

The Bullard Memorial Farm Association Newsletter



7 Bullard Lane
Holliston, MA 01746
Since 1658

“Gratitude
unlocks the
fullness of life.
It turns what
we have into
enough,
and more.”

Melody Beattie

And the seasons go round and round...and it's late fall once again! I don't know about you, but life in the time of a pandemic brings a sense of every day being “Blursday” and time becomes further compressed, more so than in “normal” times.

But, life in the time of a pandemic has also allowed time for reflection, and what is better to reflect upon than all for which we are grateful? I am grateful for my family, the roof over my head, the natural world, my health, and the Bullard Memorial Farm (to name just a few).

As we prepare for the holiday season, let's all reflect on our gratitude for the Bullard Farm and what its legacy means to us, individually and collectively.

Lastly, please send me news, stories, anecdotes, etc. to me to be included in the next issue: Jennifer MacDonald, jhmac59@gmail.com. A Happy Thanksgiving to all of you. Blessings to all of you.



A Message from Jay McFarland, BMFA President

The Bullard Farm and Association is holding strong and making small improvements in anticipation of your return! 2021 was another challenging year during which we have had to limit our activity and contact. But, fortunately, the grounds and buildings are secure and well cared-for, thanks to our caretakers. And, the BMFA finances are stable, so thank you for your dues and contributions.

I'm sure I speak for many of us when I say I'm looking forward to June of 2022 when we can gather safely with many of you in attendance. Please mark your calendars for June 4, 2022—we need to break this cycle of separation for everyone's sake and the sake of the BMFA. We are intent on making the day extra fun and interesting for all, as long as it is safe to do so.

Enjoy the remaining weeks of 2021, and I'll see you in 2022!

June and October Meetings: Highlights from BMFA Clerk Recap E-mails

The Association met on **June 12th**, with just over a dozen members joining in person and several joining online via Zoom. Thank you for your patience as we continued to work out the technology on our end during our very first hybrid style meeting! If you missed it, [click here to watch the meeting recording](#). Highlights of

the meeting video include a show and tell of canes found by the Artifacts and Collections Committee (starting at minute 43) and an outside tour from Jay McFarland (starting at minute 1:03).



[Information about the canes provided by Suzanne McFarland after the June meeting: Prior to the association meeting, I was up in the attic looking for an item to share with the members, specifically looking for something that was touchable and usable. In a round tube in the northeast corner I found some canes, which I then showed to Ned Kingsbury. By chance he told me that one of the canes had been a straight piece of wood and that someone had used a "steam box" to bend the handle into a curve. At the meeting I passed the canes around and described what Ned had told me. After the meeting, Ned came out of the main house back to the barn with a twinkle in his eye. He told me that he thought the cane was the same one that John Anson Bullard was holding in the picture hanging in the west parlor [image on left]! Melissa, Tara and I went to see if we could corroborate, and we all agreed, as being a product of nature there are oddities that are very identifiable. I placed the chair that Uncle John is

sitting on beneath the picture and hung the cane on the chair. What keen eyes Ned Kingsbury has and the Artifacts and Collections committee is thrilled.]

[BMFA Clerk's notes continued...] It is our hope to 1) get better with the technology and 2) increase the amount of online content available for members across the country. On a related note, it's easier than ever to participate at the Farm as a director - we are hoping to add a few members to the Board this fall. Please reach out to any of the directors if you have questions about if it would be a good fit for you.

Association members now have access to a BMFA shared Google Drive. For those unfamiliar, it is essentially an online filing cabinet. Here, you will be able to view important forms and information for members. Past meeting minutes (and now videos!) will also be found in the Drive. You should have received a separate e-mail with a link to access the BMFA Drive. If you did not receive the invitation, are having trouble accessing the Drive, or would prefer to use a different e-mail/google account to access, please reach out to bmfaclerk@gmail.com. An introduction to the Drive can be found starting at minute 22:30 of the Association meeting video.

Lastly, if you have family members who have recently turned 21, we would love to have them become part of the Association. In addition to staying connected to ancestral roots, our young members can enjoy visiting the Farm to escape city life and holding small gatherings with family and friends. Please reach out to bmfaclerk@gmail.com for the necessary membership forms.

