



AMERICANS AT WORK

No. 28

The Cranberry Grower



AMERICANS AT WORK

IS PRESENTED BY THE
Columbia Broadcasting System

•
THURSDAY EVENINGS
10:30-11:00 P.M., E.S.T.
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AMERICANS AT WORK is about the American people and what they do for a living. It is a series of "documentary broadcasts", started on April 28, 1938, in cooperation with the CBS Adult Education Board, the chairman of which is Lyman Bryson, of Columbia University.

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Produced by
CBS DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

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Edited, published and distributed by the
Radio Committee of the
NATIONAL VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ASSOCIATION
Iona Robertson Logie, Ph.D., Chairman

Single copies—10 cents.
One dollar for any 12 of those listed on back cover.



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NATIONAL VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ASSOCIATION
BROADCAST OF NOVEMBER 23, 1939

Cover: A new cranberry bog is constructed from swamp lands having an undersoil of peat. Top layer is taken off, stumps and bushes cleared, the entire area smoothed off level as a floor, and a new top soil of clean white loamfree sand is laid on. Small cuttings of cranberry vines are set out in the sand in May or early June, at spaces approximately ten feet apart. Irrigation ditches bound the bog, facilitating drainage or flooding.

THE CRANBERRY GROWER

VOICE: The Columbia Broadcasting System presents . . .

READER: Well, friends—here we are. It's ten-thirty Thanksgiving night for some of us. All day long you've been hearing about giving thanks—about turkey—mince pie . . . pumpkin pie. There doesn't seem to be much left for us to talk about. But we've found something . . . yes, one little neglected item that's part of every Thanksgiving, no matter when you celebrate it — something you haven't eaten too much of — something you haven't even thought of . . . listen . . .

(Accordion in background, very low and moody)

READER: *(Solemnly)* We sing of the cranberry—lowly little symbol of brightness and cheer . . . hiding its light in a bog or under a helping of dressing . . .

We sing of the cranberry—growing bravely for years in dampness and dark . . . unwept, unhonored and unsung . . .

We sing of the cranberry—of hands gnarled and worn, that tenderly care for it, blossom and thorn . . .

We sing of the cranberry—its age—and its lore . . . Be proud of it, folks—it was here long before the pilgrims set tremulous foot on the sand . . . And prayed for a blessing on wild, stormy land . . . It was here . . .

ANNOUNCER JOHN REED KING: *(Cutting in abruptly)* You think we're jesting? This is Columbia's program about Americans at Work and we're going to tell you more about the little red cranberry tonight than you ever dreamed of. Why, do you know, for instance, that

old-time sea captains always carried a barrel of cranberries on their sloops to balance the sailors' diet?

READER: No, I never knew that.

ANNOUNCER KING: But its history begins before that.
. . . The cranberry has a long and noble history—
American to its very roots. . . .

(Accordion in softly . . .)

READER: We sing of the cranberry—We sing of its age and its lore . . . It was here when the pilgrims first landed—When they first set foot on the shore . . .

(Indian drums in . . . fade)

(Fade drums to B.G.)

ELLEN: Oh, those drums—those awful drums!—Are the Indians at it again? . . . Does it mean . . .

JOHN: Ellen, it only means the beginning of their eight-day harvest festival—those are friendly drums.

ELLEN: Oh, John—I wish we'd never come to this new land. . . . It's so cold and bleak—the everlasting moan of the sea—and the wind . . . and those drums . . . beating . . . beating! Must we live all our lives in mortal terror!

JOHN: Hush, Ellen—I know—you are right—this is no place for you—for a bride.—I was wrong. . . . In the spring, when the ship comes back . . .

ELLEN: No, John—forgive me—I didn't mean—I won't turn back— *(Sobs)* *(Stops abruptly)* *(Voice off . . . "Hear ye . . . Hear ye")* What is it—? Indians?

JOHN: No—of course not Even the drums are stopping now. . . . That's old Adams . . . the crier!

CRIER: *(Fading in)* Hear ye—hear ye—this day week hath Governor Bradford proclaimed that we of the Plymouth Rock Colony shall give thanks publicly

and in the sight of God—for the blessings given us. . . .

ELLEN: (*Half whisper*) Give thanks? Give thanks—for what, John?—Another winter—new dangers? . . .

