ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY THE NEWS PRINTING HOUSE
Claire C. Backus, Editor

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way"

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Make It a Happy New Year

AMONG the things which distinguished the year 1935 was the tremendous and unprecedented interest manifested in the traffic safety problem.

This awakening to the gravity of the accident evil seized the nation with considerable force during the second half of the year. It has yet scarcely gone beyond the point of rubbing the eyes, but the country seems to be ready for a cold shower of facing the facts —and then to gird for concerted action. As has been consistently maintained, the real hope for achieving automobile safety resides in aroused public opinion.

One way to help end the automobile accident carnage is for each individual to make a sincere New Year's resolution concerning his conduct as a motorist or pedestrian. The resolution might be based on six principles offered by the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters:

1.—Courtesy—to drive and to walk with consideration for others in mind.

2.—Care—to drive and walk with the care that means safety for all.

3.—Knowledge—to learn and understand thoroly the traffic laws and rules of the state and community in which we drive and walk.

4.—Skill—to improve our mastery of the skills which make the good driver.

5.—Sense—to use common sense in the many situations encountered when driving and walking, that are not covered by laws or copybook maxims.

6.—Co-operation—to co-operate, as an individual driver or pedestrian, with the organized efforts to make driving and walking everywhere safe.

Such a resolution rigidly adhered to for a whole year by many persons would produce such salutary benefits, and those benefits would be so apparent, that there would be no question of the resolution being renewed for more Happy New Years.

Living to a ripe old age would be much easier if it were a little less expensive.

The Spread of Sparrows

IMPORTATIONS of foreign birds for the stocking of game coverts, or in the hope of adding to the variety of bird music in the woods, or for warfare on insect pests, have led to strange and unexpected results. Probably few persons anticipated that the English sparrow would thrive and multiply and spread itself over the whole continent as it has since the first scattering importations were made on the Atlantic coast in the early 1850's.

On the other hand, bird lovers, sportsmen and state game authorities have spent thousands of dollars in efforts to acclimatize and establish desirable varieties of game birds. Reckoned by number, a large proportion of the attempts have failed. Sometimes the birds have simply disappeared and were never seen again, leaving the importers wondering whether they may have migrated or fallen prey to disease or animals in the new equipment.

At times, sportsmen have grown crops on game preserves with the exception of allowing the birds to harvest the crops and enjoy a favorable chance for colonization. In other instances, birds have seemed to settle down and nest and reproduce satisfactorily for a year or more, only to vanish a few years later, apparently gaining stamina and reproductive power for a few years only to lose it later.

The English sparrow increased in numbers and in range for perhaps 30 to 40 years when it reached a peak of abundance and was considered a serious pest. In recent years, these birds have declined greatly in numbers both in cities and rural districts, and nature seems to be setting in balance in regard to them.

Over $141,000,000 is spent annually in this country for beautifiers, a large per cent of which is wasted.

Unemployment

IT IS QUITE clear that nobody has any exact information of the number of employable persons still unemployed in the United States. That is, the number who would take jobs if they were available. To the claim that there are still eleven million industrial workers unemployed, the reply has lately been made, based upon Government statistics, that at no time, even at the peak of prosperity, did industry ever employ more than nine million persons, and as there are now more than seven million on industrial payrolls, the unemployment in that field cannot amount to more than two million.

In one sense, of course, all of the persons on relief are unemployed. But it does not follow that all of them were employed before they went on relief. In the best of times there have always been five or six millions persons without jobs, either because they preferred not to work or were unable, for various reasons to attach themselves to payrolls. A large proportion of these have always been recipients of charitable relief, and it is impossible to imagine a situation in which there will not be a very large number of people who will depend for subsistence upon the generosity of public or private relief organizations.

In the meantime, however, more people are going back to work every day and the outlook is hopeful for a job within a year or so for everybody who is willing and able to work.

When a woman gets a man up a tree, she usually makes a monkey out of him.

