

Air Freighter Moves Farmers' Pea Crop

Leading Vegetable Packer Defeats Weather

In a world of food shortages and famine, Stokely-Van Camp of Canada for whom many farmers east of Stouffville are growing peas turned to aviation today for saving and processing a bumper pea crop around Trenton, which was threatened because of hot weather and no rain.

Carrying ten tons a trip, a big DC-4 four-engine air freighter engaged by E. G. Stokely, Vice-President and General Manager, began a shuttle service between Trenton, where plant facilities are overtaxed, and Essex, Ontario, a 300-mile flight, where another of the Company's plants is available to process and can the vegetables.

"Hot weather and a dry spell matured this year's fine pea crop ahead of time and local facilities cannot handle the volume," Mr. Stokely said. "With famine in the world we've got to do everything we can to save this crop, so we are using a big air freighter to fly hundreds of thousands of pounds of peas on the 300-mile trip to Essex."

Forty tons of shelled peas are being shipped by air each twenty-four hours, Stokely officials state. It will take three or four days to complete the job and save the crop. Extra pilots, crews and flight mechanic are on hand to keep the big air freighter in constant operation.

What Did You See This Morning?

(By R. J. Deachman)

It's amazing how many things we could see—if only we kept our eyes open. Then too there are the eyes of the mind. Let us use both to make life fuller, richer, happier.

It was a quarter to eight as I came out of the apartment block where I live. The night had been hot, the pulses of a tired city throbbed slowly back to life. Birds chirped their morning matin. A black squirrel loped across the corner of the street. Rarely have I seen one out so early. The heat may have given him a restless night. A child cried softly from an upstairs window. Hot weather is hard on the very old, the very young.

I looked down the street towards the House on the Hill, the place where Mr. Ilsley delivered his recent budget. The quiet city at that early hour worried, not in the least, about taxes or governments. At the moment it was undisturbed. A milk wagon trundled along on rubber wheels. Three light trucks moved by on cross streets, a boy passed on a bicycle.

There was a girl four blocks ahead. She wore a yellow dress. I wondered who she was, and why she wore yellow, thought vaguely too, that I liked better the one who wore a white waist with a red and white striped skirt, the stripes running diagonally downward. I could see the loss of her head, that may have influenced my judgment. Men are poor judges of the clothes women wear.

The pace quickened, more traffic was moving. I passed an elderly gentleman who walked slowly, very, very slowly. I see him almost every morning, summer or winter. I admire the man who goes on working, despite advancing years. He feels happier. Idle men grow quickly dull. I feel sorry for the retired civil servant, he is apt to lose his interest in life.

I met two elderly women, one plainly dressed, one carrying a pair of shoes. They came, I think, from the early morning staff of the Parliament Buildings. The tempo of life altered as I moved. No people were coming out of houses and apartments. Street cars sounded closer as I came nearer the heart of the city. I looked up at the tower of the Parliament buildings, a mist was rising from the river at its back, not high enough to cloak the clock in the tower, sufficient to provide a background of haze for the buildings.

The mist stirred a strange nostalgic memory. I remembered the old farm home, a heavy dew on the grass, the sun shining across the hills, a fog rising from the river, a groundhog watching the new day. In imagination I could hear his throaty chuckle as he took a fresh stance preparing to disappear into his den if I showed the slightest belligerent sign.

A street car clanged a warning note, an auto was coming close behind it as I crossed the street. I made a quick instinctive move. I must not think on city streets of open fields, of basswood trees or groundhogs, or cows coming home to be milked. These are happy memories, they carry with them a reverence for the country and the people who live in it. So, in memory, now and then, I slip back home, feel once more soft grass under bare feet, smell the blossoms on the "haw" trees, touch the water in the old swimming hole and awake to find myself still in the City of Ottawa.

Baptism At Musselman's Lake in 1843

Memoirs of Late Rev. Thomas Henry early Christian Minister Reveals It a "Beautiful Little Sheet of Water"

The story of a life of persistent devotion to the preaching of God's Word and the practice of it among his fellowmen is told in a Memoir of the late Rev. Thomas Henry, one of the earliest pastors of the Christian Church in Oshawa, which was published in 1880 by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. P. A. Henry and is now in the possession of the late Elder Henry's grandson, Dr. F. L. Henry, 231 King Street East, Oshawa.

