

VINCENT TELLS STORY OF NEW VALLEY ENTERPRISE

Genuine Corn-fattened Beef For Oregon Folks Aid to Better Living

BY DALE VINCENT—Free Lance Writer

"Um-m—that was a simply delicious steak!"

We had just finished eating at one of the local restaurants where Howard Jamison, Medford's famous chef, features "Five Star" corn-fed beef.

"How about it?" we asked. "Where can you buy beef like that?"

What he told us was the first we had heard of a brand new enterprise in the valley—one that has never been tried here before—so we decided to investigate.

Following directions, we drove to Jacksonville, then turned south one mile on the Old Stage road, and pulled into the Stage Coach Orchards. Here we asked for Gordon Green.

Gordon, we soon found out, is a perfectionist. It shows on his ranch and orchards everywhere—in his attractive and well-planned buildings, the cared-for grounds and lawn—and the high quality of his products. It shows up in Gordon Green himself—and in his Personalized Beef.

What has the Stage Coach Orchards got to do with beef, you ask?

Well, sir, that is the new enterprise we mentioned—and it all started because Gordon wanted manure—just common, ordinary barnyard manure—and he wanted a lot of it—to fertilize his orchard soil, and thereby produce even larger, sweeter, and juicier fruits than the fine quality he already insisted on.

Now, when you need manure—and can't buy it anywhere—there is one thing you have to acquire, and that is cattle. So Gordon first bought 100 head of young White-face Herefords.

These were fed in his huge barn, and bedded every night with fresh bright straw. Needless to say, he got his manure—one thousand tons of it—and he is still getting it.

This he puts on his orchard, and the results are—as Hollywood puts it—colossal. Never before has he seen fruit of such fine quality, and in such quantity.

Not only do his pears grow big and sweet, his apples red and delicious—but his cattle also grow superbly round and fat.

Gordon made just one big mistake—a mistake that has created a brand new industry for southern Oregon—an industry that has already outgrown its first pair of pants, and now has a complete new wardrobe.

It started this way: One day a friend asked Gordon, as a favor, to sell him one of those fine fat beefs for his locker. That is the mistake Gordon made—for he sold him the beef.

Soon the word got out that the beef was wonderful. "Out of this world," the friend said. Soon another friend wanted a beef. Then another and another—

Gordon was in a predicament. He either had to quit selling his Herefords, or buy others to replace them. For the friends, having once tasted his "perfectionist's" beef—corn fattened and mineral-fed—demanded more and more.

It was then that Gordon made his decision—one that was to cost him thousands of dollars and necessitate the hiring of specialized help.

He built a series of sheltered feed lots, painted them white, and trimmed them in green. "All this has to be beautiful too," he insisted. Truck loads of the finest hay were brought in, a carload of corn, every kind of salt and mineral, including all the "trace elements" and vitamins. And of course there must be always plenty of fresh, pure water. Every day the feed lots were covered with a foot of clean straw. The cattle were happy—supremely content—with nothing else for them to do but to grow into choice steaks.

