

The Story of Dairyland

SPECIAL EDITION



The Story of Dairyland

as told in words and pictures by JACK SCOTT ~
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~ ART JONES ~



The Story of Dairyland

Twelve gifted people—editors and columnists, radio commentator, dietician, and photographic artist—have combined their talents to tell a story. It is the story of the people of Dairyland, who are responsible for bringing to you and your family the vital food we call Milk.

The purpose of these writers is not to overwhelm their readers with the facts and figures and technical details of the milk business.

Rather they tell an essentially *human* story of trials and difficulties, of improvement and progress.

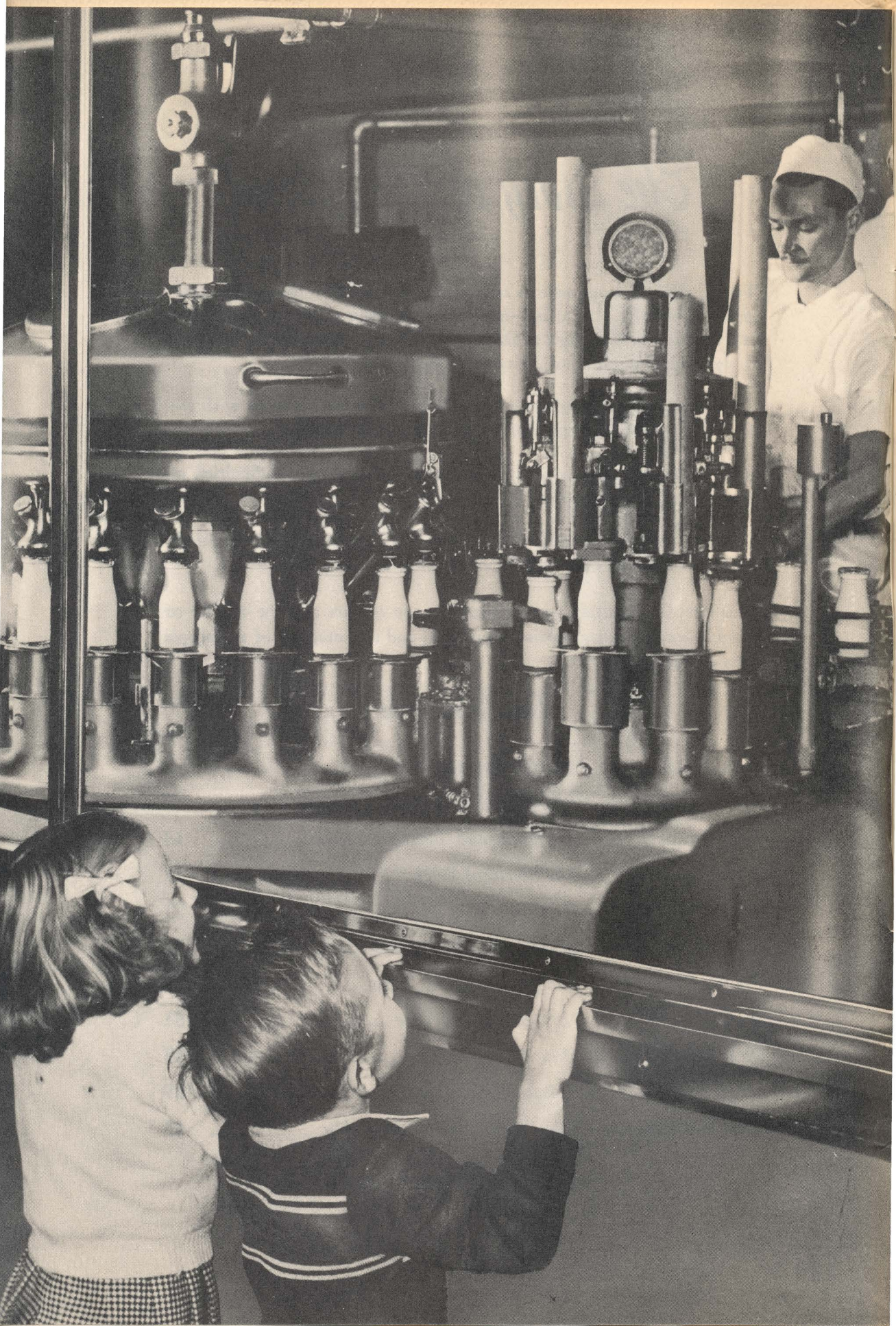
In reading their story you will become better acquainted with the people behind Dairyland, and with the entire Milk industry.

This story is important to you because your welfare and the welfare of the whole community depend upon Milk, and the integrity of the people who produce it.

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Illustrations by Art Jones





400 People and a Cow

by JACK SCOTT

Vancouver writer, whose daily column is syndicated to 27 leading newspapers.

*I*t takes all kinds of people to make a world, as somebody once said, and it takes all kinds of people to make a bottle of milk. To be precise about it, it takes one cow and more than 400 human beings ranging from a man with an educated nose to a young lady who is devoted to farmers.

None of this I knew before I paid a visit to Dairyland. If I thought at all about that quart bottle at our door each morning I was inclined to give the anonymous cow all the credit.

But one recent day I sat across the desk from a Dairyland executive. I had come, I told him, to write a piece about the people who get those dairy products from farm to breakfast table. He was one of those crisp, efficient executives (blue, chalk-stripe, double-breasted suit) and he pulled out a fat file and began reading from it:

"Hauling truck drivers, pasteurizers, bottlers, checking clerks, garage mechanics, sign painters, boxmakers, stablemen, purchasing agent, paymaster, accountants, statistician, hostess, bookkeepers . . ."

After a few minutes of this I was prepared to admit that Dairyland's operation is a good deal more complicated than it looks. But I didn't realize that it was so much more *interesting* than it looks until I began wandering through the plant myself.

There was, for example, the man with the educated nose, one Dave Anderson. I had gone down to the plant's receiving platform where the fresh milk arrives by truck from the green and fertile Valley. Here the cans are swung off the trucks—with an ease that belies 130 pounds of dead weight—and march on a conveyor to a weighing station.

Then I noticed Dave Anderson. As each 10-gallon can passed him on the endless belt he would knock off the lid, bend over the open lip and sniff . . . like a connoisseur over a snifter of brandy.

When there was a moment's lull I went over and had a

talk with Dave. Turned out that he was sure enough sniffing. In fact on an average day Dave sniffs 3,000 cans or 150 tons of milk, and if a can doesn't have the clean fragrance of clover fields and meadows it doesn't get by Dave. Of course this "scent-test" is augmented later by scientific laboratory tests, but they say that Dave can whiff an inferior grade even with the lid on.

This kind of human element is to be found all through the plant. Up in the office, I met the girl who is devoted to farmers.

I had stopped to pass the time of day with Miss Margaret Lockwood, an attractive stenographer. I caught a glimpse of a letter she was typing from one of the executives to a farmer in Aldergrove. "We are pleased that you are able to ship milk to us again," it said. "The cans which will be sent out to you will be letter D-906. . . ."

Now this seemed all very formal and business-like, but Miss Lockwood took a much more personal view. "You really get to know the dairymen," she said. "There's nothing dull about their business letters. It's like reading a story of life on the farm. Of course they don't know me from Adam—I'm just those initials on the bottom of the letters the office sends them—but I feel I know *them*."

Perhaps because it is a cooperative organization this interest in the producer seems to be general among these workers. Another characteristic that I noticed was a kind of religious devotion to cleanliness. In the bottling room, I gazed on a huge Rube Goldberg machine that washes bottles with several solutions and rinses them sparkling clean.

One of the workers here came over and said, "It's too bad 'Doc' Boyd is off today. He'd like to talk to you about his machines—his pets. Bottle washing with 'Doc' isn't just a job, it's an art. We get tens of thousands of 'em through here in a day and I swear that 'Doc' personally sees every one of them."

I saw something of this passion for purity, too, in the laboratory. One of the bacteriologists, Mrs. Shirley Levey, was in the midst of performing something described to me as the "Coliform test."

Bottles of every type of milk produced by Dairyland had been selected at random. Into test tubes of brilliant green broth, the white-smocked Mrs. Levey placed samples of each type of milk. The tubes were then put in an incubator for 24 hours. A glance at them will reveal the slightest contamination.

Talking with young Norman Tupper, B.S.A., the plant bacteriologist and fieldman, I got the impression that his department

was a kind of detective agency tracking down any unwanted interlopers. There are plate counts for bacteria, sediment and cream line tests, daily experiments to double-check on pasteurization, viscosity, acidity.

As I continued my wanderings through the plant I came across many craftsmen busy at jobs that you'd never associate with that bottle of milk.

Here was Dan Battle, bent over a green and orange flame in the tinsmith shop where the big cans are re-tinned and leaks and dents are repaired.

Here was Art Webber, the head checker on the outgoing platform, routing the cases of milk on their outward journey and maintaining a constant flow of products on their way to homes, stores, restaurants, factories, and hospitals. As I looked in he was preparing his approximate estimate of the next day's requirements (thousands of quarts of Jersey, more of Homogenized, still more of Standard Milk). When I asked him how he made his estimate, Art grinned and said, "Thirty-one years of experience and a jolly good guess."

In a conference room, Norman Haslett, the sales supervisor, was having a sales confab with some of Dairyland's 200-odd sales deliverymen. As I looked in he was saying, "What we aim at is a balance between selling and service. Yes, in our job we have to be a combination of salesman, truck driver and friend of the neighborhood."

Across the way I came upon the "barn" where stableman, Bill Cruickshank was dishing out a lunch of oats to several big Clydesdales who had just come in from door-to-door routes. Nearby the blacksmith, Angus McKay was shoeing Bob, a big bay horse who has been ten years on the same route. Cruickshank paused in his work long enough to tell me, a little sadly, that he recalled the day when Dairyland had some 250 horses in the stables. And now there are just 18 left.

