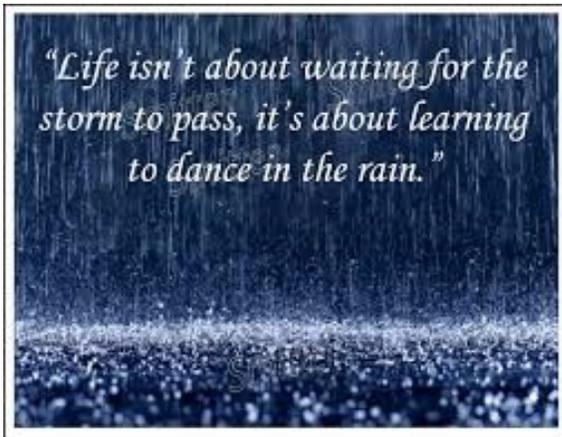


## The Bullard Memorial Farm Association Newsletter



7 Bullard Lane  
Holliston, MA 01746  
Since 1658



I know, I know, this quote is a bit of a cliché, but fitting for, and a good reminder during, these highly unusual times. I have found that some days are more difficult than others in finding those moments in life that bring us joy. But, these strange times have also highlighted the simple things, the quiet moments, getting outside more—simple things that spark joy.

I hope this newsletter finds all of you healthy and safe. In email and conversations with Durinda Wood, we agreed that it would be nice to bring a little levity to the BMFA membership with a “lighter” summer issue of the BMFA newsletter. Content isn't as robust, since we haven't been able to hold in-person events, but I hope you find the content entertaining, educational, and enjoyable. I've included some old Farm photos, an excerpt from the October, 1927 BMFA Bulletin (to be continued in the next issue), and more.

Please send along content to share: photos of how you're managing during the “Time of COVID-19”, old Farm photos, other stories,

anecdotes, etc. to be included in future issues: (Jennifer MacDonald at [jhmac59@gmail.com](mailto:jhmac59@gmail.com)). Thanks so much, and be well.

**From BMFA President,  
Jay McFarland**

Greetings during the summer hardly any of us could have imagined. On behalf of the directors of the BMFA, I hope you are healthy and doing as well as possible. This summer at the Farm has been an especially quiet one as you would expect. Steve, Megan, and Emrys have had very few visitors and are hoping to have more soon. Work by the Directors has been pretty quiet too, as we bide our time and look forward to being more productive.

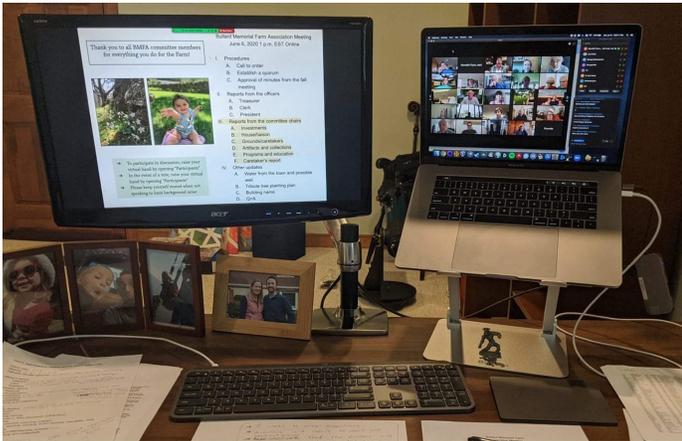
There is a Directors meeting scheduled for August 29. I am sure we are all hoping to re-start assorted initiatives and effort so please look for a further update in early September, as well as plans for the fall meeting.

Until then stay safe and enjoy your summer to remember.

**“Making History”: Our First-ever  
Virtual BMFA Meeting!**

Not sure if you were a part of BMFA history by joining the June meeting via Zoom, but it was great to see so many members' faces! While many of us are tiring of video calls, one has to recognize that the virtual platform allows for broader participation, which is a **great** thing!

The following is the recap from BMFA Clerk Meredith Flynn's email on 6/24/20:



The Bullard Memorial Farm Association met on June 6th virtually via Zoom. If you were not able to attend the meeting, you can watch the video by clicking this link: <https://vimeo.com/428977615>; **password:** Holliston

It was wonderful to see so many people from across the country participating! Complete minutes from the Directors' and Association meetings will be sent out to members shortly as well.

