

Scholls Yield Berries Light

Two-Thirds Crop Reported; Club Meets Friday

(By Miss Lorraine Deamus)
SCHOLLS—Due to the drought conditions last summer the black-cap harvest at the Schmelzer farm and other farms on the mountain is only about two thirds of the average yield. An unusual feature is that the Mountain harvest is the same time as the valley fields this year, ten days being the usual difference in the time of most of the crops.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Moore were called to Portland Sunday by the serious illness of her father, Thomas Withcombe.

Cheltenham Mountain forestry and potato clubs will meet at the Joe Ego home Friday evening.

About fifteen were entertained with a pot luck chicken dinner at the S. P. Taylor home Sunday.

Miss Virginia McCann of Portland spent several days last week at the parental home.

Scholls Ladies Aid met at the F. E. Rowell home Friday instead of the William Chandler home as planned because of rainy weather.

The round table talk was on "Calling on your neighbors."

Florence Sandiforth arrived last week for an indefinite stay at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Christensen, and family.

About twenty friends and relatives from Portland were entertained with a picnic party at the Hugh Kellogg home July 4.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Foster of Kalama, Wash., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Weller, and Deloris Foster during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Twigg were given a chaurivari party Monday evening.

Monday visitors at the Hugh Kellogg home were Mrs. Minnie Schultz of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Adney and son and Philip Adney of Clinton, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Knudson and daughters Adela and Bula of Crosby, N. D., came Friday for several weeks' stay at the Alfred Bendickson home.

Sunday guests at the F. E. Rowell home were Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Laitue of Woodland, Wash., Mr. and Mrs. Ivey and son of Sheridan, and Mrs. Mary Kirk of Portland.

Miss Dorothy Pical of Stevenson is visiting Miss Doris Lewell in several days this week.

Lea Wolfenberger of Portland spent the week-end at the Andrew Weller home.

Mrs. William B. Chandlice will hold choir rehearsal at her home Friday evening at 8, when the young people's choir will rehearse songs to be given at the reception for the new minister in the near future.

A special surprise is in store for those who attend.

Mr. and Mrs. V. L. Derson of Las Vegas, New Mexico, are making an indefinite visit with her father, J. B. Bartley of Midway.

The S. G. Miller place has been sold to Fred and Ed Wohlshelgel, who will take possession about October 1.

Mr. Harry Reynolds and daughter Billie of Mist were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Lovgren, and called on other former neighbors.

Birthday Parties Held at Rippling

CHEHALEM MOUNTAIN—The tenth birthday anniversary of Helen Otto and Burton Grabhorn, cousins, were celebrated Sunday at Rippling Waters. About 20 relatives attended including the Grabhorn family of Cooper Mountain, Mr. Bierly of Midway, Kinton and the A. D. and Sam Otto families of Bald Peak. This celebration has become an annual event.

Fir Grove Ladies' Social club met with Mrs. Lena Meyers July 7 for a social afternoon. Next meeting will be in the Walker grove July 21. Mrs. F. B. Tompkins, who is a house guest of her daughter, Mrs. John Walker, will be hostess.

Mrs. Ernest Guenther was hostess Friday night at her home for a play party for the Mountain Top Sunday school. Plans had been made for an out-of-doors party but the rainy weather made this impossible. Twenty-three attended. A pot luck lunch was served.

Mrs. Clayton Whitmore gave two dinner parties recently. One, July 8, was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carow, Mrs. Grover Brown and children, Corine and Robert, and Mrs. Lois Stone and daughter Lois Mildred, all of Hillsboro. The second dinner party was Sunday, guests being Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Meyers of Laurel and Bill Walker.

Quite a few Farmers' Union members here plan to attend the annual Washington county picnic and program at Rippling Waters Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Guenther and family attended the annual reunion of the Myers family at Albany Sunday.

Week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Walker were Mrs. M. and Mrs. Lloyd Knox of Portland.

Mrs. Lena Meyers and daughter Norman accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Lee Oaks of Hillsboro on a trip to Silver creek falls Sunday.

George Emerson finished the first of the week sawing the timber on his 30 acres south of the W. R. Davis place. The remainder of the trees are being made into cord-wood. About 400 cords have been contracted to be made.



