

# The Hi Herald

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## THE HI HERALD

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## EDITORIAL

### A DOLLAR AND THE MAN

We are told that the greater portion of an iceberg lies beneath the ocean's surface. It seems equally true that the greater part of the personalities of those with whom we come into contact lie beneath the surface of their appearance. As of the iceberg, we can get some idea of a person's character by his general appearance and behavior.

It is interesting to attempt to fathom our fellows' inner selves and we are instantly alert upon hearing of some means of doing so. The various ways in which different individuals spend a solitary dollar will often throw some light upon submerged human characteristics. One who spends it quickly and enjoys doing so will be stamped as loving life at its most exciting. Another will be called conservative and known to love the security such as a dog must feel from a buried bone, when he puts his dollar in savings. We will brand another as imaginative and constructive as we see him spend his dollar not on himself but for some tool or material which he will use in building something. But whether we be rich or poor, liberal or conservative, all our hearts instinctively go out to the man who spends, thinking not of himself, yet not of his plans but of other human beings.

### THE ETIQUETTE Column

#### RESPECT

Well-trained young people show the courtesy to ladies, elders, superiors, and government officials on all occasions.

Never allow yourself to keep a seat while old persons, no matter who they are, are standing. You should always open the door for them and assist them in every possible way.

Never contradict your elders. Give them the preference in everything. If they have peculiarities, remember you have peculiarities too, and that the peculiarities of old people are not a proper subject for criticism or mirth.

An old person should be always spoken of, or to, by his or her full name. In cars and in public places, your elders or ladies should not be allowed to stand. Young people ought to give up their seats, promptly and cheerfully, with some such pleasant remark as "Have this seat, please." In school and in crowded places, such as the theater or the church, "room for the ladies" is a good motto for boys to observe.

A polite boy always takes off his hat on meeting a lady or an elderly person whom he knows, he helps them in carrying parcels, in finding the way, in crossing the street, in getting in or out of a carriage, or on or off street cars or trains and in other little ways.

If our hearts are right, we feel sympathy and respect for the old. If we follow the golden rule and treat them as we should like to be treated, perhaps when we are old the young will treat us kindly and be thoughtful of our comfort.

### BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA—Troop 42

F. C. Mulholland, Scoutmaster

Preparations for Memorial Day were commenced at the meeting Friday evening, May 8, for the troop's part in the Memorial Day parade and ceremonies. It is expected that Troop 42 will add considerable color to the Memorial Day services.

Re-registration Time  
It is time to re-register the troop. It is expected that the entire troop will re-register and there are several new Scouts to be taken in.

Troop to Hold Dance  
Arrangements have been made for a Boy Scout dance, Tuesday, May 29, in the High School Auditorium. This dance is held in conjunction with and is sponsored by Thomas M. Lynch Post of the American Legion. Music will be by the Knights of Rhythm. Admission, gentlemen 35c; ladies 25c. Dancing will be from 9 to 12. Door prize.

## CURRENT ISSUES

### Senior Prom, May 18

The Senior Prom will be held in the High School Auditorium, May 18. Margaret Powers is in charge of the arrangements. Charles Clark and his Collegiates, an eight-piece orchestra from Alfred will furnish the music. Everyone in the High School is invited and may bring a friend. Dancing will be from 9 to 1, and the admission is one dollar a couple.

### Assemblies Friday

The Second Grade is giving a Mother's Day entertainment in the assembly Friday morning. The Senior Class are also planning a program for Friday.

### Margaret Powers Again Takes Honor in Speaking Contest

Andover High School was again, very ably represented by Margaret Powers and Wilfred Brown, who were the representatives from here at the Interscholastic Speaking Contest held in Alfred May 3rd, in connection with the Athletic meet held there. Among contestants from many counties Margaret Powers presented such an outstanding reading that she was awarded second prize, a silver medal. Her selection was entitled "Within The Law" by Dana.

### Tonight, the Night of Nights

#### Operetta "THE GYPSY ROVER"

The operetta, "The Gypsy Rover," by Dodge and Dodge, went over in a big way last night. It was truly a success—a packed house, so it was financially as well as socially a success.

Miss Mary Jo Russ, the director and the cast are being complimented by the townspeople.

If you have not already seen this huge romantic musical production, come tonight, the last night and form your own opinion about the dramatic and musical ability of our students.

The cast, in order as they speak: Meg, Rob's foster mother, an old Gypsy woman—Pauline Gath.

