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# The Athena Press

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## MILITARY HONORS GIVEN GOVERNOR

### Highways, Dairying and Commercial Fishing. New Executive In State

The sudden death of Governor Isaac L. Patterson in his home at Ecola, Saturday night, came as a blow to the people of this state, who had been informed only Saturday morning that the Governor, who had been ill for several days had developed pneumonia and was a very sick man. He died at 8:10 Saturday evening, after an absence of only two weeks from his office.

It had been believed by the public that he was suffering from a slight cold, but towards the end the cold developed into pneumonia, and Saturday, when it was announced the crisis had been passed, there was a change for the worse. The governor was 70 years old.

Born in Benton county, September 17, 1859, Mr. Patterson was reared on a farm near Independence, Polk county. As a young man he was a clerk, then a partner, in a store in Salem. He was elected to the state senate from Marion county in 1893, and later was elected from Polk and Benton counties. Altogether, he served six legislative sessions. President McKinley appointed him collector of customs for Portland in 1898 and he was re-appointed by President Roosevelt.

The body lay in state in the hall of representatives at the capital in Salem during the forenoon Monday, from where the funeral with full military honors was held in the afternoon at 2:15.

Albin Walter Norblad, 48, Astoria lawyer, and president of the Oregon state senate, became governor at 11:25 o'clock Sunday, when he took the oath of office administered by Gus Moser, state senator, notary public and Mr. Norblad's friend.

Interviewed by the Morning Oregonian, Governor Norblad said he favored development of the state highway system, encouragement of dairying, support of movements to open up the hinterlands of the state, improvement of the fishing situation from the standpoint of both the sportsman and the commercial fisherman, establishment of sufficient airplane landing fields—all these are on the platform of Albin Walter Norblad, new governor of Oregon, "to be advanced as rapidly as sane business methods permit."

"I am interested in the development of the hinterlands of the whole state. The cities will grow and prosper as the hinterlands develop."

"Open up Oregon" might well be the slogan of my platform—always, however, with the restriction that this must be done in a sane and business like manner.

"I am a strong supporter of the cross-state road which has been ordered by the interstate commerce commission, which will develop many millions in wealth. I want all sections opened up."

Mr. Norblad is a man who, from his appearance, should have little trouble with illness in carrying on the duties of his office and pushing his program.

He is 48 years old and with hard muscles. He is 6 feet 1 1/4 inches in height, weighing 178 pounds, and jealous of his health. He stands straight as the proverbial string and his movements have striking alertness. He wears glasses, has strong blue-gray eyes, and his hair, which is thin, is parted and tight to his head. His hair is brown, gathering gray. He has a good voice, with of course much practice in speaking politically and in the courts.

Mr. Norblad is a member of the Presbyterian church, but was raised as a Lutheran. He is a member of a number of lodges.

He comes to the governorship in the late middle age of a life that in its beginnings saw much hardship. His parents brought him to America from Sweden as a small boy and they settled in Grand Rapids, Mich. The elder Norblad set up as a stone mason.

At the age of 12 young Norblad worked.

He sold newspapers in the streets, hot dogs at the fairs traveled with a circus band, worked as police reporter four years in Chicago, worked his way through the University of Chicago law school, and did a lot of hazardous traveling salesmanship. Miss Edna Cates, Michigan girl, whose ancestry goes back to the revolutionary war on both sides, came along and they were married. He served as district attorney in Telta county, Michigan, and in 1909 moved to Astoria, Or., where he had visited a friend the year before and learned to love the country. There he has reared his two children and risen to prominence.

## William M. Booher Dies Suddenly at His Home In Athena On Christmas Eve

William M. Booher, well known and highly respected citizen of Athena, died suddenly Tuesday evening at his home on Third street, as the result of heart failure.

Mr. Booher had been in declining health for some time but the end was unexpected by family and friends and the announcement of his passing caused deep sorrow.

Funeral services will be held at the Christian church this afternoon at two o'clock. The Masons will have charge of services at the grave.

Mr. Booher is survived by his widow and three sons, Jacob of Bonners Ferry, Idaho and Harve and Elmer of Condon. One of a family of ten brothers, Charles Booher of Spokane, is now living. The deceased was born at Darlington, Indiana, September 7, 1861. His family moved to Missouri and at the age of 17 he crossed the plains with an elder brother to Oregon, settling northwest of Athena. Later he moved to Morrow county, where in 1886 he was married to Miss Lucy Lane. One child, Jacob Booher was born to this union and the mother passed away. In 1892, Mr. Booher was united in marriage to Miss Louise Moore, who survives and is the mother of Harve and Elmer Booher.

