

AGNES RECALLS

*Some recollections of growing
up in Nashua at 5 Columbia Avenue.
Supplemented with other family matters.*

Edited by

Robert B. Stephenson

Jaffrey, New Hampshire
2005



Agnes on the steps of 5 Columbia Avenue, ca. 1913.



Agnes on the steps of 5 Columbia Avenue, 2002.

Foreword

These recollections of my Aunt Agnes Buxton Barker are based on conversations I had with her on two occasions, February 5th and 28th, 2002. These were tape recorded. I transcribed the tapes and then extracted and arranged the information as it appears below.

As I prepared this I thought it presented a good opportunity to include some family genealogy as well, which if a little off the subject of Agnes's recollections of 5 Columbia Avenue, may nonetheless prove interesting.

I didn't stop there, however. I started adding photographs to the point that this now is also a family album. The older photographs are from various sources: Agnes, Aunt Elizabeth's photo album and my own collection, also a few from other family members. The newer ones I took on several occasions. I've also been presumptuous enough the step to add some of my own memories of 5 Columbia Avenue as a postscript.



5 Columbia Avenue in 1988, just before its sale.

AGNES RECALLS

MY NEIGHBORHOOD

WHEN I WAS LITTLE, Columbia Avenue, Webster Street and all the other side streets were dirt roads. There were still some open fields about so some of the streets didn't go through as they do today. There were big houses on Concord Street. Between Columbia and Bartlett were the two Anderson houses, the white one on the corner of Columbia owned by George and the brick one on the corner of Bartlett owned by Frank, his property coming right to ours. This is now Mount St. Mary's school. George's house was later owned by Governor Murphy about the time I was in high school. On the corner of Bartlett and Webster, Frank had a very nice garden, a rose garden and a garden house. It was a very fine property. The house was built in 1905 and had its own theatre. Frank was a prominent shoe manufacturer. On the other corner of Columbia and Concord was the Coburn house. But there were no buildings to speak of up near our house. The Nutting house to me had always been there, across the street on Columbia, but I know it was built after I was born. Across Webster from us was the Simpson house. When I was little it was owned by Mr. Burbank who was in business—Buxton Garment Mfg. Co.—with my father, manufacturing overalls. There were two big houses on Concord Street from Bartlett Street north. On the corner was the Swart house. The Swarts originally owned all the land up here. The Bucknams later lived there. The brick house next door was General Wheeler's. It had a ballroom on the upper floor. Mr. Anderson, the one that built the house that's now Mount St. Mary's, also owned the farmhouse and the bungalow that were diagonally across from our house. The farm house in later years was owned by Dr. Clark. Oliver, the personal aide to Mr. Anderson, lived in the bungalow with his wife. Going west and where Elliott Street is now was all pasture with cows. The house on the corner of Wellington and Elliott was the secretary's house, Mr. Anderson's secretary. And up until just a few years ago there was a fence along there with a little place for a gate and I used to go through that little gate and cross the pasture to go to play with my friend.

I remember the horse-drawn grocery carts coming to our house. We'd have groceries and meat delivered, also milk. One of my choicest pastimes in

the winter on a Saturday morning was to go out and jump on the grocery men's sleigh and ride around the area where they were delivering. Once while doing this I had an experience with a dog, I was trying to jump on the back and a dog bit me in the fanny. So I was on the couch in the living room for quite awhile being bathed and antiseptic being put on this bite from the dog because I was trying to jump the sleigh. Nice little girl.

We never had a horse when I was young. We were all motorized. Mrs. Stevens had horses and a sleigh. And John Stevens was the baby and I would be over there playing with the other children and Mrs. Stevens would go out for an afternoon ride with Johnny by her side. And they had a man that drove them. But they also had horses because they had children that liked to ride. Ruth's friend Priscilla, Priscilla Ellis, lived up that way, too. And she had a horse that was kept in their barn. So there was horse activity.

