ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By V. HARVEY, BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:

"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

ANDOVER, N. Y. JAN. 11, 1929

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A New Year Comes

ANOTHER year is upon us, to be whatever we shall make it. This new year may be molded to suit our fancy, and when we write its history a year hence, will be a story of progress or one of backsliding?

Time never tarries. Days slip by with great rapidity. Unless there is a plan for improvement, a community blue-print to direct our course, 365 days will have gone into history and we will come to the end of the year without an accomplishment to our credit.

Has this community a plan for the new year? Is there any course mapped out for action?

Or shall we just drift along like a rudderless ship, aimless and purposeless, with no idea of making the most of our opportunities?

Communities that go along with the current never get any place. They follow the line of least resistance until they lose initiative and a desire to forge ahead. Then they begin slipping, and once started backward, they move faster in that direction than they did forward.

If we get careless about the welfare of the community, if we are satisfied to "let well enough alone" and unresistingly drag along thru the year without ambition or hope of advancement. We are headed for the community graveyard.

To progress as we should, a course of action, unselfish leadership and thoro co-operation on the part of all the people is essential.

We can get whatever we go after if community loyalty is placed first and individual selfishness is not permitted to interfere.

Women Are the Buyers

WOMEN are the buyers of the nation. Very probably, in a year, the average woman makes a thousand or more purchases. She buys many different food products, scores of fabrics and wearing apparel, shoes, millinery, toilet articles and many things for her home.

To be able to judge the quality of each, she would have to be a chemist, a metallurgist, an engineer, and a specialist in every line.

She is none of these. So if she has the choice, she buys the goods she knows rather than those she does not know.

And she is going to have that choice as long as our present civilization continues, for she is boss of the home. She governs the merchandise that enters it and she is jealous of her prerogatives.

The retail merchants who want to win her patronage must make a bid for it; convince her of their intention and ability to give her merchandise of known value; and then live up to the standard they set for themselves.

For she is a just but ruthless boss. She never forgets nor forgives. She rewards loyal service with loyalty, but she severely condemns broken faith.

Her favor is the road to success; her indifference, dismal failure.

Our Fastest Trains

WHILE America is regarded as a speedy nation, there are many foreign countries that have railroads which surpass records maintained by the fast trains in this country.

Charlie Hogan, piloting the famous "Old 999," had the fastest thing on wheels at one time, when he did 112 miles an hour between Syracuse and Buffalo, with a train of four cars. That was years ago. Today the fastest train in America averages 53.6 miles an hour, which includes time out for stops.

The Orleans road in France has been electrified south of Paris towards the Spanish frontier and a flier on this line clips over the rails at a speed of 100 miles per hour, thus giving America something new to shoot at. When the new flier is finally adjusted to its run, the owners expect it to reach an average speed of 78 miles an hour.

On the other side of the Atlantic the fastest train is the London to Swindon Express, on the Great Western Company's railroad, in England. It averages 61.8 miles an hour, and in order to keep up that speed the engineer must touch ninety miles per hour during certain parts of the run.

The fastest train in France is the Cologne Express on the Nord railroad, which hits it off between Paris and St. Quentin at an even 69 miles an hour. The run of 153 kilometers is covered in one hour and 32 minutes.

The fastest electric train in the world is undoubtedly the Sud Express on the roadway between Bordeaux and Dax, where, on a flat strip of sand and pines travelers toward Madrid are hurled along at 60.02 miles an hour.

The Sud Express is the fastest train in Spain—as well as being the fastest electric train in France.

There are 53 other de luxe trains in France which cover their runs at average speeds from 55 to 60 miles an hour. Most of them are on the Nord and Midi systems, with several of them on the State, the Est and the Orleans.

Charlie Hogan's time with old 999 was about ten miles an hour faster than the speediest run ever recorded in England. The British record was 102.3 miles an hour on a downhill portion of the Great Western Express run from Plymouth to London, on May 9, 1904.

A New Kind of Monument

MONUMENTS are erected to notables in all walks of life, but after years of service as the blunt for all jokesmiths and cartoonists, the humble taxpayer may have a monument erected in his honor.

