



J. M. Elliott—An Appreciation

October 8, 1844—December 16, 1929

To you, J. M. Elliott, whose whole life has been devoted to the service of humanity, to you who have worked so faithfully in building up our industry both as officer and pioneer grower, to you who have personally given us encouragement in dark moments, we will offer you the tribute you once gave to your nephew. You spoke of the pioneer work he had done, that no avocado bore his name, though he had propagated avocados which had become famous; you said:

Having worked more than fifty years in the city of "Day by Day," in the land of "All the Time," I hope you gentlemen who have waited years and years for the fruition of your hopes in your avocados planted from seed, will not grudge me a trip in my mind to the "City of Sometime" in the "Land of Yet to Come", and following Mr. Wright's allegory, let me go there and meet the King of that country, "Looking Ahead," and his Queen "Anticipation," and seek an introduction to their two most beautiful daughters, "Fancy" and "Imagination, who will take me into the temple, whose dome blazes with a ruby flame and which is sacred to the god, "It Might Be." I will make an offering on his altar, and he will give me an avocado seed, which I will plant close to its shadow, and I will watch the growth and expansion of its leaves, beautiful lustrous green when grown, but catching the glint of the rosy dome above and coming out of the bud like burnished bronze. I will watch its blossoms burst into stars and the fruit glow as great green globes turning to maroon as they ripen. It should be perfect in its transmission, in its resistance, in its production, in its favor. It should be an ideal tree . . .

and we would name it, J. M. Elliott, even as we are sure your nephew would have named it, "Elliott",

and send it down to posterity as a blessing to the human race.