Zara, belle of the Gypsy camp—Mary Etta Spicer.

Marto, Meg's husband—Walter H. Cook.

Sinfo, Gypsy lad in love with Zara—Max Baker.

Rob, The Gypsy Rover, lost heir—Howard Gath.

Lady Constance, daughter of Sir Geo. Martindale—Margaret Powers.

Lord Craven, an English fop—"Doncha know"—Philip Crandall.

Sir George, Constance's father—Frank Weinbauer.

Nina, Sir George's second daughter—Mary Monica Lynch.

Capt. Jerome, captain in English army—Emilio Yannis.

Sir Toby Lyon, a social butterfly—Deatur Clark.

McCorkle, song publisher—Howard McAndrew.

Lackey, valet—Richard Appier.

Six Gypsy children—Anne McDonough, Kenneth Cook, Martha McDonough, Charles Hall, Elaine Pope, James Driscoll.

Scene—Act I, a gypsy camp near London. Morning.

Act II, a room in home of Sir Geo. Martindale.

Act III, a room in home of Sir Geo. Martindale.

Musical Numbers  
Overture, instrumental.  
See the Light in the Distant Sky—Appier—Chorus.

A Gypsies Life for Mine—Rob. So Come, my Friends and Sup with Me—Rob and chorus.

Long, Long Ago—Meg and Marto Fairland—Rob and children.  
Gypsy-land—Zara, Sinfo and chorus.  
Oh, to be Happy and Gay—Constance.  
'Twas Here That I Dreamed of You—Constance and Rob.  
Nothing Beats a Hunting Day—Sir Geo. and chorus.  
Thank You for Your Kindness (finale)—Sir George, Constance and chorus.

Intermission.  
Vocal solo—Wisner Cook, '33.  
Saxophone solo, Robert Spicer, '33  
Act II—  
Bind the Tresses of the Bride—Constance and chorus.  
Listen, Lady Fair—Constance and Rob.  
We are Merry Robbers—Sinfo and Marto.  
Moon, Moon, Moon—Nina, Jerome and chorus.  
They Say Girls Can't Keep Secrets—Constance and girls.  
It's Just L. O. V. E.—Constance Rob and chorus.  
Take Him From my Sight (finale)—Sir George, Constance, Rob and chorus.  
Intermission.  
Act III—  
Bye and Bye—Rob.  
Grand finale—Ensemble.

KING BASEBALL  
A. H. S. Opens Season Sunday with Alfred  
The baseball season of A. H. S. will open Sunday in a game with Alfred High School at Andover's

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

### CANNON TAKES FIRST PLACE IN THE HIGH JUMP

At the Interscholastics, May 4th, at Alfred, Jermelle Cannon took a greatly contested 1st place in the High Jump to give Andover High School a larger total of points than Bolivar, Hornell, Friendship and other neighboring High Schools in this section. With the bar at 5 feet 7 inches a four way tie resulted. An agreement followed that all four would have one more jump to try and break the tie. At this point Cannon made the jump while the others failed. This makes two years that Cannon has been undefeated in the high jump in any tract meet that he has entered. For the last two years he has won the High Jump at the Interscholastics at Alfred and last year won it at the Sectional Meet at Rochester.

This is a very fast meet and many records were broken. Zeltwanger of Canisteo set a new record in the Pole Vault by gaining 11 feet 9 inches. The shot put and mile were also broken.

### Baseball

A. H. S. Baseball season opens Sunday against Alfred High School at Andover. Both have very good teams it is reported, and a very fast game is expected. Andover has won two practice games with Greenwood High School, so most all of the A. H. S. new players have had some experience. Many baseball fans are expected to turn out and give the team some backing.

The first league game for A. H. S. is with Belmont Friday, May 11, at Belmont. Coach Clarke has put his team thru much practice in the past two weeks and most of the players are showing up well. The second league game is at Andover the following Friday with Canaseraga.

### DO YOU THINK THAT

Alice Pope could stop talking long enough to get her Latin lesson?

Don and Florence could make a good match?

Bruce McGill is all he thinks he is?

Don Joyce could make a bigger commotion?

Marjorie Neval has deep thoughts?

Anna Dean and Norma Brundage enjoy Phil Lynch's pictures?

Deke ever had a "larger" time?

William Wahl is cute? (Ruth S. thinks so).

Maxine likes to sit with Don J. the seventh period?

Any romances will bud after the operetta?

Lawrence Howland will ever grow up?

