

The Hi Herald

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THE HI HERALD

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Mr. Perrone is not in good health and has applied for a leave of absence until the second semester. Claire Greene is filling his position temporarily until a new teacher can be hired.

REGISTRATION

Registration figures as given below show in an interesting manner the growth of the school. The high school this year is considerably larger than last year, while the grades are slightly smaller. The increase in the high school since 1929-30 is particularly noteworthy:

Grade	1933	1932	1929
First	31	38	31
Second	28	18	23
Third	19	29	37
Fourth	30	34	14
Fifth	30	22	22
Sixth	19	29	26
Seventh	33	23	31
Eighth	25	35	45
Totals	215	228	229
High School 1933	1932	1929	
Freshmen	56	47	31
Sophomores	36	30	27
Juniors	26	23	12
Sens.&P.G.	29	20	5
Totals	147	120	75

'AWAKENED WOMAN'

(Continued from Page Three)

"I'm sorry, Joyce," he said, "I didn't understand. Will you forgive me?" He came over and held out his hand, smiling charmingly. He was like a little boy who, having shown his temper unreasonably, makes arrogant claim of a loving parent for pardon.

"Who the devil are you, anyway?" asked Neil petulantly. "I don't want to crab, Joyce, but wasn't it a bit thick, letting him hear all this?"

"Robert Ainsworth is the great novelist, Neil. Haven't you heard of him?"

Neil shook his head. "Never," he said. "What does he do besides write? And, once more, how does he come into all this?"

"He comes into this, Neil, because I happened to have met him since—the accident on Fire Queen, and because I happened to like him rather more than ordinarily."

Neil fixed his gaze on a distant pine tree. "Do you mean that you're in love with him, Frills?"

Instead of answering his question, Joyce said sharply, "I wish you'd make up your mind whether you want to call me 'Joyce' or 'Frills' Neil!" She regretted her ill temper at once, however, and went on more agreeably, "Oh, Neil, I don't know anything any more."

"You are free, if you want to be, Joyce," said Neil, drawing his lips together in the attitude of severe restraint that he assumed when Frills had especially hurt him. "What about Ainsworth?" He turned to the other man. "Did you and Frills fix this all up between you?"

Before Robert could answer, Joyce broke in. "Oh, no, no, Neil, please—I wasn't quite so beastly as all that. Nothing had been fixed up—we had simply, well, fallen in love, and there the matter stood." She looked at Robert and was hurt to find an amused smile lingering about his eyes.

Joyce felt a profound shame creep over her. Neil had just told her she was free, and yet Robert sat quietly, saying nothing, tensely digging holes in the soft ground with his riding crop. Her husband was, in a sense, offering her to her lover—who was making no move to claim her. Was she being rejected by both men? Her nerves, strung tautly under the strain of the entire morning, collapsed utterly, and she felt that she would grow hysterical if she sat there another moment.

She sprang to her feet. "Well, now I've unmasked before both of you," she cried, her voice trembling close to tears. "Goodbye!"

Neil was after her in a moment. "Here, dear, I'll go back with you."

"No, no, please don't. Please leave me alone. For Heaven's sake, Neil. Let me be for just a little while—" he fell back, struck by the vehemence of her tone, and she sprang lightly in the saddle and galloped off.

Once in her room, Joyce locked the door and flung herself down on a couch. She felt crushed and hurt as she had at no time since she had found herself Frills Packard. Her disillusionment about Robert Ainsworth was so profound that she felt she had lost all faith in humanity. Every one seemed less noble, all life took on a menacing and ruthless form. Where could she go to find beauty, to find truth, to find fineness, if not in this man whom she had so ardently worshiped?

That he should have regarded the situation at first as one to be triumphed with cynical levity was a fault that seemed to her graver than the grave.

She did not want—Robert Ainsworth.

When she awoke it was a cool evening, and she was shivering. As she collected her thoughts she noticed an envelope lying on the floor under her door. It contained a note from Neil, and she read:

"Dear Joyce—

"When I got back I found a message to go and see Mother. She's not seriously ill, but feeling badly and wanted to see me. I shan't tell her anything about us, of course. We must talk everything over. I thought it might be better if I'd camp out somewhere else tonight. Please go to bed and get a good rest. I'll see you tomorrow."

Neil.

Joyce read this over several times almost uncomprehending. At last, however, she knew what she must do. She knew she must go away—that it was the only thing for her to do.

"I've been wrong to stick it out this long," she thought. "No wonder I've gotten into such a mess."

It did her good to have some definite work to do. In less than an hour she had bathed, dressed, and packed two bags with Frills' simplest clothes and belongings.

