

# The Hi Herald

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## THE HI HERALD

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Editor-in-Chief  
MARY MONICA LYNCH

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Music-Literary Editor  
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### EDITORIAL

#### TIME

By Wilfred Brown

Have you ever watched the second hand of one of these electric clocks swinging around its monotonous but interesting circuit? I refer not to one of the tiny, reserved second hands with a special dial of its own, but to one of those long, graceful, sweeping hands that claim the whole face of the clock in its radius. Nor do I mean to just glance at it, when I say to watch it. To appreciate my topic one must have no immediate pressing problems and must be in a dreamy frame of mind. Then sit down before a clock of the type described above and study it. Don't force yourself to think about it but just let your eye follow the second hand in its path that has no end and still has ends with out number. I believe, if you are human your mind will become crowded with a panorama of thought that will go back to the Pharaohs and their pyramids then will race forward to the revolutionary period of the latter 18th century and early 19th century.

You will, perhaps, have thoughts of Napoleon and his empire, then on, on, on, you will go with the regular turns of the second hand in its inevitable strides to the early 20th century and our own times. Then the enjoyment of trying in vain to determine the texture of the web which the second hand will weave in the future. What will it weave for you and your friends, for your nation—for the world. What wonders of science will its strong fibers haul forth from the remote recesses of men's minds. It is fun, sometimes, to think without having to think and to think along paths that have no end.

But never forget, my friends, to think of the present. Never let the ears of your minds become useless thru lack of use but be ready to plunge them into the ocean of thought and pull with all you have for a definite goal.

### EDITORIAL

#### LYING

It is the man who tells, or who acts a lie, that is guilty, and not he who honestly and sincerely believes the lie.

I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity, and generally misleads its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected sooner or later. If I tell a malicious lie in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer myself at last; for as soon as ever I am detected (and detected I most certainly shall be), I am blasted for the infamous attempt, and whatever is said afterwards to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny.

If I lie in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger and the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover at once my fear as well as my falsehood, and only increase instead of avoiding, the danger and the shame. I show myself to be the lowest and the meanest of mankind, and am sure to be always treated as such. If one has had the misfortune to be wrong, there is something noble in frankly owning it; it is the only way of atoning for it, and the only way of being forgiven.

Remember, then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you thru the world with either your conscience or your honor unwounded. It is not only your duty but your interest as a proof of which you may always observe that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my part, I judge of every man's truth by the degree of understanding.

#### A-H-S

Three living trees are asserted to be direct descendants of the famous Cambridge elm, under which George Washington took command of the continental army in 1775.

## CURRENT ISSUES IN THE A. H. S.

### Senior Tag Week

This is Senior Tag Week. The students are endeavoring to sell as many tags as possible. It has been a custom in the past for the Seniors to sell tags as a means of earning money. There will be a prize of one dollar for the one taking in the most money.

### Pauline Howard Leaving

Pauline Howard left Andover High School to accept a position in Buffalo and will live with relatives there. Altho Pauline has been with us only a short time, we are sorry to see her leave, and wish her a lot of luck.

### Special Assembly Thursday Morning

Dr. Paul Saunders, Professor of Chemistry at Alfred University gave a lecture and demonstration of "liquid air" Thursday morning in the High School Auditorium. Admission was 10c.

### Senior Easter Dance Huge Success

The Easter Senior dance, held last Friday evening, was a most enjoyable affair. Many outsiders as well as local persons attended. Music for dancing was furnished by the Knights of Rhythm Orchestra of Wellsville.

This affair increased the Senior treasury considerably.

### OPFERETTA NEWS

#### "THE GYPSY ROVER"

Dodge & Dodge

The date for the production of the romantic musical comedy has been set MAY 11-12. Two big nights, and the hit of the season!

Come one, come all—bring your girl friends your wives. Fall in love. Unwinding of great love affairs!

You can be assured of one grand entertainment if you saw our production last year. That was only a sample here is our big moment! A display of our musical and dramatic ability to the public, under the direction of Miss Mary Jo Russ, music director.

The final cast and such trivia items will be published in next week's Hi Herald. Look for further news.

### A-H-S

#### AROUND THE A. H. S. SPORT WORLD

Track practice started Monday. Only five men reported to practice, but more men are expected to turn out later in the week. Phil Lynch is acting manager. The first meet will be at Wellsville some time this month. The date has not been set yet.

Baseball practice also started Monday. At practice a meeting was held to elect a manager, but the team couldn't co-operate, so Coach Clark will appoint one later. The schedule has not been arranged yet.

