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The Athena Press

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NUMBER 48

ROLL CALL OF RED CROSS NEAR

The annual renewal of membership to the Red Cross and the securing of new members is at hand. The following appeal is made by the Chairman of the Christmas Roll Call Committee.

"To the Citizens of Umatilla County:
 "The Christmas Roll Call of the Red Cross opens on the 15th of December. This signifies renewal of membership on the part of those already enrolled, and the joining of the organization by those not now enjoying the privilege. This county has an approximate population of 35,000. Half that number ought to be within the membership of this mightiest of all world instrumentalities of mercy. The cost is one dollar. There are few indeed who can not afford that sum to aid in the stupendous labor to which a prostrate Europe beckons America.

"As Chairman of the Roll Call Committee, I appeal now for open pocket-books, for alert public sentiment, for unselfish devotion, for the immediate setting aside of a dollar, and for its dedication in the name of charity to humanity's need. Europe, Asia, Africa, all are calling. The American Red Cross must be the vehicle of response. We shall heed the cry of suffering not only among the nations hitherto our allies, but among the nations hitherto our foes. Peace is imminent now, and there must be no line of demarcation.

"In the shadow of suffering everywhere, everywhere throughout the globe, in the name of compassion, in the name of Christian Charity, I appeal to each to lend a hand now, for the need of the nations is greater than ever before. Membership in the Red Cross is a badge alike of service and of honor. Respectfully,

Stephen A. Lowell, Chairman
 Christmas Roll Call Committee."

SOUGHT ONLY BY FISHERMEN

Rock Point, Md., Differs in Many Ways From the Conventionalized "Summer Resort"

Little white wooden houses in a broken row, like an old man's teeth; behind them a fat green Maryland farm country of broad-leaved tobacco fields and yellow wheat and deeper shadowed woods; before them a river seven miles wide of almost tropical green and blue, with a wooded island in the foreground shading the water with great sycamore and crowned by a pine grove, where nest the ospreys that hover all day long over the water, plunging like living javelins, now and then, to snatch fish of dazzling silver from a river of polished jade.

Such, impressionistically, is Rock Point, Md., where all summer long many Washingtonians go to catch fish. The place is not at all fashionable; there is no hotel worthy of the name, and the prices of everything are altogether too low to attract the "best people."

Even the fact that at least one cabinet officer, a senator or two and several congressmen go regularly to Rock Point does not seem to add to its dignity or to endow it with the rank of a real summer resort. Somehow even a senator loses his value as a social ornament when he puts on a pair of overalls and yells and gets excited over a four-pound sea trout.

The great majority of those who go to Rock Point are simply anglers—whatever else they may be at home, here they are but members of the great fraternity of fishermen. Bankers and plumbers often "chip in" on the same motorboat and borrow tobacco from each other.

Women are fewer than men, but never lacking, and they are always hearty, sunburned women of the kind that get their hair wet when they go in swimming and don't pretend to be afraid of a fish.

FAILED TO PLEASE NAPOLEON

Narrow-Minded Officials Who Obscured Royal Emblem Had Misjudged Mind of Great Emperor.

A pretty story is told by some historians of Napoleon's entrance into a French cathedral city in the days when his eagles were taking their most glorious flights and Europe was at his feet.

It happened that the cathedral windows were, some of them, decorated with the design of the fleur-de-lis. Eager partisans had covered up these windows so that the lilies would not be seen.

The emperor, sharp of eye as ever, inquired the reason for the obscuration of the windows.

"They bear the fleur-de-lis design and there is no time to change it," explained some one. "So we covered it up, fearing it might offend your majesty."

"The lilies of France," said Napoleon, "have led her sons to victory through many wars. Surely every son of France should be proud of them!"

SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 19 CELEBRATES THANKSGIVING

Communicated.

