

# The Hi Herald

VOL. IV. ANDOVER, N. Y., APRIL 26, 1935 NO. 33.

## THE HI HERALD

## EASTER VACATION!

Published by Andover High School  
Printed by the Andover News

Editor-in-Chief  
MARIAN NOBLES

Faculty Sponsor  
ANNETTE P. CLIFFORD

### HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL SEASON OPENS

Eight Allegany county high school baseball teams in Class B will open a six-game campaign Friday, which will wind up with playoffs to determine the county's B class representative in sectional playoffs at Rochester on June 7th.

Schedules and regulations have been adopted and the eight towns placing high school nines on the field have been divided into two sections, winners of which will play one game to determine the county championship and the team which will carry Allegany's colors to Rochester.

Teams in section 1 include Cuba, Friendship, Fillmore and Richburg. In section 2 are Belmont, Angelica, Canaseraga and Andover. Bolivar is the only Class A school in the county with a ball club and will represent the county in its class at Rochester.

Following are the schedules for the two sections in Class B. All games being slated to start not later than 4:15 p. m.

- Section 1
- April 26 - Cuba at Richburg; Fillmore at Friendship.
- May 2 - Cuba at Fillmore; Richburg at Friendship.
- May 10 - Friendship at Cuba; Fillmore at Richburg.
- May 14 - Richburg at Cuba; Friendship at Fillmore.
- May 17 - Fillmore at Cuba; Friendship at Richburg.
- May 24 - Cuba at Friendship; Richburg at Fillmore.
- Section 2
- April 26 - Angelica at Belmont; Canaseraga at Andover.
- May 2 - Angelica at Canaseraga; Andover at Belmont.
- May 10 - Andover at Angelica; Belmont at Canaseraga.
- May 14 - Belmont at Angelica; Andover at Canaseraga.
- May 17 - Canaseraga at Angelica; Belmont at Andover.
- May 24 - Angelica at Andover; Canaseraga at Belmont.

The date of the Allegany county track meet, which will be held on the Wellsville high school field, has been changed from May 25 to May 11.

### "TRAIL'S END"

(Continued from Page Three)

the dismay retreated. "You are Mr. Simpson, aren't you? I am Anne Cushing."

"Why, no, ma'am." Petry gulped visibly. "My name is Petry, Boone Petry. If you're lookin' for Lon Simpson, he—he's moved away from here. He sold his place just recent."

"Yes, I know. I bought it. But I thought he might be here to—well to show me the place, I suppose. I'm afraid that was a rather silly idea."

"No, ma'am," said Petry helplessly. The dismayed look was hovering in her eyes again. He shifted his weight from one foot to another, and thought earnestly of things he would like to do the departed Simpson.

"I guess Sim's kind of careless that way," he added apologetically. "But don't let that bother you, ma'am. If there's anything I can do, or the boss either, we'd sure be pleased to."

The local groaned in all its length and gathered its complaining joints into motion again, leaving them standing there. At a little distance, just beyond the platform, the young man who had come over from the postoffice stood and watched them with puzzled curiosity. The few dawdling loungers had frankly turned their heads in the same direction.

The girl's eyes were sweeping the sun-warped platform and the hot road beyond. They hesitated for an instant as they caught the unobtrusive scrutiny of the brown young man, and then passed on composedly. They came back to Boone Petry.

"It's awfully kind of you to take so much trouble. If you could just tell me where I can get a stage or rent a car, I think I can manage all right."

signaled him with a furtive thumb. The girl was thanking him.

"That would be splendid, but I hate to be such a nuisance."

"Not a tall, ma'am." The young man was at his elbow now, looking interested. "Looking more than interested. Miss Cushing, meet my boss, Mr. Barry Duane. Barry this lady's just bought the Simpson place and Sim's lit. I've told her it's right on our way and we can take her out any time she wants to go."

"Of course we can. Very glad to." Not a single blink betrayed that the Simpson place was out of their homeward way by some miles of singularly bad road.

"It's awfully good of both of you. I didn't expect to be a charge on the community as soon as I arrived."

"The community," said Barry Duane, "considers itself in luck. Now about this new place of yours. When do you get possession?"

"I've got it now."

"Yes—of course." He hesitated, and caught Petry's nervous eye. Petry cleared his throat.

"I was thinkin'," he ventured, "seeing there's nobody out there now, maybe the lady might like to put up at the hotel here, until her folks come?"

"But you see, there isn't anyone else to come." Anne Cushing laughed, for the first time in three long weeks, and Barry Duane thought it was the loveliest laugh he had ever heard.

"You really mustn't be worried about me," she said in that lovely voice. "I'm not a bit afraid of staying alone. I thought I'd try to get a man and his wife. I meant to leave an advertisement for them before I started for the ranch. Can I do this?"

Barry laughed. "No, I'm afraid you can't. There's no paper to advertise in this side of the county seat. At least there's no printed one. The unofficial way is to mention whatever you want over at Jim Bagley's general store, and then wait for the returns to come in. Any other suggestions, Petry? How about Martha Larrabee?"

Her spirits had soared unaccountably. She wanted to laugh as she was politely herded toward the shabby car. It was less than five minutes since she had stepped from the train and here she was, trotting confidently along with two perfect strangers who had taken herself, her luggage and apparently all her problems into their capable hands.

At the far end of the straggling street a wooden cottage, better kept than most, sat a little back in a yard where neat borders of flowers had been encouraged to grow. They stopped. Petry went in. He was gone five minutes. Anne began to wonder what was happening. Suppose the efficient Mrs. Larrabee declined to come?

