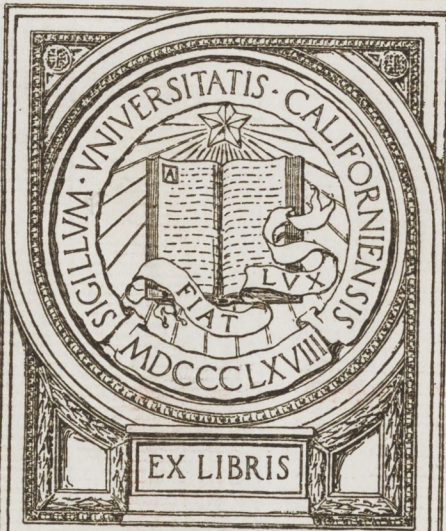


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**HARRY AND I**  
*at the*  
**UNIVERSITY FARM**

George Haines Pearson  
and  
Harry Wilbur Lewis

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Mae McCabe



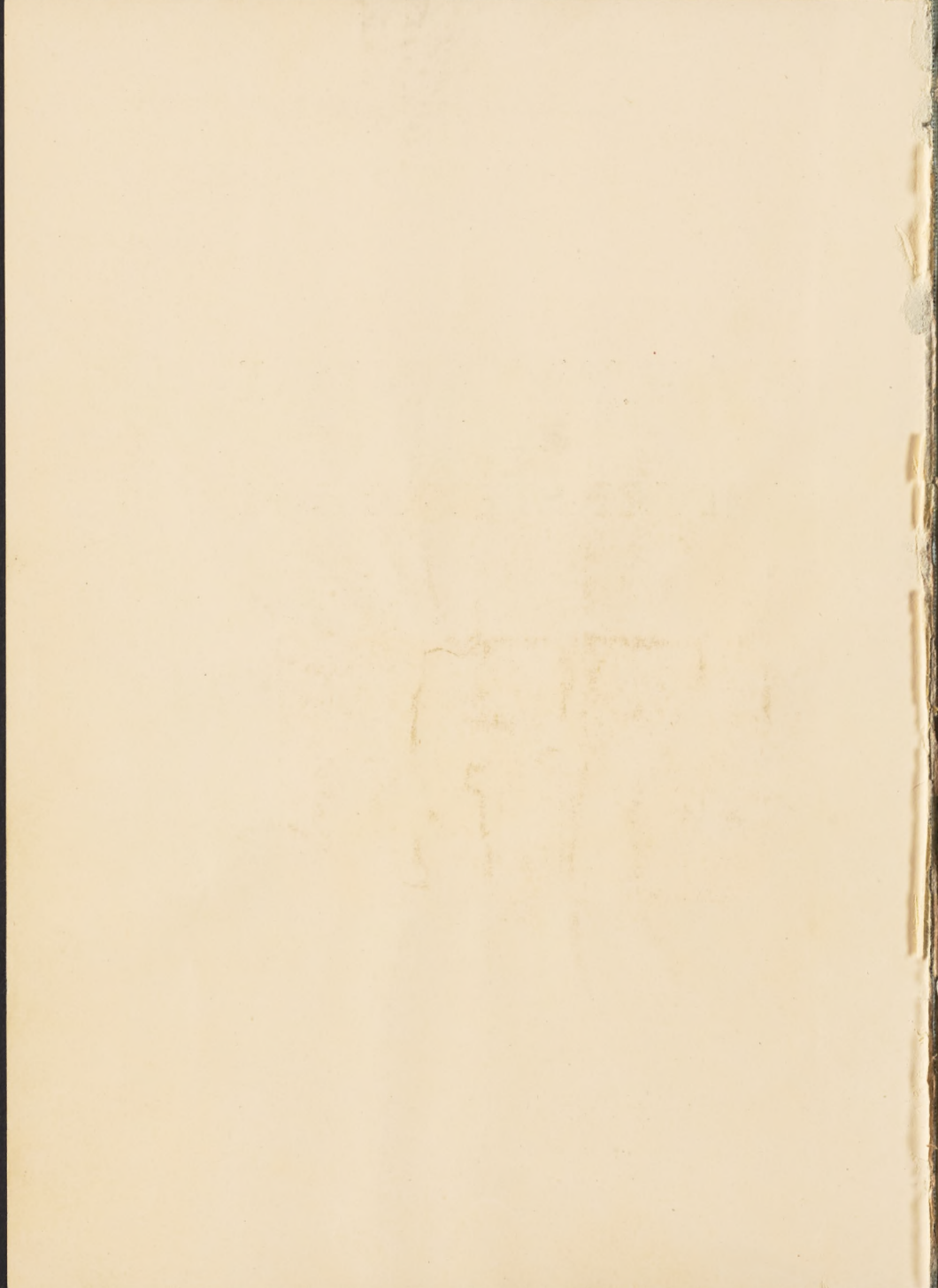
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**HARRY AND I**  
*at the*  
**UNIVERSITY FARM**

George Haines Pearson  
and

Harry Wilbur Lewis



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

**HARRY AND I**  
*at the UNIVERSITY FARM*



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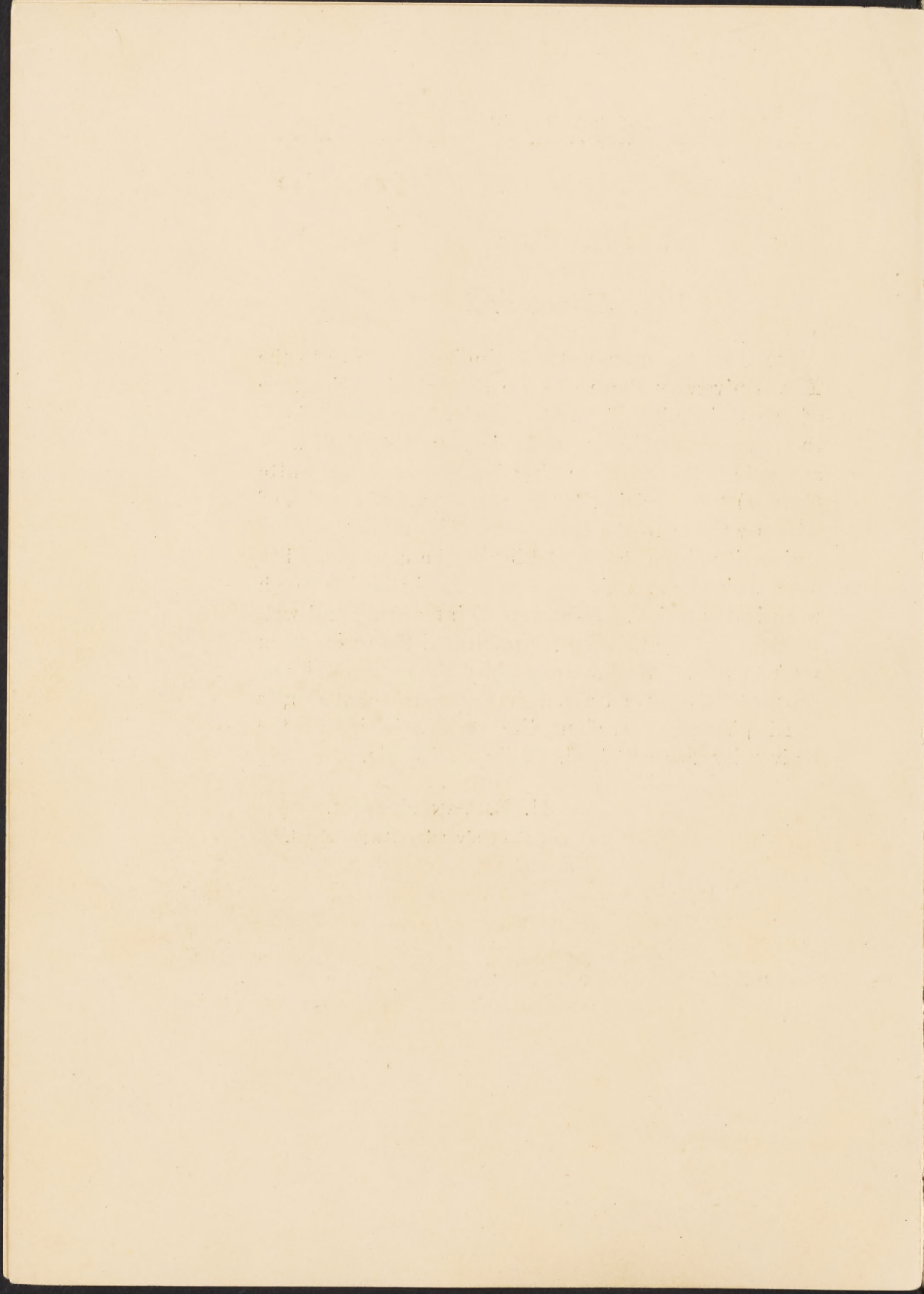
CHICAGO, ILL.