October 2nd Meeting Highlights (from recap e-mail/meeting minutes)

The Bullard Memorial Farm Association met on Saturday, **October 2**, a beautiful fall day! Assistant to the Caretakers, Emmy (age 2), spent the morning running through the grass and seemed eager to help with the leaves that will be falling soon. The Board of Directors met in the morning and the Association met following lunch. Seven members were in attendance at the Farm and many joined online via Zoom. The Association voted to approve revisions to the 2021 budget as well as the proposed 2022 budget. Several members were

approved to renew their terms on standing committees.

Mark your calendars! The Association voted to approve the following 2022 Spring and Fall

Meeting dates: **June 4 and October 1, 2022.** We hope that 2022 will provide the opportunity for a big gathering at the spring meeting.

Reserving the Farm

All current members have been given access to view the BMFA Google Calendar. The calendar is "view-only" and can be accessed through this link: [BMFA Calendar](#) or through the original email sent by mflynn@bullardmemorialfarm.org. You must be signed into your Google account that you have shared with the Clerk to view the Calendar. If you have trouble viewing the Calendar, please contact Meredith at bmfa-clerk@gmail.com. Members are not able to add events to the BMFA Calendar.

To reserve the farm, use the following Google Form to submit a request: <https://forms.gle/EqRyK7RrBmTTxXBA6> or contact Melissa Audier, chair of the House Committee at bmfa-house@gmail.com.

Thanksgiving Rotation through 2028

Members at the Association meeting requested to see the upcoming Thanksgiving rotation. House Committee chair, Melissa Audier, coordinates the Thanksgiving reservations with the Bullard Descendant branches. The upcoming rotation is as follows:

2021—Frances Joanna Bullard Kingsbury line
2022—Albert Wheeler Bullard line
2023—Ellen Bullard Adams Line
2024—Lewis Henry Bullard Line
2025—Harriet Bullard Rice line
2026—collateral cousins
2027—James Hovey Bullard line

Bullard descendant news:

Meredith shared the following Bullard descendant news: Two new grandchildren in the past couple months from Chip and Pam Thurlow's twin sons. Chris Thurlow and Katya had a baby girl on July 10, 2021, Alba Thurlow. Drew and Jenn Thurlow also had a baby girl, Sage Leona Thurlow, on September 14, 2021. Congratulations to the Thurlow family!

Jay McFarland spoke about Louis Kevin Hood, son of John Elkins Hood, who passed away in August, followed by a moment of silence by the

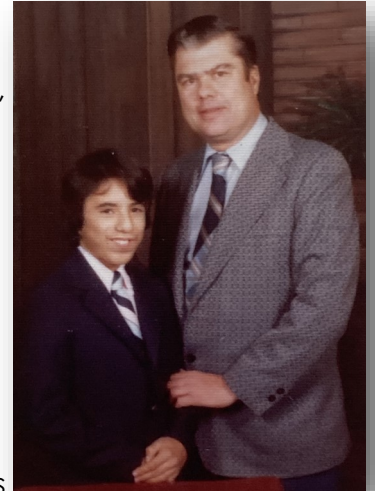
Association. Daphne Stevens shared a fond memory of Louis and John when Louis was a young boy, and Jay read the following remembrance of Louis sent by Peter Hood:

A Remembrance of Louis Hood from Peter Hood

Louis Kevin Hood died of COVID-19 on August 10, 2021. Louis, born on August 1, 1967, was the adopted son of John Elkins Hood and his late wife, Virginia Forward Hood. John and Virginia adopted Louis when he was a young boy. He lived in New York and New Jersey with his parents who brought him to visit the Bullard Memorial Farm many times, which he loved. He acknowledged at one time that if he ever married, "it would be at the Bullard Farm."

After Louis became of age, he moved to Texas for a number of years. He returned to New Jersey only for a short period when John became ill. John Elkins Hood was the son of Emma Bullard Hood and Harold Hall Hood. He passed away in September, 2017.

Louis's ashes are interred with John in Lake Grove Cemetery in Holliston near the Farm.



BMFA Fall Cleanup Day, 11/6/21 Submitted by Chip Thurlow & George Fiske

George Fiske and Farm Caretakers Steve Deal and Megan Miller organized a Farm Work/Cleanup Day to improve and complete a variety of outdoor projects. They organized two primary projects: (1) to clean up, split and stack the firewood at the shed in the field behind the Barn Annex, and (2) to assemble the newly purchased honorary Adirondack Chairs.

