

In Southern California



Oil Derricks Form Background for Tomato Patch.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

TALK with priests at the old missions and they will tell you that pioneer padres trained Indians to do the first irrigation work in Southern California. Some of their old ditches still exist.

You can tell by where these missions stand what good judges of land the priests were. They never built a church on poor soil.

Local farming owes these padres a great debt. They not only brought the first cattle and horses, but they experimented with seeds to see what would grow best in California.

They planted the first oranges and grapes. Lemons, figs, and olives they brought, too, and wheat, destined to become a tremendous crop.

Almost feudal in aspect were these mission farms. Indians were trained as farmers, cowboys, carpenters, saddle makers, and weavers. They made things not only for the use of priests and themselves, but for Spanish soldiers as well.

Cattle became the mainstay of life, with beef the chief food; hides made leather for saddles, harness, and shoes, and even served as money. Early sea traders from New England called them "California bank notes."

Sheep, too, were raised; and Indians made blankets and cloth for suits from the wool. They raised some hogs also, mostly for lard to make soap.

Missions served as stock farms from which private owners could borrow enough breeding animals to build up their own herds. Horses of a tough, speedy type, with a strain of Arabian from those brought to Mexico by conquistadores, thrived there, multiplying so fast that in time wild herds became a nuisance. Men used to drive them into the sea to drown them.

Cattle often ran wild over the open range. In self-defense travelers sometimes had to shoot savage bulls. At slaughtering time, vaqueros rode down the thundering herds, slew what they wanted, and left carcasses to be skinned by butchers who followed. Melted tallow was packed in hides and transported to sailing vessels along the coast. This trade dwindled after gold was found.

"The inflowing of population made an end to the great droves of cattle," wrote Dana in 1859, on his second trip to California.

Old Ranches Cut Up.

Today this once huge industry, which kept the shoe and leather trades of New England supplied, is a dim tradition. In museums you see old oxcarts and horse gear, massive hand-made furniture and pioneer weapons.

Santa Barbara stages a fiesta each season, in which modern beaux and belles dress in pioneer Spanish costumes, ride horses with Spanish saddles, sing Spanish ballads, and dance fandangos to early Spanish music.

But the modern spectacle is more splendid than the original hard, frugal life of toil ever was. Practically all old ranches are cut up now. One or two, like the Santa Margarita and the Tejon, remain; but overseers make their rounds in motor cars. In fields where grunting oxen once pulled

wooden plows, you hear now the staccato voice of gas tractors.

Among long-tailed, squawking macaws and tinkling bells in the Mission Inn garden at Riverside stands an old, old orange tree. It is one of two navel seedlings sent here from Brazil, by way of Washington, in 1873. Both lived and are ancestors now of countless trees whose fruit reaches not only the most obscure nooks of the United States, but goes to forty-odd ports overseas, even into Alaska by dog-sled delivery.

What a colossal feat of distribution!

Think of 100,000 carloads a year, cars riding an average of 2,600 miles each. Fantastically, you visualize this endless orange flight as a universe of tiny yellow planets flying forever out of California and into space! Orange picking never stops. Navels move from December to May and Valencia's the rest of the year. With oranges go lemons and grapefruit, picked, packed and shipped from some part of California every day in the year. Europe alone takes upward of a million boxes, and Canadians drink orange juice even as we do.

To move and sell such incredible cargoes, more than 13,000 growers form the Fruit Exchange. Their salesmen are posted in 59 central markets here and abroad. Their brand stamped on fruit is known around the world. They even own their own timber lands and sawmills, where millions of crates are made for packing fruit. By-products, like orange and lemon oils, citric acid and citrus pectin, are made and sold by this organization.

Value of Co-operation.

Ships that carry its fruit abroad are vast floating refrigerators, for they must pass through the Panama canal and other tropic waters.

Frost is fought with oil-burning orchard heaters, while millions are spent on sprays and fumigation.

Individual growers, competing, could not have obtained such methodical, world-wide distribution of oranges now graded, inspected, and sold by the Exchange. It is conspicuous among all man's co-operative efforts. Common interests unite its members, both in business and social affairs.