There was a streetcar line along the middle of Concord Street as far as Greeley Park. And as a little child I remember riding on the conductor's lap and thinking I was driving. Another line went from East Pearl Street to Hudson and Litchfield and Manchester. I remember going by streetcar to Manchester to do Christmas shopping when I was probably 13 or 14 years old. I had a Christmas Club. I'd put in 25 or 50 cents a week and got \$12.50 at the end of the season and then, for a couple of years, oh, that was a big treat, to go with a friend and spend the day shopping, buying 50 cent presents for everybody in the family.

5 COLUMBIA AVENUE

OUR HOUSE WAS built by a man whose name I can't quite remember. He lived in it for two or three years; I can remember mother saying that there were newspapers on the floors in the living room to protect them from spills. Before moving there, my mother and father live on Fairmount Street in a house that's still there. It was there that Mark was born.

The front room was the parlor. It was used when visitors came or when the minister came to call. I remember the velvet *portieres* separating the parlor from the sitting room, and then my father said he wanted French doors. And so that's when the French doors were put on. Later they were taken out. The passageway to the front hall also had French doors. The sitting

room was where mother had her desk. And we had a fire in the fireplace. It was this fireplace where we hung our stockings at Christmas. And there was a couch, one of these old fashioned couches. And there was a big radiator. I remember that couch was right by that radiator. It was in the sitting room where we would play games. In the kitchen, where the refrigerator used to be, was originally a pantry. There was an icebox there which also had a door in back so that ice could be put in from the shed. We first had a big coal stove for cooking which was later converted to oil. We also had a coal furnace for heating in the cellar. The dining room was as you remember it; no big changes. When the children were growing up, Joy had the front bedroom. When I was young it was mine, too; in fact, I was born in that room. To prepare for my coming, the first electric light in the house was installed there. Betsy had the side bedroom, overlooking Mount St. Mary's. Earlier it had been Ruth's room. And Carol had the back room as did Mark years before. The little room above the stairs was a sewing room. Laurence had some of his radio equipment there and, I think, in the back room, too.

Dinner was always at noon. And Sunday dinner, was a special occasion. You might have that a little later in the day. Supper was at the end of the day. For breakfast most of the family had cereal, or they had eggs. And I can remember mother usually warmed up the Saturday night beans for Mark on Sunday because he liked beans for breakfast. And I liked French toast. But I can't remember any great deal about breakfast. But everybody sat down for breakfast. The same way at dinner. We're all right at the table at dinner time and supper time. Dinner was usually meat and potatoes and vegetables and dessert which might be tapioca or it might be banana pudding, bread pudding. And supper might have been creamed chicken on toast or creamed something on toast. Or perhaps spaghetti. My mother and father always had coffee in the morning and they had tea at noon and at night. I didn't have either of those. And I didn't have milk. I guess I was a difficult child being fed. I can remember chip beef in cream and baked potatoes. That was something I can remember having. And oyster stew, which I didn't like. I didn't know what I was missing.

CHRISTMAS

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTION about Christmas was of a Christmas tree being in the bay window. We would hang our stockings the night before. Christmas morning my father would go down to see his mother—Sarah Bigelow Parker—at her house on the corner of Concord

and Courtland Streets. At that time she was quite elderly. And he always came back with envelopes with five dollars for each of us—for Mark, Ruth and me—and five dollars then we thought was quite a deal. I'm pretty sure we had turkey at Christmastime, and I seem to recall having the holiday dinner at Uncle George's—who had the greenhouse—and Aunt Emma's. No cocktail parties back then. Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Walter always came for Christmas, traveling from Boston by train. There was an exchange of presents. I can remember Uncle George and Aunt Emma giving us presents. We could open one present on Christmas eve. And that was sort of a custom we looked forward to perhaps as much as the Christmas tree. I really don't remember Ruth or Mark, at that time, because they were so much older. I do remember that Christmas wasn't made quite as much of as it is today.