"It seems like stealing to be taking them," she thought worriedly, "yet what can I do? Neil doesn't want Frills' clothes—they won't do him any good if I leave them. I'll have to find some sort of work right away, and I can't apply for it unless I'm decently dressed. Of course I won't take any of Frills' jewelry or anything of real value."

Roxie met her at the foot of the stairs. "Excuse me, ma'am, but Mr. Neil he said you'd be waking up after a time and we should have your dinner ready."

"Very well, Roxie, just serve it quickly in the dining-room, please. And tell Sam I want to speak to him."

Once Joyce had decided to leave, she felt she could not go quickly enough. She could not endure looking about Neil Packard's house, and reflecting that she would probably never see it again. Her only salvation was in acting at once. She was grateful for the nonchalance with which Sam received her orders and for the lack of demonstration on the part of Roxie.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

PROMOTE MUCKLE TO STATE COLLEGE

Niagara, Seneca and Delaware County Farm Bureaus Affected by Change.

Leo A. Muckle, county agricultural agent in Niagara county since 1923, becomes assistant state leader of county agricultural agents at the New York State college of agriculture on Sept. 15th. Mr. Muckle was reared on a farm in Ontario county and is a graduate of the state college of agriculture. He previously served as county agricultural agent in Rockland county from 1917 to 1920 and in Schuyler county from 1920 to 1923.

D. M. Dalrymple, now agent in Seneca county, succeeds Mr. Muckle in Niagara county. E. K. Hanks, assistant county agent in Delaware county for the past two years, succeeds Mr. Dalrymple. Both Mr. Dalrymple and Mr. Hanks are New York State farm boys and graduates of the state college of agriculture. Mr. Dalrymple was born in Chemung county and Mr. Hanks in Allegany county.

The promotions do not create a new position but fill a vacancy made several months ago when L. R. Simmons was appointed director of extension.

Cigarettes that extinguish themselves soon after they are thrown away are a new product which may aid in fire prevention.

A shower of fish was vouchered for by scientists in England, in 1912, when a shoal of small fish was caught in a waterspout and carried up into the air and a strong wind swept the fish inland, to drop them on the earth.

In the courting season the blue-jay sings a sweet love song very different from the harsh call usually associated with this bird.

A new kind of glass for automobiles makes the windows so opaque that the driver is unable to see out but is opaque to the outside.

* TELL ME AN INDIAN STORY *

Dr. E. A. Bates, Cornell
(Copyright 1933)

THE TRICK OF THE DOGS

The sky had been cloudless for many days and the sun sent down his hottest beams, for he knew the corn plant needed a bath of warmth each day and night.

The Indian farmers worked hard to till up the corn plant during those hot days for the sun seemed to bake the ground in the corn field.

It was a custom of each farmer to greet his neighbor with a hearty shout of "Hi," or hello, as he started his daily task, but hot days followed hot days and the faces of the Indians grew longer and longer. Evenings came but the air stayed warm from the heat of the midday sun; and soon the farmers could find but fitful sleep at night in their bark-cabin homes.

Soon the farmers awoke as tired in the morning as they were at the close of each hot day, and they went to work in the fields without greeting their neighbor who worked in the nearby field. The dogs began to notice that altho they wagged their tails when their masters returned from the fields, the farmers passed them without even the usual evening pat on the head.

So the dogs had a council to find out what was wrong and why the farmers had such long faces all the hot days. A wise old dog led all the dogs to the side of the village spring and, looking into the clear water, all the dogs began to bark.

The farmers, thinking someone must have fallen in, rushed to the spring and looked to see what the dogs were barking about. When they did, all they saw were their own long faces and the dogs began to laugh.

The men looked at one another, and ever since the Indian pats his dog even on a hot summer night; for long moons ago, it was the trick of the dogs that taught the red man the value of smiles; even during the hot summer days that make the corn grow.

* FRUIT, FLOWERS and * * GARDEN *

HORSE-CHESTNUT BLIGHT

A rake and a bonfire are the first steps to combat the leaf blotch of horse-chestnut. The leaf blotch is the most destructive disease which affects the horse-chestnut and its close relative, the Ohio buckeye. The first indication of the disease is a slight brownish discoloration of the leaves which may become so severe that the tree looks scorched.

The fungus which causes the discoloration is washed down by rain, and this causes the heaviest infestation on the lower parts of the tree. Since the leaves help to furnish food for the tree, the loss of the leaves for several seasons may starve the tree.

The trees may be either sprayed or dusted, beginning about the time the leaves unfurl in the spring. Lime-sulphur solution, with one part of the concentrated lime-sulphur solution mixed with 50 parts of water is effective. Bordeaux mixture, made of four pounds each of lime and copper sulphate to 50 gallons of water may also be used.

After the leaves have unfurled, a dust mixture of 90 parts of finely ground sulphur and ten parts of arsenate of lead may be more effective than either of the sprays. The application of first spray or dust should be followed with a second application in about two weeks. In rainy seasons one or two additional applications may be necessary to keep the leaves protected.