The firewood shed had long pieces of wood that needed to be recut to different lengths. Some of the wood had deteriorated over the past few years and was no longer appropriate for burning in the barn, the kitchen fireplace or the cottage. A crew of determined workers accomplished most of the tasks. A large pile of

wood was stacked against the shed. It had to be sorted, some wood had to be recut and then split with George's log splitter. Other pieces that were not appropriate for burning indoors were transported by George's tractor to a large brush pile that will be burned this winter under safe conditions. Steve and George will complete the cutting and splitting of the remaining firewood as time and weather permit in the coming weeks.

The firewood workers were:

- New BMFA members Scott and Jennifer McPhee who previously cut down a large number of dead trees and scrub brush at the Bullard Street field.
- Phil Audier who operated the log splitter for several hours,
- Joe Kingsbury who stacked over a ton of the firewood in the shed
- George's friends Steve Petty and Ed Davis who performed a variety of tasks at the shed
- Greg Holden, Ed Davis (a new local BMFA member) and Chip Thurlow sorted through the stacked firewood against the shed to separate the burnable wood from the old rotted timber firepit wood.

We now should have plenty of additional wood for the next two years or so! Scott's expertise as an arborist is a big plus for us. He is developing a maintenance schedule for our many specimen trees which will be useful to us in the coming years.



Phil Audier working the log splitter, left, and keeping Joe Kingsbury busy stacking wood, right.



George Fiske transports scrap wood to the burn pile

The Adirondack chair assemblers were:

- Melissa Audier, Sandy Tenaglia, Anne Holden, Meredith and Brian Flynn and their three children - Rory, Liam and Nora - all worked to assemble the four Adirondack chairs
- The chairs, ordered from L. L. Bean, are a dark forest green and made from a sturdy composite material that will resist rotting or fading.



Brian Flynn assembles Adirondack chairs (left); Nora, Rory, and Liam Flynn check their dad's handiwork by tightening chair screws.

Megan provided two sandwich platters from the Superette in Holliston and baked three wonderful pumpkin pies for the luncheon on the lawn next to the Barn Annex and the firepit.



Testing out the chairs and enjoying A well-deserved lunch break!!

Chip conducted a brief Cider Building and Museum tour for those guests who were eager to see unique parts of the Bullard Memorial Farm. They learned about why and how we have standardized time in the US; why churches have steeples; why barn doors prior to the 1860s converted from long strap mounted hinges to doors that can roll on wheels (ex-

amples are present at the Bullard Memorial Farm); what did our ancestors use for toilet paper before it was invented and widely available in the 1870s, and how did a horse treadmill help cut wood and press apples! If you don't know the answers to these questions, look them up or attend local history programs in your community!

The end result of the day is we now have fully assembled rocking and Adirondack chairs which came in handy at lunchtime. And now Steve can keep the tractor fully under cover in the vinegar building.

A Spring Cleanup will be announced in the new year, so get ready to participate in this ongoing opportunity to be part of the Bullard Memorial Farm maintenance crew. Imagine if we had enough volunteers that we could complete many of the long-delayed projects!



Steve Petty moves brush (left); Steve Neal clears debris off woodshed roof (right)



Photos from pre-Work Day restoration projects: Sean Hardiman painting the rear wall of the Cider building (left); the finished product of the Corn Crib post-restoration (right)



At the BMF: Bob and Marlene Bullard with their daughters Kristen, Carolyn, and Alicia

June 24, 2021 marked the 50th anniversary of the death of my uncle, Robert Winslow Bullard, on Alaska's Mt. McKinley (now known as Denali) at the very young age of 42. Reminded of this auspicious anniversary by Steve Hood and with contributions from him, Alicia, Kristen and from papers kept by my mother, his sister, Joanna Hills, I crafted a memorial tribute that was e-mailed by Meredith Flynn to the BMFA.

On June 25, my aunt Marlene wrote a letter to me, which I share with you below, as it adds additional context and information about the impact Bob's work has had, and because I love that Marlene took the time to write to me and provide this additional information:

Dear Jennifer,

How nice of you to remember your uncle + my husband Robert, the father of my 3 girls. You prepared a lovely tribute and know that it is greatly appreciated by our family.

I have encased in plastic covers + secured in a 3-ring notebook over 100 hand-written (no texting in 1971) letters (some 2 pages long) of condolence + praise from scientific associates, university administrators, etc. from many foreign countries + from around the U.S. I believe I sent copies of some of these letters to Alicia.

In 1971 Robert was performing scientific studies on Mt. McKinley (Denali) climbers supported by a million dollar grant from the Dept. of Defense under the name of "the Themis Project".

Today a scholarship in his name is awarded to the outstanding students enrolled in the I.U. Medical Science Department.

