

PROCEEDINGS OF FORTY-FIFTH CALIFORNIA STATE FRUIT GROWERS' CONVENTION

November 10 to 14, 1914.

FIRST DAY—OPENING SESSION

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, November 10, 1914.

After a vocal solo the convention was called to order in the auditorium of the old Normal School Building by Dr. A. J. Cook, State Commissioner of Horticulture. Mr. E. J. Vosler, secretary of the State Commission of Horticulture acted as secretary.

Miss M. N. Holt and Mrs. E. Stephens acted as official stenographic reporters.

THE LITERATURE OF THE FARM.

By MRS. EMILY HOPPIN, Yolo, California.

In these days, when commissions and colleges are devising ways to keep the children on the farm, and send city people to it, every agency has to be made use of to keep up the interest in agriculture.

The college has introduced scientific methods of farming, and has taught the children school gardening. In both the element of money making enters, for the science is to bring larger crops, and the children's school gardening is to broaden into making farming pay.

The commissions have the same view point: Lower interest, long loans, money to move the crops.

All these things are right. The farmer needs science; he surely needs lower interest; he needs to be more comfortable. But these things are not all. The farmer, and the farmer's wife, and the farmer's children need to love the farm for itself. A beautiful home will not always bring this love, nor will the automobile, nor money; but if we of the farm can have resources within ourselves that can give us the love of the earth—the good brown earth—if we can have friends whom we do not need to see bodily; if we can keep our foreheads to God, though our feet are in the dust; if we can be happy with duty, and love, and a large content, we shall have reached the Fortunate Isles.

"The old Greek isles where the yellow birds sing,
And life lies girt with a golden ring."

The farm house hides many a tragedy. Such little things could have averted them: the living-room more sunny, more homelike; a few more conveniences; a few more flowers; a few books; more appreciation of husband and wife for each other; more companionship; more of the sentiment of the early years of marriage. These could have prevented many a heartache, and many a shipwreck.

If the boys and girls of the farm are to learn only things pertaining to the farm; if literature in its broad sense is not for them, how can farm life be idealized?

I met Pierrot once very long ago—

Helgho! Young Pierrot!
All the trees were glad with leaves, and little birds a-row:
All the winds were blowing sweet with flowers they had swept,
Oh! Pierrot was singing gay to match the world that leapt.
"Hey!" I said, and "Ho!" I said. "Take rest a bit from song!
This is merry summer, lad! Take rest while days are long!"
"Nay," he said. "In merry times you would not have me sad?
I must pick my lute," he said. "to tell the world 'tis glad!"
And off he went adown the road a-singing out like mad—
Helgho, Pierrot!

I met Pierrot afoot not long ago—

Helgho, old Pierrot!
Bent he was and old he was and scarce his lute would go:
All the world was black with frost and leaves were dead with fall,
But old Pierrot sang down the road and would not mind at all!
"Hey!" I said, and "Ho!" I said. "You are not singing still?
This our world's a winter place, and dark the day and chill!"
"Surely I must sing," he said. "till summer days come back;
I must cheer the folk," he said, "for all the world is black!"
And off he went a-singing down the weary winter track—
Helgho, Pierrot!

In the long hot days of summer, and the short dark days of winter, if we can, like Pierrot, have a song in our hearts; if we can idealize the farm, it will go far toward making a happy country life, or a happy city life.

It is a mistake to think that the farm needs only the farm paper, supplemented by that of the county. It needs more than these. The farm bulletins are useful and necessary; so is the farm paper, so is the county paper; but every farm home needs a library of its very own. You may say that the state and county libraries can supply the farm need. In one way this is true; in another way it is far from true. Every home needs some books in sight. Just as sometimes we need our friends in sight, so we need our book friends on the home library shelves.

What books shall they be?

Let us start out with some for the children, and speak of a few for them, for children especially need to love books; and a few for the older ones, and though the list may not be that of a literary expert, and very likely the critic may think it a literary jumble, it is one that at least one farm woman has found helpful from her own experience.

