

The Athena Press

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
F. B. BOYD, Owner and Publisher

Subscription Rates.
One copy, one year.....\$2.00
One copy, six months.....\$1.00
One copy, three months......75

Athena Oregon, December 30, 1927

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

Little Virginia O'Hanlon, perplexed by the question, "Is there a Santa Claus?" wrote to the editor of the New York Sun, saying: "I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?"

An editorial written by Marcellus Church, published in the Sun in 1897, one of the finest pieces of English literature, answered for all time and all children this old, old question:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith in them, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man nor the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

Louis Ludlow, president of the National Press Club and for thirty years a Washington newspaper correspondent, said in an address before the Indianapolis Rotary Club: "Speaking in the parlance with which I am most familiar, the time is coming in my opinion when some political party will be able to register a tremendous scoop if it goes before the country on a platform composed of those four meaningful words, the shortest and at the same time the most impelling platform the mind of man can conceive: 'Back to the Constitution!' Not yet, perhaps, nor even soon, but some day the thinking people of this country will awaken to the demoralizing and devaluing influence which paternalism is exerting in our national institutions, and when they do they will be not only ready, but eager, for this four-word, seven-syllable platform.

When the census Bureau completes its count of the inhabitants of the United States in 1930, it will be found that the population will have reached 124,000,000. W. M. Stewart, director of the census, says in his annual report. The first time Uncle Sam counted noses was in 1790, and the number found was 3,929,214. At the last count, in 1920, the total was 105,710,620. Mr. Stewart suggests a census once in five years instead of once in ten years.

Well, it didn't take very long for the "fox" to turn yellow, once the Los Angeles officers arrived at Pendleton. Their presence brought him back to the nearness of his departure for the scenes of his awful crime and his nerve simply melted before the ordeal.

Ford has sold a plane to Mexico, on the strength of Lindy's hop over into the camp of our Southern neighbor. The plane purchased by the Mexican government was the one in which Mrs. Lindburgh rode to Mexico City. All of which shows that Henry is still looking after his business interests.

Aimee is focusing in the center of the limelight again. She has given \$400 to the reward fund offered for the capture and conviction of Hickman. That means that Gurdane and Lieuallen will perhaps receive their bit of "temple" money.

New York, with a record for virtually a blameless city for the 24 hour period over Christmas, when not a single prisoner was brought into its police stations, rather hang one on the large village in Illinois, over which big, windy "Bill" Thompson presides.

There is evidently a bunch of amateur burglars in this part of Umatilla county who are flirting with the chance of a prison term. Officers are of the opinion that the two recent robberies of an Athena grocery store is the work of inexperienced burglars.

Tom and "Buck" will be just as nifty in vaudeville as they were in affecting the capture of Hickman; only it will take more nerve.

Just the same this wheat-growing section would rather have several inches of snow covering the ground, instead of out-of-season springtime.

WHY WE CLING TO LIFE

(Klamath Falls Herald)
Here's a reply a retailer down South, according to the Sylvania (Ga.) Telephone, gave in answer to a request for a check. It's the best digest of the present day complex we've seen:

"I beg leave to inform you that the present shattered condition of my bank account makes it impossible for me to send you a check in response to your request for funds for the 'Aged and Decrepit Army Worms.'"

"The state of present financial condition is due to the effects of federal laws, state laws, county laws, corporation laws, by-laws, brother-in-laws, sister-in-laws, mother-in-laws, and out-laws, that have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Through their various laws, I have been held down, held up, walked on, sat on, sandbagged, flattened and squeezed until I do not know where I am, what I am, who I am, or why I am.

"These laws compel me to pay a merchant tax, capital stock tax, excess profit tax, income tax, real estate tax, property tax, state auto tax, city auto tax, gas tax, water tax, light tax, amusement tax, cigar tax, cigarette tax, street tax, road tax, school tax, surtax, syntax and carpet tax.

"In addition to paying these taxes I am requested and required to contribute to every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can organize. To the Society of St. John the Baptist, the Woman's relief, the Navy league, the Children's Home fund, the Policeman's Benefit, the Dorcas society, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief, the Near East Relief and the Gold Diggers' Home. Also, every hospital and every charitable institution in town, the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the White Cross, the Purple Cross and the Double Cross.

"The government has so governed my business that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, expected, inspected, disrespected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, commanded and compelled until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race, and I refuse to donate all I have and go out and beg.

AIR FIXED NITRATE FERTILIZERS ARE NOW SHIPPED TO FAR LANDS

Made At Niagara Falls And Warners, N. J., For Shipment To Japan And Java

Nitrogen from the air—thousands of tons of it—are being manufactured and turned into fertilizers, right here in the United States.

With all the controversy about making cheap fertilizers at Muscle Shoals, one might conclude that this is a highly questionable venture. It should be reassuring, therefore, to know that this project is thoroughly practicable and that we not only have a plant at Niagara Falls turning out great quantities of air nitrates fixed by the cyanamid process, but that this nitrate material is combined with phosphoric acid at Warners, New Jersey, to

borrow and steal money to give away. I am cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down and robbed, until I am nearly ruined, so the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what in the H— is coming next."

THE CAGED FOX

(Oregon Journal)
Hickman was too smart for the Los Angeles police. But his wits failed when he hit the trail in the Eastern Oregon cattle country. There life is rugged and men are men.

In Umatilla jail he is thinking it over. It has been a wild, weird week for him, and an appalling week for millions of people.