As discussed at the meeting, the board has been taking all suggestions for naming the new building into consideration and sent out another short survey for members to reply and provide input. [**Great segue—please see the survey results announcement from Jay McFarland, below.**]

## **New Building Named!**

Dear Bullard Memorial Farm Association membership,

On behalf of the Building Committee and the Directors, I am pleased to announce that we now have a name for the new building... (drum roll, please!): the **Barn Annex Building**. The overwhelming majority of respondents chose this over the many other fine suggestions due to its simplicity and consistency with how we have long referred to the other Farm buildings. Thanks to everyone who made suggestions and to all of you for your patience during this process. Let it be known that few things happen with great speed at the Bullard Memorial Farm.

It is important to note that there was a very heartfelt and significant suggestion to honor the legacy of Bullard women who have made con-

siderable and lasting contributions to the Farm. Although this would have been a worthwhile time to bestow that honor, it was decided we keep the names of the buildings consistent. The Directors will take on the task of soliciting ideas and suggestions or find suitable opportunities to honor the women of Bullard Farm history. We welcome ideas for consideration at our next meeting on August 29. Please send them to me at [jmcfarland@hamptonford.com](mailto:jmcfarland@hamptonford.com).

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## **Professional Organization Membership Information Reminder**

*Submitted by Chip Thurlow*

Greetings BMFA Members,

The BMFA is current for both the New England Museum Association (NEMA) and the American Association of State and Local History (AASLH) organizations until June 1, 2021.

The BMFA member access to the benefits of these two organizations is below. They both offer webinars, seminars and, as much as is possible, in person workshops. BMFA members should take advantage of these opportunities during the coming year. BMFA members can contact me at [thurlowcp@aol.com](mailto:thurlowcp@aol.com) with any questions and I will provide answers as best I can.

The Directors enrolled the Bullard Memorial Farm Association as an Institutional Member in the following two professional organizations. Both organizations allow for us to:

- Submit grant applications at free or reduced rates to these two and other organizations
- Attend conferences both online and at designated sites
- Receive regular newsletters and notifications of information and events of interest to us

**All BMFA members are eligible for the services provided by these two organizations.** Contact information is below, should you wish to enroll in a course or access information on their respective websites. If you choose to enroll in a course, please notify us of your plans and we request that you will provide the Directors and/or the relevant Committee Chairperson the contents of that information you received so that we may use that information in ways that would benefit the BMFA:

## American Association for State and Local History (AASLH)

1717 Church Street  
Nashville, TN 37203  
615-320-3203

[www.aaslh.org](http://www.aaslh.org)

AASLH Membership number: 39113982  
Membership Type: Institutional Contributing  
Valid through: June 30, 2021  
User name: Bullard1652  
Password: jabullard1794

## New England Museum Association (NEMA)

22 Mill St., Suite 409  
Arlington, MA 02476  
781-641-0013

[www.nemanet.org](http://www.nemanet.org)

NEMA Membership Number: 8472  
Membership Type: Institutional  
Password: jabullard  
Expiration Date: June 1, 2021

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### Member Spotlight:

## Tad Hills, Children's Book Author and Illustrator (and editor's brother)

Once again, Durinda had a great suggestion for newsletter content: spotlighting fellow members of the BMFA. She specifically suggested my brother, Tad, after purchasing several of his children's books for one of her great nieces.

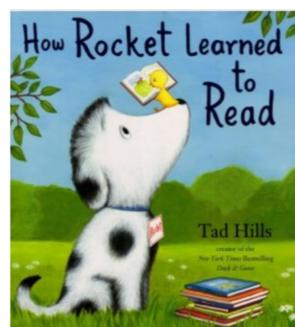
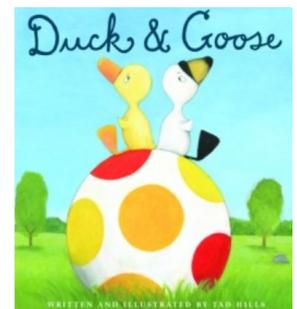
Let me tell you, growing up with a super-talented younger brother was, at times, frustrating, and, to be honest, somewhat discouraging. Here's why: our mom would enroll us in art classes and piano lessons, and he was always better at these things, especially art. Our brother, Scott and I joke that the creative gene missed the two us—Tad clearly got the gene from both sides of our family, but most notably from our grandmother, Florence Bullard. However, I was always in awe of Tad's talent and creations (which I probably didn't let on too much, lest it go to his head!), and we had a lot of fun "arts-ing and crafts-ing" together as children, encouraged by our mother and grandmother. You can read all about Tad's background, his artistic evolution and journey, and where he



got and continues to get his inspiration [on his website](#), but I share some interesting snippets here:

