

Saturday, August 16, 1975 356 Queens Ave.
London, Ontario

Dear Sarah,

I am very proud of you in your intentions to commit yourself to the school experience for the coming year. Our only concern is the intensity of the discipline and the lack of free time involved. Naturally the thought of not seeing you for several months is a regret to us and I am already thinking of Christmas without your being with the family. How nice it would be if you could manage a trip home at that time for even a few days. However, I will leave that matter for a few moments and bring you up to date on family doings over the past week.

Your grandfather died on August 8 (Friday). Hughie phoned me at about 8:30 pm. with the word. My tears had been shed 10 days before when he had been taken to the Nursing Home. His condition deteriorated in a marked way after you and I saw him in June. He became incontinent and almost comatose. Mum continued valiantly to care for him with intermittent help from Red Cross Workers and VON nurses but he just got beyond her capacities to look after him. He was in the Nursing Home for 10 days and got superb care. It is a beautiful place - the finest of its kind I have ever seen. It was also expensive (\$23 a day) but there were plenty of resources to look after that end of things for a long, long time. However none of us would want him to languish as nothing more than a vegetable and his death was a great release for him and for Mum and a blessing to the family. Your mother and I immediately got a plane to Toronto at 11 pm (Friday), stayed at the Airport Motel and winged our way to NS at 6:30 next a.m. We were at Walnut Street by noon. My mother was really tremendous through it all and I am truly proud of her. She has shown a great character through the ordeal of the last two years and left us with a fine memory that way. It was appropriate that she and Aunt Freda were at his bedside when the end finally came. They had just gone to visit, as they had been doing daily, and he slipped away quietly as they were standing there.

His remains were at the Lindsay Funeral Home which is not far from Simpsons. Mum, Hughie and I were at the Funeral Home on Sunday afternoon and on Sunday evening. Your mother was with us there too. Mary Hamilton arrived from Cape Breton on Sunday and she was with us at the Fun. Home in the evening. Cousin Tillie Brightman (my mother's first cousin - Aunt Annie Brown's dau.) was there on Sunday evening too. She lived with us in Windsor one year when she attended High School and has always been a kind of big sister to me. She lives in Windsor now. There were many callers at the Funeral Home and some of the tributes to Dad were very touching. He was quite a guy in so many ways. He had a great humanity and his life was one of practical service to his fellow man. Though he was not demonstrative his feelings were very deep for all of us. He never failed me through these 49 years and was always there as a presence and support and encourager. He was so proud of Hughie and me - and of all his precious grandchildren. I only wish that I might be half the father to you all as he has been to me. Your mother and I loved him very much and he made me very proud to be his son. It would have pleased him to have 'made the front page' of the Mail-Star with his obituary. There was a picture as well. He deserved it, for he made a significant contribution to the life and betterment of Nova Scotia. He had a way with him in relationships. I was touched by the genuine sadness of those with whom he worked through the years. They had an obvious great affection for him. He was the first executive in the NS govt. to hire a black person - and the first to engage a disabled person. I remember both incidents well. I was moved to see the disabled man whom he had hired wheel into the church at the funeral. His greatest efforts were in the interests of the church - He was an outstanding churchman, but his next love was the Canadian Institute of the Blind. He gave tremendous energy and time and thought to the Blind and I was again moved when I saw a little boy from the School for the blind in attendance at the funeral.

Dorothy arrived from Pictou on Sunday evening. She, Hughie, Mum and I stayed at the Bethany manse and it made it very convenient. Aunt Freda had arrived from the USA a few days previously and was with Mum on Walnut Street. Hughie and I attended St. Andrew's Church on Sunday morning. The Rev. Rod MacIntosh, Minister of Visitation was preaching. He had visited Dad very often during his illness - and he came to the house of Sat. evening and to the Fun. Home on Sunday as well. The weather during our stay in Hfx. was lovely - a little muggy, but very sunny days. The day of the funeral (Monday) was a hot one. The funeral took place in the Church. Six of his associates, Church, Gyro, Govt., friends, neighbours, were pall bearers. There were approximately 400 at the funeral - a great tribute in itself. The Session of the Church and members of the Gyro Club sat together. Charlie Anderson who had been the Minister for 24 years did the address and Rod MacIntosh read scripture and prayed. He read a portion from 2 Corinthians and I was amazed that Mum repeated it word for word as he read it. She had memorized it somewhere along the line. We sang UNTO THE HILLS and the beautiful hymn-poem of Whittier...I KNOWN NOT WHERE THE ISLANDS LIFT

THEIR PRONDED PALMS IN AIR
I ONLY KNOW I CANNOT DRIFT
BEYOND HIS LOVE AND CARE.

Your grandmother picked that one and it was most suitable and happens to be one of my own favourites. The hymns are the hard part at a time like that - and one finds he has flashes of re-runs of Dad's life and our life together - like a 1000 snapshots come to life in one's imagination. It is a moving time, especially when there has been love in it all. My mother was terrific, as I said. Her comment to cousin Mary was 'He cherished me' - that is rather sweet after 50 years and just where the marriage relationship ought to be in its essence. There is much to be said for retaining 'to love and to cherish' in the marriage promises. Sometimes I think that 'cherishing' almost transcends 'loving' - or goes beyond it in some way.

Margaret and Don Cameron came down from Sackville for the funeral. Mary H., of course was there...Rita and daughters - and Harlie and Amy came down from Kingston, NS. Aunt Ann came down - Shirley brought her. Howe was sick that day but had been around on Sat. and Sunday. The burial was at Fairview Cemetery. There are 4 plots there. Two of them are occupied by Uncle Geo. and Aunt Rubie and now Dad. One remains for Mum. Afterward we returned to Walnut St. where Freda had prepared a great meal. Don and Margaret, Harlie and Amy, Rita and girls joined us.

It was not a sad time, although naturally we had our moments. But we did a lot of laughing too as we recollected so many of the good times and the fun times through all the years. Hughie and I went through Dad's desk and all his papers and unearthed funny things here and there. We have not seen Mum so relaxed for 2 years and she joined in the laughs too. On Tuesday and Wednesday Hughie and I spent the entire days getting matters in shape. It meant spending time with the lawyer and going to the bank and several other things. He and I are the Executors and Trustees of the estate. We tried to expedite things and set them up as simply and hel fully for Mum as possible. His will was straightforward. The house and some securities are left in trust with Hugh and me and Mum is to get the proceeds from investments and use the house for as long as she needs it. We also got Mum to make her will - it is simple too. Hugh and I will fall heir to everything equally.... this is the simplest way ...and the way I will arrange my own affairs (I have done so already). There is plenty of money to look after Mum the rest of her life with a good degree of comfort - lots to care for any need she may have. Dad did a remarkable job in providing for her in the light of low salaries through the years.