The pupils of School District No. 19 gave a Thanksgiving entertainment at the school house three miles west of Athena on Friday evening, Nov. 22, at 8 o'clock. The room was prettily decorated in seasonable colors and brightly lighted for the occasion, and the patrons and friends of the school were delighted with the performance of the children, under the direction of their capable teacher, Miss Lois Fortre. After the program, refreshments consisting of pumpkin pie, chocolate and coffee, were served, a toastmaster appointed and nearly every visitor present responded with a short talk, or music; the features of this part being the speech by Mr. D. H. Sanders and singing of popular songs by Miss Porter and Mr. Art Chapman, with ukulele accompaniment.

Next, the entire party adjourned to the Joe Scott ranch where, around a big bonfire, red apples, more music and games furnished fun until a late hour. In the game of "Flying Dutchman," speed honors were closely contested between Miss Fortre and Mr. Sanders in one team, and Mrs. Sanders and Mr. Art Chapman, in another. The program, which was neatly written out and decorated in souvenir form, every number of which was encored, was as follows:

Song, America Chorus
 Flag Salute, school
 Recitation, Our Flag, Charlotte Gross
 Elizabeth Walter
 Dialogue, Ten Little Pumpkins, School
 Recitation, My Shadow, Clark Walter
 Dialogue, Being Thankful,
 Margaret and Pauline Scott
 Instrumental Solo, Spanish Serenaders,
 Recitation, The Duel, Jessie Dudley
 Song, in costume, "In Old Japan,"
 Marielle Walters, Pauline and Margaret Scott
 Rec. Little Boy Blue, George Gross
 Dialogue, Grandmother's Story, School
 Song, Thanksgiving song, School

DR. TREADWELL AND FAMILY LOCATE HERE

Dr. C. L. Treadwell accompanied by his wife and little daughter, has arrived in Athena from Cripple Creek, Colorado, and will make their home here. Through correspondence with Dr. Smith, who formerly practiced in Weston, Dr. Treadwell decided a year ago to come to Athena to practice medicine. He started for this place some months ago and while visiting relatives in South Dakota, the Spanish influenza became malignantly prevalent there and Dr. Treadwell remained to combat the disease. Later, coming on to Colorado, the same conditions developed there and he remained until last week.

He estimates that he treated one thousand cases of flu in South Dakota and Colorado, losing five patients, four of whom were Indians. Dr. Treadwell is a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Chicago and has been a practicing physician since 1897. Mrs. Treadwell is a trained nurse, having been in service under Dr. Murphy, and other famous surgeons and physician of Chicago. She will assist Dr. Treadwell in his surgical work here, but will not serve in the regular capacity of nurse.

Dr. and Mrs. Treadwell will be at home in the Ware residence, recently purchased by Fred Gross, upon the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Ware from the city, which will be about December 10th.

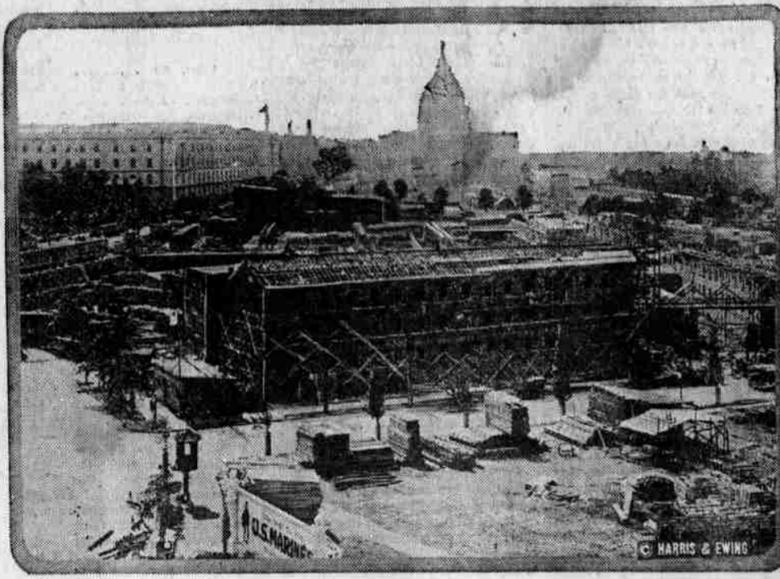
Walter Stone Dead.

