

The Hi Herald

VOL. IX.

ANDOVER, N. Y., SEPT. 8, 1939.

NO. 1

Editorial

A. C. S. WELCOMES NEW TEACHERS AND PUPILS

Every year generally finds some change in the faculty of a school. This year—we old students greet several new teachers. We welcome them and pledge our co-operation for the coming year.

Due to the centralization of schools in our area, we have a considerable increase in the number of pupils attending Andover Central. Altho it may be rather difficult for the new pupils to adjust themselves readily to their new environment, we extend to each of them a cordial welcome. We beg them not to be afraid to ask help of the teachers and of us students who have been grateful of any assistance in former years.

For every one the Hi Herald wishes a happy and successful year.

—ACS—

General Science Class Has Largest Membership

Regular classes in the Andover Central School started Wednesday morning following the assembly. Thirty-two pupils have registered for general science.

It was found that the largest class in languages is Latin I which has 20 pupils.

In social studies the largest class is social science which has 29 members.

Typing leads the commercial subjects with an enrollment of 26.

—ACS—

General Assembly Opens A. C. S.'s Second Day

Andover Central School opened the second session of its school year with an assembly on Wednesday morning, in which the student body became formally acquainted with its new teachers.

After making several announcements relative to general conduct, Principal Bretsch mentioned the N. Y. A. work for students of 16 years or older.

Mr. Giffin led the student body in group singing and spoke inspiring of the new organization of the music department.

Newcomers Hear High School Song In Assembly

The entire student body and faculty of the Andover Junior and Senior High School joined together in singing the Andover High School song at the first assembly of the year on Wednesday, Sept. 6th.

When Miss Mary Jo Russ came to Andover as music teacher several years ago, there was no high school song. Miss Russ realized the need for one and wrote the words of our present song.

In order that the newcomers to the Andover school may learn the words, they are printed below:

"Let's give a rah for Andover High School,

And let us pledge to her a right Others may like black or crimson But for us it's purple and white.

Let all our troubles be forgotten Let high school spirit rule, We'll join and give our loyal efforts For the good of our old school."

Chorus—
Andover High School
Andover High School
The pride of every student here,
Come on, you old grads
Join with us young lads,
Andover High School now we cheer, rah, rah.

Now is the time boys
To make a big noise
No matter what the people say,
For there are none to fear,
The gang's all here!

So hail, Andover High School, hail!
The words should be Andover Central School, but as central does not fit in the tune, the song will continue to say "Andover High School."

—ACS—

Miss Baker Has New Duties

A new system of taking care of the overflow of the fourth and sixth grades has been arranged under the supervision of Miss Baker. The students are not conditioned in any subjects. They are actually the overflow from their original rooms.

There are ten students from the fourth grade and 13 students from the sixth grade, who will be taught by Miss Baker. They occupy the room in the southeast corner of the second floor of the grade building.

—ACS—

Subscribe for the Andover News.

New Music Instructor Outlines Program For Year

Band and Mixed Chorus Are Planned

Mr. Earl Giffin, who has been engaged as the music instructor at the Andover Central School for the coming year, announced his program in assembly Wednesday. He explained many points about music which he thought were often misunderstood.

He told the student body was lucky to have a chance at such an extensive music program, pointing out that lessons which they will have for nothing in A. C. S. would cost them \$1.50 an hour outside of the school. He very ably showed that music is no "sissy" undertaking.

Mr. Giffin announced that the mixed chorus would meet on Monday and Wednesday at 3:15; the orchestra on Tuesday at 3:15; the band on Friday afternoon from 1:45 to 2:30, and the Junior High chorus from 2:30 to 3:15.

Seven Graduates Return to A. C. S.

Seven of the pupils of last year's graduating class have returned to the portals of Andover Central School.

Gerald Dolan, Louis Fulkerson, Carolyn Dolan, Dorothy Joyce, Rosemary Lynch, Coretha Mead and Leo Nobles are the P.G.'s seated in the commercial room under the supervision of Mrs. VanOxx.