Roosevelt Policies For the Whole People

"IT WILL be a campaign of defamation on the side of our adversaries, a simple effort to break down the faith of the people in a President under whose leadership the Democratic Administration has lifted our nation out of the depths of despair to the broad way of hope and set it on the high road of renewed prosperity," Chairman James A. Farley said in addressing the meeting of the Democratic National Committee in Washington.

"He has accomplished this thru certain legislative measures, startling solely in the circumstance that they departed from the habit of drifting; policies novel only because they were conceived and executed in the service of our whole people and not for the benefit of the greedy, selfish interests which dominated the government from the time Woodrow Wilson left the White House to the day Franklin D. Roosevelt took the wheel.

"Our adversaries try to represent the party conflict as a battle between the business interests of the country and a mythical group bent on substituting a socialistic, communistic system for the economic processes that have made this nation the greatest, wealthiest commonwealth in the world. It is a ridiculous perversion of the facts. A great proportion of our commercial and industrial leaders are with the President. Why shouldn't they be? What business is there that has not been helped by the present administration?

"What accounts for the stupendous improvement in less than three years? Does the present solid foundation of business, as contrasted with the hideous insecurity of the previous period, come as the result of cosmic rays or black magic? Has there been any epoch-making change in world conditions to account for our recovery? No. The only difference is that we have had at the head of our government a President wise enough to see what had to be done and courageous enough to do it. It is that program alone that saved America.

"There can be but one honest issue in this campaign and that is whether President Roosevelt has done well or ill by his country."

"The answer stares at you from the pages of every newspaper in the land—not from the editorial pages, which mostly echo the desires of the big business group; not from the propaganda pages, which misrepresent and libel the existing administration. The reflection I speak of is found in those commonplace pages which present the direct reports of the nation's business.

"The balance sheets of industry, commerce and agriculture tell you the story. The market quotations on commodities and securities cannot be faked. These figures tell you that the national wealth has increased 22 billions of dollars over their market values on the day our President took office. Being unable to deny the recurrence of prosperity, our adversaries are forced to the alternative of declaring that it was not because of but in spite of the Roosevelt policies. It was because of Roosevelt and in spite of the furious clamors of those who have tried to hinder him at every step ever since the increase of business has rescued them from their panic fears.

"Aesop told the story a couple of thousand years ago—you know the one about the farmer who found a frozen snake in the barnyard and brought it in and warmed it back to life—and the snake bit the farmer's children."

Honesty bids you to be truthful and wisdom admonishes you when to be silent.

Political Education

A CAREFUL statistician has figured out that it would cost eighty million dollars to conduct a nation-wide campaign of political education that would reach every voter in the United States. Nothing like that amount is likely to be spent this year, but the indications are that both major parties will spend more money than ever before, between now and November 9th.

The largest amount of money ever spent in a political campaign in America was in 1928. The Democrats spent a shade over seven million dollars that year and the Republicans about nine and a half millions. This included both the national and state campaigns and those conducted by independent groups.

There were 36,772,695 votes cast in that year, so the average amount spent on each voter's political education was somewhat under 50 cents. That was not, of course, taking into account the thousands of meetings, debating groups and gatherings which were addressed by volunteer, unpaid speakers on behalf of one party or another.

The United States spends about three thousand million dollars a year on its educational system. If one-hundredth of that amount were spent on political education it would cost but 30 million dollars a year.

Someone has put forward the brilliant suggestion that the cost of political campaigns ought to be borne by Government appropriations, state and Federal, apportioned among the parties in proportion to the number of their voters of the last previous election. In some respects that might be an improvement over the present system of raising funds by private contributions. That will not happen this year, but it is apparent that the voters of the nation are going to be exposed to a more intensive campaign of education than ever before.

Next to loafing, the one thing that takes up more time than anything else is working.

What You Believe

A VERY gifted public speaker was once asked how he was able to speak so fluently upon occasions when he was called upon to make public addresses.

He explained that it was a simple thing to do because he always spoke about things with which he was familiar and said only that which he believed.

How true that is in every phase of life. It's never possible to be convincing on any subject unless you believe in it and are thoroly satisfied that whatever you are saying or doing is right.

No citizen of this community can be a thoro-going booster for his home town and the undertakings in which it is engaged, without being a loyal citizen.