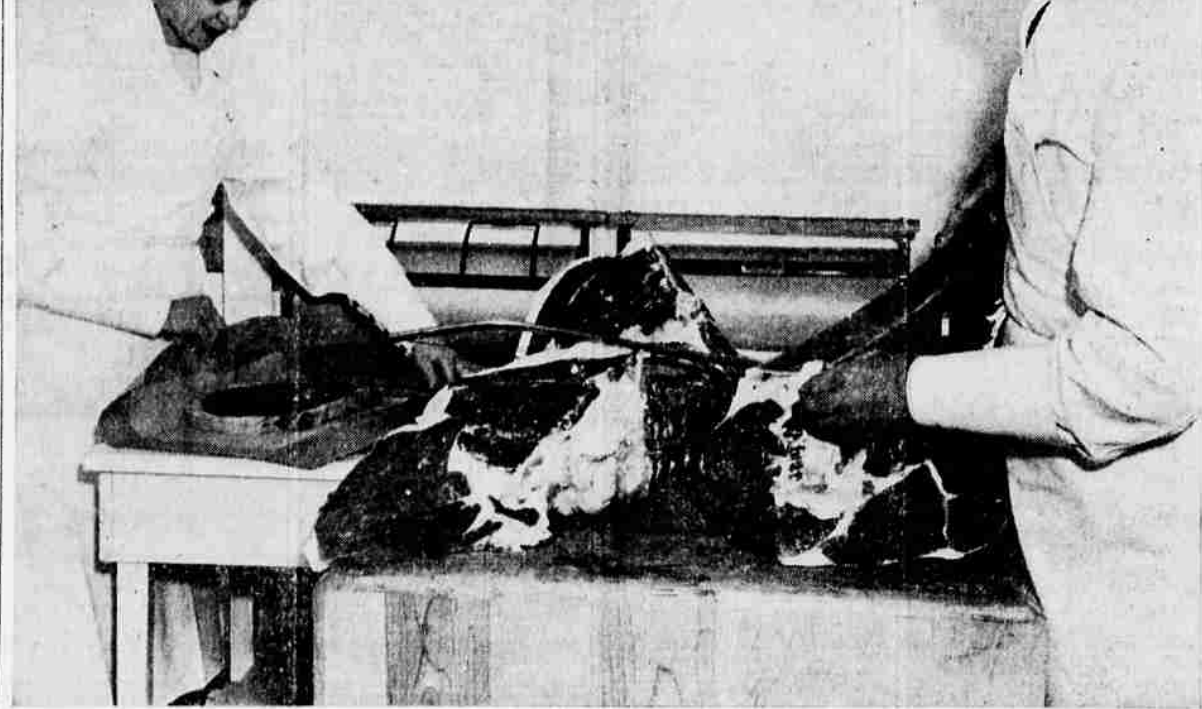
But still Gordon wasn't satisfied. He wanted to be sure his customers received clean meat—immaculately clean meat. So he constructed in a little green valley an abattoir.

What is an abattoir? Well, I didn't know either—until I looked it up. Webster says an abattoir is a slaughter house. But Gordon says his slaughter house is an abattoir—because it is painted shining white, and nestles amongst the green trees like a well-kept cottage.

Inside it is spotless—the floors scrubbed neat as a pin. The Dresser-of-Beef wears a white uniform. And what is a Dresser-of-Beef? Webster calls him a butcher. But Gordon says his butcher is really a Dresser-of-Beef—an artist who takes pride in his work—and his sanitized boots move rapidly over the clean-washed floors, skillfully as he processes your beef.

You know it's YOUR beef, because you can stand on a mezzanine floor, built for customers, and watch through the slanting windows. You follow every operation until the meat is hung on the scales, fresh and clean. Here it receives your number, stamped in vegetable ink. Its weight is then logged in the big book beside your name, and a sanitary cooling bag is drawn completely over your beef.

You watch a truck move up, and your beef is lowered into an individual steel container, freshly lined with a special sanitized paper. It is now transported to the cooling room, where it is hung on a rolling track, and every inch of the carcass is treated with a Pasteuray machine. This Pasteuray machine keeps the cooling room sweet and odorless, kills harmful bacteria and mold, and actually tenderizes the meat. This new scientific treatment is given every



★ NUMBER 1

★ No. 1—Expert cutting and expert wrapping. After which your beef is delivered, individually packaged, direct to your locker or home deep freeze.

★ No. 2—Proper cooling and ageing with the new "Pasteuray" treatment assures the housewife of sweet and tender meat.

★ No. 3—Cleanliness and sanitation are of prime importance in every step of Stagecoach Beef Club operations.

★ No. 4—The abattoir nestles in a cool green valley in one corner of Stagecoach Orchards. The modern interior sparkles with cleanliness throughout.

