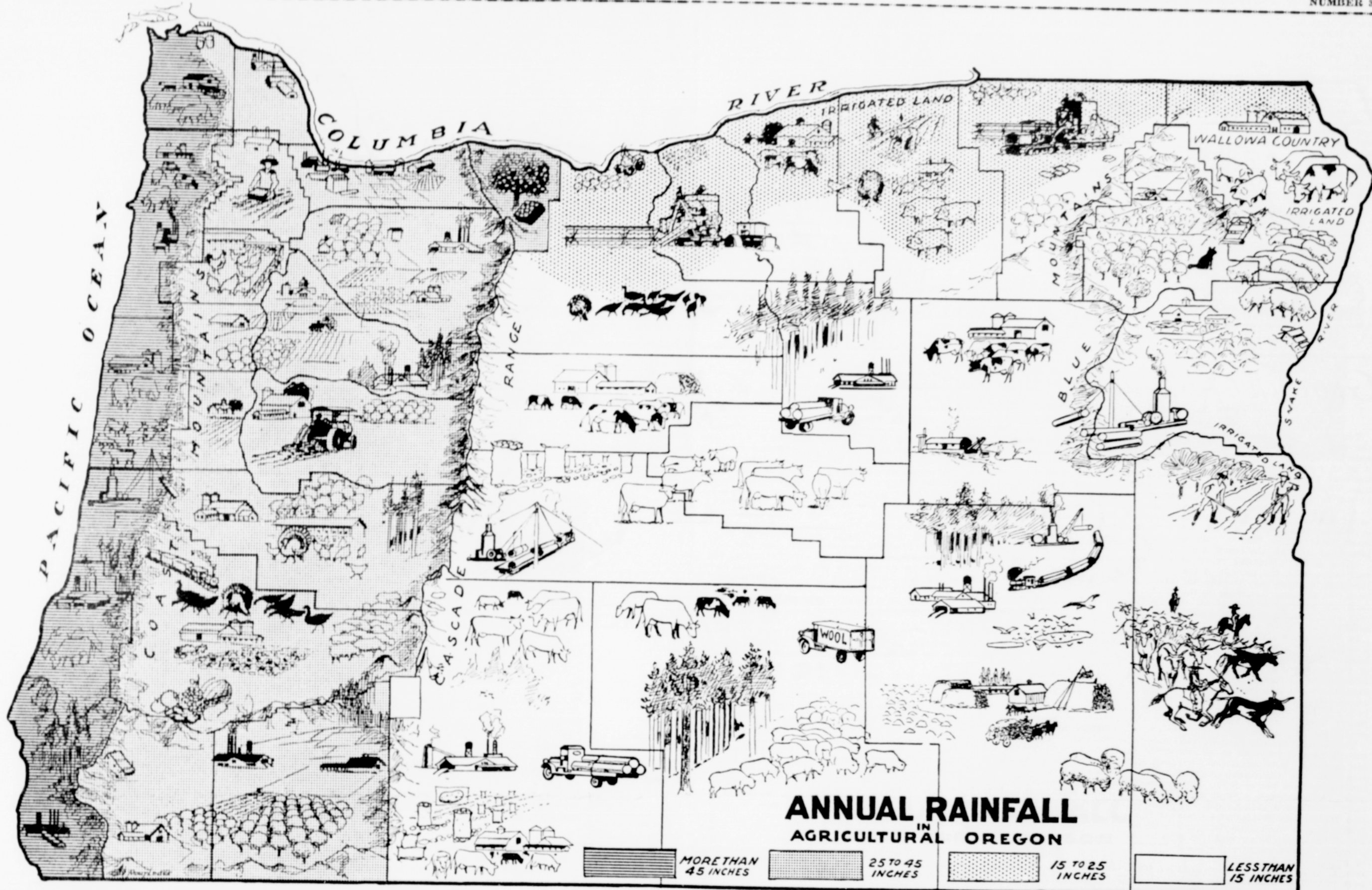


## Cottage Grove Sentinel

VOLUME XI

COTTAGE GROVE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1931.

NUMBER 33



### R. Anne Cherry Tells Her Story

(By ELBERT BEDE.)  
Miss R. Anne Cherry had arrived in a North Dakota home for a brief visit.

She was the flapper of the Cherry family, delicately complexioned, a healthy tint on her cheeks, her bodily charms shyly displayed for the admiration of all who might care to see.

Miss R. Anne Cherry was from Mistland, Oregon, where she and millions of millions of her sisters, parents and grandparents, and great grandparents, had grown before her.

And the girl of the house, who wished to squeeze Anne, and the boy of the house who wished to bite

into her tinted cheeks, wished to hear the story of Anne and the land from which she came.

