

# Whitesbog Preservation Trust

## NEWSLETTER

1st - 3rd Quarter

www.whitesbog.org

2020

Birthplace of the Highbush Blueberry - Historic Center for Cranberry Innovation

## D\*mn You, Covid-19 !

### Laments of the Covid-19 Era

*I hate working at home.*

*So many things postponed.*

*No festivals.*

*Teleworking is a double-edged sword for both workers and customers.*

*What will we do for Thanksgiving?*

*Non-profits have no profits.*

*I miss eating out.*

*Who can we get to watch the kids during the day?*

*Zoom meetings leave many things to be desired.*

*It feels like a lost year.*

*All dressed up and no place to go.*

*Tough dating for singles.*

*Movie theaters closed.*

*My favorite restaurant went out of business.*

*So many worries about voting.*

*The kids can't go to see Grandma.*

*I love working at home.*

*Are the kids learning everything they should?*

*Lots of people are unemployed.*

*The kids WANT to go to school !?!*

*Everything requires forethought and planning.*

*Concerts cancelled.*

*Quarantine-ing is no fun.*

*How can I pay the rent?*

*I'm worried.*

*My meager summer vacation.*

*I'm concerned about flying.*

*My glasses keep fogging up.*

*My kids are moving back home.*

***We won't be happy until we can say - R.I.P. Covid-19 !***

Whitesbog is still here, and still open.  
Let it be your island of tranquility with acres of outdoor recreation and socially-distanced events.



## A Note from the Whitesbog Preservation Trust President

As my Whitesbog Presidency enters its final months, I recall how unusual and inspiring these last two years have been for me. Almost immediately after taking office in early 2019, the Whitesbog Preservation Trust was presented with the great opportunity of acquiring from Rowan University, the Pinelands Institute and its educational programs. This challenge was met head on by our hard-working staff and membership.

Not long after adding a considerable amount of new programming, we were hit by the additional and greater challenge of the Covid-19 Pandemic.

This is something that all similar organizations in this country now have to face. The people of Whitesbog have never been quitters. That can be said of our heroic and hard-working Staff and Members, much as it can be said of the people of Whitesbog's illustrious past. The annual Blueberry Festival, which is so very important to Whitesbog, had to be rethought this year due to Covid-19 health safety precautions. Instead of one large public event at the end of June, it became a mostly virtual summer-long series of events and on-line tours. While purchases in the General Store can be made on-line, it was not long before in-person Market Days were established on each Saturday with a small number of vendors and/or musicians attending. During these Saturdays, the front porch of the General Store is open for people to pick out store items to buy, keeping social distancing in mind.

There have been quite a number of wonderful on-line programs offered, such as the recent Zoom Lecture by Joel Fry of Bartram's Garden on the fabulous *Franklinia* trees that both of our sites share.

We have been having all our Board and Committee Meetings on-line through Zoom. This was a new experience for me but I think that I may be starting to get the hang of it.

We are continuing to persevere, and I have absolutely no doubt that we will come out on top of Covid-19 here at this unique and beautiful place in New Jersey known as Whitesbog.

- Jeff Macechak -

### Who Picked Your Cranberries ?

In November of 1913, Good Housekeeping Magazine published the article "Who Picked Your Cranberries?", detailing the peril of youthful immigrant labor forced into hard labor in the autumn months to pick cranberries, while ordinary children returned to school and studies. This article was not the first salvo of the child labor movement scandal to hit the New Jersey cranberry growers. (The earlier ones had been several brochures and pamphlets.) But it was the first to reach such a national-scale audience. While the article contained a number of inflammatory charges, photos from the era suggest that work by children was condoned (and perhaps encouraged) by their parents, and at the very least accepted by the cranberry growers, even if the labor itself was not forced upon these young children. The dispute would continue for several more years, beyond 1913, ultimately ending with concessions on both sides. Cranberry growers recognizing the need for improvement of migrant labor conditions, including on-farm schooling for migrant children. And concessions by the National Child Labor Committee recognizing that aspects of the original published stories had been exaggerated and overblown.

Since this article is much talked about in relation to Whitesbog's child labor issues, but almost never seen, we reproduce it here in our "pdf extras" section at the end of this newsletter, in its entirety. ■



## A Letter from the Executive Director

In the past 5 months, Whitesbog Preservation Trust has experienced many challenges, as I am sure you have experienced at work and home. Whitesbog staff, board members, partners and friends have adapted in many ways to meet these new challenges and keep us moving forward, but right now we need your help.

Putting all programs and store sales on hold for three months reduced our spring income considerably. Add to that a cancelled in-person Blueberry Festival, our biggest fundraiser of the year, and we have seen an enormous drop in income, to the tune of \$57,000 so far this year. We have cut expenses where we can, but expenses such as masks, hand sanitizer stations, cleaning costs, Zoom memberships and online sales fees are new and unexpected additions to an already tight budget.

At the same time, we are optimistic that newly developed online programs and shopping, created by our gifted staff, will enable us to be more resilient and reach new audiences in the future.

Our new online General Store launched in early March, just in time for the closure of public buildings. Now, this online shop is a place to become a member, to make a donation, to shop for jams, and to place an order for pick up later at the general store.

<https://whitesbog.square.site/s/shop> We saw a big increase in online sales and I photographed, packed and shipped orders from my home.

**Ed Mattson** developed a Virtual Blueberry Festival website <https://bbf.whitesbog.org/> and many of our staff and volunteers added content including music, photographs, recollections, local artwork and maker items. Many of you responded with generous donations and memberships, as well as blueberry purchases. Thank you!