The two books that should form the nucleus of the farm library, as well as of every library, are the Bible and Shakespeare—not the bulky editions, but those of many volumes that can be easily handled. Then make a practice of learning each day some one of their beauties. Will it not help a little, at the close of a weary summer day, to say to yourself, and perhaps to your children, as you watch the starlit skies:

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

"He who dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

If troubled, remember that "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Scores of verses can be found to suit every mood, verses to soothe, or cheer or comfort.

In the summer morning, when with the long day's work before you, you rise up with the sun, perhaps there will come to your mind with the song of the birds:

"Hark! Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies."

Perhaps sometimes you may be tempted to sit in judgment on others; then remember Portia's plea:

"In the course of justice, none of us should see salvation
We all do pray for mercy, and that same prayer
Doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy."

"Pilgrim's Progress" used to be, to my childish mind, a never ending source of pleasure; but when one of my daughters told me not long ago that in her childhood she never went upstairs without thinking that Apollyon was just behind her, my faith became very much shaken as to its value for children.

Let the books of childhood on the farm deal as much as possible with nature. Kingsley's "Water Babies," with its wonderful descriptions of hill and vale, clouds and sunshine, cannot fail to bring, along with the story, a love for out-of-doors. Kipling's "Jungle Book," with its human personification of the animals, makes all animals seem "like folks." "Black Beauty," cannot be read to children without their learning the virtues of kindness and gentleness. A ballad of Mary Howitt has stayed in my mind all these years—the ballad of Little Mabel:

"And when thou'rt in the lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn;
And do not pluck the strawberry flower,
Nor break the lady fern."

Even today the flowers to me are clothed with the attributes of the lady fern. "Aesop's Fables" are always a source of pleasure and knowledge to childhood, as well as to those of maturer years. Hawthorne's rendering of the old myths should be one of childhood's books, and all of Hawthorne ought to be on our shelves. Someone has said we should read Hawthorne at least three times: once for the story, and twice for the beautiful English.

We would not forget the stories of King Arthur and his table round. Many a boy has learned from them a lesson of chivalry and purity that has formed the habit of a life. "Swiss Family Robinson" has interested many boys to be inge-

nious as well as industrious. Let Jacob Abbott's histories be on the shelves for the children. It may be old-fashioned to suggest them, but he has a wonderful way of holding the attention of children, and his facts are so sugar-coated that they are always palatable to the young folks.

"The Waverley Novels," in a clear print, should be among the friends on call for the older children, and the grown-ups. "Dickens" and "Thackeray" also are always welcome visitors. If the young folks find them dry at first, let them begin with "The Tale of Two Cities," and "Henry Esmond." The liking for the others will come with these two. In Scott, let "Ivanhoe" be the first selection. Who can read and forget the stately music of Rebecca's hymn?

"When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came."

Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," and "Conquest of Peru" read like a romance. Parkman, with his history of the early days of our country, is as interesting as a novel with his stories of Pontiac, of Marquette and La Salle. Thoreau should come as close to us as he came to the heart of nature, for he experienced nature as other men are said to experience religion. For him "all out-of-doors" kept a diary which he has copied for us to read. If we will read it, we can idealize our work just as Whittier, a musing farmer's boy, found it possible to do. His surroundings were always prosaic to him, until one day when he was making hay, a peddler put a copy of Robert Burns in his hands; instantly he had the vision. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was in his own Puritan home. The birds that sang over his head, the flowers that grew under his feet, were as poetic as those to which the Scottish plowman has given perennial beauty. From that day,

"While he wrought with strenuous will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dreamland blew."

"The common air was thick with dreams,
He told them to the tolling crowd;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear, he sang aloud."

Let the books on the farm help to bring to each farm boy and girl, each farm man and woman, an idealization of the farm and the farm work.

Do not put too many modern novels on your shelves for your daily food. Depend on the current magazines for most of the modern fiction. Much of that of today leaves a bitter taste. Cultivate that which is wholesome, and that leaves with you the breath of the winds and sun, and the best, not the worst, of human nature.

