

# ANDOVER NEWS

PROGRESSIVE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR ALLEGANY COUNTY PEOPLE, IN POLITICS INDEPENDENT, BUT NEVER NEUTRAL

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## WITH OUR SOLDIER BOYS IN TRAINING

Interesting Things the Editor has scribbled for you from Private letters from our Soldier Boys now in the National Army.

While the News has not received a single line for publication from any of the boys who Andover some weeks ago to go into training in the National Army, we have been permitted the privilege of several very interesting private letters, and take the liberty of using extracts from them for the benefit of our people.

At we may in no measure be sorry to "getting the boys in training" we withhold all names. There's a line from an Andover in Camp Dix.

Well, I am somewhat of a soldier now; I have nearly all my uniform, but I have a lot to go. I left Belmont about 12:30 on Monday and arrived in Camp Dix about 6 o'clock, Friday morning. Some trip, I say; some tired boy as well. We got any sleep on the train, but we get any Friday. They are thru examinations, which is a good while, there were so many of us. And then we were ordered for clothing and shoes then mustered in.

Porter Richardson, Dan Mulder, Charles Hammond, Ernest Mort Driscoll and Beeman are in the same barracks. Some one said we don't get food in the army. Tell them they're wrong. I get a plenty, good food too, and a good night's sleep.

Some of our boys at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., in a letter to a friend, writes, among other things, as follows:

After a hard struggle, I have found time to send you a letter. We are in Spartanburg, situated in a nice military town, but it has taken a lot of work and there certainly is more to be done.

When we arrived here our site was a field of stumps. It does not take 150 men to establish a street, they get at it and work. The stumps, cleared land, made roads and now are nearly satisfied with our camp.

The water here is fine and it is going to be a nice town or a continent. No mosquitoes yet, have found us, so it is a blessing.

It is very cold here nights, necessary to have a fire in tent stoves. Most of us wear coats or sweaters. I came in from 24 hours post guard duty. That is, you have four meals in a day, you and have to look after yourself. Of course that

## SERGEANT HARDY NOW

Corporal Harold Hardy, formerly of the 46th Infantry, stationed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, has been transferred to the National Army at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.

He has recently been promoted to Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant, to take effect Oct. 2nd. Sergeant Hardy has charge of all of the quartermaster supplies needed for his regiment, the 329th National Army.

## ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO "DO OUR BIT."

The Red Cross in Urgent Need of Money for Yarn. Women Will Knit. Men Must Furnish the Materials.

At a Red Cross meeting Tuesday evening a committee was appointed to solicit funds for the purchase of yarn for outfits for the soldiers.

Andover's share is one hundred outfits, each consisting of a sweater, a muffler, a pair of socks and a pair of wristlets.

The ladies have volunteered to knit these outfits and it is now up to the people to donate enough money to buy the yarn.

The yarn for each outfit costs \$5.00 so we are to raise \$500.00 for these 100 outfits.

This committee will make a house to house canvass in the country as well as in the village. Be prepared to see them and give them a good generous subscription.

Remember that some of the best boys Andover produced have gone to war. They have left good jobs, good friends and good homes and will give their lives if necessary that we may have a country in which to live in peace.

Now it is up to Andover people to provide for their health and comfort so do not do it grudgingly but cheerfully and willingly.

Ask yourself how much it is worth to you to have some one do this work for you and then pay all it is worth.

The people of Andover have never laid down on a job of this kind and we are sure they will not do so now.

## NEW MEMBERS FOR RED CROSS

Mrs. Wade Thetge, Mrs. Roy Brundage, Mrs. Emmett Robinson, Mrs. Alice Yeisley.

It is hard for some, but we are one big family, and help each other as much as possible.

"We have no sickness that is serious as yet in our company, and we eat like wolves.

"We drill eight hours a day. That is, dig trenches and instructions in battle, so do not have much time to ourselves."

## DAIRYMAN'S LEAGUE COURT INVESTIGATION

District Attorney Swann Says "The League Has New York by the Throat." Will Go to Grand Jury.

The News publishes the following from The New York Sun of Oct. 3rd. It tells us how the consumers of milk feel. They can see but this side, of course.

Asserting that the Dairymen's League has New York "by the throat" as far as milk prices are concerned, District Attorney Swann announced to-day that evidence of apparent violations of the Donnelly act on the part of the farmers' organization would be presented to the Grand Jury at the conclusion of the primary fraud investigation—probably on Monday.

