

VWD/RAD: some poems, Pure Milk Assn. 11/27/82

Post Thanksgiving at Chez Nous. Mother, Dad, Jackie and Muffy with burrs in her ears.

V: Some I know, and some I need a line of two to get me started. This is the type of thing my parents would ask me to say. It was an advertising piece from Heinz done about 84 years ago. It reminded me of "Jabberwocky." It went this way - "Oh the jolly boogog, and the squeely jig hoss sang the squige in the googellen tree. And Heinz's baked beans in tomato sauce cumboosters enough for me."

J: Sounds like they were deliberately copying "Jabberwocky."

V: It was in the magazines and newspapers, there was no radio. It was very unusual. There was a piece I used to speak a good deal by James Whitcomb Reilly called "Little Orphan Annie." I get part of it and then get mixed up. It must be an American poem. "Little Orphan Annie's come to our house to stay./To wash the cups and saucers and brush the crumbs away./To .../And brush the hearth and sweep/And make the fire and bake the bread/And earn her board and keep./And when the supper's things are done/All us children sit around the fire and have the mostest fun./ Or listen to the witch tales that Annie tells about./The goblins'll get you if you don't watch out!/We'd scare ourselves cause once there was a little boy who wouldn't say his prayers./And went he went to bed at night way upstairs/His mommy heard him hollering, his daddy heard him bawl./But when they pulled the kivers back/He wasn't there at all./They searched him in the rafter room and cubby hole and press./They searched him up the chimney flue and everywhere's I guess./But all they ever found of him was this just his pants and roundabout./And the goblins'll get you if you don't watch out!/And once there was a little girl./Who'd always laugh and grin/and make fun of everyone/all her blood and kin./And once when there was company/Old folks was there./She mocked them and she shocked them and said she didn't care./They snatched her through the ceiling/for she knowed what she was about/The goblins'll get you if you don't watch out!/" I don't remember the next verse except to say "so you'd better mind your manners and your parents kind and dear." There are parts that just go and I can't always get them back. I forgot the part about the rafter room for awhile. But it came back....One that we loved to do was "What is so rare as a day in June."

The one that starts out with "Grandfather's spectacles cannot be found..."

One Olive loved, "They're hanging me to the gallows, Mother..."

She doesn't speak these, just mentions them. Also "Wreck of the Hesperus."

In Helen Keller's writing also mentioned a child taking her father's icy hand. And in E. Roosevelt there was a child taking "his icy hand."

Story of third grade teacher who left Vera in charge.

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"Many flags of many lands..."///

RAD talking about getting semen from bulls in early attempts. Couldn't get semen from testicles down through penis without contamination. Besides, the bull didn't like it very much! Didn't do it all himself, working with Dr. M.... Established second artificial insemination organization in the US.

PMA: An organization of farmers producing milk in the Midwest. Developed considerable clout, still have. It was a co-op representing the farmers that sold to dealers. The people I bought from were members, our farm was. We contributed a few cents per so many gallons of milk that the farmers would forward to the Pure Milk Assn. Have files from PMA's monthly reports about prices--base and surplus. Have lists of patrons and how they were paid. How the prices were arrived at. I kept my own herd in the Assn at about 70 dollars a mo as dues. They used it for advertising and for maintaining the office. They didn't do any inspection. Just represented the farmers in attempting to better prices. It was a good assn, I sat in on meetings. We'd bicker and bargain and finally decide what this area should be paying for milk. Then we'd have to live with it. I was on both sides as a producer and a dealer. It was always voluntary. Even if a certain farmer didn't belong, he was still governed by what the majority decided. They still advertise milk. They have an office in Madison and one in Chicago. There must be groups like this all over the US. Ours was just bigger. I would get ideas on advertising, I'd call and discuss with them, and they'd brush me off. I decided I could use the money I gave to the PMA and use it to advertise my own. I didn't send the check from my own herd, but I kept sending it for my farmers.

RAD: I was on board of directors of the Am Dairy Cattle Club that was headed up by Rock Prentice (before he got into art. insemin.). We tried to improve dairy cattle throughout the country. We listed herds and the cows had to be tested. I got in touch with someone out East with some Jerseys. He went down to the Carribean and had a big outfit down there. He lost his shirt on that. He came through here and I put him up. He wanted to make the coffee in the morning. There was instant coffee at that time, I think. He poured milk into a pan, boiled it, and then poured it over the coffee and put in some sugar. It was very tasty. When your mommy came back, I introduced her to it. For thirty years, I've had that for breakfast. I thought it was great that a man could get up and get his own breakfast without disturbing his wife. She could sleep on happily knowing that her husband had a substantial breakfast. ... Anyway, I worked out the whole idea and presented it to the PMA. I arranged it at the Hilton Hotel. I would furnish the milk and they would furnish the coffee. They could give every customer a cup. It didn't happen. I fell in with it because we'd had cafe au lait in France. The PMA didn't warm up to it. They tried it on their girls at the office and they didn't go for it. They didn't give it the go ahead. The officers told me they didn't want to advertise coffee with milk. That made me mad. If they could get one out of ten folks to try it. You could probably have all those folks drinking a pint a day that wouldn't ordinarily drink milk at all. I reminded them of peaches and cream and other combinations. That's when I decided I

could spend my 70\$ a mo more effectively here at home. The Daily News won an award for the series of ads they did for me with the children. The ads I wrote were better than the PMA's guys ads. ... I still see people, middle-aged people who say, I was out a your farm when I was a kid. I rode a cow, or whatever. You showed me the witches' house. The hollering house should be written up. Mrs. Row at Todd School, her husband is one of 5 or 6 principals who came out and painted my house a couple of times. She was a very good teacher, 2nd grade. She outlined what it was that she wanted me to do on this trip. She wanted it to be educational. I had to demonstrate some of the machinery. She was a lovely woman. ///

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