

February 7, 1980.

Dad was one of seven boys so when Mother presented him with three girls they were very special, but as the girls grew and the eldest one entered her teens a boy was presented and father was as overjoyed as mother at this seeming miracle.

Dad was born April 19, 1874 in Tadcaster, England, of a Scot mother, Ann Margaret MacDonald Farquhar, and Scot father, James Farquhar, recently moved there from Rothies, near Elgin, Scotland. At that time he had an older brother, Donald, born in Rothies on March 18, 1872. While still living there in England where Grandfather, Dad's father, was Prefect of Police, they lived above the Police Station. ~~There~~ Four other boys were born, namely, William on June 3, 1876; John on March 25, 1878; George on July 17, 1880, and Alexander on January 21, 1883, the last two born at Wetherby in W. Riding of Yorkshire

When Dad was 9 years old, in July of 1883 the family emigrated to Nova Scotia, arriving in Halifax. Baby Alexander was 6 months old, and Donald, the eldest boy, kept a log coming across on the trip. He was 11 years old. ~~This log really doesn't give too much information.~~ Grandfather had a cousin, a banker in Halifax, N.S., also named James Farquhar, and he had an empty house in Halifax at their disposal, so the family stayed there approximately six months. (It was in the vicinity of the Dingle Tower, northwest arm, but Dad could never find the spot). This banker cousin also had property, a large farm, in Brooklyn, Hants County, and Dad's father made plans to buy this property. Soon after, Dad's mother and the six boys took a horse and wagon and set out for Brooklyn, a good days journey at that time. They had a few provisions but mainly Potatoes that had to do them until later, in a few days, Grandfather came with another wagon with furniture they had brought from the old country. The family awaiting Grandfather's arrival in a couple of days or so, I forget how long, but there was little or no furniture and only Potatoes to eat. Dad was allergic to Potatoes, so he proceeded to get sick.

Here the family grew up, the boys working on the farm, and going to school nearby at Union Corner School where Dad went over early each morning and lit the fire for small compensation. When he was 14 years old he had to give up school and stay home as their Mother was ill. With her instructions he baked bread and helped cook for the family. Grandfather was a Magistrate, they called him "Squire" and he held court in Windsor, 7 miles away twice a week, for affairs of all kinds in the county of Hants. On Feb. 10, 1889 tragedy hit the family; Dad's mother died, only 48 years old and he not 15 years old until April, his oldest brother not quite 17 years old, and four boys younger than Dad, the youngest being 6 years old, Alexander.

A touching note has recently come to light wherein these six boys wrote a note to their Aunt Jane Farquhar in Scotland, as follows: "Dear Aunt Janey: Could you come and be a Mama to us." Each signed their name, and fine penmanship it is too for the older ones; "Donald A., James A., William, John, George and Alexander Farquhar" who had just learned to write, and then they added at the bottom, "Our Mama has gone to be an angel." A cousin, ~~Mary Hampton~~ Mary Hampton, was given this note ~~last summer 1979~~ in 1979, when visiting cousins in Scotland and it had survived all these many years. Aunt Jane was one of Grandfather's four sisters and she was a trained nurse. Aunt Jane did indeed come to Nova Scotia to bring the boys up and stayed for ten years and all loved her dearly. We remember her well as she came years later two or three times to visit us in Westboro, Mass.

As the boys grew older the older ones were already starting to leave home and go to the States. I'm not sure when Dad came to the States but it must have been around 1895 or 1894 perhaps before. His brother, William, at the time was in Maine working for a Mr. Raimy on a farm, and his brother John was living in Westboro and working at a box factory there. Will wanted Dad to take over his job so he could go to Westboro and Dad came to Maine and stayed for a short time when he too left for Westboro to be with his brothers. They first boarded at Mr. "Bill" Foster's, there on South St. Will worked for many years at a Florist's Greenhouse in Natick and lived at our house. Dad first worked for a Mr. Joseph Nason as a gardener and tending his lawns etc. Mr. Nason also owned a Coal and Grain store



Westboro Square and one day when they were short of help he asked Dad to go to the store and help out, which he did and he worked there for many years. Indeed my sister, Doris, and I well remember the many rides we had with him behind the horse on the wagon seat, the wagon loaded with grain or other supplies to be delivered out in the country. Dad would come home at noontime for lunch and take us along with him for the ride out in the country and we loved it. Many years afterwards the concern purchased a Truck and Dad took a Chauffeur's License required at that time and thereafter drove the truck. We no longer had rides as we were in school by this time.