Track has been an active sport in Andover for several years. With little or no support from either the school or town several good teams have been produced. In the majority of towns the school equips the teams, buys their supplies and finances their trips—they at least give the boys a decent place to train. But not so in Andover. No money was ever appropriated for any of our sports. Mr. Perrone tried several times to obtain needed equipment, but the only reply was: "If you want a track team you'll have to buy your own equipment."

Mr. Perrone did have a team even against these odds and it was a good one. We were second only to Wellsville in the county meet two years ago, and third last year. We finished seventh at Alfred against competition from all Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania—against schools like Bradford, Olean, Salamanca, Corning, etc.

A new sport, namely baseball, which has been proven a failure in many high schools and colleges is now being attempted in A. H. S. If St. Bon's can't make a go of baseball after having it for many years, how can Andover High School start a team in 1934? Andover must be going to challenge a mythical schedule unless they challenge Jasper, Greenwood or some other small school.

After failing to give track any support whatsoever, Andover tries to support a new major sport and to make matters worse pays \$18 supposedly in the end much more probably for equipment while track men are told to buy their own equipment.

It is better to do one piece of work correctly than to half do two jobs. So why not support one sport and put Andover on the par with other schools? We have the material—why not give it a chance?

It is a choice between baseball and track. Baseball has never been or can be a successful High School sport. Track is always associated with high school.

So why not bring the new deal to A. H. S.

—By a Sports Fan.

## THE SPY??

Everybody back at school and me back on my old job, Spying! Here's what my spy glasses reveal this week.

So the dear old Willys-Knight had a flat tire the other night? No, I don't mean you, Benard; I mean the one that Don and Bill G. fixed in the pouring rain. Too bad, Don, but that's what you get for being so generous.

I was asked to notify Mr. Gabby Gath to take better care of the oranges.

So Dot Boone is stepping out now and then with her former boyfriend? Is it the fatherly attention that attracts you?

Florence Mulholland did for once in her life seem to have a good time at the Senior dance and with whom? No other than our Alumnus, T. Joseph. Nice going, Flossie!

Our tall science teacher appeared at our dance with Miss "Seno" Teresa D. I wonder how the Sophomore girl (you know the one I mean) took it? By the way, is the Soph girl sore at me—boo-hoo!

Since track and baseball practice have begun, I notice that most of our boys have less time to turn their attentions to the weaker sex, but still there are plenty of fellows in neighboring towns left to supply the demands of our girls.

At last Deke is tripping the light fantastic. Guess what? He has learned to square dance. I guess Regina is two-timing her older sister. How about it? Regina, like Deke, said she too had a "large time."

It seems to me that the Wellsville boys are cutting us Andover boys out with our fair maidens. I guess we had better hold a mass meeting, gentlemen, and sort of brush up on S.A. (see appeal). Don't you all think so?

Listen, Milt Briggs, you'd better play up to the fair ladies from Wellsville. I mean the one with the Buick. This may be your big chance to drive away.

Well, I see that there is one happy day in town anyway. Life "Male" is like that.

What do you suppose is taking place in the hall lately? A few certain Freshmen boys are leaving mysterious notes in locker 78. This locker, by the way is M. M. Lynch's. I'm trying to find out the causes, if any, and just by the further developments.

Anna Dean and Mary McAndrew were sorry school had to start again as they seemed to have one hilarious time, especially at the big dance they took in.

What's this I hear about the Contest? Sounds thrilling to me. I sometimes wonder if I'm not the most person in the school. I'll just bet I am (don't think I'm conceited, but you know how it is). I can't wait until it appears in the Hi Herald. I'll give you more low-down on the subject next week.

In the meantime, I'll be digging up dirt, and when I say dirt, I mean DIRT—not dust.

Yours till the wood-peckers get after your heads.

### THE SPY—

#### COMING ATTRACTION I!

A few students of our school have taken it upon themselves to start something. The writer believes those few will certainly have started something once the news gets out. I have been permitted to give you folks a slight idea of the plan. It's a contest. You don't have to be an excellent jig-saw puzzler, nor a speedy typist, nor a fast runner to be entered. In fact, some of our snappy students will be entered without even realizing it.

But here's a hint—To those students who are "noted" for being "well dressed," around our halls, keep up the good work (or, if you're slipping, brush up). To those who have a constant smile (you know, the pleasant expression no matter how rotten you feel), smile away. This next is to a very chosen few: If you have the knack of making people like you—for gracious sakes, don't start any arguments with anyone. It will be against you in the end. To our fair sex—for the next few weeks, keep your eyebrows tweezed, your lips red and your hair waved. And to our handsome heroes, don't get a monkey hair-cut until June at least.