Walter C. Stone, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Stone, former well known residents of this vicinity but now living at Thornton Wash., died last week at The Dalles, where he was under the medical care of his brother, Dr. A. B. Stone. He died of a chronic disease of long standing. The funeral was held at Walla Walla, from the McMartin and Hill Undertaking parlors, Monday, November 25, at 3 o'clock. Rev. Floyd A. Ross, pastor of the Milton Christian church, officiating. Walter was born Nov. 15, 1879. He united with the Christian church in 1904, and on July 23, 1917, was married to Miss Ethel Young at Portland. He leaves his wife, father and mother, two brothers and two sisters, besides many other relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

Sends Christmas Presents.

Athena boys who are "Over There" will receive Christmas presents from Mrs. A. A. Foss which will bring them some closer to the old home town. She has mailed to each one of the boys pictures of the celebrations held on the streets when the armistice was signed—and also of the "dress rehearsal" on the 7th. Thus the lads will glean some idea of the enthusiasm uncorked here during the jubilee, and recognize familiar faces in the groups snapped by the camera.

WORKERS' DORMITORIES ON WASHINGTON'S PLAZA



War-time necessities in Washington have halted the plan development by which the space between the Union station and the capitol was to have been converted into a beautiful park. Dormitories for government workers are being built on the entire space. It is one of many housing projects under way to relieve an almost unbelievable congestion.

HAWK DESTRUCTIVE TO TREES

Birds' Unvarying Diet of Fish Scares or Later Causes Death Through Accumulations of Grease.

Random bits of curious knowledge often come the way of persons who live in the summer time close by the ocean's edge. One gets to know, for instance, such things as why hawk nests so often are seen in dead trees. It is not that the hawk, in seeking a home site, by choice picks a dead tree in which to build its nest of twigs and things; on the contrary, it invariably selects a live one. The dead tree is the effect, not the cause of the hawk's preference.

Hawks of the kind considered here live exclusively on fish. Fish are oily, and so it follows that after a few thousand have been dissected and eaten in a nest the tree inhabited by a hawk family becomes discouraged and abandons the struggle.

After hawks have used a lofty bough as a dining room for two or three years a tree becomes so greasy that leaves find it impossible to hold on. The oil slowly makes its way to the roots, covering them and making the absorbing of water from the earth out of the question. Deprived of oxygen, having no leaves through which to breathe it in, and of water, because its roots are greased like a Labor day pie, the tree gets discouraged and gives up the fight.

TOWN THRIVES ON TOURISTS

Oban, Scottish Summer Resort, Practically Supported by Enthusiastic Visitors Who Buy Souvenirs.

Oban is a Scottish town that exists almost entirely for the benefit of the tourist. Every other house in Oban is a boarding house or a hotel, and buildings that have escaped this fate are used as shops where the traveler is enticed into buying a beautiful plaid tartan for which he has no use, or Scotch pebbles which are guaranteed to be highly ornamental in the parlor cabinet.

If you have a Scotch ancestor Oban is the place to resurrect him. All the plaids of Scotland and a few besides are in the Oban shops. If your ancestors cannot be located in the Scotch "Who's Who" of the past, any obliging shopkeeper will unblinkingly produce a plaid which fits the name of your kinsman and which matches your living carpet.

If you stroll through the quiet streets to the top of a hill you can see Oban at its best. The water of the bay is a shining blue that you at once resolve to take a trip to one of the islands dotting the smooth expanse. The roads that climb the Scotch hills so easily are edged with close-trimmed hedges, and the cottages are cloaked in gossamer and picturesque ivy.

