Circle Trip of U. S. Interests

Banks Man Writes About His Summer Experience

(By Kenneth Munford)

The United States is an awfully big country with a great variety of people, climate, and scenery I found on the trip a fellow from Portland and I took around it this summer. It is much too large to try to begin to cover in a few months, but we did the best we could with the time and money we had.

The part of the country that we liked best and that reminded us most of Oregon—maybe that is the reason we liked it—was New England. The Green Mountains and the White Mountains are much like our coast range. The winding roadways are cool and shaded and many little streams babble down the valleys. The Connecticut valley is a little like the Willamette valley. They tell me though that the winters there are quite severe, much more so than our own.

I wouldn't care to live in any of the big cities of the East unless I had a good deal of money to spend. There is so much noise and confusion. The people are so hard and unfriendly. Many of the cities are so dirty with the buildings grimy with soot and smoke and the streets littered with papers and scraps of various kinds. The air is so smoky and smelly. I honestly believe that if a New Yorker got a real breath of fresh air it would choke him.

However, for the person with a good deal of money to spend New York is a grand place. Broadway lighted up at night is a real sight. Slowly moving signs, turning signs, whirling signs, flashing signs, dancing signs, any kind of a sign to catch the eye, advertise chewing gum, cars, beer, shows, night clubs, jewelry, and give you the latest news flashes. People crowd the streets all day and long past midnight at night, milling round and round like a herd of cattle. As people jammed and crowded from every side I said to Ted, the fellow who was with me, "This reminds me of the fair grounds at Hillsboro on the Fourth of July."

Laughing and talking as we rode along in the subway one evening I suddenly became conscious of the fact that we were a center of interest for other people on the car and a number of somber gazes were turned in our direction. I couldn't help wondering why so many people were watching us. A glance in the opposite car window showed me that I hadn't forgotten my tie and my hair wasn't up on end again. It couldn't be our appearance that drew the attention. Then I discovered what it was. We were smiling! Not another person on that train could I find with so much as a pleasant look on his face. It isn't much wonder that they look so sour when you consider the racket they have to stand and the odors they must endure.

* * *

In some ways it is true what they say about Dixie. The sun shines a good deal of the time, but it also rains, and when it rains it actually pours—none of this Oregon mist business. I come from a rainy state, but the heaviest downpour I ever saw was late one afternoon near Mobile, Alabama. It had been thundering off and on for several days so that we had become accustomed to the roll of thunder and flashes of lightning. But on that particular afternoon the storm hit us all of a sudden. The thunder crashed right over our heads—so close that we unconsciously ducked our heads at each peal. Then a bag of wind hit us, bringing with it a sheet of water. I suppose the rain really came down in drops, but through the windshield it looked as if the air was filled with layer after layer of water. There was no shelter to get under, and as I had never heard of a rain hard enough to stop a car we drove on. As the rain continued we began to pass stopped cars. I wondered why they had stopped on the highway. There was danger of being hit for every thing was blurred for the driver even with the windshield swipe going full speed. Then I found that they hadn't stopped of their own accord, but had been stopped by the rain. The water driving in through our radiator covered the spark plugs or got in someplace it shouldn't and we were stalled, too.

We had only been stopped a few minutes when we felt a bump on the rear of the car. A passerby was taking it on himself to give us a push. Our car in front of his should give enough protection for his that it wouldn't be stalled, but it didn't work that way, for after he had pushed us for a short distance he was stopped too. We coasted as far as we could, but not quite far enough to get under the roof of an abandoned service station. It was still pouring so hard that it was useless to try to do any work on the engine. All we could do was to wait. Then another Good Samaritan saw our plight and pushed us on under cover. I don't know how he escaped, but the water didn't bother his engine at all. Ted soon had the motor going again and we went back to help our first friend. He had taken it very calmly as if it were an ordinary occurrence, and he had his engine dried off and was almost ready to go when we got back to him. None of the natives of the country seemed to think the storm was anything unusual, but something that could be expected at any time. While we worked on the car the rain stopped as suddenly as it started and within a half hour the sun peeped out again.

All this rain in a place which is so warm make the woods almost like jungles with tall trees and a tangle underbrush beneath. There are many swamps for the alligator to live in and, of course, many mosquitoes which make sleeping out at night rather unpleasant. While driving through the Everglades in Florida at night we saw 'possum close beside the road. There are many beautiful flowers, including the sweet magnolia—but it doesn't blossom 'round every body's door.