One visit to an annual orange festival, with all its music, drama, pageantry, and carnival spirit, shows what a role this fruit plays in California life.

More than any other one force, it was the lure of life in a sunny California orange grove which started easterners migrating here in the 1880's—and it still brings them.

From its trees, since the Exchange started its records in 1894, have been picked and sold nearly \$2,000,000,000 worth of citrus fruit—or more than the value of all gold mined since its discovery in 1848!

The Bible story of the miraculous gourd vine that grew in one day to make shade for Jonah is hardly more astonishing than the rise of the western vegetable trade. It is an exciting page in the annals of our national farm life. New food habits, the call for more green things, is one cause. Advent of the iced car, overcoming California's former disadvantage of remoteness from eastern markets, is another.

Due to geographic barriers, as

late as 1900 this trade was a mere trickle. Now, with refrigeration, standard packing, and advertising, more than 100,000 carloads of garden truck, largely grown in California, ride east every year.

Fly over our Southwest in winter and see the miles of empty yellow cars parked on every available switch and sidetrack as far east as New Mexico. Railroads assemble them there, ready for the seasonal rush of lettuce, peas, cantaloupes, cauliflower, celery, and other fruits and vegetables—enough cars to have moved all the American soldiers who took part in the World war!

Busy Imperial Valley.

Imperial valley, that below-the-sea "Hothouse of America" once called the Salton Sink, grows more cantaloupes, honeydews, and casabas than any area its size in the world. Its large-scale operations are indeed "industrialized farming."

Terrific heat, dust, and the frantic picking, packing, loading, and icing of more than 6,000,000 crates of melons in a few weeks turn this valley, from May to June, into an inferno of nervous haste.

Only Mexicans and Japanese seem able to work in the sun-scorched fields; some say that only they can tell just when a melon should be picked, or when a mule will surely drop from being overheated if driven another rod. Yet 60,000 residents endure this climate!

Frost-free regions along the San Diego coast send their share of tomatoes, celery, and other green foods. Los Angeles county was the pioneer garden spot; there first grew that lettuce now called "iceberg head," an Italian strain introduced through Vilmoren, famous seedsman of Paris.

Something grows in some garden there the year around. Even Nature can be fooled in this high-speed gardening. The artichoke, for example, normally fruits in summer, in the fog-infested coastal valleys. But the growers, by cutting back the plants in June, force them to bud in winter!

Despite its amazing volume, this trade has its problems, one of which is to make a profit. "Some new, puzzling trouble is always coming up," said a grower. "One of them is how to lick the bugs . . . they never lose."

Electricity for Everything.

You marvel at miles of power lines carried on steel towers. Hardly a country home is without electricity. Farmers throw a switch and machines cook food, heat water, milk cows, sterilize milk, and separate the cream. Electric power hatches eggs and warms the coops. Long, dry summers call for much pumping, and electric irrigation pumps run almost continuously from April to September.

Walnuts, formerly dried in the sun, are dehydrated now by electricity. To make seeds germinate faster, cables laid in the soil are heated by this power.

With electricity oranges are colored and precooled for shipment. Motors hum in myriad industries. In busy oil fields, shops, and harbor sheds, bright lights turn night into day. With electricity men drill for oil, pump it when natural flow subsides, and refine it. The same source heats enormous furnaces and annealing ovens.

In California electricity spurred imagination long before the rest of the world appreciated its versatility. The reason is that California, when most of the present electric systems started in the 1890's, had no native fuel except wood. Coal, transported from far places, was costly; but in the mountains was abundant water power. The market for electric light was small in pioneer times and few industries had then started; but the farmer was there, and entrepreneurs taught him to use power for irrigation as early as 1893. Now power lines cover the state's map like a web.

Knights of Malta

Valetta, chief port of the island of Malta, was founded by a group of Crusaders who became known as the Knights of Malta.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by
JEAN NEWTON

ON AMERICAN WIVES CRUSHING THEIR HUSBANDS

"**D**EAR Jean Newton—What do you think of the English novelist who says that American women make their husbands their tools by their insistence that they are mentally superior to them?"