## *Foreword*

**A**MONG the thousands of clippings relating to the University Farm and the College of Agriculture of the University of California reaching the desk of the Dean of the College of Agriculture last Fall, were a couple of letters appearing in the Paradise (Butte County) "Enterprise." They were part of a series of letters written to the home folks by a student at the University Farm School, telling of the new school life upon which he and his chum from a neighboring ranch were just entering. They were so interesting and well written that the local editor published the series from week to week. We have assembled the entire series as representative of a University Farm School student's word picture of student life and activities at the University Farm School, Davis, California.

H. E. VAN NORMAN,  
Dean of the University Farm School.

13180





# *Two Paradise Boys at University Farm, Davis*

**George Haines Pearson**

DAVIS, September 23, 1916.

**T**HIS is the regular date for my weekly letter, and I have plenty to write. This week has been full of activities. Monday two boys whose acquaintance I have made, and myself, made a tour of the Farm. First we went down to the dairy barn and watched a big seventy-five horsepower Holt caterpillar tractor cutting and then blowing corn silage into a huge concrete silo. The tractor furnished power to a carrying table and cutter, a big wagon load of corn was drawn up alongside and two men kept busy throwing big arm loads of corn stalks, with the big milky ears still on, onto the carrying table where it was seized by the cutters, shredded to bits,



“Watched a big 75-H.P. tractor cutting silage.”

and sucked up a great suction pipe, also operated by the tractor, into the silo. The noise was so great that a person could hardly be heard above it. Those big rollers snatched at stalks and tore them up with a most grewsome sound. After that we inspected the great dairy, the cattle and sheep barns, also the hog houses and runs. I saw the most enormous red hog that my grandfather or any one else ever saw. Then we inspected the poultry plant and the orchards. The latter made a fine showing mostly.

The grounds are being treated to a landscape gardening program which will produce great results some day. Eucalyptus does well and is already making a fine showing, both individual trees, and a small grove over by the West Dormitory. There are a great many flower beds, geraniums being much in evidence just now, and vines growing on several buildings. Young palms, and evergreens, besides deciduous shade trees, have been planted and are doing well. Then, too, there are the lawns and the great patch of green alfalfa in front of the dormitories. It should look very fine by commencement day next May and I wish you could come down.

I forgot and left Sunday out of its proper place. Harry and I got there too early for church and were invited into the Sunday School—a great bunch of Farm School boys were there. The Davis Presbyterian church is a very nice little church. It is quite new—perhaps newer than ours. The building is square, and has a flat roof containing skylights, be-

## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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sides the generous space devoted to windows. The one feature that I envy them is their huge basement, all concreted, and the walls and ceiling finished in fine matched wood. This basement alone has twice the floor space of our church.

You can call it local prejudice if you wish, but I think that our little church at home is much more artistic and better looking. Mr. Quickenden, the pastor, is a live, energetic man. I think he is very sincere and kindly, also liberal. He starts right off on his topic like Mr. Miller, and is a concise speaker, arranging his argument logically and forcibly. He spoke on temperance at the morning service. Their choir is very good but composed of no more than Frances' average. Mr. Quickenden introduced me to his wife and daughter after the service, and I had quite a pleasant talk with them.

School started at eleven on Tuesday morning with a general assembly of all the students in the Auditorium. Mr. Henley, the music instructor, led in singing the opening numbers, then Dean Van Norman made a few introductory remarks, and introduced Dean Hunt of the University of California, College of Agriculture. He is an elderly, gray-



“The grounds are being treated to a landscape gardening programme . . .”

haired man, with a low gentle voice, rather hard to hear, or follow closely. I think it is impossible not to form an instant appreciation of his fineness of character. Others of the professors spoke and then Mr. Henley sang two selections. He has a beautiful voice and of course excellent control. There was also a very fine woman singer who sang twice. I wish I could give you some idea of what Dean Hunt and our Dean said.

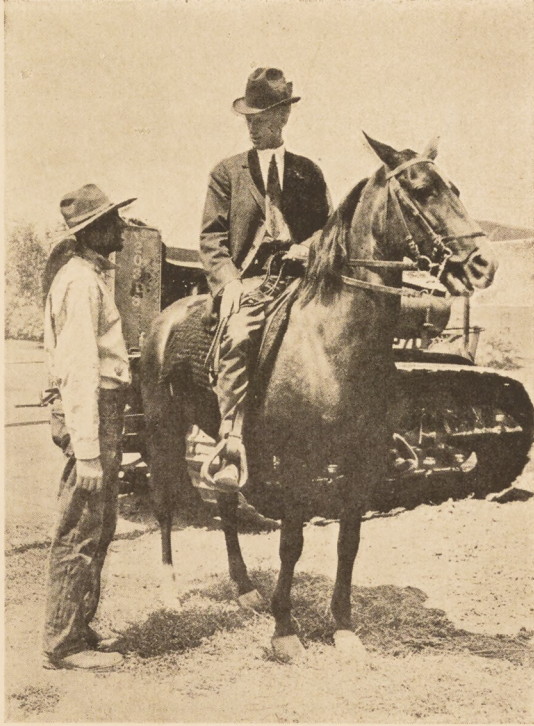
In the afternoon we began our study. My first period was Botany. I had already presented Mr. Clark's letter of introduction to Mr. Pope, our instructor in that subject, and had made his acquaintance. He is a very pleasant man and we had quite a little talk. He inquired about the Clarks and Ellsworths, and asked me about the roads between here and Paradise, as he contemplated making a trip up there on the date of the fair at Mr. Clark's invitation, via Ford. He intended to provide what would have proven a very interesting talk. I put this in the past tense as he told me yesterday that his work here would prevent his coming. His period was spent in discussion and in outlining the requirements of the course. No text books are required in his course as his lectures take their place. Only portfolios with cheap paper covers with ruled paper for notes, and unruled paper for drawing, are needed.

