# The Hi Herald

VOL. XI. ANDOVER, N. Y., JUNE 18, 1942 NO. 40

## THE HI HERALD

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## Current Comments

**To the Janitors—**

We never had to complain because the floors weren't swept. The waste baskets were always clean. When we wanted a door unlocked "they" always had the right key. The rooms were nearly always warm.

But how many of us ever stopped to think who actually did all of this? It seems that we took it for granted that both the janitors would be right here every day on time, ready and willing to do all that was necessary for our convenience and for the neatness of A. C. S.

We wish to thank Jim and John Nobles for the splendid work they have done this year in making our school a better place in which to live, learn and study. JB

ACS

## Students Make Tentative Schedules For Next Year

The eighth graders and high school pupils registered for the subjects which they are, at present, planning to take when school reopens in the fall in their respective home-rooms last Friday morning.

Altho students may change their ideas somewhat in the fall, a tentative registration is held each spring so that the schedule of classes for next year may be arranged more easily. Thus, many conflicts are avoided.

ACS

## Andover Central to Have School Nurse

Mrs. Florence Greene of Olean has been secured by the Board of Education as full time school nurse for next year.

Mrs. Greene is a graduate of the Park Avenue School of Nursing, Rochester, and has done additional study at St. Bonaventure College and the University of Buffalo.

The position of school nurse requires for certification a year of college work in addition to registered nurse training. With the demand of the government for nurses, the supply of qualified school nurses has been very limited, and Andover is fortunate in being able to secure Mrs. Greene's services.

## Alumni Banquet To Be Held

The annual Alumni Banquet will be held Monday night, June 22 at 7 o'clock in the local I. O. O. F. hall. The ACS alumni and ACS teachers will attend.

The speaker will be Willard J. Sutton from Alfred and his mother, Mrs. Sutton will be the toastmistress.

ACS

## Freshman Frolics

Bernice Ray: "Wilma, why are silk stockings like the Germans?"

Wilma Goodridge: "They control the runners."

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Miss Daly: "Richard, what is the United States bound by?"

Richard Steadman: "Iron."

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Susan McAndrew: "Clara, do you know that we can not have Christmas trees any more?"

Clara Hann: "Why?"

Susan: "Because Hitler controls the 'axes'." VR

ACS

## Grade News

**Kindergarten Pupil Purchases Defense Bond**

Little Theodore Smith, a pupil in the kindergarten, has purchased a Defense Bond. "Ted" has regularly purchased ten-cent Defense Stamps and now has a bond, worth $18.75. In ten years Mr. Smith will receive $25 for his patriotism. PL

## Graduation Schedule Is Announced

The Baccalaureate Service will be held at 8 on Sunday, June 21st in the school auditorium. Miss Helena Champlin, pastor of the Andover Methodist church will give the sermon.

Graduation exercises will be held in the school auditorium Tuesday night, June 23 at 8:15. The program will be as follows:

Prelude—Band.

Invocation—Rev. Lloyd Tebo.

Salutatory, "Education for Democracy," Jean Rogers.

Music—Girl's Chorus — "Music When Soft Voices Die," "Bells of Saint Mary's."

Valedictory, "Prelude to Peace," Victor Oakes.

Address—Dr. Harry W. Rockwell, President of Buffalo State Teachers' College.

Presentation of Awards—Principal Glenn E. Bretsch.

Presentation of Diplomas—President Samuel B. Crandall.

Benediction—Rev. Lloyd Tebo.

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## Letter to "Ingo" By Anne McDonough

Anne McDonough, a Sophomore English student, has written the following original letter in response to the essay "Ingo" by Christopher Morley. The letter is exceptional in that it captures the feeling of the essay to any extraordinary degree:

Lakeport Rest, Ga.

Dear Ingo:

You may not remember me. I don't know. I have prayed for years that the blond, blue-eyed youngster would keep in his heart a picture of the awkward, English-speaking tourist. Do you remember me, Ingo?

The war is over, one of my prayers answered. You realize, do you not, Ingo, what a devastating thing war is to us?