Our Archivist, **Kiyomi Locker**, brought home our Epson scanner and boxes of archival materials and began scanning from home in March. In preparation for our new website archives portal, she has updated images, digitized letters, written descriptions and prepared archival galleries of cranberry and blueberry artifacts.

**Jessica Grill**, our Education Coordinator, began leading Virtual Hikes every Sunday for a new online audience of visitors from far and wide. When the state forest was closed, she moved to a private reserve in the Pine Barrens to lead walks and paddles over Facebook Live. She collaborated with visiting presenters including **Mark Szutarski** for a Suningive Garden tour and led a joint hike with Stockton University.

Jessica and Kiyomi collaborated to create online lesson plans and a summer camp for children at home. Teachers told us they loved the lessons and they provided great additions to their New Jersey curriculum.

Our Oral History program, Harvesting Stories, is recording stories of community members, and **Sarah Augustine** is leading the effort to collect these new video histories and create transcripts of existing stories. These new videos will be used to enhance interpretation on tours and trips and will be available on the new website. Our New Jersey Council for the Humanities, New Jersey Historic Trust, New Jersey Historical Commission and New Jersey Cultural Trust grants have kept us busy with new branding development, new website meetings and writing, new recordings and a forthcoming Cranberry Trail postcard. Our volunteers and staff are also working hard to prepare new exhibits for the Cranberry & Blueberry Museum.

Now, we are bringing back in-person programs, taking all safety precautions with social distancing, limited use of interiors of buildings, wearing masks and

washing our hands frequently. Our new Saturday Markets (10 a.m. - 2 p.m.) with local handmade vendors, live music and a food truck have been popular, along with outdoor guided hikes, Moonlight Walks, and Volunteer Service days. Music in the Bogs concerts and Pinelands Discovery Day in September will engage the whole family, along with cranberry hikes, spooky tours and fall markets in October.

Now, more than ever, we need you to make a donation to Whitesbog Preservation Trust, if you are able. We need your support to continue to preserve this special place and provide educational programs for the public. The Village inspires audiences of all ages to experience the origins and innovations of cranberry and blueberry cultivation, and the rich culture and unique ecology of the New Jersey Pine Barrens.

We have seen increases in visitors, hikers, bikers, families and road-trippers from all parts of the state. They tell us how much they love visiting, learning about the history, walking the trails, exploring the gardens, and seeing the blueberries and cranberries!

I sincerely hope you will join us, as a member, a sponsor, a donor and a visitor! Please stay safe, check out our website <http://whitesbog.org/> and keep in touch in whatever way you can. Your donations, memberships and purchases are helping keep us afloat and we appreciate every penny! ■

Allison Pierson, Executive Director  
Whitesbog Preservation Trust  
[whitesbogpreservationtrust@gmail.com](mailto:whitesbogpreservationtrust@gmail.com)



## From the Whitesbog Membership Committee

We wanted to check-in with our members and friends, see how you are doing, and let you know we are thinking about you. Currently, the membership committee is holding its social-distanced weekly meetings on the General Store porch. Since March we have been working from home, shifting to digital formats, and finding ways to keep up and keep you connected to Whitesbog.

Last year we changed memberships to a renewal of one year from the month you joined instead of January to January. Is it time to renew? Email any questions about your membership to [whitesbogmembers@gmail.com](mailto:whitesbogmembers@gmail.com). Have you renewed your membership? If you would like to renew please go to the website <https://whitesbog.square.site/shop/membership/3>.

We know that times are hard and uncertain right now and it may not be the best time to renew. We just want to let you know we care about you and appreciate your support for Whitesbog. We would love hearing from you, even if not to renew. It would be great if you have the time to write us with your thoughts about Whitesbog and being a member. What you like and what you would like to see improved. Please share your thoughts and stay in touch.

We look forward to a time we will all be back at Whitesbog and able to celebrate together our love and appreciation of its natural beauty and unique history. In the meantime, we are social distancing and doing more virtually, but we miss the best part of Whitesbog; the wonderful people we meet. If you think you would like to join the Membership Committee, please reach out. Stay safe and healthy. We look forward to seeing you soon. ■

- The Membership Committee -  
- Robin, Roni, Geri, and Lise -



To all of the donors listed, and all of the people who donated via Facebook or made cash donations. Thank you.

Karen Affa  
Dorothy Amsden  
Susan Atkins  
Marti Balcom  
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Bornholdt  
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James Wirth





## WHITESBOG EVENT SCHEDULE

For more information call (609) 893-4646,  
e-mail us at [WhitesbogPreservationTrust@gmail.com](mailto:WhitesbogPreservationTrust@gmail.com)  
or visit us on the web at [www.whitesbog.org](http://www.whitesbog.org).

**October 24<sup>th</sup>                      Saturday Mini-Market                      10 a.m. - 2 p.m.**

<https://www.facebook.com/events/346200273316137>

Fall celebrations continue with morning shopping with local makers, food and music. We have picnic tables for social distancing, General Store shopping on the porch and some great local makers with their wares. Support locals while staying outdoors. Walk the trails, explore the historic village or drive around the cranberry bogs! Market Vendors vary each week.

**October 24<sup>th</sup>                      Spooky Lantern Tours                      6 p.m. - 9 p.m.**

<https://www.facebook.com/events/1364228513968495>

Our Haunted History Tours are back! They will be a bit different this year but as always fun for the family! This is a family-friendly event to raise funds for Whitesbog Preservation Trust's (a nonprofit) work in preserving the historic village. All of the helpers are volunteers and love sharing the spooky and creepy Historic Village with others! Choose your Adventure, you can Do One, Two or All Three Activities for the Same Ticket Price! Check in at the General Store to get your hand stamped, then head to the area you want to try first! You MUST pick a time slot ticket.