Your Mum and I returned to London on Thursday - got that early, early flight - the same one Jackie and I got when we came back in June. Thus we were here for the closing of the Vacation School concert in which Anne had a starring part and shone with her theatrics as she always does. She was Daniel in a musical called

"COOL IN THE FURNACE". It was rather good considering the short time they had to prepare. Anne amazes me and it thrills me to see how exultantly happy she is in front of an audience. She really has it for that stuff and I feel might well find a career in it. Kathy made some lovely baskets and just enjoyed Anne's antics. She does not seem to crave that kind of participation. Anne has grown tremendously through this summer - is taller than her mother now - and Megan and is quite the young lady. Donald finishes his stint at the farm on Thu s. August 21. He will have put in 9 weeks and will have about \$600 for it. It has been a strenuous summer for him - works from 7:30 a.m. to 9:30 and later in the evening. But he has not complained about it and we are very proud of him. He has all the money he earned because he just never had a chance to spend it. He does want to renew his insurance for car-driving though and that will cost him somewhere between 75 and 100 dollars. He also would like to buy a few clothes. I feel that it might be a good idea if Mum and Megan visit your Grandfather in Wawota. They are getting their heads together and will go in late Aug. or early Sept. Megan would like to go to Massanetta to visit Gay - and Gay says that there is a week's work there for her if she wants it. I do not think she will have too many regrets at finishing up at the Auberge. She is now making louder noises about returning to college and UWO seems to be first on her list. I think this is wise - and certainly more economical all around. Jamie has been having a good time, I think, playing some soccer, his fiddle, and associating with friends. Princeton is frighteningly expensive. The total bill for 75-76 is almost \$7000. He plans to take another year off following graduation before enrolling in Med. School. We have not seen much of Alex. You may know of some of the scary involvement pertaining to his opposition to the 'Western Guard'. He has been threatened, he says, and has been a bit anxious about that. I wish he could vacate Toronto for a year and get away from whatever danger there may be. That is a vicious and evil thing - a ruthless bunch.

I bought some more clothes - and so did Mum. Doug Powers had a fire and then a fire sale. The bargains were unbelievable. I got two beautiful suits for much less than the price of one. One is a summer 'ice cream suit' and the other a small-checked black and white pure wool suit of light weight - perhaps the nicest suit I have ever owned. Your Mum got a couple of dresses and a lovely sweater. I wish you could have been here to benefit from the sale. It was fantastic.

Now, back to your own plans. Your mother and I approve heartily with only the reservations I expressed at the beginning of the letter. I had heard of Rudolf Steiner before - Barrie Cabena had spoken to me often about Anthroposophy and had attended lectures in the USA ~~at~~ related to it. He had been particularly interested in Eurythmy (we tried to set up a 'Four O'clock' with it one time) and also the bio-dynamics related to the growing of things. Last evening Mum and I went to the Library to locate Ringwood on the map. It is nicely situated in relation to London and also Bournemouth and Southampton, as you said in your letter. We also sought out some information on Steiner and found some biographical data on him - You will be interested to know that the girl at the Humanities desk knew something of him and told us that during the last month many, many people have been asking for stuff on Steiner and Anthroposophy. Isn't that curious? She did not know what prompted this sudden interest - but there it is. That explains why there were so few books on the shelf about the whole business. The one ~~xxx~~ that was there was not too informative. It was an idealistic bit which he wrote on society just following World War I. I do not know much about the ~~theory~~ theology of the movement. ~~xx~~ I would like to know where Christ fits in the scheme of things. If a Christ-centred theology is not articulated in the kind of thing you are doing, certainly the Christ-Spirit is evident in it. I would like to ~~know~~ know more about it anyway. We took a little family poll yesterday on your decision. Megan heartily approves - Jamie likewise - Kathy and Anne quite enthusiastically approve...and it would be no question that Alex. would give assent too. We have not polled Donald yet, but I doubt if he would raise any objection. So it looks as if you have the warm approbation of us all in this venture. I guess we all hope that this does not lead to your spending the rest of your life on another continent ~~xxx~~ - but the future will take care of itself.

It will be an enriching experience for you and contribute to your personal growth in an unparalleled way. I know how sensitive and loving is your nature and I would fear that you may be inclined to empathize too much with the kids. You must guard against that for your own welfare. You will be please go know that your income tax return came back and a cheque for \$257.00. I have placed it in a savings account at the District Trust. It will yield 6% interest and will be a nice little nest-egg for you. If you need any money through the year you must tell me and we will make some provision for you. I do wish that you could get a Christmas break and come home for the holiday. It would be the best Christmas present any of us could have. Think about it anyway. I would help you substantially in it. Megan said she was talking with Athlynn about your job and she was quite thrilled about it ~~xxx~~ too. I know you will be writing your grandmother when you learn of Dad's death. Kathy sent a basket to her Grammie by us; Anne sent a candle she had made. Each wrote a note, as did Jamie. Donald wrote her as well and she was most touched by that. Alex. phoned over the weekend and they had a chat on the phone. Andrew and Neil were with their mother and both attended the funeral. I spent some of the spare late-night moments reading a diary Uncle George had written during his experience in Siberia in 1918-19. He was Chaplain with the Canadian Expeditionary Force there and it is a fascinating document. I hope to get a copy some day. One one occasion it was 58 degrees below zero. He travelled through Manchuria and other parts of Russia as well as visiting orient countries on the ship journey to get there. I noted that on March 15, 1919 he received a letter from Aunt Rubie which had been written Dec. 22, 1918. Imagine being out of touch with your wife and family for such a long time. Mary and I spent one whole night talking and did not get to bed until 5:30 a.m. She is still upset about her father's death and it was good therapy for her I guess - and for me. I can't think of anybody I would rather chat with for such a time as Mary. Quite a gal!

Rod Macdonald called on the phone today. He was in the city for a day or so. He had been at Massanetta and was on his way back to Alabama. He was thrilled at your plans and wants me to convey his best to you. He regards you as very special, of course. He has had recent operations on his eyes and his wife has had a back operation. For pension purposes he will have to return to Canada for one year residence and is making plans to do that. He will return to USA after that. He is approaching 65 now.

I am feeling more and more deeply a desire to return to N.S. I hope that may be accomplished within a few years. I am looking covetously at Wolfville and would like to settle there for the remainder of my working days. I do not really want to undertake another large job like FSA. I think I would find it hard to focus all my energies on another large task. I would prefer to have a smaller spot in which I could more intimately and effectively relate to the lives of those in my care. My ambitions for big things has diminished and I do feel that some wonderful things have happened to me career-wise through the years - and I have been more fortunate in that way than most. I am grateful for it all too. Mum (your Mum) would welcome a return to NS too. The feeling seems to get stronger each time we go back there. My regret in that regard is that we might remove ourselves from you kids, for I suspect not many of you (if any) would make NS your home in the future. However we will take things as they come.

I thought I might take up some more space and write a brief sketch of Dad's life and experience. I am doing this letter seven-fold and there will be a copy for each of you. I feel a need to put something on paper - and heaven knows when I will get something like that done. I have a free Sat. afternoon and it should be a good time to get a start on it. At least it will give you some indication of things that shaped him - and thus me - and you as well. I will, of course, leave much out... but it is something anyway..and in years to come may be of some interest as you reflect on your antecedents. I wish that Dad had made some kind of permanent biographical record himself - he thought about it but the years caught up with him too quickly.

HIRAM SMITH FARQUHAR was born in Brooklyn, Hants County, Nova Scotia on April 9, 1901 in the family residence just up the hill from what might be called the centre of the village. It was a small house and almost directly across the road (street) from the Anglican Rectory. My Uncle Murray Fader (who married my mother's sister, Annie Laura ~~xxxx~~ Dimock) was born in the same house 3½ years previously and my cousin EILEEN LOCKHART, dau. of Fletcher Lockhart and Frada Dimock was born there also in 1923. Fletcher had bought the house from my grandfather in the early twenties (or late teens), since my grandfather purchased the old Weeks house which was on the main road (street) of Brooklyn. He had been the doctor in the area for any years. It was a large house and the first house in which I myself (ajf) lived. H.S. was the son of JAMES FARQUHAR (1843-1924) and MARY AGNES SMITH (1860-1956).