I have traveled as much as possible during that war. I visited small hamlets and large cities. And, whatever their difference might be in some respects, they are united in this one—Death. I saw Death take its toll everywhere. Farmers—hard working, loyal and happy one day; heart-broken, morose and unconsolable the next, for their sons had been killed.

I hope this letter reaches you. Truthfully, I don't know whether you are alive or not. I am in Lake Port, at a tourist home now, and I stopped here because of you. Let me explain—

I was passing thru here and I stopped when the trains switched. I was at the depot when I saw a picture of Lakeport Rest. You remember where we were together?

As I looked at the picture, you flashed into my mind—a bright-faced, serious little boy who did not quite understand the foreign person, but tried so hard.

I am sitting in the woods now—thinking. I feel much older than when I was with you. The war has weighed heavily on my mind.

I am very forgetful at times. A sure sign of old age, I guess, Ingo. I don't yearn for adventure any more. I cannot imagine you as a man, yet I know you'll make a fine one.

There is peace for the present. I know I'll never see you again. Our countries will probably never be friends. They can't.

I don't think of your home your fatherland, as a place to be eradicated, and you are the reason. No innocent-minded child like you, when we were together, could grow up, to be my enemy. You would have to be forced. I understand. It's like an old locked door. When pushed continually, it resists as long as possible. Knowing that it will have to give in some time, it goes with a jolt.

Forgive me for the liberties I have taken.

Unforgetably yours,
C. H. MORELY.

ACS

**Quiggle:** "Do you ever pause and reflect on the opportunities you have missed?"

**Wiggle:** "No. It would be just my luck to miss some more while I was reflecting."

**Discovery**

Two small boys were walking in the woods, seeking for adventure and what they might find. One picked up a chestnut burr.

"Tommy," he called excitedly, "come here quick! I've found a porcupine egg!"

## Revised History Program Begins Next Year

In accordance with regulations from the State Department of Education, a new history and social studies program will be put into practice in the Andover Central School next year.

A composite course called "World History", which combines the material formerly taught in the ancient history (History A) and European history (History B) classes will be offered. This is designed, primarily to be taken during the sophomore year.

World history will be followed by American history (History C) in the junior year and "Problems in Democracy," an entirely new course in the senior year. These two subjects will be required for all graduates, beginning with the 1944 class.

The 1943 class will follow the old program under which American history only, is required for graduation.

ACS

## "THE LAST NATIVE"

**Original Story by Barbara Brownell, English IV**

When daylight came on the next day of our arrival on the Coral Isle we decided to roam over our unexplored home. From the Seeadler we took arms and ammunition which might be helpful in case of a sudden attack from some hidden danger. On these islands, we had learned, lived some tribes of cannibals who were unfriendly to the white race, and if we should happen to run into one of these tribes we wanted to be prepared.

Everyone was in the best of humor, and the prisoners were as joyous as if they had been with their own countrymen. In their hearts lurked the sense of adventure, and anything could be overcome by this desire. Soon they forgot their wartime claims against us and we were all friends together. Some of my men scurried into the underbrush only to be scared out by some huge tropical bird. Everywhere there were these huge crabs and turtles. In the distance we could see the huge ball of fire and we knew that soon the air would be very hot. Therefore we decided to get our exploring under way. The land was slightly hilly on our side of the island, and we all wondered what lived on the other side of the small lagoon that we could see in the distance.

As we gently strode along the beach we heard wild sounds that reminded ourselves of wild boars. Sure enough, they turned out to be a very rude form of the domesticated pigs that we had at home. One of the men shot one of them and with a great deal of effort they hauled it back to our camp for a delightful meal. The rest of the party was indeed interested in the wild life that existed on this strange isle. Thru every tree we could see birds of all type, size and color coming and going at will, but when some of our men approached they zoomed into the air with a great deal of screaming. Further along the beach we found signs of footprints. There was a great deal of difference between them and ours, and they even looked somewhat like a bear's footprints. As none of us had ever heard of bears in the tropics and especially in the South Sea islands, we became somewhat scared, as well as amazed.