Plans of Representative Benito Soliven which will be placed before the Phillippine legislature call for erection of a "Monument to the Unknown Citizen."

Says Soliven:

"The proposed monument will inculcate in the minds of our people civic virtue and peaceable service.

"In America and Europe monuments have been erected to the 'Unknown Soldier.' But the Phillippines is a subject country, not inclined to war, and we can best honor public sacrifice by honoring the humble citizen."

Lest the humble citizen in question be brought too rudely face to face with the fact that he must pay for his own monument, Soliven's scheme calls for erection of the monument from money appropriated from unexpended insular government funds.

To some people the great mystery of life is just a curiosity as to how some people can afford an automobile.

A Modern Day Fad

AT ONE time "pink pills for pale people" were the heralded preventive for anemia, points out an expert. Later we were exhorted to eat raisins. Today the world eats liver for blood insurance; and, consequently liver prices have jumped into the luxury class.

A normal individual needs only 1-2000 of an ounce of iron per day, this expert says. If his diet is balanced, this infinitesimal amount will assure the building of adequate red cells and hemoglobin. Since little reserve iron is stored in the body, a lack of this quota is quickly felt.

Scientists have agreed that 150 common foods contain an adequate amount of iron. Among the best of these are spinach, green lettuce, eggs, dried apricots, raisins, navy beans, bananas, orange pulp, graham flour, patent white wheat flour, and bran flakes. Salt water fish has more iron than fresh water fish. When the juice is squeezed out of oranges, tomatoes or beef the iron tends to cling to the pulp.

If we like liver, it is a comfort to know that with it we are getting insurance against anemia, he concludes. But to make a fad of liver-eating is foolish and only serves to make the price prohibitive.

A modern food expert is one who can look at a calf and tell how many chicken sandwiches it will make.

Immigration Laws in Europe

THE quota restriction on immigration, which was introduced in this country to check the flow of foreigners, is now being adopted all over Europe, where new problems of that nature are being created by industrial growth on the continent.

When Secretary of Labor Davis was in Europe recently, on a tour of study of labor conditions, he estimated that 5,000,000 Europeans and Asiatics were waiting for their turn to come into America, and if the bars were lifted tomorrow every ocean liner would be filled on every westbound passage for 18 months with nothing but immigrants and still the tide would flow westward.

France today finds herself in much the same position the United States was in a few years ago. She had enough work for her own population, but not enough for the unemployed of all Europe and England. Consequently, she has erected bars, without any fuss and as quietly as possible.

Italy is doing the same thing. A Frenchman who wants to go to Italy to work finds his way barred with enough red tape to trip him unless he is a specialist in some particular trade which Italy particularly needs. Spain is ready to export, rather than import labor, and taxes are levied so as to discourage foreign laborers.

England long ago barred Continental workers, for her unemployed are providing a problem which several successive governments have been unable to solve.

Labor leaders all over Europe openly blame America for the condition, but government officials cannot blame the United States for the immigration stand she took. When the bars of American ports were levelled against mass movements of labor from abroad into the United States, there was created a vast surplus which is today estimated at 10,000,000 on the Continent, outside of Russia, and in the British Isles.

The Knockers and Boosters

THERE are just two classes in every community, knockers and boosters, and Andover is no exception to this infallible rule. It is one sure way to divide people into two camps and everyone belongs to one or the other camp.

We sometimes wonder whether people who leave the impression that they are knockers really are at heart—whether they do not tear down what others are trying to build up because of pure thoughtlessness.

Many a knock is a careless word from one who has some knowledge on the question under discussion and is not averse to exhibiting it, but is not in possession of all the facts. Such knocks are dangerous and often mean the defeat of worthwhile community projects that would be beneficial to everyone.

Every person who at heart wants his home town to get ahead will think twice before saying or doing anything that will damage any enterprise that is being undertaken with the avowed purpose of bettering the town.

There may be things done which all cannot subscribe to, but if the ultimate goal is to improve and make this a more thriving place, even the some individuals may profit, let the knocker lay up his hammer and realize that he will profit as much as the booster. In time, he might turn into a booster.