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Local Girl on World Tour Writes of Visit to Orient

Editor's Note—Impressions of countries visited are being sent to the Argus by Miss Frieda Korn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Korn of Helvetia, who left San Francisco February 21 on a six or seven months' pleasure trip around the world.

Travel in India is quite different from travel in our good old United States, especially off-season, when the various travel agencies are not operating tours.

Except on urgent business, Europeans do not travel this time of the year. From the latter part of March to June there are miserable dust storms and from June to November the monsoons. I am told that during the monsoons it deluges day and night.

The overland mail express between Bombay and Calcutta is a very well equipped train, fast and fairly on time. The other trains, however, are very trying—late, dirty and terribly slow.

Unlike our trains, where you have a center passage-way through all the coaches the whole length of the train, the trains here are made up of bogie cars divided into four compartments which do not connect with each other. Most of the compartments have four berths in them, two upper and two lower. Each compartment is also equipped with a shower, lavatory and wash basin. Access to these compartments is from the station platform only. This they claim is because of so many robberies and murders. When you leave your compartment to board another section of the train to dine or walk around on the station platform your bearer comes from his quarters, sits in your compartment and watches your things until you return.

Because of the unsanitary conditions in India, each passenger must carry all of his own bedding, towels, etc., and each night your bearer makes up your own berth. Most of the time I was the only American woman on the train, so all the way through had a compartment to myself. This may sound good, but even at its best, this time of the year, it is a night-mare. Half the windows are loose, and not double, like those on our Pullmans, with the result that it is impossible to keep the dust and dirt out. In some of the larger stations they have un-touchables who sweep and dust out your carriages, but a few minutes later more dust settles and you simply sit there in the heat and dust and dirt, hoping to get to your destination soon.

It is interesting to watch the Davis place. The remainder of the trees are being made into cord-wood. About 400 cords have been contracted to be made.

all the time to brush my teeth with Evian, the French water is about 45 cents, our money, a quart, beer about 40 cents, our money, a pint.

The trip from Bombay to Agra, a distance of 839 miles, was tremendously interesting, for as you well might realize I was all eyes. I view Bombay at 6:30—almost sundown and here the countryside was very fertile—millions of palm trees and against the dull bluish gray of an evening sky they looked for all the world like hundreds of huge feather dusters stuck there by giants in a playful mood.

When I awoke the next morning we were still in country blessed with a fair amount of water, judging from the vegetation. Here and there a small village of farmers, raising mostly rice and a little sugar cane, and many sheep. In this section the houses are thatched and always all very close together. The flame of the forest is in bloom this time of the year and a beautiful sight. This tree grows large and umbrella fashion and even before the leaves come is just covered with an orange-red flower. To view them from a distance, especially many trees together, it looks as though the whole forest were ablaze. In many places one could see hundreds of wild monkeys and at some of the more outlying many of them would crawl all over the train.

This is harvest time in the interior of India. For miles and miles along our route about every five miles we would come to one of these tank communities, where in the old fashioned way they would be threshing their grain—driving two, three or four lazy oxen, bullocks or water buffalo around and around, treading out the grain. The peasants still use the primitive wooden plough which can be used only when the earth has been softened by heavy rain, and transportation away from railways and main roads is still by the slow ancient bullock carts—sometimes drawn by bullocks, sometimes oxen, water buffalos or camels, whatever the Daks or perhaps an individual boasted.

Our train ran over a cow at one place. Hindu cows it was a very sacred cow and there was much delay during which time I had the good fortune of meeting another white person who happened to be one of the officers of the Indian railway way. It was the British I. C. S., which today runs India. In the three or four hours we talked I learned a very great deal about the administrative part of India and had an opportunity to ask the officer what he thought of so many things I saw or had seen from the train windows or in various places along the way.

From the tree-top of some of these Indian towns and there was flying a white flag. I learned that this told the weary traveler here was a place of worship. Indian people you must realize are very, very religious. At the very least they all pray and carry and sundown. Often if the train was late you would see them dash from the coaches, spread out part of their white cloth covering, turn to the setting sun and while the train was in a station.