Now our boys were a great deal interested in the new adventure that was lurking somewhere in the islands interior. It may turn out to be a huge sort of bear-like animal, was the reply of one of the American fellows. He compared it with one of the bears that he had shot in the American Rockies before the war. He said that he remembered it well, and that the bear had a foot that was out of proportion with his other three feet. Others guessed that it was some sort of pre-historic mammal, while still others expressed the feeling that it was a giant of a man.

For a long time we studied the footprint, and the longer we studied it the more amazed we became. Could it be a danger that we would be unable to control? No one knew, but we hoped that whatever the source of the footprint that it would be friendly. We trailed it for about a mile, I should guess, when we noticed that it led back to the water. For a period of about ten minutes we searched for the footprints and further down the shoreline we noticed where they left the water again. Now we were more stupefied than ever. Could this animal be some sort of a sea monster or was it just taking a dip in the sea for bathing or for some sort of food?

By now the Americans were in hot pursuit of whatever the source. Some of them were hurrying into the brush, while others were continuing along the shoreline. Suddenly a small hut-like structure was found, and inside was found some bone-like skeletons. In one corner was a small instrument that looked like a spoon, with a long narrow handle and a bowl like point on the other end. This bowl-like object was sort of irregular with curved corners. Apparently it was meant for in the use of something connected with the sea. As our search wore on a few bright stones were found and some of the Americans believed them to be some sort of diamonds, but for the present time they were only a mere interruption to the main issue.

Suddenly from a small hill top we heard a wild scream of a large animal, which sounded like the scream of a blue jay. We watched the man-like animal go among the rocks and shrubs and finally disappear over a slight incline. By now the Americans were hot in pursuit of their quest, and they sounded somewhat like the hounds sounding on a fox hunt that I had known in England many years before the war. These Americans seemed strange to me because of their intense desire to know the meaning of that search. The mates of mine were somewhat bashful in their own desire to know the meaning, altho they were very much interested, as well as amazed over the sudden change in events.

Soon we had reached the summit of the incline where we had last seen the animal-like person go. From here we could see for many miles around in every direction. For a few minutes we could not sight a thing moving except for some bird life flying about. Suddenly an American sighted our prey down by the shore, working over some sort of weapon. We now knew that it might not be too healthy for us to get too close to this sort of human life, if human. Slowly and cautiously we moved down the grade and soon were on the level of the seashore. From here we were only a few hundred yards away from the man-like creature. We slowly advanced toward him, and kept our guns ready for sudden use. When he noticed that we were trying to come up to where he was, he retreated up the beach for a couple of hundred yards. Here he stopped as if amazed at the sight of some form of human life. He did not know whether to keep away from us or whether to let us come up to where he was. But finally he chose the former. For about a half-day we trailed him all over the island, from one corner to the other and then back again. Some of the men wanted to use their weapons on the prey, but I warned them not to do it because if there were more of them we might be attacked at night.

Along about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we came upon the man-like native working over some form of boat. As he saw us moving down on him, he started to move. We had him fooled now because we had worked out a plan among the prisoners whereby we would surround a certain area and then close in. As our ring closed around our victim, he became somewhat dazed with the moving circumstances. Seeing himself surrounded, he gave in by throwing himself to the ground, apparently in some form of a tribal surrender. Even now we proceeded to close our ring very carefully, for fear that he might have some form of weapons.

When we saw that he intended not to pull any tricks on us, we proceeded to reach him more quickly. When within a short distance from him, we sat down and waited for him to make some movement. The feet on this man-like creature were in the form of claws like something that would be used for climbing a tree. He had a beard that grew to his stomach, and hair that grew entirely around his face. A nearer beast creature could not be found in any zoo.

In another hour or two the man moved a little toward us and made a sign that he desired peace. When he realized that we did not intend to hurt him, he advanced a few paces toward us and finally stunned us by being able to speak a ragged form of English. This surprised us very much, and now we were very curious over the native. Soon we were in deep conversation, but all the time we noticed that the native kept his eyes on every one of our movements. We finally convinced him that we wanted to help him and not to hinder anything that he wanted to do. Soon we became very good friends, and were soon talking about him and who he was.

