Age Assistance rolls, drawing approximately $1,506,335 a month. Florida is now spending approximately $4,500,000 annually on its Public Assistance Program which includes Old-Age Assistance, Aid to Dependent Children, and Aid to the Needy Blind.

THE FARMER GOES TO TOWN

JOHN FORD
Florida Farm Bureau, Orlando

Yes, the farmer goes to town. He has to—that's where the ration board meets. And he takes his wife with him; he wants to, fortunately. They planned to leave home right after breakfast, but didn't get away 'til nearly eight o'clock—she had to wash the dishes. Katie didn't show up last Sunday. She sent word Wednesday that she had to go see her Auntie and should she come back next Monday? (Let's hope Katie is sober by Monday.)

He already has his coat on, and it must be going to rain, it's so hot and sticky. He has been ready for a long time now, and has said so more than once, but she can't find a pair of stockings that match without a run. "Where is that kodak picture of Junior in his uniform, to put in my letter to your mother?" The farmer loves his mother but usually leaves it up to his wife to write to her.

He is still ready to go and she is ready too, now, so "Fred, why didn't you put these windows down while you were waiting?"

Well, as we said before, The Farmer Goes to Town. They drive out past the wood pile and are on their way.

"Turn on the radio, Fred."

RADIO: "To grant farmers the price increases demanded by certain selfish farm groups would cause a disastrous spiral of inflation. To meet their demands would mean increased food prices which, in turn, would justify the inevitable demands of Labor that the Little Steel Formula be abandoned. We must and shall hold the line. The avarice of the greedy shall not oppress the needy. Farmers must not be allowed—" CLICK. That click is where the farmer turned off the radio.

They left the car behind Sears Roebuck's and planned to meet back there at four o'clock. The farmer thinks over what he has to do. (Have to get home by milking time. That sorry boy, Jean, hasn't showed up all this week. Mr. Cobb says Jean is making 80c an hour picking up palmetto chunks at the new airport. Of course he can't afford to milk cows.)

"Well, remember, four o'clock sharp." (Let's see now, I've got to see about a tractor hitch, and arrange for some soda, and see the County Agent about some dolomite, get those plow points and go by the ration board. A piece of beefsteak would go good tonight. Wish I had a cut off that steer I sold Jim. Twelve cents a pound is pretty good for a grass-fat steer. Maybe I did cause a little inflation on that deal. Here's Jim's butcher shop now.)

"Mornin', Jim. How about a steak off of that steer I sold you?"

"Sure, Fred, a nice porterhouse cut. That will be seventy cents a pound."

(Lord have mercy—I sold it to him for 12c on the hoof. Quite a spread between 12c and 70c.)

Coming out of the butcher shop he met a candidate whose face seemed familiar. "Hello, Fred, old boy. Put 'er there, Pal. How are things looking out your way for
Oscar Zilch, the farmers’ friend? Here, take some of my cards. And how about coming to the City Hall tonight for the big rally?

"Can’t do that, I have to get home to milk.” But he takes the cards. (That fellow is getting fat—but then I haven’t seen him for four or five years. That youngster over there looks like Charlie Cobb’s boy who farmed the Smith place last year. I hear he is making $100 a week at the shipyard.)

Next, Fred met his old friend, the editor of the weekly paper, who said, “Fred, I have a lot of stuff that came to our paper today from some government agency trying to sell our readers on the roll-back food subsidies which I understand you Farm Bureau members don’t like. Would you mind telling me why you are afraid of this kind of consumer subsidies?’’

“Well, for one thing,” said Fred, “we don’t trust the motives of the people who hatched up the idea of subsidies, nor the judgment of those who would administer them, nor the willingness or ability of any administration to discontinue subsidies after they have been widely used to pay a part of people’s grocery bills.

“All that farmers want is just a good fair price for what we sell, but we want that price when we sell, so we can walk down the street with independence and self-respect, not just a part of the price at selling time and the rest later in the form of a supposed gift to farmers from the government.

“We know it is mighty seldom that all the right is on one side and all the wrong on the other side of any question, and we know there are some families in this country who have had no increase in income and are being pinched, but we think it would be better to give those relatively few families some free food stamps than to use their condition as an excuse for paying a part of the grocery bills of 132 million people, 90% of whom are making a lot more money than they ever made before.

“We just think it is a mighty dangerous thing for our government to borrow more billions of dollars and spend it to buy votes with.”

The Editor said, “Fred, you are right.”

Meantime, Mrs. Farmer is in the Fair Store to buy a purse and a piece of gingham, if she can find a clerk. “How much is this gingham, please?”

“A dollar and a half a yard.”

“My, how dress goods have gone up. I paid 69c a yard for this same quality two years ago. Isn’t there a ceiling on these prices?”

“Yes, but this is a new pattern; we didn’t have it before, and this is the last we can get.”

“Well, I have to have 3½ yards, and some insertion.”

“We don’t have any insertion but here is some crocheted lace, at 50c a yard.”

“My goodness, it used to be a nickle a yard before the ceiling went on.”