**October 31<sup>st</sup>                      Saturday Mini-Market                      10 a.m. - 2 p.m.**

<https://www.facebook.com/events/346200273316137>

See October 24<sup>th</sup>.

**October 31<sup>st</sup>                      Moonlight Walk                      7 p.m.**

<https://www.facebook.com/events/2444714462294133>

Join the hike leader at the General Store. We recommend you arrive a bit early to ensure you meet the group and have time to check in. Please bring a mask to wear at check in and when close to others. Check back here in the case of severe weather. The hike will continue in light rain. All walks are 3-5 miles in length. Trail paths are sandy and can be bumpy or wet. Dress is weather appropriate. \$5 per person suggested donation.

**Nov. 8<sup>th</sup>                      Membership Meeting                      12 p.m. - 2 p.m.**

We Will Be Meeting on Zoom!

<https://www.facebook.com/events/761778324384403>

**Dec. 5<sup>th</sup>                      Handmade Holiday Market & Family Day                      11 a.m. - 4 p.m.**

<https://www.facebook.com/events/333985457921351>

Shop local, support local artists! Christmas shopping at the Handmade Holiday Craft Fair at Whitesbog Historic Village! This is a festive family favorite, get your holiday wreaths and check out all of the cool wares our local makers have made. We'll have a range of art, crafts and gifts; jewelry, ceramics, wood working, accessories, gift baskets, bath/body and more. We will be outside for this event so dress for the weather! Handmade Arts & Crafts exhibitors will be spread throughout the historic village, free wagon rides, a candy cane hunt and a special visit from you know who! Hot cocoa and cookies, live music and even more! Loads of fun for the entire family!!! Shop local, support local artists! Make a dent in your Christmas shopping at the Handmade Holiday Craft Fair at Whitesbog Historic Village!

**2020 Whitesbog Board of Trustees**

Jeff Macechak, Pres.      Millicent Moore, V.P.  
Lise Mainor, Sec.      Paul Detrick, Treas.  
John Joyce      Joe Darlington  
Jennifer Knorr      Thomas Besselman  
Kenny Taylor      Terry Schnidt, NJ DEP  
Doug Leifert, Pinelands Ant. Eng. Assn.



Whitesbog is administered by the State of New Jersey, Department of Environmental Protection, Division of Parks and Forestry as part of the Brendan T. Byrne State Forest.

**2020 Board Meetings** at General Store, open to the public  
Feb. 25, Mar. 24, Apr. 19 (membership mtg.), May 26,  
Jun. 16, Jul. 28, Aug. 25, Sep. 22, Oct. 27,  
Nov. 8 (membership mtg.), Dec. 8.



The Whitesbog Preservation Trust has received a FY 2020 General Operating Support Grant from the New Jersey Historical Commission, a division of the Department of State

**Staff**

Allison Pierson, Director  
Jennifer Rubeo, Bookkeeper/ Assistant  
Kyomi Locker, Archivist and Historian  
Jessica Grill, Pinelands Institute Program Director



Funding is made possible in part by the New Jersey State Council on the Arts/Department of State, a Partner Agency of the National Endowment for the Arts through a grant to the Burlington County Board of Chosen Freeholders.

**Newsletter**

Mark Ehlenfeldt & Allison Pierson - Editors



The Whitesbog Preservation Trust has received a New Jersey Council for the Humanities Grant for FY 2020 for "Harvesting Stories" and oral history video interview project.

**Committees - 2020**

Membership & Fundraising - Lise Mainor, Roni Detrick, Allison Pierson  
Building & Restoration - John Joyce  
Garden & Landscape - Mark Szutarski, Terry Schmidt, Tom Besselman  
Education and Interpretation - Allison Pierson, Lise Mainor, Jeff Macechak  
Archives - Sharon Goodman, Janet Felt  
Living History & Tours - Terri Chiddenton  
Cranberry & Blueberry Museum - Ted Gordon, Joe Darlington  
Gallery - Terry Schmidt, JoAnne Claire  
General Store - MariAnne Torres  
Marketing & Communications - Allison Pierson, Ed Mattson, Caroline Weigle, Mark Ehlenfeldt, JoAnne Claire  
Events & Programs - Kenny Willitts, Caroline Weigle, Allison Pierson



The 1772 Foundation, in cooperation with the New Jersey Historic Trust, has provided Whitesbog Preservation Trust with a Capital Preservation Grant for the repair and restoration of a worker's cottage

The Whitesbog Preservation Trust has received a Financial Stabilization grant for FY 2020 from the NJ Cultural Trust.

The Whitesbog Preservation Trust has received Discover NJ History License plate grant for FY 2020.

The Mission of the Trust is to restore, protect and enhance historic Whitesbog Village, in order to preserve the White family legacy and to inspire audiences of all ages to experience:  
- the origins & innovations of cranberry & blueberry cultivation  
- the rich culture and unique ecology of the New Jersey Pine Barrens.

Visit our website: [WWW.WHITESBOG.ORG](http://WWW.WHITESBOG.ORG) or call: 609.893.4646



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# PDF Extras Start Here

## Who Picked Your Cranberries?

By Campbell MacCulloch

Philadelphia is just over the river from New Jersey. Philadelphia has slums and poverty; New Jersey has cranberry-bogs and men willing to hire the little children of the poor. The result is that between five and six thousand children from two school districts in Philadelphia do not return to school until late in the fall. The National Child Labor Committee, a few years ago, called nationwide attention to the evils in New Jersey; our own investigation shows that the evils are still there. Berries must be picked; but we find it hard to measure their value against the futures of human lives. Opportunities for educational development are closed to most poor children as soon as they are old enough to get their "working papers." As the nation hopes to prosper, to reduce to a minimum its discontented class, its physically and mentally unfit, it should see to it that the childhood of every boy and girl is spent in character building, not in gainful toil. The Thanksgiving feast will still have its berries, and the Thanksgiving spirit will hover wider o'er the land. Let the children play!