- Scott, Tad, and I grew up in Norwell, Massachusetts and our mother bestowed us with a love of wildlife and our natural surroundings. We would explore the woods and fields behind our house, building forts and playing outside as much and for as long as possible...building and creating, and noticing the art in nature that surrounds us.
- Tad was encouraged by our grandmother, "...who marveled at his art and, although she was an accomplished painter, wished that she could paint like him..."
- "We had a playroom that was always buzzing with activity...This is where I'd spend much of my time drawing, painting, and building and making things. I come from a long line of engineers on both sides, so my interest in making things almost feels like it could be genetic." (It is, Tad, it is.)
- As an author and illustrator of children's books, he "...gets great satisfaction from visiting schools, because the kids' excitement and enthusiasm for books is very real, and their responses to questions or comments are very entertaining, such as "What's the difference between a book and a story?" or "My dad has socks like yours." But, the best is when a student smiles and says proudly "I'm writing a book."

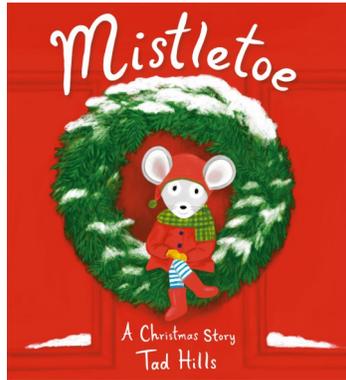
Tad is a New York Times bestselling author and illustrator of numerous children's books, from *Knock, Knock! Who's There?* to *My Fuzzy Friends*, *A Book to Touch & Feel*, to the richly illustrated *12 Days of Christmas*, a carol and count flap book. In 2006, he launched his *Duck & Goose* series, which includes several picture and board books. His second series, inspired by his dog Rocket, launched in 2010 with *How Rocket*



*Learned to Read*, with this description from the Penguin Random House website: "Learn to read with this New York Times bestselling picture book, starring an irresistible dog named Rocket and his teacher, a little yellow bird. Follow

along as Rocket masters the alphabet, sounds out words, and finally...learns to read all on his own!"

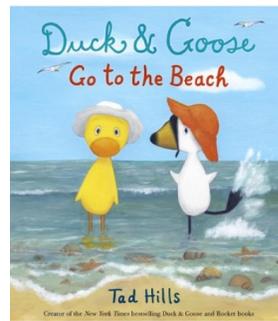
Tad's most recent book, *Mistletoe - A Christmas Story* is due out in September. A recent Kirkus Review of the book provides this glimpse: "A friendship story for under the tree. 'Finally it feels like Christmas,' Mistletoe the mouse thinks to herself as she walks through the snow to her friend Norwell the elephant's house. But Norwell doesn't like the cold and won't come outside to join her... Eager to encourage her friend to experience the peaceful beauty of a wintertime snowfall, Mistletoe devises a plan to help him be more comfortable outside... When she awakens on Christmas morning, Mistletoe finds that Santa has visited, but instead of opening her gifts, she hurries out the door with her enormous present tied up with a bow to deliver to Norwell. He, too, has made something for her... Warming through and through. (Picture book. 3-6)"



As mentioned at the beginning of this article, Durinda Wood purchased several of Tad's books, and was able to give them to her great-niece, Maia recently. She shared these "Bullards reading Hills" photos from their visit in Carmel, CA: in the photo to the left, Durinda's niece, Jory Wood Syed reading *Duck & Goose 1-2-3* to her daughter, Maia, and then Maia reads it on her own.



Durinda also purchased *Duck & Goose Go to the Beach* for Maia and then she and her family visited the beach, just like *Duck & Goose*!