Wednesday was occupied by seeing professors, and purchasing supplies which they required. Wednesday occurred the Y. M. C. A. "Mixer," and a jolly affair it proved. The Stock Judging Pavilion was the scene.

## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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We sat around the sides of the great big shelves rather than seats. The first number of the evening was a ukulele and steel stringed Hawaiian guitar duet by the Gay brothers, two native boys from Hawaii. By the way, ask the Clarks about them. They sang several selections, being encored enthusiastically. Then there were two fast and furious ragtime pieces by a trio of boys, a big drum, small orchestra drum, and piano. Next came a baritone solo—and then Dean Van Norman's address. I wish that I were able to bring you his words even on paper; his straightforward appeal to the honor and sense of right in us, his strong common-sense, his candor, directness and fine personality, cannot be described by me.



“Dean Van Norman made a few introductory remarks.”

Mr. Hill, a big stout jolly fellow, the Y. M. C. A. state field secretary, next addressed us, and aside from the serious side of his talk he was so full of fun that he had his audience in a roar. After that some of the student body officers and team leaders gave talks, ended by a short talk by Mr. Harmon, the coach and instructor in Physical Education. Then the eats, consisting of a bunch of grapes, a dish of ice-cream and cake. After that three rousing cheers were given for the eats committee and we adjourned.

Thursday morning we called on Mr. Pope first period and were given three and a half pages of notes embodying his desires and requirements. Then we went to Mr. Kelley, our English professor, a very likable man who could only give some preliminary instructions, as his text books have not come even yet. He proposes to give one period a week to holding debates and discussions under his supervision, the class forming a debating society under the direction of its own officers. A committee of three with a boy named Dodge as chairman and Harry as another member has been appointed to see to this. Next we went to Mr. Titus, the mathematics teacher, and he is certainly fine. Big, strong, fine physique, a powerful head with stiff curly sandy hair and a pair of lively keen eyes under his defiant eyebrows. He is keen, witty, ironical and last of all as droll as they make them. He is the kind that every boy feels is his friend, and at the same time knows that there can be no "monkey business" about lessons. The kind that can be intimate

## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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with his classes and yet have their respect and obedience. And by the way it takes a pretty fine sort to do that. Chemistry was much the same, just ordering books, etc., and Mr. Arnold, the chemistry teacher, is a good fellow, ready to explain everything. By Friday we had seen all our instructors and a little real work was done: some fast addition of infinitesimal sums numbering forty-five combinations in all, and we are expected to do them under forty seconds. It isn't as bad as it sounds. This evening the first sunset meeting will be in the Auditorium with a special address and special music. Athletics are in full swing, the football heroes are parading around with yards of surgeon's tape on their countenances.

There are fine tennis courts but the cold weather has put swimming on the "blink." I am signed up for the music and expect a lot of enjoyment from it, and Harry is taking orchestra practice.

Present my best wishes to all my friends on The Ridge.



“Mr. Titus, the mathematics teacher.”

DAVIS, September 30, 1916.

THIS has been a rather quiet week as we are beginning to get into the real work, also the time seems to be going a little faster. My studies are getting more and more interesting, although as yet we are only well started. Perhaps a little description would be interesting. First there is Arithmetic with Mr. Titus. He has composed his own book of problems and processes, consisting of short cuts and rapid methods in the very fundamentals. This book is the most interestingly written treatise on the subject that I have ever seen. The first page contains this exercise: Make a list of all the possible two-figure combinations from one to nine (forty-five in number). These must be added orally in forty seconds or less. I can generally do it in thirty-five. Some can do it in twenty-five. Also you must add at least seventy figures a minute and here I can get to only about fifty-five or sixty. However I achieved much glory by knowing the so-called business arithmetic multiplication tables to a hundred, as  $3 \times 27$ ,  $4 \times 19$ , etc.

Mr. Pope's Botany classes are getting very interesting. We have a lecture, then laboratory work in the examination and description of the parts of seeds. Yesterday we took a field excursion—we examined thirteen different weeds, and named them. Every one likes Mr. Pope and his class. He can be pleasant and yet keep to his purpose and keep order in class. Mr. Kelley's class in English is of especial interest in con-



## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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nection with the debating class which we have formed under his guidance and help, and which is to continue to be known as the "Hilgard Club." One of the four periods, each week, is to be turned over to the class under this name, to be used for discussion or debate on topics of agriculture or current interest. The officers—president, vice-president, and secretary—are to hold office for only a short time, to give all a turn at learning parliamentary law.

Chemistry is getting interesting. I thought I wouldn't like it, but I do fairly well. Mr. Arnold is all right, even if he did call one of my delivery tubes a monstrosity. Agricultural Engineering, taught by Mr. Ingram, my advisor, is a good course, and Mr. Ingram teaches it very instructively, but it calls for more than just patient application. I never could do drawing; my work has not that neatness which is so desirable. I am very slow and will have to work overtime, as indeed most do. Music is a pleasant diversion. Mr. Henley is a very attractive man and has the real love for his subject. Mr. Schmidt is the leader of the orchestra, and appears to be a very attractive person. Harry is full of praise for him. They had Orchestra



"Mr. Harmon, the coach and instructor in Physical Education."

Practice last Wednesday night and after they got going it sounded fine. The Hygiene class is one of the minor courses and I can say very little about it as yet. Animal Husbandry consists of stock judging. We stand around in a circle some forty strong, and an animal is led out. There is a score card and you dock him so much for various defects, under about twenty-five different headings. My first score was 94 per cent, whereas our instructor only gave him  $84\frac{1}{4}$  per cent, some difference. Harry has been picking grapes, and says he picked more than two fifty-pound lug boxes from a single vine. You should see those vines loaded to the ground with the most enormous clusters. The Tokays aren't so nicely colored as at Paradise.

The "tank rush" was held last Tuesday and was a defeat for our class, but we fought manfully. The faculty was present and saw fair play, also a crowd of people from Davis and Sacramento, and a moving picture man. We lined up opposite each other at one side of the tank and at a given signal both sides rushed forward and a great mix-up occurred. Three or four tackle one, get him down and grab him hand and foot, carry him up the bank, out on a platform over the water and let go, whereupon he disappears with a loud splash. I helped throw two Seniors in before I was nabbed by four "huskies" and deposited in the tank. I went in feet first, swam across, crawled out, watched it awhile, went to my room, took a shower bath and was none the worse for the experience. There is a column or more in the Sacramento "Bee" describing

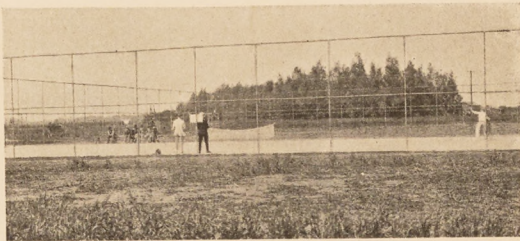
## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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the indignities to which Freshmen are subjected. The "Bee" describes at length the hazing going on here, but my understanding of hazing leaves out anything done here.

The Presbyterian church gave its reception to the new students. The reception committee was mostly composed of the wives of the professors, and I sized the crowd up as being a mighty nice lot of people.