On one side is a great circular edifice not unlike a Roman circus. This, your hostess informs you on your return, is "McCaig's Folly." If you are still curious you will be told the story of old eccentric McCaig, who had this useless, antique-looking structure built at great expense to himself and to the vast amusement of his fellow citizens.

Winter is the quiet time in Oban. Then there are no enthusiastic strangers to buy expensive souvenirs or to hire boats for trips around the bay. The town is gloomy and deserted. The women are indoors weaving plaids for the coming summer, and the men are out on the bay hard at work with the fishing fleet.—Chicago Daily News.

HOLD SWORD SACRED THING

German Officer Said to Lose Commission if He Should Be Parted From Weapon by Force.

Officers in Germany are supposed to have a feeling almost of sacredness about their swords, and I think, in point of fact, officers in most countries have. I have been told that if any officer loses his sword by force he loses his commission as an officer. I do not vouch for this statement.

I was told about the penalty for losing a sword many years before the war, in Dresden, to excuse an officer whom I saw behave in the most brutal manner. He was on the back platform of an old-fashioned street car which was going very fast. Some man in the street ran and tried to jump on the car, and in taking hold of the rail got hold of the handle of the officer's sword. Without the slightest feeling as to whether the man would be seriously hurt or not, the officer beat and pounded this man's hands until he was forced to let go and drop into the street. But what a German officer does is always considered right, anyway, and no one dares to complain.—Neville Taylor Gherardi (wife of former United States naval attaché at Berlin) in Saturday Evening Post.

New Yorker Has Famous Relic.

Enon-Sherouan the Just, sultan of Persia in the days when Omar Khayyam was making vain attempts to sell his verses to the magazines, one day bought an indestructible vase, wonderfully fashioned by a potter of magic powers, for his royal palace at Rhagaz. Along came the Tartars, acting like Prussians, and destroyed Rhagaz, making the royal palace look like the Cloth Hall at Ypres. That was in 1221.

The jar of Enon-Sherouan the Just has just been added to the collection of Macdermid Parish-Watson, New York art collector, after existing only in legend and tradition for nearly seven centuries. Two pieces of it were found on the site of the royal palace of Rhagaz in 1910, and since then other fragments have been uncovered from time to time, and the last piece was picked up in 1914. The vase is said to have a value of \$85,000 to \$100,000.

WHERE TAXES ARE UNKNOWN

Some Few Places on Earth's Surface That Would Seem Ideal Spots in Which to Locate.

In these days of expensive living what a boon to live in a city without taxes! But there are such places.

There is Orson in Sweden. This municipality has its ordinary city expenses, but it imposes no taxes. Moreover, the local railway is free to every citizen, and there is no charge for telephone service, schools, libraries and the like.

All this is due to the wisdom of a former generation, who planted trees on all the available ground, with the result that during the past thirty years the town authorities have sold \$5,000,000 worth of young trees and timber, while judicious replantings have provided for a similar income in the future.

Then there is Mourmelon, in the Midi, France. Here not only are there no taxes, but the timbers on the communal lands are sufficient to grant each person a small annuity.

Neurer home we have the island of Inishmurray, off the west coast of Ireland. Here there are no taxes, simply because the fourteen families who live on the island resolutely refuse to pay. In a report to the local government board a rate collector stated that he could not get a boat on the mainland to take him to the island on such an errand as collecting rates.—London Mail.

SPOT ON NAPOLEON'S RECORD

Ultimate Failure Dimmed the Glory of Great Soldier's Early Wonderful Successes in the Field.

The military genius of Bonaparte is still a fruitful theme for discussion. In the early part of his career he achieved such successes as made his name a terror to Europe, and gained for him a prestige which a series of continuous and overwhelming defeats in the latter part of his history was unable to destroy. But in the game of war, results alone can form the criterion, and the victories of Marengo, Austerlitz and Wagram can scarcely be admitted in compensation for the blunders of the Russian campaign and the overthrow at Waterloo.