**I**NTO a free dispensary of the Italian quarter of Philadelphia walked an Italian mother and her little girl of six. The right hand of the child was wrapped clumsily in a filthy rag.

"What's the trouble here?" asked the dispensary doctor kindly, as he removed the primitive bandage.

"Angela she pick-a da cran-a-berry," was the mother's hesitating, anxious reply. "She got-a heem mooch bad, eh?"

By the time the swollen baby hand had been lanced, washed, and dressed properly there had been tears in plenty, and when the child had gone, the doctor shook his head.

"That's the first," he said. "We'll get enough of them before the season's over."

"What have the cranberries to do with it?" he was asked.

"Enough," he replied. "Those poor little rats are taken over into New Jersey by their parents to help harvest the crop. The vines scratch their hands. The bordeaux mixture or acetate of lead solution that some growers use to kill the worms on the vines, gets into the cuts occasionally, and—well, you saw Angela's hand. Even that might not be so bad if they were decently taken care of, but they fairly reek in filth in the bunk-houses on the bogs."

For the information of those who may be curious, "bordeaux mixture" is composed of certain proportions of copper sulphate,

lime, and water, and is sprayed over the vines. Under ordinary circumstances it might be washed off by the rain, so the grower of cranberries mixes resin with it to make it stick to the plant and berries. It is conceded that sulphate of copper and acetate of lead do not combine well with cuts on baby hands.

In the state of New Jersey, where recently was born the "New Freedom" of the nation, between one thousand and fifteen hundred little children are worked like purchased slaves for five weeks or so each year, helping to harvest this cranberry-crop, which adds a quarter of a million dollars in profits to the resources of the state annually.

These children, from three to fourteen years of age or thereabouts, are driven with curses, urged with blows, and forced to live in a condition that would shame

a dog-breeder if he kenneled his animals in a place approximately as bad.

Drafted from the Philadelphia tenements to work in the

cranberry-bogs of Atlantic, Burlington, and Ocean counties,

where the bulk of the New Jersey berries come

from, these infants toil in a soggy soil under a burning

sun, stung to desperation by swarms of mosquitoes and flies, and are

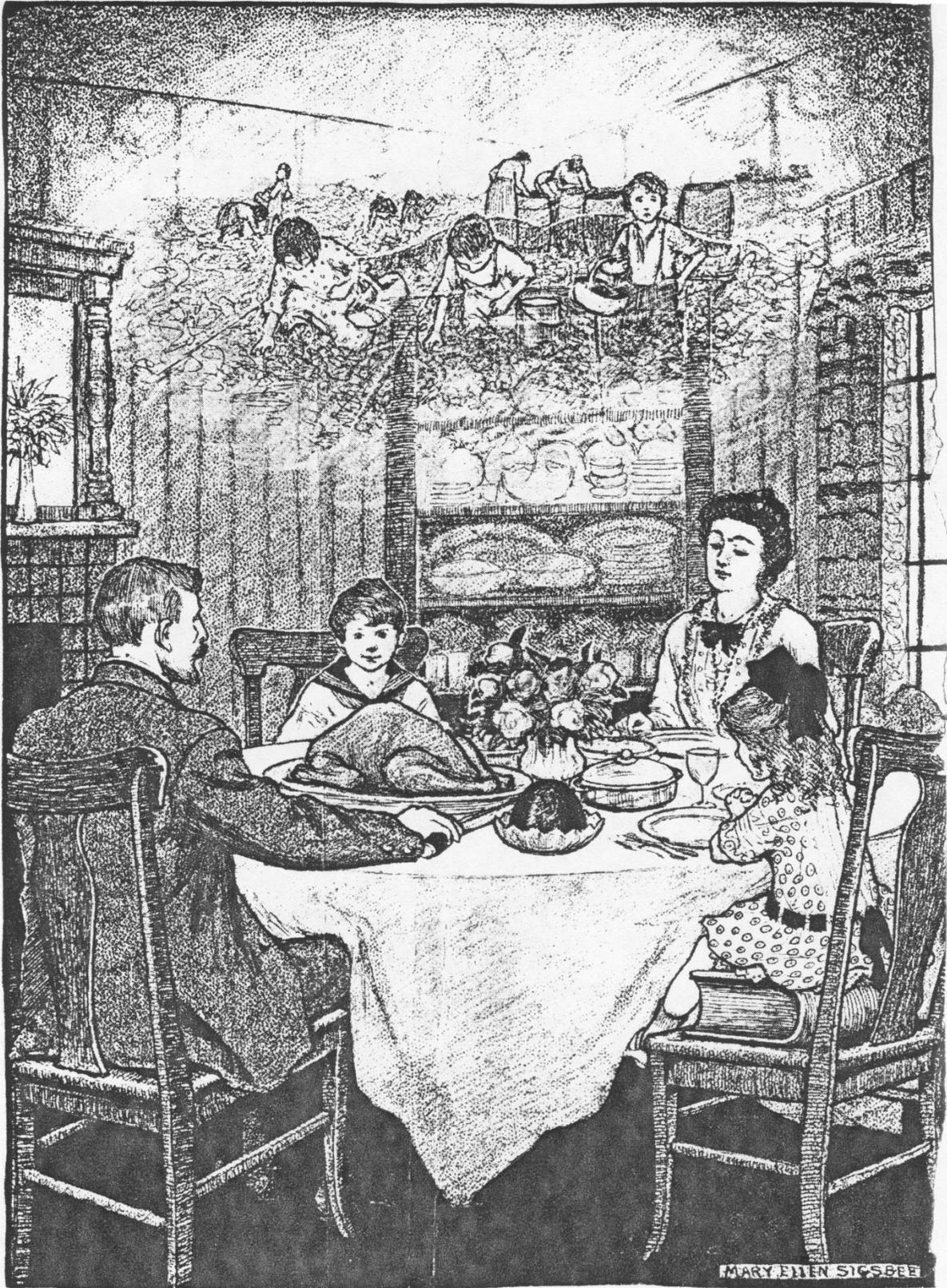
kept at work during nine hours or more, in some cases seven days a week.

