

COVINA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FROM BUDWOOD TO BULLDOZER - C. E. Groninger 1956

I am the Citrus industry,
And I guess I'm on my way.
I came here seventy years ago;
They said I'd come to stay.

I chased the coyotes from the brush,
The rabbits from their den.
They said, "We'll make the desert bloom";
They cleared the brush and then -

"From Budwood to Bulldozer" -
The title of this page.
I know whereof I speak, my friend,
I occupied the stage.

My output grew in volume,
And someone always said - "
This thing is getting overdone-
We'll wind up in the red."

But ways were found to advertise,
To stimulate the trade. So business
kept on booming,
And no one seemed afraid.

Now come the villains, one by one,
To attack me in the dark.
The first were nematodes so small.
Who surely left their mark.

They choked my very feeder roots-
I would have starved to death. Then
came the smog and quick decline,

The grower soon discovered
From experience and brains -
I was not paying for my keep,
So he took o'er the reins.

Came then the big bulldozer, So
powerful and strong.
It pushed aside the industry-
It did Sir, right or wrong.

The very ground where I was born-
They blossomed like a rose,
Is black top now and houses,
And mortgages over those.

The great big packing plants
Have long since closed their doors
The rafters overhand with bats.
And rats run on the floors.

The little girls, as they walk by,
Look at the crumbling shack.
"That used to be the packing house,
Where Grandma used to pack."

In this parade of industries,
I guess we take our place
-
With walnuts, grapes and apricots,
As progress we must face.

So just like individuals,
As through this life we trudge-

This poem was published in the Book "PROFILE OF SAN DIMAS" by
J. Howard Hoover 1961