

GOT MILK?

Or

Another story by Tony Texley

That simple phrase used by the American Dairy Association advertising department back in 1996; turned out to be one of their most popular promotions in history. It seemed every famous person was now sporting a milk moustache as part of this dairy campaign.

“Got Milk” was not a new phrase; just used in a new way. Almost every family in recent history used this phrase several times a week before planning a trip to their local grocery store.

This was a time when almost all your grocery shopping was done at a grocery store instead of the mini mart gas stations that are now so popular. When I was growing up the trip wasn't made to the grocery store for milk but to a local dairy farm.

Once again my story takes place in Pipestone Minnesota; home of the Pipestone National Monument.

Around 1965 my dad (Ed) took a job at the local PV Elevator in Pipestone. The Asst. Mgr. at the time was Jack Mathine. Jack was married to Jo Ann and they had 5 girls, Diane, Chris, Deb, Barb & Linda. My folks of course had 5 boys, Terry, Tom, Tim, Todd & Tony (everyone always said I was the best looking! Hey, it's my story so I can say what I want).



The Mathine Girls.

Jack told my dad about a local farmer where you could buy milk cheaper than going to the store. With a large family and young ones at that, you could save a lot of money.

My dad went out and visited the farmer and a deal was struck. We were soon getting our milk direct from the farm, cream and all.

Henry Farwick was the farmer's name and their farm was located 2 ½ miles south of Pipestone on Hwy #75 on the east side of the road. Henry had about 100 Holstein cows and also crop farmed. Henry's wife name was Merle and they had two boys, Dave & Bruce. Their boys became friends of my oldest brother, Terry.

The schedule went like this:

We would get milk twice a week. We shared pick up duties with the Mathine family.



The 1st pickup was Tuesday evening around 6:00 pm. We would pick up 7 gallons of milk, four gallons for us and 3 gallons for Mathines.

Now, we had to supply our own containers for milk. My mom, Ardith, worked at the Highway Café owned by Art & Ruth Hasch which was also conveniently located directly across the road to the west of the Farwicks farm. Mom saved the glass gallon containers of Miracle Whip from the cafe to put the milk in. Now I know where my thriftiness in later life came from.

Here's how it worked:

Usually two of us would go along with mom or dad to get the milk.

We would pull up to the barn, bring our empty glass gallon jars into the milk house and set them on the table next to the bulk tank. There was a jar on the table to put your payment for the milk. It was an honor system, Farwick's weren't standing there watching how many you got and paid for. The price per gallon out of the bulk tank at this time was \$.50, compared to around \$.95 at a grocery store. Farwicks adjusted the price thru the years and at the end we were paying \$.75 a gallon.

We filled our jars right out of the bulk tank spigot and it was warm. After we filled the 7 jars, we put our money in the collection jar and carried the gallons of milk out to the car. The jars were put into boxes on the floor, 4 gallons to a box, in the back seat on top of old newspapers in case one dripped or possibly one broke. The glass jars were separated from one another by layers of newspapers to prevent breakage. The Mathines share of the milk was dropped off on the way home and then it was on to our house.

On Saturday the role was reversed and it was the Mathines turn to get the milk.

An issue that did occur with the farm milk versus store milk, is when Farwicks switched the herd from one pasture to another for grazing and when they switched from silage in the winter and then back to pasture later; the milk would taste different during the transition and sometimes even stink for a while.

My mom (Ardith) says as far as she remembers we never broke a gallon of milk in all those trips, even in the winter.

We usually let the milk sit for one day to allow the cream to rise to the top and then it was dad's turn to skim it off. On the average we would collect about two inches of cream per gallon of milk.

The cream added another dimension to our family's eating habits.

One of my dad's favorites was called "Grout". You start by pouring milk into a pan and bringing it to a boil. Put flour in and bring to a boil again until it becomes thick. Shut off



Ardith Texley and Ruth Hasch
at the Highway Café.

burner, and pour onto a plate. Put some butter in the middle and sprinkle the top with sugar and cinnamon.

A favorite of mine was Rice Pudding which my mom usually made for Sunday dinners.

RICE PUDDING

½ cup rice
1 quart milk
Little salt

Combine ingredients and stir a lot until boiling and thick. Then reduce heat to low. Add

2 beaten eggs
touch of milk
½ cup sugar
Little vanilla extract

Keep stirring until well heated. The final touch included sprinkling cinnamon on top.

Another real simple one by my dad was just pouring the cold cream over piece bread and then some sugar on top. I never developed a taste for this.

My all-time favorite was homemade ice cream. Talk about a treat, we never got sick of it. That hand cranking ice cream machine never got a rest all winter at our house while we were growing up. The two things I hated was when it was your turn to crank and the Vikings were on or else your turn came at the very end it was getting real hard to turn. This must have been where I developed my muscles.



Hand crank ice cream maker parts

My mom once again proved her genius by saving all those aluminum Banquet TV Dinners trays to put our homemade ice cream in and homemade brownies that went along with it. I'm not quite sure which treat was more special, the ice cream or the brownies. Every time it was someone's birthday, it was homemade ice cream, brownies and angel food cake with strawberries. The only bad part was we still had to hand wash the TV trays. We had so many aluminum TV trays that if there was a national crisis in shortage of aluminum all they had to do were come to our house to solve it.

It's amazing how many friends and relatives show up when there is homemade ice cream to be eaten.

There are only 2 dangers of eating homemade ice cream;

#1- Getting fat

#2-Getting a brain freeze by eating too fast

Mom's recipe consisted of:

6 Large Eggs
2 ½ cups of sugar

1 quart cream
1 quart milk
2 tablespoons vanilla
½ teaspoon salt.

Mix all the ingredients together, pour into the round metal canister. Insert the metal paddle in the middle and put the cover on the canister. Put the canister into the ice maker. Fill around that canister with snow, ice and ice cream salt. Attach the hand crank assembly and start cranking. During this labor intense adventure, mom or dad would yell out a name and then it was your turn to take over cranking until your arm wore out then it was someone's else's turn again. You knew it was done when you could barely turn the crank and then it was time to set the canister out into the snow bank for around 45 minutes to an hour to really harden the ice cream up.

Years later with the advancement in technology and dwindling number in the household, my folks bought an electric ice cream maker and so progress marches on with part of the old tradition still intact.

Our two families enjoyed this milk buying arrangement until the Farwick's quit milking after they decided not to go from Grade B milk to Grade A. This was sometime in the mid-70's. After that we bought from another dairy farm right across the road to the north of the Farwicks. Their name was Corny Toering family. We bought milk from them for a short period of time and then we switched to the local Juba's Super Valu store in Pipestone and purchased our milk there.

So there you have it, another story of the Texley boys growing up in the 60's. Our folks didn't have much, but sure provided us with a lifetime of memories.

Another future story for consideration is what I titled "Snow Plowing". Another winter adventure involving our family going out in bad weather in the car and intentionally driving through snow drifts to see if we could get stuck and then having to shovel our way out. Of course my dad was the official driver and played his role to perfection.

Thanks for reading and keep the memories alive.

Tony

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