(Continued next page)

Thank you again for your concern + preparation of this lovely e-mail tribute.

Love,
Marlene

P.S. 10 years after Robert's death, a student (who grew up in Needham) called to visit Florence + tell her about a lecture that her MA University class was requested to attend. The guest lecturer (who I believe was Dr. Joseph Souraba) praised Robert + his work in detail to the audience, so much so, that this student felt it necessary to inform Florence.

Continued from the last issue of the BMFA Newsletter...

**Memoirs of Childhood Days on the
Bullard Memorial Farm
from 1858 to 1881, By HARRIET H. ELLIS**
(From the April, 1928 Bulletin of the Bullard
Memorial Farm Association,
Volume II, Number 5)



**Hattie Bullard Ellis, second from left,
c. 1937.**

[Editor's note: you'll recall from the last issue that Harriet (Hattie) reflected on her childhood at the farm with her memory of having scarlet fever at age two that left her hearing-impaired, of playing tag with her brothers, the trouble she and Hovey got into from time to time, and her memories of her "cross" grandmother, Esther Whiting Bullard, her father's mother. I left you with her story about playing in the sandbank with Hovey and burying the household's butcher knives there to scare off the "big giants" who,

according to her older brothers, lived in the woods. The story continues from there:

How Hovey hated to turn the handle of the grindstone for father, Lewis or the hired men to grind the scythes for mowing the grass. One morning I offered to turn the handle. Father told me it was no girl's work, their place was in the house. Lewis used to let me turn the handle for him. When Ellen, Fannie and Hovey were at school I would follow Lewis when he was plowing and would walk in the furrow behind him, and often he would put me on the horse's back. A jolly time I used to have letting the bossies out of their pen (the pen was built out back on to the cows leanter where the stairs are now that go up to the scaffold), chase them up and down the leanter. I can see them now with their tail stuck out straight and had to look out or they would kick me. I only let them out when father and the men were off in the fields and the cows out in the pastures. I always thought mother spied on me and told father, for he wondered why the bossies didn't fatten up faster. One day he returned from the hayfield and caught me busy with the bossies; just a scolding, not severe, but I never dared let them out again. I loved to play with the hens and their chickens, holding and petting them. The mother hen never minded and would always come when I called, sure of a feeding. I loved to ride horseback, any horse; the farm horses were all right when I could get one, and during the busy haying season I would drive the cows to the Holliston pasture, a mile from the farm, going on horseback, with Dido, Hovey's dog, to keep the cows moving, should they stop to nibble by the roadside, and Dido would nip their hind foot.

When relatives came we children were expected to be seen and not heard. If I knew company was coming, I would call Dido, go off to the woods, or fishing, taking food on the sly, and staying away until they were gone. A reprimand greeted me on returning from running away. Relatives would always want to see all of us children. I loved to go fishing, and would spend a whole morning, taking Dido with me, trailing along the bank of Boggestow Brook, returning for dinner and back again in the afternoon. I was happy with God's nature and loved all its beauties. It never troubled me if no fish were caught. If I could get a perch or shiner the cats would have a feast. One summer a cousin, Hattie Walker, was at the farm. Her mother, Eliza Harding, was a daughter of mother's sister, Eliza Wheeler, who married Rev. Sewall Harding. Hattie's mother married Rev. Augustus Walker. In

1853 as Missionaries of the American Board, they went to Turkey. They were located in Diarbekir on the Tigris River where Mr. Walker died of cholera in 1866, and was buried there. Cousin Eliza with three children, Frederick, Dean and Harriet, returned to her mother's home in Auburndale. Another child, Nellie, was born after her return. She founded the Walker Missionary Home for missionaries' children, a memorial to her husband. Harriet and I were named for Harriet Harding, her mother's sister. The summer Hattie was at the farm we had jolly times playing in the barn. Her brother Fred was there several days. He climbed the large ladder to the beam, somehow lost his balance and fell to the floor, cutting a gash under his chin. We thought he was killed and went yelling into the house. The doctor came, taking several stitches, closing the gash. Fred has always carried a scar as a memento of his fall. Fred and I had a race to see how many ears of corn we could eat at dinner for three days. Father provided the corn, mother cooking it; the first and second days we ate eight ears; the third day I ate ten or twelve, Fred fourteen; he won the race. I don't think either of us were sick; I remember we neither of us wanted corn for some time after. One day while Hattie and I were fishing in the brook, she got a bite, she yelled, her pole broke; I grabbed the line and we both pulled, — seemed as if a small whale must be on the line; we landed the fish, started for home proud as peacocks, lugging it between us. A neighbor, Rheuben Fiske, was there with father, Lewis, Albert and the hired man. Rheuben said, "Wall, niver saw sich a fish niver knew one to be caught in old Boggestow Brook." It weight three and one-half pounds. Hattie and I were heroes for a time, but—the fish proved to be a sucker, a soft fish, no good for eating...

