Palisade Historical Society
Oral and Video History Project
Interview

Oral History # MCHS 43 Date: _April 1977___

Place ___Bowman Home, Palisade_____ Length:

Interviewee __Marion Bowman____ Phone: 464-7262_____

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Summary of the 30 page typed transcription by Jean Page in 1979, *(and re-typed by his daughter, Priscilla Bowman Walker in 2015)*

The Palisades National Bank was organized in *1905* and Marion Bowman's father, *George Wallace Bowman, purchased it in 1909.* It was capitalized at $25,000 at the time. George came from Leadville in 1893 and found "this little valley here without any water but good prospects, so he bought 40 acres from the original land grant owner, named Griswold." The family (*wife, Nancy Cutter Bowman and children , Charles William, and Leona*) didn't come down from Leadville until later. They planted peach and apple trees and things were growing and producing by 1900, four years before Marion was born.

**Patent - fruit gathering bag**
In 1900, Marion's father and mother decided to make a picking sack to pick the apples and peaches. George patented that picking bag, the "Bowman picking bag," and it's still in production by various people in the valley. You fill it from the top and unsnap the bottom to let the peaches roll through into the basket or into the bin. It was a great help to fruit growers to have that picking sack. Before then, they'd pick them directly into a bucket or into a basket or box or whatever they could carry. With the straps over the shoulder, pickers could use both hands to pick. It was a very successful operation. *(The Fruit Gathering Bag patent date is December 4, 1900.)* George and Marion's mother used to make the picking sacks in the house. When Marion was a little boy, he remembers they would sit around the dining room table in the evening and his father would make the wire loops and the snaps and hooks and things it took to keep the thing together. His mother would sew the straps and bags on a big, treadle sewing machine. With a good demand for them, he thought they would make several hundred of them in a winter.

How they got the idea, they were out picking apples and my father had a bucked and his mother was picking them in her apron. She was out-picking him, so that's where he got the idea for making a bag. She put her apron in the box to lower the peaches in gently.

Transient labor would do most of the peach picking. They'd come here on the railroad. Hobos. Good workers and the packing was done by professionals. They were called them "fruit tramps" in those days. They must have earned twenty-five cents an hour in the early days. Marion remember they were getting paid thirty-five cents an hour about World War I. Then it was fifty cents an hour. It was high in those days. Of course, "you could by something with fifty cents then."

**Education**
Marion graduated from Palisade High School in 1923. He went to the University of Denver after he was past 21 in 1925. He took liberal arts classes at DU *(receiving a BA in 1930).* The high school in Palisade was built in 1910, a nice building. All of the classes were in that building. The grade schools were in the bottom floors and the high school classes in the top. It had a little auditorium with a basketball court. They tore down that nice building *(in December 1970).* In Marion's graduating class, there were twelve - two boys and ten girls. They didn't have things like a senior picnic or dance. Those things came later.

All the time Marion was in high school, he worked with his father on various orchards. They had 45 acres of apples north of Clifton which they sprayed 13 times the last year and didn't get enough number one *(top quality, without blemishes)* apples to pay for the spray. Arsenate of lead was all the spray available then. They didn't have the new chemicals. The *Bowman family* signed a quit-claim deed to the County to get rid of the property. Marion thought 45 acres of apples today would be pretty valuable.

Marion explained how weather cycles come and go. There is a warm period and then a cold period. This is not unusual. This year, there's been no frost so far. He expects there would be freeze scare anytime when the fruit trees are blooming.

**Hunting and Fishing**
Everyone called his mother's father *(William Cutter) "*Uncle Bill." He was an avid hunter and fisherman. When Marion was little, he always had trot lines in the River and they would go down to pull in the trot lines and bring the fish back. Uncle Bill would pick up a trot line and give it a couple of pulls. If there was something on it, he'd say, "Hi-yo, there! Hi-yo, there! Hi-yo there! and pull them in, unhook them, and put the fish in the sack. A trot line has several hooks on it and it's anchored to the bank. You put a weight on the end of the line and throw it over your head into the river. And then the baited hooks lie there on the river bottom until a fish bites. He never caught any trout. Marion said they didn't know there were trout in this river then. They caught suckers and roundtails and once in a while, a hump-back salmon. There must have been trout, but nobody ever tried to catch trout.

