

Harlem-Farms of the area  
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about 1860. Levi, one of the Gallagher boys, has been credited with planting the maple trees which still front the farm.

The farm has passed from father to son for four generations: - James, Elijah, Truman and Earle.

The "Gile Farm"

The name Gile first appears in the records of Bastard about 1850 when Amos Gile and his family from Vermont took up land in Concession 5, Lots 17 and 18. One son, Azel Holmes, farmed where Arthur Gile lives today. The youngest son, John Gile owned the farm where Elmer Jaquith lives. Arthur Gile's farm has been in the family name for five generations.

The "Campbell Farm"

The "Campbell Farm" now owned by Elmer Campbell has been in the family name for four generations. The original home no longer stands, but a new home has been built closer to the road and is the residence of Elmer's mother, Doreen Campbell.

Clarence Hutchings' farm has been in the family name over ninety years, having been bought by his grandfather from William Gallagher.

Arthur Chant and sons operate the only large dairy farm of the Harlem area.

Owen FitzGerald, who purchased the Lawrence Chant farm as well as part of the Stanley Gile farm, raises beef cattle. Owen is an auctioneer.

Since dairy farming has become so complicated with the requirements of bulk tanks, pipeline milkers, etc, that many farms of the area are being rented only as summer pasture land with the owners still in residence.



SEASON'S GREETINGS

There is no better time of the year to remember our friends and clients, but Christmas. Not only to wish you all a blessed and safe season, but also to say "thank you" for allowing us to serve you and look after your insurance needs. Our sincerest wish is that 1980 will bring you all that you desire.

Peter Vogelzang  
Shirley Weaver

Lee Horner  
Alice Leavitt

VOGELZANG AND HORNER INSURANCE AGENCY LIMITED

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Harlem cheese factory  
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has been sold to Edward Leslie Golding as well as the Campbell house that stands close by on the bank of the creek.

In early years the patrons numbered about twenty-eight but as the factories in Chantry, Newboyne, Phillipville and Portland were closed or burned, the number of patrons increased to forty.

The patrons took turns in transporting the cheese to Portland by a team of horses and a wagon where it was stored in a warehouse and then shipped by boat to Montreal. As the boats ceased to operate the cheese was shipped by train from the Portland station. In the later years trucks came into Harlem and loaded the cheese at the factory.

For many years Truman Gallagher was secretary-treasurer of the Harlem Cheese Factory. Each month he made up the books and paid the patrons by cheque depending on the weight of milk produced and the price per ton. Later milk was tested for butter fat and paid for accordingly.

Glatum's Law of Materialistic  
Acquisitiveness:

The perceived usefulness of an article is inversely proportional to its actual usefulness once bought and paid for.

THE LIGHT THAT CAME TO BETHLEHEM

G. C. Churchill  
Christmas, 1949

The Judean night hung dark and lone  
Where the Shepherds watched by night.  
When an angel came to still their fears  
In a blaze of dazzling light.  
Two thousand years have nearly passed  
Since that Life, the light of men -  
The Virgin's child - the Son of God  
Was born in Bethlehem.

A few short years He graced the world  
-The finest earth has known -  
The birds had nests, the foxes dens,  
But the Son of God - no home.  
Traitors came to hear Him speak  
When justice fled the mind,  
They crowned His brow with cruel thorns  
When He died for all mankind.

With gleaming swords, they hoped to end  
His life in manhood's bloom;  
And leave a bleeding piece of clay  
For the cold and silent tomb.  
No pitying eye looked on the scene  
No arm reached forth to save  
On Calvary's cross He passed away  
And they bore Him to the grave.

The birds may leave their sheltered nests,  
The eagle mourn her mate,  
A voice keeps calling through the years  
Aye - calling long and late.  
The voice that stilled the angry wave  
When the seas were lashed to foam,  
The light that came to Bethlehem  
Is calling "All - come home".

Some have spurned the Cross of Christ  
And they've scoffed at the Virgin's Birth  
But the light that came to Bethlehem  
Has spread across the earth.  
Though waves roll high on Galilee  
And break o'er the sands He trod,  
The light that came to Bethlehem  
Still points the way to God.

The seas may roll and waste away,  
The mountains sink in dust, -  
All earthly forms and hopes decay,  
And the miser's gold may rust.  
The earth be wrapped in deepest gloom  
The last bright sunbeam gone,  
But the light that came to Bethlehem  
Forever more shines on.

Cherry  
Christmas!

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR  
TO ALL MY FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

TONYS PLACE  
AT THE JUNCTION HIGHWAYS 15 & 32