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The Athena Press circulates in the homes of readers who reside in the heart of the Great Umatilla Wheat Belt, and they have money to spend

The Athena Press

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Notice!

If this notice is marked RED, it signifies that your Subscription expires with this issue. We will greatly appreciate your renewal—\$2.00 per year

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ATHENA, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1919.

NUMBER 1



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EXPRESIDENT CALLED

TEDDY ROOSEVELT PEACEFULLY RESTS ON SAGAMORE HILL

The sudden death of Theodore Roosevelt, 28th president of the United States at his home early Monday morning, cast a pall of gloom over the nation, throughout which the American flag flew at half mast in every city, town and hamlet.

The cause of death was due to rheumatism which affected the heart. A colored servant in attendance upon the ex president noted that he was breathing heavily, and went to summon a nurse. On their return, which was immediately, Mr. Roosevelt was dead.

Colonel Roosevelt returned to his home at Oyster Bay on Christmas day from Roosevelt hospital, where he had been for some time treated for rheumatism complicated with sciatica. On Sunday preceding his death, the ex-president had felt much better, and had written letters and read considerably during the day.

Up to the very last Colonel Roosevelt was receptive to the vital interests of his country, and his very latest act was to issue a public statement which was read Sunday night at an "All-American Concert" in New York City, under the auspices of the American Defense Society, of which he was honorary president.

"I cannot be with you, and so all I can do is to wish you Godspeed," it read. "There must be no sagging back in the fight for Americanism merely because the war is over."

"There are plenty of persons who have already made the assertion that they believe the American people have a short memory and that they intend to revive all the foreign associations which most directly interfere with the complete Americanization of our people. Our principle in this matter should be absolutely simple.

"In the first place we should insist that if the immigrant who comes here does, in good faith, become an American, and assimilates himself to us, he shall be treated on an exact equality with everyone else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed or birth place or origin. But this is predicated upon the man's becoming in very fact an Amer-

ican and nothing but an American. "If he tries to keep segregated from men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American. There can be no divided alliance at all. "We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans and American Nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

Colonel Roosevelt is survived by his wife, three sons, Lieut.-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Captain Kermit Roosevelt, both on duty in France, and Captain Archie Roosevelt, who is in the United States; two daughters, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and Mrs. Aiken. Funeral services for the dead statesman were held Wednesday at 12:45 p. m., at Oyster Bay.

BIG FUND IS AVAILABLE FOR EMERGENCY RELIEF

"With over \$20,000 on hand, available for use if necessary, says the East Oregonian, the Umatilla County Chapter Red Cross is in splendid position to care for emergency cases during the influenza epidemic. At present the Chapter is taking care of the emergency hospital at Hermiston where the epidemic has been raging severely. Instructions were sent to Hermiston to take care of the situation and send in the bills. This course will be followed, the bank of Hermiston meeting the bills and forwarding the account to the Red Cross Chapter for final settlement."

This information will doubtless be received with satisfaction by the Athena branch, as available funds will be needed for emergency cases here.

The general organization of the Red Cross has asked the County Chapter to estimate its needs for the year and to remit the balance to the general organization. Action upon this request has not been taken as no executive committee meeting has been held since September.

BUD WHITE VICTIM OF INFLUENZA AT PENDELTON

Marion Ichabod (Bud) White died of influenza at the State Hospital, Pendleton, Tuesday at 12:30 o'clock. The body was shipped here and Wednesday the remains were taken to Milton for interment in the family lot at Milton cemetery. Services were held at the grave by Pastor B. B. Burton, of the Christian church.

The deceased was born near Athena, where he grew to manhood and where he spent practically all his life until within the past two years. At his death he was 27 years, two months and 18 days of age. He is survived by his invalid mother, who resides in this city, four brothers one sister and one niece.

THIS IS WHAT THE GERMANS LEFT OF PERONNE



When the allies recaptured Peronne they found the Huns had reduced it to a mass of ruins. A scene in the wrecked city is here shown.