Spring has come?

Howard McAndrew will ever know better?

James Lynch doesn't write notes?

The Popularity Contest will cause any gossip?

Dorothy Cronk should be spanked?

Rita Burns can get away with it? Don McNeil should be put back into the cradle again?

The people of Argentina will enjoy our letters?

You can do anything about this?

### GUESS WHO ?

This person is a member of the Junior Class. He is very popular with the girls, especially Marion Nobles. He is of medium height and inclined to stoutness. He wears glasses and is considered very intelligent. In the operetta this year he is one of the main characters, one of his remarks being "Doncha know." He doesn't care for sports but in music and dramatics he is outstanding.

Answer will appear in next week's paper.

Answer to last week's Guess Who—Edwin Kemp.

new athletic field at 2:30 p. m. So far, A.H.S. has defeated Greenwood in two practice games. Coach Clarke expects to have a strong team to meet Alfred this Sunday. This is the first year our school has had an official baseball team and the prospects of a successful season are bright.

Andover High School line-up will be picked from the following men: Catcher—R. Appier or H. Ingraham.

Pitcher—H. McAndrew or E. Yannis.

First base—E. Alderson or D. Joyce.  
Second base—D. Clarke or C. Kemp.  
Third base—B. McGill or L. Sly.  
Short stop—Lester Regan or F. Pope.  
Right field—Cleon Pease or L. Regan.  
Left field—L. Fulkerson or R. Briggs.  
Center field—E. Kemp or Don Brundage.  
We would like to urge the support of the high school baseball team, so let's all turn out at the grand opening of the A. H. S. baseball season!

## A. H. S. GUIDE POST

Friday, May 11—8:45, Hi Herald meeting in library; 2:45 p. m., baseball team leaves for Belmont.

Saturday, May 12—2:30 p. m., baseball team will play Alfred at the athletic field.

Monday, May 14—4 p. m., baseball practice.

Tuesday, May 15—4 p. m., track practice.

Wednesday, May 16—4 p. m., baseball practice.

Thursday, May 17—4 p. m., track practice.

## THE SPY ? ?

Here's your old Spy back again after a big week-end and, oh boy, was it a big one!

The biggest event was the weiner roast. Hot dog and a couple of Gees, did they have a good time? They didn't expect me because I wasn't invited but, just the same I got the real low-down. First of all, it didn't rain, so the party on the whole was quite dry. I guess somebody did dig up a case of pop. After all, it was in Greenwood and that's enough to be said on the subject.

I guess we have lost Vick. They tell me and what I see for myself, Vick is really in love at last. I hope he lets us in the low-down.

Did some people have a party Saturday night? Also I hear that Saturday afternoon was a day of days—for some people. Who would think bowling would become so popular a sport in the spring time?

Boy, did you observe Mary McA's fingers? Now how on earth did she do that? Well, she isn't the first person to get caught in the door. No, not at all.

On request, I am to ask two certain A. H. S. fellows how they like hiking on the Greenwood hills. Did the Knight make you dizzy?

I wonder who the beautiful brunette that drives the V-8 coach is? Is my face red? N-A-V-Y.

At last our full-back has gone crazy—goes singing thru the streets I hear. More lung power to ya, Deke.

A letter from a AHS boy's mother:

Dear Frances:

Please do not lead my young son astray. He is president of a large organization and he must not keep so late hours as you boys. Please miss me, I always want to keep him as my little boy.—Yours, Mrs. X.

Please, you villainous fellow, take this lady's pleadings to heart and leave the boy alone.

Boy, you should have seen what I did over at track meet. Did three A. H. S. girls get chased by a couple of Alfred Frosh or did they get chased? Well, after all, you shouldn't try to sneak in. I hear that they went wading, too—the girls, I mean.

How did you enjoy your vacation, Cronk? The weiner roast was a big success but, did you fall for any Greenwood guys? I bet you didn't as we know you love someone else too much.

What I'd like to tell is who I saw in the new "air-flow" but for your girls' sake, I won't.

At last Gabby Gath has made a hit with a certain girl in the operetta. How about it, Helen?

Where did I see the H. S. Drummer not long ago? Oh, my, my, my.

Stop at the "Old Red Ribbon" quotes "Fill, and Hunt for Hunter. Please do not spy.

So at last, Cable, "the paper man" has let the girls go to his head. Now, come on, I'm your friend, who is she?