"Well," Anne began her recital, "you know by this time that Oregon is bounded on the west by the great Pacific ocean and on the north by the Columbia river (the Oregon of Bryant's Thanatopsis), and is divided into eastern and western sections by the Cascades. This western section is the Mistland where my family thrives so well, where great acreages have been taken by my cousins, the Bing family, the Lambert family and others of ruddier hue than the Royal Anne family. There also the Plum family, the Strawberry family, the Raspberry family, the Loganberry family and others have done better than anywhere else in the world.

"It was 20 years ago that we started our family tree and there

has never been a black mark on our escutcheon. We were given a 35-acre tract and this has been cultivated four or five times a year every year since. No weeds must be permitted to come between us, to take from the soil the nutriment that we need. Keeping the soil loose coaxes up to our roots the moisture that we need during the several months of the grand and glorious summer when little or no moisture comes from above, when the sun sends its rays daily to tint our cheeks and give that school girl complexion which you so admire.

"Several years later a few blossoms burst forth on the family tree, the busy bees came and nestled briefly there and buzzed away again. And soon a little green ball took the place of the blossom, and this later changed to a creamy tint with a few streaks of red. As mid-summer approached, some one

came and picked this creamy, tinted fruit and took it away. This fruit, I now know was my little sister, whom I never saw. They did not get so far away from home as I have. None of my little sisters went for journeys by train until in recent years.

"And this went on for years and years. Someone came each year and cut away some of our limbs, or parts of our limbs, and our tree grew shapely and beautiful. And each year the weeds and grass were cultivated out, so that our tree grew strong and sturdy.

"Until this year I was one of those green little balls that developed into a beautiful member of the Cherry family.

"And while I was yet on the tree a strange man came into the orchard with the man who had pruned the weeds and had pruned the branches of our tree, and this stranger talked with the man to whom we seemed to belong, and he said he would take us, have us sent to the cannery of the Eugene Fruit Growers, have us put into cans and shipped away to the people in the Dakotas, who would enjoy opening the cans next winter and see us come out glowing just as if we had just left the branches of the family tree back in Mistland, Oregon.

"And in midsummer there was a great hustle and bustle. Some one put a ladder up to our tree. Soon I felt a warm grasp, a gentle grasp, and I, with my stem, was pulled gently from my family tree and laid carefully in a box with a lot of my brothers and sisters. Soon we were put on a motor truck and taken for a ride to the city. The roads must have been smooth and the springs of the truck strong, for we hardly jostled each other as we rolled along.

"We were placed tenderly with a lot of others who looked enough like me to be my brothers and sisters, and the room was just as cool as the outdoor night air where I had spent so many happy days on my family tree. The next morning we were placed gently on a wide traveling belt until we came to a place where we tumbled off easily and gently onto a slope. I thought I was going for a terrible tumble, but we moved down slowly over some revolving rubber rollers. I felt my stem become entangled in these rollers, and I thought I was a goner but the stem was pulled out so gently that I suffered no pain and I rolled down onto another belt that plunged me into cold running water. As we came out of the water, white-gowned women, with their hair fastened back under white hats or bands, looked us over, and some of my companions with blemishes or defective complexions were removed, and I never saw them again.

"The belt carried us onto an inclined screen with various sized holes in it. This screen shook us gently until we fell through one of the holes onto another traveling belt. Some of my companions went through the smaller holes and were carried away on a different belt than the one onto which I fell. I didn't fall through until we came to the largest holes. As I fell through this grader to the second belt I felt a spray of cold water and again the white-gowned women looked us over and picked out any with blemishes that had been missed upon the first inspection. I, with many others, moved along on this belt until we dropped off into cans. Again we moved along, this time to a place where something sweet was dumped into the can. Guess it must have been syrup. I had never tasted anything so delicious in my life, and was just enjoying that when I heard something laid down on top of the can, then the can was given a quick whirl that made me dizzy. Then I knew the top was clamped down and that I was sealed in darkness. I could no longer see, but I knew that I traveled along on the belt into the warmest place I had ever been in my life. The juice oozed out of me and I feared for my school girl complexion. I had been placed in a cooker. Then I felt myself lifted up onto a stack with a lot of other cans. I must have spent a few weeks there before we were taken down, sent on a belt to a machine that put a pretty label on the can. Then we dropped down into a wooden box and it was not long until the crunching on the rails and the screeching of the whistle told me we were going places and going to see things.

"In a week or 10 days the boxes were unloaded, we were again taken on a motor truck. Many of my sisters and brothers were left off as the truck traveled along. I was in the last box, and here I am.

"That is my story, and I'm going to stick to it."