Some time ago Mrs. G. W. B. Cushing, chairman of the New Jersey Child Labor

Committee, laid before a former governor of the state the findings with



Into your cranberry-sauce may go the berries she picked—while your little girl was in school



MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

It has been proved that "the mill is no place to bring up children." Will anyone claim that the cranberry-bogs with their cruel hours and their indecent housing, are less likely to stunt the minds and contaminate the souls of the little toilers? This thought should give pause to everyone whose joys are increased by the berries picked by children. And the giving of thanks would bear more significance if it carried with it the determination to do what little each one can to blunt the spur of necessity and greed that wrecks children's lives for money. No place of toil is good for children



regard to the wretched plight of these children.

"I am not interested in them," was the governor's response. "Nor have I any sympathy for them, for they are better off in New Jersey than in the tenements from which they come."

And so our cranberry-sauce continues to be paid for by hundreds of small, emaciated Italian children, aliens within our gates—paid for with their dwarfed minds, stunted bodies, aching muscles, scalding tears, and poisoned flesh. They have paid thus for many, many years now, and they will go on paying—until some public sentiment awakens the paid officials of this state. For the attitude exemplified by that former governor persists still. The state holds in its hands the remedy for this evil, and either refuses or neglects to apply it. The cranberry-growers likewise hold a remedy. Either of these two can wipe out the disgraceful traffic at will, independent of the other. So far neither has done so.

One can pick at random specific examples of what the fields of New Jersey mean to these little ones. Joe Arneo, three years old, was found two years ago last May picking strawberries with his tiny fingers. He worked from early in the morning until far into the waning day. In September, Joe

Who is the man with the club? Next to the owner of the bog, he is the one most interested in keeping that line of little pickers busy from sun to sun. The cramped, crouching position is very fatiguing. Not so the padrone's who watches—and for some reason carries a club

put in a weary appearance in the cranberry-bogs with his parents. After working steadily on the summer harvest treadmill, he was still prepared to do his part, without hope or understanding of what it was all about. Joe is a seasoned veteran of five now, and can pick his three or four pecks of cranberries a day, thus adding about two dollars to the family coffers each week.

Beside him seven-year-old Paula Romano is grown up in comparison. An investigator discovered her at work on the bogs at six-thirty in the morning. Paula was invited to have her picture taken.

"She got no time to have her picture taken," scowled the padrone in charge of the gang.

"How long do you work?" Paula was asked.

"Long time. Till there ain't no more sun," she replied wearily.

The records of the United States Census Bureau, where are registered the names of the 1,061,971 children engaged in "agricultural pursuits" in the United States, do not include the names of Angela, Joe, Paula, and such tiny ones, for those records contain only the names of children between

the ages of ten and fifteen, and these three are far below that mature period of life.

It has been pleasantly argued that "seven or eight weeks in the bracing open air" are highly beneficial to this "fuel of the slums." Rightly indulged in, they would be; but the teachers of the Philadelphia schools bear witness to the physical condition of these children when they return to their grudging "education"—a condition compounded of ragged, jaded nerves, of warped and cramped muscles, of dulled brains, and of bodies sore and aching.

This season the cranberry-crop was about 300,000 bushels. Of the 5000 workers required to harvest it, nearly one-quarter were children, some of them as young as three years, though the average age was ten. Some time since, a poll of six large bogs showed 864 children, of whom 603 were ten years or under.

About September 1st each year the lists of those who are going to the bogs are made up by the contract-labor agents, or padrones. By September 15th most of the workers are on the ground. The bog-owner contracts with the agent for these pickers at one dollar each—that is, for adults. The children are thrown in. He also agrees to pay the pickers at the rate of forty cents a bushel for the berries delivered to his representative; though in reality he pays much less, because of a neat little plan he has evolved. He agrees to furnish living quarters for the families and facilities for a commissary, operated usually by the labor agent—who has extraordinary ideas of costs and profits.

#### The System at Work

The arrangement appears simple and equitable. But actually, it is so contrived that the workers are exploited from the beginning. First they are mulcted by the padrone, who generally charges them two dollars for a round-trip railroad fare that costs him eighty or ninety cents. Then they must pay a fee for the privilege of being employed at all. Too frequently they are defrauded in the commissary store; then cheated in being forced to bestow a "present" upon the agent of from four to six dollars, and last, but by no means least, they are victimized by the grower in the size of the "peck" measures supplied them. These, supposed to contain the legal eight quarts, in fact frequently hold as many as eleven quarts, and sel-

dom less than ten. In exchange for this exploitation, they are granted the inestimable privilege of working their children as hard as they choose, and for as long as they see fit, without hindrance.

Adult workers in the bogs pick the berries directly into the false measures, which must be filled to the brim. The children pick into their aprons or dresses, emptying these into the measures. The work is cruelly hard and grueling on little bodies. Even adults cannot stand it without acute discomfort, for the cranberry-vine is but eight inches high, and to reach it a squatting posture must be assumed.

