

## Culp Creek May Be Battle Scene In Keaton Film

Culp Creek, Ore., June 17.—(Special.)—Yesterday Culp Creek was a scene of much activity, it being the first day of the Keaton Film company to use the cameras at this point. The company's trains arrived in the forenoon and the day was spent in taking "chase" pictures of "The General."

Culp Creek may be chosen as the location for the great battle. It seems that this feature of the production is of great technical importance, and the issue has finally centered on the Anderson & Midgerton bridge across Row river into Culp creek canyon, with the old highway bridge across the South Umpqua, near Roseburg, second choice.

The Culp creek bridge is located some 200 yards below the mouth of Culp creek, in the open jaws of Culp creek canyon, crossing Row river on a sharp curve. There is a broad expanse of bottom land of perhaps 60 acres reaching up into the canyon and up and down the banks of Row river. This is covered with brush and debris from former logging operations, as well as a number of camp buildings.

In the event this point is selected all the debris, brush and buildings must be removed and some heavy slashing done.

It will also be necessary to throw a dam of considerable proportions across Row river to raise a sufficient head of water to submerge the fallen locomotive in the final scene.

On the north side of Row river old Nature was stingy with her bottom or low land, the mountains footing down to within 200 yards of the river, and stepping abruptly in rugged points.

On these elevations will be placed the artillery of the Union forces, while the Confederate army will entrench on the other side of the canyon. In the battle, the opposing forces will meet in final conflict at the river, where the burning of the bridge and the crashing fall of the faithful old engine, "The General," will be the tragic climax.

## Several Seek Summer Home Sites On Row River

Hundreds of automobiles traversing the Row river road carrying people from Lane county and many other parts of the state to view the picture making activities of the Buster Keaton company bid fair to bring Row river into prominence rivaling that of the McKenzie for summer resorts. A number of persons of the several hundreds who visited the section yesterday were so impressed with the natural beauty of the river and its easy accessibility that they immediately began inquiries which may lead to purchase of tracts for summer home purposes.

One owner of land on the river was visited by four residents of other sections of Lane who asked him to set prices on property fronting the river at an attractive spot. All of these people declared Row river to be ideal for summer home purposes.

If we haven't what you want in office equipment, we'll get it for you. The Sentinel.

### MICKIE SAYS—

DON'T HESITATE TO ADVERTISE BECAUSE YOU CAN'T AFFORD BIG ADS—MANY A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS HAS BEEN LAUNCHED BY THE REGULAR USE OF SMALL ADS CAREFULLY WRITTEN



## Lemon Does Unusual Feat to Rival Local Fruit

A lone visitor from Florida or California, the exact address is not known, became so imbued with the salubrious ozone and invigorating climate of this favored section of the famous, fertile, fruitful, Willamette valley that it decided to enter the lists in competition with local vegetables, plants, fruits, flowers, hens and whatnot in uniqueness of achievement. This visitor was a lemon, fruit of the tree Citrus medica limonum. On being cut in half by Miss Mildred Powell, the lemon was found to contain a seed that had sprouted two shoots, each an inch long. Moreover the lemon was guaranteed fresh and appeared of normal color and tone.

The achievement of this outsider makes one wonder what a true local product would have developed—probably a tree in miniature.

### Boys Join De Molay.

John Wirth and Fred Wanker, Cottage Grove youths, were given the initiatory degree in De Molay at a meeting in Eugene Thursday night. The final degree will be given July 15. J. Wirth and J. Wanker, fathers of the two boys, made brief talks at a program which followed. Eight candidates were initiated at this meeting, which was also the occasion of the annual election. Mark Taylor of Eugene, was chosen master councilor.

## JOHN E. MCKIBBEN, 15, DIES IN THE HOSPITAL

Funeral services for John Ernest McKibben, who died Saturday in a Eugene hospital, were held at 2:30 this afternoon at the A. F. & A. M. I. O. O. F. cemetery, Pastor Dunaup P. Cameron of the Presbyterian church conducting the services. The lad was aged 15 years, 5 months and 25 days.

He was taken ill Monday with encephalitis. This later developed into brain fever. He was taken Saturday to a Eugene hospital, where he died.

Ernest McKibben was the son of Joseph E. McKibben. He is survived by his father and stepmother and a sister, Velma. He was born in this city December 24, 1910.

## GEORGE F. ALLISON IS KILLED ON RAILROAD

George F. Allison of Portland, brother of S. V. and F. H. Allison of this city, was killed Thursday near Hillsboro when a car broke away from a train and ran over him. He was a conductor on the Oregon Electric railway. It is said that the accident occurred while cars of a trainload of logs were being switched, one of the cars breaking loose from the train and striking Mr. Allison.