However, before this time, not too long after Dad came to Westboro, The Spanish-American War broke out and he volunteered to go. He was stationed at Monmouth, New Jersey and later Fort Riley, Kansas and Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. There was no draft in this war, all were volunteers and indeed they didn't know much about handling men and supplies at this time and great hardships occurred, both in this country and out. The Army was ill-equipped and much dysentery and illness took place, and deaths. The water was not fit to drink and as long as I remember Dad never enjoyed soup and we had very little of it at our house, for he had enough to last him a lifetime in the Army and that pretty poor. Dad became a Corporal and his Senior officer was Lieut. Hugh Drum, later General Drum for whom Camp Drum in New York State is named. Dad got south but not to Cuba before the War was over and on the train coming home through Washington, D. C. I've heard him say how Alice Longworth, President Theodore Roosevelt's daughter, handed out doughnuts to the men through the windows of the train and they were mighty appreciated.

Well, Dad got back to Westboro and found water to his taste again. He'd been forced to drink Beer and had been afraid he might acquire a taste for it--indeed some of his buddies did whom I remember around the Square as I was growing up. Dad never cared for it however. Sometime after this he met my mother and on September 15, 1906 he and Emma May Dean were married with a large home wedding from her Mother & Dad's home at 34 West Street. They went to Brooklyn, N. S. on their honeymoon and to Prince Edward's Island. Mother's first trip. Our mother eventually had three girls, namely, Lysle Elizabeth Farquhar, born July 19, 1907; and three years later sister Doris Jane came along July 6, 1910; and three years after that Pearl May on Dec. 23, 1913; and James Allan 7 years after that on March 11, 1920. About this time, or a few years before this, Dad took a job in Worcester with the United States Steel Co.--The American Steel & Wire -north works, and he went back and forth daily on the train to Worcester, taking an early six o'clock train and coming back on a 6 o'clock out of Worcester - a long day as they had to get up at 5 o'clock, and it was 6:45 P.M. before he arrived home for his supper. We had ours at six o'clock but sat around the dining room table telling him what we'd done during the day, and listening to any news he had.

Meantime, back in Nova Scotia Aunt Jane, Our great Aunt Jane, was anxious to get back to Scotland and in 1899 she did go back. She had come in 1889. Also before this time Grandfather had met and married Mary Agnes Smith, July 27, 1899, so Aunt Jane felt free to return home to Scotland. Then on April 9, 1901 another son, Hiram Smith Farquhar, was born. The new Grandmother is the one we remember. They came to Westboro on their honeymoon, but this was before I was born. By this time Grandfather had four sons in Massachusetts. My first trip to Nova Scotia, to be shown off to the Grandparents, was when I was 9 months old. This I definitely do not remember! What a shame. But I must have been 100 times since. Dad had also gone to N.S. in 1906 for the funeral of his beloved older brother, Donald. He had T.B.

In December 1908 a great tragedy happened in the family. Two days before Christmas, Dad's brother, John died, the result of a horrible accident in Bartlett's Box factory where he worked, in Westboro. His leg had caught in the belt of the machinery somehow and practically chewed up and almost severed the leg. He had to be taken, by train, to Worcester City Hospital, but very little could be done and he did not survive. He left four small children, the oldest, a boy Donald 5 years old and three girls, the youngest six months old. At this time Grandfather came to Westboro again for the funeral. He came again in 1910 and in 1910 on July 6th my sister Doris was born.

In 1912, our Uncle, Rev. George Farquhar came to visit us from N. S. In 1913 a trip was planned for our family to go to N. S. in September, but Mother was not feeling well.



At the time the Dr. thought it might be a tumor, but shortly after that Dr. visit the tumor moved and she knew she was again pregnant. As Mother was always seasick on the boat the Dr. didn't want her to take the trip. So Dad took Doris and ~~Me~~ to Nova Scotia as planned and didn't write that Mother would not be coming with us. This was a delightful trip. Our Uncle George was home when we arrived late afternoon and Dad had us stand at the door alone before he showed up. Uncle George knew us at once as he had just visited us a short time before. Grandma and Grandpa were at the supper table and Uncle George asked: "Father, do you know who this is?" Grandfather replied "Oh, I guess it's the little Fader girls", who lived nearby, but Uncle George told him it wasn't that these were Jim's girls, Lysle and Doris, so he immediately went to the door where Dad now stood. Then he went outside to find Mother, going around the house, and he couldn't believe she wasn't with us.