A MOTHER'S PROMISE TO HER SON

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

My Dear One—I'm writing this very, very small and on the thinnest of paper, so that tightly folded it may slip into one of the olive drab pockets of your new uniform without encroaching for the tiniest part of an inch upon all the new things that you must have there—the passports and identification slips and photograph, the knife and pen and writing pad, the lists and numbers and names and ciphers, the address book and the thin manual you have been studying so hard and the slim little Bible, for this letter is a part of your equipment, too, or at least I like to think that it is. I'm going to tell you in it just one or two of the things we've been trying not to say in these last days. You've said to yourself, haven't you, that there were possibilities that I, thank God, hadn't seemed to think of. You've marvelled gratefully, haven't you, that I could say goodby with dry eyes and talk about what we should do when the war is over. My dear, there is nothing—noting—that can happen to you that I haven't foreseen in every detail since May, since the very beginning of it all. I know that some of our men are not going to come back. I know—as I write this in the room you love—that your fingers may fumble for this little piece of paper in some dreadful hour, a month or two months or six months from now, just to read it over once more for the last time, just to feel in your fingers under there in a shell lighted battlefield something that I have touched—for goodby.

And thinking of all this for almost a year while you've been getting ready to go I've been getting ready to stay. Just as you planned I planned, and I said to myself: "When the time comes for us to part I shall make him a promise." Dear one, this is my promise, and I make it for the term of your own—"for the duration of the present war." I promise you that while you are away, whether it be months or years, nothing except what I can give you and give all the others shall fill my life. I promise you that I shall devote myself, here in safety, to the work of making what you do easier and stronger and safer for you. I promise you that I shall give—and give and give—for the Cause! Not the money I can spare, not the time I have left when everything else is done, but all the money, all the time, all the energy I have! Your whole life has been altered, has been set to sterner and graver music. So shall mine be. You will know self denial, privation and fatigue while the war lasts. So shall I know them. Even if black news comes, even if the blackest comes, I shall remember that against your brave heart this promise is resting, and I shall go on. And while there is one man among our million and among the millions of our allies who needs clothing and nursing and comforts and solace for your sake I shall not fall him. Perhaps in God's goodness this note will come safely back to me in the olive drab pocket, and we will smile over it together. But, remember, until that hour comes I shall be always busy filling my own small place in the great machine of mercy and as truly under the colors over here as you are over there. God bless you!

TRUTH STRANGE AS FICTION

Novel by William De Morgan Has Counterpart in Real Life-Story of Englishman.

A little more than ten years ago an Englishman, deep in the sixties, won great renown by going to a hospital. His illness, though severe, was ordinary enough. The use he made of his convalescence distinguished him. Propped up in bed, William De Morgan wrote his first novel. When he was entirely recovered, he wrote another, which was destined to carry on his fame around the reading world.

The book told the story of an engineer returned to London after many adventures. There a mishap in the tube caused him to lose his memory. In the dazed state he lived a new life. By chance he met his former wife, fell in love with her and married her again.

Strange as was De Morgan's tale—critics said only he could make it convincing—London itself has duplicated it from life.

John Arthur Lewis, a returned soldier, was lately hailed into court for absconding with money he had collected for his employers.

His innocence was easily proved. On the collecting trip he had been struck by a van and injured. Bereft of his memory he wandered over England, arrived at his old home, and was introduced by his mother to a young woman, said to be his wife.

He refused to accept his past until one night the German airmen dropped bombs, and the shock of the explosion restored his memory. Then all came back, even the uncompleted day's work of last August.

History here modifies the ancient observation as to truth and fiction. Truth is not stranger than good writing. Rather the artist senses probably ahead of the facts and later reality corroborates him. Who knows not at least one Enoch Arden? Tennyson guessed them all.

"LEST WE FORGET"

Herman Behnke, Umatilla farmer, refused to contribute to the United War Work Fund. Nick Gronzgebauer, of Umatilla, whose pruned crop last year was worth in the neighborhood of \$10,000, contributed only \$5.00 to this fund and that reluctantly.

Fred Meihoff, of Umatilla, refused to give money to the agencies helping our boys in arms on the grounds that he had to send money to relatives in Germany.

William Swash of Umatilla, said to be worth \$20,000 refused to contribute to the United War Work Fund.

J. E. Hoon of Milton, refused to contribute to the same fund.

G. M. McKenzie of Milton, whose property in this county is assessed for \$81,900, failed and refused to give anything to this fund.

CENTRAL LOYALTY COMMITTEE.

Sheard-Jackson.