SCHOOL

MY FIRST SCHOOL was the Shattuck Street School which is on the east side of Concord Street on the way downtown. And it's still there. It's funny that I should be thinking about it because there's another connection. The Jewish Synagogue has expanded and I was there a week ago to view the whole thing and it's in back of where the Shattuck Street School was. But that was all woods when I was little. And sometimes I didn't like to stay in school and I'd run out through the woods back of the school and out through the woods where the synagogue is now and come home. You weren't watched the way you are nowadays.

It was a grade school up through Fourth grade. Then I went to the Mt. Pleasant School down on Manchester Street. It was a new school and is still there. Ruth went to the earlier one.

After that it was to the Junior High School. We went there through the ninth grade but they had a different system back then. You would go to straight 5th, 6th, and 7th. Or you could go to 5th-6th and 6th-7th. There were two years that were combined. Three years combined into two years. So they called it to 5th-6th and 6th-7th, and then you went to the 8th and 9th grades in Junior High which was downtown. It had been the High School when Ruth went.

We would walk to school; there were no buses then. I didn't have a bicycle until I was much older; a girl was killed riding a bike down at my father's

factory. She ran into the loading dock. My father had to pick up the girl and as a result he wouldn't let me have a bike until I was older.

And we would go home for lunch. At the Shattuck Street School and at the Mt. Pleasant School you were out of school at quarter to 12 and you went back at quarter to 2. And at half past 1 the school bell would ring and you knew it was time to be getting back to school. You went from quarter to 2 to quarter of 4. I can remember riding down with my father who also went home for lunch. You had dinner at noon. But I can remember walking down to school with him and I was always so pleased when he walked down to school with me. But there was none of this taking your children to school and picking them up like nowadays.

My first teacher was a Miss Kenney. If you were naughty in school she shook you by your chin. I was so afraid. And my second grade teacher was a Miss Moran, a very sweet woman, and third grade was Miss Shattuck. She was quite an elderly lady. And the principal was a Miss Gordon. And then when I got to junior high, my second grade teacher, Miss Moran, was in junior high teaching. They were nice schools, good school years.

I remember when Mark graduated from Nashua High School. He wasn't the valedictorian; he was pretty far down the list. I think I remember that he was 87th in his class or perhaps 90th or something like that. When Ruth graduated she was pretty close to the top. And she won the Noyes Medal which was for speaking. And everybody was proud of her. I think Mark graduated from one high school and Ruth was in the transition of moving from the Junior High School to the High School that was down across from the Catholic church and next to the Post Office, just off of Main Street. But Ruth was the first class in that high school. Now that high school has been eliminated altogether. The high school now is over in another part of Main Street, westside. That's turned into a junior high school and there's a brand new high school. Those schools have all changed. But I'm not sure about Mark's, which school he graduated from.

When I went to Junior High, it was downtown. I usually walked but sometimes I took the streetcar. You could buy a ticket book. And the tickets amounted to 4-1/2 cents a piece. But it was a book. I used the streetcar mostly during stormy weather. It went down to the middle of Main Street, down near the Methodist Church. And you could get on another car that went to Crown Hill or went up Kinsley Street. I never remember taking it to go anywhere but just from here down to the middle of Main Street.

I don't know when that started but I do remember it in my Junior High years. And also when we went to Grade School, we had a couple of classes down in the Junior High School once a week, so we had ticket books and would use the streetcar to get home.

DOWNTOWN

I WOULD WALK or take the streetcar to go downtown. And, oh, it was a good Main Street. We had Speare Drygoods and a F. W. Woolworths. And shoe stores. There was Winers Shoe Store, that I remember. I think there was still Avards, and of course now Avards is just one of the grandsons that has a small store but there was a big mens store, Avards. There were three movie houses downtown, the Daniel Webster, and the Park was another. And when Laurence was college age, he played saxophone and flute in the orchestra at the Park Theatre. Just before we were married, he worked there, a couple of nights a week. It was a good Main Street that has now gone to the mall.