(*Crier fades off . . . Hear ye . . . Hear . . . Keep him in background under following*)

JOHN: (*More gently*) Come, stand at the door with me—and I'll show you . . .

ELLEN: (*Timidly*) What—what is it?

JOHN: See the logs that make the wall around us—how sturdy they are—how they keep out the wind. See the cabins down along the path—smoke pouring from the chimney places. . . . And look—at the field beyond—brown and bare, for the harvest is in. (*Softly and moved*) These are the things we give thanks for, Ellen—

ELLEN: (*Moved by his tone*) Yes—yes—John—

JOHN: And listen . . .

CRIER: (*Off fading in slightly as he goes past*) And by proclamation this day one week hence shall be set aside—whereon we shall give thanks—and feast on the bounty provided to us. . . .

JOHN: (*Very cheerfully*) We give thanks and we feast—even old England could offer us no better. Now come, mistress Ellen—what would you prepare for the feast? . . .

ELLEN: (*Trying*) I—I don't know, John—no wheat—no milk—no sugar—it will be a sorry feast.

JOHN: Sorry? It will be the richest feast the world has ever seen. Wild turkeys—I'll shoot them and pluck them for you. . . . Indian maize, rich golden maize. And yams. And, oh! . . . something I almost forgot—the Indians gave them to me on my way home.

(*Fading a little and up, as he goes to get it*) Look!
(*Rain of hard little berries as he pours them on wooden table*)

ELLEN: Oh, aren't they pretty!—What are they—beads?

JOHN: They might be—but they grow wild in the bogs. The Indians call them crane berries because the little blossoms on the plants in the spring are shaped like a crane's head.

ELLEN: Do you—eat them?

JOHN: Of course. Try one. (*Slight pause*) What taste has it?

ELLEN: (*Wry tone*) Sour.

JOHN: Try another. They're very tart—but the Indians mix them with meat in a dish they call pemmican. Want to use them?

ELLEN: I'll try—I'll boil them with a touch of sweetening—at least we have water—and perhaps that will soften them.

JOHN: And we'll have them with our wild turkeys—our feast in the wilderness!—Wild turkey and crane berries. (*Accordion picks up old tune . . . fade . . .*)

READER: Yes, we sing of the cranberry . . . that welcomed the Pilgrims to this shore. . . .

That grew and flourished more and more. . . .

To spread from its bog of peat and sand,

In a rich red tide across the land. . . .

But it was wild and bitter, and small

And folks didn't think it was worth much at all

Until a farmer down Cape Cod way

Had a strange idea. . . .

CAPE COD FARMER'S WIFE: Obediah! (*Calling*)
O-bed-i-ah! . . .

FARMER: (*Off*) Yes, maw—watcha want? (*Fading in*) Land sakes—a body just starts to work—and you go callin' like you'd lost a hog—what in thun-dunder is it?

WIFE: Jes that one of my leghorn hens is loose again—and I ain't a-gonna chase it across the fields.

FARMER: Oh, you want me to. . . .

WIFE: Yes I do. If you'd spend more time fixing the hen house, and less time swabbing around in that bog of yours, we'd all be happier.

FARMER: Tildy—I ain't going to let you keep me out of that cranberry bog. I'll chase your old hen—and I'll mend the coop—but by cracky, that bog's a-goin' to work, or my name ain't Obediah Jenks!

WIFE: S'pity a man of yer ability couldn't turn his mind to something useful. Folks been eating wild cranberries fer years.—Why the very way they grow shows they ain't to be cultivated.

FARMER: Wait 'til you see those cuttin's I planted down there take root.

NEIGHBOR: (*Driving up*) Hey—Obie—Obie—Whoa there, Nellie—whoa now.

FARMER: Hello, Si. . . .

NEIGHBOR'S BOY: Got news fer ye, Obie!

FARMER: What's the matter—somebody else fixing to raise cranberries?

WIFE: Don't mind him, Si.—All's he can think about is those pesky red berries these days. What's yer news?

BOY: Jest that the Mexicans have gone and declared war on us—and President Polk's called out the army.

WIFE: Land sakes!—War!

FARMER: (*Not interested*) Well—well—what you know about that? I 'spect it's over that Texas Territory.

WIFE: Obediah Jenks! Haven't you any mind of your own—any heart? Here's war (*Stops*) You be going, Si?