Within our earshot we could hear the sound of the new era—the revving of motors in the garage where mechanics keep the ever-growing fleet in trim.

I strolled back to the desk of my executive friend, walking through the maze of pipes and machinery that process and package the product of that anonymous cow.

"I didn't quite finish that list of employees," the executive was saying, "there are comptometer operators, storekeepers, carpenters, traffic inspector, engineers, clerks, switchboard operator. . . ."

But by now I had the idea.





The Milk Always Gets Through

by **BARRY MATHER**
*Prominent newspaper writer and
humorist.*

*W*ithout milk the city could perish.

Every month Dairyland delivers over 1½ million quarts of milk—maintaining a constant, life-giving stream from country to city.

How does the city get this milk?

Come along with us and find out.

One sunny Tuesday morning we rode around in one of the eighty-five big trucks which haul milk for Dairyland and the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association, learning about the "pick-up" part of the milk business.

The truck we rode on belonged to Mr. Austin Loney. He is one of 32 hauling contractors. Strategically located in Valley centres, these contractors with their men and their trucks pick up the milk from 3,000 farms and bring it in to Dairyland or to the Association's other plants at Delair and Sardis.

Like most hauling contractors Loney drives a truck himself. He has three trucks. He and his men handle pick-up in West Langley, Port Kells and Barnston Island.

Loney was headed for Barnston Island. As we drove along the cool country road toward the ferry he said he had been hauling milk for 26 years . . . that a 10-gallon can of milk, when full, weighs 130 pounds, "can and all."

He said we would cross the Fraser to Barnston Island, pick up the milk all around the Island and bring it back to Whalley's Corners on the Pacific Highway. There the cans would be loaded onto another Loney truck (the one that was picking up the milk from Port Kells) and then would be hauled into Dairyland.

It was something like riding along on a bus because milk trucks run on a close schedule to get their perishable cargo to the plant quickly.

We came down to the Fraser river. Loney pulled up on a little wharf. As he wangled his truck onto the ferry-scow he said, "There's no wharf on the other side—the flood took it out last year."

You could still see the 1948 flood mark, high on the sides of farm buildings. He said that the Island farmers were getting back on their feet, but that milk production here was not yet normal.

"We got all the dairy stock off before the dyke broke," Loney said. "But the people hung on till after she went."

"How'd you pick up milk in the flood with the cows all over the place?" we asked.

"Well," he said, "it was some job. We picked up Barnston milk pretty well all over the municipality — sometimes five and six o'clock at night before we got to town with it." Normally, Barnston Island milk gets to Dairyland around noon.

Having seen The Flood we were impressed with the fact that they got the milk at all.

The ferry nosed into the bank. Loney drove off and along the narrow dyke-top road beside the river. It was a lovely morning with the sun sparkling on the swift water and a breeze nodding the buttercups by the banks.

Loney said, "I mind the winters when they had to skate the milk across the river in sleighs. That was before they got the ferry. Now we try to keep the channel open. We've even hacked a channel out of the ice with cross-cut saws."

Our first pick-up stop was just a little way down the road from the ferry landing. There were four 10-gallon cans on this farmer's milk stand.

Loney had them off the stand and into the truck in no time.

He got back into the driver's seat and said, "In the old days we used to have to pick cans from the ground and heft them up into the truck—pretty heavy going. There are still a few farms without milk stands, not many."

We had noticed that the cans of milk he had picked up were all numbered "624" and that so were the empty cans he put back on the stand. Loney said these shipper numbers were worked out on an alphabetical basis, in line with the farmers' names.

The second farm we came to was a bigger producer—nine cans on its stand. Loney said the farmer here had about 28 milking cows. He said most Island shippers now use milking machines—even the small shippers.

We jolted along the dyke road. At one point men were working on the dyke and Loney steered a careful course through a long stretch of sand.

At each stop the farmer had his milk cans up on his stand—two cans, six, eight. Loney made it seem easy, getting them aboard. Here and there a farm hand would come out, sometimes exchange a word or two with us, sometimes get a lift.

Loney seemed to know everybody. He had a good grasp of what was going on. For instance he gave us the following information: "Farmer at this place is building a new barn . . . going to have a new system, a milking parlor for the stock and also a separate roaming parlor, with the cows not tied up. . . . People who just ship one can have maybe two, three cows. . . . This place? A lady shipper operates it. . . . Farmers here start to do their milking around five a.m.—some other points in the Valley they start as early as three a.m. . . . This place here is where I got stuck in the snow—couldn't get up or down. Had to walk home. Next day about a dozen fellows came with shovels and dug the truck out. . . . The farmers are very co-operative about helping out in trouble. Last winter it was just like a skating rink on top of the dyke. I finally had to leave two shippers go for the day . . . they were on the other side of the Island . . . but we brought their milk around later in a lighter vehicle. . . ."

"This milk trucking is a 365-day a year proposition. But here we work usually about a 42-hour week. We try to work it so we get three or four days off at a time. . . . Reason we're picking up Barnston Island milk by truck is because the flood took most of the private little wharfs out. . . . They used to pick up the Island milk on that boat we came across the river on. . . ."

At Dairyland Wally Kendall, the Production Traffic Supervisor, had said, "The milk ALWAYS gets through." No matter what the weather conditions were like, he said the pick-up system would function.

"If necessary we can rush in more milk to Vancouver or we can shoot more to Sardis or Delair—the milk will ALWAYS get through."

Sitting in the truck beside Loney and thinking of his 26 winters and summers of "getting through" we could see what Kendall meant.

The thing that impressed us was Loney's enthusiasm about the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association. He was talking about this when we finished the circle of the Island and got on the ferry again.

"My dad was a milk shipper in the old days *before* the F.V.M.P.A. The old man lost hundreds of dollars at it . . . and so did a lot of other farmers. They'd sell to some milk company and then many times they'd wait as much as 40 days for a milk cheque. I don't know how many of those companies went broke—and settled for only five cents on the dollar." He said the Association was the "salvation of the Valley dairy industry."

When Loney started trucking, 90 cans would be a good day's pick-up in his territory. "Now," he said, "I guess we'd do about 250 cans."

At Whalley's Corners we met the other Loney truck. It's driver and Loney loaded our cans of milk onto it, alongside the Port Kells milk.

As we got up into the truck, headed for Vancouver and Dairyland, Loney said of us, "Not much of a swamper—he didn't lift a can all the way around."

All Shiny and Terribly Clean



by JEAN HOWARTH
*Well-known Vancouver columnist
and magazine writer.*

*W*hen I was a little girl, my brothers and I used to go every Thursday and play around the town creamery. Thursday was butter day.

Even in the heat of the summer, it was a pleasant place to play. There were big oak trees that shaded the lawn in front of the creamery, and dropped acorns and tiny acorn cups, that were fine for playing tea party. And the clean, buttermilk scent of the creamery would roll out and envelop us, and make us hungrier by the minute.

If we were very good, and didn't meddle, by and by the creamery man would come out and give each of us a slice of bread, thick with sweet, unsalted butter, and a piece of solder. We would eat the bread and butter on the spot and then run home to drop the solder on the kitchen stove and mold it into weird and wonderful shapes.

I was always very fond of that creamery.

That is probably why I felt quite at home at Dairyland. Dairyland is a great deal bigger, and it hasn't any oak trees; but the same clean, milk scent comes out to meet you.

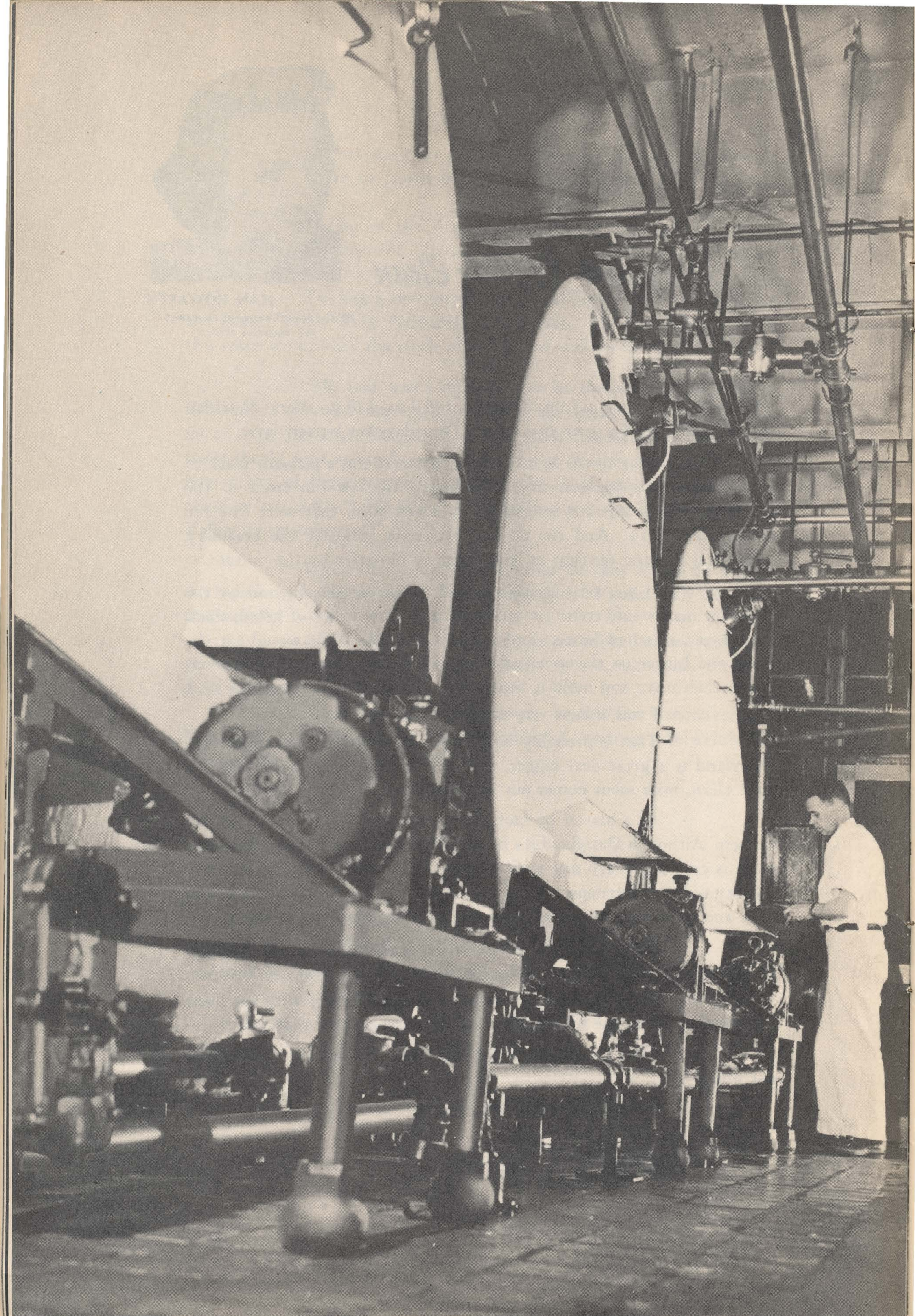
As a matter of fact, dairies always have a fascination for women. Although Dairyland is a bit out of the way, its pleasant reception room is crowded every day with women who have come from all over the city to have afternoon tea and watch the film which shows them how milk and all other Dairyland products get from the cow to them.

