

THE ANDOVER NEWS

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 1923.

20c a Year
5c the Copy

A Good, Sound Scolding

It is an admitted and well known fact that everything in this world is either advancing or receding, improving or deteriorating, growing or decaying. That there is no middle ground is certain. There is no standing still.

Sometimes the action is scarcely visible either way, so slow is the progress, but there is always a little progress or a little retrogression.

Which way is Andover going?

Are we on the up road or on the down grade?

We all most sincerely hope that our loved home-town has not yet hit the down hill slide. But our progress has been so mighty slow the past few years that it would seem as tho it was not progress at all.

Things are not as they were a few years ago. Times have changed mightily in everything. Conditions in town building have changed accordingly. The individual or town that does not keep up to the minute and abreast of the times, who allows cobwebs to entangle his top-piece, who is not zealously working for the up-building of his own community, is a slacker of the very worst kind, as he is helping to give his own home, his own town a kick down hill.

This is no time for jealousies or for the exploitation of personal animosities. We must all roll up our sleeves and get to work with a will, or we are lost.

The general trend of the times is for the big cities with their Chambers of Commerce, Rotary, Kawanis and Community Clubs, to eat out the very heart of the small country towns adjacent to them. All cities are bound and determined to grow at whatever cost, and they are doing so only because they are co-operating with each other with that end solely in view. They have no other place to draw from but their nearest small neighbors.

Therefore they organize and paint the picture of prosperity coming to all who are so fortunate as to be listed as residents among them in such glowing colors that the insidious big city propaganda is drawing the very cream of the country town from their homes into believing all this folderol.

How about it?

The truth is that there is not a big city in the world that can compare in comfort, in happiness, in broadmindedness, in prosperity or in opportunity with any of the citizens of the small country villages, where we all know each other by the given name. Here is where the city chap comes when he wants to find real ability to carry on his enterprises. New York City's great business interests are today manned by country-bred men.

There never was a time when Andover needed men, loyal men, substantial men, dependable men, men of ability to take the lead in civic matters more than it does today.

We have those who are perfectly able and competent of doing the work, but they seem to be waiting for George. They seem to be afraid that some one will give them the laugh. Or they have their own personal affairs in such fine ship-shape that they only want to set pretty and clip their coupons.

Men, what are you going to do about it?

Are we going to allow our beautiful and dear old home-town, Andover, to join the ranks of the other hundreds of "has been" towns now cluttering up the map of New York State? Or are we going to be men, buck up, put our shoulders to the wheels and boost Andover on and up the hill of progress?

We need a civil revival. An awakening to the true conditions that confront us.

Co-operation will win in building towns as well as marketing produce or stimulating the growth of the cities. Everything and every one who is forging to the head at the present time is co-operating with their compatriots.

Andover has everything to work with. We have good people—the very best on earth; we have sufficient organizations, both civic and fraternal, if they would only function; we have splendid schools; we have fine churches; all marking time, waiting for Andover to advance to the position she is so well fitted to fill, so that they may come into their own.

Andover has a Chamber of Commerce—in name at any rate. It has done some good work. It has in the past been the instrument thru which we enjoyed a number of pleasant occasions. But for the past year or so it has been only a thing to be jeered at, because it was not even making an attempt to function. Nearly all the best citizens of Andover are enrolled as members of this organization. It is only thru some such organization that civic work can be successfully performed.

Why are we sleeping so peacefully when other towns are straining every nerve to forge ahead? Do we want the services of the undertakers?

Fellows, let's go to the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce which will be held this month and either bury it or get it back on the job.

There are so many ways and means possible to advance Andover that no newspaper editorial could possibly enumerate them. Our patriotic American Legion boys are struggling in an effort to build themselves a home and the village a park. Other towns the size of Andover have erected parks and monumental buildings costing thousands of dollars for their patriotic sons. Our American Legion needs co-operation of a live civic organization to boost their project to completion in a way that will be a credit to the town and show the appreciation we all have for their gallantry and service.

