

THE ANDOVER NEWS

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

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BANISHED IN 1859 ON CHARLES ISLAND

Newspaper Story Recalls
Harrowing Experience of
William McDonough

A recent article in a New York newspaper, telling of an exploring expedition made by the "Harrison Williams Galapagos Expedition," was of particular interest to at least one Andover man, William McDonough, one of our "Grand Old Men". It brought back to his memory eighteen mighty long days passed on one of the islands described, when it seemed to him that every one and everything was against him, and death was the brightest prospect ahead of him.

Sixty-four years ago the 4th day of last March, William McDonough, then a young man in his twentieth year, was put off the whaling bark, "Morning Star", with Capt. Henry Norton, Commander of New Bedford, Mass. for mutiny and banished on the Charles Island, one of the Galapagos group, to starve.

In telling the editor of the News his experience on the island, the other day, Mr. McDonough said he was as innocent of the charge as the editor was. Trouble had been brewing with the ship's crew some time. Finally, at a time when the captain was ashore on a spree, a number of the ship's crew undertook to get away by stealing a boat, and leaving for the gold fields of California. They were caught, however and returned, placed in prison, one being shot. The real leader of the conspiracy was one of the ship's most valued and experienced whalers. They could not get along without him. Some one had to be the goat, and young McDonough and a negro were picked to act that capacity. They were given their choice of being flogged with a "cat-o-nine-tails" or being banished to one of the islands. The negro took the flogging, but McDonough took the island.

When left to starve on Charles Island, Mr. McDonough's sole earthly possessions was a pair of blue overalls, a blue flannel shirt, a sheath-knife and belt and a plug of tobacco. He was barefooted, and had no hat to protect his head from the scorching rays of the tropical sun.

Some time previously the ship's crew with which Mr. McDonough was sailing, had landed on Charles Island in search of meat for food. He knew, therefore that there was a spring of good water on the island. But it was on the other side of the island from the place where he was left, some eighty miles straight across but much further, around by the sea coast. He started to walk the distance, but he had to follow the ocean beach, as the only food which he could find were the little red crabs that he caught along the water line. In some manner he injured one of his feet before he had been on the island many days and the journey was made painful and long because of the fact. The foot became terribly sore and swollen. He had no idea how many days he was making the trip but finally, nearer death than alive, faint and hungry and thirsty, he reached the spring. He told the editor he drank nine bottles of water without stopping when he got to that spring, and then two more bottles. There was a bottle at the spring, left by others who had landed at the island.

After he reached the spring he tried to start a fire to cook food, but was too weak from the exposure, and too sick from the use of the salt water and crabs. He did manage to kill a jackass, which he says were very plentiful there at the time, and kept life in his body by consuming this raw meat.

A few years previous to Mr. McDonough's visit to Charles Island, in 1859, it had been inhabited by a gang of criminals, who had been banished there for murder. They had succeeded in killing the ship's crew of the ship that had landed there for hunting wild cattle, taking possession of their boat and making good their escape.

After passing eighteen terrible days on the island, the crew from the bark "Mary Frances", of Warren, R. I., with Capt. Charles Rue in command, landed on the island for the purpose of hunting wild cattle, which were quite plentiful there, and Mr. McDonough was rescued from his imprisonment.

Not long ago Mr. McDonough made a casual acquaintance of a tourist passing thru Andover, who gave him his address, New Bedford, Mass. and he told of his experience emanating from that town. Only a few weeks later Mr. McDonough was much pleased and surprised by receiving a picture of the old bark, "Morning Star" from this gentleman, which he regards as one of his most valued possessions.

The island spoken of in the article

W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. Henry Livermore, this Friday afternoon. Mrs. Henry Livermore and Mrs. Elvin Livermore, directors.

ANDOVER SILK CO. MAKING RAPID PROGRESS

Will Amalgamate With Albert Godde, Bedin & Cie
Bright Prospects

It is with much pleasure that Andover people learn of the big success that has come to our leading industry, the Silk Mill.