Many New Pupils Register Tuesday

Many new faces were seen in the various classrooms as the annual registration took place Tuesday. This registration is the greatest in the history of the school due to centralization.

The largest enrollment in a home-room is that of the seventh grade of 42 pupils. The third grade in two rooms, has the honor enrollment of 63.

The semester's schedule was studied by the pupils on Tuesday morning, and if no conflicts were found, they registered for the courses.

If proverbs are true, 1939-40 will be a good year—"the more the merrier."



FINAL INSTALMENT

"Mont!" she cried in exultation, "you darling!"

And then came the ever-feminine query:

"But what am I going to wear?"

"I like us just the way we are—and they'll have to like us the same way," asserted Monty, smiling down at her.

"I'll dust off the shine and be with you in a minute!" was all Sunny could say.

As they left, arm in arm, their first step into the crisp evening air seemed to herald a changed world—at least for them. In a trice they were seated in the long, black car. The motor purred, and they were off, on the happiest evening of their lives.

"We're going the way we are!" retorted Monty. "If they can't take us this way—they won't take us at all!"

"Getting a little independent, aren't you?" bantered Sunny.

"Why not?" countered Monty, "Nobody seems to be over-solicitous about us!"

In a trice both Monty and Sunny had stepped into the Mayor's luxurious motor and were on their way to the eventual celebration. Monty was evidently stirred with a double emotion. This was his personal triumph—recognition of his victory over the elements in a "round the world" flight. It was a triumph in another way too. He had been challenged by mishap and tonight he would show them all that Monty Wallace always landed on his feet.

Sunny snuggled closer and sought the comfort of Monty's arm. They both looked curiously out of place in the richly upholstered limousine. Sunny's chic sport frock was an excellent companion to Monty's flying togs. But it was evening—and they were bound for an array of white-ties and low-necked evening gowns.

Monty looked down at Sunny. He smiled.

"Fraid?" he asked.

"Not a bit!" came Sunny's stout answer. "And you?"

"On the contrary—I'm looking forward to it!"

Monty offered Sunny a cigarette. He plied the match to both.

"We should be there soon," Monty commented.

"I wonder if Nat and Jimmy will be there," queried Sunny, half to herself.

"Nat's covering the blowout," remarked Monty, meaningly, "and I hardly think Jimmy would miss the fun."

"Aren't you just a bit malicious," Sunny asked.

"Just curious," was all Monty would say, but a glint in his eye spoke more than words.

The car swayed to a stop and in a moment Monty and Sunny were relieved of their wraps and were being ushered into the glittering hotel ballroom. The huge room was packed. Suddenly a score of voices rose in greeting.

"It's Mont Wallace!" somebody shouted and immediately Monty and Sunny were the center of a hundred eyes. Swiftly the Mayor took them by the arm introducing them here and there, nodding to some, speaking to others. Miraculously they found themselves at the banquet table. The Mayor raised his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began—while the buzz of conversation continued. "Ladies—and gentlemen!" the Mayor repeated.

The confusion subsided. The Mayor addressed the throng again. "This is a very informal gathering," he assured them. "Because I know you'll all hungry—let's honor the chef first and then spend the rest of the evening honoring our hero!"

It seemed that the Mayor, shrewd judge of human nature that he was, knew his audience. The banquet proceeded. As the entree was served, Sunny, who sat next to Monty, suddenly whispered.

"Monty!—There's Nat and Jimmy—they've just arrived!"

"Too bad they missed such a delicious meal," was Monty's offhand comment.

"I don't think they'll miss it," corrected Sunny, "they're coming straight for those two places on the other side of the Mayor."

"Good!" exclaimed Monty, "It's great to have all the old friends together."

Then Sunny and Monty were drawn away from each other by the small-talk of their dinner companions. It seemed ages later that Sun-

ny found a way to turn her attention to Monty again. No sooner had she begun to speak when her voice suddenly rose.

"Look!" she cried and motioned to a far table.

It was the woman, Vivian Morgan. Sunny was terrified but the presence of his self-asserted spouse seemed to cause little surprise for Monty.