Do I have a "large" time keeping the boys straight? Billy W. has taken up passing those notorious notes. I have a good notion to slap your wrist, Fill, for putting such nonsense in his head.

M. M., I wish that you would take "Deke" in hand and love him like a sister. Maybe he'd take interest in life again. He drives the car to school quite often now, you know.

Alas, Norma is lonesome. Can't you make him quit work, Norma?

Did Frank W. go to town on the piece he sang in the operetta? Boy, I'll say he did. I heard and saw him, and believe me, folks, those that miss the operetta are going to be sorry, because let me tell you, you'll have to go a long, long way to hear a voice like Frank's and he knows how to use it, too. And can he croon??

I wonder if a few silly Freshmen girls know the way up to Jason's? Yes, Sunday was a nice day for walking, but weren't you rathaw tired when you all arrived at Independence at the Hawk's estate?

I would like to know why Franic C. and Franic G. had to come to operetta rehearsals with Mr. Deke Clarke? Perhaps I should get an answer from lee.

Of all things—two girls after the same man. Why, Eleanor and Kate C. I wonder who will win out? Only time will tell.

Well, I must sign off and start to get ready for the operetta tonight. Of course, I went last night, but it was so god dern good I just have to see it all over again tonight. Take it from me, people, if you didn't see it last night, by all means see it tonight. The show of shows—"The Gypsy Rover."

Yours till the Sahara freezes over,

THE SPY

## FACULTY FLICKERS

### Famous Sayings by our Famous Faculty

Miss Clifford: "All right, people, get in your home-rooms."

Miss Russ: "Don't forget—operetta rehearsal tonight."

Miss Farmen: "If you don't get your work done tomorrow, you will stay after school and do it."

Miss Trenkle: "Do you people want permissions this period?"

Mrs. Joyce: "I-want-it-quiet-in-here!"

Mr. Clarke: "Take pencil and paper—Quigg today."

Mr. Huffcut: "Can you keep quiet a few minutes?"

Mr. Hardy: "I have an announcement to make."

## GRADE NEWS

Grade 2  
Arthur Graves has gone to Wellsville to school.

Kenneth Cook had the most 100% papers for the month of April.

Row one won the health contest for April.

Friday morning the Second Grade will give a Mother's Day program in assembly.

## FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Philip Crandall: "I insist on real food in the banquet scene."

Miss Russ: "Very well, then, you shall also have real poison in the death scene."

Usher: "Seated in the orchestra?"

Old Lady: "No, I don't play an instrument."

Mary W. (at operetta): "What's that book the conductor keeps looking at?"

W. DeRemer: "That's the score of the overture."

Mary: "Oh, really, who's winning?"

Miss Russ: "What's the idea of sitting out there absolutely silent for five minutes?"

Dick Appier (saxophonist): "That was a request number."

The music swelled louder and louder, then it suddenly dwindled down to nothing.

"You were quite right about your piano playing," said Max Baker.

"I am glad you're enjoying it," replied Ruth Slocum (Paderewski, the second).

"Yes," continued Max, "you said you'd rattle a few things off on the piano and two vases and three books have already disappeared."

Bernice: "Quick, do something! I was playing the flute and I swallowed it."

Orville Mealer: "Keep calm, and be thankful you were not playing the piano."

C. Burgett: "I don't think Ray Geer knows much about music."

Ethel W.: "Why?"

C. Burgett: "Well, the other day he told me to open the drum and see what was inside of it."

## THE FORGOTTEN VALLEY

By MURIEL EARLEY SHEPPARD

(Reprinted by permission from The South Atlantic Quarterly)

## SECOND INSTALLMENT

Aunt Polly Boone, who lives on Burleson Hill above Spruce Pine, says she is Daniel Boone's great granddaughter. She is old and blind, her face folded in a thousand wrinkles that are the price of her memories. The weathered boxlike house, with a porch all the way around like a big hat swallowing a little head, where she lives with her daughter, squats by the washed ditch that was the old road to Little Switzerland and the low country. Above it along the steep bankside, paralleling the old trail, the concrete highway climbs the hill. Aunt Polly belongs where she is by the old road where the traffic of other days used to clatter over the stones and strain in the mud.

Although she declares that Daniel Boone was her great-grandfather, she always calls him Uncle Dan'l. It is a matter difficult to trace. Aunt Polly knows that her father's name was John but she cannot remember the name of her grandfather. Her daughter knows only what she has told her. Aunt Polly cannot tell how old she is.