There wasn't any hunting around here in those days. Hunters had pretty well killed off the game, so it was a closed season on deer and elk. He thought it was until the late 1920s before there was a hunting season again. Marion went hunting for the first time while he was at the University. It was an elk hunt when they first opened the season for elk after being closed all those years. He didn't get an elk. The game wardens had spooked the elk off the hill the day before the season started. They wanted to save them. Marion said statistics show there are lots of elk and deer, but in his opinion, nowhere near the elk and deer they had in the 1930s when they were everywhere. Marion said driving the DeBeque road, or to Grand Mesa, or Glenwood Springs, there were lots of deer in sight. Now, very seldom do you see a deer except sometimes at night coming across the road to get water.

His grandfather, William Cutter died in Palisade in *December* 1910.

**Early fruit came from the Glenwood Nursery in Junction City, Kansas**
Marion's grandfather, William Cutter, was from Illinois *(he was born in New Jersey in 1825 and moved to Illinois in 1835, then moved to Kansas in 1870.)* Uncle Bill, who lived in Palisade *for about three years before his death,* was a nurseryman in Junction City, Kansas. The original trees on the Bowman's home place came from his nursery *(the Glenwood Nursery)* in Junction City. In the early years, they planted all varieties of peaches and apples. Later, they concentrated on just two or three varieties. Elberta was the principal variety. Now, Marion explained, they have reversed the process and people all over the valley are raising all kinds of peaches so they *ripen* at different times. In Marion's opinion, it's a nuisance to have to run a harvest that lasts all summer, but it has some advantages. Instead of having all the peaches to sell at the same time, you can stretch it out over a period of weeks.

**Harvest help**
Marion said now, pickers are mostly Mexican Nationals, commonly called "wetbacks," and the peaches couldn't be harvested without them. The government, through the Health, Education, and Welfare relief agencies, are paying people to not work, so there is no local labor pool. Not an adequate pool, though some of the labor is local. There are a few families in Grand Junction who come out to pick, but not many. He went on to say "migrant people don't migrate anymore." It's easier to stay home and get on relief than it is to get a job. There's an interest in getting the brasero *(manual labor)* program operating again to import legal Mexicans. The restrictions for hiring that type of labor are extreme. As an example, one of the growers who was going to hire migrant workers looked at the specifications and said he'd have to move out of his own house and fix it up considerably before it might be good enough for migrant laborers.

The hobos took care of themselves, camping wherever they liked. In the late 1920s and beginning in the early 1930s, the best help Marion thought they had were young fellows who came from Kansas and Nebraska. They came here to work and they were fine help. A lot of them settled here. Several of those families moved here and became peach growers.

**Early settlement and the Spanish influenza**
By 1904 when Marion was born, the area was pretty well settled. He knew all of the old settlers, including J. L. Oliver and Dr. Devine. He was an Army doctor. During the *(Spanish)* flu epidemic in 1917, he hunted up the old bag and got a stethoscope and helped the doctors. He hadn't been practicing for years before then. The flu epidemic hit this area very hard. Lots of people died in 1917 from that flu epidemic. Marion didn't catch the Spanies Flu, nor did anyone in the family. The schools were closed. Marion went to a sheep camp on Orchard Mesa with the Saunders when the flu epidemic was going on. He heard the sirens from the original Armistice Day-- a false Armistice Day celebration. They blew all the sirens and, at the sheep camp, and he and the others wondered what in the world was going on. They couldn't see smoke. That was Armistice Day. But not the real one. It was a few days premature. Finally, on the eleventh (*of November, 1918)* it got settled and there was another celebration, although people were still sick with the flu. Two other doctors here were Dr. Tadlock and Dr. Larson, both practicing physicians at the time.

Marion spoke of the old Ute Trail that comes down off the palisades a little west of where the Garfield Mine used to be, was where the Indians came down going from the north reservation to

the south reservation. Every spring and fall, they'd use that trail. When Marion was a small boy, they finally decided to put them all down at the south reservation and they didn't come back anymore. Their horses and travois poles, they moved the whole camp all at once. There must have been fifty Indians.

**Mining**

The Garfield mine was a coal mine. It had lots of coal, and was mined out years ago. It hasn't operated for twenty years or more. In fact, they got a fire back there and about five years ago, they tried to blast it so it would cave in to stop the fire, though it hadn't been used for years.