The story that he told us was one of pitiful horror, and something that I shall never forget. Here is what he told us about himself:

Many years ago there came to this island a group of white men, who shot and destroyed the entire population of this small island, but for some reason or another had spared his life. They took every form of wealth that they could steal away from the natives and took them to their boats. In their work they used this native for their beast of burden and treated him as such. He had many lickings at the hands of these men who had committed murder and other atrocities in his small island population. His treatment was so cruel that he was unconscious many times and once was nearly beaten to death. These men stayed a few weeks, robbing and beating what they could out of the population before they murdered them all, except for this lone native who, with extreme luck at his side escaped the hands of his captors and retired to a cave in the side of a rock mound. Here he remained for as long as the men were on the island, sneaking out at night he managed to get enough food to keep him alive.

This had happened a great number of years ago, and even now he was scared every time that he saw white men approaching. He had endured a great number of hardships since these men set foot on the island, but in the last few years had managed to live with some sort of satisfaction, but for a long time he was extremely unhappy and lonely for want of company.

Thru our friendly acts and comforts, he became our friend and helped us in many ways in our stay on the island. When our day of departure came and we were rescued we hated to leave this sympathetic old man, who had helped us survive some of the hardest days in our history.

ACS

## LOCAL BOYS IN U. S. SERVICE

This list of Andover's soldier boys will appear in the News from time to time in an effort to keep it complete and up to date. Any changes or omissions that are noted please report to the News office:

*Henry Lee Antan
Pvt. H. Bruce Baker
Corp. Howard Baker
Pvt. Howard J. Brewster
Lt. Edward P. Brewster
Lt. Wilfred S. Brown
Pvt. Clifford Bixby
Pvt. Raymond Briggs
Pvt. Clyde Briggs
Corp. Clifford Burdick
Corp. Francis S. Cable
A. C. John L. Cannon
Pvt. Richard Coates
Lt. Edward Cannon
Pvt. Ernest Clark
Pvt. William A. Crosby
P. F. C. Elwin E. Clark
Pvt. Gerald Dolan
Pvt. George Dean
A. C. Leo Fulkerson
Lt. James W. Fuller
Corp. William Dougherty
Corp. Jason Hawks
Pvt. Alvin M. Hoover
Pvt. Jeane E. Greenan
Pvt. Lester LaVern Greene
Pvt. Fordyce E. Hall
Pvt. Gerald Hyland
*Llwyn L. Howland
Lt. John S. Herrick
Pvt. Laurence R. Howland
Sergt. Donald J. Joyce
Sergt. Raymond Lynch
Pvt. Earl Matison
Pvt. Frank McKibben
Pvt. Lynn Matison
Pvt. Joseph McAndrew
Pvt. Floyd Neupert, Jr.
Pvt. Franklin Nye
Pvt. Joseph Monroe
*George E. Prue
Corp. Daniel Reisman
P. F. C. Edward S. Staebell
P. F. C. Robert E. Scott
Corp. Alan H. Tuttle
P. F. C. Kenneth Vars
Sergt. Victor Yannie
Pvt. Emilio Yannie
Sergt. Vincent Yannie
Pvt. Raymond Winchell
Pvt. William Weed
Pvt. Irving E. Whitsell
Pvt. Howard L. Gath
Pvt. Walter Gath
Pvt. Robert O'Boyle
Pvt. Frederick Halsey
Pvt. Everett Briggs
Pvt. Burrel H. Cole
Pvt. Herman R. Ingraham
Pvt. Harold C. Church
(*—Navy rank not known.)