Any time of the day when driving through the south you will see darkies and the poorer class of white people sitting around on their porches or lying in sun doing nothing at all. The negroes are a happy and carefree lot. Usually when there is a group together they are laughing and joking. At night when you drive past a group in the dark about all of them you can see is the whites of their eyes and the flashing white of their teeth.

Southern hospitality does not outwardly show itself very strongly. However, the people are rather friendly and when you leave a gas station or a store they always say, "Thank you," or "You-all come back again," which is something you never hear in the East.

* * *

Perhaps, gentle readers—if there are any of you left, you would be interested in the route we took on the 13,500 miles we covered. The Columbia River highway and the Old Oregon Trail took us to Pocatello, Idaho, where we turned south and went through Utah, taking plenty of time to see Salt Lake City, to swim in Great Salt Lake, to hear the famous organ in the Mormon tabernacle, which is much more beautiful than it sounds on the radio, and to enjoy the wonders of Bryce Canyon and Zion Canyon National parks in southern Utah.

Someone once told me that these two parks and the Grand Canyon could be seen in one day. We found that a day in each was only long enough to get a general idea of the wonders they contain.

Anyone who has visited Grand Canyon knows how useless it is to try to describe it in mere words. The Petrified Forest and Carlsbad Caverns also must be seen to be appreciated. One thing that surprised me in Grand Canyon National park is the country surrounding the canyon. In many of the pictures of it it seems like barren, desolate country with little beauty except that of the rocks. On the contrary the dark green pines and lighter green quaking aspens with their white trunks which are crowded close together and extend for fifty miles north of the canyon make up one of the best looking forests that I have ever seen. A gentle rain that looked a great deal like Oregon mist fell as we drove along.

Eastward from the park the highway descends rapidly onto the Painted Desert, where rain seldom, if ever, falls and vegetation is very scarce. Ted got a brilliant idea on how to make a fortune from the strangely colored soil. His plan was to ship carloads of the pink dirt to Oregon to be used on lawns. He thought that the combination of pink and green would cause a sensation.

That scheme would probably not be practical, but there is a natural deposit in New Mexico that has vast commercial possibilities. In the southern part of the state in one place the wind has blown up dunes of pure white gypsum which stretch for several miles. Gypsum, which is also known as alabaster, is used in plaster board and has numerous other building uses. There it is found in a seemingly inexhaustible supply in its pure state. The federal government has set off a section of these ever shifting dunes as a national monument for it has possibilities as a recreation area. Under the intense rays of a noon day sun on that gleaming white surface one must be careful lest he become "snow blinded" for it is as white as anything found in nature. The dunes are steep, hard, and smooth enough to make skiing great sport. Perhaps some day we may hear of ski tournaments being held in New Mexico in the White Sands National Monument.

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Directly across the Rio Grande river from El Paso, Texas, is the Mexican city, Juarez, where organized beggars of every age, size, sex, and description prey upon soft hearted Americans. One old lady we noticed had a crew of about a dozen dirty little urchins between the ages of six and twelve. She took a position where she could watch people coming off the bridge and if any likely-looking prospects appeared she sent one of the youngsters to say, "Gimme a penny." They know that much English at least. A person is accosted at least three times in the first block, and woe unto the happy person who puts a penny into an outstretched hand. He will have a string of whining followers for the rest of his stay in Juarez.

It happened that it was Sunday when we were in Juarez. That is their big Bull Fight Day, and although the posters stated that the "Precios de Entranda" (admission) to the "Sombra General" (shady side) seats was $2.00 we decided to take it in as it might be our only chance to see the Mexican national sport. It was a pleasant surprise at the box office to find that the $2.00 was in Mexican money—about 60 cents in ours.

On the day we were there the mayor, a young doctor, and two other business men were being initiated into a club similar to our Lions club, and it was up to them to perform the duties of a matador and kill the bulls. As they were all amateurs and had never been in the ring before, the bull had more of a chance, but even so it was a pitiful sight. The best part of it all was when the mayor, while thrusting the sword at the charging bull threw his thumb out of joint and had to give up. A professional matador had to be called in to finish the mutilated beast.

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Texas is a big state, we found. One can travel a long time in Texas just going from one border to the other. We were in San Antonio the day after heavy rains flooded rivers and killed a number of people in the nearby country. Almost hourly new editions of newspapers appeared on the street with reports of an ever-increasing death toll. San "Antone," as they call it, was unhurt, but there was a good deal of uneasiness in town.

The Alamo for which San Antonio is famous is now a museum with a large collection of pioneer relics, pictures, and documents. It is close to the center of town and is dwarfed by the tall office buildings surrounding it. We couldn't tell for sure whether the many nicks in the plaster on the outside of the building were made by rifle bullets or were from other causes.