He had been in the railroad service for more than 30 years. Before being employed by the Oregon Electric he was for several years in the service of the Southern Pacific company. Mr. Allison was 53 years old at the time of his death.

Mr. Allison is survived by his widow, Mrs. Margaret Allison; four daughters, Mrs. Francis Corrigan of Glendale, Ore., Mrs. Margaret Donaldson and Nell Allison of Portland and Mrs. Hazel Hicks of San Francisco; his mother, Mrs. J. T. Allison of Roseburg; five brothers, D. Y. and H. E. Allison of Roseburg, Jack Allison of Grants Pass and S. V. and F. H. Allison of this city.

Funeral services were held Sunday in Portland. Mrs. J. T. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. D. Y. Allison and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Allison went to Portland to attend the funeral. A family reunion of the mother and the six sons and their families had been held here at the F. H. Allison home April 18.



## Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

### CHAPTER I

"Drop and crawl," whispered Buck Hayden; and when he turned I saw that his complexion had turned from mahogany tan to a bluish yellow—"and don't show yourself out of cover."

But for a wrong turn that morning Buck would not have shown his first symptom of anything like craven emotion; that I ever witnessed in him; and the story I have set myself to tell might never have happened.

I say this last without being exactly sure. As I review in my mind that episode which crowned and finished my youth, I have a feeling that an iron thread of destiny ran through it all. Had it not begun dramatically, there on the hogback above Ludlow gulch, if it would have begun just the same—perhaps undramatically, but just as certainly—at some other turning in the path of fate.

Buck, when we threw our outfit and fortunes together down at Plested's, had boasted that he knew these mountains about as well as anyone. This may have been true; but in those days of the rush to the far, high camps I think no one, not even the trappers, had gone much beyond the outskirts of ignorance. There was simply too much to know. It was like having acquaintance with every soul in New York. A road, such as it was, ran from Plested's to the new camp of Cottonwood—more than a hundred perpendicular miles to accomplish a distance which the eagle covers in fifty.

On the first day of our journey it proved less a road than a bog. Two hours out of Plested's we found it necessary to unload our feeblest burro because he could not push his slender feet out of the clinging mud below and struggle with the haystack which was Buck's idea of a proper pack. All that morning our more agile outfit was threading the edge of the bog to pass immigrant wagons stalled hub-deep in the mire.

A light buckboard, extricated from the mud, presently caught up with us; we seemed to be distancing the rest. Then, toward noon, we struck an obstacle which equalized the race. Our way had fallen in with the course of a tumbling, roaring, fast-falling creek, in whose pools I could see the native mountain trout jumping. The road began to climb; we were threading the edge of a low cliff above a little canyon. We rounded a corner of rock, and Buck pulled up short at the very tailboard of a ponderous open freight wagon carrying a heavy load of winches and mine buckets.

"What's busted ahead?" Buck called.

"Cave-in—hitch and help!" came between puffs of labored breath from the seat of the freight wagon.

When I had dismounted and crawled perilously along the foot-wide strip of rock between the giddy atmosphere and the ponderous wagon wheel I saw that a ton of rock and oozy earth, dislodged by one of the miniature brooks now running from the melting snows, lay piled along the road. Five years before, during one of the abortive rushes to a camp now dead, gone and forgotten, this section of roadway had been blasted from

the hillside at the top of the cliff; on one side was a sheer drop, on the other an eight-foot wall. We could not round the obstacle on either side; the only alternative to waiting was to go back half a mile, try to traverse the hillside and chance getting mired.

While I contemplated this quandary exit was barred in that direction by the jaunty arrival of a stage coach. Cottonwood was now reaching such importance that a regular line with daily departures ran from Plested's. It rounded the corner, the driver expertly pulling up his leaders a foot from where my broncho stood tethered at the rear of our train. My feet on the edge of the chasm, my hands against the wagon wheel, I was contemplating this party, when Buck poked me in the side with such force as nearly to make me lose my balance.

"Unshap them tools!" said Buck. "Gotta dig!" We crawled and slopped back to our pack train, where Buck expertly untying and unknocking again, took out our two new miner's shovels.