I did two things today—one was to get the ugliest college brand haircut obtainable. To make amends I have purchased a small cream cheese at the Creamery, weight five pounds, price one dollar. It will not be sent until Monday as the man in charge doesn't want it to wait over Sunday on the road. Harry bought one and we took a taste of it before sending it on to his folks, and it was as good, rich and ripe a cream cheese as it was ever my pleasure to sample. I hope the one I bought is as good as I would like to give Grandpa a sample of Farm School cheese and make him own that it was good. I have mailed the first two copies of the "Agricola" this morning. They contain much of interest concerning what I have written. I hope everything is going well. Give my regards to everyone.



"There are fine tennis courts."

DAVIS, CALIF., October 14, 1916.

THIS last week has been rather an eventful one. The High School Agricultural Clubs have come and gone, some three hundred in number. They comprised all ages and varieties, and were a pretty good bunch taken all together. They spent most of their time inspecting the Farm under the guidance of fifteen students. The rest of the time until about twelve at night they seemed to spend in yelling and rooting. They got first place at the cafeteria, no one being allowed in until they were through, a plan which was very inconvenient for students having to make a class at one o'clock. I ate down town twice, and am confirmed in my opinion that the cafeteria is best.

That Agricultural Engineering course is the bane of my existence. Much of the work I have to do at night, and no matter how careful I am my work falls short of what some in the class do in half the time. Chemistry is stiffening up but is getting more interesting all the time to compensate for that. Mr. Arnold has the ability of making the subject most interesting. Mr. Pope has given us several studies of parts of plants magnified under the microscope, and they have been very interesting. He very kindly invited me to call at his home, but I don't know when I can find time to go. I study early and late and still there are things undone. I got some very good marks in Arithmetic, and worked hard enough for them, too. We had our first debate in English class last Thursday

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morning. The subject was, "Resolved, that military training such as given at the University of California should be established at the Farm School." The affirmative won. The class is too large but we certainly can benefit from this course.

Wednesday and Thursday mornings I got up early and helped dig holes for the fence around the Athletic Field. Last year three sides of the eight-acre field were fenced and today the last side was finished. The posts were set, the eight hundred feet of wire unrolled and spliced, and then a caterpillar tractor drew it tight in a moment. I worked from ten until two, stopping for dinner. I also helped in moving the bleachers over to the new field, and setting them up again. The front fence just now built is of nice woven wire, posts ten feet apart and two by four stringers at top and bottom with a base board one foot wide, and is about six or seven feet high. I

got a real idea of some of the soil down here. The post holes are four feet deep, and yet except for the first four or five inches, a common spade is all that is required. I never saw anything so easy. The soil is gray in color



"Agricultural Engineering is a good course."

and very nice and powdery. Last night the "pajamarino" rally took place. Every one wore pajamas. There were some decidedly funny make-ups, but color was lacking, most of them being white. We went from the North Dormitory over to the West, back again and down the street to Davis, where we yelled ourselves hoarse, were given a short talk, in celebration of the completion of the Causeway Arch, and then after marching around town a little while headed back to the Stock Judging Pavilion, where the rest of the show was staged. We had the Agricultural Club boys on one side, next to them the "Short Horns" and then ourselves. Several good short talks were given and the Davis Band played some pieces, and did it very well indeed, it seemed to me. The football game this afternoon was fiercely contested. The U. C. Freshmen were much larger than our fellows. They scored first time in just a few minutes after the game started, but our team held them to that lone point until in the second quarter they made a point, tying the score 3 to 3. Then they made another score, making it 6 to 3 in our favor. But almost at the last minute the U. C. team made another score, making the score a draw, 6—6. There were some mighty queer actions on the part of the U. C. team. Also the referee made some queer decisions. Our coach was furious, words ran high, and much time was lost in angry discussion. I find it hard to wax enthusiastic over football. Next Saturday is the game with St. Mary's and the Annual Dance. Write and give me all the news you know.

## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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DAVIS, October 22, 1916.

I DIDN'T write as usual on Saturday, but waited until today so that I might give you an account of the football game with St. Mary's and the Annual Fall Dance to the Freshmen. This event is given by the Student Body and serves to formally introduce the Freshmen to the social life of the Farm. Of course you want to know how the dance came off, but in order to tell you I must first tell you about the evening which we spent at Mr. Pope's home in town. Harry, the two boys from Honolulu, a boy in our class by the name of Thomas, a very nice fellow, and his brother, an Assistant in the Poultry Husbandry Course, and myself, were given an invitation to come and see some of the stereopticon views of the Hawaiian Islands, which Mr. Pope had collected during his residence there of several years. I didn't hesitate a moment in choosing between that and the dance and I am mighty well pleased to think that I did not. I derived such pleasure and instruction from those views of the Islands, and Mr. Pope's



"I am judging hogs this time."

description of them, as would repay me for losing any number of dances. I now have some idea of the appearance of the country down there. The views were interestingly taken, clear, and well finished, and bear testimony to Mr. Pope's energetic investigation. His views in the mountainous sections give an impression of steepness, that makes our hills seem flat in comparison. The views included views of the plantations, of the ships of the Hill & Watson lines, and of Honolulu. Of especial interest to those of us who are in the Botany Class, were the pictures of the native trees, shrubs, fruits and flowers of the Islands. Mr. Pope is also quite expert as a maker of relief maps; two, of the Islands of Oahu and Hawaii, which were shown, added very much to the interest and understanding of what was to follow. After we were done viewing the slides, Mrs. Pope served refreshments of cake, a dish of sliced pineapple, and bananas. After leaving we went over to the Auditorium and watched the dance for a while. There was a large crowd for the floor, and some handsome costumes and people that wore them. It was much as you predicted, those boys who had acquaintances in the surrounding towns, or who possibly could, appeared on the scene with their ladies. All the friends of the lucky ones beset them at once and every dance was soon signed up. So there was no chance for a "hick" like your son.

Studies pursue their usual course, and give rise to too many unexpected situations to be very monotonous. Chemistry is getting pretty steep. Agricultural En-

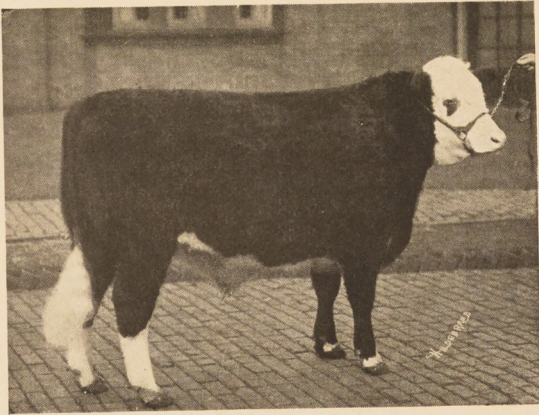


## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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gineering is very trying and difficult for me, but it is one of the most important and valuable subjects given. It is compulsory and required for graduation, but I would take it if it were not. You will see a long account of the projected advancements to be made in the course, if only circumstances will permit. Lack of money is hampering the entire University, and the work already being accomplished for the advancement of the Agricultural Education of this State is insignificant compared with what might be done and would be done were funds available. This institution needs new buildings for several departments—the recommendations have been made to the Legislature; they are not idle requests and will, I hope, be understood and met.

