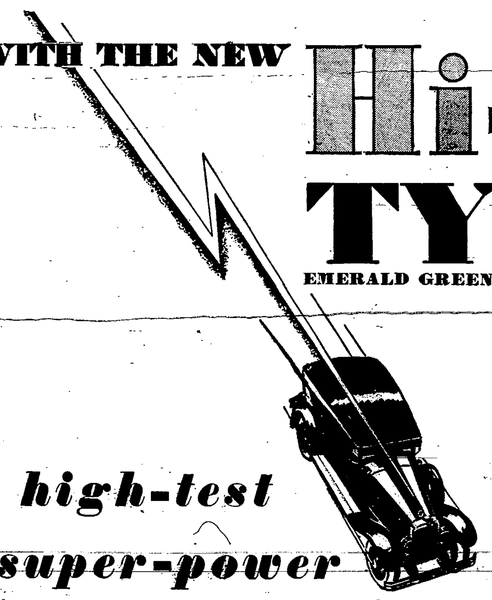

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