"I—I told you she'd be here!" said Sunny, her eyes fastened on the far distant figure.

"That's great—now we're all here," was Monty's dry reply.

Dessert and coffee heralded the beginning of speechmaking and shortly the Mayor was rapping for order.

Next, Monty found himself acknowledging applause. Words seemed to find themselves. Monty's eyes could not help being focussed on the woman in the distance. He was conscious too of Natalie and Jimmy.

He sensed something in the air. What he knew not, but that the evening would be full of events he was sure.

"I should have rehearsed this speech while I was dodging clouds over Alaska," began Monty with a breezy smile, "but maybe some of the language I used then wouldn't fit in right now."

"And if I had known we were going to have such a good time at this end of the line—"

A commotion at the far table disturbed the audience. Monty paused and as he did so, a throaty voice filled the great room.

"You can't do this—get away from me!—Let go of my arm!"

The Mayor, the Chief of Police, the Fire Chief and a score of assorted notables rose to their feet. A struggle was going on between the woman and a group of three burly plainclothesmen. It was Vivian.

Monty wondered what new mischief she had been up to. The cries continued.

"What's the matter back there?" demanded the Mayor. A chorus of hoarse voices answered in unison.

"We got Clark Street Kate, chief!" was the answer.

The chief of police leaped from behind the table. The Mayor and others followed. They met the struggling quartette midway in the room. They all returned to the table of honor.

"Who's this?" asked the Mayor.

"Clark Street Kate," came the verification, "you know—she's that Chicago shake-down artist that gave us the jump a couple years ago?"

"Fancy meeting you here, Kate," was the Mayor's sarcastic greeting. "I suppose you're here by invitation?"

"Invitation nothing," came Vivian's indignant denial. "I pay for what I get—and you'd be surprised what five bucks can buy these days!"

The Mayor turned to the Chief.

"What's the charge?"

By this time Monty and Sunny were standing close to each other. Natalie and Jimmy, with Mack Hanlon and Sunny's father were opposite. The latter two were unaware of the drama in the situation for the other four.

The Chief addressed the Mayor.

"Well, we have a charge of blackmail on the books, but it's never been pressed. I remember it was against Butch McCork, the gangster that's up in Alcatraz now. So I guess it won't do much good to hook her on that one."

"Anything else?" questioned the Mayor.

"Disorderly conduct here—and resisting an officer."

Monty stepped forward.

"May I have a word, Chief—and your Honor?"

"Of course!" came the reply.

"Seeing that you haven't anything really serious against her, why not let her go—that is, if she promises to leave town and not get into mischief?"

Natalie, Jimmy and Sunny chorused their affirmation. Sunny was especially strong in urging the wo-

man's release.

"Looks like you've got some powerful influential friends, Kate," served the Mayor. "What do you say, Chief—let her go?"

"Okay—if everybody says so—I'll dismiss the charge of disorderly conduct."

Sunny threw her arms around Monty's neck.

"You're safe—I'm safe!" she cried happily.

Natalie and Jimmy stepped forward.

"Good work, Monty—we're glad to see everything turn out."

The Mayor and the Chief looked at each other with a puzzled expression.

"What's going on here—do you two know each other?" His Honor interrogated.

"We're old friends!" insisted Monty. Sunny chimed in.

"She made me realize that I loved Monty after all!"

"And if she hadn't done that—I wouldn't have got Nat to promise to marry me!" returned Jimmy.

"And then Monty and I would have gone on kidding each other and goodness knows where it would all have ended!" explained Natalie.

The Mayor and the Chief were thoughtful for a moment. They turned to Jabe Manion and Mack Hanlon. There could be no explanation from that quarter.

"I don't get this," faltered the Mayor—"How do you mean she made you all realize you loved somebody else instead of—oh bother! What's this all about?"

"This woman—Viv—I mean, Kate—accused me of being her husband's venturer."

"Are you?" demanded the Chief.

"Of course he isn't!" replied Sunny indignantly—"he's going to be mine!"