The football game with St. Mary's was a triumph for the Farm team. The score was 13 to 3 in our favor. It was fiercely contested, and consisted of hard bucking by St. Mary's and obstinate defence on the Farm side, until an opportunity presented itself, which gave the Farm its lead. Col. Harris Weinstock will speak in the



California Favorite

Auditorium next Wednesday and I have obtained permission to change my class for that period, as I very much want to hear him. I am sorry to disappoint you and myself as well, but I don't expect to be home for Thanksgiving, as there is only one day off, or so I understand. If this should prove otherwise I'll let you know. There is very little to write this time and maybe even less next time. How I wish I could find out all the interesting facts down here and give you accounts of those things most of interest to you.

DAVIS, November 4, 1916.

**T**HIS is merely a continuation of my last letter and not the regular weekly bulletin. During the past week we have had several varieties of tests in Animal Husbandry. In one test six animals were placed in line, all being beef steers, some very fine, some not, the object being to place them in their proper order, on their merits as animals ready for killing. Also give their weights. I made a very poor guess as to their weights, always do and so do most of the class. The next class of six animals comprising yearlings and two-year, also a calf, of which more anon, were turned loose in a corral, and we were told to do the same as before. Now it happened that the big black two-year-old that I placed first was "Jock," winner of the Panama Pacific. I placed the calf second and was right again, as he is the finest piece of "baby beef" ever produced on the Farm. He was a most

## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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beautiful Hereford, a splendid animal, and he and "Jock" are the only two animals which are deemed worthy to represent the University in the great International Live Stock Show at Chicago. I also placed the minor celebrities right. I did much better in placing than some, but fell down badly on the weights. "Jock" weighs 1800 and I guessed him at 1475 pounds. Wow! The calf according to weight for age as given in the table in the book, should have weighed 800 pounds, he actually weighed 1200. The official examination was given Monday evening. The questions were: Draw a beef carcass; place cuts in order of value; name the chief cattle center of the United States; also five largest cattle markets; what would you look for in animals for feeders; give dentition of animal up to five years; give dressing percentage of steer (live weight and weight of carcass given). I haven't had my marks yet, but think I did pretty well, being a lot better at theory than practice.

This coming week we have our test in Chemistry which can be terribly hard. Dean



"You should see those vines loaded to the ground with most enormous clusters."

Hunt spoke Tuesday night on Agricultural Education and I had the pleasure of listening to what my idea of public speaking has always been. His quiet manner, clear delivery, the balance and faultless composition of what he said, were very gratifying to listen to. I missed the chance of my life to practice note-taking, as Mr. Kelley desires, and I could have given you his remarks. Mr. Kelley has given us a list of short cuts in note-taking. Yesterday afternoon we had our Botany period off, as Mr. Pope was absent. Harry, Homer Melville and myself celebrated by doing our Arithmetic and then adjourning to the North Dormitory, where Melville has his lair, to help him investigate a box from home. His mother can certainly qualify as cakemaker. Harry and I contributed two bottles of milk to the festivities. This reminds me—do you suppose Grandma would object to making a cake of delicious quality, sending same to my name, South Dormitory, University Farm School, Davis, Cal.? It must be raining in Paradise as it's raining just a little down here. With regards to every one.

DAVIS, November 11, 1916.

**I**N the postcard which came with the cake you seemed to think that I meant to let this week go by without writing anything further. Such, however, was not my intention, for I have a lot that I wish to tell you about. The cake, I might mention, arrived yesterday noon, and about a third of it is gone already.

## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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I guess I needn't have been so concerned over Chemistry. Several of us interviewed Mr. Arnold at the conclusion of the laboratory period Thursday, and my marks were all 2's, or from 80 to 90. Perhaps the test will lower that somewhat; we will wait and see. My laboratory notes have been quite satisfactory. In laboratory you are given experiments such as I have sent you. You are to perform the experiment and then write it up. If it is partly or entirely wrong Mr. Arnolds puts a big blue pencil mark after the paragraph containing it, which means rewrite it, and if necessary perform the experiment over again to get the right understanding of it.

Yesterday we had a test in Botany and perhaps some of the questions will interest you: Give the origin of weeds and length of life, biennial, perennial and annual, etc. Give the venation of leaves. Give definition of weed—which is not so easy as it might be. These are only a part of the questions, but they will serve to give some idea of the test.

I have just finished plate four of the Agricultural Engineering series, which is drawing to scale of our instructor's table, a



“Seventy-six people have signed up for the Tractor Short Course.”

front and end view and combination section, the latter showing the construction of the drawers, etc. My finished drawing was not nearly as good as it should have been, as I was obliged to speed up to get through on the date specified. If I hadn't been studying for the Chemistry and Botany quizzes I would have had plenty of time to finish at my leisure. Mr. Ingram's allowances are pretty liberal. As it is, while not nearly as good as many, it is better than some.

Just to interest my grandfather, tell him that I am judging hogs this time and doing fairly well. I find they are deceitful critters, as a hog can look pretty good and yet have bad points. You must consider the form, as straightness of back and width across shoulders must balance that across the hips. All points between must be even with those points, sides deep, neck short, head trim, jowl neat and snout small. Condition means the state of development of the animal's flesh. Quality is fineness of hair, quality of skin, as coarse, medium or fine; and lastly the way the animal stands, whether erect or not. I mention all these tedious details just to give an idea of all the different points which must be considered, and I have not given them all, and some idea of the difficulty in sizing up a class of animals, especially when there are four animals in a small portable pen, with a class of thirty or forty all gathered around examining them, and when the pigs themselves insist on lying down and going to sleep.

## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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Tuesday evening the election returns were given out at the Causeway Hall, where the whole country gathered; between times the Davis Band gave some very good music, and there was a dance afterwards. Harry and I watched them for a while and then went home.

Wednesday evening Dean Hunt spoke on European Agriculture, and reviewed his experiences. On his visit of several years ago he took a large number of pictures, of what he was pleased to call the more ordinary things which escape the ordinary tourist. On that account his pictures were of particular interest, the more so according to his own statement, the only principle of photography which he was familiar with was that every time he pressed the bulb it cost "two bits." They were thrown on the screen while he spoke in reference to them and many related subjects. The larger number were agricultural subjects, snapshots taken along the way in France, Germany, and Italy, showing methods of plowing, harvesting, etc.—methods of transportation, showing the enormous loads hauled by a single animal on a well-balanced



“The ‘Tank Rush’ was a defeat for our class.”

cart, the ox teams, and dog teams, and the donkeys of Southern France and Italy also received their share of notice. The methods of growing fruit in the espalier, the terracing, the marketers, and all that old-time way of selling which works so well in those countries. There were quite a number of films picturing Perche, France, the home of the Percheron horses, showing the town, the houses of so-called breeders, who in reality are only dealers, buying the animals from the farmers of the surrounding territory, who of course are the real breeders. Then there were views of the farms and pastures in which the horses are raised. The horses were splendid animals, even on the screen. They have a saying in that region, when speaking of some new pile of pretentious size and loud architectural taste, that "that house was built with American money," which means that some man has waxed prosperous as a result of his sales to American importers, and has spent part of his gains not wisely but all too lavishly.

There is to be the return game with Nevada next Saturday afternoon on our home grounds; our ever victorious team has beaten them once, but got some hard knocks to show for it. They beat the Olympic Club of San Francisco yesterday, very close, 10—9.