Our churches need the co-operation of the people thru a civic organization, that their efforts to keep our morals working right may not be brought to naught by the indifference and thoughtlessness of the forces of evil that always accompanies retrogression.

Our fine Fire Department, the most progressive bunch of fire-fighters any town ever had, furnishing their own splendid equipment and paying for it themselves, needs the hearty co-operation of a live civic organization.

Human nature is about the same the world over. We get out of life only what we put into it ourselves. Remember the old saying, "The devil always finds some work for idle hands to do." That is one of the reasons we find kickers in every community. We don't keep them busy building up the town, so they try to kick it down that they may get employment building it up again.

Next year Andover is one hundred years old. We should have the biggest celebration ever known in these parts to commemorate the event. Yet nothing has been done about it. There is a wonderful opportunity in this to advance every interest in Andover. Are we to let it go by default?

Citizens of Andover, it is up to you and you only, whether we "Advance Andover" or let it go with the other eight hundred towns in New York State that are dying of inertia!

Men, let's get back the old pep!
Let's go!

ANDOVER WILL HAVE A LECTURE COURSE.

Twenty-Six Representative
Men Sign Guarantee
Contract.

Andover is to have a lecture course again this winter. John B. Craig, a representative of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau was in Andover Thursday and Friday and succeeded in securing the backing of twenty-six representatives, men who had confidence enough in Andover to guarantee the course.

The course will consist of four numbers consisting of the Troubadour Male Quartet, who will be here Tuesday evening, October 30th. John B. Ratto, Monday evening Nov. 26, William Rainey Bennett, Tuesday evening Jan. 15, and Betty Booth Co. Monday evening Jan. 28th.

The guarantors will be called together soon and an intensive campaign held for the sale of season tickets.

HEALTH NURSE TO SPEAK

Miss Williams Will be in Andover
Sept. 25th.

Next Tuesday night, September 25, Miss Bessie Williams, County Health Nurse, will be at the High School Building and speak at the September meeting of the Parents' Teachers' Association. Miss Williams will probably explain some of the legislation of the past year, where by the state stands ready to act as a "foster-parent" to aid in promoting the health of our children. Every parent and others, who are interested in the health of the children of the community should come to the school house and hear Miss Williams.

Mr. Warren Palmer, principal of the Andover High School will speak and the orchestra has consented to play at this meeting.

DODGE — NYE

Otto Brown Nye and Miss Mildred Elizabeth Dodge, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dodge, by Rev. A. D. Shepard, Wednesday Sept. 19.

The occasion was also the thirty-seventh anniversary of the marriage of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dodge, and her uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dodge.

The four older people "standing up" with the bride and groom.

The News extends congratulations and best wishes.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS

The enrolled Democratic electors of the Town of Andover will meet in caucus Monday evening, Nov. 1, at 8 o'clock at Village Hall, Andover, N. Y. for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for Town Officer and the transaction of any other business that may be properly brought before the meeting.

By Order of Town Committee 39

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS

The town caucus of the enrolled Republican electors, for the purpose of placing in nomination town officers for the town of Andover, N. Y., and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting, will be held at Village Hall, in the village of Andover, Saturday evening, Sept. 29, at 8 o'clock p. m.

H. P. BUNDY,
F. S. POTTER,

Committee.

SEPTEMBER 28th NAMED AMERICAN INDIAN DAY.

Governor Smith, by proclamation, designated Friday, September 28th, as American Indian day and requested the people of the state to give serious thought to a proclamation issued by the American Indian Order asking that organizations, societies and schools of the state make provision for appropriate exercises "which will bring to mind the historical features of American Indian life in the hope of furthering the progress of these true Americans."

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the Andover Free Library Association will be held at the Library building Wednesday evening, October 3rd at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of electing officers and transacting such other business as may come before the meeting.

John E. Cannon, President,
Margaret Baker, Librarian

MILK PRICES ARE STILL GOING UP.

League Dairymen Receive
33 Cents More for August
Than Last Year.