The place is so much in demand, in fact, that you and your friends would have to arrange a meeting there weeks in advance.

It's a nice spot, fresh and clean, and bright with the linen squares that cover the little tables, and the gay pottery that sets them.

They doused the lights soon after we sat down, and a film got under way.

Getting the milk from the cow to us turned out to be a



very complicated process. But as you sit and watch there is one thing that film does do for you: *it makes you feel safe on the subject of milk.*

We saw the herds of cows in the Fraser Valley from which Dairyland milk comes. All kinds of cows, big rangy black and white ones, big rangy brown and white ones, and demure little Jerseys.

One of the farms on the screen I recognized. I visited it once, just outside of Chilliwack, and it was a wonderful place. Peacocks preened themselves in the beautiful gardens that reached out to the road, mountains rose up all around, and the dairy cows kept house in a barn as fastidiously attended as milady's boudoir.

You don't realize how clean a barn can be 'until you see one that an expert has worked over. This one was cleaner than most kitchens. It was practically sterilized. In fact, anything that came within whistling distance of the milk was just that.

But Cleanliness is the rock on which Dairyland stands. You realize that as the film runs on, and later, too, when you wander through the plant. They don't depend on pasteurization only. They don't let harmful things get in in the first place. And then they pasteurize anyway, just to be on the safe side.

When the lights blinked on again, we went out to have a look in person at the big complicated plant that had been going past us on the screen. On the way we passed the manager's office, and lined up on his desk were all Dairyland's products. That's another surprise. You don't usually think of a dairy as selling anything but milk and cream and butter. This, in Dairyland at least, is a mistake. There are four kinds of milk, three kinds of cream, and five special milk products!

We stopped briefly at the laboratory, and watched them testing little tubes of milk. Those tests mean safe milk for us, and money for the farmer—if he sees to it that his milk is clean and pure.

It is a place of machinery, that plant, all shining and terribly clean. In some ways it isn't unlike the kitchen of a first-rate housewife, except that the pots and pans are enormous.

We stopped by the pasteurizer which takes care of all the Standard and Jersey milk that flows from Dairyland. That particular piece of machinery is not nearly as big as you might expect, considering the job it gets through every day; but it's a very fast worker. Over 10,000 quarts of milk pass through it every hour.

There are two methods of pasteurizing milk. One of them—this one—requires that the milk be raised to a high temperature for a

very short period of time—to be exact, to 163° F. for 17 seconds. And they do have to be exact. Raising it to 161 degrees wouldn't be high enough to be safe, raising it to 165 would spoil the "cream line," so you couldn't tell by looking whether there was cream in your milk or not.

There's another method of pasteurizing which Dairyland uses for its cream, chocolate drink, dessert mix, and other products. They call this the 'holder' method; and it consists of holding the milk at a temperature of from 143° to 145° F. for 30 minutes.

This is where the enormous pots and pans come in. There are five great stainless steel covered saucepans which together hold 8,000 quarts; that's where the cream or chocolate milk sits for 30 minutes to pasteurize slowly, before moving on to equally enormous coolers and making room for the next load.

They use recipes down at Dairyland, too, much as the housewife does at home, except that they don't measure with teaspoons. Making chocolate milk, for instance, is not a great deal different from making cocoa at home. . . .

Fill a saucepan—a 2,000 quart one—nearly full of milk. Add cream and skim milk alternately until the mixture has 2% butterfat. Heat to 120 degrees, add sugar. Keep on heating and when the thermometer hits 145 degrees, add cocoa.

This is very important; if you add the cocoa earlier or later, it will settle out, just as it usually does when you make it at home.

Continue heating till milk reaches 165 to 170. Hold for 30 minutes; add vanilla; and cool.

Like other good housewives, the workers out at Dairyland consider the washing-up of vital importance. Every day after the last drop of milk has run through the vast network of stainless steel tubes from loading platform to sterilizer, to cooler, to bottling machine, the clean-up staff moves in.

First of all they rinse everything thoroughly with cold water. Then they take everything to pieces—and personally, with anti-septic cleaners and elbow grease, scrub each item till it shines. Then they put them together again and rinse through once more with hot water.

And then just before they start work in the morning they rinse the whole thing through again with sterilizing solution.

All of which, as I say, makes you feel very safe on the subject of Dairyland milk.

The Shield of Science



by R. A. McLELLAN
*Colorful journalist covering Fraser
Valley news for 38 years.*

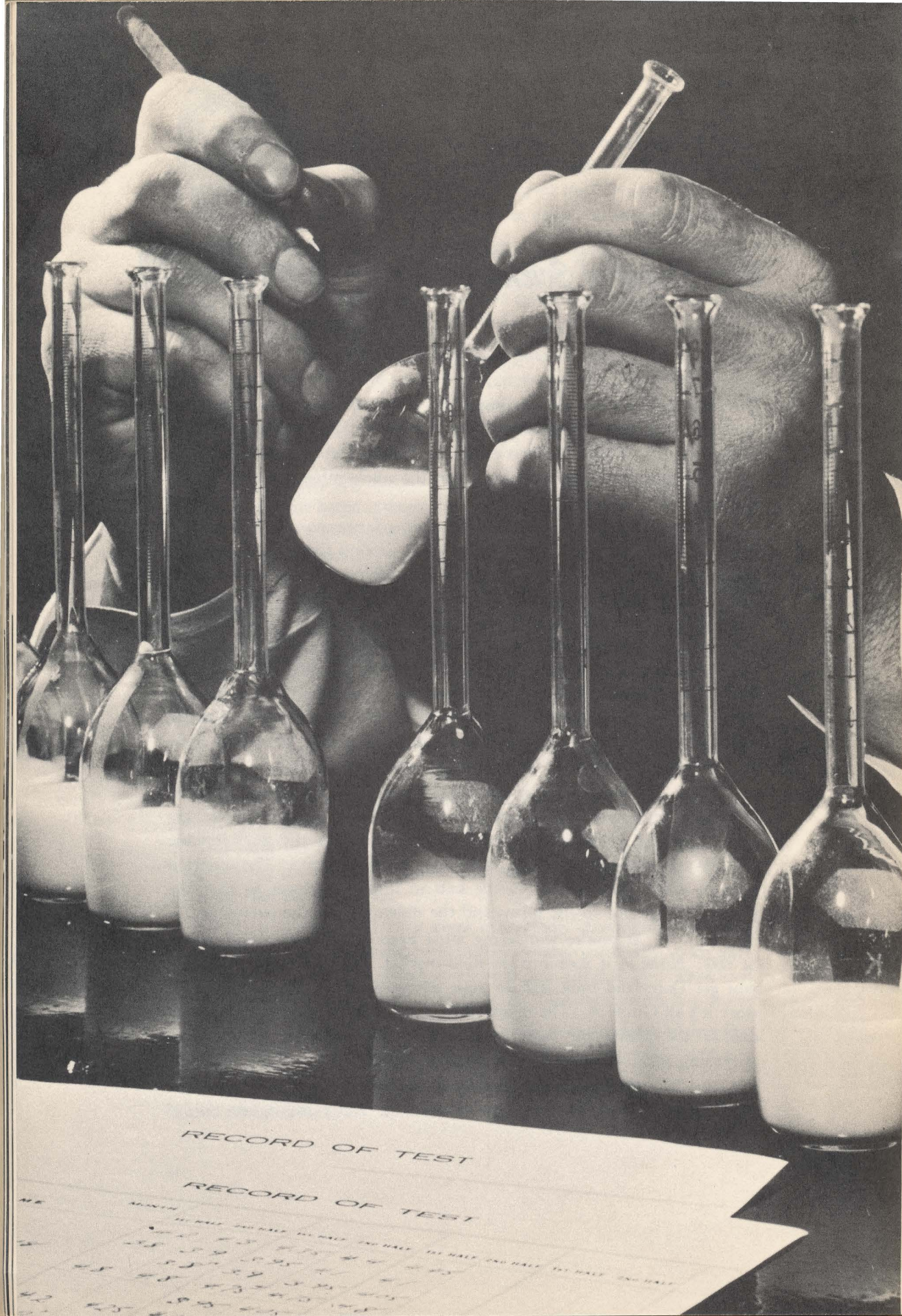
*J*ust as you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, you can't start with bad milk and end up with good. *So the game is to get good milk to begin with.* That's the first essential. *Then it's got to be kept good.* Between them, these two sentences cover the whole subject of Laboratory Control at Dairyland.