I started this letter yesterday and since then I have gone to the send-off of the animals which are to represent California and its College of Agriculture at the International Stock Show in Chicago, and think it might be worth speaking of. The Stock Judging



## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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Pavilion was the place. We sat around the sides of the Arena, and the animals were led out in the open, "Jock," the big black Aberdeen-Angus weighing just over eighteen hundred pounds and "Spider," the Hereford calf weighing over eleven hundred, and the sheep. Slides were shown depicting the champions of previous shows. Professors True, Thompson, and Miller of the Animal Husbandry Division all spoke briefly on the subject of the International and the merits of the animals present. Herdsman Alex Macdonald spoke from his own experience of International and passed upon the merits of the two animals, which it is hoped will bring the championship to California. Macdonald is a Scotchman after your own heart.

Dean Hunt gave a short talk on the livestock situation in America and California, and the effect which the war may have on our agriculture. The possibility for instance that the awakening of Russia may cause an exploitation of her vast fertile acreage, by use of modern farming machinery, the consequent decrease in the value of American wheat, caus-



"The High School Agriculture Club boys have come some 300 in number."

ing the raising of grains for feeding, the growing of larger numbers of livestock and in consequence, a more rational method of soil fertility.

The last two days have been very unpleasant, clear and bright weather, but the wind is blowing a gale from the northwest. You can notice it so much more down in this big level plains country. It is also quite cold. I am sorry that Frances will be gone when I get back at Christmas time. However, Margaret, the clever of tongue and subtle of wit, will still be there, and I hope all the rest of the young folks. There is to be, as you will see in the "Agricola," a rack which will hold numbers of all the State and Government bulletins of the more important subjects. Students are expected to help themselves, and the supply is to be unlimited. If it proves to be what I hope it will, you may expect to be deluged with bulletins and circulars on subjects of importance with us.

The Short Course ended yesterday. Seventy-six people have already signed up for the Tractor Short Course and it is expected that one hundred will be on hand by Monday, on which date it will open. Several machines have been loaned by various companies, with experts to run them, and all is in readiness. A few will take the Dairy Short Course. These two courses last ten days or until November 23.

This volume must now close. Don't be alarmed at its size. It does not imply as much labor on my part as you might suppose. My regards to all the friends.

## AT THE UNIVERSITY FARM

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DAVIS, December 2, 1916.

I KNOW you are anxious to hear about the Thanksgiving trip to Berkeley, so I will end my chemistry dispute with Harry and write you a line or two.

We left Davis at 8:30, arriving in Berkeley at 11. The street cars were so crowded that we walked out to the Campus, where we spent most of our time until the game commenced, by looking over the grounds. The older buildings, those which were erected a long time ago, are of that truly hideous architecture which was once so prevalent, Mansard roofs, etc., you know what I mean. The newer buildings are very handsome, and also very costly. The Sather Campanile or bell tower is a very imposing piece of architecture, contributed to the University by a Mrs. Sather of Oakland, costing \$200,000. It is a very great addition to the University Campus, but I couldn't help thinking what that amount invested in new buildings here at the Farm would do for the betterment of the State. There is a magnificent view from the top, of the green Berkeley Hills, the University, the cities of Oakland and Berkeley, with the Bay in the background and the Marin Hills behind. The Campus is planted



“Saturday’s game was fiercely contested.”

to every kind of deciduous and evergreen trees from all parts of the world, and little gullies have become miniature creek beds by skillful handling, and with the evergreens it seemed quite like home. The game was not so largely attended as I had expected. Mr. Titus and Dr. Bates, as well as other members of the faculty went along, also the Davis Band. Our team lost, 3—0 in Berkeley's favor, a case of rotten decisions, according to our coach, who is slow to make any accusations of unfairness, and can be trusted.

After the game, Harry, Melville, and I went to the Library and looked around. I'm glad they haven't that kind of Library at the Farm; if they had I wouldn't be able to get any lessons at all. In the evening we three cruised around until we struck a fine big moving picture show, where for the sum of ten cents we sat through a two-hour programme. One film was "The Lash" and the other Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." The latter was as laughable a proposition as anything by Booth Tarkington could be.

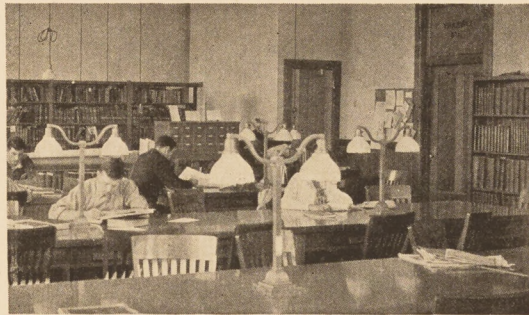
Friday was rather quiet—everyone digging for the half-year examinations. I hope when I come home that I can report something better than a mere passing grade in Chemistry and Mathematics, my hardest subjects, but I can't tell, of course.

Harry and I achieved glory in English a week ago Friday by conducting an argument. The programme is this: Two persons are supposed to be having a friendly discussion over some subject, or the merits of one object over another, in which they are interested.

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We have to face each other across Mr. Kelley's table, and conduct our dispute under a time limit. Harry and I argued over the merits of the disc versus the mold board plow, Harry taking the mold plow. I don't know how we came out, as far as convincing our audience or ourselves, but Mr. Kelley gave us high mention, saying our discussion was most logically carried on, holding close to our subject. In my last Animal Husbandry class, I not only guessed the animals' weights, approximately correct, but I placed them in proper order with respect to their merits and demerits. Yesterday I handed in my Fifth Plate, that one of the Hog House, you know. It wasn't so bad, but not as good as many that took less time to make. I have started Plate Six and hope to have it done soon. Dean Van Norman is back from the East and it's good to have him here. I'll soon be home and glad to get a rest from study.



“Our Library.”

DAVIS, February 18, 1917.

WELL, just to start with I have two important bits of news. In the first place I have lost the Bonnheim Contest by a close margin, as Mr. Kelley, one of the judges, said that my paper was very favorably considered for a place, but it seemed that there were four others just some better. I was disappointed, of course, as I had worked very, very hard on it. The boys who won were all Juniors and Seniors, and are, I think, all high school graduates, although I don't know that I am at any disadvantage because of that. Well, I made a good try, any way. This, I suppose, is my last chance, as you probably saw in the "Agricola" that Mr. Bonnheim made no appropriation in his will for the continuance of the contest. Mr. Kelley, our English teacher, assures me that he will give liberal credit for participation in the contest. I am not taking my defeat very deeply to heart—there is too much else to think about.

My second piece of news is that Harry and I have taken an examination in Algebra from Mr. Titus and have gained our credits and are out of the class. Harry nearly got a hundred, and would have only for a couple of very simple little errors, which I wonder at his making as he is very capable and quick in mathematics. Mr. Titus corrected Harry's paper on the spot, so I know about his—as for me I expect about 90. Mr. Titus had told us that this course was to be so very elementary that there was really no reason for those

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of us who had some Algebra before and were willing to work a little and review, to stay on through the whole five months, and so on the evening of January 9th Harry and I and three other fellows met with him up in the Mathematics Room, where he gave us a brief review of what would be expected. From that time on Harry and I studied early and late, and at the same time I was writing on my contest, so you can see that I have been some busy individual. We studied our heads off and if the studies hadn't been pretty easy, I'm afraid that we would have neglected them somewhat. As it is the examination was not hard as compared to what it might have been, and we really didn't need to study so hard. However, I think it was good for us and made things interesting. It means release from four hours of class work a week and a good deal of outside preparation.

