

# ANDOVER NEWS

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

XXXI. NO. 48

FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 30, 1917.

TERMS \$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
FIVE CENTS PER COPY

## ANNUAL REPORT TOWN OF ANDOVER

Pay the Highway and Miscellaneous Account Money Town was Expended During the past year.

HIGHWAY FUND	
Receipts	
on hand from	
previous year	\$ 100.93
tax collected pursuant to sections 90 and 91	2,313.00
received from State and aid pursuant to section 101	1,387.80
received from certificates of indebtedness under section 102	600.00
Total receipts	\$4,401.73
Expenditures	
for repairs including	
labor work	3,747.56
and construction of ditches and culverts	201.94
expenditures for the repair and improvement of highways	\$3,949.50
not expended October 31, 1917	451.63

BRIDGE FUND	
Receipts	
on hand from previous year	33.82
received from collector pursuant to sections 90 and 91	2,500.00
receipts for repair and construction of bridges	\$2,533.82
Expenditures	
for team work for repair and maintenance of bridges	930.59
for repair and maintenance of bridges	478.40
construction of new bridges	735.54
expenditures for repair and maintenance of bridges	\$2,144.53
not expended, Oct. 31, 1917	\$389.29

MACHINERY FUND	
Receipts	
on hand from previous year	.00
received from collector pursuant to section 90 and 91	650.00
received from other sources mentioned above. Describe the source: rent of land and cruser and	232.18
Total receipts	\$882.18
Expenditures	
purchase of machinery, tools and implements	339.46
repair of machinery, tools and implements	107.13
Expenditures	\$446.59
not expended, Oct. 31, 1917	\$435.59

AND MISCELLANEOUS FUND	
Receipts	
on hand from previous year	.00
collected pursuant to sections 90 and 91	300.00
Total receipts	\$300.00
Expenditures	
for removing obstructions covered by snow	119.45
for water for watering highways	36.00
for miscellaneous purposes. Describe the purpose: snow fence	24.65
Expenditures	\$180.10
not expended, Oct. 31, 1917	\$114.90

CONTRIBUTION TO THE TOWN SUPERINTENDENT AND DEPUTY TOWN SUPERINTENDENT	
for 30 days at \$3.00 per equal	\$650.40
TOWN SUPERVISOR AND TOWN SUPERVISOR'S ALLOWANCE	
which is allowed the supervisor pursuant to section 110 of the Highway Law	\$0.00
which is allowed the town pursuant to section 110 of the Highway Law	\$5.00
of Allegany County, New York	\$5.00
Common supervisor	\$5.00

## FREE PREACHER GETS POETICAL

Rev. Chas. Collins Has Met Spell and Submits it to News Readers

Last Tuesday the Rev. Chas. Collins entered the editorial sanctum with a pensive air of poetic abstraction and announced that he had written a "pome." Cross-questioned he admitted being somewhat addicted to such practices, but tried sternly and vainly, to repress the tendency. Being challenged to produce a specimen of his genius, he produced the following. We can only add that hereafter we are ready to give a more respectful hearing to the doctrine of total depravity as he may expound it, for we consider this alleged "pome" striking evidence of it. This brain-storm seems to be dedicated to General Byng. A, shades of Shakespeare and of Keats, what poet one nowadays meets! But to the "pome," here it is:

O General Byng!  
You didn't do a thing  
By jing!

You make 'em sing  
You and Per-shing.  
You sent out those tanks  
And mowed down their ranks  
And beat on their flanks  
'Till they said, "No, Thanks!"  
This is no camouflage;  
This is no mere barrage.  
This is the real thing.  
The choice is nice meat  
Or one "strategic retreat,"  
Shrapnel and lead!  
How they fled!

O, General Byng!  
By jing!  
It's you to bring  
Up the right and left wing  
And swing  
The thing.  
And Per-shing.  
You made 'em hop  
Over the top  
And never stop  
Until they should drop  
On a few "boshes"  
Or Hungarian Goulashes  
Any, central power joshes  
Such as Mahomedan Turks  
And remind 'em  
Where e'er they should find 'em  
They're not the whole works!  
Brave General Bing!  
And all your staff!  
It is to sing!  
It is to laugh!  
It is by jing!  
So let her ring!  
Byng and Pershing  
Fine neighbors!  
By your labors  
And those cavalry sabres  
Be jabbers!  
Bravely you faced 'em  
Valiantly chased 'em  
Over the trenches  
With their gases and stenches  
Smashed that Hindenburg line;  
Sent the enemy flyin'  
Back to that dear Rhine.  
O Boy! It was fine.  
Byng! Pershing!  
We laugh, we sing!  
O, "Frightfulness" where is thy  
victory!  
O, Kaiser, where is thy sting!