BOY: If they'd have me—but guess the regulars will take care of it. What you lookin' at, Obie?

FARMER: (*Preoccupied*) Just the way that bog there slopes off.—Seems if I could find some way to level it up—the drainage would work better in the spring. . . .

WIFE: (*Holding on to herself*) Si—Si—come on in the house and have some cider—and tell me about it. He's going to drive me crazy!

FARMER: That's right, Tildy—you go in and cool off. (*Gently*) I'm right sorry about the war, Si—hope you don't get messed up in it.—But you mark my words, I'm winning land too—maybe a better way. Fifty years from now this old bog that looks like waste land is going to make history too—because nobody ever tried what I'm tryin' now to make those ornery, scratchy, sour little cranberries grow for you, same as peas and beans (*Fading*) You'll see, Si—you'll see. . . .

(*Accordion*)

(*Accordion in softly low and moody in B.G.*)

READER: Yes—we still sing of the cranberry,
Beautifully budding in bogs,
Blossoming bright in the peatland
Where there used to run nothing but hogs.
You'll find them out there in Wisconsin—
Long Island, New Jersey, Cape Cod—
The cranberry life of a nation
Is laid in the peat 'neath the sod.
Oh, acres and acres and acres,
Oh, acres and acres of pink. . . .

ANNOUNCER KING: Now, look here—it's all very well to go on like that. But how many acres of cranberries are there—actually?

READER: Why—er—I don't know—that is—well . . .

ANNOUNCER KING: *I'll* tell you—there are 40,000 in the whole country. And see here, cranberries don't grow by themselves, you know. In fact, it costs \$1500 to \$3000 to raise a single acre of cranberries today. Wouldn't that give old Obediah something to think about! Why does it cost that much?—Well, I'll show you. Hear that?

(Water trickling . . . then deepening to stronger flow)

That's water—water kept in reservoirs especially to flood the bogs. Hear that? *(Sound of voices . . . crowd)* Those are workers—40,000 men and women employed in the cranberry business.

Hear that? *(Dot dash of telegraph code)* Those are telegrams sent regularly from weather bureaus to the cranberry growers.

It's a big business today. I think we'd better leave your Indians and Pilgrims, and history and meet a modern cranberry grower first hand—a man who runs a modern industry on the century-old bogs left by Obediah and the pioneers. Our grower is right here in the studio now—his name is James D. Holman, a tall, clean-cut young man, at once a business man and a farmer.

Mr. Holman, will you tell us where your bogs are?

HOLMAN: They are scattered throughout Ocean County in New Jersey.

ANNOUNCER KING: I see. How big are they?

HOLMAN: We have about 475 acres scattered in ten and fifteen and twenty-five-acre plots throughout the county.

ANNOUNCER KING: About how many acres in all do you have?

HOLMAN: Close to five hundred.

ANNOUNCER KING: How long have these acres been in your family?

HOLMAN: I would say from fifty to sixty years.

ANNOUNCER KING: And you're the—which generation?

HOLMAN: Third generation.

ANNOUNCER KING: Third generation cranberry grower.

Well, then, you'll know a lot about this next question. What is the keynote of success in the cranberry business?

HOLMAN: The keynote of success in the cranberry business has been cooperation:—cooperation in the dissemination of cultural information, cooperation in the marketing of fresh fruit, cooperation in the marketing of canned fruit.

ANNOUNCER KING: You all got together and worked together, and built the business up that way.

HOLMAN: Yes, cooperation has been the keynote of success.

ANNOUNCER KING: Fine work! Now we've seen how cranberries came into use and how they were first cultivated, but we'd like to know something too about today's cultivation. What's the first big job for a man who wants to raise cranberries when he starts from scratch?

HOLMAN: The first big job is to find a suitable area with suitable soil and a suitable water supply.

ANNOUNCER KING: And then how does he go about working it?

HOLMAN: After he secures this, he floods this area out for three years to kill everything upon it, brush, weeds—what-not. After this is accomplished, he erects a dyke and makes a reservoir at the head of this plantation. Thereafter, he ditches the remaining part, which is below the reservoir, so that it will drain easily and flood quickly. Then he sands this area and sets out vines.

ANNOUNCER KING: Sanding? Will you tell me something about that? Why do you use sand?

