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Congress Adjourns Over the Holidays

Record of Accomplishment First 15 Days Thought Satisfactory.

Washington, D. C.—Under the shadow of the death of one of its most beloved members—Senator Jones of New Mexico—the 70th congress adjourned for its Christmas recess.

As they departed from Capitol hill for a vacation of two weeks, senators and representatives left behind them a record of accomplishment over the 15 days since convening that had few counterparts in recent years.

The first of the annual appropriation bills, to make up deficiencies, was on its way to the White House; the \$290,000,000 tax reduction bill had rounded the first buoy of the legislative course, as had the measure proposing settlement of the German-American alien property claims, and a resolution to give a congressional medal of honor to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh had become a law.

In addition, the Walsh bill, designed to compel testimony of recalcitrant witnesses in the naval oil criminal conspiracy cases, was in President Coolidge's hands, and both houses had set forth upon what promises to be a long series of investigations.

Even before the legislative wheels of either house had been started, both had received demands for a number of inquiries, several of which are well under way.

A special senate committee, plunging immediately into charges in the Hearst newspapers that a fund of \$1,215,000 was created for four United States senators, satisfied itself that no senator received any money and pushed its inquiry to determine the authenticity of the documents which Hearst purchased for publication.

HOPE GIVEN UP FOR MEN IN SUNKEN S-4

Provincetown, Mass.—With life admittedly extinguished within the hull of the S-4, the task of raising the sunken submarine from its grave off Provincetown harbor passed from a rescue drama into a routine salvage job.

Lieutenant Commander Edward Ellsberg, directing the operations, declared that unless unusually fair weather persisted it was not likely the steel coffin with its cargo of 40 dead men could be raised to the surface before next spring.

The S-4 had been at the bottom of the sea off Provincetown harbor for just 113 hours when it was finally decided that the six men who had fought a gallant battle for life in her torpedo compartment no longer survived. It was not until air lines, attached to the listening device of the torpedo room by a method never before used, had been pumping fresh air into the compartment for 13 hours that hope was at last given up.

Signals sent by the oscillator of the Falcon remained unanswered, and all was still in the battered hull of the submarine. The rescuers regretfully admitted it was the end.

COURT HALTS LEGISLATURE

Oklahoma Governor Wins Injunction Declaring Session Illegal.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Two new court orders lent assistance to the efforts of Governor Henry S. Johnston to send members of the legislature besieging his administration back to their homes.

A permanent injunction issued by District Judge Chambers bars the house members from attempting to function further as a legally convened group, from continuing their investigations of state officers, from preparing any more impeachment charges and from filing new charges with the "pretended court of impeachment." The second injunction, a temporary order issued by District Judge Hooker, forbids members to draw pay for their activities in the session.

France Votes Big Navy Program.

Paris.—By a vote of 270 to 20, the French senate ratified adoption by the chamber of 60,000 of the naval building program. The program calls for 15 new warships.



A New Year's Conscience

By Martha Banning Thomas

SOME of us were born in New England and have that kind of a conscience. Why New England should produce a particular conscience different from any other's conscience seems a little difficult to explain. However, there seems to be a tradition about it. If you possess a New England conscience you are supposed to be responsible to the last degree. You go one point further than actual necessity and worry for fear you won't think up all the possible things you might have done under a certain set of circumstances.

Well, then—

We'll rather like to think we obey our conscience; it gives us a faint glow of saintliness. (Though, of course, to admit this publicly would ruin us for life!) Whatever conscience is—"a still, small voice," an broken habit of right thinking, an instinct that urges us toward the best—most of us possess an inner law of some sort or another; and we either follow this law, or push it off irritably.

At New Year's we take stock of our affairs. And very often conscience sits as judge. And let us never forget that we are responsible. Not to be responsible is a kind of crime. Just



so far as we have pushed our abilities, then just so far should we use them for the finest development. To do less is sheer waste of invaluable material. To do less is being false to ourselves. To do less is sinning against truth.

Convictions may change from year to year; we should keep stride with them as strong men—not take it out in thinking but demonstrating them by doing. If we are good workmen—be it in the woods or in the shop, country or town—and do not do that work for the glory of doing it well, then we never should have been trusted with ability. For ability is a two-edged sword—if not sharpened for the gallant battle of life, it turns to rend the owner.

Let this year's conscience be nourished by that higher, unwritten responsibility which answers the quiet, inner knowledge of life carried forward with the utmost strength and courage.

Happy New Year to our consciences!