It's quite impossible to enter into any project whole heartedly unless you believe in it and are willing to do all within your power to make it a success.

Common sense is about the only thing that makes a college education valuable.

The biggest kicker is usually the biggest liar.

HOW, WHAT and WHY?

The Andover News has arranged with the Office of Information of the New York State Colleges of agricul ure and home economics to answer questions about problems of farm and home. If you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and mention the name of this paper you will receive a direct reply to your query from the colleges. Do not ask more than one question in one letter or on one postcard. Ask as many questions as you like but make each one a separate communication.

Wood as a Fuel

G. W. K. asks: "How much heating value has wood as compared with coal?"

Professor J. A. Cope of the forestry department answers: "Wood ranks high in heating value.

"If a ton of anthracite coal may be considered as having a heating value of 100, then a standard cord of beech, hard maple, black birch, yellow birch, ironwood or hop hornbeam, hickory, black cherry, white oak, rock or chestnut oak, will have, when seasoned, a heating value of 80-90 units.

"Most use is made of woodlots to obtain fuel wood, and in an average year the volume of wood cut from New York State woodlots is equivalent to three million tons of anthracite coal."

Hard Roads

J. F. R., asks: "How much is it estimated a hard road will increase the value of a farm?"

W. M. Curtis of the department of agricultural economics replies: "Last August a questionnaire was sent to 32,000 farmers in New York state, and about 5,000 answers were received, a good return and a good cross-section.

"The farmers were asked to estimate the value of their farms on three different types of roads: dirt, gravel and hard-surfaced.

"The replies were surprising. It was supposed that farmers on dirt roads would say a hard road was worth more to them than to farmers who actually lived on hard roads. This was not true.

"Farmers on all three types of roads considered that a gravel road increased the value of a farm on a dirt road by about twenty per cent. They figured that a hard road increased the value of a farm fifty per cent over its value on a dirt road. This may seem like a big increase but when all the advantages of a hard road are considered, probably it is not too great."

Waterproofing Materials

Mrs. A. E. and Miss E. M. P. ask for a list of firms that manufacture waterproofing materials for concrete walls and floors.

Professor J. M. McCurdy replies that a partial list of firms that manufacture waterproofing materials is being sent. He suggests also that a copy of bulletin S-101, "Recommended Practice for Building Water-tight Basements," be obtained from the Portland Cement Association, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City."

GREENWOOD

(Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Reporter)

Plane Forced to Land Near Here

John Martens, pilot, and Robert Hartwell, co-pilot of Willoughby, O., escaped injuries when forced to land their plane near the home of George McKinley, Friday afternoon.

The fliers became lost enroute from Dansville to Erie, Pa. They made a forced landing in a field deeply covered with snow, which made it impossible for them to take off from there. The machine was dissembled and taken to the Hornell airport by a truck owned by the Wallace brothers. There it was assembled and proceeded on its journey Saturday.

The plane, which was owned by the Lake County Airways at Willoughby was slightly damaged in landing.

Pastor Attends Washington Conference

Rev. Shirley L. Travis left Tuesday for Washington, D. C., to attend a conference on Rural Church Management. The meeting, which is interdenominational, will be held in the Calvary Baptist church in the capitol city. Rev. Travis accompanied ministers from Troupsburg, Dansville and Addison. They expect to return Saturday.

Commissioner Makes Decision

After a hearing in Albany last week, Commissioner of Education Frank P. Graves refused to allow the Lane School, in the towns of Andover and Greenwood, to withdraw from the new Central School District.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Miller were in Big Creek, Friday evening, to attend the wedding of his granddaughter, Miss Edna Mead and Clarence A. Bossard of Howard.

The faculty of the Greenwood Union School enjoyed a scoial evening with the Misses Ruth Salzer and Dorothy Cooper, Monday.

The McGavern Class held a tureen supper at the home of Mrs. Percy Sampson, Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery and son, Junior spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Bassett of Independence.

C. A. Bruen, district superintendent, was a business visitor in town Friday.

Mrs. C. J. Ersley is improving from her recent severe illness. Nurse Harkenrider has returned to her home in Rexville.