HOLMAN: Sand was first discovered about a hundred years ago to be effective in the intensive cultivation of cranberries. The sea broke through the sand dunes in Cape Cod during a violent storm and covered up a small wild patch. The neighbors thought havoc had been wrought upon them, but suddenly nature in all its glory brought forth an intensive cultivation, a multiplication of the vines, and a very much enlarged berry and many more of them.

ANNOUNCER KING: And that was how that was discovered! Well, how long does it take to get the plants started growing in the bogs and producing berries?

HOLMAN: It takes about four years after the vines are planted, to reach maturity, but during this time, weeds have to be kept under control either by hand weeding or by the new method of kerosene.

ANNOUNCER KING: Well, Mr. Holman, when you have the vines planted in water, as you have described

for us, you've really done the biggest part of the job, I imagine.—Is that right?

HOLMAN: On the contrary, our problems, our dangers just begin there.

ANNOUNCER KING: Oh, we know what you mean by that, Mr. Holman. We learned about those dangers when we were down at your place last week, looking at your bogs. Right here, ladies and gentlemen, we are going to bring our audience a little picture of some of those worries that you and all cranberry growers go through as the seasons roll around. Again, our thanks for telling us of your work, Mr. Holman.—And, now, let's take our listeners back to the springtime when the young vines are beginning to grow. At the owner's office. . . .

(*Opening and closing of door . . . steps on wooden floor*)

OWNER: Well, Jim—how does it look?

OVERSEER: Fine crop of blossoms this year, Harry—fine crop . . . all except that bog in the south field.—Afraid that's been winter-killed on us.—Looks pretty bad.

OWNER: Well, if we only lose only one bog out of the thousand acres this year, we'll have a pretty good showing. Got enough workers?

OVERSEER: For right now—yes—our own plantation is enough. Harvesting time, if the crop's as good as it looks, we'll need to hire some day pickers . . .

BOY: (*Fading in*) Telegram, mister—

OWNER: Weather report from the Co-op.—Let's see if we get a break. (*Tears envelope*) Gosh! Frost tonight, Jim—temperature predicted to drop to 35 . . .

OVERSEER: Holy smoke . . .

OWNER: Better round up the men—wait'll I look out . . . (*Opens door*) Clear blue sky—full moon going to be up tonight, too—that's frost . . . All right, Jim—open the sluices—give 'em three inches of water—and then tell the men to hold it—and stay at their posts . . .

OVERSEER: A late spring frost like this means an all-night job, I guess.

OWNER: Yep—it's tricky. We'll get reports—but we've got to do a little guessing on our own, hour by hour.

Remember last year?—We flooded the north field too high. . . . (*Slow trickle of water . . . begins . . . gradually quickening to heavier flow—but not big rush*)

(*Trickle of water . . . fades and wireless code fades in . . . down*)

VOICE: (*Over radio*) Six p.m. Report from the United States Weather Bureau . . . heavy frost predicted in this vicinity tonight—cranberry growers are warned . . . (*fade*) (*wireless in*)

BOY: Another telegram, sir . . .

OWNER: Thanks—(*Tears envelope*) temperature still dropping at the observatory—and cold air moving south . . . Let's see—temperature down to 48 . . . All right, Jim—better flood in another inch of water . . . My guess is that the frost is going to be even heavier than predicted . . .

(*Stronger flow of water this time . . . Continue water in B.G.*)

VOICE: (*Over water*) Nine p.m. report from the United States Weather Bureau . . .

(Water up and down between each of these)

SECOND VOICE: Ten-thirty report from the United States Weather Bureau . . .

THIRD: Twelve midnight report . . .

(Fade water into telegraph)

FOURTH: Two a.m. report . . .

(Fade all sound)

ANNOUNCER KING: The cranberry grower and his men will work through the night, watching every change in temperature, figuring to the inch how much water will be needed to protect the young buds. Seven in the morning might find them coming in from the fields. But you think that's the only problem . . . ?
(Accordion)

READER: I sing of the perils of growing the berry . . .
The little red berry so brave, so forlorn . . .
Holding its head up in frost, drought and storm—

ANNOUNCER KING: Now you're making sense . . . drought! Last summer drought gripped eastern United States . . . The cranberry growers feared for their water supply . . . but they feared another danger more — . . . an eternal danger to the deep, highly inflammable peat bogs . . .