At this time Grandmother and Grandfather were living down in the town, the small Post Office across the Lane, but they still had the farm, about a mile or so away. Cows were still kept there and indeed at night we went with our young Uncle, Hiram, to bring them home, not many now. I should point out that Grandfather was never a farmer. When I was real young I had thought so but later I found out he couldn't even milk a Cow. He had hired men and the boys to do the farm work. Maybe that is why the boys all left home soon after they grew up. In the old country Grandfather had been a teacher and later Magistrate of Police, he had a fine education. In 1873 when they moved from Rothes, Scotland to Tadcaster, England he was Prefect of Police there and the family lived above the Police Station. Then as mentioned, in 1883 they emigrated to Nova Scotia. In Brooklyn, Hants Co. he was a Magistrate, a Judge, and he held court in Windsor twice a week for the County. He had a beautiful horse, also named Jimmie and he travelled in this manner to Windsor, about 7 miles away I think. They all called him "Squire". I'm afraid he was rather a harsh Judge, but hopefully a fair one. But to us our Grandfather called us "his little Yankees". And he played his Violin every night and often in church. My sister, Doris, also plays the Violin and has his fine, old instrument and all the history of it. Sometimes as we grew older and were visiting we drove to Windsor with him and spent the day going into the stores, eating at the Hotel and visiting a family friend or two with our Grandmother, Mrs. Rosie Fish, being one of many. Then we would drive home with him at night.

The people of Brooklyn always had parties for us, first the Millers, they owned the General store and sold everything from a spool of thread to plows etc.; then the Fader's, and Harvey's and so on. We liked to walk the block or so to the Village store and get Ice Cream or Penny Candy from Clara McLennan who ran the store and made the Ice Cream.

This 1913 visit without Mother, Dad found it difficult if not impossible to tie our big hair ribbons, so a neighbor, Mrs. Ross, did it for us. In those days we always went by boat to N. S. It was a 32 mile trip by train from Westboro to Boston, then take the elevated shuttle from South Station to Central Wharf to the Eastern Steamship Lines where we boarded the ship for Yarmouth, N. S. This was an overnight trip and we would arrive next morning before 8 o'clock in Yarmouth. Then we would climb the hill to Wagner's Restaurant and have porridge, Oatmeal, on tables with White tablecloths. This we did for many years afterwards, and most people on the boat went there for breakfast also. Then we would take the train shortly after we ate and had to be sure we hurried and didn't miss it, for there was only one train a day. This train ride was a day long trip up the Annapolis Valley to Windsor where we had to change for the short ride to Newport Station, about a mile or so outside of Brooklyn. There we would have our trunk put on the back of a wagon and we would be driven into the Village, or perhaps I should call it a town. When we were young, going up the Annapolis Valley we saw only the two or three big Weeping Willow Trees which then constituted Evangeline Park, and we took pictures through the train windows. Also Mother would set us to counting the Cows to keep us busy. Incidentally, now this Parl has a Museum, St. Charles Church, and beautiful flower gardens all around, also a Gift Shop, Rest Rooms and a large Parking Space. In 1978 when my husband and I were last there it was



Going back to 1913, at home in Westboro, on Dec. 23, another sister was born, Pearl May Farquhar. I believe we went to N. S. again in 1914, this time we travelled on the old Prince George and a boy was born on the ship we came home on and he was named George.. Or was it the Prince Arthur, named Arthur? They were sister ships and we travelled on both, also on the old North Star. ~~XXXXXX~~ this was in 1918, and on the high seas another large ship passed us and blew its whistles and everybody waved, that is everybody but me. Dad told me to wave too but it was a German boat and (at 10 years old) I didn't think this the thing to do. We were not at war at that time, but there had been incidents and my Uncle George had been in France fighting the Germans, or at least in the thick of it although he was a minister, so a Chaplain, in the Canadian Army. He had been ~~passed at times & hospitals~~ <sup>gassed at times & hospitals</sup> ~~in the trenches~~ <sup>in the trenches</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup> ~~after~~ <sup>after</sup> couldn't smell fresh air--but eventually did after he had been home many years. He also was in the group who were to make up the second front. So at this time he was in N. S. eventually to cross the continent and the Pacific and land in Siberia, in Vladavostol where he was for some years. Meantime, the Bolsheviks had their revolution so he never got down to be part of the second front. I remember all the letters we received from him while there, all marked "Censored". and not too much information in them for this reason.