His visit to the school, his ride away from the school with the little girl, the notes he caused her to write, and all the rest of the fiendish details are in the picture that harasses his tortured mind. As the "fox," he made sundry boasts of what he could and would do. But he is a caged and very tame "fox" now.

There is sorrow in a little home in Los Angeles, where the chair of the child is vacant. There is a little gray-haired mother who is maddened with grief, in Kansas City. That, and himself execrated even by criminals and en route to doom, are what he got for his week's work.

A killing could not have been more wanton. Hickman denies that he murdered the child, but they all deny. He would deny that he stole the girl, but the tell-tale \$20 bills in the ransom money make that denial impossible.

They say newspapers ought not to print crime news. It was the finger prints and photographs of Hickman printed broadcast in the newspapers that led to the capture. The fugitive's face became known to every newspaper reader. That he had passed one of the tell-tale bills in Seattle was heralded through the newspapers, and that was the beginning of the end of the man hunt. The newspapers made his escape impossible.

Hickman is only 19. Loeb and Leopold were about the same age when they set out to commit the perfect crime in a quest for thrills. In the state of Washington a few days ago, a 17-year-old boy shot an old man to get money for Christmas remembrances for his sweetheart.

Has society no thought of the youth of these murderers? Mobs in Los Angeles are clamoring for Hickman's life. But when the blood forfeit is paid, they will forget and all the others will forget. Out of what we are seeing wouldn't it be a wise policy to get down to fundamentals and seek prevention of killings by boys that a generation or two ago were rarely if ever heard of but are of almost daily occurrence somewhere in the country now?

Hickman and his crime are so loathed that mob violence is threatened. The fury of the mass in Los Angeles is as manifest as Hickman's crime was ferocious. But no stain of mob vengeance should be added to the atrocious work already done. The law, if let alone, will settle with the hand that carved the body of the little girl into fragments.

MISTLETOE

(Pathfinder)
The origin of the mistletoe custom is interwoven with one of the mythological legends of Scandinavia. Balder, one of the principal gods, was about to be tortured by Mara, the demon who spent his life flitting savagely among sleepers with torments. The other gods decided to conjure all things—water, metals, poisons—to save him from harm. But they forgot one thing—mistletoe—because they thought it too frail and young to harm anyone. But at the

instigation of Loki, the spirit of evil, Balder was slain by a twig of mistletoe in the hands of the blind god Hodur. Then the gods decreed that the mistletoe should never again work evil so long as it did not touch the earth. This, it is said, is why it grows as a semi-parasite on trees, and never on the ground.

At Christmas time people still suspend it from the ceiling as an emblem of peace. When persons of the opposite sex pass under it they give each other the kiss of peace and love in the assurance that the mistletoe is no longer an instrument of mischief. Mistletoe had an important place in the religious ceremonies of the Druids, to whom it was sacred, especially when found on oaks. Some authorities credit the Druids of early Britain, a half century before Christ, with being the originators of this now world-wide custom. When people became Christians they held on to many of the old customs. Thus we continue to decorate our homes and places of worship with greenery. Holly, which is easily secured at Christmas time, has become the favorite, while mistletoe has by no means been forgotten. The latter, however, is not generally used in churches because it was once so closely allied with pagan ceremonies. There are some 20 species of mistletoe, made up of over 450 varieties, the berries on some varieties being pink. But just one variety is enough to kiss under. The usual custom or practice nowadays is that when a man sees a lady walk under or stand under mistletoe he is privileged to kiss her, but he must do so while she is under it. A lady has the same privilege.

President Signs Deficiency Bill.

Washington, D. C.—President Coolidge has signed the deficiency bill carrying emergency appropriations of \$203,000,000 for various government activities.

NOTICE.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County.

In the matter of the Estate of Clarence Ogilvy, presumed to be dead. Notice is hereby given by an order of the above entitled Court made and entered in the matter herein on the 16th day of December, 1927, the above entitled Court has found that the legal presumption of the death of the said Clarence Ogilvy is made out.

Notice is hereby further given that the said presumed decedent, if alive, or any other person for him, is required to produce to the Court within twelve weeks from the date of the last publication of this notice, satisfactory evidence of the continuance in life of said presumed decedent; and that if no such evidence is produced within said time the above entitled Court will proceed with the administration of the estate of the said presumed decedent.

This notice is published pursuant to an order made and entered by the above entitled Court in the above entitled matter, on the 16th day of December, 1927, which said order directs that this notice shall be published for a period of two successive weeks in the Athena Press, a newspaper of general circulation as defined by Section 58, Oregon Laws. Watts & Prestby, R. T. BROWN, Attys. for Petitioner. D2336.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County.

In the matter of the Estate of William P. Willaby, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her final account and report in the above entitled matter and that the above entitled Court has fixed Saturday, the 7th day of January, 1928, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, as the time, and the County Court room in the County Court house at Pendleton, Umatilla county, Oregon, as the place, for the hearing of said final account and report. Objections to said final account and report should be filed on or before that date.

Dated at Athena, Oregon, this 9th day of December, A. D. 1927.
HESTER WILLABY, Administratrix of the Estate of William P. Willaby, Deceased. Watts & Prestby, Attorneys for Estate. D936.

DR. J. L. GEYER

Dentist

Post Building, Athena, Phone 582

DR. S. F. SHARP

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Athena, Oregon

DR. W. G. COWAN

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Athena, Oregon

WATTS & PRESTBYE

Attorneys-At-Law

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