

Pumping Plant to Save Money

Collections First Half Year Show Increases

Unique Stachley irrigation project in the Willamette valley is attracting interest in the Hillsboro territory because of its bearing on problems of farmers in this vicinity, declares R. R. Easter, division manager of the Portland General Electric company.

The project is that of Walter and Herman Stachley, who are installing a 10-horsepower electric pump to complete the irrigation setup on their dairy farm on Central Point road between Oregon City and New Era.

"The project is unusual in several respects," Easter explained, "as a 50-foot list has been regarded as the limit of economical irrigation, while the Stachley brothers will lift water 85 feet."

"Summer feed," Easter continued, "has been costing them from \$2000 to \$3000 a year when the summer pasture is dried up. The new irrigation will cost approximately \$1000 and save almost the entire amount paid out for summer feed," Easter points out.

Youthful Parachute Jumper Here July 2

(Continued from page 1)

a new type parachute, so I took on the job. "I made my jump all right and at a good altitude. The parachute opened O. K. Then I found that the thing was wrongly designed. It filled all right, then would spill and collapse, letting me fall a ways before it filled again.

"Down I went by jerks until I was about 75 feet from the ground, with the parachute full and letting me down easy. Then it collapsed again and I dropped to the ground. About six months later I came out of the hospital with all the broken bones mended.

"This year I went back to school and this spring I got my diploma from the McMinnville high school. Seemed rather strange, sometimes, to be back there in school with fellows who were just little kids when I was out barnstorming with airplanes and making parachute jumps, but I wanted my education and I wanted that high school diploma."

So George Hopkins, rather tall, slim as a willow branch, but somewhat giving you the impression of wiry strength, is coming back to leap from airplanes and fall into space like a falcon on its prey, with his first attempt in more than a year from the blue July skies above Hillsboro.

If you talked with Hopkins, he might tell you that plain parachute jumping isn't anything much, but he might also tell you that the real sensation is found in leaping with batwings. Batwings, George says, are wingle cloth cutouts attached to his back and arms and between his legs to serve as a gliding tail.

Steel springs along his arms help hold the cloth rigid against the pressure of the air. "I have used them," he declared, "it's like nothing else in the world. You plunge out the airplane and spread your wings when you have dropped a few hundred feet and then you glide almost anywhere you wish."

"You can do a loop. You can drop and climb again about 600 feet for every 100 feet fall. And you sail around like a bird until you have dropped to the point where you must open your chute."

Hopkins, though he has rubbed elbows with headliners and has been one himself, has not been spoiled. He seems to be just another young fellow whom anyone would like to meet and who can tell interesting stories.

For a number of years he was attached to the barnstorming group of Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, famous for their flight across the Pacific from Japan. After they landed safely on that famous flight Hopkins served as private secretary to the pair.

This fall, at Dallas, Texas, Hopkins plans to beat the Russian record for altitude jumps. He plans to bail out of an airplane at 30,000 feet, fall five miles and open his parachute for the landing. In this jump he will carry an oxygen tank strapped to his back to supply his lungs at the high altitude.

The Hillsboro jumps will be preliminary to the big event in the fall and also will serve to get Hopkins back into form after his long vacation from this sort of life.

George reports more than 1100 jumps in his career and 411 before he was 18 years old. He has been connected in one way and another with airplanes and stunts since he was 12 years old, he says.

Cedar Mill

(By Girl Scout Troop No. 41) An important event of Sunday, June 21, was the marriage of Edward VanWinkle to Ellen Haseltine, at the First Presbyterian

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.

Bombay, India This port is different from any other along the way. After the boat passes through the locks and arrives at Alexander dock one is immediately struck with the population and atmosphere of India—just a seething mass of lazy, brown, half-naked bodies—wandering here and there and no place in particular.

There are, of course, many high-type, well educated Hindu, Mohammedan and Parsi men and women, however, it is the hundreds of natives in the streets, on the docks, every way you turn, that make up the picture of India.

At my first luncheon at the Taj Mahal, among those at an evening table next to us were three Maharajahs—the first I had seen. Several times after that dancing at the same hotel, were many Maharajahs and their sons, usually with Parsi women. These naturally are quite different from the ordinary Indian. The more educated women, dressed in their native saris are perfectly beautiful. We spend maybe a hundred dollars for an evening dress, they spend hundreds of dollars just for one sari. These very often are of bright colors with designs embroidered in gold and silver.

I stayed in Bombay only long enough to arrange, a trip into the interior. March to June is very hot and uncomfortable in the interior, hence the tourist season is closed and one must travel along with your bearer or servant and make the best of things. I shall go on my way and tell you more about Bombay when I return.

Later, after I have journeyed part of the way, I shall attempt to tell you something of the way one travels in this far-off land.

Agra, India The usual route for the inland traveler here is to go to Delhi first then to Agra. Lucknow and Benares. However, more than anything else in the world, I wanted to see the Taj Mahal in the light of a full moon, so to Agra I journeyed first. I saw the Taj in three distinctly different moods. First that evening in the soft, silvery light of the full moon, at six the following morning, silhouetted against a rose red sunrise, and again the blazing, dazzling light of a noonday sun.

The Taj Mahal is probably the best known monument in the world and one of the most beautiful memorials to a woman. It was commenced in 1630 and completed in 1652 by the Emperor Shah-Jehan as a tomb for Mumtaz Mahal, his favorite queen. The gardens surrounding are roughly 900x500 feet square and on the banks of the Jumna river. The marble platform on which the Taj stands is 22 feet high and 300 feet square. A graceful minaret springs up from each corner and rises to a height of approximately 137 feet. The tomb itself covers a space of 186 feet square and the great central dome is 187 feet above the pavement all of pure white marble. The four sides of the marble platform face perfectly north, east, south and west and viewing it from a distance one cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of its outline and the perfection of its balance, which gives an entirely false impression of its size. Even, I am told, the structure is situated in such a way that the stars and crescent at the very top of the dome are always directly under the star star.

It is a supreme expression of Indian art: a symbol of the beauty of wedded life and love everlasting; the embodiment of an unalterable grief and the radiant opportunity of a spiritual world that awakens emotions too deep for words.

As I passed through Taj Ganj gate and for the first time gazed upon this exquisite structure, I was completely spellbound. I sat for nearly half an hour at the top of the flight of steps leading down to the gardens below.

Before me stretched two long rows of cypress trees, dark and melancholy, like a long procession of mourners. They bordered a wide marble track, down the center of which flowed a silent stream. At the very end of this avenue, tall and stately and strongly still.

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