The front door opened and a woman came out. She was tall and comfortably plump, with grayed brown hair and an air of practical competence. Her face was strong and shrewd, and not without humor. Petry came out behind her, with an uncertain grin on his homely face. Evidently the redoubtable Martha had declined to commit herself.

"This is the lady, Martha. Miss Cushing, this is Mrs. Larrabee."

"I hope you come, Mrs. Larrabee. I really don't know what is to be done yet."

Martha looked at the girl in the car, a small and slightly anxious face.

"I'll come," she said briefly, and permitted herself a grim quirk of a smile as she nodded to the car's owner. She went on briskly, calmly taking the situation in hand.

"You wait here for me, and I'll go with you to the store. It won't take me two minutes."

Such trifling matters as wages, duties and hours had evidently not entered into her decision at all. "Passed with honors!" said Barry Duane. "Martha came out to look you over, and if she hadn't liked your looks you couldn't have argued her into coming at any price."

She laughed and sobered, looking out at the endless waste that went on and on into the hazy distance. "I knew I was under inspection. I was so afraid I wouldn't pass muster I scarcely dared breathe. She looks so—dependable."

"Martha's pure gold—and here she comes. Now, for the store and your supplies. Another half hour and we'll be on our way."

They were off in much less time than that, thanks to Martha Larrabee's brisk supervision. Marston's brief sensation was over, at least for the time being, but the repercussions still echoed. All Marston knew it now. A pretty young thing with a soft voice and delicate hands had bought the Simpson ranch, thirty miles out across the Junipero, and expected to run it. Male Marston admired, but shook his head. Female Marston sniffed.

"Girls who look like that and wear clothes like that don't go sleekin' off to out-of-the-way places unless there's somethin' queer back of it."

The loungers around the store preserved a polite silence. "And what's more," said the lady heatedly, "that suit she wears is handsome, just handsome, but when she took the coat off, while she was waitin' for Barry Duane to come back and dance around her, I looked inside of it to see where it come from, and the tag had been ripped off! That don't look like any accident to me."

Fortunately for her peace of mind the girl who called herself Anne Cushing had no suspicion of the too eager eye which had found that evidence of a discarded identity in her coat. She did have a faintly disagreeable memory of a sharp-faced woman who had been rather offensively inquisitive but that could have meant no more than the ill-restrained curiosity of a small-town gossip. She put it behind her, and settled back contentedly.

Marston, low against its sands, had vanished in a sprawling blur. The old car made excellent time. Petry was driving. Martha Larrabee sat beside him. Barry Duane sat with Anne in the rear seat.

Blazing sunlight beat down, and a long plume of dust waved and wavered in their wake. The road ran on ahead of them, mile after

mile, with nothing to impede their view. There was not a house in sight, nothing moving. In the opulent flare of sunshine distance took on strange colors, turning to purple in the folds of those sudden hills.

"You are in the Junipero Valley now," Duane told her. "You must remember that, because it is your next-door neighbor. A few thousand years ago there was a river here, but it has been dry a long time. I suppose it looks pretty ugly to you, but it has its points, and after the rains it will be streaked with purple and gold."

"Purple and gold," she narrowed thoughtful eyes and stared at it, half dreaming.

"No, I don't think it's ugly. It's fascinating. It's empty and broad-lying and rather terrible, but it beckons you. It keeps promising you something, and you want to go on and on until you find it."

The grey eyes warmed. They almost blazed. She had a quick feeling that somewhere behind this young pleasant, brown man there was an eager little boy, rather pathetically anxious to have someone admire a thing he loved, but with all a little boy's sensitiveness to rebuff. That was curious, when in other ways he seemed so completely poised and assured, quite as much so as any man she knew. She wondered what had happened, to make him feel like that.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## Maloney's Annual Shrubbery Sale

at our Packing House

All stock freshly dug. Prices in keeping with the times. Free Landscape advice.

Open week days 7:00 to 5:30 P. M.  
Sunday: 10 A. M. to 7 P. M.

### Maloney Bros. Nursery Co., Inc.

North Main Street Dansville, N. Y.



# AFTER SALE EASTER SALE



## 1,000 SWAGGER SUITS

*You Cannot Afford to Miss.*

This Special Sale —:— In Three Big Groups

**\$4.95** | **\$5.95** | **\$7.95**

You're bound to find the suit you want in this special group. Every desirable style, every smart material. They're fine quality, full lined suits. Made to sell up to \$9.95, but we bought them so they go on sale at \$4.95

—ON SALE BASEMENT—

It's only on a last minute purchase in the city market, such as our buyer made this week, that you'll find the super values shown in this group of Swagger Suits. These were made to sell for \$12.95, but the manufacturer turned them over to us at a price that permits us to sell them for \$5.95.

—ON SALE MAIN FLOOR—

You've been looking at better Swagger Suits marked as high as \$16.50 that will be found duplicated, equalled and in some cases bettered in this group. The materials are excellent, the tailoring exceptional and the values more than you'd ever expect to find in a week's shopping trip.

—ON SALE MAIN FLOOR—

—BASEMENT SPECIAL—  
**RINGLESS HOSIERY 25c**  
Repeating last week's Big Special  
Anklets ..... pr. 10c

OVER 300 BETTER  
**SPORT COATS \$7.95 - \$9.95 - \$14.95**

—BASEMENT SPECIAL—  
**COTTON DRESSES \$1.00 value 79c**

# L & C COAT, SUIT & DRESS CO.

102-104 MAIN STREET—HORNBELL N. Y.

**CHILDREN'S COATS**  
**\$1.98 - \$2.98 - \$3.98**  
Shops up to 14