According to a statement issued by the Dairymen's League Cooperative Association, Inc., the farmers who belong to that organization will receive a net pool price of \$2.085 for milk sold by the association during the month of August.

This price, which shows a substantial increase over the fairly good prices received for June and July milk is indicative of the substantial progress which the pooling farmers are making in their efforts to make and market their own milk and milk products. This price is 10 cents per hundred pounds above the July price and is 33 cents higher than the price received by members of the association during August a year ago.

One of the striking features of the association's report on August operations is the increase in the percentage of fluid milk marketed by the League's own plants. During this August 52.4% of all the milk handled in the League's plants was sold in fluid form in New York City, which means at the highest market price. This same percentage in August 1922 was less than half as much, in reality 24%. The results of this is a net return to the farmers of a price nearer to the class 1 or fluid milk price.

In addition to this, the reports for August 1923 show that the association received considerably higher prices for its manufactured products such as evaporated and condensed milk, ice cream, cheeses, powders etc. The prevailing returns for these products in August a year ago were \$1.41 and \$1.31, whereas during August of this year the prices returned for these same products averaged \$2.05, \$2.35 and \$2.40.

NEAR EAST RELIEF

Canvas for Funds Will be Made in
Andover Next Week

Mrs. Frank Clark again heads local drive for funds with which to carry on the work among the orphaned children of the Near East. It is planned to use the same campaign methods which were so successful last year and it is hoped that sufficient money will be raised to care for at least three children during the year.

The Near East reports that forty thousand refugees have reached Aleppo and that fifteen thousand are sheltered with winter approaching. Others are arriving daily and their misery is heartrending and indescribable. A large percentage of these numbers are little children, others old men and women. The relief organization hopes to be able to maintain food stations if the supplies used last fall for the Smyrna disaster sufferers can be replaced quickly enough. Following the withdrawal of the Red Cross from Athens all of the relief work in that region has fallen upon the Greek government who have been unable to sustain their own refugees. However, notwithstanding her own deplorable condition she has opened her doors to the Armenian and Syrian peoples who were driven from Turkey during the recent deportations.

The bombardment and seizure of Corfu by the Italians was accompanied by the destruction of some property in which Near East Relief was caring for Armenian orphans, at the same time killing twenty of the children and several attendants.

In addition to the one hundred and ten thousand children under their care prior to the Smyrna fire the Near East Relief has undertaken to care for five thousand more, making a total of 115,000 little ones who are now wards of America. All of these have been removed from Turkish territory.

A canvass of every home will be made during the week and it is hoped that only one call will be necessary. Checks should be made payable to Mrs. Frank Clark, treasurer of the Near East Relief. This is Andover's second opportunity to participate in the World's greatest philanthropy. Last year Cuba led with Wellsville second in contributing the largest amounts per capita in Western New York and the local committee will endeavor to place Andover among the leaders this year.

DATES CLAIMED

Masonic Fair Nov. 18.

Letter From Dr. J. P. Cleary

Experiences in Making a Trip Thru the Ruhr Into
Germany--The French Are Very Strict Now

Dear Backus:

Sick and fatigued after a rough voyage across the usually rough English Channel, I landed at a port in Holland.

There I considered myself lucky in being able to obtain a sleeper on a train for Germany, for ordinarily to obtain sleeping car accommodations in Europe application must be made several days ahead.

Sleeping cars here are somewhat different from those in America. The European cars are divided into small compartment-like rooms. The passageway thru the cars is on the side, not in the center. The sleeping accommodations consists of three seats, on one side of the compartment, on which one may stretch out and lie down. Sheets and blankets are not furnished. At the stations pillows may be furnished. A man or woman may or may not share the room with you, the railroad not taking any pains to segregate the sexes.