From the day that the work begins it has to be driven forward at top speed, for the early frosts are imminent, and frost spells loss. The pickers are set at the poorly bearing sections first, the "fat" picking being left until later on the theory that they will rush their work faster if they see the fruitful vines beyond. Children who are too small to keep abreast of the advancing line are set to carrying or dragging the "peck" measures across the bog, or up the rows to the bushelman. On the average, these measures weigh about fifteen pounds, filled.

#### The Pickers at Work

The price paid by the growers for picking amounts to about ten cents a peck. Thus the longer one works, the greater the profits.

Here is a table, prepared by the National Child Labor Committee, which shows the record of one family in the cranberry-fields:

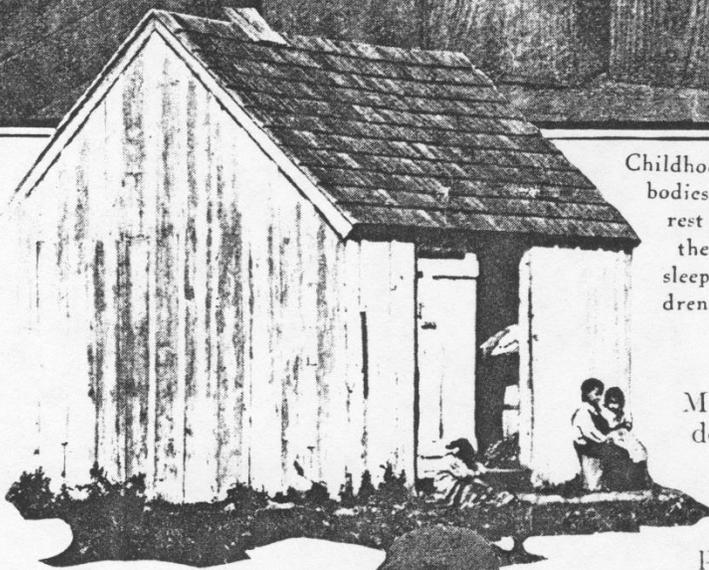
	Age	Pecks per day
Father.....	39.....	20
Mother.....	38.....	17
Rose.....	17.....	15
Tony.....	15.....	13
Anna.....	13.....	10
Mary.....	11.....	5
Angelo.....	8.....	4
Teresa.....	7.....	3
		Total 87

These pecks, bear in mind, are the inflated ones of the growers' fabricated measures. Even the growers themselves make no effort to deny that the measures are false.

"The grower has to do it," Henry P. Thorne, one of the most advanced growers in New Jersey, remarked to the writer, "to protect himself against the dishonesty of the pickers. Most boxes hold as many as ten or twelve quarts, in place of the standard eight that go to make a peck."



Childhood is a time of getting tired: little bodies will ache even at play, but a night's rest in a clean bed more than atones for the day. But the little cranberry-picker sleeps here with eight or ten other children and adults. Do you wonder that he has to be driven at his work?



Mr. Thorne did not explain the delightful paradox of this—why the grower, to save himself from being defrauded, finds it necessary to defraud the picker first. Nor could he say how the picker is supposed to protect himself against the dishonesty of the grower. And the fact that one-quarter of the pickers thus defrauded and unprotected are little children seemed to enter into the matter not at all.

Mr. Thorne then went on to explain that the grower takes precautions to safeguard his own interests by employing a "wise" bushelman, who carefully examines all boxes. When this man finds one containing "dirty" berries, as they are called—that is, containing vines, leaves, and branches—he sends for the "row boss," and refuses to accept it until it has been cleaned and made full measure.



Indeed, the growers vigorously deny that children are forced to work at all. One of the most important of their number characterizes the statement that they labor from seven in the morning until six at night as "wickedly false."

"The children are entirely under the direction of loving parents," he declares, "and the padrone is quite indifferent to the hours they work, or the quantities they pick."

Which sounds entirely magnanimous; but as a matter of plain fact, it is to the padrone's prime interest to harvest the crop as speedily as possible, particularly where his contract calls for the gathering of the whole crop at a flat bushel rate to be paid to him, or where—as is often the case—he is working on salary, with a bonus for speed. Then he does not hesitate to drive even the smallest children.

#### The Pickers' Rest

"The sight of the padrone swinging his club above the backs of tiny girls becomes too common to arouse interest," is the statement of Owen R. Lovejoy, secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, in an official report. "Nor can children, as in ordinary agricultural pursuits, work until tired, and then rest. They must work continually."

And when the long day of toil has at length spent itself, the "rest" afforded in the habitations which some of the growers provide is a miserable makeshift. Of recent years, the law governing this matter has required that separate rooms be provided for families. To some extent compliance to this, according to the strict letter of the law, has resulted in some improvements; but even the most optimistically vivid imagination could not persuade itself that the spirit of the law has been adhered to, or that the most crying need is not still for the intervention of the health officers in many instances. Into some of the houses as many as twenty-four families are stuffed, occupying rooms that measure six and one-half feet long by five and one-half feet wide, with a ceiling a little short of six feet in height. An official investigator describes one of these "rooms" in the following words:

A bunk extending along the wall and about four feet above the floor occupies half the room. The floor under the bunk is covered with a mattress, used as a bed for the children. In some of these rooms were found eight people, four sleeping on the bunk and four on the floor. Around the room hung clothing, food, and supplies. The food attracts swarms of flies, and the odor in the house is nauseating. Although windows are built to open, they are almost invariably nailed shut.

Elaborating this, Charles L. Chute, at present secretary of the Pennsylvania Child Labor Organization, says in his report:

The worst evils are in the camps where the children live for from five to seven weeks. The surroundings are often unspeakable. The congestion out-slums the city. Families of five, six, and even eight were found living in one room measuring six by eight feet, without any sanitary provisions whatever. They are not even provided with screens against the swarms of mosquitoes. Barracks measuring eighteen by thirty feet were found housing sixty to seventy-five people. Refuse and filth of all kinds pervade these dwellings, and are scattered about the doors and windows.

