The Story of Ernest Ballard's Mill, with Photographs — Pages 6-9



Cranberry
Picking
Prowess of
Unknown
Portygee —
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## B. & M. R.R.'s Hump Yards a Vital Link in N. E. Jood Distribution

Few corporate personalities are more distinctive in the public mind than that of the Boston and Maine Railroad — New England's B&M.

Presentation of that corporate personality has been done so well between book covers, it would be futile in a brief article to try and introduce "improvements." We mean the book already referred to in these columns—"High Green and the Bark Peelers" by R. M. Neal. The author caught the spirit of the B&M and did his job by showing the railroad through individuals in the organization, an effective way to present any organization, because a railroad or a food distributing organization like First National Stores

or any other expression of corporate effort, sugars off in terms of individual human beings.

Our excuse for having a story about the B&M with some pictures, if any excuse is needed, is that for many years the B&M has been a vital part of the service of food to

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For a number of years we have made a special note in our November issue of the tart and lively Cranberry. Looking over Art Griffin's kodachromes for a picture to grace this page, we snatched the one reproduced; phoned Ellen Stillman of Ocean Spray who's tops in cranberry information, for dope on What Gives, in the photo. She said: "That's

one of the ways the resourceful Cape Cod Cranberry grower extracts the final berry from the bog." Art testifies: — "I made that picture on one of the bogs of the late Ellis D. Atwood in South Carver. The boat is shallow; has an airplane engine and propeller; is steered with a long rudder. After the main crop is harvested the bogs are flooded so there's six inches or so of water above the top of the vines. They race this boat 40 miles an hour to agitate the water enough to release berries caught in the vines during hand harvesting. The breeze from the propeller helps wash the berries ashore and they scoop 'em up — and there they are—"