

asks us to do something that is inconvenient, just do it. You can't have your cake and eat it too. You have to have inconvenience sometimes. We try to make it as convenient as possible. Sometimes things are too easy, and we get lazy on the job. One inspector didn't want his job because some criticised him because he gave them orders they didn't like. We said "Don't blame the inspector, blame us." We have to use our customers to the best of our ability. It pays to please the customer, and it pays you to help us do it. This may be the only time I will get a chance to talk to you as a whole group.

### COMMENTS ON THE APPEARANCE OF THIS YEAR'S CROP

**MR. WHITTLESEY:** About three-fourths of what we had last year. We had 1600 barrels last year. They are very late; about two weeks. We will probably begin to pick about the middle of September.

**MR. HEDLAR:** Lots of little berries. There are a great many more than last year, but very small.

**PRES. LEWIS:** We have quite a lot of berries, but don't know how many it is going to take to fill the barrel. Next week will tell the story. It seems to be universal that everybody's berries are late. Has anyone berries that are about normal size?

**MISS CASE:** It seems to me that they are very nearly the same size as they were last year at this time. Now they would count about 130 to the cup.

**QUESTION:** Did you use fertilizer?

**MISS CASE:** Yes, we used 3-10-4 fertilizer.

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## TO NEW YORK

MR. S. N. WHITTLESEY

I had long wondered whether lightning or luck would ever strike me and land me in the New York Exchange meeting. I suppose my demented state may have been apparent, and that Charlie Lewis noticed it and kindly brought about the realization of a fond dream.

I was present at the directors' meeting, but I read the secretary's report afterwards to find out what was done. Anybody can do that who is entitled to. The meeting place was in the Pennsylvania Hotel, one of the largest and finest in the world.

The railway terminal station is in the basement of the hotel. There Mr. Chaney met our party, (Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Whittlesey, and I) and escorted us through vast passages, lobbies and lifts to sumptuous rooms reserved for us up sixteen stories, a little more than half way to the top of that immense building.

The business of this directors' meeting of the American Cranberry Exchange consumed one whole day, with a banquet in the middle of it, and complimentary tickets to the theater in the evening, where, by some preconceived plot, we met the ladies, especially Mrs. A. U. Chaney and Mrs. C. M. Chaney, who had early taken Mrs. Bennett

and Mrs. Whittlesey and shown them the wonders of New York City; and this sweet courtesy was continued all next day. I hesitate to tell, for we can never return, repay, or reciprocate the hospitality and happiness given us. Mrs. A. U. Chaney, with a car and a most skillful driver, took us over 100 miles through the heart of New York City—a large heart, including Coney Island, the Woolworth Building, Central Park, Grants Tomb, and beautiful drives.

Now I may jolt some cranberry growers. I earnestly suggest that we appreciate the value of Mr. A. U. Chaney to our business. Not one of us, probably, could begin to fill his place. It is easy to criticize; Mr. Chaney's job is hard. The independent growers nearly wrecked the business last fall. Mr. Chaney's action alone saved the market from utter demoralization.

The Bennett's went to Boston, and the Cape, and the Whittlesey's to Connecticut, the birthplace of Whittlesey's and reunion of their relatives. I visited two bogs in New Jersey; Mr. Harry Knight's residence, screen house, and shipping point is at Medford, New Jersey. His bog is seven or eight miles away. The berries are hauled to Medford in Reo trucks, as picked. The road between Medford and the Knight bog is poor, over a worthless sand and scrub pine land, apparently. We have better roads here, and at first sight I thought we had better cranberry marshes, but over beyond another sand ridge was a larger and cleaner patch of vines, and as we went on the vines improved; and I inwardly confessed that the Knight bog was much bigger, and on the whole much better than my own and as completely "benighted."

When Mr. Knight got me back to Medford, Mrs. Knight had a chicken dinner ready, and Mr. Budd waiting to take me to his bog, ten or twelve miles away. I was surprised to see the oasis in that sandy waste, and as I recall New Jersey now, the oasis predominated—fertile farms, and peach trees blossoming.

Mr. Budd's bog seemed to be made out of a wilderness originally. Mr. Budd told me that much of it was cornfields once. The surface is somewhat uneven, not perfectly level. The fields, or sections, were large and irregular in shape, containing from ten to 100 acres, with dams built around the border of suitable patches. Some sections had the winter flood still on about May 1, and the water was from two to five feet deep. Some sections with water drained off showed clean, healthy looking vines, mostly Howes. Mr. Budd drove that Ford roadster at twenty-five miles an hour for about one hour on these dams of his, and while I could see the shore or land a mile or so away, I could never have gotten off that bog without a guide. Here were about 600 acres of vines that yield thirty to forty thousand barrels a year. Mr. Theodore Budd is a young man, very capable and courteous; a millionaire, with a manison and interesting wife and little family in Pemberton.

Mr. Harry Knight, mentioned above, has sent several carloads of

splendid Howe vines to Wisconsin. I got one car, and Guy Potter got several. The Howe appears to be a most aggressive vine.

Those Eastern men that we met at the Exchange meeting are cordial, courteous Cranberry Kings, worthy of our admiration.

Mrs. Whittlesey and I did Washington D. C. on our way home, and here we are.

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## THE VALUE OF SAND

By ANDREW SEARLES

The first step taken in sanding cranberry bogs was by Mr. Ralph Smith, father of our present secretary, about thirty-five years ago. He had a small field, only about six acres under cultivation at that time. That was the first field that had ever been surfaced and planted on the clean bog. Mr. Smith also showed me a small field of only a few square rods of the most beautiful cranberries I had ever seen, beyond any conception of what a cranberry bog should look like.

I resolved that if the time ever came when I could, I should possess a similar cranberry bog. It was perfectly evident that that was the only rational, sensible method to pursue in the growing of cranberries in Wisconsin. When I got home, I broke that same subject to my brother. What a wonderful piece of cranberry bog that was! But we were under the pursuit, at that time, of a thousand acres of cranberries, and, as my brother said, we couldn't possibly sand one thousand acres, or any part of one thousand acres. None of it was suitable. It was the natural bog, ditched and fitted up as we at that time supposed was the thing to do, without any surfacing, trusting to luck, and believing that we could do what the people had done at Berlin.

The next step I saw taken in the cranberry sanding process was attempted by Mr. A. E. Bennett. He had several acres surfaced, and he decided to try the experiment. During the wintertime Mr. Bennett drew sand upon this ground, and put on this sand in strips across his field about a rod in width, and, as I remember now, about six inches in depth. He sanded a strip, skipped a strip, and sanded again. At that time it was usually the habit of cranberry men to hold the water well up to the surface. You can imagine what this did to the sand experiment strip. Vines refused to flourish, and we all stood back and looked on and shook our heads. We didn't know just what was the matter. Maybe Mr. Smith's experiment was wrong. Still we were undecided.

Later, John A. Gaynor obtained a small appropriation from the state for experimental purposes. Three experimental stations were started, which later were consolidated into one. They didn't appear to be getting anywhere with three stations scattered out, each man