Mr. Booher had been a member of Dolph Lodge, A. F. & A. M. for many years and for a long time a member of the Christian church.

## Vodvil As Presented By Local Talent, Pleases

A new departure in amateur stage craft left a marked impression on the audience which witnessed members of the Athena high school junior and senior classes in vodvil at the auditorium Thursday night of last week.

Under capable direction of Miss Beulah Smith, Miss Dorothy Brodie and Mrs. Areta Gurney of the high school faculty, the numbers presented had the swing and pep of real "big time" vaudeville headlines, and the cast went through the evening's performance with a self confidence seldom seen in amateur productions.

The Tiptoe chorus was stunning, the Romeo-Juliet stunt in Swedish dialect was a scream. The boys' quartette had to be omitted on account of the illness of one of the principals, Carl Calvert, but a girls' quartet filled in very satisfactorily.

A one-act play, "The Trysting Place," was cleverly given, while the "Spanish Burlesque" brought down the house. "Hard Studies," a dialogue, was well received, and "Wild Nell," in pantomime, was just about as wild as they make 'em. "The Dream Chorus" was perhaps the noblest number on the program, while the coon skit crowned the success of the show.

The junior-senior classes gave the show as a benefit for their annual banquet fund, and the performance grossed \$87.50.

## Mrs. Charles Norris Dead

Athena friends were grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Charles Norris at home in Portland, last Friday morning. Mrs. Norris was taken seriously ill on Sunday previous to her death and gradually grew worse. Athena relatives were summoned and returned home after the funeral, which was held Monday afternoon, interment taking place in Rose Hill cemetery. Mrs. Norris was 64 years of age, and had spent most of her life in Athena and neighborhood. Mr. and Mrs. Norris moved to Portland from here several months ago. She was an estimable woman and was held in high esteem by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Norris is survived by her husband, one brother, Amiel Schubert of Athena, and one sister, Mrs. Lottie Howell, of Rosalia, Washington.

## Archie Amond Here

Forty years ago Archie Amond attended school in Athena, when the late W. D. Jarvis was principal of the Athena schools. Archie is here now on business connected with sale of British Columbia farm land to local men. His father in early days owned the Piper place, northwest of Athena. The Amond family left Athena in 1890. Mr. Amond now devotes his attention to reclamation of British Columbia farm lands.

## Pleasant Social Afternoon

A very pleasant social afternoon was spent on Wednesday of last week, by the ladies of the Methodist club when nineteen members gathered at the home of Mrs. R. W. Singer. Mrs. Willard Crabbill and Mrs. Ethel Montague assisted the hostess during the tea hour. The next meeting will be held on January 22 at the home of Mrs. Ethel Montague.

## Pleasant Social Meeting

The open social meeting held by Pythian Lodge, Knights of Pythias, Wednesday evening of last week, was well attended and the evening was pleasantly passed by all in attendance.

## The Christmas Candle



The legend runs: On Christmas eve  
A little candle's ray,  
Shining through the dusk, will light  
The Christ Child on His way.  
I've polished well my window pane  
And set my candle there;  
I'll light it when the twilight comes  
And say a little prayer:  
Dear Christ Child, may my candle's light  
Lead You into my heart tonight.

ANNA R. BAKER—In Chicago News



THEY all came tumbling forth. "We're in plenty of time," they said.

"Well," said one, "you know we hear so much these days about doing your Christmas shopping early that we wanted to be just as punctual."

"It's nice to see every one again," one of the others said.

"Oh, yes, and this cold, crisp air does agree with us so well. We feel so glowing and so full of health and gaiety."

At that the word "Glowing" and the word "Health" and the word "Gaiety" all looked so pleased.

They had come tumbling out of the dictionary where they spent a good deal of their time, but now they would be out all the time, they knew.

It was their very own season. Each word had all its family along, too.

They were quite large families. In fact it seemed as though they were quite large enough to fill the world's orders for them.

All the words were feeling so pleased. There was the word "Holly" and there was the word "Mistletoe." There were the words "Christmas Greens." There was the word "Merry." There was the word "Happy."