I had estimated that there were two tons of earth in the cave-in. When I, with Buck and some of the passengers, fell to work it looked more like ten. And presently, as we heaved the loose, mushy earth over into the canyon, we began scratching the surface of a rock which in itself must have weighed a ton. Long after a dozen hands had heaved over the last of the dirt we were working on that inert obstacle. It resisted the efforts of a dozen strong backs and the three crowbars which we could commandeer from the freight wagon, the stage and our pack. At one moment Buck, the stage driver and the freighter, experts all, were of the opinion that we should have to take to dynamite. But there stood the freight wagon, unable to move either forward or back; which rendered blasting impossible. Buck ventured charily that a cradle might do. The stage driver and I took axes from the freighter's tool chest, cut and heaved down trunks and brush from the dwarf firs on the ledge above. That device finally worked. With stout green poles reinforcing our crowbars, with everyone putting his back into the work, we managed to roll it to the edge of the canyon, where, with a terrible but satisfying rush and rear, it dropped to the bed of the creek.

But the episode was not entirely over. When the freighter laid his weight on the jerk-line and yelled "Gid-dap!" his scrambling, tugging mules, though urged with a seven-foot blacksnake, could not budge the wagon. The wheels had been settling all this time. He was obliged to uncouple the trailer, to haul the leader a half-mile farther along the road, to return with his mules for the trailer.

While we waited every one had luncheon—Buck and I from camp bread and frizzled bacon put up before we broke camp that morning. We fed our horses their rations from our carefully calculated store of oats, had our smoke. Soon the six-mule team had hauled out the trailer, and we bit, tightened cinches, mounted and stirred up our burros, which had been standing patiently on three

(Continued on page 4.)

## Buster Keaton Work Attracts Hundreds To Row River Scene

Many Make Trip to "Kingston" To Watch Cameras of Big Company in Action.

Cameras of the Buster Keaton company clicked busily yesterday on location for Buster's new picture, "The General," and the perfect weather attending the work drew thousands of interested spectators from Cottage Grove and many near and distant points. Scenes at Culp Creek were filmed in the morning, after which the company moved to Wildwood, where the village of "Kingston" is located. There a realistic tunnel had been built over the railroad and this was the scene of most of the work.

The Row river road was crowded all day long by hundreds of cars going to and from the scenes of operations. At two points on narrow hills below Wildwood traffic jams occurred which would have required the services of several traffic officers to untangle. Two or three cars left the grade in the course of the day, but no serious accidents occurred.

One of the cars which slipped off the road was the big Stutz roadster of Buster Keaton. Willing hands soon got the heavy car back into the road.

At one point on Row river a watcher counted 200 cars in about an hour, all on their way up the river. The count was abandoned then, but this man asserted he had counted only a small percentage of the travelers.

Interest was equally as great at "Marietta," Civil war village constructed at Cottage Grove. A watchman here asserted that on Sunday, June 13, more than 2000 persons had viewed the set, a large number of them from Portland. The number yesterday was equally as great, he thought.

Interest here was centered in the realistic reproduction of a large colonial mansion, which forms an important part in the play. Large fir and oak trees are transplanted here in a lawn made by scattering grass over the ground. Beautiful flowers and shrubs along the gravel walk and in borders give the place the appearance of a typical old southern mansion.

Work of tearing down some of the structures of "Marietta" is under way and some changes will be made there before the next scenes are filmed. The cameras will work this week at the locations along Row river, chief of which are "Big Shanty," at Dorra and "Kingston" at Wildwood.

The search continues for a location naturally adapted for filming the final scene of the picture, in which "The General" plunges to destruction through a burning bridge. This scene, in order to fulfill requirements of the scenario, must be laid on a river of considerable size where the sloping, open hills will permit screening the two converging armies in the final battle scene.

### Forest Planes Arrive.

Three forest patrol airplanes from Crissy field, San Francisco, passed over Cottage Grove Friday evening, landing at 7 o'clock on the municipal field, Eugene. Two of the machines continued to Spokane, one remaining in Eugene for patrol work this summer. Eugene will be headquarters of the government fire patrol this summer.

### Berry Season On.

Culp Creek, Ore., June 19.—(Special.)—Reports from other sections state that wild blackberries are ripening. Here the season has been in full swing for some time and now is almost over, especially in the low lands. These berries have been ripening on Culp creek for about three weeks and hundreds of gallons have been picked in the canyon.

## Buster Keaton Asked To Convention Of Fire Chiefs

The presence of Buster Keaton and his company in Cottage Grove has attracted the attention of many people in this state to the Hollywood of Oregon and other cities have thrown open hospitable doors to the famous comedian and the motion picture celebrities who are a part of his company. Last week Mr. Keaton received an invitation to attend a convention of the state fire chiefs, to open in Corvallis June 23. The invitation was signed by Governor Pierce, Will Moore, state fire marshal, George Denman, mayor of Corvallis, and Tom Gram, fire chief of that city.

Mr. Keaton, since coming to Cottage Grove to engage upon production work on his new picture, "The General," has received several invitations to visit other cities of the state. As production work is being vigorously prosecuted and as few scenes are made without the presence of the star, he is finding little spare time outside his working hours.

