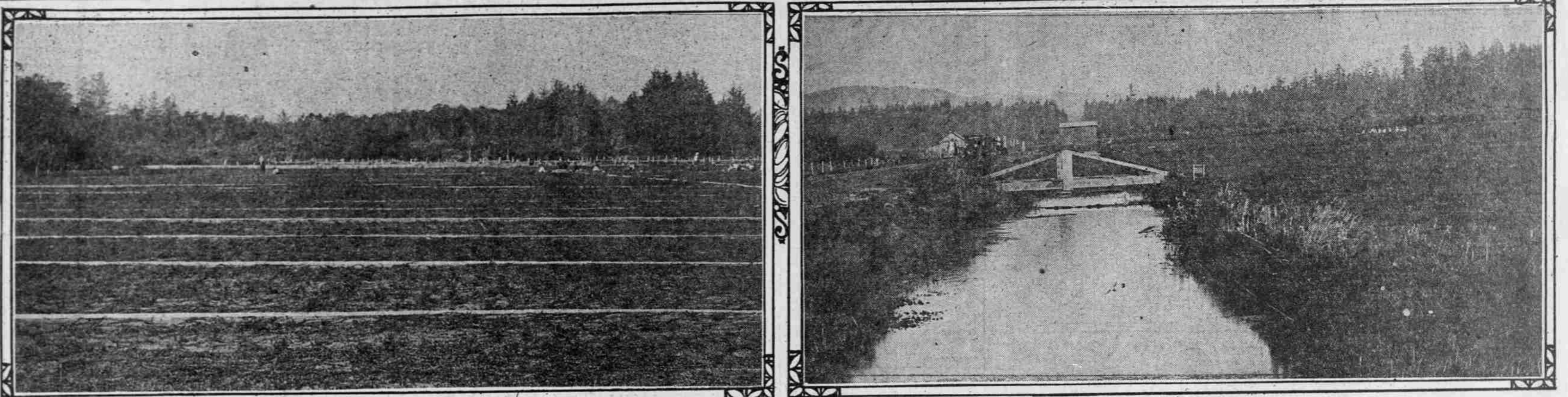


VAST CRANBERRY INDUSTRY DEVELOPED ON NORTH BEACH BOGS

Indians and Traders in Early 50s Discover Berries; French Millionaire Puts Land to Use; Growers Reap Profits of \$400 to \$500 An Acre; Greater Development Is Near.



BY LUCILE F. SAUNDERS

THIS is the season for cranberry pie—you've seen them, those deep, rich, red juicy pastries with narrow strips of crust laid across the top, checkerboard fashion, so that all the sugar and sweetness can bubble up inside. Then, too, the day is not far off when mother will make up the menu for Thanksgiving dinner.

"Don't forget the cranberry sauce," Willie or some of the other youngsters will shout.