There are 3,000 milk-producing farmers on the F.V.M.P.A. roster. Maybe you think it was an easy job getting them all to produce good milk. Well, it wasn't! It was a tough problem—but it's pretty well licked. In an earlier day, starry-eyed enthusiasts thought they just had to set an ideal in front of the farmer and he'd live up to it; and they paid him the same price for milk of any grade. It didn't work. Now, and for years past, top price is paid for grade A and not so much for anything less. That worked. (Sad, isn't it, that one must lose faith in human nature and give cash bonuses to people to do the right thing?) But the proof of the pudding is in the eating and the fact is that, now, very little milk comes in that doesn't command the maximum.

This grading is the first of the Lab's functions. Day in, day out, it tests samples and puts on them the seal of approval, or otherwise. One test establishes the grade. After that, for the small residue that doesn't come up to snuff, there may be many tests. The question then is, why? And it's up to the Lab to find the answer so that the signals may go out to the farms and the difficulty may be overcome.

If you're wondering what becomes of under-grade milk, be easy. None of it goes into the fluid market. In other words, whether you get Dairyland milk left on your doorstep or buy it at the corner store it's all Grade A. The other stuff, if it's just below par, may go to one of the plants for some process involving complete sterilization. Anything really not safe just has to be tossed out.

Dairyland Lab standards are high, higher than those set by the government. Take the case of the cans. Dairyland figures that if



a producer is expected to send in good milk—as he is—it isn't fair to shoot out a can that isn't absolutely sterile. Dairyland has the equipment to make this possible and the Lab Control to see it's done.

And pasteurization—of course. The time is past when anyone but the odd crackpot wants raw milk. (I'm a bit of a crackpot myself and I stuck to Nature in the Raw for a long time, but finally had to strike my flag. Just couldn't bear to think of old Louis Pasteur up there in one of the seats reserved for the salt of the earth, looking down on me sorrowfully.)

But to get back to the Lab. The fun really starts when the odd low-grade sample shows up and poses a problem. What's wrong on the farm? To find the solution may involve many tests too complicated for me to explain. The laboratory of the alchemist (ancient regime) dealt in colors—but the Dairyland Lab has a different approach to the color question. When a special solution is dropped into a test tube of milk does the sample turn blue, mauve or purple?—and how quickly or slowly does it change? To the scientist, every little movement has a meaning of its own. It may, for instance, tell him something about the health of a cow, and what might, could or should be done for her. This is where the field bacteriologist comes in.

This amazing organization, you must know, keeps a whole raft of these people. Let's call 'em "bacts"; the other word is too long for repetition and there seems to be no alternative. Development of Lab Control might be measured by the payroll. Once upon a time there was a lone "bact" in the institution. Nobody was quite sure what he was doing or why, but they left him alone; concluding with a shrug, that perhaps he was a necessary evil. Now there are five Field Bacts, five Plant ditto, and a Chief Bact; to say nothing of the production manager, ex-Chief-Bact, who still has a sanitary finger in the pie.

They aren't veterinarians but they're all University of British Columbia graduates with some knowledge of kindred subjects. With this knowledge and the cooperation of the University faculty, they are a big help to the farmer. For there is close cooperation between Dairyland and that institution out at Point Grey. The production manager acknowledges a great debt of gratitude to UBC.

Maybe that's enough about tests; maybe I should have been content to say that laboratory control means eternal vigilance to guard the purity of the product, interposing between it and attack from any quarter the Shield of Science.



He Can't Win



by GRACE LUCKHART

*A favorite columnist whose
nostalgic humor recalls the days of
the early West.*

"Oh, that's just the milkman," you say to yourself when you've identified the sounds at the back door.

Well, he may be "just the milkman" to you, but believe me, you're a lot more than that to him.

You may not know it, but you're down in his book in black and white. A regular case history. Not for anybody to read—just the Dairyland milkmen who serve the route on which you live.

There is your own milkman who works eight days at a stretch, his relief man who takes over for two days, and the inspector who may appear any time.

If you happen to live in the West End where the routes are heaviest, you will likely have a set of initials after your name.

"Mrs. Smith, W.B.O."

Don't feel upset, or unduly elated about this. Because you and the 400-odd customers on your route, nearly all have the same decoration. If you aren't a "W.B.O." which in the milkman's language means deliver "When Bottle Out" you may be an "E.O.D." That means deliver "Every Other Day."

In addition to the above initials which help him to interpret your wants, he also has to know where you leave your bottle. So he adds the initials "B," "F," or "S." That means deliver at the Back, Front or Side door.

In his book, he also jots down what you usually order—which and how many of the twelve items with which the Dairyland milkman stocks his wagon.

Naturally he has learned to be a good guesser and more or less of a mind reader, but he isn't that good. Even if eventually, he gets to know you like a book. But the relief milkman hasn't the same

opportunity to know you and your wants, much less the Inspector. Hence the written record.

Actually a good milkman could qualify as a weight-lifter, a bookkeeper, a credit man, a collector, a mechanic, and a mind reader.

To say nothing of being a diplomat.

If you don't believe the latter, think of what he has to contend with.

In the first place, he's working on a fairly tight schedule. In order to start delivery at six a.m. he has to be up at four-thirty so he'll have time to get breakfast, get to the plant, check over his load, and get started on time. His average route for a day has 250 calls.

Think that over! In the West End where there are so many apartment dwellers, his calls average 400 a day. Of course, that's where the "E.O.D." people live. But in order to be sure he misses nobody, he has to open all apartment lockers to see if the customer wants anything. Sometimes he opens 10 lockers before he strikes pay dirt.

With a schedule such as he has laid out, he can't hang around just admiring the flowers or chatting with a customer. Neither can he abruptly leave her. So what does he do?

He just backs away, listening or answering as he backs.

By the time he's out at his wagon, he's out of earshot, and the status quo has been maintained. But don't let anybody tell you that doesn't take some diplomacy.

Then there's the matter of the bottles, or the tickets. Some customers go along on the assumption that the dairy washes the bottles in any case. So they do. (They not only do that but they sterilize them like nobody's business.)

Sometimes customers even leave milk in them and just dump the money in the milk! (I often wonder what initials the milkmen put after that kind of woman?)

It isn't the easiest thing in the world to dry out the bottle after you have washed it, but it would make the milkman's life a lot happier if you would just turn the bottle upside down for a few minutes so that the tickets don't drown when you drop them in.

Of course he'd rather you put the tickets beneath the bottle, or in the neck. It's not much fun fishing for money or tickets in a wet bottle.

The milkman must pay for any bottles not returned. That is why, in a nice way, he must literally insist upon "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

Some of the notes left by customers for the milkmen are really collector's items. Here is one, which bears repeating:

"Dear Milkman: When you leave my milk, knock on my bedroom window and wake me. I want you to give me a hand to turn my mattress.

P.S. Hope you don't mind."

Another customer made this simple request:

"My back door is open. Please put milk in refrigerator, get money out of cup in drawer and leave change on the kitchen table in pennies because we want to play bingo tonite."

A dog owner wrote:

"I'm sorry about the dog-bite, but he'll get to know you after a few months like he got to know the poor gas man."

The customer isn't all the milkman has to worry about. There are all sorts of hurdles to overcome.

There is weather, for instance.

Just take the winter when our usual British Columbia climate disappeared completely, and we were treated to a good old-fashioned Eastern Ontario winter.

Snowdrifts, icy slippery streets, tickets and money frozen solid to the bottom of the bottles. But you got your milk just the same!

Get past the weather and you find here and there a vicious dog that *never* gets used to the milkman. Just try to tell the customer about her dog! When she looks at her dog, she doesn't see the same animal at all. Like the old crack about the hippopotamus!

"One hippopotamus looking at another hippopotamus doesn't see what we see."

The milkman may want to kick the dog right around the block, but can he do it? He cannot. He has his customer to think about.

So he talks nicely to it and tries in every way to sell himself to the dog, hoping against hope that it won't tear his pants right off.

In the milk business, the customer is always right. If she runs out of milk some morning, and is waiting for it, the milkman is late. He may actually be right on the dot, but to her, he's late.

If, on the other hand, she forgets to put out her bottles and the milkman assumes that she doesn't want any milk today, she blames him for this too. He came too early.

He can't win!





Beyond the City Limits

by MAMIE MOLONEY

Vancouver Island writer, whose daily column presents the rural point of view.

"It's a cinch now—compared to the old days."

We were talking to a logging camp cook on a trip we took 'way back in the woods of Vancouver Island.

"Used to lose some good men over nothing more than poor milk," he told us.

"They'd get so fed up that they'd quit and go for a job where they were closer to fresh supplies. Used to feel like quitting myself sometimes, trying to make desserts without fresh milk. But now that Dairyland uses paper bottles we get it from Vancouver twice a week by boat. Our logging train brings it up from the beach and we keep it at proper temperature in our own refrigeration plant."

It isn't only in logging camps that Dairyland Cartonned Milk has caught on.

By boats and planes, by trains, buses and trucks it goes to coastal resorts and mining camps, to Cariboo and Okanagan cities, and to the towns up the Fraser Canyon.