Mrs. Addie Coston has been passing several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Theodore Wing.

Rev. Shirley L. Travis was the speaker at the Canisteo Methodist church last Tuesday evening.

Homer Phillips has moved his family from Knights Creek to the Ersley house in Rough and Ready.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith of Bath spent the week-end with Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Burger.

M. L. Brundage has returned from a business trip to Albany.

Mrs. Thomas Young is visiting her daughters in Wellsville.

Miss Easter Clark is spending a few days with Mrs. Shirley Travis.

FORECLOSURE SALE

COUNTY COURT:
COUNTY OF ALLEGANY:

JOHN T. CLAIR, Plaintiff
vs.
Henry Beil and Faye Beil, Defendants

By virtue of an Order of Foreclosure and Sale granted in the above entitled action and entered on the 10th day of January, 1936, in the Office of the Clerk of the County of Allegany, the undersigned, Francis B. O'Connor, the Referee duly appointed in this action for such purpose will sell at public auction on the 2nd day of March, 1936, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the Law Office of Crayton L. Earley, in the Village of Andover, County of Allegany, New York.

ALL THAT TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the Towns of Andover and Alfred, County of Allegany and State of New York, described as follows, viz.: a portion of the lands conveyed by Jeremiah Cartwright to Olive E. Cartwright, Darius E. Cartwright and Arthur E. Cartwright by deed bearing date July 28, 1890, and recorded in the County Clerk's Office of the County of Allegany on the 29th day of July, 1890, in Liber 155 of Deeds at page 375, and the portion hereof set aside, partitioned and released unto Darius E. Cartwright and Arthur E. Cartwright by John Prest, General Guardian, by Partition Deed bearing date Feb. 8th, 1900, and recorded in the County Clerk's Office of the County of Allegany on the 9th day of October, 1900, in Liber of Deeds 180 at page 426, reference to the second of which partitian deeds is hereby made for a more particular description of the same; Excepting and reserving therefrom one hundred (100) acres in the southwest corner thereof conveyed to Emory O. Wescott, April 1, 1909.

Excepting and reserving a right of way from what is known as the Baker farm to the highway known as the East Valley Road, as reserved in deed from Dell Clair to John T. Clair bearing date April 1, 1909, to which reference is hereby made.

All excepting and reserving all that portion of said premises set apart or inclosed for cemetery purposes, together with the usual right of way to and from the same.

Dated January 13th, 1936.

FRANCIS B. O'CONNOR, Referee

CRAYTON L. EARLEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Office and P. O. Address,
Andover, N. Y. 9

When Bladder Weakness

WAKES YOU UP?

Make this 25c test. Remove the cause. Use buchu leaves, juniper oil, etc., to flush out excess acids and impurities which causes irritation that results in restless nights, burning, scanty flow, frequent desire, or backache. Ask for little green tablets called Bukets, the bladder lax. They work on the bladder similar to castor oil on the bowels. In four days if not pleased any druggist will refund your 25c. Brundage Drug Co.

What is claimed to be the greatest war memorial in the Freemasons Temple in London erected to the memory of all Freemasons who died in the World War.

ON THE GASOLINE CIRCUIT —— by A. B. Chapin

COLD WATER

by Rex Beach

FINAL INSTALLMENT

When Fisk cancelled their second reservation Gloria went to bed. There seemed to be nothing serious wrong with her and in fact there was nothing the matter—except a broken heart. Racehorses are like that—they will run until their hearts break, until there is not another gallop in them; and Gloria was from thorobred stock. The desert had beaten her.

A few days later Fisk wired to the port for the best doctor available, and the latter came up on a special locomotive. What the doctor said drove out of the husband's mind all thoughts of oil, of fishing jobs, of Homestake Number One. A nurse was secured as quickly as possible and meantime the physician stayed on.

Fisk did not return to the well; he hung around the house, a dumb figure of suspense. Gloria no longer knew him and that was terrifying. He was like a frightened child deserted and alone. Every whisper that issued from her lips was like a knife-thrust. He did not sleep; his eyes grew bloodshot from the tears that came whenever he left the sick room.