So it was in <sup>1918</sup>~~1915~~ my Uncle George Farquhar and his wife, Aunt Ruby, who had been a nurse in France, but came from Winnipeg, were at Brooklyn when the family again visited the Grandparents. Uncle George was having a short furlough before starting west, and Aunt Ruby would put us to bed and he would tell us Bible stories before we went off to sleep.

Back home again. On March 11, 1920, our brother was born, James Allan Farquhar. When he was only a few weeks old our sister Doris, brought Scarlet Fever home to us. In these days it was a serious disease. We were quarantined for 7 weeks because Pearl & I didn't come down with it for a week. The ordinary quarantine was for 6 weeks. So we girls had to be kept apart, upstairs, with our trained nurse who received \$7. a day then which was a lot for the times, and Oranges were \$1.20 a dozen and we always had plenty of them and other Fruit. Dad would climb the ladder at the back of our house to get up and talk to us through a closed window and he promised us if we would get well he would take us to Nova Scotia that fall.

Well we did recover fine and little Jimmie didn't contract the disease. That fall the family, now six of us, all went off again by train to Boston and boat overnight to Yarmouth and up the Annapolis Valley by train and again to the small town of Brooklyn to visit the Grandparents and present the new boy. To me these were always wonderful journeys and visits and I think to Doris also they hold dear memories, and Pearl too, but she didn't get to go so many times being so much younger. Again in 1927 all the family went but me. Doris was about to enter Framingham Normal School that fall and all plans were made so she could go off for the summer. I had been graduated from Worcester Business Institute, Commercial Normal Course, and was waiting to hear about a position at Grafton High School, so I couldn't go. This did not materialize and in Oct. I went to work in Boston. After that I went by myself to N. S. many times, once with another girlfriend, staying at Port Williams first and later at my relatives in Windsor and later others in Halifax. Grandfather was no longer alive, having died in May 1924, but Grandma was still there and Uncles and cousins scattered around, and their families.

After getting married in May 1938 we sometimes went down by boat and later by plane and sometimes drove down. In 1949 we attended my cousin Mary Farquhar's wedding at Halifax. 1953- In 1953 Pearl and Jimmie and a cousin from Westboro drove down and asked me, so I went with them. In fact I can't count the times I've visited there. The last time was in the summer of 1978 when my husband and I drove down, after stopping at Sackville, New Brunswick, at a cousins where we had a big reunion inasmuch as an Aunt and cousins were on from Victoria, British Columbia. From there we visited Brooklyn, but few are left we knew when I was



little. We did visit an elderly couple, the Ernest Lockhart's and now he has gone to his rest. From there we went on to Louisburg, which was indeed a historic and pleasant trip for me for that is where several generations back, seven or eight, people landed that were my mother's great-great-grandparents. One being from Scotland and then belonging to the Scottish Highlanders who fought at the Battle of Louisburg, 1755, and the daughter of whom married a Frenchman who came from the Isle of Guernsey and became the great-great-grandparents of the families who grew up on Prince Edward's Island and later emigrated to Westboro, Mass. They were in the Battle of Quebec, in 1758. But this is another story. Their names were Brehaut, anglicized to Burhoe, of which there are a great many hereabouts, some quite noted.

Between times various Aunts and Uncles, cousins etc. visited us and the Aunties, Jane, and Mary, from Scotland came twice when we were growing up; two had gone to So. Africa and Australia but came home summers to visit their parents in Scotland at Elgin and Rothe

We are a very clanish family and keep in touch. Indeed in February 1980 we had a nice visit from my cousin Rev. Alexander Farquhar, pastor of the St. Andrews United Church in London, Ontario, and his wife. He is however leaving that church after his Easter sermon to go to Montreal to take up the pastorate of the Dominion-Douglas United Church in the Westmount Section of Montreal. Before going home he was going to Richmond, Virginia to attend a Seminar for two weeks, then on home through Kentucky, etc. back to London, Ont. While here we took him to East Falmouth to visit with my sister Doris and family he had not seen for some years and when leaving here on Sunday, February 3rd he was going to Framingham to visit with his mother's sisters and our sister Pearl and ~~her~~ brother James and their families. Thus we keep in touch.

Lysle E. Farquhar Judson