Last week was almost a holiday here. The meeting of the Western Berkshire Convention was quite an affair. You will see an account in the "Agricola," together with a list of the notables who were present. On Wednesday a Stu-



“Practically the whole school turned out for the Berkshire auction.”

dents' Contest was held and all classes dismissed. Harry and I took part in the contest, although we had not had any judging of breeding stock. There were four pens of brood sows each and the contestants were furnished small cards, merely giving the placing of the animals, one, two, three, four, and the student's name, and name of the class. Every contestant was required to give reasons for the placing of pens two and three. Harry and I were expecting that examination that same evening and thought we ought to put in all our spare time studying, and so we quit without giving our reasons, and so lost our not very large prospect of winning the prize of five or ten dollars, I forget which. The prize was awarded a Senior who had, I think, had the work in Animal Husbandry 03. In the afternoon a very interesting demonstration in cutting up hog carcasses by an expert butcher, who showed how to trim the hams, cut the bacon and everything. I watched him for a while and then studied some more Algebra.

Next day classes were again dismissed in the afternoon and practically the whole school turned out to witness the auction of the Berkshire sows. The first one, a very famous one with more names than a French count, sold for five hundred dollars, two others for three hundred and fifty and three hundred respectively. Others ranged from two fifty down to ninety dollars for a sow and nine pigs. Why some of them aroused so little interest I am unable to understand—they looked very fine to me at least, that is most of

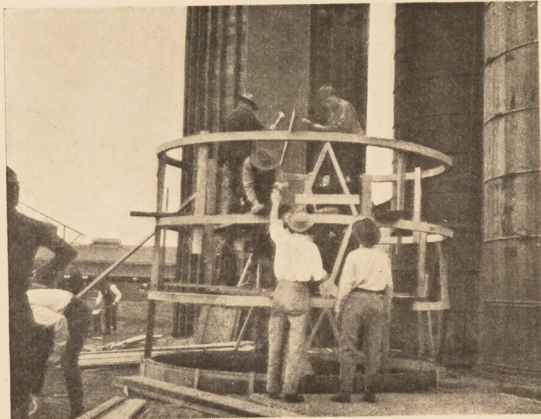


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them did. I don't know whether the sale was a success from the standpoint of prices received or not.

The Farm Advisers have just held a Convention here, the only spectacular feature of which was their attempt to erect a hoop silo in a single day, from sunrise to sundown, or "thereabouts." Said silo being twelve feet in diameter and thirty-eight feet high, counting the concrete pit two feet deep inside the foundation, they came a long way from finishing. Indeed, they were far from finished when they were compelled to quit work at three o'clock yesterday. There were too many of them in the limited amount of working space for one thing, and then they took it as a lark. Thursday was a cloudy day with a high wind, which rendered the work both disagreeable and dangerous. The hoops were of wood, and put together on the spot. The record for making a hoop was 24 minutes, which wasn't so bad when you consider that the first five were of eight-ply thickness of thin, easily bent material. Mr.



"The Farm Advisers attempted to erect a hoop silo in a single day."

Davidson estimated 40 minutes per hoop. Incidentally he was not very sanguine of their success from the first. Some of the work was very poorly done but when you consider the object in view and the haste necessary, it is hard to see how it could have resulted otherwise, unless in the hands of thoroughly skilled carpenters instead of just handy men, and some maybe not so handy at that.

I purposely neglected to mention the epidemic of measles which has just run its course through the school. The whole north side of the first floor of our dormitory was quarantined and made into a ward for the subjects of the fell disorder, who amused themselves by pounding day and night on a bass drum, snare drum, and the dormitory piano provided for their amusement during convalescence. It was a cheerful sort of noise and I didn't mind it on the third floor.

DAVIS, March 10, 1917.

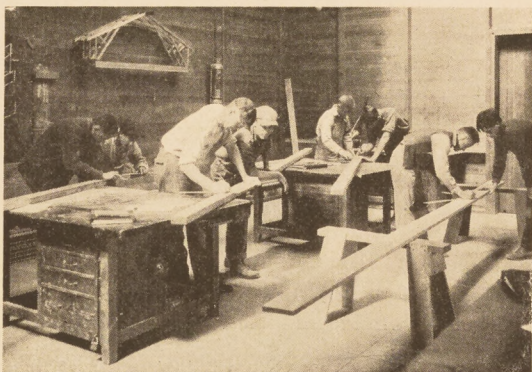
**T**HE box containing the "eats" arrived last Wednesday and mighty welcome it was. I had able assistance from our neighbors across the hall, as well as from Harry.

Yesterday I worked in the Orchard, digging up a nursery of two or three-year-old trees, which has been used for class work in the Horticultural Division. Part of these trees are to be used by one of the University of California professors in an experiment to determine the effect of various dips in the control

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of crown gall, root knot, aphid, etc., with which they are infected. Last Tuesday I worked on an experiment which is being made to determine the varieties of almonds which are self-fertile. A small branch with from twenty to fifty blossoms is chosen. The blossoms are taken before they have opened and, of course, before any insect has had access to them to pollenate them. All the essential organs are pinched off except the pistil and a paper bag is placed over the branch and tied. A small tag with the number of blossoms treated is tied to the branch. A large number of branches are treated in this way on every tree selected, and of course there are all varieties in the Experimental Orchards. Harry did a lot of this work, but I didn't get in on it at first. Next, about two hundred and fifty of the pistils of each tree are pollenized with pollen of another variety. Each worker is given a small glass tube containing pollen, with a little camel hair brush with which to dust the pollen on the pistils. A record is kept on a tag tied to the limb. It has



“In Agricultural Engineering we are having some practice in rafter cutting.”

rained since and many of the bags were blown off and large numbers of the pistils broken off, so I don't know how successful the experiments will be.

I have been helping to carry brush out of the Vineyard and burn it—my comrades in toil being Giovanni and "Pete"—last names not divulged—Mr. Flossfeder's experts in pruning and general vineyard work. In one division there are endless varieties, four vines to each variety, one tall stake with the name of the variety for each set. More fancy French, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian and among others the Zabal-kansky, which Mr. Flossfeder pronounced a variety of no very great merit as to flavor or quality, and inclined to mildew badly. Early in the afternoon he had me help the Italians in tying three rows of grapes, which were to be trained in a manner hitherto untried here on the Farm, although common enough in Europe and one which I have seen illustrated in one of our old bulletins. The vines are trimmed very high for this method, the canes generally four in number, and pointing as a rule in every direction except that in which they are desired to, and it requires a skilled workmen to bend the canes down in proper shape and tie them without breaking them.