JAMES FARQUHAR was born in Birnie, Morayshire, Scotland. The family home there was called 'TROCHAIL'. You, Sarah, have visited that property, as did your mother and I in 1968. If ever I secure my 'dreamhouse' I want Donald to design a sign to be placed at the entrance to the property with that name on it - 'Trochail'. I do not know what that name means but will find out sometime. I recall that my grandfather was called 'Trochie' as a boy because of the place-name. I know little of the Farquhar background in that area but his father and perhaps his grandfather were buried in the cemetery near the Birnie Church. The Birnie church is said to be the place of worship which has been used for that purpose continuously for a longer time than any worship centre on the British Isles. It is a small structure and has a kind of rustic beauty. It was once the chapel (centuries ago) for a monastery and I understand in late years that the Monastic order which has resettled in the ~~vicinity~~ vicinity has made overtures to regain the church as part of their set-up. I have been invited to preach there and Uncle George did preach there at least once in his visits to Scotland years ago. The 'Disruption' in the Scottish church occurred in the very year (1843) of James' birth. They were 'Free' Churchmen in that family and 'came out' from the established church to be part of the Free Church. Thus the lovely Birnie Church was not his place of worship through his youth. The family was part of the Congregation of the High St. Church in Elgin (3 miles away) and I have a standing invitation to preach there whenever I happen to be in Elgin on a Sunday. The Birnie area is much like the Nova Scotia terrain in the Brooklyn area. I have always thought that my grandfather would feel at home in the new world because of that similarity. He was the oldest of his family. His father ALEXANDER was born in 1797. I assume they were farmers. James had one brother William and another, I think whose name was Alexander. He had two sisters of which I am aware and perhaps more brothers and sisters. I shall check that out in the future. The two sisters of whom I am aware are JANE and MARY. Jane was a mid-wife and was 6 feet tall. Mary, it appears, stayed at home. They lived in Elgin. They died during my lifetime. I recall their sending me a bone spoon with my initials on the handle on a silver ~~plaque~~ plaque when I was about 6 years old. Dad corresponded intermittently with them but Uncle Geo. kept very close touch through the years until their deaths. James brother had a clothing store in Elgin in partnership with his other brother. They had also a branch in London, England, I believe. I remember there being a 'top hat' around the house when I was a kid which had the name of the store in its lining.

It comes to me now that one of JAMES' sisters (name forgotten) married an OGILVIE and went to South Africa. That family did well financially and a descendent visited Canada in 1974 and got in touch with Margaret and Mary (Uncle George's daughters). I can remember seeing the odd letter from that crowd when a youngster. One time (in 1961) I visited Elgin for the first time. I met a man (a coal dealer). He recalled my Aunt Jane vividly - said she sat all his (and her) life in the pew directly in front of him in the High Church. She delivered thousands of babies in the area and thus was very well known.

JAMES FARQUHAR would have had no more than a grammar school education. He was a large man, almost 6 feet tall (perhaps and even 6 ft.) and big in build. I have been told that he weighed near the 250 lb. mark but did not appear to carry that kind of weight. He probably did not weigh that much in his younger days. I think that he was a bit reddish in hair and beard. He was powerful physically which may explain his finding his way eventually into police work. He was a member of the constabulary in England where some of his sons (5 of them, I think) were born. Donald, the oldest (b. 1872) was born in the Elgin vicinity. JAMES married MARGARET MACDONALD of Rothes, a community a few miles from Elgin. I do not know much about that family and of course she is no blood relation to me. JAMES' mother was SOPHIA ALLAN. She was a native of Birnie, many years younger than her husband. The ancestral home of the ALLAN family is called 'The Level' and James must have spent many days there as a kid and young man. Connections of the Allan family still live at the Level. I surmise that for some centuries the Allans have lived on that same land. It belongs to the Earl of Moray. A few years ago opportunity to purchase was given but apparently there was just not enough money available to buy it. I visited the Level in 1961 and again in 1968. The only connections I know personally now is MRS. SILVESTRI who is of the Allan crowd.

JAMES, as I said, was a member of the Constabulary in England. I do not know how he came to become a policeman or what influence moved him to England. I wonder if ~~he~~ he had been in police work in Scotland before that. I do know that he had a hand in the pursuit and capture of a desperado during his career. In an old trunk was a bit of a bullet that is said to have been shot in the pursuit of a 'public enemy no. one' type in the 1870's. I suppose there would be some records of that occasion somewhere. JAMES loved to hunt and fish. One story I heard is that he got into some trouble by hunting on land owned by a powerful man and through some misunderstanding a stink was raised and the incident was somewhat discrediting to him. I do not know if that is the true story. Whatever the case, under some impulse in 1883 he moved to Canada. His sons were Donald (b. 1872), James Allan (b. '74), William, John (b. 1878); George (b. 1880), Alex. (b. 1883). The family arrived in Hfx, N.S. and JAMES had a cousin in business there (quite successful). Through the kinsman, James got work in a tannery in Hfx. I saw a diary kept by young Donald telling something of their first days in Hfx. and referring to the voyage across the sea. It was childish but revealing too. I surmise that they lived somewhere in the area of the willow tree (to the north of it). They had a cow anyway. They did not stay in Hfx. for a long time. JAMES negotiated purchase of a property in UNION CORNER, Hants Co. which is stones throw from Brooklyn. It was owned by the kinsman. He had plans of making it a fine country estate with riding paths and such things but did not get too far in his dreams. My father (HSF) has told me that he remembered an old iron gate at the entrance which had once been at the public gardens in Hfx. Apparently the kinsman had bought it or ~~seized~~ secured it when the garden-gate was replaced.

That property is an interesting one. During my recollection it was lived on by a Crowell family. The house in which the Farquhar family lived had burned down some years ago. It is rather a beautiful piece of land and my wildest dreams are to re-claim it for our family. It is large in size and was one of the better farms in the district I think. A good orchard and considerable land under cultivation. Part of it bordered on the Herbert River. I have walked on the land many times with my father at various times through the years. I recall also one time being there with Dad, Uncle Will and Uncle Alex. - and perhaps Uncle Geo. was with us that day too. The most notable thing about it is that it is the scene of an old French Acadian village. The remains of the foundations and wells are still there and the vestige of 'the old French Road' still discernible. The older boys would from time to time unearth old coins of various denominations and source as they worked the land. Uncle Will had a little

I remember visiting Jimmie Greeno's farm many, many times through the 30's and early 40's and looking at the horse and being thrilled to think it belonged to us. Mum had a lovely flower garden at Brooklyn too. We has a 'summer house' there - a lattice-work structure - and a goodly piece of property. I loved the house and remember well when we finally sold it in the late 30's for \$800. It was Gram's house and she got the proceeds. She moved into Windsor with us and was with us all my life from time to time. For some years she would spend a part of the year with her brother and sister who remained in Brooklyn.