Keep on your table at least one good magazine that is devoted to synopses of current events, such as the "Literary Digest," or "Public Opinion." Have some of the first class magazines, not the second rate ones, and have some of the so-called woman's magazines. Have the farm papers, one city paper, and your town paper. The Bible says: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Prefix the words: As a man readeth in his newspaper, so thinketh he, and then try to find a daily paper—if you can—that devotes two-thirds of its columns to good things, and one-third to bad things, instead of one-third to the good, and two-thirds to the bad.

Do not be afraid to show hospitality to new ideas. Remember that the radical of today is the conservative of tomorrow.

Wendell Phillips once gave advice that it would be well for us all to follow: "Young man, young woman," he said, "ally yourselves in early years with some righteous, unpopular cause." It is said that in California the rural vote, notwithstanding the immense city vote, has the deciding voice. If this be true, how very important it is that we farming people follow Wendell Phillips' advice, inform ourselves on moral issues, and then take the pains to inform others. The temperance question, for instance, is one in which every farmer should be particularly interested, not only from its moral value, but as a purely economic question, when we know that a large per cent. of the wages paid on the farm goes into alcoholic drinks.

I remember reading once in the Congressional Record, the speech of one of our congressmen: "Mr. Speaker," he said, "every man has his bellwether: mine is James G. Blaine; but every man has one whom he follows."

There is no reason why a farmer cannot, through reading and study, be a man whom others can follow.

See that the children have something for their very own. Nothing better can be found than the "Youth's Companion," and even the older ones can enjoy it. A friend who in her day has prepared many young men and women for the university, says that every week she enjoys the "Youth's Companion." Every story is well written and clean, many deal with out-of-door life, and there are each week important current events.

Keep something from John Muir and John Burroughs where you can visit with them. The former's word pictures of the high Sierras can give you the taste, if not the reality of a summer's outing. Have some books that will help you to cultivate content. Sit down with David Grayson some gray afternoon in winter, or an afternoon in spring when the wanderlust is strong within you; when the four walls seem too close, and the farm too small; when all out-of-doors is calling, and you say: "My life is too narrow to hold content." Read his lessons as to how the country encourages differentiation—loves new types; how so many great and original men have lived their youth upon the land. Can you imagine Abraham Lincoln living in a tenement?

Let some books of the modern drama be in your home, and some on sociology, or else some magazine that has articles along these lines. The time is here when these questions are to be forced upon all of us. It will be well to try to prepare for them.

File your farm bulletins. Each year lay aside a sum of money for the purchase of books; though it may be a small sum, yet let it be something.

Let the poets find their way to your home; the best of the books of travel; let them be with you in the room. Those behind glass doors always seem like friends locked in a closet. Remember, too, that books, like friends, can stand a good light—the open fire in the winter, the piazza in the summer, and in the evening a clear, shaded lamp. If necessary, economize on clothes or labor, and indulge in the luxury of comfortable chairs, a cheerful fire, a sunny room, a few good pictures, and if you haven't electric lights or gas, install plenty of good lamps. I have seen families in the country sit down in the evening with one unshaded lamp. Can you wonder that the boys long for the glare of the city lights?

There is a great deal of talk among educators these days about practical education, especially in the rural schools, but the children of today, both rural and urban, need with the vocational training, an idealization of the every day things of life. They need to be led away, not toward, the thought that dollars and cents make up the most of life, and that pleasure constitutes happiness.

"God is not far from any of us!
The wild flower by the wayside speaks His love;
Each singing bird brings tidings from above:
The bright sunlight His tenderness doth prove;
And we can hear His voice."