A year of prosperity is promised. Now every poor man can have two more cylinders.

Seven is not always lucky. A Kentuckian was shot the other day by his seventh wife.

A man in a western state wants baby carriages to carry lights. Most of us would be satisfied if they kept their mufflers closed.

The living room in a modern house is that room thru which one passes on the way from the kitchen to the automobile.

Public Notice

Notice is hereby given that on the 15th day of January, 1929 at ten o'clock a. m., the undersigned will let to the lowest bidder the job of printing the enrollment books for the County of Allegany.

Bids in writing will be received up to and including the 14th day of January, 1929.

The number, kind, and quality of paper to be used in printing said books and time of delivery will be furnished upon application to the undersigned at their office in Cuba, N. Y.

Dated at Cuba, N. Y., Dec. 29th, 1928.

COMMISSIONER OF ELECTION of Allegany County.

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Is there any more toothsome dessert than a piece of first class mince pie? Ask your grocer for Heart's Delight Mince Meat.—advertisement. 4

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. Ackerman, surrogate of Allegany County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of Frank Raufenbarth, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executrix at her residence in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of April, 1929.

MATILDA RAUFENBARTH Executrix.

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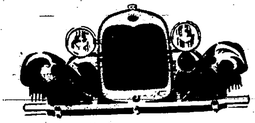
Simplicity of cooling system is a feature of the new Ford



A COMPLETE water plant is a part of every automobile as it is a part of every modern city.

The purpose of this water plant is to keep the engine cooled to a temperature that will make it efficient in operation. If it were not for this, the cylinder walls would become overheated and the pistons refuse to operate.

The cooling system of the new Ford is particularly interesting because it is so simple and reliable.

When the radiator is full of water, the engine of the new Ford will not overheat under the hardest driving. Yet the water is so regulated that it will not impair engine operation by running too cold in winter.

The cooling surface of the Ford radiator is large, with four rows of tubes set in staggered position so that each receives the full benefit of the incoming air. The fan is of the airplane propeller type and draws air through the radiator at the rapid rate of 850 cubic feet per minute at 1000 revolutions per minute of the motor.

The hot water around the cylinder head is drawn to the radiator to be cooled by a centrifugal water pump of new design.

The entire cooling system of the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires very little attention.

The radiator should be kept full, of course, and drained once each month so that sediment will not collect and retard the free passage of water. In cold weather, a reliable anti-freeze solution should be added.

As owner and manager of this important water plant you should also see that the water pump and fan shaft are properly lubricated and the packing around the pump shaft kept in adjustment.

Hose connections may also need replacement after long service. For those little adjustments, it pays to call on the Ford dealer.

He works under close factory supervision and he has been specially trained and equipped to do a thorough, competent job at a fair price.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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ANDOVER LODGE NO. 798 I. O. O. F.
Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed.
W. E. GREENE, Noble Grand
AMES L. ROGERS, Secy.

UNION ENCAMPMENT
No. 171, I. O. O. F.
Meets Second and Fourth Monday Evenings of Each Month
FRANK BURNS, C. P.
A. L. ROGERS, Scribe
Visitors are Always Welcome

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 854 F. & A. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome
B. B. HANN, Secy.
ARCHIE L. BLOSS, W. M.

ANDOVER DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE
Co-Operative Association, Inc.
Meets First Saturday Each Month.
JAMES MEANDREW, President
HENRY JOYCE, Vice President
HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

ANDOVER GRANGE NO. 1099
Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I.O.O.F. Hall.
CHARLES NEVOL, Master
EMMETT ROBINSON, Lecturer
AMES L. ROGERS, Secretary
Visitors Always Welcome

MUTUAL TENT NO. 18
K. O. T. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month at G. A. R. Hall.
DEWEY NORTHRUP, Com.
B. S. BRUNDAGE, Record Keeper
Visiting Knights Always Welcome

MIRA DIFFIN
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office over J. D. Cheesman & Co. Store. Andover, N. Y.

W. O'DONNELL, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
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S. B. SCOTT, M. D.
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Sundays emergency only.
Telephone 2106.