The doctor and the nurse watched him covertly and more than once they found him muttering words as senseless as those that fell from the sick wife's lips. He wildly cursed himself and the desert.

Nature finally exacted toll for the way he had cheated her; and altho he ached intolerably for sleep, he arrived at a condition where he could not close his eyes; when he lay down his brain began to race and black fancies drove him sighing out of his bed.

One morning when the brazen sun rose over the hills and began again to pour its hatred into the valley, the doctor told him as gently as possible that the end was near, and that he must prepare himself. It was merely a question of time now, a question of hours, when the tired heart would cease to function. Gloria was in no pain; further stimulants were useless, they would merely serve to hasten that inevitable moment when the weight of her lungs would prove too heavy for her feeble breath to lift.

Donald groaned. If only she would revive enough to recognize him, to give him one word, one look! He would know then that she forgave him. But for her to slip away without even a smile, a kiss—God, no!

"It isn't a case where any sort of medicine can do much good," the doctor explained. "I've had other cases like it. Nothing organically wrong, but—you understand! It's the country, I guess. The heat or the monotony or—hope deferred, maybe. We have a lot of it down here. If your well had come in, I'm sure she'd have rallied." He said.

The husband sat most of that day in a trance waiting for his hideous dream to end. Sometimes he bowed his head in his hands, but the other watchers could not tell whether it was tears or sweat that ran down between his fingers. They fancied it must be the latter, however, for his grief was too absymal for tears.

Late in the afternoon Fisk heard the little brown Goya children playing in the road. They were laughing! He groaned aloud. Children! Gloria and he had wanted children, but there again the desert had thwarted them. This was no country for white women. A man might as well lock his wife in a furnace and expect her to bear children.

So Gloria was dying! And he had killed her! He rose and creaked about the house, wringing his hands. His mental numbness was wearing off now and agony consumed him. His mind was galloping, running away, and he talked incessantly, but with a thick tongue and without finishing his sentences. Yes. He had killed her! He had staked her out on the blistering desert as the Apaches staked out their prisoners, leaving the sun to wreak its torture.

What was that the doctor had said? If Homestake had come in she would have lived? Oh, there were devils in this valley! They were in the air, in the dagger points that armed the cacti and the bloodbushes. Yes, and other demons were in the rocks beneath the hills. These latter were the worst, for they collected in the bottom of oil wells and cut cables; they deflected fishing tools; they filled threads and sockets with mud and grit. Malignant devils! The Homestake was full of them.

An insane determination took slow hold of Fisk. He went out and cranked up his Rivver, mumbling to the nurse that it was necessary for him to go out and look after the job. Company affairs, he told her, wildly, had to proceed, even if girl wives died and their husbands went crazy with grief. Companies were like that—soulless and unfeeling—just like devils—great joke on company managers, wasn't it? They put in their lives, they sweated their souls white, and got —this. Damn all companies!

The car shot away and went rocking, pitching down the road.

McKay and his men were asleep when their employer arrived; he did not awaken them. The desert moon was bright enough to read by, so he flung himself out of the car and picked his way to the shanty where the nitroglycerine was stored. The explosive was just as he had left it three weeks before; he carried it out into the light and poured it into the long tin container designed for lowering into the well. He worked swiftly and with no more caution than if he were handling so much lubricating oil. The torpedoes, when filled, he carried in upon the derrick floor; then he ran a thin manila line thru a block, and the end of this he made fast to the first cartridge.

So! Those little devils would drop his tools, would they? They'd wreck the well, bankrupt the company and make him lose his boat, eh? Murderers, that's what they were. They had murdered Gloria. By Heaven! two could play at that game!

He let the long, shiny torpedo slip quietly into the casing mouth so as not to give them warning of what he had in mind.

McKay and his crew were awakened by a peculiar sensation; it was as if their beds had been lifted a few inches by the upward thrust of a thickly padded piston and then dropped.

"Hey! Who kicked my bunk?" inquired the driller as he sat up.