The company has called a special meeting of its stockholders for June 11th, for the purpose of raising its capital stock from \$200,000 to \$800,000 and changing the name of the company from the Andover Silk Co. to Albert Godde, Bedin, Inc.

While, naturally, Andover people will feel sorry to have the name "Andover Silk Co." eliminated, when it is to be replaced with that of one with national and international reputation, with offices in San Francisco, St. Louis and New York, Albert Godde, Bedin, Inc., known the world over as being leaders in the wholesale silk industry, our sorrow turns to pride.

This proposed change in the organization is virtually a pooling of interests of the manufacturing and sales department, into one grand magnificent corporation. The Andover Silk Co. has always sold the output of their mills to Albert, Godde, Bedin & Cie.

General Supt. J. H. Faisant expressed himself yesterday as much pleased with the outlook for the company, and has great faith for the success of the industry. This merger, he believes, will supply the very things that have been lacking in the past to make the company one of the biggest and most progressive silk companies in America.

as having an extinct volcano, Mr. McDonough tells us was the Island of Albemarle, the largest of the Galapagos group, and that the volcano was very "active" while he was in those waters.

No wonder the article was of much interest to "Uncle Billy" McDonough, and will become so to our readers after perusing his experiences there. Here is the article:

With a full load of weird and rare zoological specimens from the Galapagos Islands, a romantic and little explored group six hundred miles west of Ecuador, the steam yacht Noma, carrying the "Harrison Williams Galapagos Expedition," arrived here yesterday after an absence of two and a half months.

Among the collection are penguins, flightless cormorants, monster horned marine and land lizards, doves, mocking birds, monkeys, insects and botanical plants. All are peculiar to the Galapagos Islands, and many have never before been seen in America. The animals and birds were dispatched immediately to the New York Zoological Park, while the botanical specimens and other mounted groups will be exhibited at American Museum of Natural History.

The expedition was in charge of Prof. William Beebe, director of the British-Guinea Tropical Research Station, which is under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society.

"We got every specimen we went for," Prof. Beebe told a reporter for The World yesterday.

"The best of the collection are the flightless cormorants, fast becoming extinct, the horned marine lizards, some rare purple jays and a new species of penguin.

Own Tongue Forgotten.

"All the animals were remarkably tame and we had little difficulty in capturing them. It was evident they never had seen human beings before. Of the fifteen islets, which extend for 200 miles, we observed only one which was inhabited; that was used as a penal settlement by Ecuador. The oldest inhabitant, an Englishman, had long forgotten his native tongue."

Blue-footed boobies, a species of gull, nest in craters of extinct volcanoes. On one island lava slowly streamed down a mountain, but there were no signs of a forthcoming eruption.

In the islands life still belongs to the age of reptiles, but wild hogs, cattle, dogs and cats were found. From this and other faintly discernible evidence of human habitation it is believed that pirates had headquarters here in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"But," Prof. Beebe said, "they may be relics of the Charles Darwin exploration parties between 1831 and 1836, or of Baron Bothschild's expedition in 1904."

Telling of a Trip Across the Atlantic Ocean

Dr. J. P. Cleary Gives His Experiences and Observations While Enroute on the La Torrairie--
Seasickness Vividly Depicted.

I left New York on board the La Torrairie at six o'clock on November 16 and landed at Havre, France ten days later, the trip taking two days longer than the usual time because of having encountered severe stormy weather for two days when about midway across.