Do you get my point, people? Anyway, watch the Hi Herald next week, the week after, and so on until we break the news.

#### ?? GUESS WHO ??

This fair damsel on the Avenue of our town is at present the big attraction for our "half-miller." She has blonde, wavy hair, large blue eyes and dimples—just what "he" adores. This girl always manages to have a steady as well as many admirers.

Answer in next week's issue.

#### A-H-S

New proof that the moon has no air on its surface has been obtained by a test of the ultraviolet rays in moonlight.

## THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### IS NECAVIT EUM ! !

A yell came screaming over the telephone at the Roberts & Son Detective Agency, "George Mead is dead. Someone killed him?"

That was all the information that was given. Mr. Roberts was ill, go the son, Roberts, Jr., was sent. Robert knew it was time for him to show his father that he was a good detective. He knew that when his father and Mr. Bernard recognized his ability as a detective, he and Nancy might be married.

After questioning the household, all the clues he had were that Mr. Mead was a Latin professor, and that their favorite parrot, Polly, was in the room at the time of his death. That evening, after going home, he decided to write a summary of all the persons.

Mrs. Mead was a Puritan and very strict in her religious beliefs. Mr. and Mrs. Mead had always been very much in love. It was said that they never had a quarrel. William, one of the two sons, had always been rather a shiftless, good-for-nothing boy. He had been missing since the day of the murder. He was in love with some girl. Who was the girl? Did she have anything to do with the murder? Donald, the other son, was always a very studious boy. Both of the parents favored William. Donald was also missing.

Marie, who was one of two adopted daughters, was very beautiful (maybe it was she whom William loved). Lucia was the other daughter, and was ten years old.

Robert arose early and went over to Meads. During the night William had come home and was gushing over with efforts to help find the murderer of his father.

All went to the living room where the parrot was resting peacefully. The parrot began to scream: "Is necavit eum! Is necavit eum!" What had this to do with the murder? Mr. Mead was a Latin professor. (This quotation in Latin means "He killed him.") The bird knew the murderer.

Robert told everyone to leave the room except William. The parrot again screamed, "Is necavit eum! Is necavit eum!" After a short scuffle William was overcome. The first question Robert asked William was "Where is Donald?"

"Oh, he is safe. He's locked in the garage."

Robert rushed to the garret. Marie followed. There they found Donald bound to a chair. Marie instantly ran to Donald. (It was he whom she loved).

Robert asked Donald how he got there. Donald replied, "I saw the murderer. William could take no chances in my telling. He killed father because he was angry at him because he refused to give him more money."

That evening Robert and Nancy were sitting under the large maple tree near the pond. By the light in their faces you could easily see that Robert had proposed to Nancy. Softly he whispered: "Are you happy?"

### A MOUNTAINEER STORY

By June Babcock

Robert Kent and Donald Cross were traveling thru southern Kentucky when they were overtaken by darkness. Robert suggested they ask lodging at the nearest cabin.

In response to their knock a rather large woman with several small children appeared. She said: "Wal, what kin I do for you today?" Donald politely asked "Mistress, may we get lodging for the night?" The reply was "Reckon you can."

After supper the family sat around the fire when Robert whispered, "Hey, Don, I wonder where we will sleep tonight, I see only one bed."

Donald said that he also had been pondering over that question. The younger members of the family began to yawn. The mother put them to bed and soon they were asleep so she lifted them from the bed and put them on the floor. When all the children were asleep and had been put on the floor the old folks said, "You kin go to bed now."

Donald and Robert, being very tired from their journey, went immediately to sleep. The next morning they woke up and found themselves on the floor.

Robert asked one of the young lads, "Have you a mirror I can borrow?"

"Wal, I guess we hain't 'cause I never heard an' tell of sich a thing."

That day Robert and Donald resumed their traveling but Robert never forgot his promise. About a week later the husband was in town and as usual he went to the post-office. He had received a package from Robert. He opened it to find the mirror but not knowing what it was he kept the mirror out of sight. Every day he went to the barn to look at it.

When he looked at the mirror he said: "You know, that looks just like my grandpappy."

The mother wondered where her husband went every day so she followed him to the barn. She looked into the mirror, then turned to him and said, "So that's the woman you came down here to see."