To have cottage cheese at its best, after it is drained, work it with a wooden spoon until it is smooth and free in grain, then add a little cream, sweet or sour and salt.

Food Market Advice

By ANN PAGE

Each September sees an army of children and young people trooping back to school after a long summer of working and playing in the sun. Their skins are tanned from constant exposure to its health giving ultra violet rays. Mothers have not had to think of cod liver oil and diets balanced to make up for lack of sunshine and fresh air but fall and school brings back that most pressing problem. The best food substitutes for sunshine are milk and butter, egg yolk and liver. These foods are indispensable not only because they take the place of sunshine but because they furnish other valuable growth promoting health insuring elements. A diet based on milk and butter and whole grain and some eggs, meat and cheese will be adequate for all their needs.

The outstanding food value in the market is butter. One pound of butter is the fat content of ten and one-half quarts of milk of average richness. Figure for yourself what you get for your money with butter at its present low price. Butter, however, can not take the place of milk for children, though butter and cheese together may replace milk in the diet of adults. At current prices it is possible to buy 2½ pounds each of butter and cheese for the cost of the amount of milk used in making one pound of butter.

There are many vegetables of excellent quality at attractive prices available in spite of the damage to crops by storms in certain large producing areas. Cabbage was improved by the general rains and the heads are large, crisp and heavy. Cauliflower is beginning to come in in quantity. The quality is fine and prices are reasonable. The demand for potatoes increases with cooler weather. Sweet potatoes are becoming plentiful. This vegetable combines well with many fruits and with smoked meats, fresh pork and poultry. Green beans are again somewhat lower in price. Summer squash and egg plant are inexpensive. These vegetables are not used so generally as they might be. They are favorites with those who know them and the various ways in which they can be served. The supply of western peas continues good though lettuce is relatively scarce and high and will be for a few weeks longer. The flavor of all cooked vegetables is greatly improved by generous seasoning with butter.

The fruit season is at its height and those women who like to do their own canning and preserving will do well not to postpone it much longer. Pickling cucumbers and other ingredients for a variety of pickles are also in market. For pickles and spiced fruits a variety of whole spices is necessary. Whole pickling spice is a mixed assortment and in addition whole cloves, stick cinnamon, ginger root, whole allspice, whole peppercorns, mustard and celery seed are usually required. Tomatoes and pears are preserved with ginger root and lemon, crab-apples and melon pickles with cloves, cinnamon and allspice; and gherkins with whole pickling spice. Mustard pickle in addition calls for ground mustard and turmeric.

Children are usually particularly

fond of desserts such as apple sauce and gingerbread. Here's a recipe for a new gingerbread made with peanut butter furnished by the Quaker Maid Kitchen.

Peanut Butter Gingerbread

One-third cup shortening, one-third cup peanut butter, one-half cup sugar, one cup molasses, 2½ cups flour, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup boiling water or 1 cup sour or buttermilk, 1½ teaspoons ginger.

Cream fat, peanut butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs and molasses. Sift flour with the spices, soda, baking powder and salt. Add to the molasses mixture alternately with the hot water or milk. Pour into a greased shallow loaf pan and bake 30 to 40 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F.

Do not waste sour milk. Cornell has a bulletin on making cottage cheese and other soft cheeses, which tells how to use it. Ask for E-255 on a postcard addressed to the state college at Ithaca, N. Y.

Crushed candy, chopped nuts and dried fruits, crumbs made from Graham crackers, macaroons, or hard cookies, may be added to homemade ice creams.

EDITOR TO ASSIST STATE MILK BOARD

College of Agriculture Lands, Howard K. Waugh for Two Months. Started Work Sept. 1.

Howard K. Waugh, of the office of publication of the New York State college of agriculture, is lent to the New York State milk control board for two months, beginning Sept. 1st, according to an announcement by Dean C. E. Ladd of the state colleges of agriculture and home economics.

Mr. Waugh has been an assistant in the office of publication since October, 1929, and has prepared most of the new releases of the state colleges to New York State daily and weekly newspapers since that date. He completed studies for the degree of master of science in June, 1933 and submitted a thesis on the amount and source of agricultural news in 25 New York State weekly newspapers in 1926, 1929 and 1931.

He graduated from the college of agriculture of Ohio State University in 1924. Previous to that he served as county club agent in Crawford county, Ohio, from 1920 to 1923. He later served as county club agent in Ashtabula county, Ohio from 1924 to 1927 and as county agricultural agent in Lake county until 1929.

A thin coat of lacquer keeps brass from tarnishing.

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THE ANDOVER NEWS

THE FIRST STEP, FLIP HIM OFF THE BAG!



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