FRIENDS

THERE WERE no children in our neighborhood. I did have one friend that I still have that lives over in Athol, Annabel Weston Haven. And she lived over on Berkeley Street. And I didn't see a lot of her as a little girl. I saw more of her as she was older in our married lives. And then there was a girl on Wellington Street, Margie Whitney. Both of those girls were attendants at my wedding. So they were my best friends during those years. I did most of my playing across Concord Street. The big house right across from Columbia Avenue, was the Shaw house where my friend Frederick Shaw lived. Mrs. Shaw and my mother were also good friends. Frederick was younger than I but I used to go over there to play. And then over the next street, to Berkeley Street, where the big Stevens house was, they had a big family. There is a pond there where we used to skate. So a lot of my childhood days of playing were in that neighborhood.

I didn't have the solid group that Ruth had. I think there were five girls about Ruth's age: There was Priscilla Ellis, later Durivage, who lived near the Stevens' house. There was Helen [Bickford] Huber. And Beatrice

Noyes, Serena Niles and Dorothy Dodge, later Mayo. Perhaps all through their school years they had been together.

I remember some of Mark's friends. There was Luther March who lived a couple of streets away. He became a doctor. I don't think I was so much aware of his friends, but I was always interested in his girlfriends and there was social life around the house and with young people there. But I was just underfoot. Ives Atherton was one of his best friends. I think he was Mark's best man when he married. I remember I rode with Ives to the wedding in Boothbay. Ives was very nice to the kid sister. He took me to a hotel in Portland for dinner on the night we drove down and made me feel like a big girl.

CARS

IREMEMBER that when my father got his first car, he didn't have to have a license or anything, he just went down to the garage and found a car and drove it home. I have a snapshot somewhere of Mark, perhaps when my father got a new car, probably a Ford. In the picture it looks so high up. He was standing by the wheel.

LAURENCE

FIRST MET Laurence in high school. He was a year ahead of me and a football player. An important man in those days. So I knew him just because of that. I didn't go out with him or really know him in high school. He was at the University of New Hampshire and one vacation when he was home I happened to meet downtown, one of his friends, Wilbur, that I always like. Wilbur had a girlfriend, Myra, visiting for the holidays and he was taking her back to Salem, Mass. And he said would I like to go with them? Later, Laurence called and asked me if I'd like to go along. And that was the first time that I ever went out.

Laurence was called 'Twit' back then. Where it came from, so I was told, was his mother used to call him 'Sweet Baby,' and one of the other children just shortened it to 'Twit Baby,' you know, Twit. That other brother was Bob. I mean that was the nearest one to him. After all, he was nine years older. So I don't know why he would come out with Twit, but that's

what happened anyway, so his mother said. He was the youngest of seven children.

I went on to the University too and we saw one another there. Laurence graduated in 1932 but I never did. We were married on October 21st, 1934.