A startled voice answered him. "That's funny! Me too. Did you fellows hear anything?"

One man had, another had not. Somebody suggested an earthquake —anything was likely to happen in this accursed country. They were arguing stupidly in the dark when McKay spoke with all trace of sleepiness gone from his voice:

"Hark—My God, listen."

An instant, then he was out upon the floor and the others had followed him. They stood strained, alert. At first the hush of the desert was as complete as that of a tomb; then from somewhere came a long, sighing exhalation, not unlike breath issuing from the lungs of a wounded giant. It was an eery, penetrating sound, close yet far away; it came from nowhere, from everywhere, and it raised the hair upon the necks of the listeners. Together they tumbled out of the shanty.

There was nothing in sight except the Homestake derrick, a gaunt skeleton silhouetted by the moon; nevertheless that sigh grew, second by second, and as it continued it changed into a whistling moan, indescribably blood-curdling. The men realized finally that it came from the well. And yet that was impossible! The soil beneath their feet was trembling now; from the casing mouth issued a vibrating rumble, a rasping, gasping, gurgling roar.

Then before their staring eyes an amazing thing took place. Homestake Number One vomited into the night a geyser of black mud and water and broken stone. The burder came with a great retching, as if coughed from the very vitals of the earth, but oddly enough, instead of diminishing, the jet mounted higher, moment by moment, along with the pitch of the sound that came with it. It sprayed up, up, climbing the eighty-foot derrick section by section, until the crown block was hidden. It stood there finally, a tremendous fountain belching its rage up towards the empty sky. There was the rush of many waters; the desert was drowned beneath a deluge; there came a raw, penetrating odor of gas and petroleum.

Homestake Number One had come in.

The valley had flung off its suffocating shroud of heat; for a few hours at least there was respite. In the living room of the Fisk home the doctor and the nurse were talking quietly, soberly; occasionally they stopped and listened, for out of the night came a monotonous note like the hoarse blast of a siren many miles away. Finally thru this irritating monotone came another, the approaching rattle of a rickety automobile. The road was illuminated by the glare of headlights, then in the open doorway there appeared the figure of a man in dripping, oil-soaked garments which the dust of the road had rendered indescribably foul. His hair was matted, his face was smeared, his shoes were sodden, and when he stepped they oozed a sticky fluid the color of tar. He had, it seemed, been plunged into a lake of oil, then rolled in dirt, for he reeked with the smell of crude petroleum.

It was Donald Fisk. He stood rocking upon the threshold; the whites of his eyes glared wildly as he fixed his gaze upon the bedroom door; he tried to voice a question, but the dust was thick in his throat and he failed.

The doctor approached him, laid a hand upon his greasy sleeve, and spoke in a low tone: "She is—asleep!"

Fisk flung off the grasp, lifted his arms on high and uttered a cry of despair. "Gloria! Gloria—" He clenched his grimy fists and shook them, he began to curse in a hoarse, horrible, croaking voice.

"Hush!" The doctor seized him again, struggled with him. "Man! You don't understand. She's asleep —She's better!"

Fisk comprehended nothing at first except the sharp admonition for silence; that was all his brain could compass.

"The change came an hour ago. She has a chance. Heaven only knows what happened—"

There was a breathless pause while Donald Fisk slowly groped his way up out of utter blackness. In the silence could be heard that same faint monotone. It sounded like the distress signal of some distant liner, the whistle rope of which had been tied down.

"It was a miracle, Mr. Fisk!" the nurse piously asserted. "Strength came to her out of nowhere. She began to breathe more easily, her heart grew stronger—"

"It was the well! She was waiting—waiting. It came in an hour ago! Don't you hear it?"

"Quiet! Not so loud."

But the husband was deaf to caution. "Her soul was waiting, hovering—she wouldn't leave me as long as there was hope—" A convulsion racked the oil-soaked figure. "Homestake came in like a lion, like a thousand lions, roaring, belching—" His voice broke, he choked. "It's the biggest well in the country! Twenty thousand barrels a day or more. My head's splitting from the noise. It drowned me—deafened me! When I saw it was oil I—I cursed God!" The speaker turned, lurched blindly to the wall, and resting his head in his hands, began to sob like a little boy. "I stood there with my face to the sky and cursed God!"