So to Windsor in 1929. We had half of a big double house. Frank and Zilla Anthony, who later moved to Mass. lived on the other side. They became good friends and had a son about my age (Eric). I visited them in the US in 1947 when I was at Springfield College. They enjoyed life in Windsor. Church again (St. Johns) was big in Dad's life. He became an Elder and sang in the Choir. He had sung in St. Matthew's Choir in Hfx. and also in Middleton. He had a good voice and fine appreciation of music. He did some duet singing in the choir and appeared also in Minstrel Shows. I have a recollection of one in Windsor. I must have been very young indeed. In Windsor he continued his Knights of Pythias (a fraternal organization) association and became equivalent to Pres. of that group and held some provincial positions as well. He had joined the Pythians some years before when working in Hfx. (about 1921 or 22). Back in Hfx he had also joined the Gyro Club. In Windsor, he resumed his friendship with Ted Reid who by this time had returned from pg work in NY. They were very close buddies and Ted was our doctor. He was much beloved. He looked after Mum there when she had serious bloodpoisoning in her hands and also took out my tonsils. I neglected to mention that when Dad was working in Middleton 1918-19, he was in a fire. Valiantly he rescued some girl from the flames. In so doing he caught his little finger in the fire escape and tore it so badly that it had to be amputated. That explains his funny 'little finger'. He was kind of proud of that though. He curled in Windsor and liked that very much. He also did a lot of work gratis for the Childrens Aid, finding homes, delivering children, etc. I used to spend some Saturdays at the jail which was in the building in which he worked - the prisoners were very nice to me. Dad never seemed to incur the hostility of those whom he fined or sentenced...and he sentenced plenty. He was busy there - it was depression times. Our house was near the RR and was a marked house. Mum always had some beans on the stove and she fed hundreds in those days. One cold day we had a fire in the fireplace. I had just got up and had on a kimono. I got too close to the flames and it caught fire. One of the hobo's, who was waiting for something to eat was in the room, grabbed me rolled me in a mat and doused the flame and saved me from a bad burn or even death. Perhaps their kindness to these wandering men paid off. Never was anyone turned away. Often they would do an odd job around the place, more often they would just get food. Baseball was big in Windsor. Dad was manager of one of the teams. Cousin Eugene Lockhart would come down from the States and played. He was a terrific player and made a big name for himself as a kid phenom pitcher. He was pitching when 15 and 16 and 17 and was about the best in Nova Scotia. I used to go to the games with Mum, and Dad would be at the players bench - I would be there too sometimes. Occasionally we would travel to Canning or Kentville or Hantsport - and other places too. Murray Fader played also and was a good pitcher - he was a natural athlete and as strong as a horse. They came back from the States in the early 30's. Mum's father, Ben, used to spend most of his time at our house in Windsor but when Aunt Ann came back he would spend more there. He made that his real home and died there finally at 89. He was a little man, not much more than 5 feet tall. He went to sea at aged 12 as Cabin Boy. He became a first mate and then became deaf and never became a Captain. He had to settle at being a Cook, but cooks made best pay. He also had a bad fall and had a serious rupture. He was a twinkly man with deep blue eyes and kindly smile. He read a great deal - perhaps that is where Mum gets her love of books. He was always giving his grandchildren nickles and dimes with his big smile. He smoked a pipe continuously and his moustache was stained with tobacco juice. He saw a lot of this old world and one time he was away from home for 3 full years (that was 1894-96) - Imagine! There was great love and warmth in that home. You have seen evidence of it among the sisters - it still persists.

The Windsor days were good days - busy days - family days. We did not have a car there but somehow we got around hither and yon. Tillie Brown (now Brightman) lived with us one year and went to school. Wilfred Dimock (Fred's boy) was with us a lot as he took his Grade 10. Lewis Lockhart and Raymond were around a lot too. We never knew when they would be along for a meal. Dad accepted all of Mum's people like his own and we were one big extended family. I had a great feeling of having big brothers although I was an only child. They teased the life out of me but I liked the attention and they all played ball and included me occasionally in a game of catch. I guess I was fairly precocious at 5 or 6 in throwing and catching. Gene was a hero to me and I liked them all very much. Harlie Lockhart was 6 mos. older and Howie Fader 10 mos. younger and we were quite close. How was like a brother to me, and still is, and Harlie seems very close too. I felt that at the funeral. We spent a lot of our little boy time together. How and Harlie never had that feeling for each other as I did for each of them. They were perhaps not thrown together as much as I was with each of them.

So the Windsor years went on. I started school there and my first real memories are attached there. I won't go into that now. Mum had one or two miscarriages while we lived there. I think that contributed to a mild breakdown which she experienced in the 30's when we lived in Hfx. I had my throat accident too.

Then another break came. Judge Ernest H. Blois was Head of the Social Welfare Dept for the province. He had had some contact with Dad in connection with some of the extra work Dad had done regarding children in the Windsor area, and apparently had his eye on this young man. In 1933 the Tories were licked and Angus L. MacDonald swept into victory. Part of the platform was the promise of Old Age Pensions. Part of the success of the victory, incidentally, was the power of the editorials written by Uncle George in the Hfx. Chronicle. One day Dad was in Truro and met Mr. Blois by chance at the station. Out of the blue that huge man (6'4") asked Dad how he would like to move to Hfx. Dad was falteringly asked that he had been watching him and felt that Dad was going to do the kind of work he had been doing he might as well be paid for it. He gave him no assurance though. A man in Cape Breton who had run an election and been licked was after the job Blois had in mind for Dad. Dad came home with great hopes but did not want to raise them too high. But Blois' desire prevailed and the offer came to become Assistant Director of Old Age Pensions and Chief Inspector of Old Age Pensions. He was 32 at the time. It meant setting up the whole organization. It is curious that at the Federal Home the other day Bill Dunlop a Hfx Lawyer formerly of Windsor and longtime friend of Dad, told me that Dad's appointment was not a political appointment. He got the job, Bill stated, because Blois felt he was the man for the job and wanted him. That new job started Dec. 1933. Mum was pregnant and not well. We moved to Three Mile Plains and spent the winter with the Faders. It was one of the happiest times of my life except Dad was in Hfx. all week. But he would come home every Sat night for the weekend. It was called the 'winter of the big snow'. He often walked 3 miles from the Windsor station in hip-high snow, but he rarely failed to make it. He worked terribly hard - often til midnite, night after night, for the handsome sum of \$200 a month. Howie and I went to the 3 mile Plain school - I was in 3 schools that year - Windsor, 3 M.Pl. and LeMarchant in Hfx. It was Grade 2. Ted Reid used to visit quite often. Mum lost the baby. It was a hard time for her. It was good that Aunt Ann was with her. They have always been closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet to each other. Then in May we moved to Hfx. - 158 Jubilee Rd. It was unpaved then and the dust used to float into the house something awful. Another phase of our family life began.

Dad joined St. Andrew's Church. He was to be a faithful member, Sunday Sch. Supt., Elder, etc. for 41 years. He re-joined Gyro, became its President, Bull. Editor and senior citizen; he took up bowling - the past finders in the Prov. employees league; helped organize the Credit Union; played poker with cronies one night a week with a \$2 limit; joined North British Soc. and became Pres. later on (one of his proudest moments) and entered very deeply into the life of the community. He was Pres. of the LeMarchant Home and School. And he worked very hard at his job and became recognized for his ability and honour.

Our house on Jubilee Rd. was also a marked one for the Depression victims. They would pass all along the line and knock on our door. He always was willing to provide a bed - had an arrangement whereby he gave a chit which when presented to the Salvation Army would gain entry for a bed and a bit of food.

