

DAIRY FOODS

Fresh
as summer rain

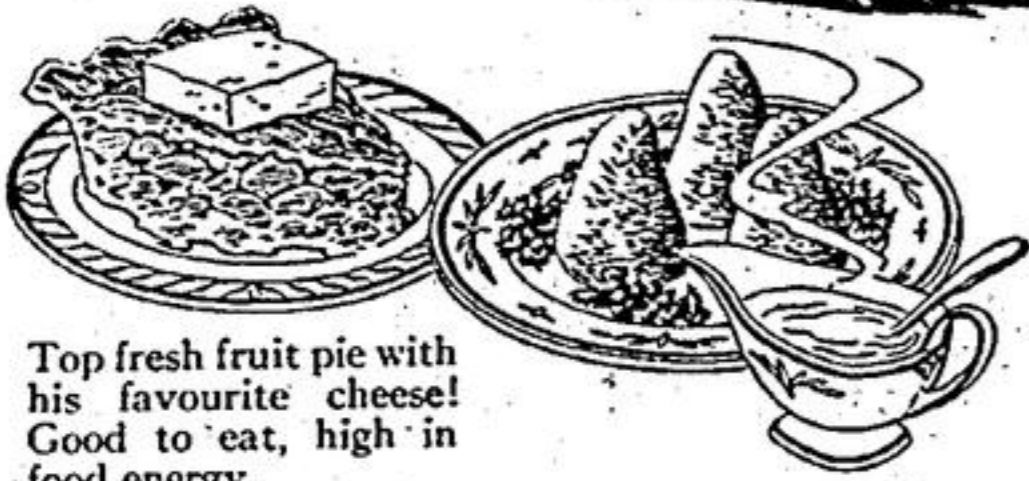


Break open a hot, baked biscuit and spread on golden butter. U-m-m-m it's meltingly good.

Glorify your summer meals with creamy-fresh dairy foods. They're so delicious, nutritious, they make every meal a treat to remember.



SUMMER STAR SALAD
Arrange banana quarters in a circle, top with tasty Cottage Cheese. Add strawberry halves and golden orange slices. Colourful! Flavourful!



Top fresh fruit pie with his favourite cheese! Good to eat, high in food energy.

For mellow sauce for tasty croquettes, use creamy-smooth evaporated milk.

June is Dairy Month!

DAIRY FOODS SERVICE BUREAU
409 HURON STREET • TORONTO

An express box arrived from an Ontario town addressed to the sports editor of a newspaper. After looking at it for a while, trying to think who might have sent it and unable to find out the name of the sender he opened it. Much to his surprise he found a beautiful rainbow trout weighing about five pounds. Not knowing what to do

with it, he decided to give it to a friend in the office. Next morning the friend remarked it was wonderful eating and he enjoyed it very much. A short while after this there was a phone call. The caller wanted to know what happened to the fish he had sent in to the fish contest.

Early Days in Locust Hill Make Interesting Reading

Bob Mustard was the town clown years ago. Folks around Locust Hill don't like to talk about him too much, it might seem disrespectful to the dead and all, but they enjoy remembering him.

It seems that every now and then — sometimes with alarming frequency — Mr. Mustard would swell out his chest and beat upon it with clenched fists.

The result was a rumbling basso bearing remarkable resemblance to an oversize drum.

Mrs. O. A. Hagerman, 72, member of a pioneer Locust Hill family, suppressed a smile when his name was mentioned. "Oh, yes," she said, "he would make quite a noise all right."

"He sure would," her husband added, "especially at a chivaree — he'd just swell up and roar like a bull." Howard Hagerman, his son, passed judgment with, "he was really quite a character around here, but his mother tempered it."

"Well, maybe he was but he wasn't a bad character. It was just that he was very fond of music. And I guess he was spoiled as a youngster. We did have to laugh at him."

Perhaps it's just as well not to criticize or laugh too hard at a bygone generation. It was comparatively recently that Howard Hagerman was wed. That was the night someone backed a motorcycle up to the house in the dead of night and took great delight causing it to backfire.