“But we didn’t have this type of lace then.”

Fred saw some cucumbers in a sidewalk display.

“Ten cents each. Let’s see, that would be about $12.00 a hamper. The ceiling on mine to sell is $5.00, and drops to $3.40 on the 29th. Glad I’m selling them on the 26th, what few didn’t freeze out. Quite a spread between $3.40 and $12.00, and the radio said farmers are causing inflation!”

They met at 4:30, got some air in a soft tire and headed the old car for home.

“Well, how did you get along today, Mary?”

“I spent the afternoon with Sister, rolling bandages for the Red Cross. This morning I got material and buttons for a dress, but the only pocketbook I would have was marked $12.00 plus tax, and my eggs only brought 26c a dozen so I didn’t buy the purse. How did you come out, Fred?”

“Well, the buyers wouldn’t pay but $3.40 for the cucumbers. I guess we can’t blame
them, tho, because the break in OPA prices is effective both here and at New York at the same minute, just three days from now. The buyers can't afford to pay us the $5.00 ceiling here and sell on the basis of the $3.40 figure that will be in effect by the time these cukes can get to terminal markets.

"Thought once I was on the track of a family to move into the tenant house and help us on the farm, but it seems the wife doesn't like the country, and he is afraid he would lose his compensation if he went to work.

"I couldn't get the soda or the plow points or the tractor hitch, and I have to get up some more information and go back Monday to see the ration board."

Then Mary said, "Pretty discouraging, isn't it, Fred. All the time I was looking at prices and things in the stores I kept thinking about that man on the radio this morning talking about farmers causing inflation. I'll bet the farmer who raised the cotton for this gingham didn't get three cents for enough to make a yard that sells for a dollar and a half. There's quite a spread between three cents and a dollar and a half. And Fred, did you ever think about the fact that every time a man sends a shirt to the laundry it costs him twice as much as the farmer got for all the cotton that went into the shirt? It's right discouraging to do the very best you can and still be called greedy. I'm sorry you couldn't get so many of the things you need to farm with."

"Well, Mary, it is discouraging," said Fred. "And to be blamed by the radio and in the papers for the very things we are fighting against is bad too. Sometimes I think somebody, somewhere, must be shouting 'inflation' at farmers just to detract attention from the labor union demands and the bungling that really are causing high prices. But I guess we can take it. You and I have come together thru flood and drouth and freeze and the hog cholera that nearly wiped us out, and we have always come up ready to try again. Old Kipling must have been a farmer or he wouldn't have known to write that about,

"'If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
And, being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating;
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;
If you can dream, but not make dreams your master,
If you can think, but not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same.
If you can bear to hear the truths you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or see the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools.
If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk them on one turn of pitch and toss
And lose, and start again at your beginning,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,
Except the will which says to them, 'Hold on';
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch;
If neither foe nor loving friend can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too
much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's
in it,
And which is more, (paraphrasing) you can
run a farm, my son!"
A long silence, then Mary said "That's
a wonderful poem, Fred. Let's work thru
our Farm Bureau to correct all the wrongs
that can be corrected, and then apply the
thoughts of that poem to the rest. Our
critics are fast discrediting themselves in
the minds of the public. They can't fool all
the people all the time. Meantime, we have
work to do."
They turned in at the gate, and up to-
ward the house.
The farmer had been to town.

UTILIZATION AND DISPOSAL OF CITRUS
PROCESSING RESIDUES (1)

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Winter Haven

The development of byproducts in any
industry is either the outgrowth of pres-
sure to relieve unsanitary conditions created
by the wastes or the result of the need to
find more avenues of income as circum-
cstances reduce profits per unit of produc-
tion. The citrus canning industry is able
to use only about 40 percent of the whole
fruit; the rest is "wasted" from the food
standpoint. As the canning industry expan-
ed, some means of reducing the cost of dis-
posing of solid wastes was required. The
citrus pulp-feed industry has been the prin-
cipal answer to this need.

Residue from Citrus Pulp Manufacture
New ideas and developments are essen-
tial in the life of any industry and the
citrus pulp industry is still young. Most
of you are aware that the present dried
citrus pulp is not a complete feed, for it
is low in protein. This means that some
high-protein feed must be used in conjunc-
tion with the citrus pulp for proper nour-
ishment of cattle. There are several pos-
sible methods of increasing the protein
content of citrus pulp. Recently, patents
have been obtained by the Quaker Oats
Company for increasing the nitrogen con-
tent of the feed by the direct addition of
ammonia gas under pressure. Nitrogen in
the form of ammonia gas is not directly
available to animals, but it is indirectly
available to the cow because ammoniated
material remains in the stomach long enough
for micro-organisms to grow on it and
produce proteins, which are later assim-
ilated in the cow.

The Kuder Citrus Pulp Company has been
working with the Quaker Oats Company on
the possible use of its process as one method
of increasing the nitrogen content of citrus
pulp feed. It is hoped that data from this
interesting new development may be re-
ported at the next meeting of the Society.
This development will not increase the