

The Hi Herald

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THE HI HERALD

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EDITORIAL

BASEBALL

Roberta Church

Baseball is the national sport of the United States, first played as a professional sport with the old Knickerbocker Club of New York City in 1845, who also published the first rule book.

The one rule which seems rather amusing to us now, is the running around bases on a hit, as often as time permitted. Many other changes have been made to require more skill, which makes baseball more exciting and interesting.

The game requires physical alertness, speed, skill, good eyesight, courage and ability to think quickly. Last but not least, good team work and support to the pitchers is necessary for a successful baseball team. The game holds a fascination for men, children and women, especially those who have witnessed a National or American league game. Here one marvels at the ability of each player and likes to return home to boast of seeing well known ball players, such as "Dizzy" Dean, "Babe" Herman and many others.

Other countries which have accepted baseball as a popular sport and have big crowds to watch them are Canada, Australia, Cuba, Philippines, Japan and China. Japan has even sent a national team to other countries. These men are skilled in the game as are the professional ballplayers in the U. S. All of these men in foreign country leagues and in the "big leagues" in the United States first started playing a little game in the yard or in the street and thru practice have become skilled.

A. H. S. has a good baseball team this year and there is no reason why its season should not be successful if the student body gives the team its loyal support.

SENIOR INTERVIEWS

What is your name?—Beatrice Leona Sly.

Where were you born?—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

What is your favorite sport?—Basketball.

What is your favorite recreation?—Swimming.

What subject do you like best?—Math., especially Intermediate Algebra.

What books do you like best?—I don't like books.

What subject do you dislike most?—History.

What do you intend to do when you finish school?—To go somewhere to study to be a Math. teacher. I'm not sure where.

What is your ambition in life?—To really be someone.

Beatrice, the sunny dispositioned president of the Senior Class, is very popular among her student friends. She treats them all alike. She is Editor-in-Chief of the Hi Herald and a very good one, too. A member of the girls' basketball squad, and of the Girls' Glee Club. We all know Beatrice won't have to worry about "really being someone." She has a good start already, and everyone in A. H. S. wishes her well.

BOE ZECKELY COLUMN

Dear Boe:

I am having a serious time about all my boy friends. I don't see why they run off and leave me as they do. I'm very pretty and have all the qualities of making a nice girl. I am a wee bit jealous of the other girls at times but I don't like to admit it. I am especially fond of a certain man outside of school. He most usually has a part when the girls play basketball. I wish you would help me out and tell me how to gain his and the boys' affections.

—Dissatisfied.

Dear Dissatisfied:

I am afraid there isn't much hope for your case. After all, you have lots of time, being only a Sophomore. Stay away from "Jealousy" and I think in the end you will come out all right. If this matter continues, tell me and we will get to the bottom and solve the problem.

As ever, —BOE.

GRADE HONOR ROLLS ARE ANNOUNCED

The following pupils earned a place on the Honor Roll for the sixth marking period which ended Friday, April 3rd.

Second Grade

First Honors—Victor Clark, Virginia Loring, Norma Steadman.

Second Honors—Donald Baker, William Dougherty, Ruth Hardy, John Horan, Robert Jackson, Barbara Lehman, Lois Jean Mattison, Janice Walton.

Third Grade

First Honors—Florence Dodge, Wilma Goodrich, Jean Halsey, Clara Hann, Susan McAndrew, Craig Snyder, Richard Steadman, Joseph Yannie.

Second Honors—Barbara Childs, Trueman Coats, Kenneth Howland, Donald Ordway, Marjorie Vars.

Fourth Grade

First Honors—Kenneth Cook, Patrick Lynch, Charles Hall, Betty Jean Masters.

Second Honors—Norma Crowner, Francis Horan, Paul Kilbane, Anne McDonough, Dewey Northrup.

Fifth Grade

First Honors—Mary Baker, Marilyn Hardy, Barbara Jones, George Karcane, Doris Meade, Reta Nottingham, Elaine Pope, Chester Prue.

Second Honors—Edna Clair, Marion Cronk, Warren Dolan, June Glover, Martina Lynch, Betty Jean Rice.

Sixth Grade

First Honors—Anna Cooper, Wanda Dolan, Audrey Glover, Victor Oakes, Jean Rogers, Stanley Ruger, Paul Ryan, Katherine Perry.