It is really ingenious the way cartonned milk is shipped in refrigerated cardboard cases that contain 20 individual waxed-paper "bottles." Dairyland has developed this special service for distributing milk products to many inaccessible spots along the British Columbian coast and interior, and cartonned milk is also used in those dinky little galleys on passenger planes and even on the Trans-Pacific planes.

A case of cartonned milk weighs next to nothing compared to one of glass bottles or old-fashioned metal milk cans. It saves 49% of the shipping weight, as a matter of fact, quite a consideration when a company or an individual is paying freight by weight.

It takes up only two cubic feet of space, weighs 57 pounds, and most important of all, has a special compartment for dry ice which

keeps the milk in perfect condition during transit. There's no breakage, either, as there used to be when milk was shipped by bottle. Neither are there bottles to return; you just throw the used cartons away. Nor are there deposits to make. The case is double-sealed with gummed tape, protecting the contents from dust, and the quart cartons fit rigidly into separate partitions inside so there's no bouncing.

This new shipping method wasn't discovered overnight. It took a constant search for a better system of shipping, and improved ways of protecting quality and purity, to develop this most efficient of shipping cases. It was finally designed by Dairyland, made by Canadian Boxes Ltd. from corrugated cardboard supplied by Pacific Mills Ltd.—a real B.C. product.

Just by the way of illustrating the improved efficiency of this shipping method, a test was made on the RMS Aorangi which takes on cartonned milk in Vancouver for its run to Australia.

One shipment was kept in a cooler at 44 degrees Fahrenheit and another in a similar cooler at 40 degrees. Milk was tested every other day from each cooler. The milk was found to be perfectly fresh after 15 days at 44 degrees, and after **18 days** at 40 degrees!

It still costs more to package milk in a wax paper carton than it does to use the well-known glass bottle. But the carton has the advantage of much lower shipping rates for out-of-town delivery because glass bottles actually pay double rates—the empties coming back cost as much as the full bottles going out. Although the bottle has the advantage for city delivery by your good friend, the milkman, for shipping by boats, buses, trains and planes, the modern Dairyland carton is the only practical container.

Milk, once regarded as the most perishable of foods, has now taken a new lease on life.

No longer do you have to keep your own cow when you live in the country—a boon, I might add, to the wives of loggers, fishermen, miners and others who usually had the job of dairy maid because Papa worked too hard and was away too long to take on any farm chores.

Now, we country wives can use that extra time and energy for our gardens or our sewing or just settin' — a much underrated pastime in this bustling, hustling maelstrom we call the modern world.

Budget the Milky Way



by . . . EVELYN CALDWELL

Author whose daily chat briefs housewives on budgets and bargains.

*P*iggy banks should be shaped like cows, not pigs!

For goodness knows the moo-y milk-maker does more to help the budget-bamboozled housewife save her husband's hard-earned pennies than the root-routing hog ever thought of in a lifetime of routing out roots.

The meat of the lowly pig (pork, to you) is far more expensive than milk — taken pound of food value for pound of food value.

Or, to put it so plainly that even the youngest milk-drinker in your family (bar that babe, of course) may know the score—milk is among the cheapest foods that you can buy.

You can carry this business of budget-balancing too far.

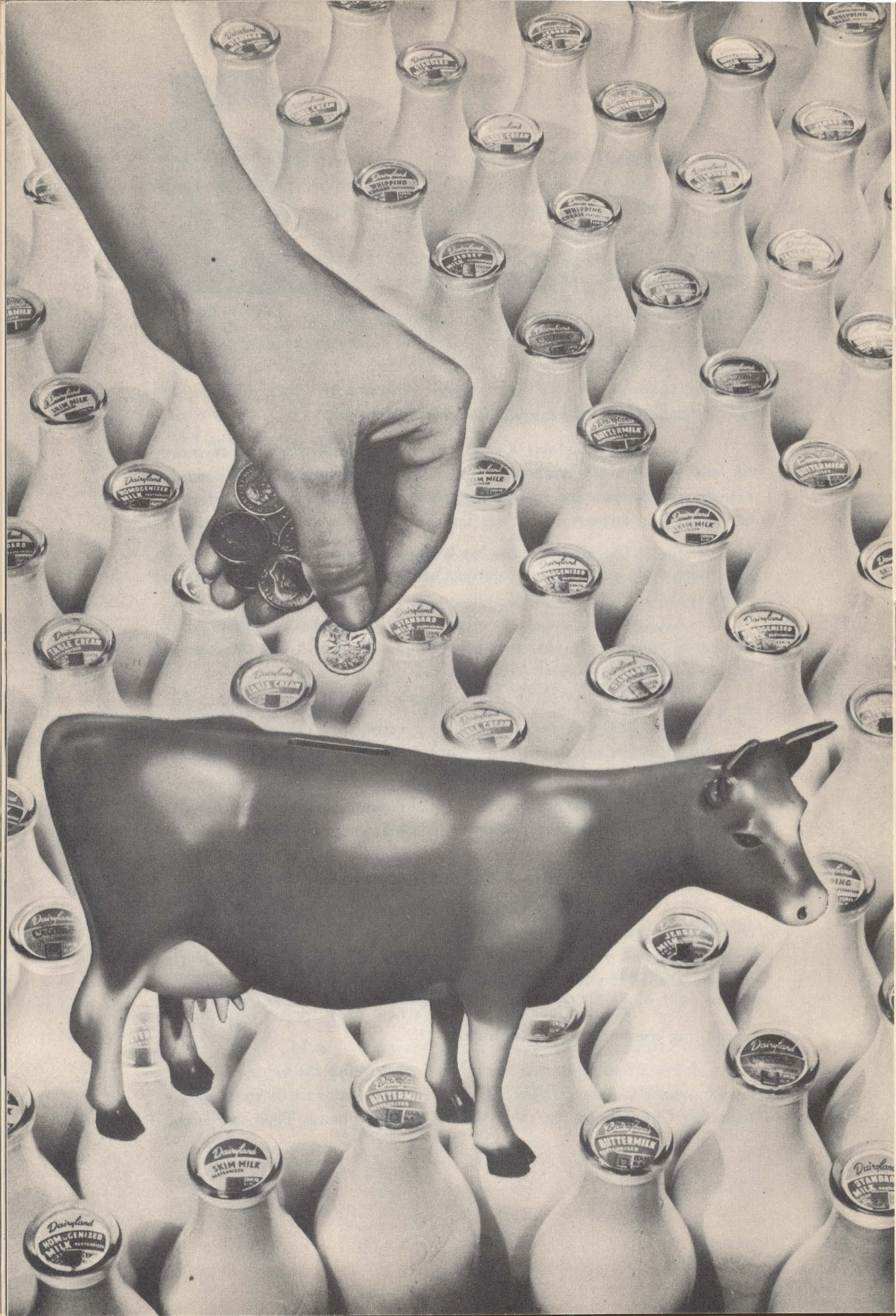
But you may always be certain that every milk ticket you slip into that quart bottle will bring you the best possible bargain in the most perfect food in the whole, wide world.

At first glance it's a little difficult to believe that such every-day foods as eggs, apples, oranges, tomatoes, green beans, cabbage, carrots, peas, meat, fish—all cost more than milk does when you bring it down to the food value they give you for the money you spend.

And after all it's the food value that counts if you are to get the most for the do-ra-me you spend on food. You could stuff your youngsters with marshmallows, but you'd soon find them badly undernourished if you kept that diet up for very long.

But just look at the way a new baby thrives on a menu of nothing else but milk, milk, milk.

You've more'n likely been overlooking the value of Dairy-land's creamy Cottage Cheese. Tomorrow you just set a cottage cheese Killarney Casserole on the table and see what happens. Then, when the



whole family's tucking into it like ravenous refugees you drop a gentle little hint about its inexpensiveness, and then sit back and dream of the \$1-gauge nylons you will be able to afford next pay day.

Secret: that casserole is out-of-this-world, too. Dairyland gives you the know-how of it, along with another dilly for cottage cheese pudding, not to mention the cheers that a chicken baked in Creamo will earn for you from your breadwinner.

Just keep your eyes skinned for the clever little pamphlets your Dairyland milkman leaves at your door—there are more ideas in them about milk dishes than a herd of Waldorf chefs could dream up.

But to get along with this penny-saving project. Do you realize that not only can you whittle Budget down one way by buying milk, but you can save money on no less than 12 different dairy products.

Why, there are 10 different kinds of milk and cream alone. And every one of them a cent-saver, into the bargain!

There's Standard Milk, and there's Homogenized Milk, both selling for the same price. Only, as you know, the Homogenized has its cream floating through it, and not sitting temptingly on top waiting for a "cream thief" with a miniature suction pump. That's two.

Then there is Jersey Milk, richer in butterfat—there's Skim Milk and Buttermilk (both food for those who would get their vitamins, but become slim the while). There's Chocolate Flavoured Dairy Drink, and there is Creamo, Table Cream and Whipping Cream.

