

# The Hi Herald

VOL. XI.

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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

### 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.

### 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.

### Freshman Frolics

Bernie Ray: "Wilma, why are silk stockings like the Germans?"  
Wilma Goodridge: "They control the runners."

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

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

### 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.

### 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.

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.

### "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 Seadler 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 our 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 island. 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 island's 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 assured 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 sounded 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 that we would not 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.

### LOCAL BOYS IN U. S. SERVICE

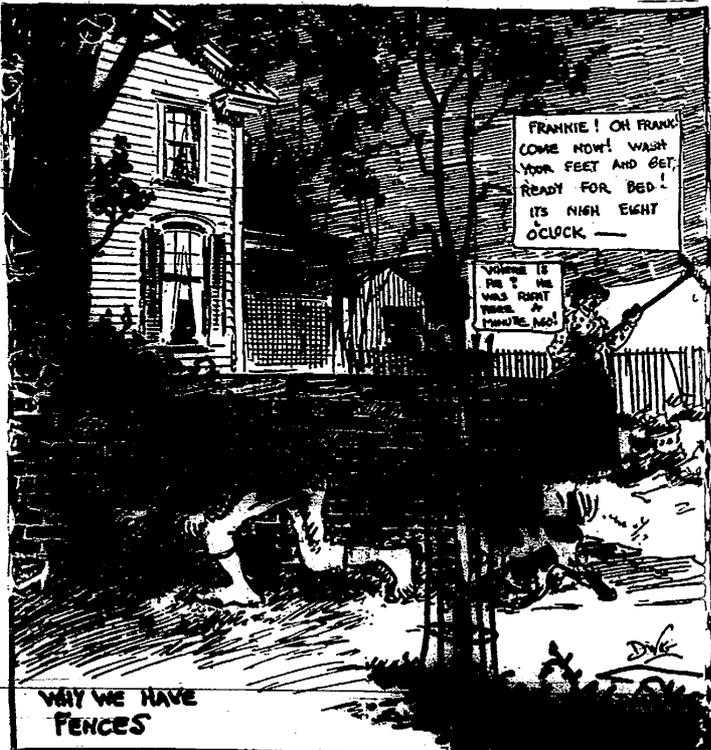
This list of Andover's soldier boys will appear in the News from time to time in an effort to keep it complete and up to date. Any changes or omissions that are noted please report to the News office:

- \*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 Falkerson
- 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
- \*Liwyn 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. Burrell 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



### Cor

June 16.—The Comm will meet at the F. G. Mead home on Wednesday, June 24. Tureen noon. A good attendance.

### Elm Valley

Following the community meeting will be held a cemetery association. One is urged to attend the whether or not they can community dinner.

Mrs. Lizzie Burdick visited in Hornell a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Eva Crowner and Norma were Hornell shoppers.

Pvt. Burrell Cole returned Niagara Monday after five-day furlough at his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Corning visited his parents in Hornell.

Ruth Atwell of Andover Thursday night with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hornell passed the week-end at Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Belmont were Sunday at Charles Burdick's.

George Tucker of Stan afternoon callers.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Mead.

Mrs. Bertha Reynolds in Scio Sunday afternoon.

Miss Wilma Bird of passed Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Lenna Mead with annual meeting of the League in Buffalo Wednesday and Thursday as a delegate.

Mr. and Mrs. John were week-end guests.

Mrs. Mildred Fay of Woodhull Monday p. m. of her mother, M. nagle.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Billy and daughter Sara Tronburg and Mrs. J. of Woodhull were Sunday noon callers at Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold daughters of Bradford Sr. and Mrs. Lawrence of Wellsville called.

Cole's Sunday afternoon.

### West Green

(Mrs. Dan Mullen, June 16—Mr. and Campbell and family on relatives here Thursday.

Herman Mullen Creek passed the week-end.

Vincent Mitchell spent with his brother, James last week.

Robert Harkenrider over on business Friday.

The ball game between Creek and West Green was called off on account of stormy weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley son of Fremont passed end with her parents, Dan Mullen.

Guy Donaldson and Sunday evening with Purdy Creek.

Edward Clancy has Canisteo after passing with friends in this P. Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Bath was calling in the day.

### U. S. OFFICE WEATHER

Registered by the News Station
For the past seven days
Wednesday, June 17
Thursday ..... 84
Friday ..... 83
Saturday ..... 84
Sunday ..... 80
Monday ..... 87
Tuesday ..... 66
Wednesday ..... 68