Sharing the other side of my compartment was a stockily built, German man with military bearing, he had sandy-colored moustache, each side of which must have been two inches long with the points tapering upward. This moustache he was ceaselessly pulling and curling. First he would carefully take hold of its base and gently pull it to one side. Then he would make a complete curve and finish with a grand finale by wafting the ends upward with a flourish in much the same fashion as a magician will extend his wand. Figuratively speaking, he got my goat by his continual fiddling with it. Several times I was on the verge of bawling him out, but refrained, consoling myself with the idea that in a few hours I would be asleep.

About seven in the evening the train reached the border between Holland and Germany, and here we entered the Ruhr section, which, as is well known, is now occupied by French, Belgian and English soldiers.

At this point all passengers were subjected to a thorough examination by French soldiers. Our passports were carefully scrutinized, our pockets searched, our grips completely emptied so that the contents could be looked into with more detail. In addition there were blanks to fill out in which one had to give his name, age, birthplace, occupation, the part you played in the last War, the birthplace of your parents; your destination as well as the object and probable duration of your visit.

The German sitting beside me was subjected to a painfully thorough examination. His personal letters were read, the contents of his pockets noted and everything in his grip was examined inside as well as outside.

There were two more soldiers examining each compartment on the train. After a stop of about an hour the train started again, and after replacing the things in my grips I took off my shoes and laid down, with the pleasing anticipation of getting a badly needed sleep.

In less than a half an hour, however, it stopped again. There was loud knocking on the glass door of our compartment by two French soldiers who demanded our passports for examination. Then their attention turned to our grips, which for the second time, were turned upside down and the contents thrown out on the seat in the same manner that a

farmer would empty a bushel basket of potatoes into a sack.

In one of my grips was a large sized medical book on diseases of the lungs, purchased in Buffalo, while on my way over here. To the French officer this book was very suspicious. For at least two minutes he looked at a picture showing a section of a tuberculous lung. To him it probably looked like a disguised specification plans of a mine. He asked the meaning of the word "intercellular," written beneath the picture, and in my limited knowledge of French I had difficulty in explaining that the word was used in a medical sense. The word "infiltration" also appeared suspicious. In military text books those terms are used in describing infantry tactics.

On the other side of the compartment there was a lively discussion going on between the German and French soldier. The Frenchman was talking loudly and excitedly, and so rapidly I could not make out what he was saying. He would shake his finger in front of the German's face. The latter was pale, but not afraid. He answered the Frenchman word for word. The affair wound up by the Frenchman taking the German off the train for further examination.

This country is spy mad. In some sections every man and woman is suspected of being one. The French officer asked me many questions about the German, his behavior, conversation, where he got on, and so forth. He was formally a German colonel the French officer said, and a mistake was made in permitting him to pass thru the Ruhr section. Among the armies of all countries there is a standing rule that when an officer travels thru any foreign country a detailed report of his observations in regard to the topography, population, nationalities, agricultural and industrial conditions and other things must be made upon his return. For this reason it is easy to imagine the care that the French must take to keep certain individuals out of certain areas.

As everybody knows the Germans and French are sort of hereditary enemies. Between them there is a feeling of distrust somewhat akin to that existing between cats and dogs. Whenever they meet, especially since the late conflict, trouble is likely to follow.

It may be said the same feeling exists thruout all Europe. Italy at the present moment has Greece by the throat; Spain and Morocco are now engaged in a fierce war; the Balkan state loathe their neighbors; in Russia things in general are in hellish shape; the English are disliked everywhere, and Americans are shown little thanks for trying to make the people of Europe see the glimmerings or reason and tolerance for or sending millions and millions of dollars to relieve illness, famine, and distress of every suffering country, whether it be friend or foe.

The French will have a mighty hard time to subdue the Germans. To keep a nation of 65,000,000 of progressive, patriotic people in subjection for a long time is impossible.

England, powerful as she is, for seven centuries tried to repress the people of Ireland but with little success, not even the terrible measures of coercion used by Crom-

(Continued on Page Two)

MONARCH

The Goods of Quality

Canned Goods

Catsup

Coffee

Give These a Fair Trial

MRS. C. W. WILLIAMS