★ No. 5—Up-to-date feeder pens where Hereford cattle are given the very best of scientific feeding.

day for the 18 to 20 days your beef hangs. The temperature is kept constantly at 34 degrees by

a watchman who faithfully punches a time clock on the hour.

You hear a customer remark: "This is something new in beef-steaks, isn't it?"

Yes it is! And here is something else that's new—for when the Pasteuray tenderizing period is over, the housewife is notified by phone, and invited to come out to the office, if she wishes, and supervise the cutting. She may order any thickness of steaks, any special cuts. She may have any parts ground into hamburger—not only once, but three-times fine, if she desires.

Each piece is then separated by wax paper and the whole cut is double-wrapped, dated, and identified. An inventory sheet is made up to be used by the housewife in checking her meat as it comes from her freezer.

The whole, half, or quarter beef, now packaged, is delivered, and placed in your own private freezer or locker, together with a direction sheet that is in itself quite valuable, as it gives tips for the cook, that help in preparing your meat in the manner that will bring out every bit of its full flavor and juicy tenderness.

Customers are coming from over the valley and far away. They view the Herefords from a specially built platform and make their selections. They may purchase either a whole beef, one-half, or a quarter. A chain collar, bearing the purchaser's number is immediately placed around the chosen animal's neck. This number accompanies that particular beef through every process from then on—right to the purchaser's private kitchen.

Gordon, being a perfectionist (a characteristic born into him, and which he can't help), is determined to keep his beef on the top level of corn-fed quality. In order to help maintain this high grade of perfection, he has formed the Stagecoach Beef Club. When you become a member

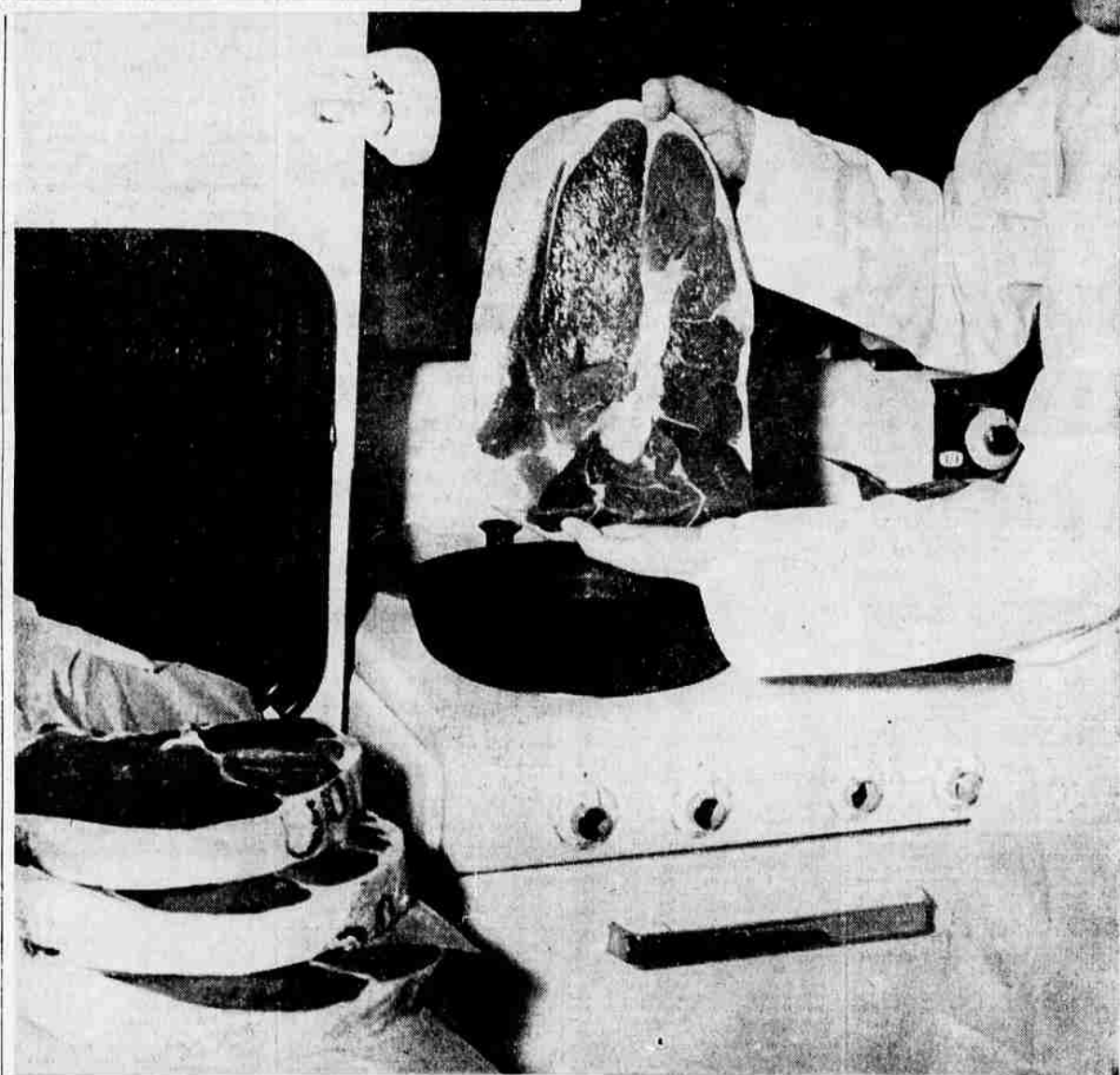
you are guaranteed to have your locker always filled with "connoisseur" beef at economy price.