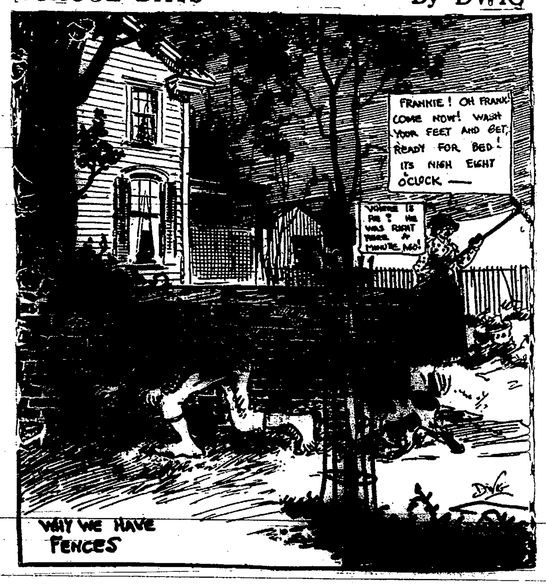
**Circumstantial Evidence**

"It says the man was shot by his wife at close range."

"Then there must have been powder marks on the body."

"Yes; that's why she shot him."

## SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG






# Community Letters

FROM NEWS CORRESPONDENTS

All Correspondence Must Be in This Office Tuesday

## Elm Valley

**(Mrs. Charley Cole, Reporter)**

June 16.—The Community Club will meet at the F. G. and F. R. Mead home on Wednesday of next week, June 24. Tureen dinner at noon. A good attendance is desired.

Following the community dinner a meeting will be held to organize a cemetery association to care for the Elm Valley cemetery. Everyone is urged to attend this meeting, whether or not they can attend the community dinner.

Mrs. Lizzie Burdick visited friends in Hornell a couple of days last week.

Mrs. Eva Crowner and daughter Norma were Hornell shoppers Monday.

Pvt. Burrel Cole returned to Ft. Niagara Monday after spending a five-day furlough at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wahl of Corning visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Wahl over the week-end.

Ruth Atwell of Andover passed Thursday night with her cousin, Doris Atwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Angood of Hornell passed the week-end in the Crowner home.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sortore of Belmont were Sunday dinner guests at Charles Burdick's. Mr. and Mrs. George Tucker of Stannards were afternoon callers.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Mead and Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Mead called on Mrs. Bertha Reynolds and family in Scio Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. George McAndrew and son Vincent visited their son and brother, Edward Dougherty in Cleveland over the week-end. Mr. Dougherty leaves this week for training in the U. S. Army.

Miss Wilma Bird of Wellsville passed Friday afternoon with her cousin, Mrs. Lenna Mead.

Mrs. Lenna Mead will attend the annual meeting of the Dairymen's League in Buffalo Wednesday evening and Thursday as a delegate from the Young Cooperators in Andover.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shrader and Mr. and Mrs. Knapp of Binghamton were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Wahl.

Mrs. Mildred Fay was called to Woodhull Monday p. m., by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Snickernagle.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elwell, son Billy and daughter Sandra Jean of Troupsburg and Mrs. Althea Payne of Woodhull were Sunday afternoon callers at Gordon Payne's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cole and daughters of Bradford, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Stannards, Sr., of Wellsville called at Charley Cole's Sunday afternoon.

## West Greenwood

**(Mrs. Dan Mullen, Reporter)**

June 16—Mr. and Mrs. Bert Campbell and family and Clifford Campbell of Minnesota were calling on relatives here Thursday evening.

Herman Mullen of Bennetts Creek passed the week-end with his brother, Dan Mullen and family.

Vincent Mitchell spent a few days with his brother, James Mitchell last week.

Robert Harkenrider was in Andover on business Friday evening.

The ball game between Purdy Creek and West Greenwood Sunday was called off on account of the stormy weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Evans and son of Freemont passed the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Mullen.

Guy Donaldson and sons passed Sunday evening with his mother at Purdy Creek.

Edward Clancy has returned to Canisteo after passing some time with friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Ephriam Ribble of Bath was calling in this place Sunday.

## Independence

**(Mrs. Floyd Clarke, Reporter)**

Mrs. C. M. Crandall started for North Hampton, Mass., Wednesday to visit her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Remaley. Mrs. Carl Tassell accompanied her to Massachusetts where she will visit her daughter, Esther.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Spicer are attending the annual Dairymen's League meeting in Buffalo Wednesday to Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Monroe of Buffalo passed the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Greene.

