

## Berry Picking

Narrated by Stanley Skoe, April 2003 – Stanley was 87 at the time of this narration

I don't think we had many winter vacations. Well, I don't think we had very many at least I don't remember seeing any. We weren't enough in the hill or mountains for good skiing or skiing resort. We didn't have snowmobiles then. So all most all winter, spring and fall, the only ones around were the natives.

Another thing we use to do back in the older days is, we had a big old row boat, no motor and at least once and sometimes twice a year in the fall we would load everybody we could in that row boat with buckets and pails and we would row over to the big island, have a picnic lunch there and pick cranberries, high bush cranberries. Man we could get buckets full of them, tubs full of them, all in one day, maybe two days if we would go back the second day. I don't remember seeing other people picking them out there. But that was a yearly experience for us. We got so many cranberries that we had cranberry sauce almost all winter long.

Another yearly trip we made, once a year we would load up the old model-T with all the kids, tubs, and buckets we had and we would drive up to Margie and pick blueberries. Well in that area the bedrock came almost out of the ground and there were the blueberry patches. We could pick in one days time, kids and all, we would get every bucket, dish pan and tub we had full of blueberries and go home. That was a long day's trip in the old model-T all the way to Margie and back for picking blueberries. Well that was about the longest trip we every made every year.