Second Honors—John Dean, Donald Emery, John Howland, Geraldine Perry, Wendell Vars, Rose Yannie, Homer Glover.

Seventh Grade

First Honors—Jeanne Backus, Kathleen Howland, Betty Jo Ludden, Mary Mesler, Nancy Jane Snyder, John Lynch.

Second Honors—Anna Hardy, Eleanor Northrup, Roland Shaff.

Eighth Grade

First Honors—Laurence Dean, Betty Greene, Carol Walton.

Second Honors—Leslie Brundage, Letha Callaghan, Richard Clair, Pearl Goodridge, Harold Rice.

The First Grade Honor Rolls will be published next week.

—A-H-S—

"HOW'M I DOIN'?"

The Hi Herald continues the series this week, and will for several weeks, the suggestions taken from J. C. Wright's little booklet entitled "Common-Sense Conduct and Fundamental Manners for High School Pupils." As most of the A. H. S. students will be "going places" and "doing things" this week, the following suggestions seem fitting:

Manners on the Street and in Public

1. When a gentleman walks with either one or two ladies, he takes the outside of the sidewalk. He never should be sandwiched in between them.

2. When a young man walks with a young lady, he should not attract the attention of others by too loud talking, or by too ardent a manner.

3. He should not take her arm unless to save her from being run over.

4. Do not call out names in public unless it is absolutely unavoidable.

5. Do not attract attention to yourself in public by conspicuous clothes or actions.

6. Do not stare at people, nor talk in a loud voice across anyone.

7. A gentleman offers his arm to an elderly lady or invalid.

8. If a gentleman is walking with a lady, who speaks to someone, he raises his hat even if he does not know the person.

9. A gentleman gives his seat to a lady if the car or bus is crowded.

10. Do not be cross or disagreeable to a waiter. Be considerate.

—A-H-S—

GUESS WHO?

This Junior girl has dark, curly hair and dark eyes. She is a very jolly sort of person and has a characteristic laugh. This particular person is very ambitious and gets along exceptionally well in her school work. As for her friends, they are numerous. She participates in most all school activities. If I should tell you that she sure can tickle the ivories you would guess right away who she is.

Answer to last week's Guess Who—Donald Lynch.

—A-H-S—

Cornell bulletin E-321 tells how to brace trees and to treat wounds in the orchard. A penny postcard to the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y., brings a copy.

The air cleaner required more daily attention than any other part of the farm tractor.

JUNIOR CAST CHOSEN

The following people have been chosen for speaking parts in the Junior play, "The Arrival of Kitty." Leo Fulkerson, Jean Millsbaugh, Allan Tuttle, Carolyn Dolan, Bruce McGill, Hilda Clarke, Maxine Crandall, Raymond Briggs, Edwin Kemp.

The various committees important to the successful production of a play will be selected and announced in the near future.

The cast met last Wednesday afternoon to read thru the play. The first rehearsal will be held Saturday night at 7 o'clock in the gymnasium when each member of the cast is expected to have the first act memorized.

—A-H-S—

ALUMNI COME HOME

Easter greetings and welcome home, Alumni. We, the staff of the Hi Herald, wish you a happy Easter vacation.

The following have been seen on parade in our home town: Alyse Pope, Katherine Coryell, Charles Lynch and Leah Oakes on Alfred; Norbert Lynch and Jack Regan from St. Bonaventure; Bernice Williams from Rochester; Ruth Walton from Houghton and Dorothy Oakes from the Bethesda hospital, Hornell.

—A-H-S—

GUIDE POST

Monday—3:30-4:15, Orchestra; 3:30, baseball.

Tuesday—3:30-4:15, boys' chorus; 3:30, baseball.

Wednesday—3:30-4:15, girls' chorus; 3:30, baseball.

Thursday—3:30-4:15, Orchestra practice; 3:30, baseball.

Friday—3:30-4:15, Girls' chorus; 3:30, baseball.

—A-H-S—

GENIUS IN EMBRYO

"This is Mother Nature"

(Ida Mae Howland, English III.)

The wind and the trees are blowing like the reaper, in the field when mowing;

To see the country so still, On this bright sunny morn

Fills my heart with many a thrill, Like the first words of a new-born—

But this is Mother Nature!