Robert Coats of Andover spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Cleon Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clarke started for Rochester Saturday after spending a week with their brothers and other relatives. They were returning from spending the winter in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Vincent and two children of Buffalo were week-end guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Spicer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Crandall and sons of Canisteo passed Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Crandall and attended the association at Nile Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Bassett, Mrs. Metta Hawks and Alta were in Hornell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Burdic of Rochester spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke.

Mrs. Stephen Clarke and Mrs. Cleon Clarke were in Belmont Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Neals and daughters and G. Merrick of Genesee, Pa., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Billings.

## Slate Creek

**(Mrs. R. T. Stewart, Reporter)**

June 16—Mrs. Emily King and son have been spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Keough.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hale, Anna Stephens and John Crawford were callers in Canisteo Saturday.

Mumps has made its appearance in the neighborhood again. Those entertaining mumps are: Bessie Stephens, Billy Stewart, Billy and Bobby Mullen and Donald Teribury.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stewart called on Mrs. Stanley Dibble, Clair Johnson, Mrs. Harlan Amidon and Marguerite Clarke, all patients at the Bethesda hospital, Hornell Friday evening.

Eloise Mullen was a guest of Charlotte Stewart Sunday.

Dan Mullen called on his sister, Mrs. Harlan Dennis of Bennetts Creek Sunday morning.

Mrs. Lena Bartlott of Avoca is spending some time at the home of her brother, Floyd Bassett.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mullen called on her cousin, Mrs. Harlan Amidon at Bethesda hospital, Sunday.

Mrs. Stanley Dibble and infant son returned from the Bethesda hospital Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Mullen and family were callers near Wellsville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stewart and daughter Barbie, attended the Ladies Grange Auxiliary held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jackson Tuesday evening.

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Even if you can't buy as much, buy at home.

## Davis Hill

**(Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Reporter)**

June 16—Mr. and Mrs. John Dodge and family were guests of her sister, Mrs. Earl Lyke and family at Hornell Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Halsey and family of Andover were visitors of Frank Halsey, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Walden and family of Greenwood Hill were visitors at the home of John Dodge Monday evening.

E. Stevens of Wellsville was a visitor at Floyd Slocum's Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway and family of Andover were visitors at Frank Halsey's Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum were business callers in Whitesville Friday.

## BIRTHS

June 5—To Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Nobles of Cuba, a daughter.

June 9—To Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Baxter of Cuba, a son.

June 10—To Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Washbon of Canaedaea, a son.

June 6—To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones of Belfast, a daughter.

June 11—To Mr. and Mrs. James Aiken of Wellsville, a daughter.

June 12—To Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gardner of Wellsville, a son.

June 13—To Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Rackett of Wellsville a son.

June 13—To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones of Petrolia, a son.

June 15—To Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hall of Whitesville, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES

June 7—Miss Virginia Howden and Merlin C. Bentley, both of Fillmore.

June 10—Miss Mary Ann Oselin of Eldred and Philip J. McCarthy of Friendship.

June 6—Miss Alene L. Grinolds of Friendship and Leslie E. Newton of Bolivar.

June 7—Miss Doris L. Stillman of Friendship and Harold Heysham of Wellsville.

June 7—Miss Margaret Smuntas of Wellsboro, Pa., and Corp. Lloyd W. Seiver of Angelica.

June 6—Miss Rowena Kunz of Angelica and Victor D. Naples of Buffalo.

June 10—Miss Veronica Bessette and William E. Wilson, both of Wellsville.

June 13—Miss Mary Voorhees and Lyle Ostrander, both of Wellsville.

## DEATHS

Harry F. Steenworth, 51, Wellsville, in Strong Memorial hospital, Rochester, June 13. His wife, two daughters, two sisters and two brothers survive.

Mrs. Susan A. Burdick of Alfred June 13. A daughter, Mrs. William Sheldon, survives.

William H. Robinson, 64, of Knights Creek, June 13. His wife, four daughters and a sister survive.

Elias Harris, 65, of Willing, June 10. A daughter and a sister survive.

James D. Page, 51, of Karr Valley, Almond, June 4. His wife, his mother, four daughters, a son and three sisters survive.