There were other sounds in Locust Hill's past that were more on the mellow side. They aren't heard today but they might be. Behind the giant 14-room, 81-year-old mansion of the Hagerman's, hanging high on a temporary barn, is a bell. It was perched there by Col. W. M. Butt.

Mr. Hagerman's grandfather who migrated to Canada from Pennsylvania with others of Dutch stock like the Hoovers and the Reesors.

The bell is silent now but Mr. Hagerman remembers: "Let's see there were — no there were only three bells around here in those days. We used to ring it at exactly 11:30 every morning and six at night. Everybody around would know it was time to eat."

"And the horses would neigh," his wife interjected — "the men would drop the reins. The workmen and their teams in a five-mile radius would head homeward."

It's years since the bell has sounded now — 1934 to be exact. That was the year the grain elevator burned down. The bell had a different task that time. It sounded an alarm.

Very little grain is grown in the Locust Hill area (named for its

beautiful locust trees) now. The trend has turned to prize dairy country with an ever-enlarging canning vegetable and pea crop.

There was another fire in 1923. One day that year, Mrs. Hagerman saw flames and smoke in town. It was the Hoover stables. She tried to telephone but no one answered. The old reliable bell.

If it pealed at 11:30 or at six in the evening, it was time to turn homeward. But if it rang at any other hour there was trouble.

The community responded, rushed to the stables and tried to help. Some things were saved but it was too late to prevent the building from burning to the ground.

The old alarm system is kept in shape still, in case it is ever needed, but when the CPR line to Montreal went through Locust Hill it took over the job of dinner gong.

The original Button land was 200 acres, a Crown grant. The rails whittled it down a little but put Locust Hill on the map forever.

"After it went through about 1883," Mr. Hagerman recalls, "three houses were built for the crews. Then came a store and a pumping station. It was still pretty small, just a few families around. West of the tracks was bushland, owned by Mrs. Christian Reesor. Soon the place grew and became much like it is now."

Steel rails can't claim all credit. It was the old covered Conestoga wagon and a lone Mennonite rider from Pennsylvania and the American Revolution that were responsible for the beginning of Locust Hill.

It was the troubled year of 1799. The lone rider was a 27-year-old man by the name of Peter Reesor, Swiss Dutch in extraction. He saddled his fine horse and loped his way 500 miles to York on an urgent errand for his father Christian.

Peter didn't waste time. His family and friends in Pennsylvania were being abused by the American revolutionists because their Mennonite faith forbade active participation in war. They were harassed, but refused to battle the British.

The small settlement decided to flee to Canada and Peter was an advance envoy to choose farm sites and purchase land. At the Land Office in York he asked for good land with ample water. The vicinity of what is now Locust Hill was indicated, Peter looked it over and purchased.

He still wasn't quite satisfied as he prepared to return to Pennsylvania. The land was excellent but he wanted still more and didn't have the money. That's when he



chanced to meet a retired officer, Frederick Baron Dehoen. "I learned you are looking for land," Dehoen said. "Now I have 400 acres for your horse, saddle and bridle." Peter asked to see his title and accepted the offer. Afterwards, the officer wanted Peter also to give him the halter, since it was useless without the horse.

Peter refused. Business was business. A deal was a deal. "Let your eyes be eye and your nays nay," was his motto. He set out for Pennsylvania on foot, arriving there two years later with the halter in his hand.

The family, headed by Christian Reesor, the father — including his wife, four sons and four daughters — and a small gathering of Mennonite friends loaded as much as a ton of furniture and belonging on each of their covered Conestoga wagons and headed by way of Niagara to their new home. They arrived in 1804 and soon became the largest land owners in the area.

The Reesor family spread out from Locust Hill and settled in many parts of Canada. Some remained Mennonite but many changed their faith but still retained their innate love of land and life.

There are still many of the family in the immediate area of Locust Hill and they have brought the community to the fore in sports; when three Reesors were members of the famed Locust Hill Clipper soccer team which carried off the FBC Intermediate Championship of Ontario in 1905, in land ownership and crops and in butter, when Fred E. N. Reesor, grandson of the original Christian Reesor, gave Southern Ontario some of the consistently finest butter ever made.