If we look long enough at a mountain, we grow somewhat toward its greatness. If we think the thoughts of great men, we gain a little of their bigness. Little things will look less, and large things will look larger, if we study the best literature. To find hope and life at the heart of discouragement and death, is the reason we ought to dig in the literary loam of books. It will make the mountain and hill low, and the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

The farm will lose something of its drudgery if we can realize that it holds the wizardry of a Burbank; and it is possible that it may be given to some of us to unlock its secrets. But even though it is our lot never to do any great thing, we can each day, through the wonders of earth and sky, and the communion with books, have

"Strength for the daily task;
Courage to face the road;
Good cheer to help us bear the traveler's load;
And for the hours of rest that come between.
An inward joy in all things heard and seen."

CHAIRMAN COOK: I am sure we have all enjoyed exceedingly this beautiful address. I only wish we had some California Thoreau to follow this up with a talk about the good of getting children, especially on the farm, interested in plants and insects. My mother was very fond of outdoor things and also of reading, and I have been thinking, as the paper was read, how certain books always bring my mother before me. When I was a little boy she read to me "John Halifax, Gentleman." She also read to me "David Copperfield." That was the first time I heard

it. I have read it many times since. She read "Dombey and Son" and a great many more beautiful books, and so always, when I think of these books, I think of my mother. She always took me out to see the things outdoors—the flowers and butterflies and beetles. She never screamed when she saw a beautiful caterpillar. She always stroked it and called my attention to it, and I learned to love these gems of nature when I was a little boy. I have often thought of those beautiful words of Tennyson:

"Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the cranny
I hold you here in my hand.
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Let us get the children out of doors and call attention to these beautiful things. Dr. Hunt, it seems to me we ought not to leave this without a word. We would be glad to hear a word from Dr. Hunt.

DEAN HUNT: I came in during the latter part of the proceedings and so I only heard the last part of the paper. If I had not been here at all, however, I would have called it a very good paper, and I want to call the attention of this audience to the fact that Mrs. Hoppin is not only a good essayist but she is a good farmer as well.

CHAIRMAN COOK: Has anybody else a word? Some of the ladies perhaps. If not, we will pass to the next paper.

FIRING.

By J. E. ADAMSON, Pomona, California.

Coming before a meeting like this to speak on a subject, that is a matter of protecting our orchards from frost damage by firing, fills one with considerable pleasure, when we think of the changes in the mental attitude of the orange growing public in the last five or six years on this subject. I happened to be one of those enthusiastic people who several years ago undertook to try to save our citrus crops from frost and it was after about three or four years of consecutive talking and persistent preaching and quite persistent ridicule that we carried on the campaign that finally led to the big work we did in 1912 and 1913.

Now, what I have to say will necessarily be an account somewhat of our experiences at Pomona because that is the part of the work I was in touch with. In Pomona, back in 1908, some ten or fifteen of us thought that we had reached the time when it was necessary to try and stop some of the damage by frost. At that time I do not suppose there was any of us who realized that there could have been such a freeze as there was in January, 1913, but the temperature used to get down to about 20 or 22 degrees and anybody knows if the temperature drops to that point and stays long enough there is damage to citrus fruit. That year we began to do some work with coal baskets and it was the outgrowth of our experience at that time which led up to the things which we afterwards developed.

When we used to talk of frost protection, some people would say, "Can it be done?" Some would say, "It is impossible to heat up all outside." The actual matter of fact is that we do not attempt to heat up all outside. We simply attempt to heat up the immediate air around the tree. From our experiences of the last few years the question has rather settled into the question, "How can it best be done?", not "Can it be done?" and out of that question have developed many ideas, some of which are fine and some of which are not very fine. The question, "Does it pay?" is the first one. To bring that to your mind I will just give a little outline of the cost and the result of the big fight in the winter of 1912 and 1913.

Beginning December 1st, 1912, the growers in Pomona began to fire occasionally for frost, especially at the times when we had heavy winds at night and calm mornings, which always resulted in frost. About the first of December they began the campaign of firing, which lasted some twenty-seven nights through December and January and one or two nights in February. That campaign cost the growers of Pomona Valley, principally the members of the Pomona Fruit Growers' Exchange and the Claremont Citrus Association, covering about 2600 acres, \$40,000 in round numbers. We had close tab on the actual cost because the