Mrs. Mary Ella Dailey of Belmont June 11. Two daughters and a son survive.

John Anderson, 77, proprietor of the Belmont Candyland, June 16. Several brothers and sisters survive.

**Bringing Up Father**

"Of course you entertained during the social season?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls didn't think much of me as an entertainer, but I overheard several visitors say that I was one of the most amusin' people that ever broke in."

## Louisa's Letter

Dear Louisa:

I have been going with a boy for several months but I am not sure I love him. In fact, I think I would go back to another boy I was engaged to before I started with this one. We had a silly quarrel but we are both sorry about it now.

But I hate to hurt this other boy. I don't know what he will do and I am afraid he might hurt himself if I break up with him. He has threatened to do so.

What must I do? L.D.—Vt.

**Answer:**

If you are sure you love the first boy, there is only one thing for you to do, and that is to tell No. 2 exactly how you feel and that you would be doing him a great deal more harm by marrying him when you cared for someone else than you would by breaking up with him. A wife who doesn't love her husband with all of her heart is no satisfaction to herself or to him. Neither of them will be happy. And if No. 2 is so emotionally weak that he threatens injury to himself if you break up with him you will be well rid of him. Imagine a husband who brought up suicide every time he was thwarted!

But are you sure you love either one of them enough to marry him? The mere fact that you dilly-dally between the two makes me wonder. There are so many ups and downs in marriage that the only thing that makes it beautiful is the feeling that life is nothing without this one person. If you feel that way, the fact that he may have to go to the army will not influence your decision at all. LOUISA

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Dear Louisa:

What would be the correct words to say when someone tells you they missed you at Sunday School? Would "Thank you" be the correct reply? T.Y.—Ala.

**Answer:**

"Thank you" is all right and you might add that you missed being there, that you always enjoyed the lesson and seeing everybody, etc. LOUISA.

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To Nancy, Va.:

I am afraid there is not much you can do about your friend dating the other girl. If she really doesn't like him, she will probably stop dating him when somebody comes along she really likes. LOUISA

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Dear Louisa:

I am a farmer, 29 years old. My parents are both dead and I am staying on the home place. I am a good manager.

I have had a good housekeeper for three years. She is a very good cook and also a good manager. She is fond of outdoor work and horses too. She tells me she loves me and cannot get along without me but I have asked her several times to marry me and the answer she gives me is not now but to keep on asking her. She is very pretty—about 28 and single.

If she loves me as she says, I don't see any reason why she should not marry me. Will you advise me what to do? WORRIED—Md.

**Answer:**

I can't see any reason for her refusal either, if she really loves you. She is certainly old enough and it would be a much better arrangement for you both than the present set-up. You did not say whether anyone else lived in the house with you or not. If not, your housekeeper is likely to be talked about no matter how well she conducts herself.

Why don't you tell her that you are tired of her stalling and that if she doesn't marry you, you will start looking around for a wife, as you are not getting any younger. LOUISA

**Address your letters to: "Louisa" P. O. Box 574, Washington, D. C.**

## Angelica Man Found Dead

John Crawford, a farmer of Oramel, was found drowned in a pool of water in Angelica Creek Saturday morning near the Allegany county home where he had been an inmate since March, this year. His hat was found on an overhanging limb indicating his whereabouts.

Mr. Crawford had been in ill health and despondent for some time. He was 60 years old and had no immediate survivors.

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Bridegroom: "What's the matter, dearest. You seem flustered."

Bride: "Oh, it's nothing. This is the first time I have ever got married. I'll do better next time."

**WOMEN WANTED!**

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Thurs. and Sun. by Appointment
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Main Street - Andover, N. Y.
Office Hours:
8-9 a. m., 1-3 and 7-8 p. m.
Telephone - Andover 87

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For the past seven days, ending Wednesday, June 17, 1942

| | High | Low | Rain |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thursday | 84 | 52 | .00 |
| Friday | 83 | 64 | .00 |
| Saturday | 84 | 66 | .00 |
| Sunday | 80 | 67 | .69 |
| Monday | 67 | 50 | .00 |
| Tuesday | 66 | 40 | .00 |
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