In Agricultural Engineering we are having some practice in rafter cutting. At present we are working on the model buildings which you had a look at when you were down here. Several others and myself are working on the silo. Our other studies pursue their ordered course. Chemistry is getting more and more

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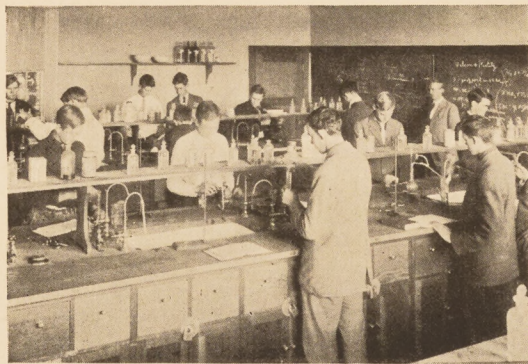
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interesting. We are getting in qualitative tests for the presence of minerals, alkalis, etc., in soils, in preparation for our Soils Course next year. Everything is Picnic Day now—everybody is expected to help and 'most everybody is willing to. Surely there are some in Paradise who have both the leisure and means to attend what has come to be one of the greatest outings in Northern California.

We have just finished another epidemic of measles and chicken-pox, and again the long overdue entertainments had to be postponed.

Don't forget to spray the apple trees with Iron Sulphide ( $\text{Fe}_3$ ) before the buds swell too greatly—see if we can't discourage that mildew which is becoming a real menace.

Well my news is all exhausted, so I might as well close. With regards to everybody.



“Chemistry is getting more and more interesting.”

DAVIS, March 24, 1917.

**T**HIS must be merely a line as I have already written once this week and nothing has happened since to write about. I want to give you the missing information about the spray for mildew. I saw Mr. Schmidt, our orchardist, this evening and asked him about the Iron Sulphide. He told me that its use had been nearly discontinued in favor of sulphur in a form called "milled sulphur," which means ground extremely fine, and mixed with volcanic earth. This serves to bring the sulphur into thorough suspension in the water. Be sure to get either this or the atomic form, preferably the former. Cost per pound, eleven cents. The Watsonville formula has six to ten pounds of sulphur to 200 gallons of water. You could give the apple trees a thorough drenching with 200 gallons—about a cent and a half to the tree—a very cheap operation even with the added cost of securing the material.

They get their supply for the Pomology Division from a San Francisco firm, to which I will write at once. The spray is not injurious to the foliage, so that the budding out of the trees need not be an object of any concern, further than that delay may permit the mildew to gain a start within the unfolding bud.

I spent nearly the entire morning up in the Chemical Laboratory, working some experiments by myself, with no one to bother me. These last experiments

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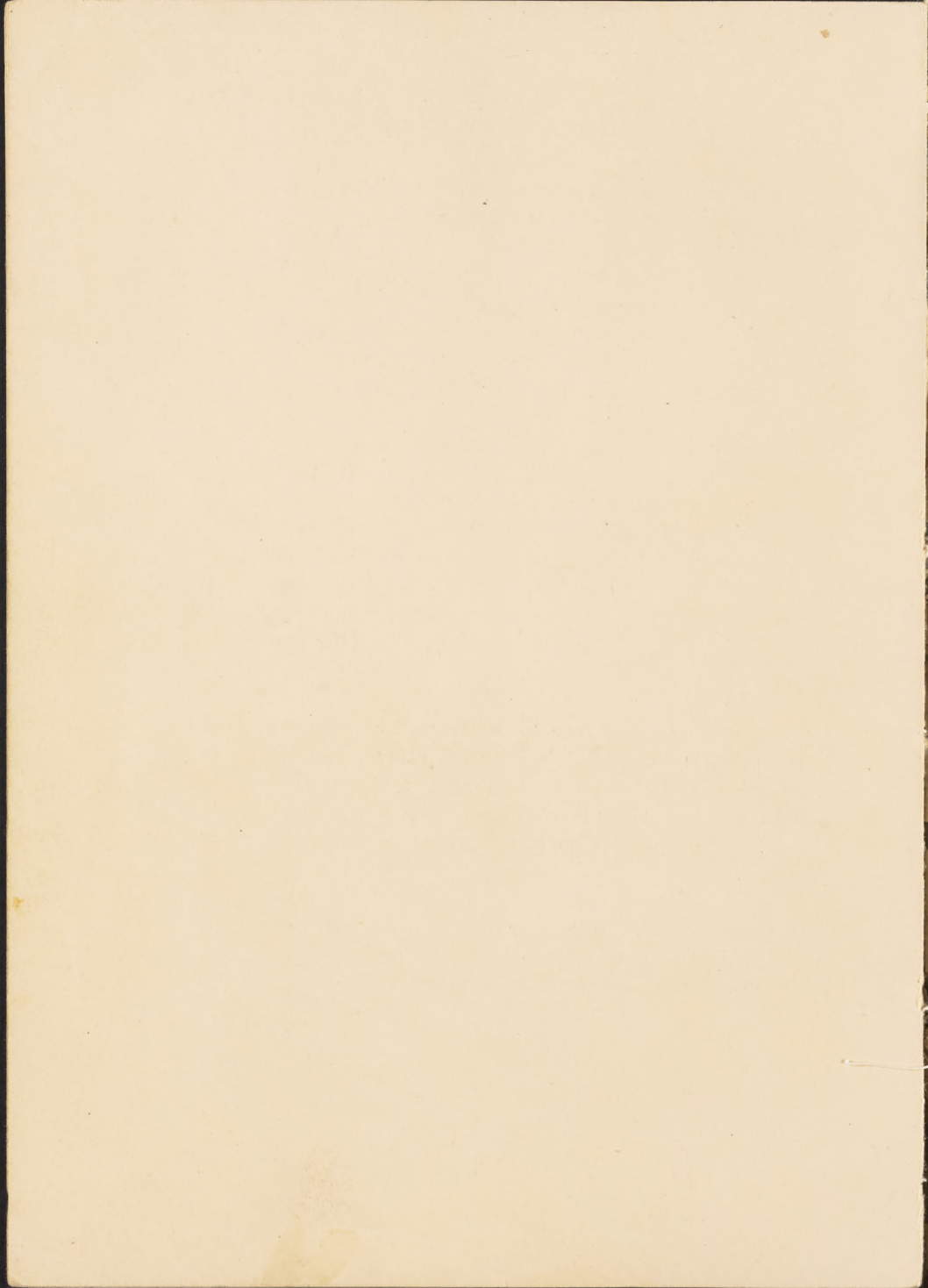
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require a lot of evaporating, and in some it is necessary to filter the material (which consists of Yolo clay loam with certain salts to make them alkaline) through porcelain filters, with air pressure from a hand pump, like a bicycle pump. This takes a lot of time, but it's interesting and pleasant and quiet with nobody in the way. Chemistry to me is the most interesting subject in this first-year course, and I want to get a firm grasp of it. Our new book is splendid, a Chemistry, Botany and Farm Management textbook all in one. I want you to read it when I bring it home.

Things will seem very strange to me when I return home without Mr. Winslow's presence in our midst. I expect to meet few as fine, sincere men as he, and certainly none to surpass him. He was a man deserving of the greatest respect and affection, one who grew old only in body and experience and for the rest was as young and eager to learn as one could be. His experience gained from a long life, which was not at all one of ease, only served to render his outlook broader and more charitable toward others, and his hope for the future more confident and cheerful. What a contrast with the cynicism, dullness, and hopelessness that comes to so many people in their last years.

I am in somewhat of a hurry as we are to have the leading pear expert address us on a trip through Germany, and it is nearly time.

My regards to all my friends on the Ridge.







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