Nine separate complaints have been made to the District Attorney on the actions of the Dairymen's League. The evidence Mr. Swann said, showed more clear violations of the Donnelly act prohibiting combinations in restraint of trade than those committed by the poultry trust, the officers and board of directors of which were convicted by District Attorney Whitman and sent to the penitentiary for three months each.

"We have the names and addresses of the officers and board of directors of the Dairymen's League," said the District Attorney. "They are the men who have New York by the throat and stated that the death of 400 infants in the city can be traced directly to the increase in the price of milk."

## One Complaint for Grand Jury

The evidence in the case of Louis Kadans of 308 Greenwich Street will be presented to the Grand Jury when it meets to consider the milk situation next week. Kadans owned a plant in Delaware County and took 12,000 pounds of milk daily from forty-six farmers. Up to Oct. 1, Kadans worked in harmony with and thru the Dairymen's League.

"A few days before Oct. 1," said Kadans in a statement to Assistant District Attorney James E. Smith, "I went to the office of the Dairymen's League at 110 West Fortieth Street, where I saw President-Cooper, Vice-President Thomson and Secretary Manning. They asked me whether I was ready to sign a new contract. I told them I could not afford the price they demanded. They wanted \$3 a 100 pounds and 4 cents for each additional point. They told me 'That is our price. If you don't sign we will tell the farmers not to deliver any milk on Oct. 1 or thereafter.'"

A few days later Kadans said he went to his plant in Delaware County and found no milk had been delivered. He was told by the farmers, he said, that they had received orders from headquarters not to deliver any milk until Kadans signed a contract.

Further working of the Dairymen's League were revealed in testimony given the District Attorney by John F. McCauley, treasurer of the Model Dairy Company, 246 Eighth Avenue.

"On Thursday, Sept. 27, I was invited to meet a commission at the meeting of the New York State Milk Dealers' Conference, held at 2 Rector Street," testified McCauley. "This committee was composed of President Cooper, Secretary Manning and their attorney, Mr. Millers.

The conference was opened by President Wixson of the Board of By-Products Company saying to Cooper: 'Don't you think it is an unjust thing to make the poor people of the East Side pay for the manufacture of milk that is not worth a dollar a gallon?'

## MAKE ALLEGANY DRY

In a private letter from George C. Rosa, of Wellsville, to the News he says, "The issue this year is Americanism, patriotism, and efficiency in support of the war. It has the support of many men who never have helped in a dry campaign. It ought to be possible to hold all of our dry towns dry and to pull over the two wet ones in the dry column, making Old Allegany All Dry."

## BAPTIST PASTOR GOES TO WAR SUNDAY

Rev. A. S. Wall Receives Commission as Chaplain with Rank of 1st Lieutenant Mounted, Leaves for Camp Dix Sunday

Rev. Arthur S. Wall, pastor of the First Baptist Church of this village, received word Wednesday afternoon, something like this: "Officers report you well qualified for commission of chaplain which will follow shortly."



In less than three hours from the receipt of this letter he had this telegram: "Chaplain A. S. Wall: 'Order is issued this date directing you to proceed to Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., and report to Commanding General for assignment. Comply with least practical delay.'"

Mr. Wall has been in Andover for the last seven months and is dearly loved by his congregation who sincerely regret to lose him, but are reconciled in the thought of the much greater opportunity for good that has opened to him.

Chaplain Wall is pleased that he is to be for a time at least with Camp Dix men, as there is where our Allegany County boys are mostly located. He will start for service at 3 o'clock Sunday morning.

## JESSE SWINK

The death of Mr. Jesse Swink has removed one of its citizens who from childhood has been active in Andover affairs. He was born about 64 years ago, and with the exception of a few years spent in Springville, N. Y., has been a resident of Andover.

About four years ago he returned to Andover to make his home, and very shortly afterward became afflicted with a cancer. He suffered heroically the ravages of this disease, manifesting a patience and courage that were inspiring to all who came into contact with him. He was distinguished all his life for the patience which marked his last days, and has always been a devoted husband and father.

He leaves to mourn his loss an aged mother, a sister, Mrs. Beas, a brother, P. M. Swink, a daughter, Mrs. Chas. Clark, and a devoted wife, all of Andover, and a son, Germain Swink, a resident of Portland, Oregon.