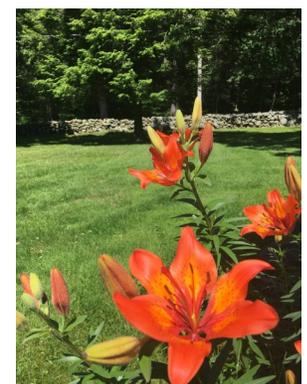


Interested in purchasing Tad's books? [Click here to support independent bookstores.](#)

### 2020 Summer Farm Scenes (Borrowed from Facebook in posts by Jay McFarland, May and June, 2020)



**Bullard Farm life seems to agree with Emrys!**



**Excerpt from the Bullard Memorial  
Farm Association Bulletin  
Volume I, Number 9  
October, 1927**

**[Editor's note: My grandmother, Florence Bullard, saved everything, including old BMFA bulletins that she put in a small binder and decorated with this hand-painted map of the farm. Enjoy these memories!]**



**Memories of My Girlhood Days  
on Bullard Farm, 1853-1870  
By Ellen Eliza Adams**



Before I was born, Father kept a country store in Medway Village, and he and Mother lived in the old colonial house which was later occupied by Uncle John, and still later given by him and Father to the Salvation Army, which now owns it. This old house was, according to Orion Mason of Medway, built about 1820 by Elias Whiting, Jr., who was my

grandmother, Esther Whiting's brother, and from whom she inherited it. For the benefit of the younger generation, I will say that it is my grandmother, Esther Whiting, that now looks down on you from the old oil painting in the parlor at Bullard Farm.

In 1849 Grandfather Titus Bullard died. Grandma Bullard had planned for Uncle John to have the farm, but Uncle John planned otherwise; he married a Watertown lady and lived there. That same year Mother and Father left Medway with three children (Lewis, Alice, and Albert) for the farm. Grandma Bullard lived with us until she died in 1869. She lived in the room we call Uncle John's room, but she spent a good deal of time in the sitting room. In her old age she liked to sit in the warm corner near the fire. She was friendly to us children, and liked to have us come up to her room and play games with her such as checkers, fox and geese, also Three Penny Morris, and Ten Penny Morris. For playing

checkers we had an old board, and for counters or men, we used kernels of red and yellow corn. Ten Penny Morris was something like checkers, and we played it also with corn of two colors. Three Penny Morris was similar, but played with less corn. She was very good to us at times, but at other times she would get mad and drive us out of her room. She liked to get to the door first when anybody rang the bell. One day a man rang the bell, and Grandmother and I got to the door together. She slipped and fell off the large stone at the door and couldn't get up. She was large and strong, and I couldn't lift her into the house until help came. The doctor came and said her hip was broken and she could live but a few days. This turned out to be true. She was buried with Grandfather Titus in the East Medway Cemetery, where also were buried Henry (2) and Henry (1). Later, Uncle John had the bodies of Titus and Esther removed to Mt. Auburn.

Mary Daley said Esther, as a girl, was "bound out" to work in the family of Ralph Bullard, who lived at what is now the Movins farm, and thus she met Titus Bullard, her future husband. Ralph Bullard was known as "Rafe" and was the father of "Old John" Bullard, who will be mentioned later.

In 1849, which was the same year Grandfather Titus died and Father came back to the Bullard farm, I was born at the farm. Then, in due time, three more arrived: Fanny, Hovey, and Harriet, making seven of us children in all. Mary Daley said Mother made pies the day I was born. My oldest sister often remarked what a hard time she (my eldest sister) had taking care of babies, especially the youngest.

Mary Daley was one of the old time characters for many years associated with Bullard Farm, and for whom all the older members have a friendly remembrance. As a young girl, she was "bound out" to Grandmother Esther Bullard. She afterwards became a seamstress or tailoress, and often came to stay at the farm, and do sewing for Mother. She made Father's shirts. I also remember Mrs. Matilda Bannister who lived in East Medway, who was also a tailoress. She would come to the house with her tailor's goose and stay a week making the boys pants. We children always liked their being at the house as they were both good company.



**Mary Daley in 1876**

In old times, it was customary for both boys and girls to be "bound out" to work in some family for a term of years, or until of age. The pay was simply board and clothes, but a person "bound out" in a family would usually be treated like one of the family.

Now there was a large farm with stock and all the work to be looked after, not an easy time for anyone. We had a parlor and front chamber. Father was hospitable, and when relative or friend happened there, they were always welcomed whether Mother was prepared for company or not. Father was a good provider. We had plenty of simple food, milk, butter, and bread. Father had a beef creature butchered in the fall, also a pig. Mother made cider apple sauce in the brass kettle which is now in the kitchen, also soap. Mother also made cheese, butter, and dipped candles. These were all standbys for the winter.