There are several coal mines to the east of Palisade. The Cameo Mine was a big mine at the town of Cameo, right behind where the Public Service Corp. plant is now.*(The coal fired power plant was torn down in 2012).* In fact, the owner of the mine had a contract to supply coal to Public Service for the Cameo plant. He had three or four union agitators among his help and when he sold the mine to Bud Bowie, Bud shut the mine down because he wouldn't have anything to do with that. The coal for the Cameo plant has been hauled over from the North Fork for several years now in railroad cars. Marion described this as "John L. Lewis's boys who caused the trouble." Now, there are unions in the North Fork. Bobby's mine is a union mine, but they don't have the kind of agitators over there. The Cameo mine has since been sold to the Cambridge Corporation and they're operating a mine across the river from Cameo. And they're going to be a big outfit...a big development program on both sides of the river immediately.

Marion was a hard rock miner for a few years, but never had anything to do with a coal mine. He did hard rock mining - silver, lead, and zinc, at the Midnight Mine in Aspen.*(On Richmond Hill on the back side of Aspen Mountain).* His father was the biggest stockholder and sent Marion up there to find out why it wasn't paying anything. It's been inactive now for several years. The corporation is still active and it's under a lease-purchase agreement for mining the underground property. The surface rights were sold to a ski developer several years ago, but the development hasn't gotten in there yet.

**Smudging to warm orchards in bloom**

Before Marion was old enough for school, he remembers the family would smudge this time of year when the peaches were about to bloom--or in bloom--if it was a cold night. A smudge pot in those days was a "little wicker wire basket with a wad of waste saturated with coal in the bottom, a layer of kindling, and a shovelful of coal." When it was lit, the smudge pot would burn until the coal was gone. The next day, the growers would gather all the empty pots, bring them in, reload them, and take them back out to smudge again the next night if needed. It was quite a laborious process. Now, smudging is done with modern machinery with lines leading across the orchard to various burners and the lines carry diesel fuel or propane, whichever type of fuel they're set up to use. Later, they got to burning oil in a different type of pot and that went on for a few years and then people just about gave up smudging because really you can only raise the temperature two or three degrees in an orchard. Everyone figured, if it's going to freeze, it's going to freeze and that's all there is to it. Marion said everyone quit smudging for many years. Some newcomers who lose a crop of peaches bought equipment and started smudging again. Marion doesn't use smudge pots for frost protection on his orchard.

Marion said there was a short crop of peaches last year, very short. Perhaps only a third of a crop due to a spring frost. In 1963, and 1972 he completely lost the crops. His orchard never froze out in sixty years until they built the Interstate Highway along the palisades *(in the early 1960s).* He explained it isn't as much a climate change as a terrain change. The orchard directly north of the Bowman's on West First Street belonged to Marion Echternach. He never lost a crop of peaches because the air drainage was exactly right. Since Interstate 70 was put in, it changed the air circulation and drainage to some extent. The Echternach's place has lost a crop or two and Marion's home place has lost two or three times. It can't be proven, but it's his feeling that's what happened. He recalled one year, he only sold twenty dollars worth of peaches.

Marion don't use the Interstate to get to Grand Junction unless he happens to be going to the north end of town.

The town of Palisade is about the same size as it's been for years, just under a thousand people. The surrounding territory within a six mile radius around the town, the population has more than doubled in the last 20 years.

Marion used to hunt this whole country with a .22 rifle from the time he was seven years old until after he was out of high school. He hunted rabbits and prairie dogs, but only ate the rabbits.

Side 2

**German Prisoners of War**

During World War II there was no help, no available local help and no migrant help. Everybody was out fighting the war. So, he was able to get German Prisoners of War a year or two. They were brought here and housed in the old CCC Camp and were very good help. They were not very rapid, but they were very thorough. They liked the Bowman place pretty well because Marion had a boxer, a great big red boxer, and those German boys were "tickled to death with that dog." And the dog liked them, too. And the Germans liked Marion's Model T's. He was hauling *(picking boxes full of peaches from the field)* in with Model T Fords and they all knew about them and wanted to drive them. So Marion got "good action out of those prisoners." They were good boys. Marion received letters from one or two of them after the War, wanting him to hire them and keep them here. Marion didn't avail myself of that opportunity, however. Marion said there were also Japanese POW's for one year, but they didn't work for him because he was still using German POWs. He said people who had the Japanese were pleased. They did a good job. Seems like these people who learned at home to work, in Japan or Germany, or wherever, always do a better job than our local help because they're not taught to work properly.

Marion said he had thirty German POWs, for two different years. He was a pretty big operator then, with forty acres on Orchard Mesa and about another forty on West First Street which kept him pretty busy.