## Oregonians Return To See Movies

The story of how an Oregon family drove to Hollywood to see the movies, failed to see actual production work and came back to Oregon to view the real work with the camera, is told by a watchman employed at Marietta, Civil war time village constructed here as part of the setting for Buster Keaton's picture, "The General." The party came to Cottage Grove one day last week and asked the watchman for permission to inspect the set, telling him they were unable to gain admission to see any actual work in California.

After watching the work at Marietta they followed the company to Wildwood where the cameras were at work a large part of the week. A large number of California residents have come to Cottage Grove to witness the work of the Keaton company, the watchman said.

### Goldfish Are Taken.

An unknown marauder yesterday got six of the twelve goldfish which Mrs. James P. Graham was raising for commercial purposes. She had built a pond on her place on south River street and expected to go into the business extensively. Loss of the goldfish will temporarily hinder her plans.

## "OREGON BUSINESS" TO TELL OF LANE COUNTY

Lane county will be given publicity in the July number of "Oregon Business," monthly paper published in Portland. This issue will be devoted to Lane county and the articles will be written by local men.

The introduction will be written by E. Eugene Chadwick, secretary of the Eugene chamber of commerce. Elbert Bode, editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel will write on the lumber industry, H. E. Maxey of the Springfield News will write on the manufacturing of Lane county and O. S. Fletcher, county agricultural agent, will write on the agricultural possibilities of the county.

## EUGENE TEAM DEFEATS COTTAGE GROVE 10 TO 5

The Eugene team of the Upper Willamette Valley baseball league defeated the Cottage Grove nine 10 to 5 yesterday afternoon on Kelly field. This is the first time the two teams have met this season. Gate receipts for the game were only \$29.20 and attendance being less than 100.

The local team will play Wendling here next Sunday afternoon at 2:30. A number of new men will be in the lineup, according to Earl Hill, manager of the team.

## Oregon Best State, Says "Aunt" Carrie

Well Known Resident Glad To Return After Spending Winter in Ohio.

"Oregon is the finest state in the union and I'm glad I'm back," said "Aunt" Carrie Hemenway, well known Cottage Grove resident who returned to her home last Monday after an absence of nine months, during which she visited several states in the middle west.

Mrs. Hemenway left this city September 14 and after a visit of a month in California arrived in Cincinnati, Ohio, October 24. She encountered snow immediately upon her arrival there and said she saw more snow than she had ever believed could fall in a single winter. The winter was a severe one, particularly trying to one who had lived in the Oregon country 24 years, as she had.

Residents of the middle west and east are loath to believe the stories of mild Oregon winters, she said, and appear to be unwilling to believe that the severe storms of the Mississippi valley are unknown on the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Hemenway spent the most of her visit in and around Cincinnati. Eight miles from that city is Lockland, her birthplace, which she had not visited for 42 years. Here she found the town not greatly changed, but failed to find many persons she had known in her youth.

Anxious to return to Cottage Grove in the spring Aunt Carrie made plans to start more than three months ago, when she sprained her ankle and was forced to remain in Cincinnati much longer than she wished. "I'm back to Cottage Grove to stay now," she said upon her return.

## Oranges and Lemons Found Ripening In Oregon

Lemons ripening in the Oregon sunshine and orange trees bearing fruit are sights not usually encountered very far north of the California state line, but the occurrence is not entirely impossible in Oregon, as has been demonstrated at the home of J. B. Stewart on Row river, 12 miles south-east of this city. There a lemon tree has produced two lemons, one full size and ripe and the other about two-thirds grown.

This tree has borne fruit in previous years, Mr. Stewart stated. The fruit, upon being used, has been found to be of a flavor comparable with that of the California lemon. The tree, which is perhaps four and one-half feet high, has grown in a small barrel and has been kept indoors during cold weather.

Two orange trees are growing in the yard at the home exposed at all times to the weather. One of these, perhaps five feet high and four feet in diameter, blossomed last year for the first time and now has perhaps two dozen oranges the size of walnuts. Oranges do not ripen in California until mid-winter and it is thought these will grow to full size and ripen.

The fact that the orange tree has borne fruit for the first time this summer is probably due to a desire on its part to make Buster Keaton and members of his Hollywood company feel as much at home as possible in Oregon.

### Keaton Joins Lions.

Two new members were admitted to the Lions club at the regular meeting of the club Thursday at Hotel Bartell. They were Buster Keaton and Fred Gabourie of Hollywood. Annual election of officers was to have been held at this meeting, but was postponed until the next regular meeting.

## THE FEATHERHEADS



By L. F. Van Zelm

Modesty Itself