It would take a book to describe the main exposition of the Texas Centennial at Dallas. As far as I could tell Texas' birthday party was a huge success. Although the 4th of July in Dallas was a hot day and 112,000 people crowded into the fair grounds, the modernistic buildings are so large and so well air conditioned that it was not a bit uncomfortable. Robert Taylor and Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees were featured on the evening program. As far as we could tell from our seats on the top row of the Cotton Bowl both Bob and Rudy look like their pictures.

From Dallas we went through Shreveport, La., which boasts the world's largest airport, and Baton Rouge, where we stood in the corridor where Huey Long was shot and saw his grave on the lawn in front of the skyscraping capitol he built. After a day in New Orleans we went on east along the gulf coast.

The next few days we swam each day in a different place. Tuesday it was the Gulf of Mexico in Mississippi, Wednesday in Pensacola Bay, Florida, near the naval air base, Thursday in the world famous Suwanee river, and Friday in the Silver Springs, where underwater motion pictures are taken because the water is so crystal clear.

If hotel building in Miami Beach is any indication of another Florida boom they are certainly expecting a big one this time. Miami and Miami Beach already have miles and miles of huge apartments houses and hotels, but they are building more. We passed at least a dozen immense new structures that were being put up.

North from Miami mosquitoes chased us through Palm Beach, Daytona Beach, St. Augustine, Jacksonville, and then up the Atlantic coast through Georgia and the Carolinas to the historic peninsula of Virginia which includes Yorktown, Jamestown, Williamsburg, and Richmond. It would take many pages to tell of the wonderful things we saw in Washington, D. C., Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and the other cities we visited. We went as far north into Maine as Old Town, where Old Town canoes are manufactured. A visit to the factory is practicularly interesting because practically all work is done by hand—just the opposite of the Ford factory in Detroit which we were taken through on the way home.

Niagara Falls is even more beautiful than its pictures. At night it is illuminated by colored spot lights. We crossed there into Canada and traveled for a couple of hundred miles on foreign soil. The night we spent in Canada was one of the quietest and most peaceful we had. The best camping place we could find was beside a grave yard behind an old abandoned church.

On the way to Chicago from Detroit we stopped at Notre Dame university to try to see some of the famous football players, but as school was not in session we didn't see any of them, only the place they play.

After St. Louis and Kansas City we stopped one evening in Topeka, Kansas. Here, too, we were disappointed for Governor Landon was not there to greet us. Kansas was hot and in need of a rain, and in some places the grasshoppers had eaten everything green in sight, even the trees were as bare as in winter time. However nothing can dampen Kansan optimism. Next year they are going to raise turkeys to eat the grasshoppers, and they figure that next year is about time for a bumper crop. They are a hard lot to discourage. Most of the dust we saw was on detours and no place on the entire trip did we run into even a little dust storm.

Colorado and Wyoming had received a little rain and as they are higher they are cooler. Idaho and Eastern Oregon fields had turned from green to brown while we were gone, but otherwise they were about the same as when we went through them in June. It was rather good to see things again that we recognized. Many travelers coming home to Oregon have told me—and I heartly agree with them—that the most welcome sight after the dry plains and mountains are the green trees and tiny patches of clouds hanging along the mountains as one comes into the Columbia gorge down the Columbia River highway.—KENNETH MUNFORD.

Mt. Home Club Backs Library

New Treasurer Elected by Parent-Teacher Club

(By Mrs. Mable Allison)

MOUNTAIN HOME.—Mountain Home Parent-Teacher club met at the school house Friday afternoon. Mrs. R. P. Courtney was elected treasurer. The club voted to sponsor a traveling library for the use of the public. It will be placed in the school house. Mrs. V. T. Speece is library chairman. Mrs. William Boulin is magazine and publications chairman. Program plans will be made by the executive committee. Next meeting of the club will be October 16, at the home of the president, Mrs. George Allison.

High school students of this district start to Sherwood high this week.

Mountain Home Missionary society will meet October 15. Mrs. Speece is president.

School Begins

Gibbs school started Monday with Miss Eileen True as teacher. It is her third year. Gibbs school house has received a new coat of paint and the wookwork and blackboards refinished.

Gibbs community hall has been freshly painted and other improvements made. The Valley Wranglers are playing for a series of dances sponsored by the Gibbs Dramatic club.

The Winters home has recently undergone some remodeling and a fresh coat of paint.

Newberg high school has begun and several from the Gibbs end of this community are enrolled. Among these are Billy Burke, Eleanor, Bernice and Dale Winters and Leona Gaibler.