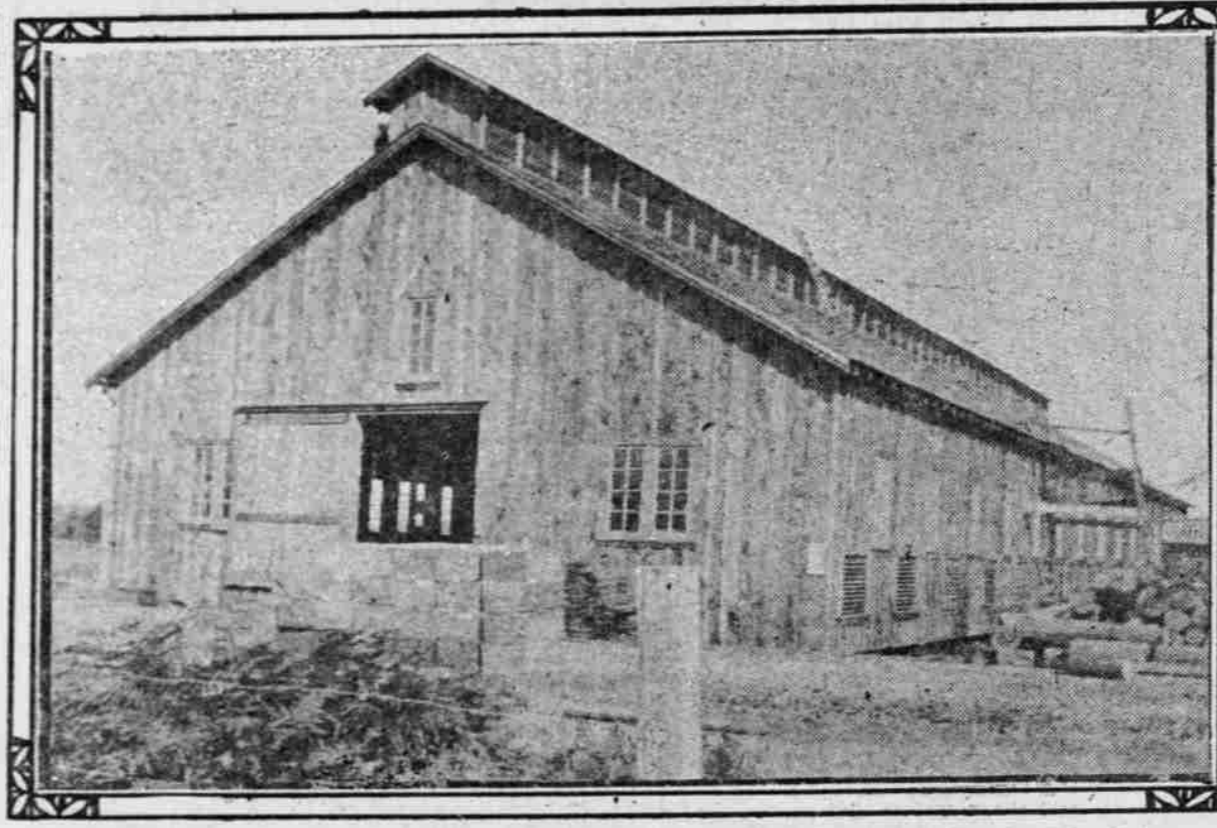
Young Willie then gets a quarter and is commissioned to go to the corner grocery, there to invest in the principal content of the dainty, without which no holiday dinner is complete.

When Willie goes out after the fruit he regards it impersonally as a lot of little red bolls that apparently grow in flat wooden boxes about the size of peach crates. There is generally a graniteware scoop reposing in this crate and you gather the berries in this and pour them into a paper bag.

His mother, likewise, has a vague idea about cranberries. In fact most people don't know whether the cranberry is picked from a tree, shaken off a vine or dug out of the ground. Maybe a few have heard that it is a native of the Cape Cod region, but until the call came for pickers for the marshes of Oregon and Washington this fall the persons who knew that the berry is grown within 100 miles of Portland were few. Even yet among the growers themselves scarcely one knows the story of the transplanting of this great industry in the northwest.

Information relative to this is hard to find and tales of the hoary-headed pioneers of North Beach peninsula in the southwest corner of Washington, where the great bogs are principally to be found, are contradictory. The same tenor runs through all of the accounts, however—the spirit of a fight against odds put an almost unheard-of industry on its feet.

Goods Carried in Boats.
In the early days when there were but few towns on the coast and they were but mere trading posts, much of the goods sent to the Hudson Bay company at Astoria was shipped in by Willapa harbor and taken from the head of this bay up the peninsula in flat-bottomed boats, through a channel known as Taret slough. This slough, running in a zig-zag course from the town to the water, is a desolate area of swamps and emptied into Black lake, the present source of water supply for the town of Ilwaco. Mail and other packs taken over the old government portage were carried from the lake a quarter of a mile into the town, and from there to Astoria in fishing boats. The only boats that could come through the Taret were poled along or drawn by horses on a foot path.