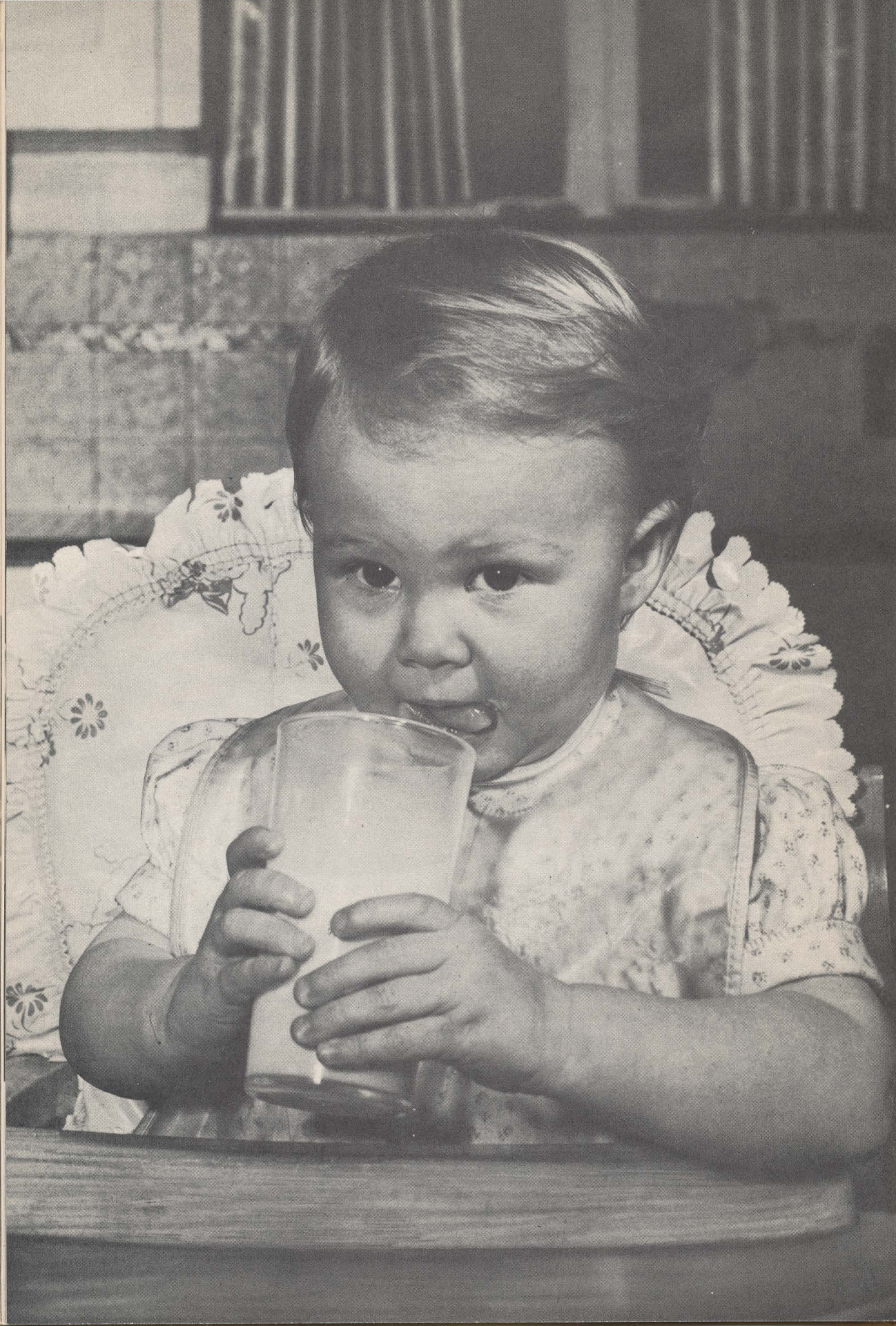
That brings the milk and cream total to nine, and leaves only Lactic Soured Cream, which is half a liquid, half a solid, and until you've eaten fresh fruit with slathers of it on top, you haven't lived.

When I think of the pennies you can save by buying Dessert Mix, I start to salaam before the makers of that delish dish.

And it'd make your eyes ogle to see the number of things you can do with buttermilk besides drink it. It turns out the most taste-bud tickling hot biscuits this side of the Deep, Dark South. And when it's put into gingerbread, well, strong men cry aloud for it.

You may also hear me rave about breakfast cereals and fresh fruit doing a "still life" float in Creamo, and about the things that gobs of gushy whipped cream do to almost any dessert you may concoct.

In fact, I could rave on about milk foods until the cows come home, but if you boiled all my praises down to fine print, they'd say simply this . . . "be pennywise; balance your budget the milky way."



Not Just a Beverage



by JEAN E. MUTCH

Well-known Home Economist,
Director, B. C. Electric Home
Service and Modernization Bureau.

*H*ow lucky we are to be living in the twentieth century—to be the heirs of all the accumulated knowledge and skills that have been developed in the past!

The science of nutrition is comparatively new, yet even in the last thirty years, improvement in general health has been very marked wherever good nutrition principles have been practiced. Babies are better developed; mothers are healthier; workers are less fatigued; school children are more mentally alert; and life expectancy is prolonged—all due in large measure to better food habits.

Milk is a vital factor in good nutrition. Whether for young or old, rich or poor, in normal or therapeutic diet, nutritionists all agree on the importance of Milk. It is often referred to as *the best single food Nature supplies—our most nearly perfect food.*

Why do we consider it so important?

First of all because it is our best source of calcium, that bone-building mineral so essential for growing children and expectant mothers. It is necessary too, to keep adult bones supple and strong.

You don't like milk, you say, and you prefer to get your calcium some other way? It is more difficult than you think.

Next to milk and other dairy products, authorities list vegetables (especially green vegetables, such as kale, dandelion and turnip greens), eggs, and nuts as good sources of calcium. But are you prepared to eat a pint or more of cooked greens, or approximately 28 eggs, or about two quarts of peanuts to get your daily quota of calcium? We wouldn't advise it. Milk is by far our best available source of calcium.

There are other valuable nutrients in milk.

It contains phosphorus which is essential to every cell in the body. Whole milk and cream contain Vitamin A which, if liberally supplied in the diet, serves to increase our resistance to certain

infections. Milk is a good source of riboflavin (Vitamin B2), it also contains thiamin (Vitamin B1), and traces of iron in a form easily assimilated. A pint of milk yields in addition enough high quality protein to supply approximately 25% of the daily adult requirement.

In other words, milk is a food and *not just a beverage*; it is a necessity, not a luxury.

Even in a low cost diet, milk furnishes more of the protective food factors for the money, than any other food.

Human beings are strange and unpredictable. If a commodity is abundant and readily available to all, we are inclined to discount its value. Children and adults indulge in many food prejudices, but luckily both are susceptible to foods prepared with skill, and vulnerable to a psychological approach. So homemakers, if any member of your family should be so foolish as not to like milk, use all your artistry in preparing dishes rich in milk and all your wiles in making it seem a treat.

Fortunately, in the case of milk and dairy products we have no need to belabor their nutritional qualities—we can serve them often, simply because they are good. This is important because the enjoyment of food is essential to good digestion. Dairy products are wonderful partners for almost any food. Think of crisp, spicy ginger-snaps and a tall glass of cold, sweet milk; or warm, fragrant gingerbread topped with sweetened whipped cream; garden fresh salad greens with a sour cream dressing; cottage cheese with fresh fruits or vegetables; strawberries or peaches with sugar and cream; and juicy fruit pies a la mode.

In case you are not familiar with all the twelve regular items on the Dairyland milkman's truck—we list them here:

Standard Milk: contains 3.5% butterfat and is widely used for drinking and cooking. According to Canada's Food Rules, children should have 1½ to 2 pints of milk per day; adults ½ to 1 pint daily.

Homogenized Milk: has been subjected to a process which reduces the size of the fat globules and suspends them evenly throughout the milk. Its flavor is improved because there is cream in every drop.

Jersey Milk: richer milk with a butterfat content of 4.5%.

Chocolate Flavored Dairy Drink: cocoa, sugar, pure bourbon vanilla and salt have been added to milk. It is enjoyed by all the family and is suggested for those who want to gain weight because it contains additional calories in the sugar and cocoa. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

Buttermilk: is produced from fresh milk under controlled laboratory conditions. It is a more uniform product and gives more dependable baking results than milk which has turned sour. Buttermilk and sour milk are interchangeable in recipes. Experienced cooks know that buttermilk imparts a special flavor and tenderness to many baked foods. It is enjoyed by many as a tonic and zestful drink.

Skim Milk: good for cooking and for those on fat-free diets because it contains all the nourishment of whole milk except the butterfat.

Creamo: contains 9% butterfat. Specially prepared for use on cereals and in hot beverages.

Table Cream: cream having 18% butterfat—wonderful on fresh fruit and for coffee.

Whipping Cream: 30% butterfat, it is used as a delectable ingredient in desserts, salads and beverages and also to top puddings and pies.

Lactic Soured Cream: used by epicures on fresh fruits and salad greens, and to give special flavor in baking and cooking, especially foreign dishes. It is pure fresh Cream soured under controlled laboratory conditions.

Dessert Mix: only requires beating and freezing to make delicious ice cream—the dessert which has a universal appeal to young and old. It is easy to digest, high in nourishment, simple to prepare and economical.

Cottage Cheese: an inexpensive protein food—almost indispensable as a salad ingredient. Good too in pastries, cheese cake and as a topping on single crust fruit pies.