Towards morning Gloria stirred, opened her eyes, listened, then smiled contentedly at her husband. He had to bow his head close to catch her whispered words: "Our boat! I was so tired! I thought I couldn't wait any longer. Then—I heard it coming in—our ship!"

"Yes, dear." He pressed his hungry lips to her cheek. "You waited —and our ship came in."

THE END

SACRIFICE SALE OF MEN'S FINE SHIRTS

A special pre-inventory purchase from one of America's leading and exclusive shirt manufacturers has enabled us to offer to the public thousands of men's finer shirts with collars attached. Fabrics include, Oxford cloth in white only and English broadcloth in white, blue, tan, green and grey. These shirts were manufactured to retail at $2.50 to $3 ea. Our price for a limited time only in lots of 3 is 3 for $4.65. When ordering specify neckband size and sleeve length. Send P. O. money order or your check to

Wholesalers Outlet Co.
1070 BROADWAY, BUFFALO, N.Y.

RADIO SERVICE
N. F. MALLERY
PHONE:
Wellsville 438 Andover 242 11

Dog Owners' Notice

Dog licenses for 1935 expired on December 31st, 1935. The 1936 license fee is due January 1st. Licenses so issued will cover the period from January 1 to December 31, 1936. Every dog must wear a tag of the current dog license year. A dog without such a tag is not protected by law and no action can be maintained for his injury or destruction.

An unlicensed dog may be seized and killed and the fact that a dog is without a tag is presumptive evidence that the dog is unlicensed.

Dog licenses must be obtained from the clerk of the city or town where the dog is harbored or kept.

License fees: Male dog, $2.25; female dog, $5.25; spayed female dog, $2.25. These amounts include clerk's fees.

No license can be issued for less than the full license year.

The owner of a dog who fails or refuses to obtain a license for the dog as required by law incurs a penalty of $10.00 and costs.

The enumerators of towns and the police departments of cities are required to prepare in January of this year a list of dog owners. The omission of the name of an owner from the enumerator's or police list will not excuse the owner from obtaining a license.

If you owned a dog last year and do not own one now, so advise the clerk of your town or city.

Dog licenses in the town of Andover are issued by A. L. BLOSS, Clerk, P. O. Address, Andover, New York. 4

Notice to Creditors

SURROGATE'S COURT:
County of Allegany.

In the matter of
The Estate of E. Park Rogers,
Deceased.

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Walter N. Renwick, Surrogate of the County of Allegany, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of E. Park Rogers, late of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Administratrices of said Estate, at the late residence of said Deceased, on Harmon Street, in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 27th day of March, 1936.

Dated September 18, 1935.

MABEL ROGERS,
MARION R. THEETGE,
Administratrices

$25 A MONTH now buys a New FORD V-8

After usual low down payment

(ANY MODEL PASSENGER CAR OR LIGHT COMMERCIAL UNIT)

UNDER NEW 6% PLAN OF UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY

Ford Dealers Offer You Three Advantages—

1. New Lower Monthly Payments—no need to pay more than $25 per month after down payment.
2. New Low Finance Cost—6% plan for 12 months, or ½ of 1% a month on total unpaid balance plus insurance.
3. New Complete Insurance—actual value—broad form fire and theft; $50 deductible collision; combined additional coverage such as damage from falling aircraft, cyclone, windstorm, earthquake, tornado, flood, riot, hail and explosion.

By arrangement with Universal Credit Company, Ford dealers now make it easier than ever for you to own a new, 1936 Ford V-8 car—*any model.* Several new plans are open to you. All these plans bring you new low-cost financing—new completeness of insurance protection.

And even more important—any of these plans brings you the greatest Ford car ever built. It offers so many fine-car features that it is being called "the most under-priced car in America".

Arrange for a demonstration today. Learn for yourself how many reasons there are for wanting a new Ford V-8. Then get down to terms—and learn how easily you can own one through these Authorized Ford Finance Plans.

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