We had no car of our own in Hfx. but occasionally he would get a govt. car for 5¢ a mile. And sometimes he would combine a business trip with a pleasure trip. He was scrupulous about expense accounts. He was very careful to make exact accounting for his use of the car and in any undertaking he took for the govt. In 1937 we had a trip around the Cabot Trail. We took Margaret Farq and Edwina Fulton with us. It was a great time..although the road(trail) was dangerous. In 1938 we went to USA. What a thrill. The first 2 weeks of July. Dad rented a car for that and we took Gram along. I slept with Gram on the way and Dad of course bunked with Mum. It cost \$1 per bed at Lincoln, Maine, in a beautiful home. That's what it was like in the Depression. I saw my first Pro ball game - Dad, Uncle Harry Dill and I saw the Red Sox in a doubleheader against the Yankees. I will never forget that - and the bogtime playeysr I saw in action that day. Then in 1939 the biggest thrill of all - May 1, 1939 - Hughie came along. Mum and Dad jokingly always blamed him on the USA trip the summer before. I had prayed for him as long as I could remember. Dad and Mum let me name him. I chose my favourite name - Hugh - which I first heard in the book read to us in school. Glengarry School Days. The chief boy in that story was 'Hugh'. The Allan was the old Scottish family name. So he became Hugh Allan. It was a difficult birth - he arrived the wrong way. Mum was 39 years old and there were complications. I sensed that things were touch and go but Dad didn't say much. I knew he was worried though. The May 1st was a snowy day I recall - a freak snow-storm. Mum got phlebitis and was in hp. for 3 weeks. Hughie's coming home was one of the biggest in my life. I was the proudest kid in the city. I was in Grade 7 at LeMarchant School. So the circle of family love was enlarged..and now the first break had come. We have been given many years together though. There are things that come to mind of those late 30's. Sitting on Dad's shoulders at the circus one day to see over others' heads. Going to ball games at the Wanderers Field....Sat. afternoon at the Family theatre - a marathon, two features, a serial, trailers, cartoon, news - all for 25¢ - 10 for me and 15 for him....walking to and from church..he went every Sunday without fail...his swinging me along beside him as we walked with his great ~~strides~~ strides... his being so full of the devil, doing silly dances, making crazy faces, mimicing someone we all knew, sleeping on the chesterfield while I pretended to play basketball in the Jub. Rd. front room,

telling me of the family background...reading together, Mum he and I..wild Sunday afternoons when Mary Farq. would visit us...walking with Uncle Geo. and Dad home from church, many, many Sundays....going to Hants Co. and visiting all the relatives....watch him tease Mum when she was too lazy to go to the bathroom, making sssssssss noise that made her want to pee all the more...chasing her upstairs as she raced up pulling up her dress trying to make it in time ..and him after her goosing her along the way, and her pretending not to like it....fun-times, nutty times, precious times. He was a great whistler - all the time whistling...and he could sleep anywhere, anytime. He had very good health - a couple of under-arm cysts along the way, the odd cold, but otherwise excellent health. He loved to eat and ~~it~~ began to show after he got the car around 1949-50, and he stopped walking twice a day back and forth to work. He was full of fun. Gram's presence was always somewhat of a blanket on our life together and it was always better when she wasn't there. Mum was patient and Dad was forebearing, but he felt a deep responsibility to his mother and before she died it cost him a great deal of money to keep her looked after. He refused to allow her to apply for Old Age Pension, even though she could pass the Means test. He felt that people would only point the finger to him and claim that he was using his position. He also took some responsibility for Aunt Eliza and Uncle John - that was beyond his obligation, but he did it.

I have often wished that I could take time to do some archeological work there - it would be fascinating. So the family moved to Union Corner. JAMES was not there very long until he was made a Constable and subsequently Magistrate. He was, I believe, an extremely intelligent man. He read Shakespeare and some theology and other classics were among his books. He had a kind of intellectual ul-mate in a man named Chambers who lived in the village. I do not think there were too many others, outside the Minister, who would share that aspect of his interests. His size and Scottish accent set him apart in the community. He was an ardent Churchman - an old country Presb terian - and was Precentor in the Brooklyn Church before the days of the Organ. In true old-country style he stood for the Pastoral prayer. Uncle George used to tell of standing with him as a little boy, while all the rest of the Congregation was sitting. It is clear that JAMES was an individualist. He was somewhat feared by the Brooklyn people. That was due in part to his representing the law. He also had a great physical courage and an unswerving adherence to the law. He feared no man and gave no man special favour. Parents scared their children by him b saying something like, IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF SQUIRE FARQUHAR WILL GET YOU. I have heard many stories to substantiate this from Uncle Fletcher Lockhart and Uncle Murray Fader who grew up in the village. JAMES' arch-enemy was the tavern-keeper. Often he brought that man to court and fined him. The tavern-keeper, whose name escapes me hated him with great intensity. Once he hired a couple of young hoodlums to murder JAMES. They jumped him out of a tree near the Meander River bridge but JAMES took care of himself, and was unhurt by the attack. For years the tavern-keeper was hostile to JAMES. Yet when he was on his death-bed he asked that Squire Farquhar come to his bed-side. The Squire did so. The man asked for his forgiveness and then asked him to promise that he would take care of his affairs upon his death because he was the only man in the community whom he trusted. Quite a tribute to the Squire's character! When the boys were younger they dared not walk into Brooklyn individually - always at least in pairs - for fear of being attacked by the village boys as retaliation to their father. I always thought that significant.

So the family was on the farm at Union Corner. The sons attended school there. JAMES was od the old-country mind re farming. Milking cows was not his bag at all. Dad has told me that the old man never milked a cow in his life. That was for the women or the kids.

In 1889 his wife took sick and died. The six sons (ranging in age from 17 to 6) together with JAMES were gathered around her death-bed. One of her decrees was, 'GEORDIE IS TO BE THE MINISTER'. And so the 9 year old boy's destiny was sealed. I wonder how the other five felt in that moment when he was singled out. George was more a house-boy than the others - more proficient in the kitchen, etc. than the others and perhaps was thus a little closer to his mother. Alex. was but 6 then and would not be too capable to do anything. So she died. JANE was summoned from Scotland to come and take over the family. JAMES made it plain to her that it was her sisterly duty. So out she came and stayed for 10 years. That would make a great story in itself - a woman plucked out of her own environment and career (midwife) to come to a lonely farm in Nova Scotia. But she came and was a mother to the six boys. Then JAMES met and courted MARY AGNES SMITH (b. 1860) Letters he wrote to her are still in the Walnut St. house, I believe. He wrote well and there is a quaint romanticism about them which is touching. She was 39 years old (almost) when they were married in 1899. She grew up in Brooklyn, dau. of HIRAM SMITH and MARY ANN WOOLAVER. HIRAM SMITH was a shoemaker, a Presbyterian elder and of New England stock. MARY AGNES had several sisters and brothers. I remember well her sister ELIZA a spinster (little woman) who did housework in the USA for years and then, the two of them lived together in the 30's in a little house in Brooklyn. I remember also Uncle John Smith, her brother, who had a bad marriage and joined his two sisters in the last years of his life. MARY AGNES SMITH had worked in her late teens or early 20's in a store in Shu enacadie and also spent some time in New York City living with her sister (MRS. DILL) there and helping her with the housework. I do not think she was employed otherwise in New York. I often thought of the change in her life time (96 years) which took place in that great city from the time she worked there in the late

1870's or in the 1880's until the end of her life. She had a good alto voice, sang in the Church choir and was 'at home' during much of her early life. She was the youngest of her family. I have often wondered if she had any romantic interests in her earlier years, considering the age at her marriage. She was of the Victorian mould - not a warm person - a Sabbatarian a life member of the Women's Missionary Society. Much of her life must have revolved around her personal devotional life and the church and the usual community affairs. I do not think her married-life experience was a very happy one. She always referred to JAMES as 'The Squire'. He was harsh with her - rough with her with his tongue on occasion in much the same way that he was harsh with Dad. Dad came along April 9, 1901. The Squire wanted a daughter and I get the impression that in his disappointment he simply left the naming of the child to his wife. Thus the good old New England handle HIRAM SMITH FARQUHAR. I never felt it went with the surname and Dad never did like his name much. He preferred to be called 'Mi', as did his friends and Mum called him that too much of the time. He in turn usually called Mum, 'Girl' and would address her in that way in any letter he wrote to her through the years. Dad was never interested in using his name when it came to the naming of his sons and he was not anxious that any of his grandchildren have his first name.

