

Growing Up In Andover

(Editor's Note: The News, as part of its observance of the Sesqui-Centennial coverage, has asked a former Andover boy, David Bno, to do a series of articles on growing up in Andover. This is the first part of the series.

It was the unhurried life. It was a good life. It was all that I shall ever hope for.

So distant now perhaps the shades of the mid 1940's and the early 1950's when I grew up in Andover. The son of a quiet college professor and a good Christian mother, he was endowed with all that was good. And he was endowed with an early heritage of good people in a good community.

There are visions of a walk up Lynch Hill, with its winding gravel road scaling one of the heights that paint the background to the little village below. There are visions of Main Street, and of the freshly painted red farm implements aligned next to the sidewalk.

There are memories of the teachers who genuinely taught. Mrs. Helen Bartz, Cy Carmody, George Reil, Mr. Kessler (Capital "M"), Mrs. Louis Joyce, and so many others.

My brother played a violin, and I the trombone, under the tutelage of Joe Canale. And Cy Carmody taught seventh and eighth grade history and government. And told me in 1955 that I should consider going into government.

But my homeroom teacher, Mrs. Bartz, now deceased, but with a living memory among the people of Andover, suggested being a newsman and she said to obtain a copy of "Imprint of Publisher" from the third shelf in the fourth tier of the high school library, or from Mrs. Conde, the librarian. Ideally, they all had a big impact in many children.

We lived on Barney Street in a big white, impressive home and there was a red barn, for which my father bought a cow. He thought his children should learn responsibility at an early age — starting with being responsible for a cow. We got 15 cents a week allowance, with the option of working for more. I took the option.

In addition to the household duties (milk the cow by 7:15, take a bath and get ready for school) I had two businesses on the side: peddling the Buffalo Evening News, the Corning Sunday paper and selling greeting cards.

The profit margin in selling Chilton Greeting Cards, I soon found, was greater if the salesmen were to discontinue all but one line of cards. With one line, paperwork was cut, it was easier to order and it was five cents more a dollar on total sales.

My uncle, T. Joseph Lynch, advised me in business. I remember that I sold 450 boxes of greet-

ing cards in one summer. The community was so saturated with the one style of Chilton cards that the senior class decided not to raise money by selling cards, their usual mode of operation in raising money.

There was one-kickback in selling so many of one type of cards and saturating the market in such a small community as Andover. I used to trim the lawn for Mary McGuckin and Rose Quigg on Barney Street, and I did their shopping at the Market Basket for them. And I picked up their mail.

One week Rose Quigg was ill and her many friends in Andover sent her cards. I entered her sick room and found she had no less than 23 cards — all the same style with the same message, with the same envelopes, and the same color.

The next day I introduced our (new) line.

Next door to Mary and Rose lived my aunt "Sis" (the late Mrs. Robert Smith), eldest of the "Lynch girls" and mother of my cousins, Tom, Ted, Mike, Danny, and Mary Ellen. Tom liked to catch snakes. I recall, across from them lived the Vickers family, and I should not mention them with out remembering that "Gramma" Vickers use to make doughnuts every Saturday morning for sale at the store downtown.

A prominent factor in any community is the church. I was an altar boy — as generations before me were — at the Blessed Sacrament Church. My cousin Ted left town to go to college in Syracuse it fell on me to pick up the Sunday paper for Father Shea because "it is the proper thing to do David" — as I was admonished by Sister Mary Paul, another of the Lynch girls. I was also admonished by most Andover residents not to "skip" down the altar stairs in carrying the Bible, for one day I would probably slip. I never did.

And I remember the first Prom, too. I learned to dance in the boys room just inside the front door at the Andover Central School. As a 7th grader in 1955, Joe Canal, and Coach Ed Stackwick gave dancing lessons to all who couldn't dance — in the boys room so that no one would be embarrassed on the floor.

My first notice in any newspaper was published in The Andover News, to thank all the kind ladies for purchasing my greeting cards. To this date, the Backus and Allen families continue their long tradition of logging the happenings in Andover. When in town, Ralph and Jeanne fill me in on all the news that's not Print to Fit, and they always make references to my relatives ("Oh, you remember your third cousin, Johnny, well —").

The fact of the matter is that passage of time dulls one's memory and if I should meet one of you folks this week, kindly refresh it. I can rattle off names like Glenn Bronson, the Bawers, etc., but I'll be darned if I can remember all of my relatives in that town.



CLASS A, BREAD "WINNERS"! Margaret Brewster (c) 1st Prize; Mary Jane McNeill (r) 2nd; Jeanette Horan (l) 3rd.



CLASS A, ROLL WINNERS! Margaret Browster (c) 1st; Carol Davis (r) 2nd; Neva Wittie (l) 3rd.



Special Defense Attorney Richard P. Wittie (r) successfully defends his client, July Bliss, from the "outlandish" charges placed against her by Keystone Kopper Bob Emery. Judge "Frankie" Russell (with the white wig) and Conner Stephens, Bailiff, (r) discuss the disposition of the case.

Baking Contest Is A Big Success!

The Baking Contest was a huge success because many wonderful people participated. There were 90 entries.

Many thanks go to Venecia Brown for decorating; Rosemary Wightman for advertising; Winnie Gath, Mary Lou Green, Irene Hann, Kathy Weatherby, Ruby Huffcut for recording entries and Carol Davis, Kim Waters, Joan Wallace and Rosemary Wightman for selling the entries.

Most thanks go to all those people who participated.

The Winners are:

- Class A — Bread—with 22 entries
 - 1st Margaret Brewster
 - 2nd Mary Jane McNeill
 - 3rd Jeanette Horan
- Class A — Rolls — 6 entries
 - 1st Margaret Brewster
 - 2nd Carol Davis
 - 3rd Neva Wittie
- Class B — Cakes — 22 entries
 - 1st Beverly Carson
 - 2nd Bea Common
 - 3rd Dawn Gavin
- Class C — Pies — 11 Entries
 - 1st Nancy Brewster
 - 2nd Evelyn Bronson
 - 3rd Noreen Manley
- CLASS D — COOKIES—29 entries
 - 1st Edna Carson
 - 2nd Lyla Stephens
 - 3rd Ginny Milligan

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MAN I CAN SEE THE DAY COMING WHEN WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE THIS STUFF AWAY!

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