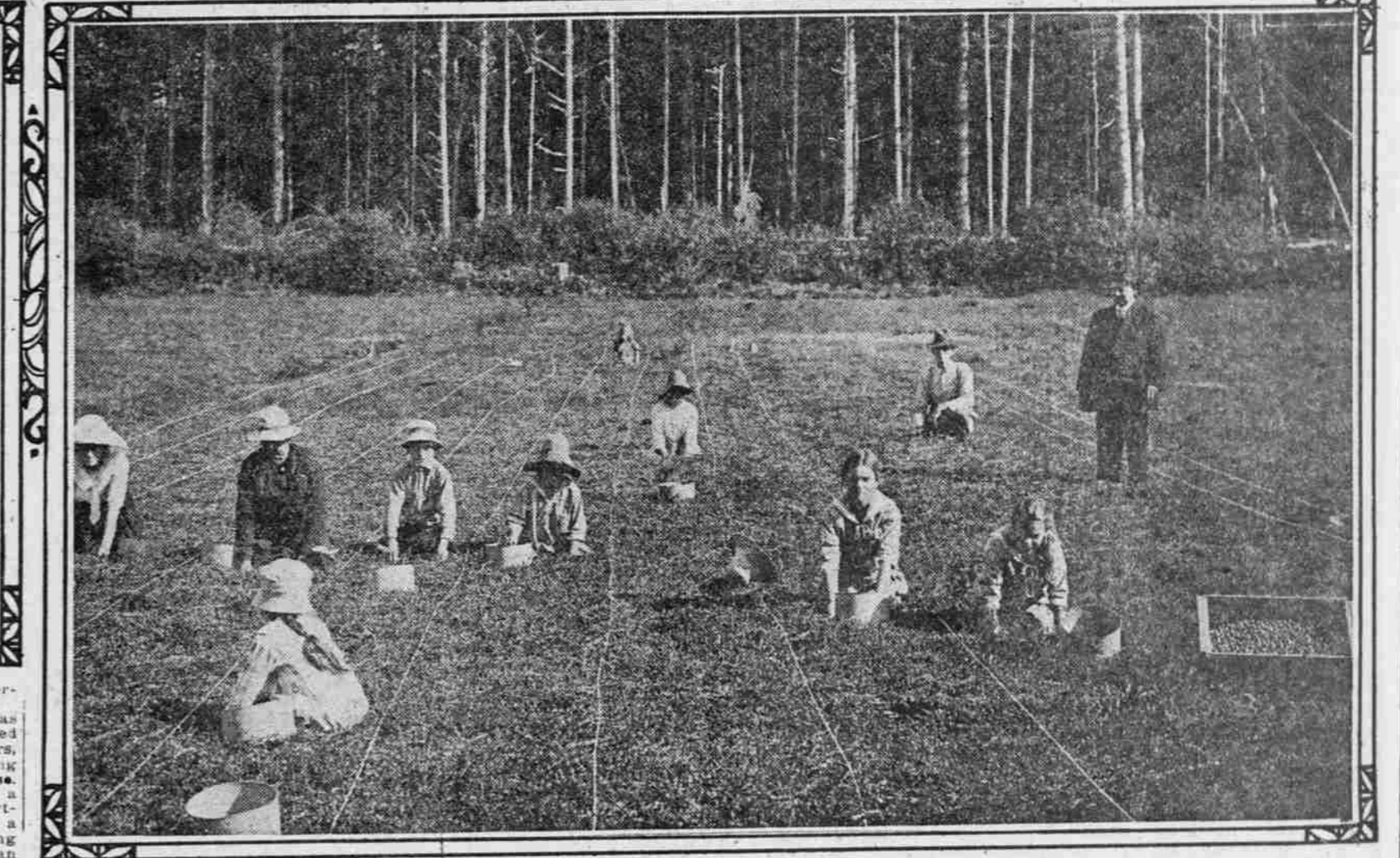
laborers, in whom he put great trust. They were very devoted to him and remained on the property after he had turned it over to other managers. The wife of one of the Chinese died and becoming lonely, the widower went to San Francisco to purchase another. He had saved \$400 from his earnings, but this was only one-half the current price of Chinese wives, so he was forced to borrow. Once more happy, he returned from California with his bride and settled down to working the bog. Little did he reckon on the sudden demise of his second wife, for he lost her within six months—before she was completely paid for. The Chinese was despondent. He moved away from North Beach and with his departure came the decline of the Chabot marsh. It went to weeds and never since has been cultivated.