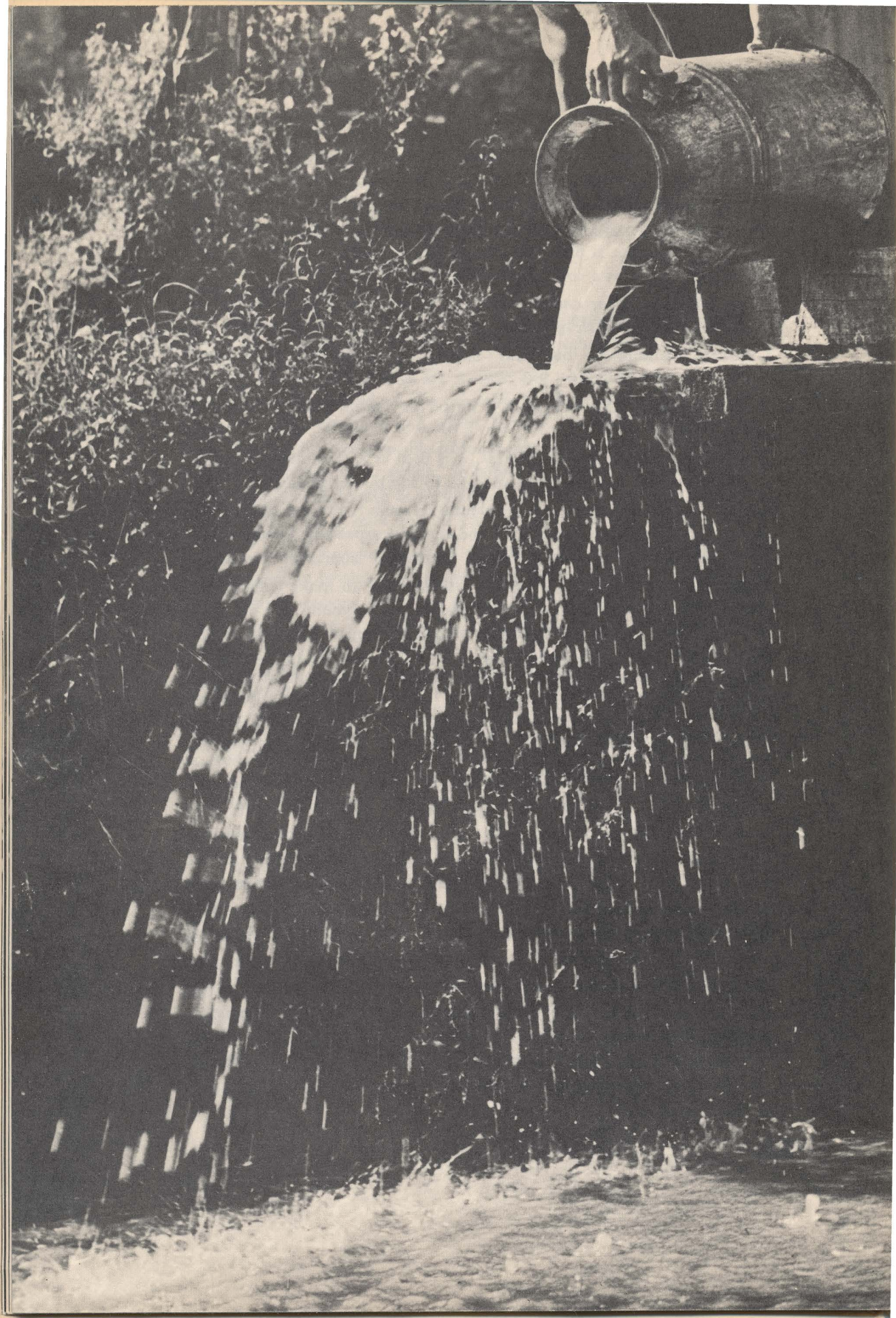
Brooksbank Laboratories Products: certified milk, lactic acid milk and Vitamin D fortified milk. Especially for babies, mothers and those on prescribed diets. These products conform to very high standards and are produced by a selected herd under rigorous inspection.

“Is milk fattening?” many people ask. No, it isn’t. In fact, because of its minerals, vitamins and high quality protein, it should be a ‘must’ on any reducing diet. On such a diet, drink skimmed milk if you wish, but preferably whole milk and eliminate fat in some other form such as gravies, fried foods, or rich pastries.

“Is milk harmful when eaten with shellfish, cucumbers and cherries?” Not at all, there is no foundation for these legends.

Nothing is more precious than good health, and more attractive than radiant vitality. No one food contributes more to clear skin, sparkling eyes, sound bones and all round good health than MILK.

No better advice could be given than: “Toast each day with a glass of milk.”



How It All Began



by DICK DIESPECKER
*Prize-winning radio producer,
dramatist and author.*

*I*t is *spring* . . . spring in the beautiful and bountiful Fraser Valley, with its broad-bosomed river, and its rich green acres of grass and clover, and the flanking mountains still dusted among the peaks with flecks of winter snow. Spring in the Fraser Valley. Only this happens to be spring forty years ago.

Already, up and down that fertile land, there are so many farms that they seem to march down the valley shoulder to shoulder. The roads are still rough. But the roads serve the dairy farmers well enough. What is beginning to worry those in the central and lower ends of the valley are the gleaming new tracks of the Interurban line. For these dairy farmers live a precarious life. Their only markets are the town of New Westminster and the city of Vancouver, and to those markets they take their products in their own wagons, winter and summer.

In the summer of 1909, two dairy farmers standing talking beside a wagon was a normal sight. And one conversation or a score might well have been the same, or at least along very similar lines. Let us call our two pioneers Luke and Tom. Luke might well have stood puffing at his pipe and then have said:

"Tom, how do you think business is going to be this summer?"

Tom shook his head. "Probably won't get any better than last year."

Luke turned his head and looked across the Valley towards the mountains.

"Well," he said with finality, "it better be. I can't stand another year like last year."

Tom took the top off a pussy willow with a vicious flick of his whip. "It hit me pretty hard too. And it's not getting any better. It's spring now. We'll do all right. But you know very well that in

the summer we won't be able to sell half the milk we've got. And come winter, we won't be able to produce enough to meet the demand."

"You know something else?" Luke asked. "Fellow told me the other day that the Interurban line to Chilliwack will be finished next year."

"Going to put some of us out of business altogether," groaned Tom.

"It will if those fellows up the Valley start shipping their milk to market instead of turning it into butter."

Tom climbed up on the wagon seat. As he lifted his whip he said wearily, "It's bad all right. Something ought to be done about it."

The other laughed a short, bitter laugh.

"Sure it should, but what?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders, clucked at his horses and drove off.

You see, that's the way it was. It was bad, very bad. But no one seemed to know what to do about it.

When summer came, dozens of Fraser Valley dairy farmers, men like Luke and Tom, would have to pour hundreds of gallons of fine milk out on to the ground or into the river. Waste—bitter, terrible waste. But it had to be done, because they could not sell it. The market was glutted.

In the winter, there was not enough milk to go round. In the summer, too much. And so the white rivers of milk, one of man's most nourishing foods, stained the Valley and the river each summer and told their shocking story. And no one seemed to know the answer.

Until that summer of 1911 when a dairy farmer named Barrow* from Chilliwack, one named Park† from Pitt Meadows, and another farmer named Berry‡ from Langley Prairie, and a fourth named

* Hon. E. D. Barrow, former Minister of Agriculture for the Province of British Columbia. A dairy farmer in Chilliwack for 25 years, Mr. Barrow entered politics as a direct result of his work with the farmers' co-operative movement. He was the first president of the F.V.M.P.A., resigning this position when he entered the Provincial cabinet.

† W. J. Park, long-time Reeve of the Municipality of Pitt Meadows, a Director of the F.V.M.P.A. from its inception. In 1923, Mr. Park became President and General Manager, continuing in this capacity until 1930, when he resigned to become General Manager of the company which preceded Dairyland in the distribution of fluid milk.

‡ The late J. W. Berry, one-time representative for Langley in the British Columbia Legislative Assembly. One of the original founders of the F.V.M.P.A., and one-time President, he was for many years a director of the Association and served in that capacity until his death in September, 1943.

John Oliver* from Delta began to talk about something they called a cooperative.

Some of the farmers were puzzled at first. They had never heard of such a thing. But it began to get talked around the Valley and a lot of people heard that it was a sort of company formed by the dairy farmers to market their own milk and butter direct to the big markets in Vancouver and New Westminster. And eventually there was a meeting, and Mr. Barrow, Mr. Park, Mr. Berry and Mr. Oliver outlined the idea to the farmers who came. And the farmers went back home and talked about it to their wives and their neighbors.

It sounded like a good idea all right. But there was one nasty snag. It would take a lot of money to get it under way.

As one farmer said: "Sure it's a fine idea. A wonderful idea. *But where is all that money coming from?* We haven't got any!"

Of course that was not literally true. Some of them had only a little. All of them had some. And after Mr. Barrow had gone to Victoria and ascertained from the Department of Agriculture that it was legal for them to band together, still another meeting was held and finally the magic words were written and spoken to the meeting and voted on and passed. The magic words . . .

"Be it therefore resolved that we form an Association with sufficient capital to sell our milk and cream through our own institution for mutual advantage and not for profit, and hereby adopt the following articles of incorporation. . . ."

And so that was the beginning. The actual formation of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association did not take place until 1913, and because of the difficulties in getting the dairy farmers to gather sufficient capital, active business was not commenced until 1917.

But the beginning, the real beginning of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association, was a painful and harrowing birth from the seeds of despair; a banding together of desperate men among rivers of jettisoned milk; a union of hard-pressed dairy farmers, facing ruin and bankruptcy in the midst of a Valley of plenty, in the summer of 1909.

*The late John Oliver commenced his political career in 1900, quickly becoming leader of the Liberal Opposition. He retired from public life in 1909, returning as Liberal Member for Dewdney in 1916, and was appointed Minister of Railways and Agriculture in the Provincial cabinet. Upon the death of Premier Brewster in 1918, a party caucus voted Mr. Oliver to the premiership. His government was returned to power in the elections of 1920, and again in 1924. He died in office, August 17th, 1927. Social legislation enacted during Premier Oliver's administration included: votes for women, mothers' pension, workmen's compensation, and a measure of financial aid to the municipalities.



A Business of Life



by LLOYD TURNER
*Featured financial writer and
Business Editor.*

*M*ilk is big business; but not in the cold, speculative eye of a stock market ticker.