the town of Andover, being duly sworn deposes and says that he is the person mentioned as submitting the foregoing report; that the amounts stated therein to have been received by him as supervisor of such town are all that he has received as such officer for the purposes therein stated; that the expenditures specified therein have in fact been made for the purposes and to the persons indicated; that all of such expenditures were made in good faith, for value received and in the manner required by the Highway Law; that the balances therein specified are all the moneys remaining in his hands of the moneys received by him as provided by laws on account of the highways and bridges of such town.

JOHN COMMON,  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of November, 1917.  
JERRY STEPHENS,  
Justice of the Peace.

## WITH OUR SOLDIER BOYS IN TRAINING

Chaplain A. S. Wahl and Ernest Gill Contribute this week to the Information and Edification of Andover People.

307 Field Artillery, Camp Dix, N. J. Nov. 20th, 1917.

Mr. Harvey Backus Andover, N. Y.  
My dear Brother:  
I received several letters from my Andover friends and was mighty glad for them, they cheer a fellow up many times. I am surprised that the Huns are getting away with the old s'ale lies of theirs in Andover and other places about the Red Cross selling the units to the men or that they are only for convalescents and that they have to pay eight dollars for them, now this is certainly not true, for I have personally looked after the units that were sent here and many of the men who went south got theirs first. I have ordered about two hundred more for our men who do not have them, but they are forth-coming. Now please write in your paper that this is a contemptible Hun lie, only like them, or some snake-like Pro-German.

We all enjoy the life here at Camp Dix, N. J. All of the Andover boys are getting along fine; some have already begun to rise in the ranks. I get to see the boys often, for a fact most every day. They run in to see me evenings. I visit the barracks and have chats with the men. As to the food and quarters—I will enclose a list that I asked Private Porter Richardson, or rather Sergeant Richardson as it is now.

Menu for three successive days at Battery C. mess' hall, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1917, ending Friday, Nov. 2, 1917.

Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1917.  
Breakfast—  
Corn Flaké with Milk  
Hash Fried Potatoes  
Bread Coffee  
Dinner—  
Soup  
Beef Steak Potatoes  
Stewed Tomatoes Gravy  
Bread Coffee Bread Pudding  
Supper—  
Beef Stew  
Corn Flakes with Syrup  
Bread and Tea  
Thursday, Nov. 1, 1917.

Friday, Nov. 2, 1917.  
Breakfast—  
Beef ala Mode  
Hash Brown Potatoes  
Oat Meal and Milk  
Bread and Coffee  
Dinner—  
Noodle Soup  
Roast Beef Brown Gravy  
Mashed Potatoes  
Cornstarch Pudding with Milk  
Bread and Coffee  
Supper—  
Creamed Salmon Boiled Potatoes  
Stewed Prunes  
Hot Biscuits and Tea  
Friday, November 2, 1917.

Saturday, Nov. 24, 1917.  
Dear Father and Mother:  
I have been on guard duty last night all night, guarding the freight and depot and the supply house which runs in a line with it, and believe me it was a dangerous job. It was so dark I couldn't see six feet ahead of me, and freight cars all around close by the depot. I had a look and see if every car was free from bo's and tramps with my flash light. I was armed with a 38 caliber revolver, and also a rifle with a bayonet on the end. It was awful lonesome there, I was guarding from 4:30 Friday night up till 4:30 Saturday morning. Gee! I was glad when daylight came. I halted two Negroes during the middle of the night. They were coming down the railroad track, and I leveled my gun at them and hollered halt. They stopped, so I told them to advance to be recognized, and when they got about 10 feet from me I halted them again, and flashed my light on them, and still held them with my pistol till I called for Corporal of Guard, I am all thru for the day, so I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know I am still alive, well and happy.

Well, at last I am coming home as we are going to have a five-day furlough beginning Wednesday noon, Nov. 23th, till Monday noon, Dec. 3rd. I will leave Camp Dix Wednesday afternoon early and will arrive in Andover about five-fifteen in the morning as I am going to take the flyer from Trenton to Andover, the flyer that goes from New York to Chicago, and the train is supposed to go right thru Andover, but it will stop at any depot for all New York passengers. So if nothing happens I will be on that one, as I will be the only one to get off at Andover.