There was the family of "Congratulations of the Season." There were all the "Good Wishes." They were an enormous family. There were the words "Yuletide" and all the words looked more de-

lighted than ever. "That is a beautiful idea, Peace," they said, "and we all hope that that idea of yours will really, really grow until all, all take you as a gift not only to themselves but to every one else in the whole world."

So the words were ready for the great Christmas season. But of all of them Peace was the one hoping the sweetest, greatest hope of all!

And the word "Evergreen" came out, too, and the word "Snow" and the words "White Christmas."

Then came the words "Christmas Tree" and the word "Ribbon" had linked arms with the word "Red." The word "Tinsel" looked as bright and sparkling as could be, and the word "Stocking" just looked as though it would burst with pride.

The word "Children" was right in its element, and the word "Peace" looked so happy, so relieved. The words "Good Will" were on hand, too.

All these words, such beautiful, happy words, had come tumbling out of the dictionary to stay until the Christmas season was over, for they knew they would be in such great use. They had come in plenty of time—there was no fear about that. And then the word "Peace" spoke.

"It would be so perfect," said "Peace," "if human beings, all over the world, would make a real friend of me. There is no one who will be a better friend. I will make it so that instead of troubles, agonies, miseries, waste and destruction coming along people will be able to do great deeds and think great thoughts. They will be able to make life richer and more beautiful for all about them. They will accomplish great peace time improvements and deeds. They will work to do away with poverty and trouble. That would be the most wonderful Christmas every one in the world could give to every one else in the world."

"Oh, I should like to see suspicious and doubts put away, to see trust and belief in people by other people. You know how one always appears one's best with a person who thinks a lot of you—so with trust and faith the world will think more, each of the other."

"Then, beautiful Christmas Words, we could be around so much more of the time than just at Christmas."

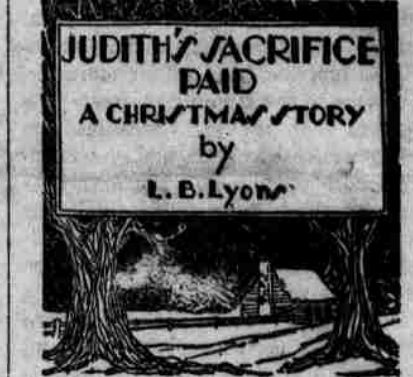
"There is no season like Christmas. But to make the spirit of Christmas last throughout the whole year would be the greatest gift that human beings could make to Christmas. For years Christmas has given people cheer, happiness. Now, wouldn't it be a good idea for people to give Christmas a great and mighty present?"

"I should so love to be a present to the world—a real, lasting present."

And all the words looked more de-

lighted than ever. "That is a beautiful idea, Peace," they said, "and we all hope that that idea of yours will really, really grow until all, all take you as a gift not only to themselves but to every one else in the whole world."

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CHRISTMAS eve and Judith Ross found herself alone at last but still very lonely. Her only relative, her kid brother, Paul, had just gone away, taking a bride with him.

"One of these days, Judith, Paul will go and marry some one and then you'll be left alone," her sweetheart, Ralph Reed, told her two years before on Christmas eve, just after Judith had refused to go with him into Canada. Ralph's prophecy had come true—Paul had not sacrificed his love affairs to remain at home with her and she hadn't expected it, and yet she was thinking how unfairly life had treated her.

Judith gave a sigh and looked about her, for there were the wedding decorations, including the mistletoe, the flowers, the wreaths, the huge bell and the banked altar in the library.

Just as she donned a great overall apron the electric buzzer warned her that some one stood in the cold awaiting admittance to her cozy home.

"Ralph," was all Judith could say. "Yes, it is me, Judith. Two weeks ago tonight I listened in on the radio in my little shack up there in the woods and heard a Pittsburgh radio station dedicate a number to Paul and his bride-to-be, and then it was that I knew you needed me, Judith. I imagined they would be marrying about Christmas, so I started out the very next morning to reach here in time, but old Tim down at the station told me they had gone already." Ralph blurted it all out and then opened his arms and Judith crept into them, knowing her troubles were all at an end, and she was to be repaid for the years she had sacrificed for her kid brother.

"How did you know I would still be waiting for you, Ralph?" she mumbled from the depths of his great coat.

"Love takes a lot for granted you know, dear, and then, too, a few weeks ago, I heard you sing 'Still Waiting For You, Dear,' from the radio station, and didn't I recognize that favorite song of mine even before I heard them announce the singer? If I knew you'd not be singing that if some one else had claimed you."