Now retired, Fred Reesor cherishes the oversized early American antique furniture brought from Pennsylvania by his forefathers. But even in his day, things weren't all roses in Locust Hill.

"The roads were terrible. It would take a day's drive by team to get to Toronto and in spring and fall it was common to see five or six persons literally stuck in the mud."

"Then there was the day I was over at the creamery and a fellow named Franklin Raymer was coming across the old wooden bridge with a load of cement. All of a sudden he was gone. The boards gave way and down he went team and all. Lucky he wasn't hurt."

It's different in Locust Hill today. Regular trains connect with Peterborough and Toronto and Montreal. Number 7 Highway adds another link, and a daily bus service gives quick contact with larger communities.

Rich in dairy farming, the area is now giving rise to an ever-increasing pea crop, and six vining stations have been established. The P. R. Wilson lumber and building supply company is doing a large business, and new buildings are starting to dot the area even onto the sideroads.

Frank Wade and his wife run the general store, with post office included, and lately they have built up an egg-grading station handling some 1,600 dozen eggs a week for 37 producers.

With its expansion it also grows in beauty; sitting beside the Little Rouge River, smiling at the world with its green fields, lilacs and trim lawns. "We call it the Garden of Eden," one resident said, "and I think that's an understatement."

—Toronto Telegram

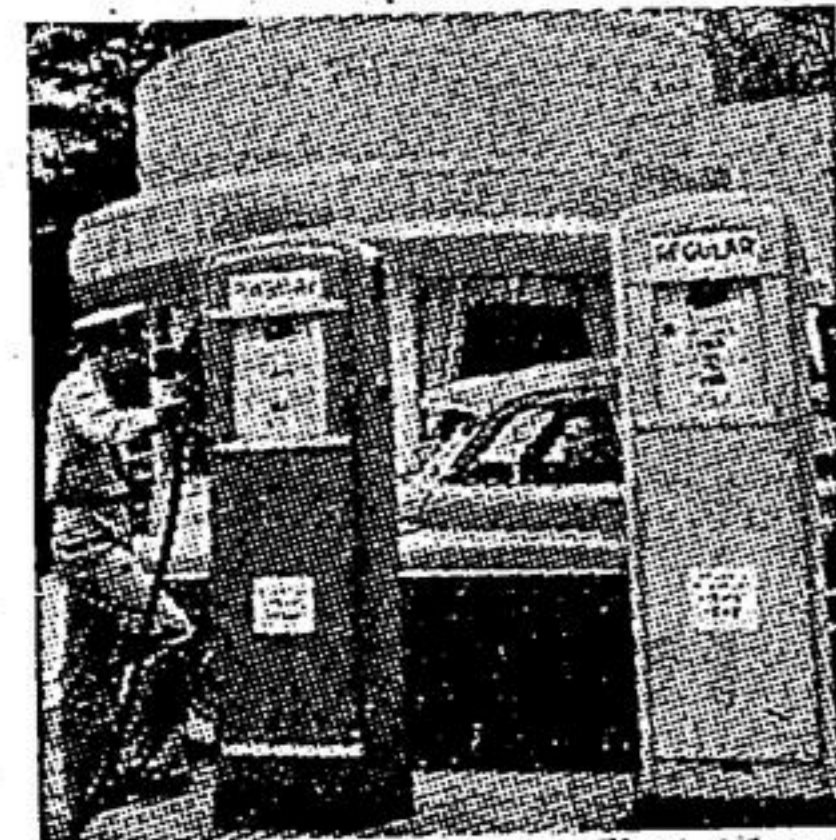
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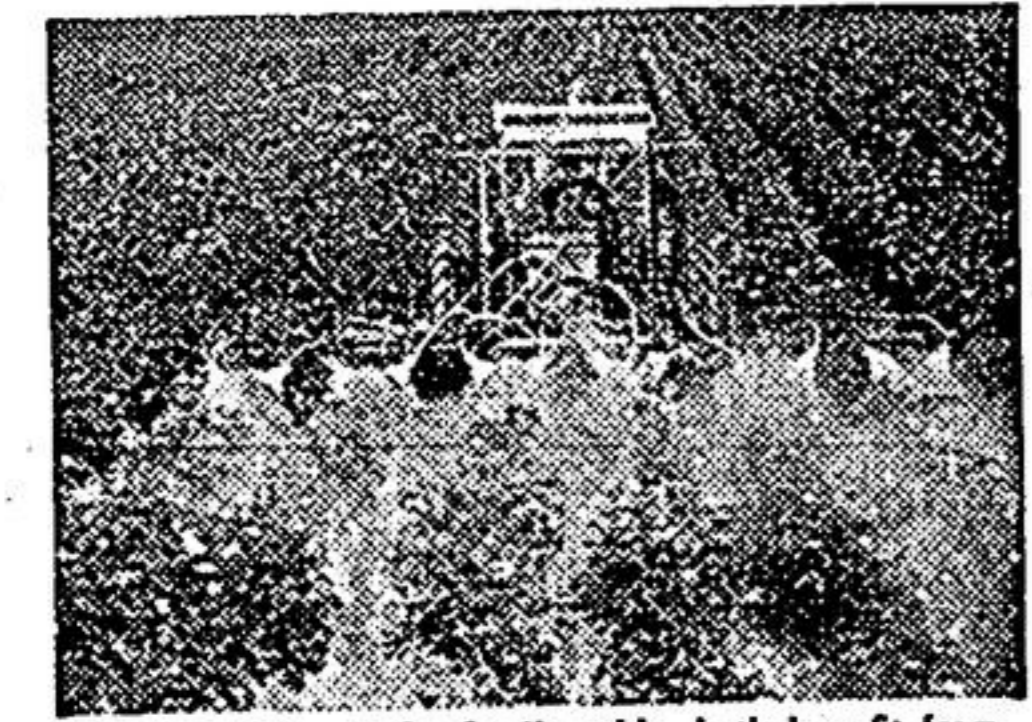
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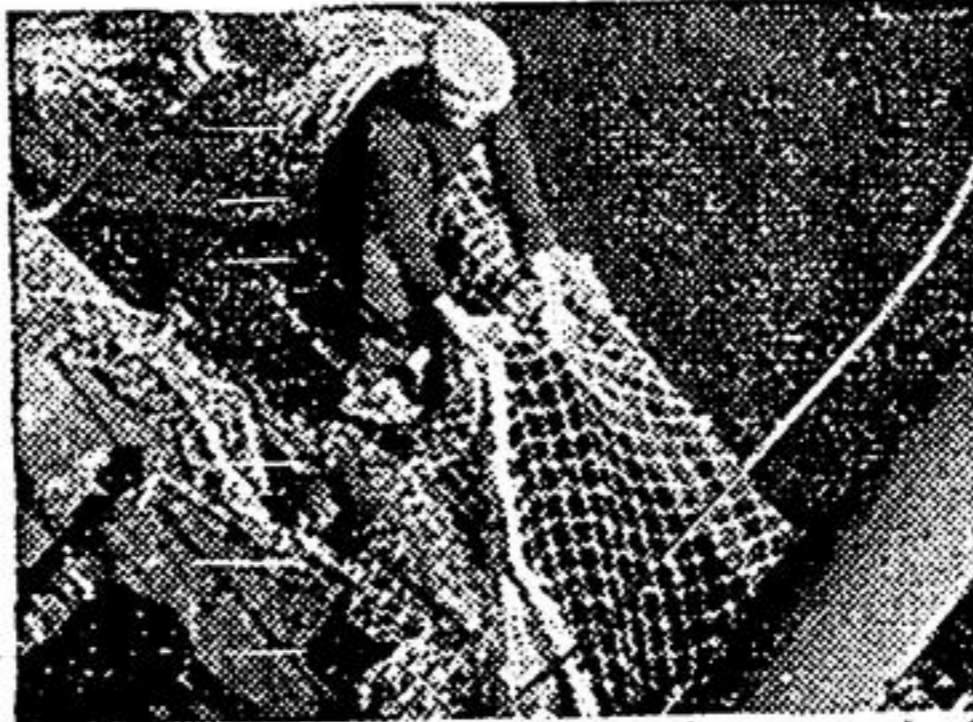
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