"Tender beef," says Gordon "is a MUST with us. We guarantee it. It is so tender and sweet, you put your steak knives in the drawer."

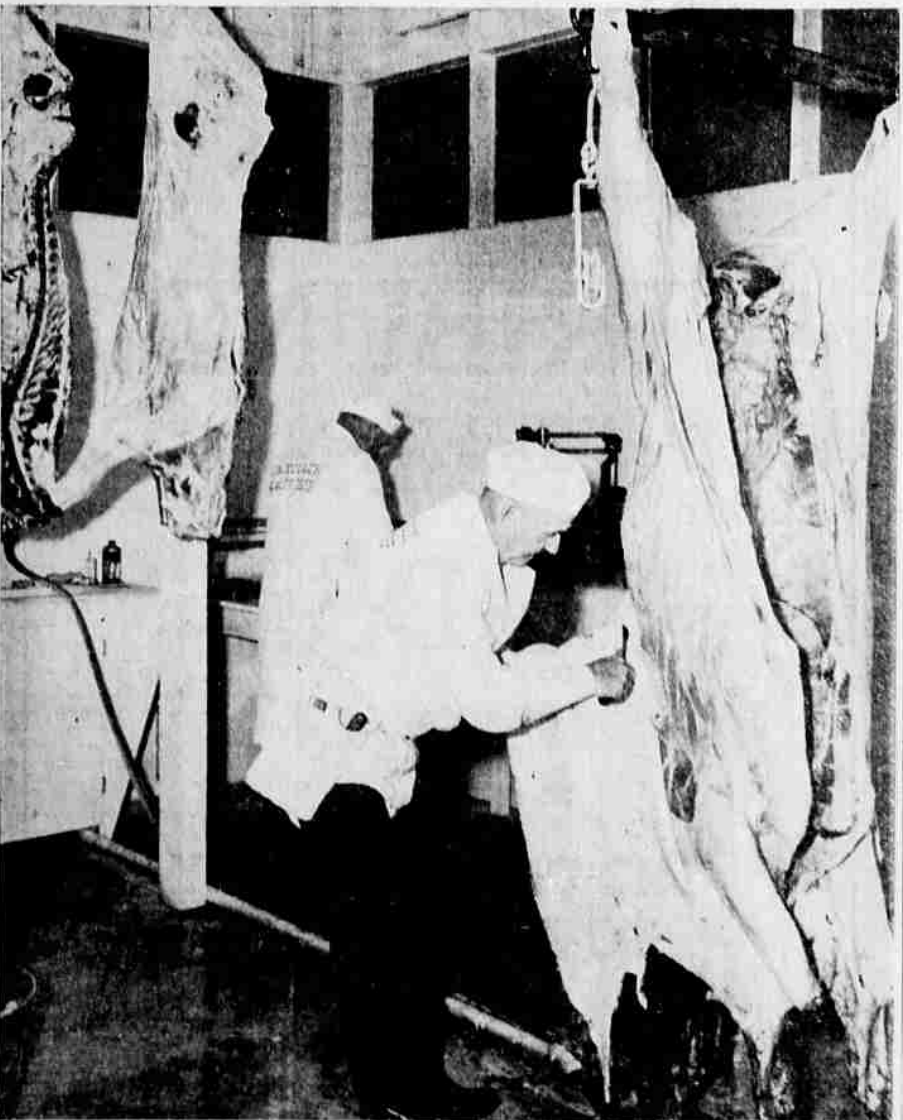
"And that isn't all," Gordon continued, "corn-fattened beef cooks in much less time, and is more tasty and satisfying, because of the minerals and vitamins we feed our Herefords, and which of course go into our meat."