Just then the buzzer brought them back to earth and Judith arranged her tumbled locks as she went to answer the ring. There stood the little old person who had just left the house a few hours before.

"Have you forgotten something?" asked Judith.

"No, I believe not; I've my book and the promise of two witnesses who will be along in a minute," Parson Henderson assured her.

"Witnesses?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," Ralph answered, for he had followed her into the hall. "I took a lot for granted, phoned the parson, and now we can be married on Christmas eve, just as we had planned to do, when Paul refused to go back to Canada with us."

True to their word, a few moments later the parson's sister and her daughter joined the little group at the Ross home. Underneath the same wedding bell, before the same flower-banked altar in the library, in the shadows cast by the same flickering tapers that had furnished the setting for her brother's wedding, Judith promised to "love and cherish" Ralph.

There had been oceans of food left over from Paul's wedding feast and the little bride, Judith, herself, set out the remaining salad, cold pressed chicken and the other goodies. "Just a pot-luck wedding dinner, folks," she proclaimed.

Her eyes grew starry as Ralph retorted: "It might be a pot-luck Christmas eve, but it's not a pot-luck Christmas eve for it is the happiest Christmas eve in my whole life, folks." As he made the statement he slipped a most generous fee into the parson's hand, making it the happiest Christmas eve for the parson, too. Judith had noticed his movement, so she followed by slipping to the two women folks two tiny jade pins which she had purchased sometime ago to give as presents, but hadn't found a place for them before. "After all," thought Judith, "Christmas is synonymous with love, and love is a synonym for Christmas."

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And all the words looked more de-

## Account of Washington's Funeral Found in Clipping From Old Paper

Mrs. Ross Catron hands in the following account of the funeral of George Washington, contained in a clipping from the Ulster County Gazette, of Kingston N. J., published in January, 1800, which she found in an old scrap book:

"Washington Entombed.  
"Georgetown, Va., Dec. 20, 1799.—On Wednesday last the mortal part of Washington the Great—the father of his country and the friend of man—was consigned to the tomb with solemn honors and with funeral pomp.

"A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves, the spacious avenues, the beauty and sublime scenes—the noble mansion but, alas, the august inhabitant was no more! The great soul was gone! His mortal part was there, indeed, but, ah! how affecting! How awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness thus fallen! Yes, fallen, indeed!

"In the long and lofty porticoes where oft the hero walked in all his glory now lay the shrouded corpse, the countenance still composed and serene, still expressing the magnanimity of the spirit which had dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honors to the benefactor of the country took an impressive and farewell view.

"On the ornament at the head of the coffin was inscribed 'Surge and judicium.' About the middle of the coffin 'Glorio Deo,' and on the silver plate, 'General Washington departed this life on the 14th day of December, 1799, Age 68.'

"Between 3 and 4 o'clock the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river firing minute guns awoke afresh our solemn sorrow. The corpse was moved. A band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe. The procession was formed and moved on in the following order:

Cavalry, Infantry (with arms reversed).  
Guard.  
Music.  
Clergy.

The General's horse, with his saddle holster and pistols.

Colonel Simms, Colonel Ramsey, Colonel Payne (pall-bearers).  
Corpse.

Colonel Gilpin, Colonel Marsteller, Colonel Little (pall-bearers).  
Mourners.  
Masonic Brethren  
Citizens.

"When the party had arrived at the bottom of the elevated land on the banks of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalcade halted; the infantry marched toward the Mount and formed their lines; the clergy, the Masonic brothers, and the citizens descended to the vault and the funeral service of the church was performed; the firing was repeated from the vessel in the river, and the sound echoed from the woods and hills around.

"The sun was now setting. Alas, the Sun of Glory had set forever! No! The name of Washington, the American president and general, will triumph over death! The unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate future ages."

## Double Header Basketball Game, Local Court Tonight

A doubleheader girls and boys basketball games will be played on the local court tonight, when Eddie Buck's Prescott, Washington, teams will meet "Pike" Miller's Athena high schools teams. If Buck's coaching is as good as his refereeing Athena will be in for a fight to win from the Prescott quintets. The new suits for the Athena girls are expected to be here in time for the game tonight.

Miller took his basketball players to Walla Walla Friday afternoon and sent them against Dimmick's Wa-Hi crew in a practice game, which proved to be a thriller. At the end of the last half the score stood 12-5 for Wa-Hi, and during the half teamwork and close checking showed up well for both teams.