The flowers are weaving to and fro, Like a sparrow and as old black crow

They are weary with dread and the sparrow wished he were dead,

But they both keep going along, And singing a song—

But this is Mother Nature!

—A-H-S—

Afternoon at School

(Maxine Crandall, English III.)

At half past twelve, not a child is in sight,

But the clock turns its hands with all its might;

The study hall floor is covered with litter,

The whole place is quiet, not even a titter

Is heard from this room.

It is five to one, the bell is ringing,

The students enter both whistling and singing;

The teachers start to rip and tear:

The students decide a good teacher is rare;

What do they want, a tomb?

It seems as if the time will not pass

So they can go to the next class, And when school is at last over,

The students soon the whole town cover—

Like thread scatters over a loom.

—A-H-S—

That's What They Say

(Orville Mesler)

Now, you know that peaches

Do not grow on beaches;

And they often say that crepes

Are never made from grapes.

Now you know that Mister Host,

Who moved from the Atlantic Coast

Very often says that figs,

Have no relation with pigs.

Now they say that reddish paint

Is very light; I say it ain't;

And you often hear Harry say,

"Tis quite a winter day."

—A-H-S—

Lean meat and fish, eggs, milk,

Whole grains, beans and peas are

Good sources of phosphorus in the

diet, needed for good bones and

teeth, in addition to calcium.

Plenty of soap, but little or no

bleach is the rule in laundering

sheets and other household textiles.

Too many sheets piled on a shelf

does the sheets wear at the folds,

as does ironing in the folds.

The air cleaner required more

daily attention than any other part

of the farm tractor.

Short Story PENILESS BUT MILLIONAIRES By Dorothy Nobles

"Disaster Steps Taken by Red Cross Agent—Guardmen Called Out—Governor Pledges Aid." That was the headlines of the Hornell Evening-Tribune on the morning of July 9th, two days after the disastrous flood. Many people read the paper, but few, not living right in the flood area, realized how terrible the flood really was.

However, there was one family who realized it far too well, and that was the Smiths. A week before the flood they had been well and happy people of the hard-working middle class, having no idea of the horrible experience which the future held for them. The flood left them homeless, without money, clothing or food. But the Smiths did not complain, because they came so close to having far more terrible things happen to them that they really felt lucky.

The Smith family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Bud, who is 15, and baby Ellen, who is two. Ellen is a good-natured, pretty, dark curly haired baby, who adores her brother, Bud, as everyone does. Bud is a typical, all-around boy. His life has been much the same as that of any child, with its joys, sorrows, troubles, and mischief. Yes, one of Bud's greatest delights is playing tricks on some unsuspecting person, but they are never mean tricks—just tricks which their victim enjoys as much as Bud himself. School is to Bud a bore, but sports mean everything to him. As for dressing up, how he hates that! He feels happiest when in dirty, torn overalls, his freckled face and hands unwashed, and red hair flying in the wind. Mischief seems to lurk in his dancing brown eyes.

The Smith home was a simple bungalow on the outskirts of Hornell. Here they were contented. Last July Mr. and Mrs. Smith decided to take a vacation as they had done for many years. Bud was now old enough to stay with Ellen for a few days, with the neighbors' assistance in cooking their food and caring for Ellen. Mr. Smith had always wanted to see a big league baseball game, so they made Detroit their destination.

They left their home early on Sunday evening, July 7th, to go to Hornell, where they were to take a train for Detroit. Bud and Ellen were left home alone, because Mrs. Brown, a neighbor, was to come in early in the morning.

The weather man had predicted rain, as he never fails to do when one is planning a vacation. No sooner had the Smiths started to Hornell than the prediction became a reality. As rain is not uncommon, they thought nothing of this. But it continued to rain, and water started to fill the streets. The water gradually became higher and higher, and still it did not stop raining.

By this time, the rivers which had already been bankfull, were commencing to overflow, and houses near them were becoming flooded. The water in some houses had come as much as 40 inches above the floor of the first story, a total of six or seven feet from the ground. The interiors of the houses were sorry sights, floors, walls and furniture coated with thick, slimy mud.

From mud-filled streets, cars turned into avenues smooth with water, and churned in deeper and deeper. Occupants of houses crowded doors and windows, some even venturing out on porches. Even after midnight few thought of sleep.