"This reference is only to this particular tree. The first Royal Anne cherry tree of which there is record, to be planted in Oregon, was set out at Milwaukie in 1850 by Seth Lileweyn.

Garden of Eden Was Here.

The dispute as to where the Garden of Eden was located was settled some time ago by geologists who found growing on a hillside near Cottage Grove a fig tree the leaves of which were provided with apron strings. As conclusive proof that this was the tree from which Adam and Eve fashioned their first clothes, two leaves were found to be missing.

The apples grown in this section are of such flavor that it is easy to understand why Adam couldn't resist the temptation to pluck a red-cheeked Spitz.

### GREETINGS FROM FRUITLAND, OREGON

Those in the Central States who receive this pictorial supplement to The Cottage Grove Sentinel may be interested in an explanation of why it has been sent them. Here's the reason:

Cottage Grove, nestling between mountains at the extreme head of the famous, fertile, fruitful Willamette Valley, Oregon, is distinguished, among other things, for being the place where two outstanding business successes, each of them unique in its field, have had their inception.

One of these is the Riv-u-let Fruit Company, which buys select fruit on the trees and literally puts it in the mouths of thousands back in the Central States.

The other is the Standard Seasoning Society, whose plant here is the only one in the world producing cold seasoned lumber, a product which is as superior in its field as Riv-u-let fruit is in its field.

Each business was founded upon the dream of an individual who wished to do something for his fellow creatures that no one else had done before.

The story of each sounds like a page out of fiction, and it is largely to tell these stories that this pictorial supplement has been issued.

The business of the Riv-u-let Fruit Company, started years ago, and that of the Standard Seasoning Society, started eight years ago, have grown by leaps and bounds and have brought fame to the attractive little city where The Sentinel is published. In each case the business leads its field, and there seems no probability that either ever will be outdistanced.

Riv-u-let fruit is the development of the dream of Otto H. Heine, former North Dakota farmer, who found here fruit such as he had never known before. In cherries he found the queenly Royal Anne, and the ruddy, luscious Bing; he many times let his mouth linger over the ambrosial pear; he made acquaintance with that peculiarly Oregon aristocrat, the loganberry; he saw the Hood River strawberry make a shortcake sit up and take notice; he learned that the once lowly prune, when put into cans as it comes from the orchard, is surpassed only by the nectar of the gods; he soon learned the lusciousness, the delicacy, the peculiarly pleasing tang of all mistland fruits grown where moisture and sunshine combine in a mysterious way, in exactly correct proportions, to produce a solid fruit of indescribable flavor.

But Heine saw something else just as important. He saw that marketing of this superior fruit had not kept pace with the quality of the fruit, and he knew that where he had come from there was such a market once his former neighbors learned what he had learned. How he went about developing this market is told elsewhere.

The Standard Seasoning Society is based upon the discovery of Robert Z. Drake of Omaha, Neb., bridge builder, inventor, captain of many industries, who accidentally discovered how Nature, if given the opportunity, will season lumber in a manner that is superior to any method developed by man. He located his great plant in Cottage Grove because here is a great stand of the tight knot fir that is so necessary to his business and because here he found the moderate and equable climatic conditions that are also necessary. The story is told in detail elsewhere.

The Sentinel takes this opportunity to extend greetings to those who live back where its owners spent many years, and it asks them to think of Cottage Grove, Lane County and Oregon when they contemplate a vacation a distance from home. Without a word of disparagement for the many near and dear to the owners of The Sentinel have their homes, we extend an invitation to give Cottage Grove, Lane County and Oregon consideration when they at any time seek a new home among a happy people living where the Great Architect of the Universe expended his greatest energies.



HERE'S A REAL RIOT OF COLOR.

Doesn't this remind you of all the poems and songs you have heard of cherry blossom time? Isn't this a perfect setting for a romance? Of course, the picture can't depict the perfume, but one can almost hear the busy honey bees buzzing from cluster to cluster of blossoms carrying the pollen that will insure a bountiful crop of beautiful Royal Annes.

This picture was taken in the orchard of J. O. Holt, who has been manager of the Eugene Fruit Growers ever since its organization. It is because of the uninterrupted high quality pack of the Eugene Fruit Growers that this concern was selected to furnish most of the fruit that goes out under the Riv-u-let label.

Despite the fact that as the head of the greatest fruit co-operative in Oregon, Mr. Holt has many demands upon his time, he finds time for experimentation with various fruits to test out their adaptability to the soil and climatic conditions of this section of Oregon or to determine whether it might not be possible to produce better fruit than that now being produced here. Mr. Holt's two aims in business life are to keep his organization in the lead in the fruit business and to make Lane County, Oregon, the greatest fruit country in the world.