#### A-H-S

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## THE ETIQUETTE Column

### THE GENTLEMAN

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change an Alaska crystal to a South African diamond. You cannot make a gentleman 'till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather. It does not depend upon the tailor—blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less; a diamond polished that first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; a gentleman is generous; a gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as only in consciousness of right; a gentleman subjects his appetites; a gentleman refines his taste; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman deems every other better than himself.

#### A-H-S

### IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN

If I were a boy again, I would practice perseverance oftener and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of attention oftener; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. One of our great mistakes while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then; we do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning; we wander into a half interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of.

If I were a boy again, I would pay more attention to the cultivation of my memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately; but memory soon helps itself, and gives little trouble. It only needs early cultivation to become a power. Everybody can acquire it.

If I were a boy again, I would look on the cheerful side of everything; for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you; but if you frown and look doubtful upon it you will be sure to get a similar look in return.

Instead of trying so hard, as some of us do, to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.

#### A-H-S

### FACULTY FACTS

Mrs. Alvord spent the Easter vacation at Forest Hills, L. I.

Miss McLaughlin visited at her home in Avon.

Miss Beman passed her vacation at her home in Ellicottville.

Mrs. Schwarzenbach spent the vacation in Buffalo, Canandaigua and Wellsville.

Miss Paine visited her parents at their home in Waterloo.

Miss Kelley visited Mr. Perrone in Gabriels and also Miss McLaughlin in Avon.

Prof. and Mrs. Hardy spent the Easter vacation in Meridian.

Mr. Huffcutt visited at his home in Auburn.

Miss Russ spent the vacation in Rochester.

Miss Clifford returned to resume her duties after having been called to her home by the death of her father.

Miss Farnen visited at her home in Rochester.

Miss Trenkle spent the vacation in Portville.

Miss Jordan was able to return to school Monday after an extended illness.

## BOE BECKLEY

Dear Boe:  
I am a young "Freshie," and accordingly I do not stand as good a chance as if I were an upper classman. I am in love with a Sophomore girl and she is the girl of my dreams. But all I get is laughs and wise cracks from her and her friends. If only I wasn't a freshie. She is dark haired, has a fiery temper and until you know her, seems stuck up. She has pioneer blood because she is a descendant of the great Boone.

I am very much in love with her, but being a Freshman, and quite young, I am in a quandry. What shall I do.

Yours in distress,

LONELY BRUCE.

Dear Lonely Bruce:  
My sound advice is to give her a whirl, that is, to act unconcerned and give the other girls a break. If she really loves you or cares for you, she will soon relent if you go for the other girls. Of course, if she does not relent, forget her as you are young and can do it.

It would be better if you say nothing about it and then you will not be ridiculed. But do not blame yourself for being a Freshman, that is not the reason, because remember—our noble Seniors were once Freshies.

Your advisor,

BOE BECKLEY.

### THE LAST LAUGH

M. M. Lynch: "What is that bump you have on your forehead?"  
Bill Brown: "Oh, that's where a thought struck me."

Virginia S.: "You would be a good dancer if it were not for two things."

Eddie A.: "And what are they?"  
V. S.: "Your feet."

Madalin Walsh: "I just bought a new novel."  
Florence Walter: "Is it long?"  
Madalin: "Oh, no—you can read it in two study periods."

Dick Appier (in restaurant): "Hoim, how can you eat with a knife?"  
Hoim: "It's not so easy as it looks—look around at the other guests; not one of them can do it."

Don McIntosh (on phone): "Hello, darling, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"  
Roberta Church: "Why, I'd love to, dear."

Tom M.: "Then tell your mother I'll be over at 7 o'clock."

Jess: "I refused a date with your brother and I hear he has been drunk for two weeks."  
Chum: "Yes, the fool does not know when to stop celebrating."

Sims: "While in Paris I paid \$25 in tips alone."  
Waiter: "You must have lived there a good many years, sir."

The school teacher asked her pupils to name some of the most dangerous jungle animals.  
First Boy: "A tiger."  
Second Boy: "A lion."  
First Girl: "A bear."

Teacher: "Now tell me something with horns that it is dangerous to go near."  
Second Girl: "Automobiles."

The fellow (dreamily, as he parked the car): "Walpol once wrote that the world is a comedy to him who thinks, and a tragedy to him who feels."

Girl: "Well?"  
The fellow (shutting off lights): "Well, I think I'm about to get tragic."

Herbert: "Arthur hasn't been out for three weeks."  
Flora: "Has he turned over a new leaf?"

Herbert: "No, he's turned over a new car."

#### A-H-S

Wisconsin has 2,245 cheese factories. Seven of its counties have more than 100 each.