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Piano Tuning and Repairing
Successor to Dana Jachman.
Orders may be left at the
City Restaurant
Phone 737

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of J. Maynard Brundage, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executors, at the Andover State Bank, in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 30th day of April, 1929.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., October 17, 1928.

FRANK S. CLARK,
ANDREW D. FULLER,
Executors.

MIRA DIFFIN,
Attorney for Executors,
Andover, N. Y. 16.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of George Hartrum, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Administrators of said estate at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 25th day of June, 1929.

Dated November 10, 1928.

MARY HARTRUM,
C. A. SLAIGHT,
19 Administrators.

"His Majesty!"

By K. EDWARD SHAFF

The sun was sliding behind the hills that reared their forest covered heads high in the air. The autumn day was fast drawing to a close. All day the flivver had been climbing towards those cloud enfolded peaks over roads that wound in long swinging curves that always led up. Behind was the prairie with its long rolling swells. As he rounded a curve a doe and fawn faced him in the road, gazing at the antiquated contraption that was slowly crawling up into their privacy. Boardman brought the car to a shivering halt. Here was a scene foreign to him. The stately form of the doe, her head thrown back, ears thrust forward, eyes filled with fear and curiosity. To him who had known only the struggle for existence in the city with its coming and going rabble and excitement. This sight stirred him. A terrific report rent the air; simultaneously the two forms disappeared from view. Grumbling, he climbed down to the ground. Small pale and with a shrunken look about him like an old man stiffened with years, tho he was scarcely 40 at most. He got out the jack and removed the rear tire. There was a great rent in the shoe so he let it flop in the dust and turned and sank wearily upon the running-board, intently studying his raw swollen hands. It was the end as far as he was concerned. For days he had removed, patched and replaced that tire. Now it was beyond repair even if he had the materials, which he was glad were all gone. Well he had reached his limit instead of his goal. He had hoped to reach the park before night, that haven of pure water, fresh air and rest that the doctor had told him was there for those who seek it out. There rose up in his throat a feeling strange to him and all at once his stomach felt squeezed to the size of a golf ball and he recalled the days he had lived on canned things and slept in the car.

Over to his left a great swamp emitted strange noises. A rasping boom pealed forth, like a wailing croak. The pale little man gave a start. Here was something he had not counted on! The wild things! His gaze fell on a post set in the forks of the road to which two boards were nailed, across the top of one in large letters was "The word PARK, and below that, some paper notices. A grateful feeling swept over him with the thought that he had reached his goal. But it was short lived. In his weary journey up he had met many of them and they always forbid you to camp or some other thing. He dreaded to go over and read them; it would be in keeping with his luck to have them like the others. He fell into a fit of coughing. It was much more difficult to breathe up here. After it had passed he was weak and hardly able to stand. He sat and cursed his fate. Weird things passed thru his mind. To stay out here alone was worse than to have stayed in the city and had it over with in a short time.

When he was strong enough, he walked over to read the notices; but instead of no camping, the first one informed him that the state was willing, upon due proof, of the death of one silver tip bear, known as the sear face grizzly, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS. The other one offered a like sum from the cattlemen's association. As he turned, someone hailed him from the car.

There, leaning against the fender, stood 160 pounds of what he wished to be. Medium of height, sun-tanned until his teeth gleamed white as he smiled. A string of ducks swung between them and the setting sun. The noises from the great swamp seemed to be increasing. The other was inspecting his outfit. As the small man came up the other spoke: "Gone kid?" as he stirred the now useless tire with the toe of his high laced boot. The little man nodded.

"Going to camp in the park?" Again he nodded. "Going to be dark soon, and if you are, you better be moving." His glance strayed to the flat chest and tired look of the small man. "Good camp site up that right hand branch a ways, guess you can get there on the rim. If you want to try I'll help you make camp." To the questioning look in the small man's eyes, he answered: "I'm park warden for this end." At the tall, brunned one started on he muttered to himself "Lunger."

Gradually Boardman worked the car over the rough ground still up hill, the tireless rim goughing up the sod. The warden held up his hand to stop as they pulled up at the butt end of a rise of ground, to the left of which a good sized creek ran to join the swamp. That great marshy place was alive with sounds, the boom of the thunder pumper and the croaking of frogs. The string of mallards again swung over head.