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

By Dinah Muloch Craik

A FRIEND stands at the door:
 In either tight-closed hand
 Hiding rich gifts, three hundred
 and three score;
 Even as seed the sower,
 Each drop, he trends it in
 and passes by;
 It cannot be made fruitful till
 it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
 This warm shut hand of thine,
 Loosing forever, with half sigh,
 half gasp,
 That which from ours falls
 like dead fingers' twine;
 Ay, whether fierce its grasp
 Has been, or gentle, having
 been, we know
 That it was blessed: let the
 Old Year go.

O New Year, teach us faith!
 The road of life is hard:
 When our feet bleed, and scouring
 winds us scathe,
 Point thou to Him whose visage
 was more marred
 Than any man's; who snith,
 "Make straight paths for your
 feet," and to the opprest,
 "Come ye to Me, and I will
 give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
 Above this unknown way,
 Kind year, to give our spirits
 freer scope
 And our hands strength to
 work while it is day,
 But if that way must slope
 "Toward, oh, bring before
 our fading eyes
 The lamp of life, the Hope
 that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
 Love of all human kind:
 Love special, close-in which
 like sheltered dove,
 Each weary heart its own
 safe nest may find;
 And love that turns above
 Adoringly, contented to re-
 sign
 All loves, if need be, for the
 Love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend
 And whether bright thy eye,
 Or dim with clouds we cannot
 comprehend,
 We'll hold out patient hands,
 each in his place,
 And trust thee to the end,
 Knowing thou ledest on
 wards to those spheres
 Where there are neither days
 nor months, nor years.

Mrs. Rominger is visiting her parents near Umapine.

A NEW YEAR'S TURN

By ELEANOR E. KING

THE window frame shivered, creaked and gave way under the prying force of the jimmy. The flat palm of a massive hand finished the raising process. A foot thrust over the casement was firmly planted on the floor of the darkened room. After a hasty survey of the apartment, the man called out the window. "Pard!" then whistled softly.

In due time "Pard" arrived via the window route. A systematic search of the house was instituted, and the valuables deposited in the living room. "New Year's means lots of parties, and a party for us, uh, Sam?"

"Pard!" Sam painfully exclaimed from the depths of one of the bedrooms, "you bozo, drop every last thing in your hands."

"Sam, you sap," growled the other disgustedly, "you ain't gone sentimental again? I thought if I got you through Christmas all right, you'd come out all O. K."

Sam walked over to him and put his hand on his friend's shoulder. "You have been a friend to me. See this picture? It was there on the chifforobe."

"That's her, Pard! I'd do anything on earth for that," and he slapped the picture vehemently, only to meet his "Pard's" sour looks. "There ain't no time like tonight to begin all over again. Tonight starts a New Year, an' a start with this in my possession means sure-enough success. I'm young. She don't know I went to the dogs, 'Pard.' She never will—if you're a friend. I'll pay you fifty dollars to leave that stuff right where it is an' beat it. This is all I'm taking, and her father will never miss that." Sam gazed into the eyes of one who meant so much to him, then into "Pard's" glowering ones.

"To think my year's work was to turn out like this. A softy, a sap what thinks a New Year says a new start—and after that thing, too."

His laughter subsided as the scrapping of a Ley and the tumbler of the lock gave a warning note. Four feet found their way over the window sill into the darkness of the night.



M. R. CLIFTON DALE ruefully surveyed the mud on his new overcoat. An automobile had swept by, regardless of the thaw which ushered in the first day of the year, and left him plentifully bespattered.

"I shall make another resolution," said Mr. Dale, as he tried to flick the tenacious mud from his garment.

Entering his office in the little prairie town where he was known as "our enterprising realtor, Mr. Clifton Dale, he seated himself at his desk and took from his pocket a memorandum book. It opened at a page inscribed, "New Year Resolutions," and Mr. Dale smiled grimly as he read the one and only entry: "Under no circumstances will I allow myself to be married to any female during this year.—C. D."

That entry had been made in a poignant moment. At just two o'clock that morning, on his way home from the Old Timers' ball, he had paused at his office to place his decision on record. It was the immediate result of the behavior of Miss Adaline Hill, who, after protesting to Mr. Dale that her program was full, had danced eight times with Amery Hodge, proprietor of the Plainville garage.

"Hodge-Hill," Mr. Dale commented, bitterly.

He took up his pencil and made a second entry. "I shall be careful to observe the speed limits, and not to splash innocent pedestrians," he wrote.

