

The Cream Separator - What a Chore

The cream separator was down a set of long stairs in our farmhouse. Separating the milk from the cream and cleaning the components of the separator were delegated to me. I guess because I was the youngest, I had to do the leftover jobs. Harry was out doing chores with Dad and Julie helped Mom in the kitchen making supper. Dad milked the cow in the morning and evening. I took the pail of milk Dad brought in from milking and carried it downstairs.

The separator had a large metal bowl on top. I put a clean towel and attached it to the bowl with clothespins. Then I poured the milk from the pail into the towel, straining any straw or dirt out of the milk. Once this was done I turned on the switch for the separator to start a centrifugal force that forced the milk into cylinders that separated the lighter cream from the milk. The cream came out of the top spout and the milk flowed in larger amounts out of the bottom one into the jars I placed on a ledge under the spouts.

After separating the milk, I had to wash the bowl, the cylinders and the spouts, so they would be ready for the next use. If I were to have this job now, I would have purchased a utility sink to work in. As it was, there were two taps with a rubber hose to merge the hot and cold into one. I placed a large tub on the floor and filled it with water and added soap. I had no table to work on, so I bent over this tub, washing. Then I had to dry them and put the parts back together.

I think the worst part of this job was being alone in the basement where I heard my mother and sister having a good time making supper. I felt like I was missing out.