Oficers Named

Officers of Scholls Rebekah club were elected at a business meeting on Wednesday evening of last week. Mrs. H. T. Hesse is president, Mrs. Gladys Aten, vice-president, and Mrs. J. E. Flint was reelected secretary-treasurer.

Mrs. E. G. Heaton has gone east to visit relatives. Mrs. Shipley is in charge of the telephone office during the absence of Mrs. Heaton.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Crow and the Misses Jacqueline and Jeanette Howell of Toledo were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bartlett, Scholls, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Crow of Hillsboro, the past week-end.

A group of Scholls young folk, after choir practice last Friday evening, motored to Hillsboro in the Burke truck, and enjoyed a skating party. Some took in the show.

Many Attend Open House at Bakery

All day Saturday, crowds thronged the Perfection Bakery in response to an invitation to attend an open house and inspection of the new and modern machinery installed there this summer. The crowd was estimated at between 1100 and 1200.

By 10 a. m. the visitors were arriving in numbers and continued increasingly all day. Many could not get inside to view the plant, the management reported.

The proprietors stated Monday that they were appreciative of the interest shown by the people of the community and extended an invitation to those who were unable to see the machinery to come any time.

Two Enter Contest for Hillsboro Mayor

(Continued from page 1)

the Southern Pacific. He has taken a prominent part in veterans' affairs both in the county and in the state.

The present mayor is serving his first term, having served before that as a councilman. He has been engaged in business in Hillsboro for years as the proprietor of the C. C. Store dealing in dry goods.

With a Speedy Recovery

Hewitt—"You don't seem to think much of him."

Jewett—"If he had his conscience taken out it would be a minor operation."—Ex.

Mexican Fate Tied with War in Spain

(Continued from page 1)

day, sitting outside for eight hours. If the commission finds for the union, then the employer must pay them their wages for each day of the strike. If the ruling is against the union then he must allow all of the employes to return to their employment.

Recently there was a strike of the power syndicate, Joy relates. All businesses, which used electric power were closed by lack of power, but under the laws, the employes cannot be suspended or the business closed. The employes must be paid their same rate of wage, regardless.

The present form of government has about ruined agriculture in a once thriving country, Joy says. Under the laws of the present government, the number of acres of land which can lie in individual ownership is limited.

Consequently, Joy explains, when someone is found with more than the lawful number of acres, petitions may be filed by any individual for a division of the property. Because of this the once rich estates have been broken up and deserted except for the laboring class which now occupies the divided property.

The peons live on their allotted acres, raise a few beans and sleep under the palms, Joy says. The mansions which once housed the prosperous Spanish Dons have fallen to ruin and only the grass huts of the laborers, who became land owners, remain, the land improperly tilled and the yields barely enough to keep alive the owners.

Times seem good in Mexico, Joy said. The value of Mexican money is pegged and prices remain stable. The silver buying policy of the United States, for a time, caused vast quantities of Mexican money to pass into United States silver bullion for sale to this government, but this was stopped when Mexico made it a crime to possess silver and forced the circulating money back to the treasury.

Paper money was issued intead and used until new money with a reduced silver content could be stamped and placed in circulation.

Passer Bad Checks Awaiting Sentence

(Continued from page 1)

the case was dismissed on motion of G. Russell Morgan, district attorney.

Ingwold Romensmo of Portland, arrested following a wreck on the Reedville - Orenco road, pleaded not guilty Saturday to a charge of driving while intoxicated.

Orders filed this week in circuit court include Liquidation Bank of Beaverton, approval of report of receipts and disbursements; liquidation of Shute Savings bank, approving report of receipts and disbursements; M. T. Cox vs. Carl A. Hoffman, administrator estate of J. N. Hoffman et al, confirmation; the Bair Company vs Grant Morrow, et al, decree; Katie Parsons, administratrix estate of Adrian W. Anderegg, setting time for amending complaint; Gus Nelson vs Peter De Ree, decree.

The following orders were filed this week in probate court, James Slater, Elizabeth Pittekau, John Schilling, Richard Glen Thornburgh, Henry F. Parsons, H. G. Parsons, Charles Gustave Schmokel, Sarah A. Hoover, Philip Lorenz Schaefer, Grace A. Wood, O. G. Bretz, Louise and Dorothy Good, John Frank, John Loftis.

New cases filed this week in circuit court include G. R. Johnson vs H. E. Kappie, money; the City Public Meat Market company, vs Westimber Lumber company, money; August Kaptur vs Eleanor A. McDougall, foreclosure; Earl C. Bronaugh vs Carrie B. Clark Groton et al, quiet title.