Visitors are always welcome at the Stagecoach Orchard, for Gordon really enjoys showing interested callers his "Five Star Program" of putting out top-quality beef.

As we got into our car and turned toward town, we couldn't help but marvel at Gordon Green, and to what length he had gone—in order to improve the soil of his orchards—and how the mistake he had made in selling a friend a beef has created a completely new industry in the Rogue River Valley—an industry that goes a long way in building the road to BETTER LIVING.



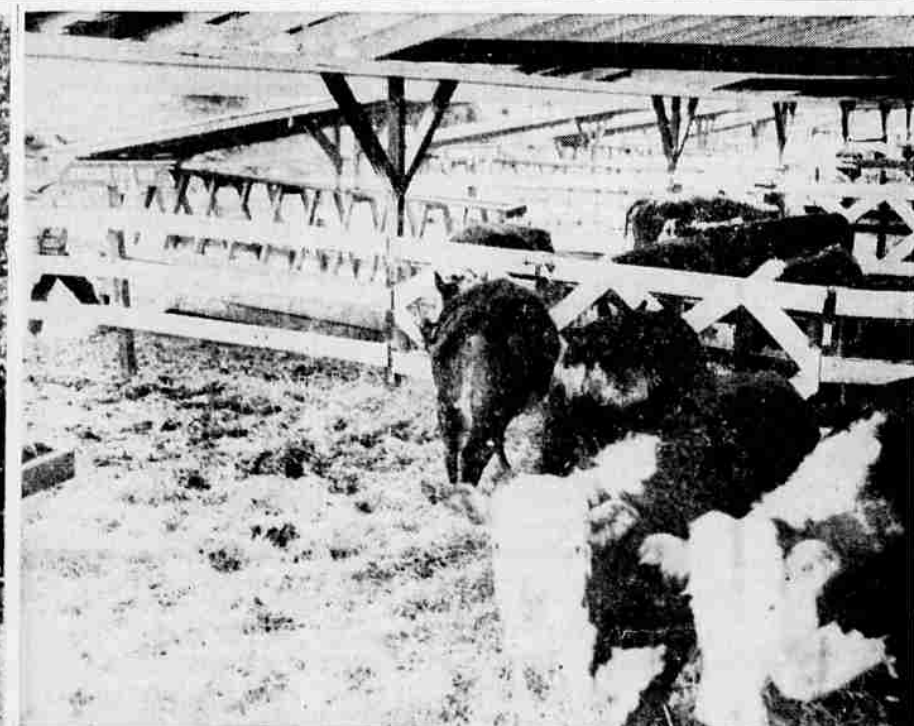
★ NUMBER 2



★ NUMBER 3



★ NUMBER 4



★ Number 5