Automobiles, helpless in the swirling flood, were washing into grotesque clusters. Some of the cars were smashed into trees, others merely soaked and mud-encrusted.

And while all of this was happening, the Smiths were anxiously waiting the arrival of their train, which was many hours behind schedule. Time passed, and still the train did not arrive. Mr. and Mrs. Smith became more and more worried when they realized the state of affairs, and they became convinced that they should return home. So they started. Water swirled around the car. The hitherto reliable old Ford went a few feet, then sputtered and stopped. With all Mr. Smith's endeavors it would not start.

"Oh, John, what shall we do?" mumbled Mrs. Smith to her husband.

"Don't worry, Marie. I'm sure the children will be all right."

"Well, they probably will, but that old dam above the house has always been weak. Suppose it should give way and the children should drown. I wish we hadn't started on this old trip anyway," Marie complained.

"Now, dear, don't let your nerves upset you. What we must do now is get in out of this ourselves."

Just then they saw a rescue truck coming up the road towards them. They hailed it and got in. These trucks had been used thruout the night to carry on the work of rescue and relief. All available boats were transported to areas where water was too deep for the passage of motor vehicles. The truck took the Smiths, along with many other flood survivors, to a place of safety.

Now let us leave the parents for a while, and return to their home where Bud, Ellen and their faithful dog, Rin, were fast asleep. Suddenly Rin was awakened by a queer roaring noise. He barked and Bud woke up.

"Be quiet, Rin, and let me sleep,"

WELLSVILLE THEATRES

Babcock Theatre

Matinees - 10 and 25c
Evenings - 10 and 35c

Friday-Saturday, April 17-18

GEORGE BRENT
GENEVIEVE TOBEN

in
"SNOWED UNDER"

and
DICK FORAN in

"SONG OF THE
SADDLE"

Sunday-Tuesday, April 19-21

WARNER BAXTER
GLORIA STUART in

"PRISONER SHARK
ISLAND"

Wednesday-Thursday, Apr. 22-23

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
MYRNA LOY in

"PETTYCOAT
FEVER"

Temple Theatre

Saturday Matinees 10-20c
Nights and Sundays - 10-25c

Saturday-Sunday, April 18-19

CHARLES BICKFORD
FLORENCE RICE in

"PRIDE OF THE
MARINES"

and
JANE WITHERS in

"GENTLE JULIA"

was Bud's retort. But Rin continued his barking so Bud decided to investigate, altho he was sure nothing could be wrong. First, he looked in Ellen's bed, but she was sound asleep.

Then suddenly he, too, heard the strange noise. He ran to the window and saw a mass of water below. Then Bud realized that this must be a flood! Quickly he ran downstairs, but the floor was covered with water. He knew there was nothing he could do.

"Well," Bud muttered to himself, "I'll just go back to bed, and probably by morning the water will be gone." So he again retired.

But in the morning the water was even deeper, and Bud was nearly crazy with fright. He knew that if the dam at the old amusement park broke, their home would be swept away, because it was on the side of the hill, just down from the dam so as to catch the worst of the water tide.

No neighbors could reach the children, and Bud could not control poor Ellen, who could not understand these queer happenings. All day Bud watched anxiously out the window for aid, or to see if the dam was still holding. He realized that it would not be able to hold long, because it had always been weak.

Then it happened! The dam gave way, and the rushing torrent started down the hillside.

"Please help me save sister Ellen," Bud prayed.

The torrent reached the barn, which was a long distance from the house. Barn and livestock were swept away. Then went the chicken coop and Bud knew that the house would be next.

"Good-bye, little sister," he stammered, as he kissed Ellen, with tears streaming down his cheeks.

But the unbelievable happened. Bud heard the front door suddenly opened. He rushed to the top of the stairs and looked down. Who should be there but his father, mother, and a party of rescuers in a boat.

"Mother! Father!" Bud sobbed with relief. "We thought we were going to be drowned."

The children were quickly put in the boat. It didn't take the rescuers long to leave this dangerous scene. They left the house just in the nick of time to escape the rushing torrent, which carried the house away as if it were a feather.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith will never cease praising the good luck which brought them to their home just in time to save their children from a horrible death, and Bud will never forget his narrow escape. So, altho the Smiths are now penniless, they feel like millionaires when they realize how close they came to losing their most cherished possessions, their children.

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

By Mac Arthur