The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness he ought to be supported, not because you like him, or admire his writings, but because the local paper is the best investment a community can make. Today the editors of local papers do the most for the least money of any people on earth.—"Scoop's Colyum" in the Danville (Va.) Register.

Legal blanks, 5c and 10c. A complete supply available at the Hillsboro Argus. tf

No housewife can afford to miss Kellogg's Great Harvest Sale! Right now, your grocer is featuring Kellogg's Cereals and many tempting foods at special prices—the greatest value of the fall season.

YOU KNOW how the price of grain has gone up. But for this special sale—your grocer is still featuring many of Kellogg's delicious, ready-to-eat cereals at the lowest prices in their history.

See your grocer and stock your pantry shelves today! Oven-fresh—ready to serve. Great for school-day breakfasts. No cooking. Kellogg's save you time as well as money. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

MILK

MILK is the good old orthodox food for wee tots. And of all Milks FIR GROVE is peerless for nourishing qualities and purity. Inspected with utmost care—every drop.

FIR GROVE DAIRY
Grade A MILK and CREAM
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DELICIOUS
DOUGHNUTS
for National Doughnut Month

It's doughnut time and the Perfection Bakery knows how to make them—rich but easily digested—light but nourishing.

Dozen 20c

ORIENTAL SPICE CAKE ..... 29c - 49c
Made with Swansdown

CINNAMON BREAD, loaf 15c
Without Equal for Delicious Toast

BANANA SPECIAL CAKE ..... 29c - 49c
Made with Swansdown

COOKIES, 3 dozen 25c

Demand Perfection Bread and Pastries at Your Grocers

PERFECTION BAKERY

PIGGLY WIGGLY
HILLSBORO HILLSBORO

Prices Effective Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2 and 3
We Reserve the Right to Limit Quantities — No sales to Dealers
FREE DELIVERY—FOUR TIMES DAILY PHONE 3131

MILK Mt. Vernon 3 Tall Cans 19c

FOLGER'S COFFEE 1-lb. Tin 27c 2-lb. Tin 53c 4-lb. tin 99c

OLEO Dinner Bell Brand 2 lbs. 25c

Peanut Butter HOODY'S. Bulk 2 lbs. 19c
Gillette Razor And 25 Chesterfield Blades 39c
WHITE KING LAUNDRY SOAP. Giant Size. 4 bars 17c

20-Mule Team BORAX. 2-lb. pkg. 25c
20-Mule BORAX CHIPS. Large pkg. 22c

Corn Dundee Golden Bantam. 303 cans. Per can 10c

BORAXO—Hand cleaner 15c
MOP HANDLES—Spring Clamp 10c

Peas Lindy Sugar Peas. 303 size. Can 10c

PEERLESS WAX—Liquid or Paste. 1-lb. 39c
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Pint size 49c

Tomatoes 2 cans 19c Dundee, Large Cans

WRIGHT'S SILVER CREAM. Jar 23c
TOOTHPICKS. 5c size 3 for 10c

Catsup 12-oz. bottle 10c

PRODUCE SPECIALS

Cauliflower Medium size. 2 heads 15c

CELERY Fresh, crisp bunches Bunch 3c

Sweet Potatoes Pound 3c

POTATOES Yakima U. S. No. 2 50-lb. sack 78c

ED'S MASTER MARKET
For BETTER MEATS
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SLICED BACON No Rind Pound 37c

POT ROAST Quality Beef Pound 15c

C-H-B TOMATO JUICE. No. 5 can 25c
C-H-B CATSUP—Large 14-oz. bottle. 2 for 25c

Gerber's Baby Foods 3 cans 25c

Reliable GRAPEFRUIT. 300 size 10c
Dole PINEAPPLE JUICE—No. 2 can. 2 for 23c

Brooms 4-sew. Each 29c

Antiseptic BATHROOM TISSUE. 4 rolls 19c
ZEE KITCHEN TOWELS 10c

Salad Zest Pint Jar 22c

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE—Sir Williams 10c
LEE & PERRIN'S SAUCE. Small size 29c

SWANSDOWN CAKE FLOUR. Large pkg. 21c
WAX PAPER 40-foot Cutter Rolls 7c 125-foot Cutter Rolls 15c
RAISINS THOMPSON SEEDLESS. 4-lb. bag 25c

FLOUR Piggly Wiggly Hardwheat 49-lb. Sack $1.69

Calumet Baking Powder 1-lb. tin 19c

Kellogg's HARVEST SALE
Pkg. Corn Flakes
Pkg. Wheat Krispies
Pkg. Whole Wheat Biscuit
All 3 for 29c