...Mother told me about the time she tried to teach father to play cards; the game was hy-low-jack, instead of whist. Mother taught us all how to play euchre, everlasting, old maid, and slap-jack. Checker and dominoes were favorite games. Mother liked to play bezique, a game Charlie Adams taught us when he came courting Ellen. We sisters play bezique now whenever we can get together.

In the fall, when father made cider, was an enjoyable time. We children loved to suck the cider from the bunghole in the barrels through a straw; little flies all about us and in the cider. In those days we knew nothing of germs.



This picture was taken in the fall of 1896. Father is superintending the rolling of a barrel of cider to the vinegar building, now the museum. The little man is Lewis Demery. He worked for father twenty-three years and married Emeline, daughter of Nicholas Wentworth. When the cider was taken from the press, it was strained through pieces of heavy cloth and then poured into barrels. The cloths were then spread out to dry; occasionally they were washed. Hovey has some verses he composed one day when astride a barrel sucking cider. I will leave them for him to put in his memoirs.

Being partly deaf and Fannie and Hovey away, I never attended school as the rest of the children did. Father said he could not be carrying one to school over the roads two and one-half miles. I did go to No. 10 school-house, which was situated down a lane just this side of Miss Williams, one and one-fourth miles from the farm. Mr. Mahoney used to live where Miss Williams does. There were ten children, and many were the jolly times I had there. I was always being guyed [made fun of] by the scholars when giving the wrong answers to questions. Once a new teacher asked me my name. "I don't know," was my reply. Never shall I forget the giggles, and for a while, "I don't know" was my name. I had for schoolmates Hattie Simpson, living across the brook where the Elys live, and on Fiske Street were Rheuben Fiske and the Follinsbees. Hattie Fiske and Emma Follinsbee, often Hattie Simpson, and I would go home with them from school, staying until supper time. Saturdays they would come to the farm occasionally for the day and we had jolly times, —father letting us play in the barn. I attended Wellesley College the opening year but, on account of my deafness, could not take the full course.

When Hovey was at Harvard College he frequently came home on weekends, bringing one or two friends; those were happy days. We would take walks about the farm, evenings in the old kitchen spent popping corn, making cornballs, molasses candy, and playing games. Alice would play the piano and we would sing. Hovey kept loose tobacco in his room. Pompey, the tame crow Mrs. Adams mentions in her memoirs, would hop up the stairs to Hovey's room (his wings being clipped he could not fly far), get on the table and scold away over the tobacco, scattering it on to the floor. Hovey asked us to keep the door closed. One day Pompey went to Hovey's room, and finding the door closed, scolded away as he hopped to the head of the stairs, where a window was partly opened, being supported by a stick. Pompey hopped on to the window seat, began pecking at the stick, causing it to fall, and down came the window on Pompey's neck, and when found he was dead. Another trick that was very funny: he would nip the end of a cat's tail whenever one came near him. The cat would spit and strike at Pompey with its paw, and he would caw, caw as if laughing. We all miss him.

From the time I left Wellesley College until I was married, I helped with the housework and sewing. There never was lack of work and often we would be without a maid. Much time was taken driving father and different ones to the station and going for them, doing errands, buying provisions and going to the post office. Often in the afternoon, with mother, Alice and Dido, we would take drives, calling on friends. Some days when father went to Boston I would start early in the afternoon and visit with Mary Dailey until train time, always taking fruit and vegetables from the farm to her. Ellen Eliza was the first of the seven to marry and leave the farm. Charlie Adams and other fellows were calling to see her; she was very good looking and jolly company. Charlie was the favored one. Hovey, attending the high school, often brought letters for her from Charlie. One day he tied the letter on a branch way up in a tree. Ellen was wild and went crying to mother. This is only one of the pranks he played on her. I was twelve years old when she married, January 18, 1870. On January 7, 1871 her first child, Bertha, was born. Great was the rejoicing over the first grandchild in the family. I always visited her a great deal and remember as the children grew

older, of going to and climbing Bunker Hill Monument with them, visiting the Natural History rooms, the Museum, and many were the trips to Nantasket, Plymouth and a yearly trip to Provincetown. They always spent their summer vacations at the farm. When Charlie asked father for Ellen, father hemmed, then asked if pig iron had gone up. Lewis was the next to leave. He married Ada F. Freeman, June 19, 1878. I followed him, marrying Dr. E.H. Ellis, November 30, 1881. When doctor asked for me, father hemmed, then said "Has your horse had his feed of oats?" Albert married Mary T.T. Brooks, January 22, 1885, then Fannie and Judge W. A. Kingsbury, November 25, 1885. I have often wondered if father asked Willis about some point of law when he asked for Fannie.