Seventy-three Barrels Annual Crop.
In the meantime a Swede named Chris Hansen had come to the coast and about 21 years ago took up a small tract, which he planted in berries, having noticed that Chabot produced good crops. Hansen, who had been a sailor, and his wife, and his bog is providing an income for A. B. Moore, a naval officer, who purchased it. Hansen put in only two acres, but for many years was the only berry producer on the peninsula. Several other ventures were made. A man named Orr planted two acres. Ivan Adams put in half an acre, which brought him more than \$2000 in three years. He harvested about 75 barrels annually. In these marshes were being operated on a small scale little was heard of them. The remainder of the bog land was unused and its owners considered the property as not worth the taxes. All attention was given to oysters, which could be scooped from the shallows of Willapa harbor and brought a means of easy livelihood to the settlers. Oysterville, toward the extreme northern point of the peninsula, the county seat, soon became a prosperous town from the trade in oysters that passed through it.

Boatmen Startles Settlement.
To the south more attention was given fishing and the peninsula became a quiet community, filled in the summer with transient beachcombers and almost deserted in the colder months, except for the two villos at the ends. Then came to Ilwaco an Idaho rancher, F. E. Bradford, who startled the inhabitants by purchasing a homestead of 149 acres just north of Black Lake of Will Wheeler at the exorbitant price of \$12 an acre. The settlers laughed in scorn at the investment and Mr. Bradford's plan of using the property for grazing land.

For five years the Idaho man controlled this part of the marsh and waited. He had a hunch that it would be worth something and when he heard of a group of men who planned to enter a new industry, the manufacturer of machinery was induced to press the peat into briquettes about half the size of bricks. A pit was dug and tons of the peat traveled into the factory, was pressed and run out on drying trays, the whole process being much the same as that employed in brickyards. Several thousand tons of the bog land went over this route in the 13 months the plant was in operation.

Disaster stalked upon its heels, and the would-be fuel kings discovered in what they had erred and that there was no hope of profiting by the in-



Upper—Weeding a second-year field not yet ready to come into bearing. An uncultivated bog in the wild state may be seen in the background. The view on the left is of the main drainage canal built along the general course of the old Taret slough. Lower right—Newly completed warehouse of the Columbia River Cranberry Growers' association. This is 150 feet in length. In the picture on the left is a group of pickers at work on the edge of a bog adjoining the timber line. White strings marking the rows for each picker may be seen laid on the ground.

stayed away. Others went to great expense to fight this pest. A group of growers east of Seaview had put in their three years and found they were not living in luxury, as had been anticipated. In fact, more money was needed to keep up their places. The plantings were put in six years ago, principally by Portland folk, who hired the work done and hired a manager to supervise their bogs.

New Organization Formed.
The new organization, known as the Columbia River Cranberry Growers' association, was made up of 40 members headed by George M. Healy of the Woodard-Clarke Drug company. The vice-president is Dr. David Bruce of Portland. The other organizers were E. M. Hulden of Heppner, G. H. Shoemaker and Dr. H. R. Hershford, both of Portland. Members of the association are scattered all over the country, two living in Chicago, one in North Dakota, one in Pasadena and several in various parts of Oregon, but the majority are Portland business men, attorneys, doctors and school teachers. The present secretary is a physician, who acts in the capacity of manager, is V. H. Allen, formerly of Salem.

The tract controlled by the co-operative concern is one of the largest, if not the largest, cranberry bog in the United States. It is one and a half miles in length and contains over 300 acres, 150 of which are planted. There are altogether about 2500 acres of cranberry land on the peninsula and of these 600 are under cultivation. Nearly all of the crop is marketed by the Pacific Cranberry exchange.