The Church figured large in the life of the family. Often the Minister, if a ~~Bachelor~~ Bachelor, stayed with them - for a time anyway. Rev. Dr. James W. Falconer, later to be Prof. at Pine Hill (and my own teacher) and whose brother was Sir Robert Falconer (Pres. of Tor. Univ.) was one such Minister. That was away back in the 1890's...when Aunt Jane was lady of the household. But the Farquhar home was always an open house for the clergy, I gather. My grandmother was related to many of the Brooklyn people of course. There is a partial record of her connections in the Hattie family book which is in my possession. She contributed a great deal to the information which is there compiled by old R.M. Hattie. I remember his coming to the Jubille Rd. house often in the 30's in search of material about Gram's connections.

So Dad began his life in Brooklyn, surrounded by many relatives on his mother's side and preceded by six half-brothers. Alex., the youngest was 18 years older, so he did not remember them as anything other than men. He went to school when he was 3 or 4 years old. He was taken to school on his first day by MILDRED MEEK, whose mother, later a columnist for the Hants Journal as M.E.C., was housekeeper for the Anglican Minister. Mildred later married Fred Campbell and lived in Windsor, and when we lived in that town from 1929-33, Mildred lived directly across the street on Wentworth St. and it was a kind of second home to me. I have always had affection for her and visit her when I can. She lives now in Scotch Village, Hants. C. Her son Ronnie was my earliest 'best friend'. She was always a kind of 'big sister' to Dad and very fond of him. She herself has always been a rather 'special' person - and did pioneer work in Windsor in working with handicapped children. She had no formal education but a great human heart and practical mind and good intelligence. Dad was not particularly distinguished in his academic career. Two old school pictures at home show him in his bare feet. He had big, prominent ears but was rather a cute kid. Hughie resembled him a great deal as a child. He received harsh treatment at home and not much warmth was there. He has told me of his father's treatment of him with tears in his eyes (one day when he was in his 50's). It was not uncommon for him to be taken to the woodshed - for very minor offences - and the worst, he told me was the tongue-lashing that his father would lay on him. This would happen often when they went fishing together, for the Squire was a fishing enthusiast. Dad never cared much for it and was forced to go along. If he caught his fishing-line in the bushes or was slow in peeping up with his father he would get a lecture on his utter stupidity and dullness. I have often wondered how he survived it all without developing an immense inferiority complex. Mum and I always agreed that at least the treatment he got

was ~~xxxxxxxx~~ consistent - He knew always what to expect. It is hard to believe that in all his boyhood and youth his father never gave him so much as a one-cent piece to spend for himself. This is even more cruel when one realizes that Dad, from the time he could do work, helped with the farm, milked the cows twice daily, and in his last two or three years of school actually kept the old Union Corner farm going. The Squire held on to that property after moving down into the village. It is significant that he sold the farm immediately after Dad left home. By this time (1901 or so) all the other boys had left home. Donald, the oldest, lived on the Union Corner farm and ran it until his death with TB in 1906 at the age of 34. When going through Dad's things the other day I came across Donald's picture. It was taken when he was sick in bed before his death. It was one of the most startling experiences of my life. I thought it was a picture of myself at first glance. I showed it to the people who were at the house then and each thought it was me - so did all our kids when I brought it home. It is uncanny. I shall see that our Donald gets that picture of his namesake. You will have to see it for yourself to believe it. William had gone off to the USA, as had Jim and John. George was at various stages of his University career and Alex. had gone west. The latter had got in bad with his father. He was rebellious, mischievous in his teen years. Drank a little and even stole some money one day from his father before running away. It is interesting that when Uncle Will left home he said he would never be back; with Alex. it was the same...and so it was with Dad. When he took off for the bank in the spring of 1918 he was pretty sure that he wouldn't be coming back - but he did...at his mother's bidding. They had strong feelings against their father which seem to me to be justified. He was stern, unrelenting and most demanding. He restrained the boys too. While under his care and roof they did not have many privileges - e.g. use of horse and team for their own purposes, etc. (Incidentally, the Squire had the fastest horse in the village) But once they left home and came back the attitude changed right around. They were 'men' then and could live their own lives. It didn't matter how late they stayed out or when they took the horse - or where they went. Such was the experience with Will and Dad - and Alex. too, although the reconciliation with Alex. was rather painful. The Squire made a reference to Alex.' life even in his will. He was in earlier times a disappointment to him. However, now I try to get the whole thing into perspective. How bereft he must have been to lose his wife in her 40's with six sons on his hands. One of the boys came around the barn one day, having heard what sounded like a voice. He found the Squire on his knees praying for his six sons. That is one of the most touching scenes I have ever heard of. Then all those years without a wife - and then marriage - which was not a love-match in any romantic sense. And then losing his oldest and perhaps best-loved son, Donald at 34 and two years later another son Joe at 30 by accident in USA. All those things would affect a man and his ten too. And to have a son at 59 years of age would put a lot of distance between the two. And surely the Squire felt the isolation which was tendered him by the attitude of the community in his 'official' position. He fined a lot of and was universally feared.

So Dad knew his brothers only as they came home from time to time. He did not remember Donald who died when he was 5 - nor John who was killed when he was 7. But he was very proud of them all. They were all handsome men. Pictures show and each had keen intelligence. Donald was also a cowboy who worked with the Squire. He was the biggest of the six boys - six feet tall - renowned for his strength and ability to take care of himself. He was a formidable presence when making an arrest, as was the Squire. He was a bachelor. Both he and his wife died within a short time of each other in the Union Corner house. He was a fine man, and an elder in the

Will lived and worked in the US for some years - became a goodly man skilled in that kind of thing. He had a close girl-friend who stayed with him for 2 reasons (a) she was R.C. (b) he undertook to care for her family after his death. He really took care of them - wife and children until they were able to look after themselves. It was a matter

Then, in the 1920's he came back to Brooklyn for a while and met a school teacher BETTY SMITH, from Maitland. She and Mum were friends and the four of them 'courted' together, even though Will was 25 years older than Dad. Will and Betty married, moved to Victoria, B.C. and had a great life together.