The warden climbed the hill, in no time he was back. Grasping the tent, a bag of ropes and pins, he started back up the incline. How easily he went! The heavy duck outfit under one arm, the poles over his shoulder, the bag deftly balanced on the end of them. It had been all that Ida, his wife, and himself could do to lift in that tent. He crawled out and undid the other things; his nerves were all unstrung. He grasped the axe and started for the top. Half way up he sat down in a fit of coughing. There the warden found him. He looked at him an instant, then shaking his head he went down the hill. By the time Boardman was able to walk everything except the flivver was piled up on the top of the hill. Boardman rather expected to see it being toted up next.

It was getting well on towards evening, the tent was spread and the stakes driven and the poles all set ready to raise. He had no idea how they put it up, but up went the tent, the warden raising the whole thing, Boardman holding ones end while the other hooked the corner guys. It was a fine tent—heavy duck and a canvas floor and it was new. He looked around for the folding cot, it was not there. Must be in the car. He better ask the other to get it, but the warden only laughed. "Pardner, you don't want no cot. I'll fix your bed." So Boardman sat down to watch and learn. The other cleared a space in front of the tent, went to the creek, got a bucket of water, gathered some wood, sorted over some supplies, started a fire and got some supper. Between them very little had been spoken. The warden now indicated the fire, "Don't never build a very large fire, and don't never leave it, always keep water handy and always put it out when you are done, now don't forget." He started away.

"Was this the last of him?" Boardman sat there turning things over in his mind. Finally it dawned on him that he was getting cold and the warden said to put the fire out. How was he to keep warm without a fire? But he spilled some water on it just the same and he felt better. That rebellious spirit was gradually leaving him. He heard the wind start to blow in back of him, but it proved to be the warden bringing a fair sized evergreen tree. He was dragging it behind him. He flopped off the limbs, cut the trunk in two, took out his sheath knife; layed the logs down on the floor of the tent, cut two holes in each side of the end of each stick, drove the pegs, then layed the boughs lengthwise, butts down. Soon the bed was ready. He vouched the information that he was going to stay until tomorrow. Smiling at the drowned fire he picked up the empty water bucket and went to the creek.

Boardman did not know when his companion returned. He was dead tired and the smell of those boughs seemed to act like a drug. When he awoke in the night with a coughing spell the other was there. The next morning he left after the meal.

The following days the lunger spent in sitting on the cliff looking down into the pool some 20 feet below. The back of the tent was only a yard from the edge. Over to the right the great marsh stretched across to the mountain beyond. To the north was all high hills but to the south, the way he had come, was open country. For the last day or so he had passed herd after herd of cattle and sheep. Every little while he was coupled with a spasm of coughing. They were even more frequent than they had been, but he had fewer hemorrhages. So the days passed. He felt stronger and after the first day or so he carried his pail of water up the hill three times each day. The first one took him ages, and caused a hemorrhage.

One evening as he sat cursing the crickets which were determined to eat up his tent, so it seemed, there near the head of his bed he had kept some sweetened water in a cup. It helped to keep him from coughing when the throat tickled, but one night he had hit it with his hand and it spilled against the side of the tent. The next day there was a myriad of little holes and soon he saw several crickets at work eating the sweetened canvas. Soon there was a hole the size of a quart bowl. He was frightened. Would they keep on and eat the tent up? He killed and drove them off but if he left a few minutes there were more who came and started eating.

That evening when he came back with his supply of wood there stood the warden. Boardman even shook his hand he was so pleased to see him. They sat there after supper and talked. Down below a few steps a big stump still clung to the hillside. As they looked, something stirred in the shadow and a dark body detached itself and came shuffling toward them. Boardman reached for a stick, but the other layed his hand on his arm and shook his head. "What is it?" The answer came low: "His Majesty the skunk." The other started to get up. "He's all right, you need't be scared of him." But the other didn't trust no skunk or any other animal and that was that. On past them he went darting this way then that. His pointed nose to the ground, stopping to smell of this and that, to suddenly slide his front paws on the ground and thrust his nose between them. Over to the hole he went, there to stop and snap up the crickets that hopped this way and that. After he had policed them to the last one he thrust his head inside. In he went. Boardman started to get up again. The other arose, they crossed to the tent Washington D. C. Upon their return they will make their residence at Mr. Fuller's home on Broad street.