At that moment his telephone rang. "Oh, Cliff, this is Addie speaking. I am so glad I got you—"

"You're, eh? Well, you haven't got me yet, let me tell you, young woman—"

"Oh, Cliff, don't be silly! We're broken down, Dad and I, eight miles out on the main road south. Father has telephoned Mr. Hodge, but you know he is so unreliable. Won't you come?"

But Mr. Dale was firm. "Maybe I'd find your program full," he growled.

A silvery laugh over the wire disarmed him. "I'll explain all that—if you get here first," she said. Then she added, significantly, "There's more than a broken car at stake."

Mr. Dale made a dash out of his office, jumped into his car, and whizzed into Main street just as Amery Hodge turned in from the other side of the thoroughfare.

In a moment the two cars were abreast. They crossed the railway tracks, spattering mud in every direction.

Both drivers knew that just at the town limits the snowbound road narrowed down to the width of one vehicle. The car which reached that narrow road last would have to remain behind for the rest of the trip.

Punching his accelerator down as far as it would go, Mr. Hodge, in his new speedster, got the edge on his adversary. But just as he swung into the country road his rear wheels skidded, and Mr. Dale slipped by, missing him by an inch. Fortunately there was a pool of muddy water at the spot, and when Mr. Dale glanced back the new speedster had the appearance of a resurrected scow.

Thereafter Dale set his own pace. Dodge overtook him, but could do nothing but look at the real estate magnate's car ambling on ahead.

At the stranded Hill car Adaline's eyes warm with welcome, took Dale's hands in hers. "You win," she said.

"But I don't understand! Why did you turn me down last night?"

"I'll tell you on the way home. Amery can help Dad out. After all, it's his car."

"His car?"

As they drove on together Adaline explained. "I've been trying to get Dad to trade in the old car," she said, "but he ain't. Mr. Hodge couldn't agree on the price. After eight dances last night Amery raised his bid a hundred dollars. That's a little better than twelve dollars a dance, isn't it?"

Mr. Dale took out his notebook and made another entry. "Resolutions Nos. 1 and 2 are vetoed by the president," it read. Then:

"Adaline, you are a business woman," he said, with profound admiration.

"Perhaps," she laughed. "But I've read enough poetry to know that Hill and Dale always go together."

Adair Cash Grocery Robbed Second Time

Amateurs Suspected of the Crime; Finger Prints For Clue.

For the second time in two months, Adair's Cash Grocery has been entered through a broken panel of the back door and robbed. The first time the store was robbed, the upper panel of the door was smashed and pulled out, and Saturday night when the second robbery was pulled off, the lower panel was jimmyed with a crowbar, loosened and removed in three pieces.

The larger piece of the panel was carefully preserved and taken to Walla Walla for an examination by an expert to disclose finger-prints, to give the officers a clue to work on.

It is said the officers are confident that both robberies are the work of amateurs, and that certain details of Saturday's night's robbery indicate that inexperienced hands did the job. Further it is believed that the same parties pulled both robberies, and the authorities are working on this supposition.

In Saturday night's robbery, a clean sweep was made of the entire stock of tobacco and cigarettes in the store. In the first robbery, the cash register was rifled of the change it contained and cigarettes were taken. The first robbery occurred on the night of November 18.

Seriously Injured

Mrs. Stamper who resides in the east part of town was seriously injured in an automobile accident on the highway near the E. A. Dudley place Sunday evening. A Ford roadster, in which Mrs. Stamper and little daughter were riding, and driven by Charles Yenney, came upon a car parked on the highway during a heavy fog. In trying to avoid an accident, Mr. Yenney pulled to one side, but not far enough to avoid sideswiping the parked car. One wheel of the Ford was torn off. Mrs. Stamper was injured internally. She was brought to her home and a physician called at once, and later she was taken to the hospital at Pendleton.

Girls Club Organized

A group of young Misses met at the home of Mrs. Rollinger Tuesday evening, December 27, to organize a club which will be called the G. E. C. These mystery letters are known only to members. A pot luck dinner was served at 6:30, after which a business meeting was held and the following officers elected: Myrtle Campbell, President; Mary Tompkins, Vice president; Marjorie Douglas, Secretary-Treasurer; Betty Jane Eager, Reporter. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Douglas at 7 P. M. January 10.

Gold Fish Propagation

For a number of years several gold fish made their home in a glass bowl at the Rogers & Goodman hardware store in Athena. Last spring Marion Hansell took the fish out to his home and placed them in a small pond. After a while myriads of small gold fish appeared in the waters of the pond, and just before cold weather set in, a large number of fish were taken out and put in receptacles. Sam Pumbun has taken some of the fish to plant in the pond at his farm home south of Athena.