(Phone ring)

OWNER: Hello—what! Forest fire! In what direction? . . . North—northeast—traveling south about four miles an hour . . .

OWNER: *(Quickly)* Thanks, officer. *(Click of phone)*
(Calls) Jim—Pete—Mack . . . hey—all you fellers . . . *(Voices up as men come running into office)* The government observatory just called—forest fire on Oak

Ridge traveling this way—it'll be on us by ten o'clock tonight. Jim—get those sluices open—we'll flood the bogs first . . .

JIM: Gosh, chief—we're pretty low on water now.—If we fill up the ditches, it'll take most of the reserve . . .

OWNER: I know—but it's a risk we'll have to run. If we can save the roots, we'll get a crop next year—the plants won't be lost. (*Irritated*) You know all this—go on—get busy on the sluices . . .

(*Phone ring*) Hello—speaking.—It's out of control at Oak Ridge?—Yes, we'll send our men up right away—You're sending us help? We'll need it. Okay. (*Click of phone*) You heard that, Harry!—Fire spreading badly. Turn off the packing machines and call all men to the bogs. Start a backfire at Meadow Pond—use dynamite to blast away as much scrub pine as you can—it's dry as tinder . . . I'll keep you posted . . . (*Fade*) (*Distant crackle of fire . . . fading in stronger*) (*Men's voices up . . . dynamite blasts in distance*)

MAN: The wind's rising a little against us, chief—I don't know whether we can keep this backfire going! . . .

OWNER: We'll have to—at least until it burns to the clearing—the gasoline truck's coming up now . . . unless we can burn a good half mile out before the fire reaches us, it'll jump the pond in a split second—and the whole plantation will go. Observatory just called—it's got a three-mile front now. . . .

OLDER SECOND MAN: Listen, chief—we'll lick this fire, if it takes all week.

(Fire up . . . voices of men . . . but fire gains . . . fade down)

(Fade out fire to)

OWNER: Well, boys—that's a twenty-four hour fight—but I guess it's mostly over. We'll (*Men sounding very weary*) (*Sound of scuffling over ground and burned brush*) work in shifts now. Jim—keep ten of your freshest men on with me—to watch for late sparks—and send the rest of 'em home to bed.

OVERSEER: Okay, chief—they'll be mighty glad to go.

OWNER: I think we were pretty lucky. The two west meadow bogs are singed—and we'll lose their crop this year—but I don't think we've lost any bogs—roots are still good. But our reservoirs are pretty low.—All we can do is hope for rain . . . (*Yawns*) Gosh—I'm tired. . . .

(Fade voices . . . sound . . . scene)

ANNOUNCER KING: Fire and flood scathe the cranberry bogs . . . Now what of the third of the terrible trinity—pestilence! The cranberry grower, like all farmers, knows the curse of pestilence.

(Men's voices)

OVERSEER: This is what I mean, Jim—I wanted you to see for yourself—this whole half acre—touched with false blossom.

OWNER: And all the work we did to prevent it. It'll spread like wildfire unless we get it sprayed now. I thought Joe was coming this morning?

OVERSEER: He is—phoned me twenty minutes ago—ought to be here any minute.

(Sound of airplane approaching) (Sound of plane nearer)

OWNER: Guess that's him coming now—Let him do the new bogs too—I thought we were through with this blight but I guess not.

OWNER: Yeah, that's him all right . . . Gosh, look at the boy fly in! Where's he landing?

(Airplane comes in. Lands under following)

OVERSEER: Right down here—on Long Meadow—says it's as good a landing field as any in the state.

OWNER: Look, Jim—I wish you'd tell him that we want a good job done, but frankly the boy scares me half to death flying as low as he does.

OVERSEER: You can't do a good spraying job, Harry—unless you fly the plane almost four feet to the ground—and . . . Come on, he's landed.

(Joe halloos from distance . . . men off mike call back . . . motor of plane idling)

OWNER: Hello, Joe. Glad to see you.

JOE: Hello, sir—Hello, Jim. . . .

OVERSEER: We've got a big job for you, Joe—entire acreage here on the southern plant.—*(Fading)* We're giving you a double load of pyrethrum . . . and . . .