Interment was made in Valley Brook Cemetery following funeral services in the Presbyterian Church, conducted by Revs. H. C. Williams and H. D. Bacon, of

## WHAT LIFE IS ON THE YUKON RIVER

Hell's Pass, 5-Finger Rapids, the Route Down Which Gold-Mad Men Stampeded to Nome as They Rushed to Dawson

The man who makes the Yukon river trip from Dawson to St. Michael will never regret it, but he will never make it but once—unless he is obliged to.

After Dawson is left the schedule is one long trip of uncertainty and discomforts—and they grow worse as the lower river is reached. "Tourists be damned," I heard the first mate say to another officer, "get the freight."

But the discomforts, anxieties and uncertainties come later on. For the first thousand miles the trip was most interesting, and with the weather warm and bright, it was with keen enjoyment that we sat day after day on the deck, and watched the many places of interest along the crooked stream.

At Seattle a lady came on board. She lived at Forty Mile, and had lived there for over twenty years. She went, outside, over the trail, in the winter for a surgical operation and was returning.

If there was ever a booster for the North Land, it was she. She loved it, she yearned for it, she could hardly wait to get home, and she told me if I would only stop off at Forty Mile and wait for the next steamer down she and her husband would show me some of the real joys of living in that would long make me remember the North. She said her husband would meet her at Dawson with a launch and she urged me to join them. But a thirty mile launch trip did not appeal to me, so I decided to stick to the boat and perhaps drop off after I had seen the town.

The next day I asked the purse if I could lay over at Forty Mile for the next boat if the town looked good to me and I concluded to stop.

"Nothing doing," he replied. "Your ticket will allow you to lay over all right, but the Canadian government won't. You are on an American bottom and you can't get off in Canadian territory." And then he remarked he reckoned I wouldn't care to stop after I had seen the town.

In the morning we reached Forty Mile and the boat remained long enough to unload a little freight and load on the countless show cases and fixtures of a once big company store that had died for want of business.

A dozen log cabins, a dilapidated big road house, a wireless station, a little store, and a couple of red-coated Northwest Mounted Police. That was Forty Mile—

the wonderful North Land the lady had told me about for days. This was the home she was homesick and heart-sick to get back to.

The wireless man told me there were only two white women within a radius of 50 miles square; that the most of the miners had left the country and the town would soon be deserted. "Even the road house has let its license lapse, and the town is sure gone now," he moaned.

Forty Mile has had an up and down existence. There is gold there, but not rich ground, no big strikes, and time and again just when the camp on Forty Mile river, back from the town, had settled down to a slow but steady producing proposition, then would come news of a big strike somewhere down the river and the miners would stampede for it like a flock of sheep—grabbing anything that would float and rushing to the new diggings.

I learned that the husband of the lady was foreman of a dredge outfit that an English company had long been operating on the Forty Mile river, but that one dredge was abandoned and the other would soon be, as the river had been worked out.

And as we sat on the bank watching the deck hands load the store fixtures the radio man rushed down, very much excited, and handed us a bulletin. The passengers on deck called to us to know what it was, so I mounted the store steps, summoned up my oratory and said:

Amsterdam dispatch says Kaiser has abdicated in favor of Prince Joachim. Great stress in imperial circles.

This was wonderful news in a newspaperless country, and it was the only news we heard from the outside for a thousand miles further down the river. So while we fought mosquitos we discussed it, argued it, doubted it, dissected it and made it last.

The entire length of the Yukon has Indian villages scattered along, and between them are scattered cabins where one or two Indian families live alone. And for hundreds of miles along the river runs the trail, over which travelers, miners and prospectors rush in and out during the long winter months.

The upper river Indians live to-day as they lived before the first Russian ever came up the Yukon—they exist. They care nothing for the white man's gold—salmon is what they want, fish for their bellies and the dogs before the long arctic night sets in. So they build fish wheels of logs and poles, anchor them near the shore at a point where the fish are likely to "run" and the wheel never stops turning while the summer lasts.

The fish are dressed and dried. You will see hundreds of the red salmon hanging from poles. When thoroughly dried they are stored in caches on the top of a framework of poles, six or eight feet from the ground, where the dogs and

### Citizens' Rally!

At the M. E. Church,  
Sunday Evening, October 14, 7:30  
Rev. L. P. Tucker, D. D.  
OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Will set forth the Moral Question now before the People of Andover

LET EVERY CITIZEN BE PRESENT

(Continued on Editorial Page)

### BUY A Liberty Bond WE HAVE

C. W. WILLIAMS  
GROCERIES CROCKERY