But not all the workers are entertained in such barracks. Some of the bogs prefer to place their temporary workers in "shacks" or "shanties," and these are very little better—and often worse.

A hut measuring ten by eleven feet (says one report) with a five and one-half foot ceiling, housed a family of ten: father, mother, two boys, and six girls. There was no partition between the sleeping-quarters, and no opportunities for privacy. A barrel was used to store the clothing; a table was constructed of boards hammered together; a clothes-line stretched across the room was weighted down with clothes still wet, and added a rank smell. Bread, peppers, and bologna hung from other lines in close proximity.

#### Bogs Behind the Times

It is not contended that all of the hundreds of cranberry-bogs in New Jersey are employing children under the conditions described, for many of them belong to small growers whose crop is cultivated and harvested by the owner and his family. It is contended, however, that the biggest cranberry-bog owners do habitually permit the labor of children upon their properties, even if they do not actually employ them for that purpose. As indicated above, there are many bog-owners in the counties named, but the growers responsible for 75 per cent. of the Jersey crop, and the holders of the greatest properties, are according to the following list:

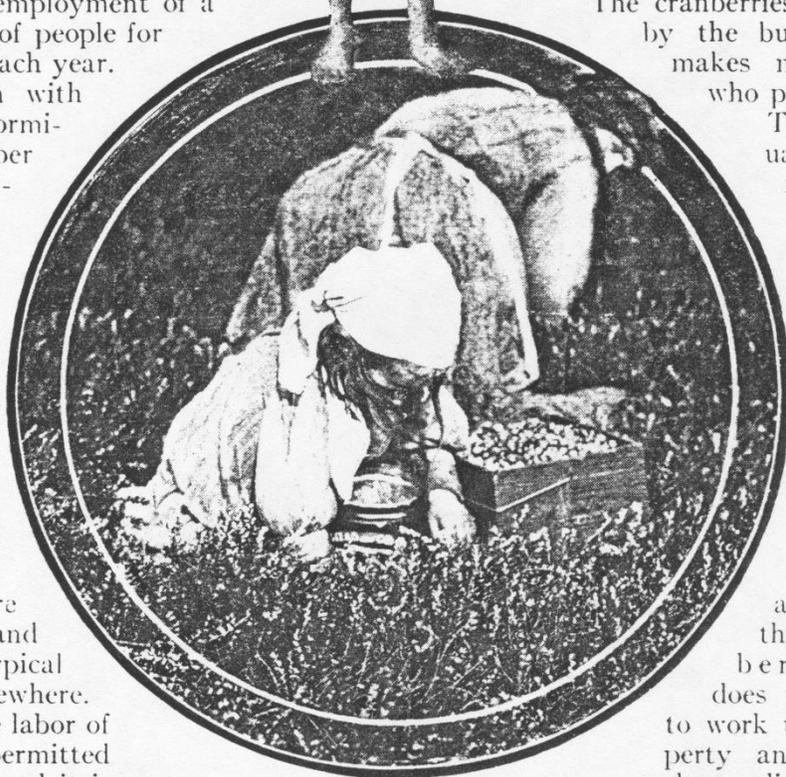
Name	Town	Acres
Joseph J. White	New Lisbon	500
A. J. Rider	Hammonton	400
C. W. Wilkinson	Philadelphia	
Richard Harrison	Trenton	300
James D. Holman	Whitesville	200
George H. Holman	Tom's River	150
Evans & Wills	Medford	300
M. L. Harris Est.	Vincenton	400
Charles D. Makepeace	May's Landing	200
C. E. Budd	Pemberton	200
Isaac Budd	Pemberton	200
Newton Clevenger	Pemberton	100

The bogs of Mr. Joseph J. White—whose interest in philanthropic work is well known through his many contributions to local charities and Y. M. C. A. activities—are



considered to be the best in the state, so far as conditions of operation are concerned. This may be because they are under the supervision of his daughter. Here the housing is as perfect as it can be under the condition that requires the employment of a large number of people for a short time each year. In connection with the White dormitories are proper sanitary facilities, and sufficient houses have been added of late so that the average of occupancy is but three persons to the room. But the conditions on Mr. White's bogs are exceptional, and by no means typical of those elsewhere. Even here the labor of children is permitted and paid for, and it is doubtful if it could be upheld that the conditions of picking, with their attendant physical miseries, are different from those on the average property.

Taking the protest of the cranberry-grower at its face value—he insists that he does not seek out children to employ them—he cannot dodge behind that excuse. In fact, it is by no means certain that his position is not actually worse because of it; for it is freely admitted by those familiar



If they can't pick they can carry. The line of pickers must advance evenly across the field. Children too little to keep the pace are not too little to carry the filled measures—your cranberries, coming to you

difficult to procure, that adults will not come to the bogs without their children; but no reformatory law that was ever hatched could admit that weak-kneed plea.

The whole method of picking followed in New Jersey is due to antiquated and imperfect cultivation. Let New Jersey do away with these old methods, as other sec-

with the situation that no financial purpose is to be gained by the employment of children, as the child picks but a proportionate amount of that gathered by the adult—a fact that is clearly shown in the table published on page 672. The cranberries are paid for by the bushel, and it makes no difference who picks them.