In the last half Wa-Hi cashed in 16 points against Miller's second stringers and but little scoring was done in the fourth quarter.

Touchet is coming to play Athena on the local court, New Year's eve. A curtain race is offered by the first appearance of the season of Athena and Adams graders.

## Farm House Burned

The small farm house on Mrs. Templeton's place, west of Athena, under lease to Chase Garfield, was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon, together with contents in the upper story. The fire, which presumably started from the flue, was discovered by the Hughes family, who were occupants of the house, at 4:30 o'clock and it had gained such headway that nothing could be done toward saving the building. Furniture and household goods were saved from the lower rooms.

## FARM BOARD PLAN AIDS WHEAT PRICE

### Suggestion of Support Puts Enthusiasm In Chicago Market.

Chicago.—It needed but a gesture from the farm board to suggest it would support the wheat market if necessary, as was indicated by the co-op bid of \$1.18 for No. 1 hard winter wheat at Chicago to bring about a violent change in sentiment regarding the trend of values in all of the leading world's markets.

The co-op failed to result in any purchases overnight and was restricted to country grain.

Speculators who were credited with having been the heaviest of wheat futures were said to have been the largest buyers Saturday, and offerings were light until May went above \$1.30 1/2. At that figure overholders of offers were free-sellers and there was also profit-taking by operators who bought at the opening.

The entrance of the co-ops into the cash wheat market as buyers of grain to arrive caused a great deal of discussion among traders. While it was generally felt that little grain would be obtained, at the same time the impression prevailed that a new factor had developed in the situation and that from now on the ideas of the farm board as to what constituted a fair price would have to be given consideration, even though the price of the futures at Chicago is based on the grade of No. 2 hard winter, whereas the co-operative bid to the country was for No. 1 hard, and farm board loans are also based on that grade. Heavy acceptances of offers of cash wheat aboard overnight were reported, and it was estimated that sales in all positions aggregated around 2,000,000 bushels. However, the trade is looking for abnormally small North American clearances during the past week, and a substantial reduction in supplies on ocean passage is generally expected. Last week's total was 26,664,000 bushels, the smallest since September, 1925, and with that exception the smallest since August-September, 1915, when the total dropped to 18,848,000 bushels.

## Three Rules That Make Love a Simple Matter

"The Boomerang" as a stage play had a pronounced success. Then it was forgotten for a while. But Richard Dix discovered it three years ago and wanted to do "The Boomerang" into a movie. The fulfillment of this wish came with his assignment to the Paramount picture, "The Love Doctor," which is the screen adaptation of the stage play at the Standard Theatre New Year's night.

The story is that of a young doctor who is wise in the ways of love, shies at all marriageable maidens and is madly loved by two of them. Enter a patient with a strange malady known as love. The doctor bundles the patient off to the country with a nurse who loves the doctor. A young society deb is now left with a clear field for the doctor's heart.

The doctor lays down his three rules of love for his patients. First, if you fall in love say so, if you like, but never let the loved one be quite sure you mean it. Second, make yourself scarce. Be as devoted as you like but don't always be on hand. Third, try and make the loved one jealous. Then he promptly visits his patient, feels himself falling for the nurse and leaves to go back to town and forgets all about it. But on the way back the canoe tips over and the doctor becomes involved in an affair that keeps him from going back to town.

## Arleen Myrick Won Prize

Miss Arleen Myrick won the \$25 Toilet Set in the voting contest at McPadden's Pharmacy, which closed at 8 o'clock on Christmas eve, receiving 50428 votes. Miss Mary Tompkins was second, with 45166 votes and Miss Dorothy Burke third, with 11475. The voting was spirited throughout the last days of the contest and the best of feeling prevailed among the contestants for the prize. Miss Myrick requests the prize to express her thanks to all who cast votes for her. Miss Tompkins and Miss Burke are gratified and thankful for the support given them by friends through the contest.

## Athena Roads Listed

Among the roads of the county listed for improvement during the coming year by the county court are Wild Horse, 4.86 miles; Adams-Spring Hollow, 3.84 miles; Athena-Helix, 2.76 miles; Adams-Sand Hollow, 2.17 miles; Eagle Creek, 4.31 miles; Adams-Thorn Hollow, 6.44 miles; Gerking Flat, 4.51 miles.