Aunt Agnes

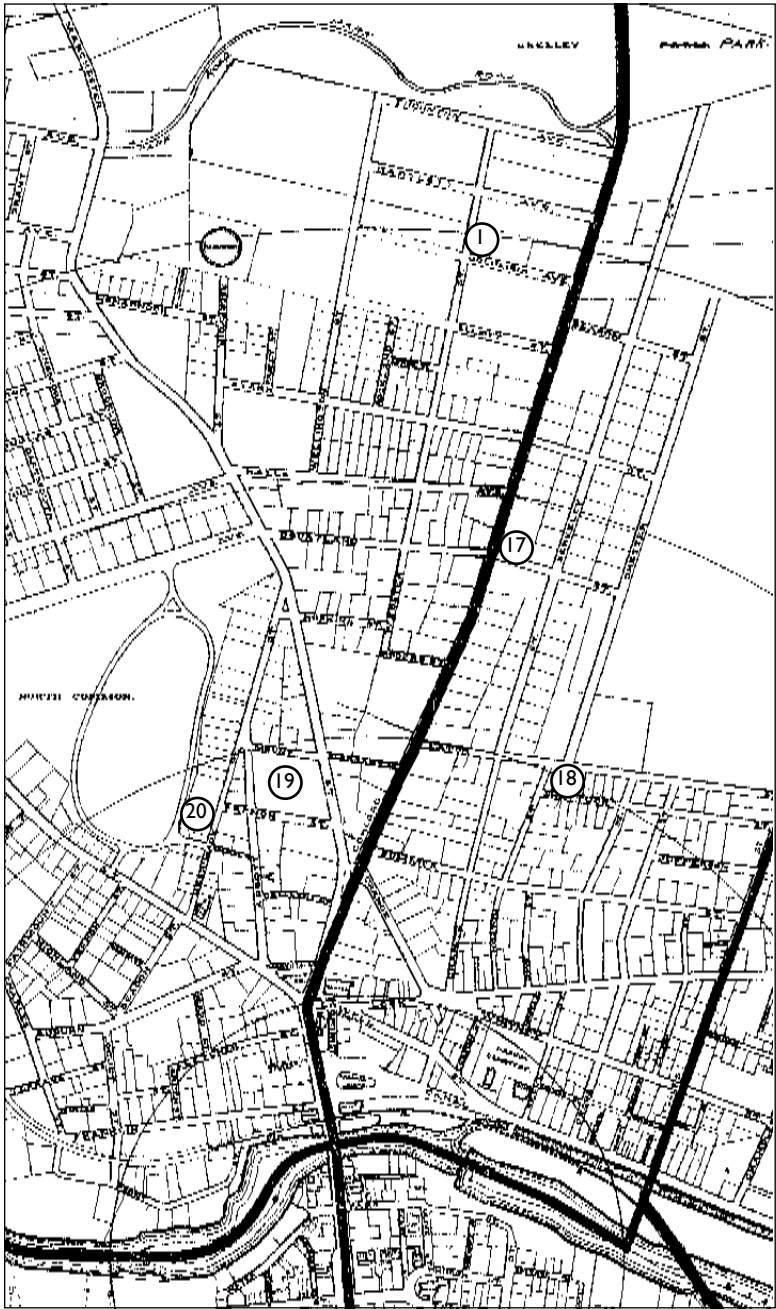
A POSTSCRIPT FROM THE EDITOR

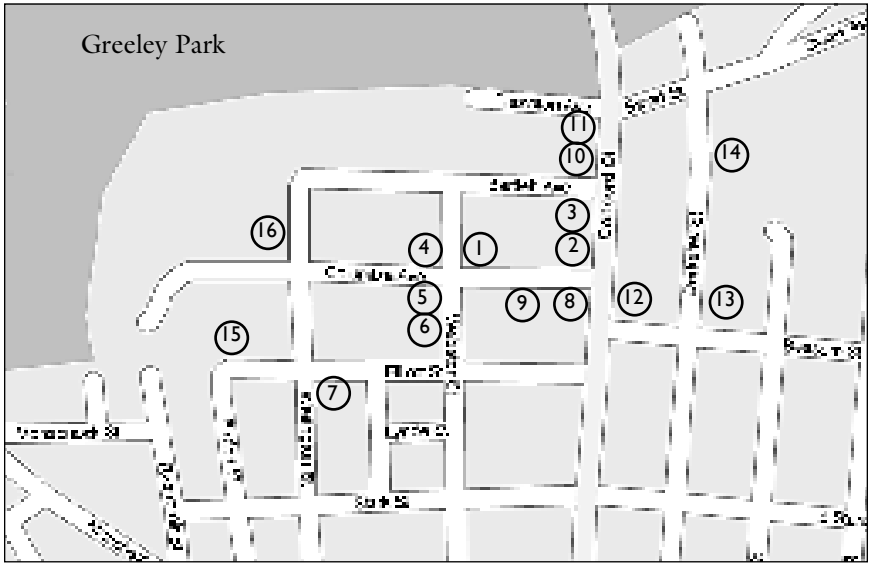
My recollections of 5 Columbia Avenue and Nashua