The plain situation is that first, children are employed under conditions that are admittedly not only dangerous to health, but destructive of moral character; and secondly, that the cranberry-grower does permit them to work upon his property and does pay them, directly or indirectly, for their labor, thus benefiting thereby. The argument has been, and may still be, used that pickers are

tions of the country have done, and even the possibility of child labor is eliminated. On but one bog in New Jersey, so far as is known to the writer, are modern methods followed and child labor dispensed with. That bog is the property of Henry P. Thorne, of Medford. The plan he follows is the one employed on Cape Cod, where the bulk of the picking is done by adult Portuguese, using what are known as "scoops."

Here the low-growing cranberry-vine, instead of being permitted to trail along the ground, is trained by "raking and cutting" to send forth shorter tendrils in an upright direction. The scoop, a wooden, shovel-like instrument with slots or kerfs cut in it lengthwise, is inserted at the base of the vine and pulled upward, stripping off the berries in its passage. On Cape Cod the cost of picking by the scoop method is twenty-five cents a barrel. In New Jersey the cost of hand-picking, children's labor included, is forty cents a bushel, and there are three bushels to the barrel.

Wisconsin also shames New Jersey for its antiquated methods. In the former state this year an investigator for the National Child Labor Committee found very little hand-picking. The bogs are all set out with a view to using the scoop as soon as it is possible to do so.

#### The Law That Is Idle

Why, in the interests of mere business economy, the growers do not install this cheaper system, is one of the curious mysteries of capitalism. But in default of such action, the neglect of the local and state officials in the interest of humanity and future citizenship—if not for the sake of the suffering children themselves—to compel a change is a positive crime. The machinery lies ready at their hands. They have but to use it—and one of the most infamous stains which can blot a state's fair name would be wiped from the New Jersey escutcheon. The responsibility for delinquency herein seems to be divided between Colonel Lewis T. Bryant, the State Labor Commissioner, and Dr. Calvin N. Kendall, Commissioner of Education. Regarding the latter's authority there is, in the opinion of competent individuals who have studied the law upon the subject, ample justification for action on his part under Article XV of the Compulsory Education Law of the state, as written and revised to this year. In Senate Bill No. 197 is found, in Section 1, this statement:

Every parent, guardian, or other person having charge or control of a child between the ages of 7 and 16 shall cause such child regularly to attend a day school in which at least reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, arithmetic, and geography are taught in the English language by a competent teacher. . . . Such regular attendance shall be during all the days and hours that the public schools are in session in said school district, unless it shall be shown to the satisfaction of the board of education of said school district that the mental or bodily condition of the child is such as to prevent his or her attendance at the school.

#### Section 8 provides:

If said parent, guardian, or other person shall fail, neglect, or refuse to cause said child to attend school within said period, and regularly to attend thereafter until he has reached the age of 16 years . . . said parent, guardian, or other person shall be deemed a disorderly person, and liable to be proceeded against in this article without further notice.

Section 6 of the same law provides for the appointment in each school district of proper attendance-officers, whose duty it shall be to see that the law is properly enforced. A very efficient attendance-officer of the state has said that the "school authorities could settle the whole matter of child labor in two minutes if they were sufficiently interested."

It has been advanced as an excuse that the children are residents of Pennsylvania, and therefore not under the jurisdiction of the New Jersey authorities—this in direct opposition to a decision of the attorney-general to the effect that the question of residence does not enter into the matter, and that a violation of law is a violation under any conditions. The same official holds the opinion that the matter can also be reached by the labor law, under the mercantile section, which expressly provides against the employment of children under fourteen years of age during school hours. If school hours—that is, from nine to four—were cut out of the children cranberry-pickers' days of toil, the backbone of this iniquitous traffic in small lives would be broken then and there.

Also, there are the necessary sanitary laws, and there are local, as well as state, health officers whose duty it is to make rigid inquiry into the housing conditions. The fact that "they are not residents of New Jersey" is too weak a quibble to waste thought upon; and even if it were not—what of it? The individuals to blame for violating the labor law are not the children themselves, nor the padrone upon whose shoulders the blame is usually shifted. The employ-



Every day—except Saturday and Sunday—  
child pickers away from books. Autumn  
And more than a thousand children spend  
you may have sauce

ers who permit the children  
to work in the bogs alone are  
to blame. There is no pur-  
pose to be served in lock-  
ing up babies; but there is  
definite purpose in purifying  
the state of the stigma of  
sweated children, by tak-  
ing proper action against  
those really responsible.  
New York state has passed  
a law providing for the estab-  
lishment of temporary schools  
at the canneries and other places  
where children may be gathered  
through the employment of their  
parents. If New Jersey is awake  
to the situation that confronts her,  
she will likewise take advantage  
of the opportunity to wipe out the  
disgrace that pollutes her fame.

It is now too late to take  
action which will affect  
this year. Already the  
crop is harvested; already  
the wasted little pickers  
have dragged their frail,  
weary bodies back to the  
Philadelphia slums whence

of cranberry-picking keeps the  
days are happy days at school.  
them in cranberry swamps—that  
with your turkey

they were recruited; already  
preparations for Thanksgiving  
dinner are moving bounti-  
fully, gladsomely forward. Per-  
haps even now the cranberry-  
sauce simmers, thick and red  
and bubbling, on your kitchen  
stove. But it is not too late  
to take action toward next year  
—nor all the long, crouching,  
pain-fraught years which now  
stretch out before these children  
—and their children.

And meanwhile, if your own  
cranberry-sauce should taste a  
trifle bitter—do not be too  
swift to blame the cook, or bewail  
the lapsing of your own old-time  
culinary skill. It may be that  
the berries which go to make up  
that sauce are from the dreary  
Jersey bogs, and their bitterness  
a subtle emanation from the  
hearts of the tiny children  
who picked them that  
you might make merry,  
and laboriously drag-  
ged them to the feet of  
the frowning bushelman.