"Soon after they are married," she says, "they begin letting a husband know that a man who spends his days at a business office can't help being a dull clod and that, therefore, he should keep pretty quiet at home. And if we want a better world," she says, "we may as well realize that it must be one in which a man can feel free to take pride in his strength and his importance! Finally," she says, "we ruin our men's futures by making them feel inferior at home. For the insecurity that comes over a man when his wife rules him out of conversations on cultural subjects or refuses to let him select the curtains for his room, soon spreads through his system and makes him afraid in business."

"What do you think of all this?"

I believe there is in it just a scintilla of truth. And that is that among the great number of women freed by their husband's daily struggle to leisure which permits them cultural interests and developments, there are some small

souls who exaggerate the significance and importance of their little studies or accomplishments to the point of a superiority complex.

I do know a woman whose husband, a hard working business man with a keen intelligence and broad sympathies, if narrow in his interests, has always supplied her with luxury and the leisure to enjoy it. Though among the leaders in his particular "line" he would ever be an ignoramus when it came to modern trends in the arts, the subject she happened at one time to be studying. And this woman did adopt a superior attitude. But—her husband was neither shamefaced nor crushed—he was amused!

That is the point about the American - businessman - husband who seems to have caused one author so much concern. I have never known one who wanted to select his curtains—or who took terribly to heart accomplishments of his wife in which he could not share. Indeed it has always seemed to me that it was not because of how hard they work, any more than for mental inability, that these men's interests are narrow, but because they just don't care, and are inclined to make a joke of subjects which are not among their prime concerns. That is what I think of the matter.

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Bedtime Story by Thornton W. Burgess



BILLY MINK AND LITTLE JOE OTTER DECIDE TO GO VISITING

AFTER visiting the Smiling Pool and warning Little Joe Otter and Jerry Muskrat to watch out for traps, Bobby Coon decided that the Laughing Brook was altogether dangerous a place for him, so he turned back into the Green Forest and firmly resolved to keep away from the Laughing Brook. Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter talked things over.

"I found three traps," said Billy Mink. "There may be some I have not found. Anyway, it is certain that when that trapper finds that I know about those traps he



"I Believe I'll Go Away For a Visit."

will set some more. I don't believe he is smart enough to hide a trap so that we can not find it. But, you know, accidents will happen. He knows that you and I make our homes along the Laughing Brook and he will simply make life miserable for us by continuing to set traps. Do you know what I believe I'll do?"

"What?" said Little Joe Otter.

"I believe I'll go away for a visit," replied Billy Mink. "I've been feeling rather restless for some time anyway, and there isn't any better time of year to go visiting than right now, before the snow and ice come. There's a certain

brook some distance from here that for a long time I've been thinking of visiting. I believe I'll start tonight, and I'll stay long enough for this trapper to get tired of setting traps and catching nothing."

"That's a good idea," said Little Joe Otter. "I believe I'll go visiting myself. I always did like to travel. There is no sense in taking foolish risks, and that is just what we would be doing by staying here. I think I'll go down to the Big River and stay a while. The fishing here isn't as good as it might be, anyway. I wonder if Jerry Muskrat will go visiting, too. Let's tell him what we are going to do and see if he wants to go along with one of us."

"He can't go with me," declared Billy Mink in a most decided tone. "He travels too slow. I don't believe he would want to go with me anyway, because, between you and me, I suspect Jerry is a little afraid of me."

Little Joe Otter grinned. "I guess he has reason to be," said he. "I've been told that the Mink family has a liking for muskrat meat. I hardly think he'll want to go along with me either because he is such a home-loving body. But anyway, we'll tell him what we're going to do and then he can do as he pleases."

So Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter told Jerry how they were going to fool the trapper by going visiting. They urged him to do the same thing.

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Twins Born to Pair in Different Towns

Ottawa, Kan. — Although two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Atchison are twins, each has a different native town. The first son was born at the Atchison home at Homewood at 12:30 a. m. The attending physician then had Mrs. Atchison removed to a hospital in Ottawa where the second son was born at 6:30 a. m.