Wednesday, at 2:30 p. m., the wedding of Carl Sheard and Miss Onetta Jackson was solemnized the ceremony being performed at the M. E. church in Walla Walla, by its pastor. The bride and groom were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George Sheard and Clay Jackson. The party returned by auto to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Jackson, north of Athena, where a 7 o'clock wedding dinner was served by Mrs. Jackson. The decorations at the home were in pink and white scheme, fresh and white carnations and potted plants furnishing a beautiful setting for the feast. The guests present were: Misses Elsie Walker and Mamie Sheard, Mrs. Joseph Sheard, Mr. and Mrs. George Sheard, Mr. J. S. Lamb, of Portland, Mrs. W. E. Dobson, Mrs. Ed Zimmerman, of Lewiston, Clay, Harold and Ruth Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. F. J.

WHEN A CUP OF COFFEE TASTES LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS

He Got His Cup and Then Went on—to Death.

Through the establishment of the line of communication canteens in France the American Red Cross is setting records in serving hot coffee, cocoa and sandwiches to the troops. One of these refreshment units made another new record recently, serving more than 50,000 meals in one week. At another a cup of coffee was served every ten seconds for a period of two consecutive hours.

In a single week these lines of communication canteens often serve 80,000 American and French soldiers.

Soldiers in Box Cars. Do our soldiers and their allies really want this form of Red Cross service? A letter from a young American aviator, a 1917 graduate of Princeton University, is probably typical. It might be added that this man has since been reported killed after bringing down a German Taube. "A 50 mile train ride over here," he said, "instead of taking a few hours may take days. When we stop at a Red Cross canteen you can bet that a cup of coffee tastes like a million dollars."

It is not always possible for a regiment to provide sufficient food and hot coffee on these long journeys, where the men must often be packed standing into unheated box cars ordinarily used for carrying horses. So imagine for yourself the warmth, the cheer, the comfort that piping hot coffee and good sandwiches bring to our boys after a night on such a journey! You can just bet that it stiffens a man's courage. Your Red Cross is handing out this renewed courage by the piping hot cupful.

Belchriebe den, Nov. 23, 1918. Dear Dad: We are in a little town named Blaucourt, close to Verdun. I have had some close calls over here. Our casualties were about 10 per cent of our battery. We were all gassed and several had to go to the hospital. A couple with mustard gas. I have seen wounded men go past our gun positions so thick that the ambulances couldn't carry them all. Some were walking and others riding in trucks.

We were at Chateau Thierry when the Dutchmen tried to break through. Have been all through Belleau Wood, Fere-en-Tardenois and stopped on the Vesle river. From there we moved to St. Mihiel. We were on that sector for over two weeks. From there we moved to Chary, about two miles and a-half from Verdun, and have been on that sector the rest of the time. Our last position was at Montigny on the Meuse river. Our guns were made in France and are known as the great six inch G. P. F. The shell weighs about 90 pounds and will shoot 15 miles. Our battery has put them in traveling position in 18 minutes.

We were up with the light artillery most of the time and have been in the second line trenches a couple of times with them. About three weeks ago we were going into position at Cunel. A Boche plan came over us about two hundred feet in the air and let a few put-puts out of it. In about five or ten minutes there were 100 shells hit in a radius of 100 yards of us. I made a dive for a shell hole and just as I went in a shell hit in ten feet of me. I lay there half an hour and they pat over me about a hundred shells. There were six different shells that threw dirt over me. It only got one man that time. That's just one of a dozen times we got shelled. Anybody that says the Dutch didn't have artillery is a liar, and they could sure shoot straight, too.

We have all our stuff packed and ready to start for the Rhine river. They seem to think it is quite an honor for the ones who get to go up. There are most all of the good divisions going up, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 32nd, 89th and 90th. The paper didn't mention any artillery, but we think we are going.

We are trying to be first ones home. Iater McIntyre never did get to go up to the front. They were supposed to relieve us, but they quit before they got there.

Chas. Owens, 146 F. A., Bat. C.

A second letter, dated December 11, just a month after the signing of the armistice, was received Monday from Dick Winship, for whose safety a

LETTERS FROM OUR LADS "OVER THERE"

John Wall writes that with his regiment, the 38th, he was on his way to the Rhine on November 24th. It was the Thirty-eighth regiment of the Third Division which so distinguished itself at the Marne as to receive special mention in the report of General Pershing to the secretary of war. The reference to the 38th is as follows: "A single regiment of the Third wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals on this occasion. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front while, on either flank, the Germans, who had gained a footing, pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attack with counter attacks at critical points and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion, capturing 600 prisoners."