While dealing in particular with the life of Mr. Henry, the book which in the words of the writer is "less a regular biography than a few loving remembrances of him," also contains interesting information concerning the early history of Oshawa, especially of The Christian Church there.

Born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, on February 2, 1798, Thomas Henry came to Canada in 1811 with his family who settled at Port Oshawa in 1816. Shortly afterwards the young Thomas Henry purchased 110 acres north of his father's land, this land now being known as the "city farm."

He first became attracted to the preaching of the "Christian" ministers about 1825 and recounts in his diary being "called to pass through some severe trials of my faith," referring in particular to a Methodist quarterly meeting "held in a school-house called Coryell's school-house, on the main road near Oshawa."

As his convictions became more and more confirmed he took a prominent part in the Christians' prayer and conference meetings and in June 1829, was granted papers recommending him a public speaker. He began preaching through the townships of Whitby, Darlington, Clarke and Hope and in 1832 was

ordained to the work of the ministry in Darlington.

In 1841, Elder Henry was chosen to the pastorate of the Church in the Township of Whitby, which was at this time in a "very unhappy condition." The energy with which he set about building up his home church while continuing to travel throughout the district is evidenced in the following letter published in the "Palladium," organ of the Christian Church.

"Our Conference met in Newmarket. We had a good time. The visit of Elders McIntyre, Marvin and Galloway, was like the coming of Titus. They attended a general meeting in Whitby, which was truly an interesting season and one long to be remembered. On the 16th and 17th I attended a meeting in Haldimand and Elders McIntyre and Marvin: Elder McIntyre baptised two. We feel much encouraged. Since Conference I have baptised 16 happy converts. I have attended a number of meetings this season in Whitechurch with Elder Sharrard. We have baptised 19 in a beautiful little sheet of water called Musselman's Lake. The work is progressing. I have just returned from a visit to the State of New York, in company with my wife and Deacon J. Ainsbury and wife. At Marion I attended a two days' meeting. From Marion we went to Auburn and spent a day visiting the State Prison and prisoners. We returned home by way of Niagara Falls, and spent two days there visiting some friends, and viewing that wonderful work of God, the great cataract. From here we made our way to Lewiston, and took the steamboat across our own beautiful lake to Toronto; reached home the following evening and found all well."

Build Church Here
Work was commenced on a suitable church building and on May 28, 1843, the new chapel, located on the property which now forms the

northwest corner of Church and Richmond Streets, was opened and dedicated to the worship of God. Of the new building Mr. Henry wrote: "The chapel is 54x38 feet, has a gallery on three sides, is well painted and cost \$2,450." In three years the membership had increased from 28 to 174.

At the Conference in 1844, the question of publishing a denominational paper in Canada was discussed and the publication of The Christian Luminary was commenced in Oshawa. The paper did not prove to be a paying enterprise, however, and fell into Elder Henry's hands. He continued its publication until 1849 when it was discontinued.

Meanwhile the Christian Church was given official recognition by the Legislature in 1845, recognition sought by Mr. Henry and others for nearly a decade. In 1848-49, in addition to acting as publishing agent for the Luminary he took part in the publication of a hymn book.

Again in 1853 a Christian publication The Christian Offering was started in Oshawa by Elder J. R. Hoag and altogether this proved more successful financially, as it was published in connection with the secular paper of the village. It was merged six years later with the Palladium, the Christian paper published in United States.

HARBOR MASTER
From 1850-53 meanwhile, Mr. Henry was called upon to carry out a further task. Being a stockholder of the Oshawa Harbour Company he was induced to take over the position of Harbor Master, remaining pastor of the Oshawa Church nevertheless while performing his added duties. In 1853 he was appointed Home Missionary to travel throughout the bounds of the Conference and the following are extracts from a report of his activities during December of that year (continued on page 10)

Mid-Summer Specials

Certo	25c
Medium and Small Jars	\$1.13 and 95c
New Potatoes, 10 lbs.	45c
Savory Custard with tumbler	25c
Parawax, box	19c
New Pack Peas, 2 tns	29c

And Every Saturday 9 p.m.-12
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We Deliver Phone 6515

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Body and Fender Repairs
Also Cars Refinished

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FARMERS!