One qualification of a great general was conspicuous in his character, the capacity of recognizing and rewarding merit in whatever position it might be found. Favoritism was almost unknown in his army. He was of a cold-blooded temperament, engrossed exclusively by the master-passion, ambition, and the very cause which kept his moral purity inviolate made him almost insensible to the promptings of love and affection.

Tecumseh's Bones Unearthed.

A discovery recalling early Canadian history has been made at a farm in the village of Thamesville, Ont., where bones were dug up which may be those of the Indian Chief Tecumseh, who fell fighting for the British in 1813. With the skeleton were metal military buttons and a pistol of the type then used. There are most trustworthy reports that the chief had been buried close to this place.

Tecumseh, a Shawnee chief, fought with the British during the invasion of Canada by the Americans in 1812 and 1813. A man of great energy and decision, he was entrusted with many minor enterprises, and was finally killed in battle, when his body was treated with great indignity.

REPORTED BY A VACATIONIST.

"Josiah, do you mean to say you come home without havin' that tooth out?"

"I do. The dentist warn't there."

"Why in the world didn't you wait for him?"

"Gosh darn it, I did for two hours. I don't mind waitin' a reasonable length o' time fer a man, but I don't perpose to intern for nobody."—Boston Transcript.

LETTERS FROM OUR LADS "OVER THERE"

Mr. and Mrs. Winship have received a letter from their son Dick, from whom they had not heard for several months, and the contents explain that he has been in the thick of it. The letter follows:

"Oct 14, 1918.
 "Dear Father and all: I received your letters some time ago. Have been at the front all of the time since and had no chance to send a letter, don't know if you will get this or not. This leaves me feeling well but tired and sleepy. Have been in the line for the last three weeks and we are about worn out, hope to get relieved soon. I never got the tobacco or the candy Mother sent me, would give a month's pay to have it now. Guess it is no use to send anything. I have been transferred to another Division since I wrote last. Am writing this by the side of the road.

"Pvt. W. R. Winship,
 Co. G, 306 Inf."

"Put Up Some Argument."

"Oct 29, 1918.
 "Dear Mother: I received your letter the other day also a bunch of papers. Everything was o. k. I would have written to you before, only we have been some busy lately. I am sending you a permit we got today for a Xmas package. Not much of a package but I guess it will have to do under the circumstances. I don't know what to have you send in such a large package—some home-made candy would go good or something like that. We have plenty of clothes of every kind.

I signed for a \$100 liberty bond yesterday; we pay \$10 a month on it. I also bought a \$100 bond and paid cash for it. Well, it will buy a few bullets to put the Hun out of France; they say every little bit helps, so I am trying to do my bit and guess it won't be long until we will have the Hun whipped to a standstill. We have been on this front for about a month. The Boche has sure put up some argument—a little harder than on some of the fronts we have been, but nevertheless we have him headed for the Rhine. It is reported that he has had twenty divisions against us, and they have had orders to hold the Yanks back at all costs; but they are meeting with lot of hard luck. We have a rumor out that we are going back for a rest. Hope it is so; will have more time to write. Give all my regards.

"Corp. E. F. Sebasky,
 Bat. D, 148 F. A."

Human "Fish" No Match for Angler.

Fishing a man was the novel feat performed by a man at Avalon, California, a few days ago. Captain Adargo, a powerful swimmer, played the part of the fish, while Captain Westbrook took the part of the angler. The "fish" was given one hundred and fifty feet of line at the start and quickly gained thirty feet. Then the angler felt that he was ready to begin tactics to "ambush" the "fish," and telling about it afterward, Captain Adargo said: "Then I was pulled backward and couldn't make any headway against the outfit. I have gone into some heavy swells as a professional swimmer and coin diver, but the fishing stuff has got them all beat for taking the energy out of a man. Every time Westbrook came back on the rod it almost lifted me out of the water." In fifteen minutes Captain Westbrook regained the one hundred and eighty feet of line. He "fished" with his usual tackle. A broken line would have won the contest for the fish.