Profits Seem Assured.
To the small investor cranberries are a disappointing crop in which to stow away any money. Early disappointment has a tendency to make the schoolteacher with three acres forget that several millionaires were created by the Cape Cod bogs. A survey of the land now set out would convince any but the natural born pessimist that with the first big crop boom in cranberries will be on, and that a person who retains ownership of a good bog ten years cannot fail to come out on top.

Profitable Transaction Made.
Some of the swamps were easy to secure, as they were being sold to pay for taxes. One man who had part of the present site of Cranmore, the big farm owned by Williams, paid the taxes and moved over the site. He had sold his entire tract for \$100.

German Scientists Experiment.
The last time peat was manufactured at Ilwaco was in 1907. With the decay of the company Gustav Freiwald of Portland, one of its largest stockholders, took over the plant and its option on between 2000 and 3000 acres of bog. In his anxiety to put it to some use, Mr. Freiwald made a trip to Germany and carried samples of peat to that country, where he had scientists experiment with it. It was found that when the peat was ground up, pressed and rolled, it could be made into imitation oak boards and other useful articles for interior use. Whether the manufacture of these boards has been attempted is doubtful. Mr. Freiwald did not have to decide that momentous question, for it was about this time that H. M. Williams, a real estate dealer from Spokane, entered. To Mr. Williams North Beach is indebted for the commercializing of its long-slumbering industry, the cranberry business.

Salt Water Floods Bog.
A little company of cranberry growers had been organized in Tillamook county, Oregon, at a settlement known as Cranmore. The plantings had scarcely been put in when salt water from the Pacific backed up and flooded the bogs. The investors heard of the wild cranberries growing on North Beach and one man in particular would not move away from the vicinity. He had once been employed in a sawmill operated many years ago at one of the Black Lake. The proprietor of this establishment, he asserted, had been possessor of the bog and his employment had been in the marsh and his employee had barely gone a hundred feet when he sank in a muddy hole and came within an ace of drowning.

Settlers Are Convinced.
Some of the old employees of the peat factory remained there to work the bog and one man in particular would not move away from the vicinity. He had once been employed in a sawmill operated many years ago at one of the Black Lake. The proprietor of this establishment, he asserted, had been possessor of the bog and his employment had been in the marsh and his employee had barely gone a hundred feet when he sank in a muddy hole and came within an ace of drowning.

Foliate Grows Rapidly.
Vines were first shipped in from the east in great bales, but now the association is prepared to supply its own cuttings and has enough on hand for 100 acres. The foliage multiplies rapidly and soon the ground is covered with a dull green carpet which in the spring is brightened with a delicate pink bloom. Careful pruning prevents the runners from getting too long. In the peninsula it is not necessary to flood the fields, the process resorted to in the east, to prevent freezing. The land is drained by series of ditches all emptying into the main canal.

Last Year's Crop Heavy.
Last year the bogs yielded a heavy crop and some of the blue haze disappeared from the horizon. Had everything turned out well good returns would have been brought in, but fate intervened again. No road led to the bogs and carrying the berries out was a slow process. Because of the lack of a warehouse there was no place in which to store the fruit. While growers were pondering over this state of affairs the food administration limited the use of sugar. Without sugar a cranberry can pass into the sour pickle class. It simply can't be sold for sweets. At the time when the association should have been shipping out carloads of fruit

daily there was no demand for it and at the critical season it was forced to stop picking for two weeks.

Warehouse Is Built.
The association prepared to face almost any situation this year. A warehouse 150 feet in length has just been completed and the road into Seaview and Ilwaco can now be traveled by auto trucks. Through the mile and a half of bogs a unique roadway has been laid over one of the main ditches so as to conserve space. This roadway has the width of an automobile and will accommodate the average truck on strips of planking. The main route connects with a number of side spurs running into the outer edges of the marsh. Along these flat cars may be pushed by hand and crates can be moved out as fast as the auto trucks operate.

(Concluded on Page 2.)

Three Generations

"When grandmother was young she took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some female illness and it helped her. My mother took it during the change of life and it did wonders for her. So when I got into a run down condition and suffered with periodic pains, back-ache, bearing down pains, I took it and it restored my health."

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