Strange to relate, the boat had not pulled out from its dock in New York when I began to feel sea-sick. At first I thought it was a feeling of distress coming over me because of leaving my friends and the best country on earth, but the boat had not gotten out of sight of the Statue of Liberty when the cardinal symptoms of sea-sickness developed with such an intensity there could have been no possible doubt about the cause of the trouble. Immediately I sought my cabin, a comfortable place having two bunks, occupied by a Swiss traveling salesman and myself. I remained in bed four days, without taking a morsel of food, and feeling miserable all the time. Seasickness is a peculiar malady. Although rarely fatal, there are few ailments which give one such a disgusted, depressed, discontented and mean sort of feeling as it does. Mark Twain well described it when he said: "At first you are afraid you are going to die, and later you get so sick you are afraid you won't die."

On the trip over we passed two icebergs, the first on the fourth day out of New York and the second on the fifth. While passing the first I was too ill to be interested in anything, no matter what it might be. With some individuals one attack of seasickness seems to confer immunity against further attacks. To those who travel on the ocean at frequent intervals this is especially true. With me it seems every attack makes me more susceptible to further attacks, and every succeeding attack more severe than the preceding one. So far I have had not less than ten attacks.

For treatment there is nothing specific, although every Tom, Dick and Harry, including every woman who has been on board an ocean-going vessel, has some alleged positive cure. In that respect it reminds me of the hundred or more "cures" lay people have for rheumatism or for warts. A brief canvas among the officers of the La Torrairie showed varying opinions in regard to treatment, some advising to eat very little and confine the food to liquids; others to eat every bit possible and then eat more; keep yourself from being constipated; suck a lemon every three hours; avoid thinking about it; keep a potato in your pockets; remain in bed; keep out in the open air; keep yourself soaked in cotton; pack your ears well with cotton; a dangerous procedure, by the way, for the ear membrane is too delicate an organ to interfere with in that manner. The ship surgeon stated he usually administered a good active dose of dynamite, that is, epsom salts and a little Christian Science. The various patent medicines advised may help some and do harm to more. It would be better to avoid the latter, for the principal ingredient of the majority is opium or its derivatives. The best course to follow, I believe, is to avoid constipation, eat sparingly, liquid nourishment preferably, take a glass of lemonade or a little whiskey, if desired, every three hours, remain in the open air as much as possible. One must tolerate it like a storm or any other act of God or nature. It runs its course in three or four days or so, but of course in case a person has heart disease or some other condition in which the violent efforts of vomiting would be dangerous the services of a physician are necessary.

On the fifth day out my condition became normal and I began to stroll about the boat and become acquainted with some of the passengers. On this day we passed the second iceberg. To my unaided eye it seemed to be about two miles away, though as a matter of fact according to the captain it was nearer eight miles distant. With the aid of the captain's glasses it looked like a great number of circus tents grouped together. The reflection of the sun could be seen quite distinctly. Icebergs are among the chief dangers of ocean traveling, and ships are constantly on the alert for them. The part protruding above the water may be insignificant, while the submerged area may be of colossal proportions.

The La Torrairie is an old vessel, having seen thirty years service. At

the time it was launched there was not a better vessel afloat. When compared to the latest vessels it is slow and lacking somewhat in modern conveniences, but, nevertheless, it is still a good boat. During the war it transported troops, with excellent success and luck.

An ordinary land lubber has but slight conception of the marvelous arrangements of an ocean liner. Speed is the thing most sought for, and much is sacrificed to the attainment of this end. On the way over the La Torrairie averaged about 350 miles a day. On one day, however, she made practically no headway at all owing to violent head winds and angry sea. This day, the sixth out, no one was allowed on deck. A large number of the passengers had their initial spell of seasickness on this date. "He who laughs last laughs best," I thought. Existence on a vessel during a heavy ocean storm reminded me of the Katzenjammer houses in amusement parks. One minute your chair would be twisting this way, the next minute another way, while the dishes on the table would be rolling around like billiard balls.

The ship, of course, was equipped with wireless apparatus. On the day proceeding the storm a wireless was received from the Mauretania, 500 miles ahead of us, that she was passing through a fierce storm which we would probably encounter the next day. Every day the principal events of the world were posted immediately after the noon meal in English and in French languages. The ship was never out of communication with land, and it was constantly in conversation with other ships on the ocean. When on the ocean and in a storm a person gets a better appreciation of wireless telegraphy than when on land. It is quite a consolation to know that other ships are within reach in case of necessity.