Somewhere in Germany, Nov. 26, 1918. Dear Mother: Received our letter some time ago, but have been on the move and haven't had time to answer. We are somewhere in Luxemburg at present, but think we will move on up to the Rhine before long. I don't think it will be very long before we start back to the good old U. S. I sure hope so. Most of the fellows over here are feeling fine. We have been having good weather for hiking, just cold enough to freeze thin ice. We have sure made some hike. Over half a century ago, Daddy made the big march with Sherman, and now I am making this one with Pershing's picked troops into Germany. So, I think the Walls are doing their bit. You can tell Mrs. Stone that I wish now I had studied my German lessons a little more; but what I do know comes in pretty handy. The band is at the head of the column and plays when we go through towns, and most of the people seem glad to see us but there are some who don't look very pleased. But it doesn't make any difference whether they're pleased or not, for they have to like it anyway. John L. Wall, Headquarters Co., 38th Inf.

Letter from Chas. Owens.

The following letter by his father, William C. Owens, of Adams, from Chary Owens, well known here, was printed in the E. O. of the 7th. Chas. started out with Troop D. and was transferred to Co. C, 146th field artillery:

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INFLUENZA CASES ARE DECREASING

With only three critical cases in the hands of the physicians as a result of the influenza epidemic in Athena, during the last ten days when over 100 patients required medical aid, and with a steady decrease in the number of cases, the health officials believe they have bested the epidemic here.

Monday night the city council took measures to assist in preventing spread of the disease, by having placards printed for distribution among the business houses, warning against loitering, also cards to put up at residences where flu cases exist.

The Red Cross quickly made arrangements to give their aid in emergency cases, and have been serving food to the sick from their headquarters on Main street, where members have been alternating in doing the work as required. Their urgent assistance has been required at the home of William Carsters, where the whole family have been confined to their beds with influenza. The Red Cross is prepared to give assistance to any person or family requiring it, all that is necessary to secure aid is to notify headquarters. Professional nurses will be secured for patients whenever possible, though the epidemic in other places where nurses are already employed, makes it hard to secure them.

The worst conditions prevail at the W. J. Carsten home, where the father lies at the point of death, and other members of the family are confined to their beds. Neighbors and friends have been doing their very best to care for the sick ones, and endeavors are being made to secure a trained nurse.

Art Chapman is reported to be very sick at the home of his parents in the north part of town.

Another serious case is at the home of Victor Burke, where his wife has been very ill for several days. A nurse from Walla Walla was fortunately secured, and indications this morning are that the patient is slightly improving. Mr. Burke and the two children have also been ill with influenza.

Mrs. Charles Kirk, who was taken very ill Monday, is also improving, but for a time was in a critical condition. Dr. Keylor was called from Walla Walla Tuesday and was in consultation with Dr. Sharp. A nurse also came from Walla Walla to attend Mrs. Kirk.

Mrs. Joseph Clemons is in a precarious condition. After giving birth to a child Wednesday, she was stricken with influenza, which threatened to terminate in pneumonia. Through the Red Cross, a nurse was summoned from Pendleton, who now is in charge of the case.

great deal of uneasiness was felt by his friends, he not having been heard from for several months. His letters in part explain the arduous work that has kept him too busy to write. Dick is in the 77th division, which is not yet slated for return.

"Dear Mother and all: As I haven't heard from you for some time, will write a few lines to let you know that I am still here with a full equipment of arms and legs, although have had some sore feet. Have been hiking for over 3 weeks. Picked up a new pair of shoes on the road and threw my old ones away, with the result that there were many blisters. I learned a lesson right there—have learned several since I have been over here. We are in a little village now and have good billets with bunks and a fire place. Took my clothes off last night to sleep the first time in over 3 months. Think I will know how to appreciate a home when I get back. Have slept in mud, shell holes trenches and any place we could find. I would like to send something from France but can buy nothing at this pace but nuts. "Dick." Co. G, 806th Inf.

BODY OF ELLIS FOUND NEAR TRACK AT AYER

The body of H. I. Ellis the man who leaped through a window from his Pullman berth on the Spokane-Pendleton passenger train Monday night, was found Tuesday near Ayer, Wash. The body was discovered by section men where it lay beside the track. The man was dead but meagre reports do not show whether he died from his fall or from subsequent exposure.

Facts concerning the affair as given by railroad men indicate that Ellis acted while insane. He broke both glasses of a double Pullman window. Blood stains on the glass and window show he injured himself in so doing. Had he merely been asleep it is declared he would have awakened when he broke the windows.

Ellis was an employe of the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine and it is believed he did considerable travel looking over mining properties.