



# FARM AND DAIRY



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## & RURAL HOME

The Recognized Exponent of Dairying in Canada

Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land—Lord Chatham

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## A Veteran Among Canadian Holstein Breeders

A Recognition of the Services of Mr. A. C. Hallman to Canadian Dairying—By F. E. Ellis, B.S.A.



A. C. Hallman.

THIS sketch is in recognition of the services of Mr. A. C. Hallman to the pure-bred dairy cattle industry of Canada. Recognition of a man's services after he is dead is at best but tardy justice. The subject of this sketch is not dead; far from it. A man a little past his prime, and as fresh and vigorous in mind and outlook as ever and as anxiously looking for new fields to conquer, Mr. Hallman is, nevertheless, one of the veterans among Holstein breeders

in Canada. He is one of the fathers of the Holstein Association, and in the past several decades he has done much to popularize the breed in this country. The story of his early life is therefore an interesting chapter in the development of the Holstein breed.

The Hallman family is an old one in Waterloo county. His grandfather, the first of the name in that section, came from Pennsylvania. He was a weaver by trade, but seeing no future in his own occupation, except that of a poorly paid wage earner, he picked up his few belongings and walked to Canada. It has been well said that fools don't emigrate, and the arduous journey undertaken by the elder Hallman to reach his land of promise showed the stuff of which he was made. He finally settled in the township of Wilmet, in Waterloo county, near New Dundee. He

cleared a farm from the virgin forest, and the work that he left undone was completed by his son, the father of the subject of this sketch. Both the Pennsylvania weaver and his son were thrifty and progressive people, who, seeing into the future, were content to make good use of the present.

It was on the farm that these two men cleared from the virgin forest that A. C. Hallman was born and reared, one of a round dozen of sturdy country children. All but one of this large family are living. All are farmers or farmers' wives, and all are doing well. Young A. C. Hallman soon showed his natural bent. "It was the cattle boy at home," he told me once. "I never cared for teaming. I used to be in the barns sickening up the cattle just for the love of it."

Finally the time came when the cattle boy desired to become a cattle man and make a start for himself. He settled two miles from the old homestead on a farm that his father had bought as bush land and off of which he had sold a part of the timber. The small area of crops that had been produced there had always been drawn to the home farm. Finally the partly cleared farm was

offered for sale at \$5,000, but could not be sold. Then young Hallman made his first bold bid for a home of his own. "I will take that farm at your price," he told his dad.

It was a rough, hilly farm to which the young



The Substantial Farm Home of A. C. Hallman, Waterloo Co., Ont. Surrounded by trees of Mr. Hallman's own planting, this is one of the finest farm homes in Ontario. Photo by an editor of Farm and Dairy.

man moved and not one well calculated to engender optimism. Forty acres of stony land had been cleared. The first season's grain crop weighed out just 665 bushels. The house to which Mr. Hallman took his bride was built of logs, which at least had the merit of being substantial, and there they lived and worked for 15 years. Improvements were made from time to time: an addition to the barn, a modern hog pen, a good drive home, and so forth. When the farm was finally sold Mr. Hallman realized \$500 more than he paid for it, and when he left the farm produced 2,000 to 2,500 bushels of grain, fed 30 to 35 head of cattle, and at times over 100 hogs. Of course, for the latter, much feed was purchased. The purchase of this farm Mr. Hallman still regards as one of the greatest mistakes of his life.

"When the neighbors were riding the binder and mower I was grubbing around stumps with a scythe," he told me in a chat we had last spring. "If I only could have devoted that time to something more useful! My gracious, the stones I picked on that place! I worked terribly to make that farm go, worked till all hours of the night, and could I have put all that energy into cattle I would be much farther ahead to-day."

The Start With Holsteins.

In the meantime, however, a start had been



A String of Holstein Youngsters on the Farm of A. C. Hallman.

Photo by an editor of Farm and Dairy.