We were two and a half miles from church, and one and a half from district school. We went summer and winter to church for all day, with Sunday School at noon.

We children had many playmates in the neighborhood. Next to our house lived the John Bullards (where Mr. Movins now lives). There were four children, Harriet, Luella, Sewall, and Joe. Harriet's full name was Harriet Partridge Bullard, so we nicknamed her "Hattie Pattie Boody". With them, but in a separate part of the house, lived their grandfather, "Old John", everybody called him (to distinguish him from their father) and with him lived their grandmother, "Chloe". Their father was always called "Young John". "Old John" had a little shop across the street from the house, where he made axe handles, and I haven't forgotten how good were the green plums and sopsosvine apples that grew near the old shop. Their grandmother, Chloe, was a good woman, and when she died was very much missed. Hers was my first real funeral. The John Bullards were only distant cousins of ours, they being descended from Lieut. John Bullard's son, John, while we were descended from Lieut. John's son, Henry.

Next to the John Bullards lived the Timothy Bullards, who had five children Rhoda, Hannah, Puffer, John, and Moses, but the last two were too young for me to take any notice of. Timothy Bullard was a great singer, and sang in the choir in East Medway. The children of Timothy Bullard were own cousins to the children of "Young John" Bullard because Timothy and

"Young John" were brothers, but, as I said before, both of these families were only distant cousins of ours.

The house of Timothy Bullard was the first on the left after you turn right at the corner at the Roosevelt place going toward the brook. This house was built for Timothy Bullard when he married in 1838 but was burned a few years ago, and only the cellar hole now marks its location. The ancient Bullard farms, namely that of Cyrus Bullard who lived across the brook at the Murphy place, and the Bullard Farm now marked by the cellar hole and the tree bordered lane back of the Movins place, had passed out of the Bullard family long before my time. Lieut. John Bullard lived at one of these, I think at the one across the brook.

Near by, at Mother's old home place, Oak Grove Farm, lived her brother (our Uncle) Abijah Wheeler, with a large family of children who were our cousins. Below us, toward Holliston, lived the Stedmans with several children: one daughter, Ellen, went to school with me. So you see we had plenty of playmates of about our own ages living near by, even if we did live way out in the country, and most of them were our cousins... **[To be continued in the next BMFA newsletter.]**



## Bullard Farm Scenes from Yesterday

The last issue of the newsletter included four photos from yesteryear: two sent by Durinda Wood, and two from my grandmother, Florence Bullard's collection sent by my brother, Scott Hills. With help from members near and far, we were able to identify most of the folks in Durinda's photos, and, with the assistance of Al and Peter Hood, all subjects in my grandmother's photos were identified.

Below are more photos from my grandmother's collection, and, with Al's and Peter's help once again, most of the people in the photos have been identified.



**Circa ~1935 (?). Left to right, front: Clifton Bullard's Terrier, Clifton Bullard, Arthur Colby, Marian Bullard Colby, Mary Edna Colby, Joanna Bullard, Alvan H. Bullard, Jr., Alvan H. Bullard, Sr. (behind his namesake, in the shade), Robert Bullard. Left to right, back: Priscilla Colby and Florence Bullard. (Thank you, Al and Peter Hood!)**

**Circa ~1930(?). Standing, left to right: Alvan Bullard, Barret Adams (?), Clifton Bullard, Harold Hood holding Albert Hood, Henry Adams, unknown male, unknown female, Arthur Colby, unknown female, Marian Colby, Florence Bullard, Geraldine Bullard, unknown young female. (Missing: Emma Hood, Carleton Bullard). Seated children in foreground: highest head is Mary Edna Colby, Priscilla Colby with arm around Alvan Bullard. Other baby is probably Robert Bullard. Not sure of others. (Thank you, Al Hood!)**



**Circa August 1937, this photo was sent by Durinda Wood: her great-grandmother, Hattie Bullard Ellis, wore a hearing aid, which is visible in this photo—the black box-like contraption at her waist. This high-tech aid replaced one of those funnel hearing aids that she used for years. From left to right: unidentified woman, Hattie Bullard Ellis, her son-in-law John E. Rice, her husband Dr. Ellis, Jane Rice (John E. Rice's sister), and Durinda's grandmother, Helen Ellis Rice.**