Mrs. Fuller is a daughter of Levi Tubbs, superintendent of schools for this supervisory district, and a graduate of Andover high school and Alfred University. She was formerly a teacher in the Salamanca city schools.

Mr. Fuller is secretary of the Cattaraugus county Y. M. C. A. He is a graduate of the Salamanca high school and of Colgate University.—Salamanca Inquirer.

The bride was a former resident of Andover and the News joins her many friends here in congratulations and best wishes.

Coffee isn't all there is to breakfast, but in many homes no breakfast is not satisfactory without first class coffee. Heart's Delight "just hits the spot."—advertisement. 4

Report of the Condition of the ANDOVER STATE BANK, Andover, N. Y.

At the close of business on the 31st day of December, 1928.

RESOURCES

Specie		$ 3,696.30
Other currency authorized by the Laws of the United States		7,592.00
Cash items, viz.:		
Exchanges and checks for next day's clearings	$1,612.77	1,612.77
Due from approved reserve depositaries, less offsets		46,436.74
Stock and bond investments, viz.:		
Public securities	$ 5,517.50	
Private securities	$84,502.95	90,020.45
Loans and discounts secured by bond and mortgage, deed or other collateral		51,453.51
		76,633.19
Loans and discounts secured by other collateral		142,863.87
Loans, discounts and bills purchased not secured by collateral		107.95
Overdrafts		44,151.98
Bonds and mortgages owned		
Real estate, viz.:	$2,500.00	2,500.00
Bank buildings		
Other assets, viz.:		
Accrued interest not entered on books at close of business on above date	$5,306.23	5,306.23
Total		$472,374.99

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock		$ 25,000.00
Surplus fund	$ 25,000.00	
Undivided profits	$ 52,094.86	77,094.86
Deposits:		
Not preferred, as follows:		
Deposits subject to check	$134,067.33	
Demand certificates of deposit	$145,454.77	
Deposits withdrawable only on presentation of pass-books	$ 76,553.97	
Cashiers' checks outstanding, including similar checks of other officers	$ 2,500.00	
Certified checks	$ 14.51	
Unpaid dividends	$ 250.00	
Total deposits		$360,840.58
Other liabilities, viz.:		
Reserves for taxes	$ 2,746.84	
Accrued interest entered on books at close of business on above date	$ 4,692.71	
Estimated unearned discounts	$ 2,000.00	9,439.55
Total		$472,374.99

Favors of white roses were given each guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller left Salamanca New Year's night for a wedding tour that will take them to

Tubbs — Fuller

Miss Amelia Margaret Tubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Tubbs of Kiltuck, and Noland H. Fuller, son of Henry T. Fuller of Broad street were married at the home of the bride's parents, New Year's Day at 4 o'clock. Rev. S. T. Harding of the Baptist church performed the ceremony.

They were attended by Miss Doris Tubbs, sister of the bride and Harold B. Stein of Buffalo. Mr. Stein has been associated with Mr. Fuller in Y. M. C. A. work in this county.

After the ceremony a wedding dinner was served to 22 guests. Covers at the bride's table were laid for ten. The tables were decorated with green candles and white roses.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Bernard B. Ackerman, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Emily L. Cole, late of the town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executor, at the law office of Mira Diffin, in the village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of May, 1929.

Dated October 24, 1928.

JOHN DIFFIN, Executor.

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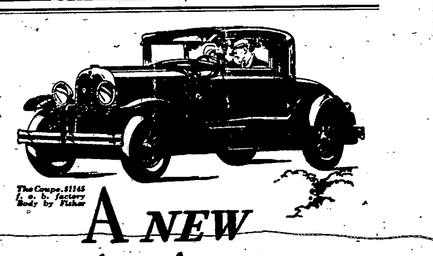

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