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The New Universal Willys

Jeep

"Four-wheel Drive"

Friday, July 26 - 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Elward's Farm

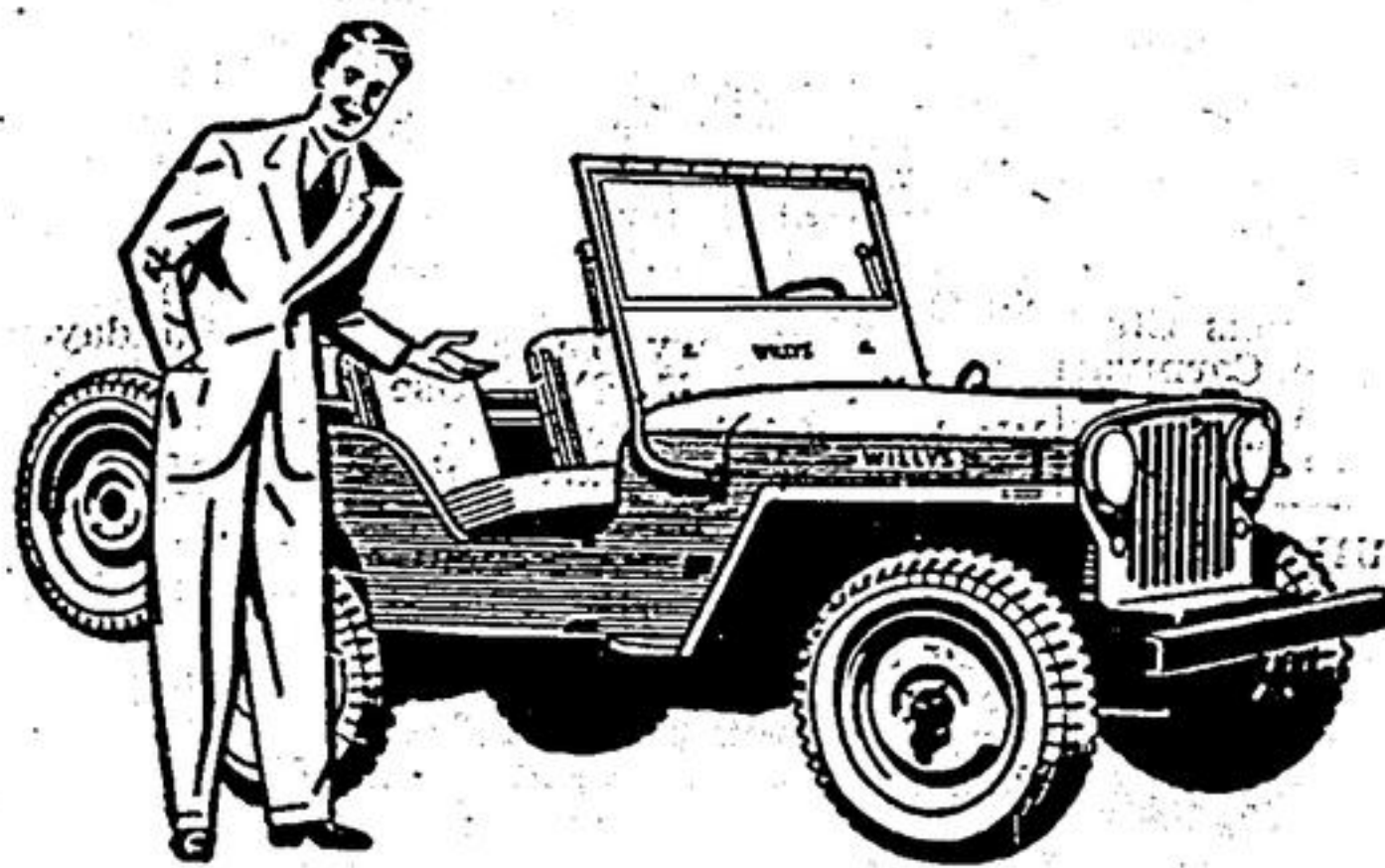
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WILLYS DEALERS of Toronto District

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¾-ton Trucks Station Wagons 4 and 6 Cylinders!

SON ON STRIKE AT DAD'S BAKERY

A report from Pekin, Illinois that Robert, Dean and Richard Hansen are on strike against a small bakery owned by their father, but relations between father and sons are amicable. The boys, members of an A.F.L. Bakery and Confectionery Workers Union on strike, are using their spare time to paint and repair their father's wholesale bakery—without pay. They draw \$11 a week from the union's strike fund.

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