He paid the government and the prisoners had a credit post exchange, a little store to get their smoking tobacco and various things which they established for themselves by working. But Marion's check went to the government. It was quite expensive to have the prisoners, really. The foreman on the Orchard Mesa place certified each one of the German POW's picked a hundred bushels a day for every day they were there. That would be about five times as many peaches as

the place grew. But, he certified that was the case, so Marion had to pay for it on that basis. That was his friend "Screwy" Gardner.

**Orchard hoopies and other cars**

Marion said they never had Ford automobiles on the place. He had Model T's was because it was so much easier and better to have a self-propelled vehicle than it was to hitch a team of horses to a wagon and go out to get peaches. He bought Model T's, cut them down to a flat bed, including cutting sixteen inches out of the steering column for one thing to get the wheel down where you could get at it. He had five of those at one time, and wishes he had them now.

Everybody had similar vehicle, although most of them used a gear-shifting chassis as they didn't go for the walk-alongside and drive with your hand. They preferred sitting on a regular seat. Everybody used these orchard hoopies, little cut-down flatbed trucks.

The Germans couldn't speak English when they came on the job, but as soon as they saw the Model T's, they learned English overnight because they wanted to drive them. These were cars Marion cut down into little flatbed trucks. He would use them today, but he can't find anybody who knows how to drive them. These are not driven by sitting in a seat like a regular automobile, rather you sit on the edge of the flatbed, pushing the pedals with your hand. Marion thinks they are very efficient, very nice, because you don't have to climb on and off all the time. He gave the chassis to patrolmen friends of his in Grand Junction who needed them to rebuild Model T's. He doesn't know where they got the bodies, but they had good running gear because that's what he gave them.

Now, people use a tractor with a trailer which in Marion's opinion is a very slow and inefficient method of hauling peaches out of the orchard. He can take one of those Model T's and go out in the orchard and get twenty-five bushels of peaches and be back with them before you can get a tractor hooked up to the trailer and ready to go. They were light and very maneuverable.

The Bowman's first automobile was a 1912 Oakland. It cranked left-handed. It was a right hand drive instead of a left-hand drive like cars are now. To crank it, you would get out in front and pull the crank counter-clockwise. You didn't have a starter. If you wanted to go, you got out in front and cranked it. The Bowman family's next car was a 1916 Paige. His brother, Charlie, was the driver, of course, as he was thirteen years older than Marion, but when he went to Naval Aviation in 1917 (*World War I*), and this 1916 Paige was pretty new, you couldn't keep Marion off of it. The next summer, he took it down off the blocks, pumped up the tires, poured gasoline into it, and started driving. He couldn't see over the wheel, so he halfway stood up to look under the wheel. Some of the older people around here still remember when Marion used to drive that car and they couldn't see anybody in the car. That was a good, big automobile. It had a self-starter.

**Home Place and Orchard Mesa property**

The Bowman's house was built in 1904. Marion was born in a little straight up board shack out here where the *(airplane)* hangar sits now in February. The house was finished and the Bowman's moved into it in August of 1904. Marion's father built it and he told Marion it cost $6,000 to build. Just last year, Marion gave Red Hawk $4,500 to paint it! In those days, it was an

expensive house. Now you couldn't build this house because you don't have the kind of workmen that it takes to build this house. Everybody is a barn carpenter. They frame it up. You can look at this bric-a-brac on everyone of these doors. They were pre-cut by a mill. They are all alike. You couldn't do that by hand.

Marion has lived in the house intermittently all of his life. In 1942, his sister persuaded their father there was no future in the peach business and he ought to sell out everything. He sold the bank and all. In 1942, Marion didn't have enough money to float everything he would liked to have, but he wanted this house and 40 acres. He bought it from the Silver State Building and Loan who had made the deal to take over his father's property. Marion could have had the bank for practically a song, but he didn't fancy the banking business. He studied a little banking at college, but didn't think he was cut out for banking.

His brother died in 1937 and Marion took over the 40 acres on Orchard Mesa which they owned jointly. Marion bought his brother's part from his estate the next year of two. Marion sold it a time or two, but it didn't stick. So, when he was pushing seventy pretty hard, he unloaded the Orchard Mesa place to Mole Richardson. The last fellow he tried to sell it to left it in such bad shape, he just couldn't at his age, face rehabilitating it. It was ruined, and Mole Richardson didn't want trees anyhow, so it was right for them. Marion's forty acres is just about a mile east of Mole Richardson's big barn.