"My age got burne up," she says, her bright black eyes that look on darkness turned in the direction of your voice. "I know I was two year older than my next sister. We was the Boones of Plum Branch in Yancey. Everybody likes us. All you had to say was you was a Boone and you could get food and drink anywhere. They all knowed about Uncle Dan'l. He was a great hunter. There was eight of us in our family. Two of my brothers went to the War. They fit on THIS side."

Pressed to know whether this side was the Union or the Confederacy she cannot tell.

"I don't know who they fit with, honey, but I seen 'em go off," she says and that ends it. Questions only confuse her. She will tell you what she knows in her own way, halting, with long pauses. Her hands are busy endlessly folding a stripe of cloth turned brownish with

much handling, or whirling her crook-topped cane as she talks, bowed almost double in her chair.

"Uncle Dan'l was a smart un," she says. "He could always get the heat of the Indians, but now I'll tell you honey, they was a smart people too. I've seen 'em go by in my young days and some of them was fine looking. I used to like to dig into the places where they camped to find their coals. Sometimes I'd come on their pots lying around. One time Uncle Dan'l was dryin' tobacco and they come on him. He looked friendly and scrunched him a leaf to powder in his hand. 'Look where what I got,' he says, like he had somethin'. They drew up curious and looked, puttin' their noses down close. Then he blew the dust in their eyes and run off while they was blinded. They couldn't never catch him."

"Another time he says to some Indians that come on him when he was splittin' a log, 'Help me roll it.' They come up and put their fingers in the crack to get a hold. When Dan'l seen that he knocked out the wedge and caught 'em that a way by their hands, and killed 'em every one."

Aunt Polly leaves off folding the cloth to throw back her head and laugh. That was good fun. This old pioneer woman knows blood lust. The Boones knew how to kill.

"I didn't used to mind Indians nor I didn't keef for snakes neither. I lived in a snake country. They wasn't bad on Plum Branch but when I married I went to the head of the South Toe River. I've looked out where the first little bitty drops run out. When Tom Byrd brung me home he says to his Mammy that was fixin' to scour, 'Don't you let her go to the spring. You tote the water till she's learnt here. She don't figure nothin' about snakes.' But I just laugh and says, 'Leave me a bucket.' I went to the spring and sure enough there was a rattler in the path in front of me. His old woman run in ahead of me and killed hit that time but I got real good at it. Rattlers let you know where to look because they'll sing. I'd let the dogs bay 'em for me and then run in with my hoe and kill 'em. If you looked sharp you could come on eight or ten in a day."

"Nights we'd shake the beds to be sure nothin' hadn't crawled in. His mammy wouldn't never trust me for that for fear I wouldn't look good enough. Those days there was good huntin' for bear and wolves, or you could get foxes or possums or painters. Tom Byrd's pappy, that's Dulcy's grandpaw, got his shirt plumb tore off with a painter—They're yellier and they squall. I was right taken back first time I heard one in the dark."

"I used to like to go with the boys when they went to hunt down the cattle and hogs. They'd get fat on the range. We turned 'em to run until we needed meat. If we could we'd pen a hog alive when we found hit and come back for hit with a sled. I remember once when an old bear turned on me."

She throws back her head again and laughs soundlessly, shaking her shoulders. Watching the hearty abandon of that gesture, one glimpses the days when that wide, wrinkled old throat was smooth and firm and she was young Polly Boone, afraid of nothing, the little sister of the wolves.

"Uncle Dan'l was a great one for gettin' meat. I've heard one time how he hid in the loft of a cabin when he seen Indians comin'. They had a new killed deer with 'em and come inside and skinned it. He lay quiet where he was till they went to sleep, four or five of 'em. Then he tipped out and lay back of a log. When they waked up and come outside, he shot them and got the meat they fixed so nice."

"I don't know what took Dan'l to go West. You know he didn't stay here long. It mought a been him goin' to chase his girl. The Indians tuck her. He went after her all alone, not waitin' to get help, trackin' her by red rags she'd hung on the bushes. After a while he heard her screamin'. They'd got her in a cave and was bakin' her feet. 'Rush up, boys,' yells Dan'l 'tearin' in amongst 'em like he had a company of men followin'. Hit plumb scared the Indians out and they run—there's one of the Boones on Plum Branch back where I come from that has a book that tells about Dan'l. He wouldn't take a world of money for hit."

(Continued Next Week)

Yorktown has received the gift of a sapling from the famous elm tree under which George Washington took command of the revolutionary army.