An ocean ship is like an enormous floating hotel, jammed into length, breadth and perpendicularity to best adapt it to the ends of speedy navigation most compatible with a reasonable degree of comfort and safety. The La Torrairie is probably as high as the Post Office building in N. Y. City. She has what is equivalent to six stories, and could hardly be jammed longitudinally into any ordinary city street. Her weight is close to 23,000 tons. To propel this enormous mass thru the water at an average speed of 15 miles an hour requires a daily coal consumption of about 500 tons. On this trip she carried about 335 first class passengers and about 100 in the steerage.

On the fifth day I paid my initial visit to the dining room, which was luxuriously furnished with carpet, upholstery, woods, glass and decorations. It is capable of accommodating 500 diners at one time. I was assigned to a table with seven others, six of whom were Frenchmen and one a Chinaman, the latter, by the way, being a most fastidious dresser, appearing in a different suit every day and always wore an evening suit at the last meal. French was the only language spoken, consequently I did very little talking. The three days I spent in New York before boarding the boat were devoted to an endeavor to renew my acquaintance with the superficial knowledge of French I acquired in high school. It availed me but little. Trying to learn French out of a book by yourself is like trying to learn to play a piano by listening to some one playing on it — it can't be done. There are about a dozen Americans on board. The dining cards, programs, notices, regulations and directions were all in French. Naturally, therefore, any observant person soon begins to acquire a smattering of the language. Although not compelled to give orders in the tongue, I tried to make a stab at it, even tho it must have sounded ridiculous.

For two days there was a feeling of reserve between the other diners and myself at the same table, scarcely a word being spoken between us. At the end of that time one of my neighbors inquired if I was an "Anglais," and upon announcing to the others that I was an "Americain" everyone became friendly. The Chinaman, who looked very much like a Jap, was an interesting fellow, speaking several languages, and was on his way to Germany on diplomatic service. The cuisine, while probably very satisfactory to the Frenchmen, did not suit me particularly well. Wine of several kinds was served in liberal portions, without extra charge.

(Continued on Page Three)

Harding Picks Iowa
Dirt Farmer



E. H. Cunningham of Cresco, Ia., was last week appointed "dirt" farmer representative on the Federal Reserve Board by President Harding. Born in Wisconsin, Mr. Cunningham was left an orphan when 12 years old, and forced to leave school to shift for himself.

MEMORIAL DAY AS IT WAS OBSERVED IN ANDOVER.

Everything Went Without a
Hitch—The Andover Legion in Charge

Memorial Day was of unusual interest in Andover this year. The service Sunday evening, at the M. E. Church, included a fine patriotic sermon by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Whelan, and special music by the choir. Four Civil War Veterans were in attendance: Comrades John Deming, Thomas Boyd, William McDonough and Chauncey Witter, accompanied by Edward Scaman Relief Corps.

Wednesday the line of march as outlined in last week's News, started promptly at 1 o'clock from G. A. R. Hall proceeding to Hillside Cemetery, where the Grand Army services for their dead were read by Comrades Deming and Boyd, seven Civil War Veterans being in line. The general response, by the school children and citizens, for flowers, made possible the beautiful decoration on every comrade's resting place. The salute to the dead was fired by a firing squad from the American Legion as follows: R. E. Temple, Ralph Burgett, Porter Richardson, Raymond Snyder, Herman Widger, Harold Kemp, Joe Herman, under command of Harold Emery. The Colors were carried by Commander Fay E. Boyd with John Kancanes and Carlyle Myers as Color Guard, and Taps sounded by Claire Backus.