A peach tree last twenty-five or thirty years of productive live. The new trees don't bear the third or fourth, or sometimes the fifth year like they used to. Marion thinks we've used up something out of the dirt. So a tree that's less than five years won't have any peaches. It has to be five or six years old before they get into bearing, and then it's another four years before they get into good, full bearing. Marion planted trees west of the house in about 1942, or '43 or '44, and they are just now over the hump and will have to be replaced in another five or six years.

The original stock for this place which came from Grandfather's nursery in Junction City, Kansas are long since gone. Most of the trees now come from the south and some of our best trees come from the northwest, Wenatchee, and that country. That's a very good tree. Carleton Nursery up there are very careful about the budding.

Marion thinks his father would have arranged for his grandfather's trees for his friends and neighbors, though he doesn't really know. He said it was also the closest nursery.

Forty acres is a pretty good sized place. Marion knows of only two others which are bigger in the valley. Most places are five and ten acres. He said a man used to be able to support himself with that size orchard. He's seen many a man live on ten acres and educate his family, but you can't do that today.

**Irrigation**

The Stub Ditch and the Price Ditch irrigated the Bowman place. The Grand Valley Canal is below Palisade and has the oldest water-right on the Colorado River. If there's any water in the river, they get it. And if there isn't enough water in the river, the Bureau of Reclamation dumps in some from the Green Mountain Dam. But a man named *(David)* Aupperle promoted his

Government Highline Canal for many years which would reach Loma and Fruita and the big farm country to the west. They came with big machines and dug this canal north of us and never lined it. It seeped out this whole end of the valley in order to get water down to the west end of the Valley. Marion thinks it didn't seem logical, but that's the way they did it. The water goes through *(three)* tunnels between Palisade and the "Roller Dam*" (Grand River Diversion Dam in DeBeque Canyon).* That roller dam supplies water to cool the big Public Service Corporation steam plant at Cameo. *(Since 1923),* it supplies the water for all the Orchard Mesa operation. This is all under the Bureau of Reclamation, but originally, there was the Stub Ditch, and the Price Ditch--that would be the Mesa County Irrigation District, and the Palisade Irrigation District--water to pump. The Price Board filed on water right #3 on the Colorado and that included 450 feet of power water to pump the water from that point up into the Stub Ditch. The Stub Ditch just runs down just a little ways below Clifton. The Price Ditch runs down further, to the Henshee Wash. Marion thought they were doing all right with the Price Ditch and the Stub Ditch and then along came the Government Highline and two of the three members of the board of directors of the Palisade Irrigation District agreed to let the Bureau of Reclamation have the water-right #4 including the power water, so Marion feels we are really at the mercy of the Bureau of Reclamation and we weren't originally.

The transfer would have been prior to 1917. Aupperle fought it for years, finally got the bill through Congress and the Bureau of Reclamation finally took on the job and put in the Roller Dam which, by the way was made in Germany before World War I. The *(three)* tunnels and the ditch runs clear down to Highline Lake. It took several years to complete.

Marion said there has always been enough irrigation water. This is water-right #3 and the Green Mountain Dam was put in there to give a reserve to compensate for the diversion of the Colorado River water to the Eastern Slope. It impounds thousands of acre feet and on demand, the Bureau of Reclamation turns that water into the Colorado River. The river is the lowest anyone has ever seen it right now at this time of year. And it isn't going to get much higher because there's no snow up above. Marion thinks there'll be enough water for this valley. The Bureau of Reclamation is releasing water at the present because they can't fill the Grand Valley Canal. The Redlands is in bad shape, they haven't got enough power to run their hydroelectric plant and so their ditches are low. They get water from the Gunnison River.

Marion's father was instrumental in getting the Price and Stub Ditches. When he came here, J. L. Oliver was hauling water from the river on a "stone boat." That's a team of horses and a sled with a barrel of water on it. He was irrigating by hand a few peach trees he had in his yard, a half mile down from the Bowman place. Pretty near anything will grow here. This is all volcanic ash soil in this end of the valley. Further down, there's a lot of adobe in the soil. Clifton has lots of adobe, but in Palisade, it's volcanic ash. This was all desert, of course, sagebrush and greasewood, salt grass, just regular desert. Go up above the Highline Canal and you see exactly what this country was before they put water to it.

When his father came in 1893, there was a broad gauge railroad which came down the Canyon from Glenwood, from Leadville. He came here and stayed in the depot with the station agent. There was no town. That depot is now the office for the United Fruit Growers' Association. They moved it back from the tracks and they're using it.