JAMES ALLAN, second son, went to the USA as well. He, Will and John centred at Westboro, Mass. George worked around there the odd summer and so did Alex. Jim was in the Spanish American war and I have heard it said that when he joined up he was a perfect physical specimen and had every tooth in his head. He was stocky and strong. Dad loved him - he was full of stories and a very warm man. He married in the States and had 4 kids. I remember him well. A superb storyteller and full of fun. His funeral was the largest in living knowledge in Westboro, though he had never distinguished himself professionally. He had no formal education and worked around the factory, did carpenter work, and then worked in a Boys Reformatory later in life. He was an especially human man with no side to him. JOHN went to the States and was killed in an accident in the box factory where he worked at 30 years of age. He was mangled in the machinery. He left 4 small children...and Uncle Will assumed that responsibility. John was full of the devil, I guess, and Uncle George always claimed him as his favourite brother. GEORGE, of course had a distinguished career which I will not dwell on here. I hope that one of his daughters will write a sketch about him sometime - and if it is not done, I will try to do something myself in the future. He is one of the most outstanding citizens Nova Scotia has yet produced. ALEX. was Dad's favourite brother, although Jim and Will would be close seconds. But after all is said and done I suppose he was closest to George because they knew each other better and in later life he became very fond of him. George always looked upon Dad as 'little brother' and perhaps Dad resented that some. Alex. married a Brooklyn girl ELIZABETH BAXTER, and finally began practicing law in Winnipeg after 3 years at Dalhousie. He had gone out west after the 'incident', worked at farming, in a brick yard and taught school (Elm Creek) and decided on law career. He worked his way through by working on the tram cars in Boston in the summer time.

All these men had phenomenal memories - known as the 'Farquhar memory'. Dad had it too - and George's daughter, Mary, has it as well. I have it to a lesser degree. But their ability to remember incidents, people, events, sequences, conversations, stories, genealogies, is outstanding. Dad was like a computer in that kind of thing. He always got things straight - and remembered the 'punch line'. He was great story-teller, easily as good as any of his brothers, and they were all good. It was fun to get them all together, or some of them, and have them match stories. Jim and Will were perhaps best, but Alex. had a dramatic flair too. It was an experience to hear them. Dad was intensely proud of his brothers...and they were fond of him too. And though he had good reason to resent his own father, he did not...and held him in great respect. He always told me that he tried to treat me the way he wished he had been treated by his own father. It brings tears to my eyes as I write that because he was so kind and patient and forbearing. He struck me but once in my life and I sure deserved it - and he raised his voice to me only a half dozen times, and always I deserved much more. He was good-natured and even in disposition.

Dad's career in the Brooklyn school was not distinguished. I would like to talk someday with persons who were school-mates and get some impressions from them. He was always known as Harm in Hants Co...not Hiram. He had freckles as a kid, as did Hughie, and unmanageable hair like mine. He was a blond youngster and later his hair was dark brown. He had pale blue-green eyes and never had very good sight. Wore glasses since teen-age years. He was tall and gangly as a kid and reached 6 feet one and one-half inches. That was big in those days and he towered over most people. He was big boned - big feet and big hands - not particularly athletic because he didn't have much of a chance. I guess he played a little ball as a kid and one time high-jumped at a picnic at Meander and cleared five feet. Not bad for one who had never jumped before. He sure did a lot of walking though and through his teens, twenties and thirties was rather on the thin side - that made him seem taller than he was. He thought he was a good-looking man, as he would say playfully to Mum in earlier years. I'M A PRETTY GOOD-LOOKI ' FELLER AIN'T I. And she would agree.

Mum was born in Miller's Creek, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Brooklyn on Jan. 21, 1900. She was born EVA MARY DIMOCK, dau. of BENJAMIN ANTHONY DIMOCK AND PHOEBE BROWN. The ~~Dimocks~~ Dimocks came from Connecticut in 1759 and were fairly distinguished. I will write something of that in later years. Mum was the youngest of 10 kids. Until 10 she lived at the Millers Creek place and then it was sold to the gypsum company and Ben bought two properties in Poplar Grove across the road from each other. One was given to William, oldest son and the other eventually went to Fred second son. Will's place had decades before belonged to the Smith family (related to Dad's mother's people) - it is the house I have in mind for a dream-house - it has dual connection with us - both through the Smiths and the Dimocks. Mum attended the ~~the~~ Poplar Grove school (started at aged 7 - was in Grade one in the morning, grade two in the afternoon and in grade 3 the next morning - she had been taught to read and write at home by older sisters). The day of Mum's birth was one of the worst storms in living history. I recall Uncle Will telling me about that with great gusto, for he was the one who was sent to bring the doctor - Dr. Weeks. Having secured her grade nine at the Poplar Grove school Mum went to Brooklyn for Grade 10. She lived with her sister Bessie (Mrs. Ernest Lockhart). That year she and Dad were in the same room, although Dad was in Grade nine. He teased her and kind of had a crush on her then, but she didn't pay any attention. They were in a school play together and of course she remembers him well. Dad went on to High School in Windsor - had to go by train each day. The family had family devotion twice daily, morning and evening. If the Squire's scripture passage was extra long, or he prayed longer than usual, then Dad simply missed the train. He was not allowed to miss those prayers and that scripture...he missed a good number of days. Also, when attending High School, he had to do farm-work. In busy seasons his school responsibilities came second and he was kept home to do the work. He has told me often of lonely Saturdays home after doing the usual chores, he would be given a lunch and sent to the farm for the day, fencing or hoeing or planting. In apple season, planting season, etc. he was just kept busy. Thus his school work suffered. He failed Grade eleven twice - so all he had was a Grade ten certificate and that was not of a very high standard. We have copies of those high school results - pretty sad and not very indicative of the ability that was latent in him. Despite irregular attendance he took a great interest in the cadet corps and rose to be Captain. He was very proud of that. It is a tribute to his leadership ability, even then. If the war had lasted longer he would have been in it and had a good chance to try for an officer's post with that cadet training and record behind him. As it was, he did join up one morning while still in High School, but his father found out and got him out that very day. I have often thought of how his life would have been changed by war experience if his little ploy had worked that day. In Dec. 1917 he and a few other of the cadets were sent to Hfx. for a day or so to help clean up the debris and aid the wounded in the Hfx. Explosion. He saw some gruesome things in that experience. During his boyhood he smoked - started at 16 on leaves and enjoyed smoking all his life until his stroke. Of course all that as a kid was done on the sly and not continually. I do not remember who his boy friends were - schoolmates, I suppose, and cousins in Mosherville named Anthony. He and Mum are related at least 3 ways. The nearest is about 3rd cousin, once removed. The anthonys ~~and~~ are common relations. He has told me how he used to go to Rosie Fish's house - she was a spinster lady in the village and was a good cook. She was a friend of Gram and Dad always visited her when possible. He also spent time with the Dills (Gram's sister married a Dill) and would go to Mosherville from time to time to visit the Anthonys (Gram's sister Ella married Ben Anthony, a storied figure). His cousin Austin was killed at Courcellette and Dad admired him - probably his closest cousin - only a few years older. That made an impression upon him. He wept about it when we talked of it in Nov. 1974 when the stroke had taken a toll and his control level of his emotions was low. He told of standing at the Hfx dock waving to George and Austin who were off overseas on the same ship. He and his father stood there together and it was a memorable moment for him.