It is a business of life, of human endeavor, of livelihood for the farmer, of benefit for the consumer.

Just take the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association, the parent company of Dairyland, for example: This organization in terms of volume handled, salaries paid and employment given, is one of the big operations of the whole Lower Mainland.

And yet it is a business that benefits everyone, and is a vital part of the economic development of the entire province of British Columbia.

If we could analyze it for an annual report, we might say:

Sales of the F.V.M.P.A. for 1949 totalled \$13,500,000, and of this more than \$8 million went to the farmers of the Fraser Valley. The remainder was distributed in salaries, and for payment of supplies, equipment and plants.

This money was obtained by the sale of almost 20 million gallons of milk, which contained over 8 million pounds of butterfat.

These are only the dull statistics; they don't begin to tell the story or outline the important role of this organization in our community.

The Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association is a group of 5,000 dairy farmers who have joined together voluntarily to form a marketing organization that performs a service for both themselves and the public.

Through their careful control of production and their progressive efforts they have achieved the position of providing Van-

couver with high-quality milk at one of the lowest prices on the continent and have built an organization that makes use of every product and by-product of this vital food.

Association members produce 65 to 70% of the milk in the Fraser Valley, and have made a fundamental contribution to the prosperity of our Province.

These 5,000 farmers, in their equipment, cattle, and land, have more than \$100 million invested in the Fraser Valley. They provide opportunity and livelihood for more than 25,000 men, women and children who are directly connected with this great industry.

But, of course, to this vast investment in people and money, you have to add the \$8 million that these farmers receive for their fluid product each year.

This money flows into the economic veins of the Province for everything from shoes to motor cars, and is a large and continuing stimulus to the growth of all British Columbia.

It doesn't stop there, either. When you remember that \$5½ million spent for equipment and for the salaries of men who run the processing plants, the chemists, the specialists, the office workers and the milkmen, you realize how much more important this business is.

And where does this money come from, and where does it go?

This is one of the few industries which, at no loss in raw materials to the Province, creates its products at home, sells them at home and spends the money at home.

Many of our basic industries are a continuing loss to the Province, and their output is limited to the amount of material that British Columbia has to send away.

But not the dairy business.

The dairy industry, unlike so many others, doesn't deplete the soil or steal away natural resources. Quite the contrary, the more dairying done, the richer and more productive the soil.

The Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association is well aware of all this, and in its expansion and development keeps in mind the good of both its members and the public.

This organization for its size and activity seems like big business, but basically it isn't that way at all.

Its members hold limited term shares. Regardless of the quantities of milk they ship, all have equal voting rights and all have a voice in running the business.

The *Dairyland* Division in the fine headquarters at 405 West Eighth, Vancouver, handles the production and sale of the fluid milk of the F.V.M.P.A.

Then in an independent, yet still integrated operation, the *Pacific Milk* Division at Abbotsford produces about 75 per cent of the canned milk sold in this Province.

In addition to these plants the *Arctic Ice Cream* Division at 1166 Hornby Street, Vancouver, specializes in frozen dairy products.

And finally, the Produce Division at Sardis is busy making butter, powdered milk, cottage cheese, whey powder and casein.

The entire organization sees to it that nothing from the milk is lost. Every single particle of this important food is used, and used profitably for the farmer and the purchaser.

This, by the way, is an important fact to remember when you buy your next bottle of milk. If your Fraser Valley farmer wasn't able to make use of all these marketing channels, his milk would cost you a lot more.

British Columbians are big buyers of milk, ice cream, cottage cheese and other dairy products; because of the consistently high standard of quality, and because milk foods have been held within the economic reach of every home.

In fact, Lower Mainland residents drink just about as much milk, and eat more cottage cheese than anybody in Canada. (The organization produces more than 40 per cent of the cottage cheese in the Dominion, and practically all of it is sold within the borders of the Province.)

In summing it up the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association is one of British Columbia's most beneficial operations.

It is big business in its total dollar turnover, its production and membership; but it is far more than that.

The products it produces are essential to the health and well-being of our citizens. Its revenues go toward stabilizing the economy of our whole province.



The Farmers Serve the Public



by JOHN GRAHAM
*Noted journalist and observer of the
Vancouver scene.*

*D*uring the years in which the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association has developed into one of the continent's most successful dairy co-operatives, it has been guided by one primary rule—that milk is a public necessity and, therefore, the interests of the consumer are at all times paramount.

Although the Association was originally formed as a movement to bring Fraser Valley dairy farmers the benefits of orderly marketing, it has never forgotten that its final success depends upon its relations with the public. And it is for this reason that, year after year, the F.V.M.P.A. has invariably keyed its policy toward more and more service to the public.

On the fundamental question of price, the public interest comes first. For the prices of milk and of most milk products are fixed by decree of Provincial authorities—both the amount paid by the consumer and that received by the farmer. Rates are determined by an independent, government-appointed Milk Board which considers the interest of all groups before fixing a figure, not only fair to consumers, but also designed to give the producer a just return for his labor and investment. In addition, incidentally, government boards also determine the butterfat content of practically all dairy foods.

Under the government regulations which set prices and butterfat standards, however, the Association is prohibited from passing on to consumers the savings in cost made possible by economies of mass buying and processing. So it has become the policy of the organization to transfer such savings indirectly to its customers in the form of more efficient service, better packaging, and improved protection of quality and purity to ensure that the public receives only the very best in the way of milk and milk foods.

Over the years there have been numerous outstanding milestones marking the Association's developments in the interests of citizens—developments ranging from laboratory control to labor relations.

Dairyland, which handles the production and sale of the Association's fluid milk, was the first dairy in Vancouver to install its own laboratory. Since then it has become one of the best equipped and staffed labs in the Dominion. Constantly the milk supplies of the Lower Mainland are checked and rechecked at all levels, from the farm to the home, to ensure that the highest standards of quality and purity shall always be maintained.

Another of the F.V.M.P.A. milestones was the establishment of the Fraser Valley as a T.B.-free area. It was more than twenty years ago that the Association instituted efforts to wipe out bovine tuberculosis in its entire territory. In time, success crowned its work. For in one of the most drastic operations in the history of the Valley, tubercular animals were completely disposed of. Extended control measures followed, and it was only a short time before the disease was wiped out throughout the Fraser Valley.

Dairyland was the first union dairy, and for many years the only union dairy in B.C. It now has agreements with three unions covering nearly its entire staff. Both unions and company alike recognize that the product they handle is a public necessity. It is for this reason alone that the contract, covering all Dairyland milk salesmen and dairy workers, carries the mutual agreement that the Lower Mainland milk supply shall never be halted by either strike or lockout.

It was Dairyland, too, which was the first dairy to serve the Metropolitan area—in all Vancouver, New Westminster, North Vancouver, Burnaby, West Vancouver, Richmond and Port Moody, there are Dairyland delivery men. And, at the same time, the Dairyland milkman was the first to offer the complete range of twelve milk foods—as well as the special products of the Brooksbank Laboratories.

Most of the milk products referred to also represent "firsts" for Dairyland. "Creamo," was originated by that organization; and it was thirty years ago that one of the most popular dairy products of all—cottage cheese—was introduced commercially by the company.

As time goes on, and research and scientific development point the way for more and more dairy improvements, these, too, will be brought to the public by the F.V.M.P.A.

For if there is one essential basis upon which the success of the F.V.M.P.A. is founded, it is the continued existence of a large and steadily-increasing family of satisfied customers. It is upon this family that the welfare of the Valley producers depends, and it is evident, therefore, that every step taken by the Association must be measured from the prime standpoint of public benefit.

Recently Dairyland issued a statement of its policy. It concluded with this sentence:

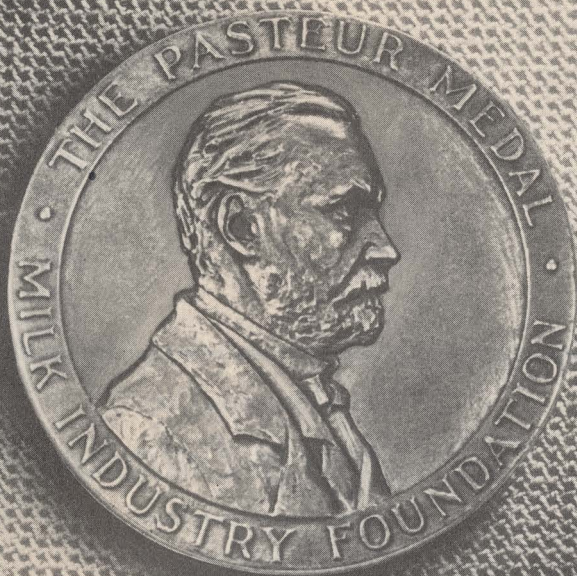
"We are determined to stick to our business, and to provide to our customers the purest milk foods, the very highest quality of milk foods, and most efficient service within our power."

That just about sums it up. And as long as that basic policy continues, both the producers in the Valley and the consumers everywhere are certain to share the benefits equally.

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Producers' Association

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The Pasteur Medal, awarded by the Milk Industry Foundation of New York, to honor those persons in the Milk Industry, who have displayed to an exceptional degree, personal courage and presence of mind, in the pursuit of their daily duties. Presented by the Mayor of Vancouver, Mr. Charles Thompson, to George T. Blackman, a Dairyland milkman, on August 16th, 1949.

"On the morning of November 1st, 1948, Mr. Blackman was making his usual rounds, and noticed a strong odor of gas coming from the door of a woman customer. Acting promptly, he broke down the locked door, telephoned the inhalator squad, and attempted to revive the unconscious girl with artificial respiration. The young woman was hospitalized for a brief period, and Mr. Blackman himself suffered slight gas poison and shock."

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"The Story of Dairyland"

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