"So that fixes it so I can marry Natalie here, who was engaged to Mont before Viv—I mean, Kate—said she was his wife!" explained Jimmy, none too clearly.

"Hold on, now!" the Mayor said. "Let's get this straight. Do you want to marry Mont Wallace?"

I sure do," spoke up Sunny.

"And you, Jimmy Hale—want to marry this girl?"

"I want Natalie more than anything else in the world!" came Jimmy's firm assurance.

"And how about you?" asked His Honor, turning to Vivian, now known as Clark Street Kate, the Shake-down Queen.

"I can't get married yet," was Kate's rueful reply. "My husband is doing a two-to-fourteen stretch at Stateville, and he won't give me a divorce."

"That's enough!" cut in the Mayor. "Now if you two couples will line up here for about five minutes, we'll get the matrimonial part of this party over and start in where we left off."

"Why you old darling!" cried Natalie.

"I wouldn't have it any other way!" assured Jimmy.

"Isn't it just perfect?" was all Sunny could say as she smiled into Monty's eyes.

"Happy landings!" came Monty's gay reply.

THE END

INDIGESTION

Caused by Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

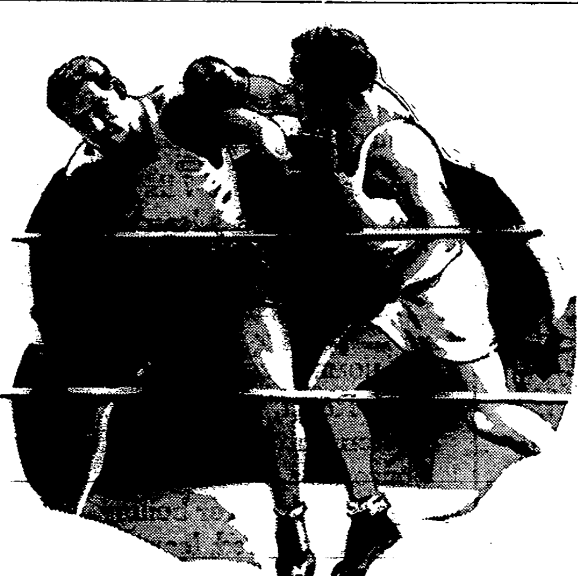
and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion

and the Food from Indigestion



A CHAMP CAN'T WIN WITH A SINGLE PUNCH

Frequent, short left jabs make Joe Louis the champion. He hammers away round after round. No single punch is a knockout blow. The champ just bangs, bangs, bangs his way to victory.

CONSISTENT ADVERTISING GETS RESULTS

Advertising, the champion business getter, gets best results with regular, consistent blows. Driving the sales message home week after week breaks down sales resistance.

START BANGING AWAY FOR BUSINESS

Let us help you plan an effective advertising campaign. Your sales blows will tell in your cash register from the start. Each succeeding blow will register the increasing effectiveness of the selling champion.

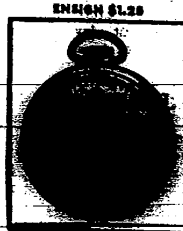
Call Us Today — We'll Be Glad To Help You

THE ANDOVER NEWS

Mark of the



Better Paper



Waltham

POCKET AND WRIST WATCHES

\$1.00 to \$3.95

ALARM CLOCKS

\$1.00 to \$2.95

LOOK FOR — ON THE DIAL

Elm Valley

(Mrs. Charley Cole, Rep.)

Sept. 5.—Mr. and Mrs.

Becker and children visited

ents in Corning, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mead

Francis were guests of Leat

sey in Woodhull, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Burd

sons, Mrs. Locha Burdick

Erma Burdick were dinn

of friends in Painted Post,

Mr. and Mrs. Harold (

daughter Nancy of Brad

and Miss Grace Decker of Y

were Sunday afternoon c

Charley Cole's.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Leon

the week-end in Rochester

Carrie French of Roch

spending a month with L

Leonard.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl At

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer At

their children enjoyed a

Loon Lake, Sunday.

Miss Virgil Slaght of C

Hill was the guest of Mrs.