Robbed of Presents

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Jones and son Ray drove to Weston Saturday evening to spend Christmas with relatives. In Ray's Ford coupe was stored the presents which the family had provided for their relatives and friends, including two big fine feather pillows and other articles of value. Stopping down town in Weston, when Ray returned to his car, the Christmas presents had been stolen, together with his car "jack" and other tools.

Brakes Turn Car Over

To prevent colliding with the interurban at State Line one day last week, Mrs. Fred Pittman put on the brakes suddenly. The car skidded into the ditch, turning over against the embankment. Mrs. Pittman and daughter Etzel, were on their way to Walla Walla when the accident occurred. The top of the Chevrolet sedan was slightly damaged when it struck the embankment. Neither of the occupants received injury.

Hickman Confesses To Killing the Girl

Marian Parker Strangled and Body Cut Up In Bathtub.

Los Angeles.—William E. Hickman has confessed that he alone killed 12-year old Marian Parker of Los Angeles the day after he kidnaped her single-handed.

In a confession amazing for its unrivaled details of brutality, the 19-year-old youth said he strangled the child and cut her body into pieces in the bathtub of his Bellevue apartment in Los Angeles.

The confession eliminates the phantom Andrew Cramer, first named by Hickman as an accomplice. That he lied consistently on this point was admitted in the confession when he said he worked alone.

His motive in the kidnaping was to get \$1500 to go to college, he said. He had no accomplices.

Cringing before the ominous rumbling that swept the city with news of his arrival, the slayer of Marian Parker, was taken from the "jail car" attached to "The Padre" of the Southern Pacific at a little used freight station in the lower part of the city.

He was hurried into an automobile before the few passersby knew that the most hunted criminal in the history of California was back in the city. Carloads of detectives carrying sawed-off shotguns quickly formed a guard as the machine carrying Hickman sped through back streets and alleyways to the county jail in the Hall of Justice.

Pendleton, Or.—William Edward Hickman, Los Angeles kidnaper and killer, was arrested by Tom Gurdane, Pendleton chief of police, and C. L. (Buck) Lieuallen, state traffic officer, east of Echo on the Old Oregon trail, after a man hunt that covered the whole Pacific coast and lasted for seven days. He was taken without resistance.

When arrested, Hickman had \$1420 worth of United States \$20 gold certificates on his person.

The youthful fugitive was captured without a struggle when Gurdane and Lieuallen, who had been watching for him on the strength of "hot" tips, pounced on him with drawn guns as the big green sedan he was driving turned a corner of the highway near Echo. He was speeding toward the wilds of eastern Oregon.

A trail of "blood money"—the \$20 gold certificates which Perry M. Parker, Los Angeles banker, had paid for the mangled body of his little daughter—led to the capture.

Calmly sitting in the outer part of the cell block of the Pendleton city jail, Hickman related his version of the crime.

The murder was done by Andrew Cramer, his partner in the crime, he said, and he had no part in the killing and did not know that she had been slain until her body was delivered to him in his Bellevue apartment on Saturday night.

Manacled to two Los Angeles police police lieutenants, Hickman started on a road that probably will lead to death.

In the custody of District Attorney Keyes, Chief of Police Davis and Captain of Detectives Cline, of Los Angeles, Hickman was removed from the Pendleton jail and placed aboard a special Pullman car on which he and his captors started to Los Angeles.

Thoroughly subdued, absolutely terror-stricken, Hickman gave his guards no trouble.

Chief of Police Tom Gurdane, picturesque character of Pendleton, and Clyde "Buck" Lieuallen, state traffic officer, buckaroo and boxer, accompanied Los Angeles officers to California.

National Guardsmen Patrol Town.

South Pittsburgh, Tenn.—With virtually all local law enforcement officers of Marian county, Tennessee, dead or disabled, national guardsmen patrolled this section to prevent further disorders growing out of a gun fight between city and county authorities in which five were killed and four were wounded, one fatally. The shooting was the result of a feud between police and sheriff's officers growing out of a recent strike at a local manufacturing plant, in which the respective law enforcement agencies supported opposing sides.

1928 Greeting

The Lord bless thee and keep thee
 The Lord make His face to shine upon thee,
 and be gracious unto thee.
 The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,
 and give thee peace.—Numbers 6:24-26.