At Christmas we always hung our stockings by the large fireplace in the dining room, and happy as larks were we with an orange in the toe of our stocking, a stick of striped candy, and some game or a book.

Great was the excitement in our childhood days when one of us would spy old man Alley, as we called him (he was a little man with large snapping black eyes, very nervous and a great talker), come driving into the yard with his covered wagon, doors opening at the end. It would be full of pins, needles, thread, twist and Yankee notions, webs of gingham and calico for dresses and aprons, black woolen goods and silk for dresses, white cloth for undergarments, overalls and jumpers for men. How our mouths watered when father would buy us all some big pink and white peppermints. Mr. Alley lived to a good ripe old age, over one hundred years; I think it was one hundred and two...

...In this narration by the youngest of Henry Bullard's children, you will realize that in spite of the absence of automobiles, modern conveniences, moving pictures, and the various other entertainments, the young people of that day had the capacity and ability for work and enjoyment which the young people of this day should try to emulate.



Bullard Photos from Yesteryear



I return to this photo that was included the past two issues of the BMFA newsletter. You'll recall I have asked members for help in identifying people in some of the photos from my grandmother's archives. Nancy Kingsbury kindly sent me additional information in January, but I neglected to include it in the last newsletter.

As a reminder, those already identified are: front, left to right: Alvan Bullard holding Robert, unidentified boy, Mary Edna Colby, Marian Bullard Colby, Priscilla Colby, Alvan H. Bullard, Jr. held by Florence R. Bullard.

Back row: Clifton Bullard, third from left and Harold Hood in flat cap.

Nancy provided the following additional details: *Back row, 5th from left is Willis A. Kingsbury, Jr., Jack, Ellen and Ned's father. Back row, seated woman, way over on the right, facing the camera and holding a baby is Constance E. Merriam Kingsbury, their mother. The child standing sideways but looking at the camera, to her left and somewhat in front, may be Jack. Judging by the height of Jack, Constance may be holding Ellen in her arms. Don't know where Ned is in the photo. Thank you, Nancy!*



Steve Hood sent me these two photographs. The photo on the left is of the Albert Wheeler Bullard children circa ~1900. Left to right: Carleton (b. 1891), Emma (b. 1895), Marian (b. 1887), Clifton (b. 1894), and my grandfather, Alvan (b. 1889). The image on the right is a tin type of Carleton Bullard, date unknown, but I would guess around 1895?

Please send me photos (with names/info) you'd like me to include in future issues of the newsletter!

**More Facebook Photos taken by Log Caretaker, a.k.a
Megan Miller and Steve Deal**



Stone wall and farm-house in May



A pine tree narrowly missed the chimney during a May storm



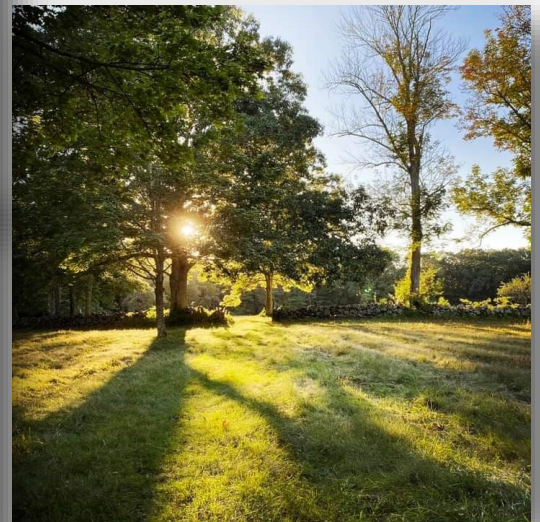
Peonies in June



The Great Farm Flood of July 2021



A very wet July yielded plenty of fungi around the farm (and in Maine, too!)



Beautiful late summer light at the Bullard Memorial Farm, September 2021