(Fade in motor of plane under this . . . up and down as he goes back and forth)

ANNOUNCER KING: And if you've never seen a cranberry bog being sprayed by airplane—you've missed a sight. Joe will tear up and down those fields—four to six feet above them, motors wide open . . . to keep him flying at that low altitude. A wrong turn—a broken stump can cause tragedy . . . Up and down he goes—with a cloud of fine white effective dust blown from the tail of the plane. . . .

READER: (*Over accordion*)

And still we sing of the cranberry . . .

And the hardy women and men . . .

Who march the whole way up the bog . . .

And then march back again . . .

ANNOUNCER KING: You know I don't know what we'd do without you on this program. And you're right—we've told our radio listeners how cranberries are grown, how they're protected . . . now maybe you'd like to meet some of the people who do the work . . . 40,000 of them, as we told you earlier, grow America's cranberries. Well, let's suppose we stand on the edge of a bog . . . It's quite dry on top you know—you can walk on it and meet them. . . .

(*Voices start faintly in distance*) They've been picking cranberries all day, and now, at five o'clock, they're coming in from the field . . . (*Crowd of voices gradually in full*) Let's see, who they are . . . Here's a woman, now, with a bright bandanna wound around her head . . . Excuse me, ma'dam—where do you come from?

WOMAN: I come from down Lakewood way . . .

ANNOUNCER KING: Why that's about fifteen miles from here. You make that trip every day?

WOMAN: Sure. When I kin pick up some extra money like this in pickin' season, I bundle the children in the car and we come over here for the day.

ANNOUNCER KING: What kind of work do you do?

(*Keep B. G. of voices and people going past throughout*)

WOMAN: I'm a hand picker—I follow the men with the scoops down the bog . . . and pick the ones they've missed.

ANNOUNCER KING: Well, we certainly don't want to keep you—you've a long way to go. Here's a man coming—an old, broken straw hat on his head . . . Excuse me, sir—what's your job?

FARMER: I'm a picker.

ANNOUNCER KING: Where do you live?

FARMER: Oh, I got my own little farm down the road about twelve miles . . . but it doesn't take all my time—and I come over here in picking season and pick up a few dollars, too.

ANNOUNCER KING: They come in mighty handy, eh?

FARMER: They just about make our Christmas . . .

ANNOUNCER KING: Do you raise cranberries too?

FARMER: Yes, but I have only a little bog . . . Between me and my wife and the children, we can handle it easy.

ANNOUNCER KING: Can you make any money marketing just a small crop like that?

FARMER: Oh, I market it through the cooperative association.—Every barrel counts, you know.

ANNOUNCER KING: Well, thank you.—Now here's a young girl in a bright cotton dress coming along . . . You look as though you enjoyed the fields, miss. . .

GIRL: Oh, I don't mind. I'm really a sorter—but I help out picking at harvest time.

ANNOUNCER KING: What's a sorter?

GIRL: Well, we sit at a long moving belt—and the berries come through—and we sort them out for size and hardness and color.

ANNOUNCER KING: That sounds like a busy job.

GIRL: Well, you have to keep your mind on it.

ANNOUNCER KING: I'm sure you do. Now here's another man . . . Excuse me, sir—what do you do on the cranberry bogs?

MAN: (*Old Timer*) Well, I'm a picker, too, in season—work in the packing house after harvest.

ANNOUNCER KING: What's that in your hand?

MAN: That's a scoop.—We get down on hands and knees and push it along on the vines and the berries fall into it.

ANNOUNCER KING: Do you live near here too?

MAN: Who me? Why I live right on the plantation—me and my family live in one of the houses you see over there . . . the company gives it to us . . .

ANNOUNCER KING: That's interesting.—How long have you lived on this bog?

MAN: Oh, I guess me and my family 've been here twenty years now—

ANNOUNCER KING: Well, thanks a lot. And by the way listeners, have any of you any idea what a cranberry plantation looks like? The little frame houses, the general store the whole little community in which workers live all the year round? Well we have here in the studio tonight two men, father and son, who live on a cranberry plantation in southern New Jersey. Mr. Joseph H. Haines the Superintendent of the White Plantation, and his son Isaiah Haines, the Assistant Superintendent. They've come here tonight to tell us what life is like down there on the cranberry plantation in South Jersey. Mr. Haines, if you'll step over here to the microphone—About how many workers' dwellings are there on the plantation?