Well I will have to close now with love to all and good luck.  
Your son, Ernest.

The man who found a real estate bargain, which doubled in value in a short time, was a reader of the classified ads.

## ST. MICHAEL, THE OLD FRONTIER TOWN

A Visit to a Reindeer Farm. Amazon River Squaw Owner of Herd of 1200—Barge of 400 Tons of Steel Rails Sinks

(By M. J. Brown)

"My God! Eight hours more!" I read this exclamation of despair, written on the claphoard of the baggage room as the tug brought us ashore at St. Michael and I had misgivings. I speculated on what our incarceration would be like.

We went up from the landing to the hotel. There were about 50 passengers, 40 of whom were going out. The big hotel had burned to the ground a week before and a big bunk house, formerly used for the large force of longshoremen was transformed into a hotel. We lined up and registered.

The rates were \$4 per day, and two or more must be put into every room. There was not a restaurant, lunch counter or any other accommodation in the town. It wasn't a case of "take it or leave it," it was plain "take it."

Evidently the kitchen squad had seen us coming and for fortifying. They were cooking cabbage, but the tourists did not know this. They registered, then hurried outside, holding their noses. And then a Big Idea inspired me.

About 40 of the tourists wanted to wait for the Victoria and make the inside passage going out from Nome, touching at Seward, Cordovia and other coast towns, while about ten wanted to get to Seattle as one fellow expressed it, "as quick as God will let me." The other 10 would stop at Nome.

I went to the agent and asked him how many passengers it would be necessary for the outside passage (direct to Seattle) to have the Umatilla return from Nome, as I had learned it would only delay her passage four or five hours. He said if there were enough who would make the outside trip no doubt the boat would return, but he said statements did not go, he must have the tickets deposited with him.

And then I got busier than an insurance man. I hunted up the passengers, scattered all over the town, and presented my scheme. We would have to serve at least eight days before the Victoria would arrive, while if they would go on the outside passage the boat would return for us.

The original ten were easy, and finally I persuaded five more, three ladies and two men. A party of eight from Los Angeles I could not move. They had tickets for the inside passage and they were going to make it, if they had to stay in St. Michael until the last boat. I turned in the 15 tickets and the agent said he would

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wireless Nome and would reply at eight o'clock.

Then a waiter on our ship, an Austrian, who I had given a tip, came to me with confidential advice to "save my legs." He said the sailing company and the hotel played a game together, that our stay in the town meant \$200 a day to the hotel and the boat would never return. He had the right idea.

Then I went down to the wharf and under the lament of the former sufferer, I wrote—  
"My God! Eight DAYS more." And later on I changed it to 12 days—for that was our sentence. And days before the boat started out that party of eight went into self-scourging because they had refused to change their route. A lady had found a worm on her lettuce.

While the two weeks in St. Michael were tedious and one grew very impatient at times, yet this oldest of Alaskan towns was wonderfully full of stories, and I think the time pass'd more quickly with me than with any other passenger, and during the 12 days' exile I gained 12 pounds in weight.

St. Michael is, I believe, the first settlement in Western Alaska—many, many years before there was ever a white man at Nome, and many years before we purchased it from Russia. It was the first town between Wrangell and Nome, 2100 miles, that was not built of logs, although there are a few of the ancient log buildings of the Russians yet standing in splendid preservation—on of which was being remodelled for a school for white children. And it was very interesting to me to note the way those log houses were built, as the workers sawed thru the logs for windows for the school house.

Each log was grooved, hollowed out, so that it would seat over the log under, and before the log was fitted, dry moss was laid between. This made a very warm building.

There is no timber along the lower Yukon, and St. Michael is built of lumber, all shipped in from the outside, and you may be certain no unnecessary buildings were erected, or any waste room in the houses. All the fuel, soft coal in sacks, has to be shipped in from the states. The army posts had just received 9000 sacks and the soldiers were busy unloading it.

The first place of interest that got me was a Russian fort, not a dozen rods from the hotel. It was an octagon in shape, about 100 feet across, built of heavy logs, and with a roof running to a peak. Russian cannons, curious guns, with solid iron wheels, and the barrels fastened to the standards with ropes. All around the blockhouse are holes, with barred doors, for the use of the cannons, and above them long slits, about three inches wide, for the use of the small arms. They told me this block house was built in 1700.

On the main street of the town is another old Russian building, wire-

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