Dynamic of Friendship.

It is not a mark of weakness, but a natural and normal instinct to crave the love of one's fellows. We must all of us have our friendships, for we are socially constituted. "One man is no man." Every man needs to be constantly refreshed and inspired by contact with the associates of the intellectual life, the comrades of the spirit, and should always keep on hand some real friends, as distinguished from mere chance acquaintances. There must be at least one in a hundred of the people we meet who is fitted to be our brother. When found, such a helpmate in intellectual things becomes a dynamic force for blessing in our lives. It is easier to be good when such a friend is with us—not is such a helper ever really absent. We should locate our friends, identify our affinities, and then love them as we do ourselves, so realizing the full blessedness of human brotherhood.

"Are there any historic ruins about here?" asked the visitor.

"Well," replied the proprietor of Jiggsville's leading hotel, "it's true we haven't got any historic ruins in the way of tumbled down buildings, monuments or things like that, but I might point out to you old Judge Hickabee, who's been defeated four times for the United States senate."

MAXIM LITVINOFF



Late photograph of Maxim Litvinoff, whom Foreign Minister Trotsky has appointed as the "Russian people's ambassador" to Great Britain. The appointment was made by wireless, for Litvinoff has been in London for some time.

HAVOC CAUSED BY HAILSTORM

Account of Destruction in England is 1687 Seems Almost Incredible—Horses Felled at the Plow.

The greatest hailstorm that ever occurred in England was that of April 29, 1687, recorded by Edmund Halley, the astronomer. The story seems almost incredible, yet it is told by a philosopher, the contemporary and friend of Isaac Newton, and an accurate observer of natural phenomena. The main body of the storm, he states, fell upon Lancashire, in a right line from Ormskirk to Blackburn. The breadth of the cloud was about two miles, within which compass it did incredible damage, killing all sorts of fowl and small creatures, and scarce leaving any whole pane in any of the windows where it passed, but, which is worse, it cut off the blade of the green corn so as utterly to destroy it, the hailstones burying themselves in the ground; and the bowing-greens, where the earth was anything soft, were quite defaced, so as to be rendered unserviceable for a time. This I had from an eyewitness.

"The hailstones, some of which weighed five ounces, were of different forms. Two hailstones were weighed at Ormskirk which came to three-quarters of a pound each. As a young woman at Bootle was running for shelter her hat fell off, and a hailstone that hit her behind the ear made her tumble. The stones rebounded, many of them two yards high. At Ince two horses were knocked down at the plow, and a man fell at the same time."

MADE SACRIFICE OF RULERS

Somewhat Remarkable Form of Limited Monarchy Was That Practiced by Tribe of the Caucasus.

"At a certain stage of social evolution," says Sir James Frazer in his article entitled "The Killing of the Khazar Kings," "not a few races appear to have been in the habit of putting their kings to death, either at the end of a fixed term, or on the failure of the king's health and strength, or simply whenever a great public calamity, such as drought or famine had befallen the country." Among tribes which have practiced this remarkable form of limited monarchy must be included the Khazars or Khozars. For some nine hundred years this now almost forgotten tribe, from their home in the spurs of the Caucasus and along the western shore of the Caspian—called after them the Sea of the Khazars—played a great part in history on the European-Asian borderland. It is certainly remarkable that a people which had reached such a high level of civilization and culture should have practiced legalized regicide. But the evidence collected by Sir James Frazer from a very wide survey of medieval literature leaves no doubt on the matter.

It is against the laws of Massachusetts to disturb birds' nests and red tape was necessary before the owner of an auto truck was able to use his machine on that account. A phoebe bird built a nest in the running gear of an auto truck in a garage in Ware and laid three eggs in it. When the owner of the truck wanted to use his car he discovered the nest and had to call on the game warden to render an opinion before he could disturb the nest. The warden decided that under the circumstances it would be permissible to remove the nest without incurring the penalty of a \$100 fine.