The selections played by I. O. O. F. Band were most appropriate at that cemetery and Auditorium and a credit to the organization. Prayer was offered by Rev. Royal MacGowan pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Harry Joyce's recitation of Lincoln's Address was well delivered, and a vocal solo most beautifully rendered by Mrs. Andrew Fuller with Miss Minnie Clair, accompanist. Miss Olive Chase recited "The Return of the White Swan" in a manner which would bring credit to a professional. The fine address given by Rev. H. D. Bacon, of Portville, was listened to with rapt attention by the audience who had looked forward with pleasure to again hearing Rev. Bacon, who holds such a warm place in the hearts of Andover people. The address was drawn from both the Civil and World War conditions, touching each with a loyal intensity that only one with the personal contact which the speaker has had could command.

D. D. REMINGTON HEARS ABOUT SON IKE

Wonderful Achievements
Told by an Old Friend
of the Family

Los Angeles, Calif., May 4 1923
Mr. Delos D. Remington,
Andover, N. Y.

My Dear Friend:—
I know that you will be delighted to have any report from your illustrious son Ike. I only wish I could make the report in person, for I cannot do the subject justice in writing. I have heard more or less of Ike since I came to California, with the 49ers, but never had the pleasure of meeting him until recently. Ike is certainly in the lime-light these days, not only in California, but in Glendale and Pasadena as well.

When I first got into Los Angeles from Mars every one was talking about Ike's Weather and Climate Bureau, for it was about this time that he commenced manufacturing on his own account; previously he had imported only, but they tried to work Ike and he had one or two disastrous failures, because there was a variation of some thirty seven seconds in some of his forecasts; sometimes they would be a few seconds later than he had predicted. He featured a stunt down at Tie Juana during the races; they sent a committee to call on Ike to arrange for the weather on the day of the biggest race of all pulled off and assured them the weather would be fair and warmer until four o'clock, forty eight minutes and nine and three tenths seconds, followed by ten inches of rain within fifteen minutes. This prophecy of Ike's was featured as one of the events of the day and the Race Association provided thousands of boats to take their patrons home. There was no change in the weather until 4:49, when it suddenly turned colder and something like twenty foot of snow fell in five minutes and 47,000 people and 60,000 Mexicans lost their lives by being smothered under the snow. I was not there, but they say Ike flew into a rage and destroyed all the Climate and Weather he had on hand and cabled his attorney in Squintville to sue the manufacturers for 66,000,000 dollars; the last report I have is that they offered to compromise and pay Ike seventeen cents spot cash in four equal payments each, for twenty five years.

Ike took a solemn oath that he would never import another ion of Climate or Weather, but would make his own and immediately erected a Laboratory that cost the critter more than forty six dollars and covers the southern portion of Los Angeles County which made a lot of trouble with the Southern Pacific as they had to move about a hundred miles of track to clear Ike's Laboratory. Within fifteen minutes after the Laboratory was completed Ike announced that he was ready to make shipments, that his formulas were correct and timed to the fraction of a second. The railroads objected to giving Ike a franchise when he served notice that if the objections were not withdrawn there would be a flood in Southern California that would wash out every mile of track of a certain railroad, without doing the least damage to any other property. Sure enough a storm came up in the outlying districts that washed out railroad tracks like so many rye straws and the flood waters immediately evaporated; the Mayor phoned that his franchise would be granted no matter who objected.

The following morning the papers

Try Our Cash Specials

2 cans of Peas	25c
2 cans of Corn	25c
1 can Corn Beef	15c
1 large qt. jar Cocoa	25c
2 pkgs. Mueller's Macaroni, Noodles, Spragetti	25c
3 cans Sardines	25c
5 cakes Grandma's (White) Naptha Soap	25c
7 cakes 20-Mile Team Borax Soap	25c
2 cans Pink Salmon	25c
3 cans Manhattan Baking Powder	25c
All Scrap Tobacco, 3 pkgs.	25c

MRS. C. W. WILLIAMS
PARLOR GROCERY