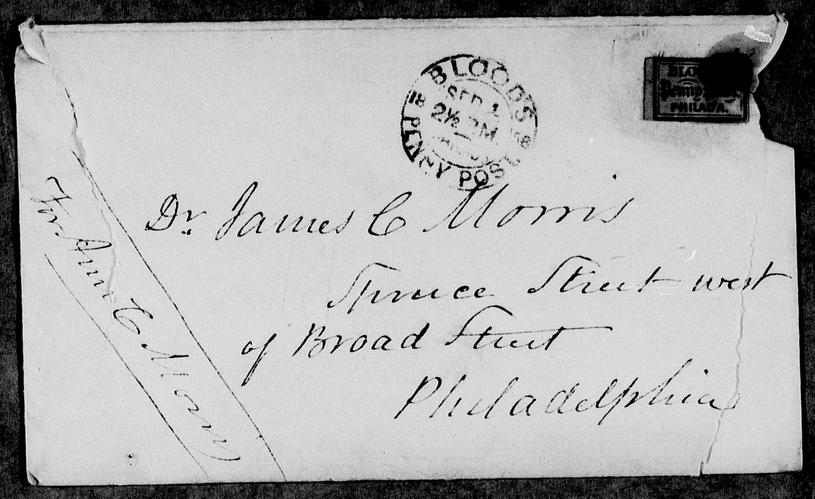
SIDE TWO



was of something unusual about it that I did not understand, and I had a wish to see another – on a visit to Medford last winter with my wife I asked Dr Ely if there was one in his neighborhood – oh yes, our neighbor Brannen has been very successful in raising them – the people laughed at him and called his scheme "Brannens folly" but he has succeeded after a heavy outlay in making one cranberry meadow of 7 acres, and has just brought another of 6 acres into bearing – Dr Ely sent for his neighbor Brannen to come and see me – a firm looking, middle aged man of quiet unassuming but intelligent air called. I began by telling him that I had been pleased by seeing a small cranberry swamp, and I wished to have just such a thing on my fathers farm, could he tell me where I could get half a doz. bushel baskets full of cranberry roots – he supposed they could be got, for he had ~~got~~ obtained waggon loads of them – but if I had them, he said, they wd do me no good, unless I had the soil to plant them in – Oh yes, if I have the roots I'll make them grow; he seemed dubious, and our conversation ended in my obtaining liberty to ride about five miles to see his 6 acre meadow, just coming into bearing, about 3 yrs from the wild bush; – I emerged from the wild sandy land at A. on the plan; and there was a 6 acre ~~level~~ expanse of verdure level as a turkey carpet – so completely matted with a peculiar kind of Moss and cranberry vines that the soil could not be seen – you had to feel down through the wonderful mat to find the soil – nothing else could grow – no weeds, no briars, or bushes – the luxuriant