On the Potter place, they had a stone house, a rock house, and Marion's family lived in there five or six years before he was born. His mother tells about stepping out of the back door one morning and there's a rattlesnake and so she just reached over and took a pitchfork and speared him and did away with him. She weighed 89 pounds, the biggest she ever got in her life. So it's no wonder Marion is not too big a fellow.

When Marion was little, for many years, the Bowmans had a hired girl to help his mother with the housework. Often times she would be from the Indian School, what they call the State Home now. He remembers one was Bahadabah Cadman. They were young women and lived in, so they didn't drive back and forth. It took all day to drive there with a horse and buggy. There were a series of them over the years.

The house was wired in 1910. Marion's sister was to be married here, so her prospective husband, Her Davis, wired the house so they could be married here. Before that, they had coal oil lamps and wicks and chimneys. And ice in the icebox. There was an icehouse right behind where Mole Richardson bought what used to be the Drugstore corner. There was a big icehouse right there, sawdust and ice. And they'd go down there on the bayou and cut ice on the river and store it in there in the wintertime and it would last all summer. To make ice cream, you put the ice in a sack and beat it until it was fine. Then put it around this thing and sit there by the hour and crank it. As a reward to whoever cranked it, they got to lick the dasher. Nobody thought about putting peaches in it, they just made ice cream.

**Organizing the United Fruit Growers' Association**

In 1922 and '23, George Bowman, and friends, and neighbors got to talking and organized the United Fruit Growers' Association. The Grand Junction Fruit Growers' Corporation was a private corporation and had been holding the grower's money, putting it out at call rates until about Christmas before they'd pay growers for the peaches. And then they weren't paying enough anyhow and it didn't look like a good idea. So Marion's father organized all his friends and neighbors into the United Fruit Growers' Association and he, personally, financed the first year's operation. He mortgaged everything he owned to get enough money to operate the United. It paid off. They paid his money back and owned it outright. Nobody ever paid a nickel to belong to the United Fruit Growers' Association In Palisade. The facility burned up last winter. So they're in the process of building a new packing facility. Fortunately, the cold storage didn't burn. The entire packing equipment, the whole west shed burned up. It would be worth a half million dollars. It was insured for two hundred and twenty-five, so he doesn't know how they are going to come out on the financing.

It took two years to start the United Fruit Growers' Association. And then George ran into opposition because these people had a good thing going for themselves and didn't want him to succeed. One fellow commented "Well, I give 'em five years." And the fellow that said that went down with the old association when they finally gave up. The United Fruit Growers' Association took over the operation of almost all the peaches in the valley. Another rival organization financed by the government, came along in just another few years and the United lost a lot of members, but they were members it didn't need, didn't want. When it went broke a few years ago, they all came over to United, what's left of them, and now, they're about to run the United. Marion thinks the majority of the Board of Directors of the United were on the Co-op board of

directors that went broke. But that's the way things are, and that's the way times change and people change.

There's been so many peaches pulled in the last 10 or 15 years, Marion is afraid there won't be able to have a regular peach business here. He thinks it'll shrink down to roadside selling and truck movement from the farm. Last year, there was only a hundred and twenty-five thousand bushel equivalents total. Forty years ago, Palisade shipped over a million bushels. People are not replanting orchards. The man across the street from the Bowman house who bought that corner built his house three or four years ago and just moved into it this spring. When he bought the place, it was a young orchard, just nicely coming into bearing. This spring, he moved in and pulled every tree out. He didn't want the trouble of the peaches. Didn't want to do it.

**Spraying and pests**

You have to spray peaches about five times. Marion said to put on a dormant spray a week or two ago, before the bloom. At petal fall, put on another spray and then spray whatever time is necessary for whatever bug shows up. He said there are two or three very bad pests. The twig borer and the Oriental Fruit Moth. The insectary in Palisade is attempting to parasitize the Oriental Fruit moth by raising little macrosentis moths, or wasps by the million. Then they're released into the orchards all over the valley at the right time to keep down the Oriental Fruit Moth. This pest has been here intermittently for about fifteen years. The twig borer has always been in Palisade. It's easy to control if you spray at the right time. They can't seem to be eliminated for some reason, but can be controlled.

Marion said he didn't use to spray for peaches at all except sometimes a dormant spray, sulphur, lime and sulphur to keep down funguses and things like that. Now, it's gotten so you have to spray for several bugs besides the organic dormant spray. In the early days, you had two sprays, the dormant spray and the bug spray, arsenate of lead, a very, very inefficient, spray