Dad worked hard in a physical way as a kid. He tramped to the Union Corner farm twice a day to get the cow and then take her back. He milked twice daily and when he didn't his mother did. He did all the gardening too. This perhaps ex-

plains why he felt a distaste for even digging in the garden and his reluctance ever to live in the country. He loved Hants Co. and visited whenever he could but the farm-life and all it involved was not for him. He had just had too much of it as a kid. So in the spring of 1918 he went to Middleton, N.S. to begin work in the Bank of Commerce there. They were happy days for him. He got involved in church affairs, plays, young people of his own age and had a freedom he had never known. His father had been restrictive - once he was in a play being put on by the Minister's wife (Mrs. Irving) in Brooklyn and his part involved sayin 'Damn' and his father insisted he drop out. That must have been tough for a teen-ager to take. But when Dad returned home from Middleton that first time later in 1918 the whole tone changed. He was a 'man' then - on his own - and his father respected that. That came as a surprise to Dad and perhaps warmed him a little bit to his father. In Middleton he drank his share of apple cider and in innocent way and probably enjoyed the company of the girls and had a great time. Back in Brooklyn the only girl-friend I ever heard of was a Rosier girl who lived in Newport Corner and who later married an Archibald and was the mother of Connie Archibald of Truro who was a class-mate and friend of mine at Dalhousie. I stayed at the Archibald home in the spring of 1944 and Mrs. A. told me of Dad taking her home one night - a long way - from some occasion in the village. I visited the Archibald home more than once after that and Mrs. Archibald always had a kind of warm feeling for me, I guess. While at Middleton he enjoyed the work of the bank. He was good with figures and had a very tidy mind. He was in on the establishment of a branch at Kingston, a village nearby, and that was always a matter of pride with him. From Middleton he went to Parrsboro and was there a short time. He had a good time there too, I think. Then he went to the main branch in Hfx. and lived in the bank quarters above the bank at the corner of Granville and George St. In summer months he lived with a group of young men at Melville Cove and those were great days for Dad. I think he had one serious romantic attachment at least before he and Mum got together. I do not know what her ~~marriage~~ pre-marriage name was but she later became Mrs. Currie and lived in Bridgewater. Her son, Wilfred, went to Pinehurst Camp at the same time I did and he turned up at Dal with me too. Dad told me that much about her once but no more. He spoke of her as the woman 'I almost married'. Following the bank experience, he got a job at the Halifax Herald and had something to do with the circulation dept. He was not there long when his father began to fail and his mother urged him to come home to Brooklyn. He quit his job and did so because he felt it was his responsibility to look after his father and mother in their old age. He was 22 years old. So he went back to care for the horse and cover some of his father's work. When his father became incapacitated as Magistrate Dad was given the appointment. He was the youngest Magistrate in Canada, perhaps the youngest ever appointed in this country. So at that tender age he was holding court. We have two record books at Walnut St. which have his cases entered in them. It is interesting reading. In addition to these duties he became interested in the telephone company (helped organize it locally) and the same for the Hydro company..made wills for people and such things. Also read meters and collected taxes. Somewhere along the line he and Mum met up again. I think it was at the railway station. Dad was smitten - Mum wasn't quite so smitten. However the relationship developed and ended in marriage on August 18, 1925 with Uncle George officiating at the Poplar Grove Church. Mum had taught one year in Three Mile Plains 1917-18, attended Normal School in Truro and did housework for board and room, taught at Fort Ellis (near Stewiacke), Alton (also near Stewiacke), Brownlee, Sask (an experience which is a story in itself) Woodlawn, Hfx. Co, and back in Brooklyn. Dad's father died in 1924 (hardening of the arteries). He and his mother lived in the Weeks house and then after marriage they lived in different parts of the house - Mum and Dad in one part and Gram her sister Eliza and brother John in another. Dad loved Mum's mother Phoebe Dimock - perhaps felt even more warmly to her than to his own mother - and Phoebe loved him. Indeed all Mum's family have always treated him like their own brother and Dad was very fond of them. It was a wonderful relationship. Dad did not really have a steady job when first married. They got a bad start in a way. His best friend was

A.R. (Ted) Reid, older brother of Dr. Jim Reid. Ted was unmarried and lived next door to Dad in Brooklyn. He was his best man at the wedding. During the ceremony someone chopped Dad's car tires with an axe and that was the spectacle when they emerged from the little church. Dad was flabbergasted and Ted told him to take his car - so off they went on their honeymoon with a borrowed car - they went down through the valley and always talked about passing through Paradise, near Bridgetown, and recalled that they were held up on the road by a bunch of pigs who were in the way. They laughed about finding 'pigs in paradise'. So they settled down in Brooklyn. Mum got a little substitute teaching and had a little money stashed away and that helped them somewhat.

Dad studied a little law by correspondence but was not all that diligent in it. Mum was always encouraging him to improve himself, but Dad liked to loaf around and talk ~~the~~ with the village crowd and exchange stories and did not have great ambitions at all. Indeed he had high hopes one time of getting a steady job when the Postmaster's job became available. He applied but it was given to a 'returned' man. He was really disappointed about that.

He was always interested in politics and the family was fiercely 'Liberal'. A neighbour and crone (somewhat older than Dad) was Enoch Hennessey. Enoch was a relatively successful businessman and employed many of the men in the village in the woods and saw-mill, etc. He was also a big Liberal. He and Dad talked about politics a lot and Enoch felt Dad might have future in that area. So Dad ran for the Municipal Council - and lost his deposit. That fixed him for politics although his sentiments were always strongly Liberal. Enoch was the man who taught me my first sentence...It was 'I'se a Grit'. So Dad continued reading meters, collecting taxes, holding court (in our front room) and organizing the telephone company. Sometimes he made less than a dollar a day. He came to know West Hants Co. like the back of his hand. He knew who lived in each house on all the country roads and in the back woods - and he knew who made the best cup of tea and rolls and pie, etc. and managed to schedule his visits accordingly. He was well-liked everywhere. Then in 1926 I was about to arrive in Sept. Dad became very ill in the summer and soon had pneumonia. His friend Ted Reid did everything he could for him and then told Mum there was just no hope. He was near the end. It happened that Ted's brother Jim had just graduated and came to be with Ted for the summer with a view to taking over the practice while Ted went to New York for post-grad work. Jim had learned in college of some new treatment and tried it as a last-ditch effort. Miraculously, it worked, and Dad was saved. That was a month before I was born. Mum and Aunt Ann (then not married) nursed him around the clock (no wonder Dad cared so much for Aunt Ann) and that helped too. It took some months for him to bounce back, but he did. He realized after that experience that he must provide for such emergencies and began to buy life insurance. He over-did it in his anxiety and we were for some years insurance-poor. I can understand his concern though.

A break came for him in 1929. He was appointed, at age 28, Municipal Clerk of West Hants and Stipendary Magistrate. That gave him a steady job and the handsome sum of \$100 a month salary. We moved into Windsor then. While at Brooklyn Dad had been active in the church and on the School Board (Sec'y) and had the Boy Scout troop. He and Mum had good friends there - the best of whom were Jim and Mildred Reid. He was there as the young doctor and brought me into the world. They played cards a lot and had great times. We had an old Model T Ford car. Dad was a poor driver always but always got there and back. We visited a lot - mostly to Mum's relatives - picnics, etc. During the Brooklyn days Dad was a Commissioner to the General Council of the Church meeting in Winnipeg. That was a highlight in his life - his first real trip except for a jaunt to Massachusetts once when he was a kid (he and his mother). It gave him a chance to see his brother Alex. and something of the larger world. He was on a committee that worked out a section of the manual (law book) of the Church, and he was very proud of the contribution he made to that. That kind of thing was his cup of tea. He would have made a superb lawyer.

The house in Brooklyn was a big one. We had a garden which Dad planted and kept. We had a horse too - Jimmie. The horse died in the 40's. He was well into his 30's when he died. Jimmie Greeno, a friend of Dad took the horse and