HAINES, JR.: We have about 25 dwellings.

ANNOUNCER KING: How many workers live there the year round?

HAINES, JR.: Seventy-five.

ANNOUNCER KING: And are all those homes provided free of charge to the workers?

HAINES, JR.: Yes, there's no rent charge, and we furnish them with firewood, and water.

ANNOUNCER KING: Firewood? You just drive up to the door with it—or what?

HAINES, JR.: Well, we cart the wood to them and furnish the saw for them to cut it up.

ANNOUNCER KING: Well Mr. Joseph Haines, your son's very helpful with the answers here, but how long have *you* worked on the plantation?

HAINES, SR.: Twenty-eight years.

ANNOUNCER KING: You have—Well it's possible for the workers to get everything that they want right there on the plantation I imagine, isn't it? They can get their schooling there?

HAINES, SR.: Oh, yes.

ANNOUNCER KING: What forms of recreation are provided?

HAINES, SR.: Why, they have moving pictures in pickin' time and they have tennis courts, and a baseball diamond—

ANNOUNCER KING: Do they have many automobiles, the workers?

HAINES, SR.: They nearly all need to have one.

ANNOUNCER KING: I imagine that affords quite a bit of entertainment for them. I'm thinking now about today—do you have any big celebrations on Thanksgiving down there on the plantation?

HAINES, SR.: Thanksgiving's our day of rest.

ANNOUNCER KING: It is? Well, when does the Christmas season start?

HAINES, SR.: The day after Thanksgiving, I think.

ANNOUNCER KING: Are there any women connected with the White Plantation?

HAINES, SR.: Yes, we have one woman—Miss Elizabeth White. She worked on cranberries for several years and then developed the big blueberry which is part of our crop today.

ANNOUNCER KING: Well, that's mighty fine and I want to thank you both, Mr. Isaiah and Mr. Joseph Haines, for coming here this evening.

Cranberry growing seems to be quite a field for women, too. We have in the studio tonight, ladies and gentlemen, a woman who is really very important in the history of the cranberry. Her name is Mrs. Elizabeth F. Lee. She's a short, pleasant woman who's been a grower for thirty years and she was the first woman in New Jersey to can cranberries. Mrs. Lee, where are your bogs?

LEE: New Egypt, New Jersey.

ANNOUNCER KING: What County is that?

LEE: Ocean.

ANNOUNCER KING: Ocean County. How many acres do you have?

LEE: About 150.

ANNOUNCER KING: How did you get started in the work of canning cranberries?

LEE: Because I had a young nephew who insisted we *could* can cranberries.

ANNOUNCER KING: And you went right ahead on his say-so?

LEE: We decided there might be something to his idea, and we gave it a trial, very successfully.

ANNOUNCER KING: Did you start in your own home?

LEE: No, in a small building very close to our home.

ANNOUNCER KING: How many kettles did you have when you started?

LEE: Two.

ANNOUNCER KING: Two kettles when you started canning cranberries. And today, how many factories do you have?

LEE: Well, we're connected with two large factories on Cape Cod, so that we're now a Co-operative Company—or organization rather.

ANNOUNCER KING: I wonder whether you'll tell me a little bit about when you started out selling these canned cranberries.—When you approached the stores, did they take to the idea?

LEE: No, not at all.

ANNOUNCER KING: Well, what did you do? How did you make the owners try them?

LEE: Well, I started down Philadelphia one day with some samples, and I called on quite an exclusive store on Chestnut Street. I introduced myself, and met a very pleasant gentleman, but he would not look at my samples.

ANNOUNCER KING: So how did you get him to look at them?

LEE: Well, finally I said I would like to place them on the counter and let him look at them. But he didn't seem very anxious. He said their customers

Suggestions for Using Scripts of AMERICANS AT WORK

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the occupational information included in these scripts may be relied upon as authentic and recent, based on research directed by the Radio Committee of the National Vocational Guidance Association.

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the insight these scripts give into the lives of workers and their training, duties, qualifications and compensation, may suggest methods of self-improvement toward greater satisfaction in both vocational and avocational life.

AMERICANS AT WORK

*Series started by Columbia Broadcasting System,
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STEEL WORKER	RESTAURANT WORKER
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CATTLEMAN	CARTOON ANIMATOR
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