The older people in these rural places usually have thin clothes thrown around them, but the children are practically always naked. Always where there is a well there is much activity. No matter how filthy and dirty, the colors they wear are always bright and beautiful. The women in their bright saris and blouses are very attractive. Always where there is a well there are huge brass water jugs on their heads, walking barefooted along a hot sunbaked path were truly a beautiful picture. Somehow, as you saw them, their brass jugs and their white saris and blouses would be forgotten the rest of their surroundings.

When the British government made plans for this particular road it was built through the center of the Indian valley and through the more arid country, so that for military purposes Calcutta and Bombay would be linked with a good railway. For about five miles on each side of the track good sized levees were built around flats of land about an acre square. These levees catch and hold the rain water during the monsoons and thus replenish their under-water supply. They dry up before the long summer heat is over, but along this particular region they have practically done away with water fames. Also I had pointed out to me huge tanks full of water that are kept at some of the stations which can immediately be transported wherever needed.

They still use the primitive way of drawing their water and in the cities these sheep skins are used up all over but the long neck which is used somewhat like a hose. The two front legs are tied to one end of a leather strap and the two hind legs to the other end and the strap thrown over the shoulder.

Delhi, India
This city is about 960 miles northwest of Bombay.
Delhi in Indian means a city. Here they have Delhi number one, number two and number three, the last of which is known as New Delhi and that set up by the British government and is in reality number eight. History says this each time the fort and city of Delhi was conquered the conquering ruler totally destroyed the old fort and city and built a new capital on the ruins or near the ruins of its predecessor.

The massacre under Nadir Shah on March 11, 1739, was perhaps the greatest misfortune that ever befell this city. After killing all of its inhabitants the victorious Persian withdrew from the city, carrying with him approximately seventy million pounds sterling, the famous peacock throne and the Kohinoor diamond.

It was almost thrilled to death as I walked into the Diwan-i-Khas, or Hall of Private Audience, and actually gazed upon the beautifully carved marble platform upon which once stood the Peacock Throne. I called because it has the figures of a deer piece of art. The throne itself, or the body of it, is made of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. It was so called because it has the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds and pearls and in appropriate colors to represent life. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold and gems and a fringe of pearls. Between the two peacocks stood a parrot, said to have been carved out of a single emerald.

In the same room called the Shahjahanabad, King Emperor George V gave audience to his subjects of New Delhi when he and Queen Mary came to India in 1917. This, too, is a huge palace, built in the style of the old Mughal preserved. Two rooms have been refurbished to Mogul style with mattresses and carpets and cushions, vases and pots of flowers, their swords, mirrors, etc. just as were for royal princes 300 years ago.

As in the Palace at Agra, marble water ways were all through the palace, here called the "stream of paradise" in the center of the court which Shah Jehan placed brilliantly colored fish, each with a gold ring about its neck with a ruby and two pearls.

About eleven miles from Delhi is the summit of the Tropic of Cancer which marks the victory of Mohammedan over the Hindu civilization 1,200 years ago. It is a red sandstone tower 238 feet high and graduates from a base of 47 feet to a summit. At present the British are testing the safety of the building, which is rather interesting. At the base, here and there have been cemented tiny plates of glass. The glass will break even a trifle.

Nearby are the ruins of another palace and in the sacred inclosure of the Mosque of Kutub-ud-Din, the first Mohammedan house of prayer built in India, is one of the most remarkable monuments in India. It is a shaft of malleable iron 16 inches in diameter and 23 feet 8 inches in height with a twisted capital at the top. It is believed to be the third century. D. For almost 1700 years this iron column has been exposed to the elements without rust or deterioration. All that is known of its origin or purpose is that it was shaped by Sankari, an inscription. "The pillar is the arm of fame of Raja Dhava, who obtained, with his own arm an undivided sovereignty of the earth for a long period."

Many ruined palaces and mosques, but we must move on.

New Delhi is truly magnificent, beautifully laid out and the modern governmental buildings and grounds though built since 1911, reflect much of the pomp and glory of old India. Old Delhi, a few miles away from New Delhi, with its narrow streets of native bazaars is very fascinating to the traveler—beautiful ivory and wood carvings of every description, exquisite needle-work, jewelry, shawls from Kashmir, sacred cows, wandering dogs, beggars, everything all mixed up and so crowded that you can hardly walk along without brushing against many you would rather not brush against.

I had arranged to leave this in-

teresting town early in the morning at the hotel I hired a Hindu driver and car to take my bag and I to catch an eight o'clock train. About ten blocks from the hotel about all things what should he do but hit and kill a Mohammedan on a bicycle. Well I know this meant a riot in any language. Instantly there were hundreds of natives swarming around, talking and shouting I shouted to the boy to untie our baggage, because of the crowd, it was not possible to get another car anywhere near, so I hailed a native Tonga, piled in all the baggage, crawled on top of it and started for the station, only to find that our train had left. The accident was most unfortunate, but I reasoned there was nothing I could do that would help the dead man and if I lingered no telling what would happen in a mad-dened crowd, say nothing of the days I might be detained as a witness, etc., so decided to take a local native train that left in an hour. No dinner on that train, so I lived on hot tea that day. When I wanted a hot tea, the native train master would notify the station ahead and they would have it on the platform when the train arrived.

From Delhi to Lucknow the country is very arid and all along here the native Daks are made entirely of mud. The houses are also made in the sun with roofs also of mud, here and there a few trees, but very few.

As diurnal dry and arid as all this interior country is, still every where you see the natives traveling, on foot, in bullock carts or once in awhile astride a camel or horse, but always on the march going somewhere. No matter what their lot in life maybe or how tattered and torn the clothes they wear, always they are of the most brilliant hues and somehow managed to brighten up even the most humble lot of wanderers.

SUMMONS FOR PUBLICATION
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington.

State of Oregon, by and through its State Highway Commission, composed of Henry F. Cabell, E. B. Aldrich, and F. L. Tou Velle, West Hills Memorial Park, an Oregon corporation, Frank William Pointonizer, Lewis Samuel Pointonizer, John Harvey Pointner, Ralph Charles Pointner, Martha Elizabeth Pointner Austin, Estella Agnes Pointner Walters, Rachel Alvira Pointner Harlan, Adelia Caroline Pointner Douma, Laura Wanda Morrill Stoops, Marjorie Morrill Whitham, and Malvina Bush, Plaintiffs,

vs.

Annie Lucy Pointner Brussat, C. J. Stitt, Maria Hindman, and all others unknown, Defendants.

To Annie Lucy Pointner Brussat, C. J. Stitt, Maria Hindman, and all others unknown, Defendants:

In the Name of the State of Oregon, You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the Bill in Equity filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, said period of four weeks being the time prescribed for publication hereof; and if you fail to so appear and answer said Bill in Equity for want thereof the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in its Bill in Equity, to-wit: the disinterment, moving, and reinvestment of bodies now interred in the Pointner family cemetery in Section 17, Township 1 South, Range 1 West, W. M., in the County of Washington, State of Oregon.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable R. Frank

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as executor of the estate of William Mogensen, deceased, has filed his Final Account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County and that Monday, August 17, 1936, at the hour of 9:30 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of said court, has been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said Final Account, and for the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published July 16, 1936. Date of last publication August 13, 1936.

HANS GAARDE, Executor, F. C. Hoack-er, Attorneys Building, Portland, Oregon, Attorney for Estate. 22-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
In the District Court of the United States, for the District of Oregon.
In the Matter of Joseph H. Grimes, Bankrupt; No. B-21373 in Bankruptcy.
Notice is hereby given to all creditors that on the 10th day of July, A. D. 1936, Joseph H. Grimes of Beaverton, Oregon, the bankrupt above named, was duly adjudged bankrupt and a meeting of his creditors will be held in the County Court Room in the County Court House at Hillsboro, Oregon, on the 16th day of July, 1936, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Peters, a page of the above entitled Court made and entered in said Court and cause on the 13th day of July, 1936, prescribing that this summons be served by publication thereof once each week for four consecutive weeks in the Hillsboro Argus, a newspaper published in Washington County, Oregon, on July 16, 1936, is the date of the first publication of this summons. August 13, 1936, is the date of the last publication of this summons.

L. H. VAN WINKLE, Attorney General for Oregon, J. M. DEVERIS, Assistant Attorney General for Oregon State Highway Commission, J. W. DE SOUZA, Assistant Attorney for the Oregon State Highway Commission, Attorneys for Plaintiffs, Address: Salem, Oregon. 22-6

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