I ALWAYS ASSOCIATE 5 Columbia Avenue with Thanksgiving. Our family would travel to Nashua for the holiday every year and continued to do so until very recently, even after the house was sold. The Barkers in turn would travel to Newton for Christmas. There was always lots of activity in the house on Thanksgiving because there was often a crowd and at one point I'm sure we children outnumbered the adults. When they lived on Beacon Hill, Auntie and Uncle would ride up with us. I remember Uncle Mark and Aunt Allison, Marcia and Robert would come down from Littleton, and Mark, Jr., might come and in later years with his family. The Bob Barkers with Bobbie and Sally might be included, too, or drop by later. Some of us might bring roommates or friends from school or college.

When we were kids, the adults would eat in the dining room and we would have the kid's table running the length of the parlor and the sitting room. The menu was always pretty much the same, the usual Turkey, mashed potatoes, peas, onions and so on. In later years the meal was preceded by an ample supply of whisky sours. Joy and I often conspired to hog the French silk pie that my mother always brought. Usually after a couple of pieces of that, it was time to pay the traditional post-prandial visit to Simon's Rock, a gigantic glacial erratice that was a mile or so away on the waterworks land. Although it took some doing you could climb to the top.

We'd be back at the house as darkness came and perhaps nibble on something, maybe a third slice of pie. The beginning of the end of the day would generally be the departure of the Buxtons for Littleton. This would entail an extended leavetaking, Uncle Mark with his coat and hat on, trying to get the show on the road with shouts and whistles, and Aunt Allison still chatting away, gathering Christmas lists and socializing. Soon after we'd say our own farewells and head back to Boston, always driving down Main Street to see the Christmas lights on their first night on. Uncle Walter would then light a cigar and we'd suffer all the way to Chestnut Street, where we said goodbye and headed on to Newton.





The Columbia Avenue neighborhood with the location of houses mentioned.

1. 5 Columbia Avenue.
2. George Anderson house, Concord Street.
3. Frank Anderson house, Concord Street.
4. Mr. Burbank's house, northwest corner of Columbia Avenue and Webster Street.
5. Oliver's bungalow, southwest corner of Columbia Avenue and Webster Street.
6. The Farmhouse, Webster Street.
7. Mr. Anderson's secretary's house, southeast corner of Wellington Street and Elliott Street.
8. Coburn house, southwest corner of Columbia Avenue and Concord Street.
9. Nutting house, Columbia Avenue.
10. Swart house, northwest corner of Bartlett Avenue and Concord Street.
11. General Wheeler's house, Concord Street.
12. Shaw house, northeast corner of Beasom Street and Concord Street.
13. Stevens house, northeast corner of Berkeley Street and Beasom Street.
14. Ellis house, 63 Berkeley Street.
15. Barker house, 23 Elliott Street. Laurence's brother Bob's house.
16. Agnes's present house, 100 Wellington Street, northwest corner of Columbia Avenue.

← 1908 map of Nashua showing at the top Columbia Avenue and environs as they were developing. The blacked-in street is Concord Street.

17. Mark R. Buxton house, 61 Concord Street.
18. Shattuck Street School.
19. Mt. Pleasant School.
20. Buxton Garment Mfg. Co., 18 Merrimack Street.

Greeley Park



Aerial photograph of the neighborhood with 5 Columbia Avenue circled. April 11, 1998.

A FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM

Those who came before



My mother, Marion Kay Buxton. Possibly in 1896.



Marion Kay Buxton in the 1930s.



My mother writing in the yard at 5 Columbia Avenue.



“Auntie” (Elizabeth Kay Davis). September 1896. My mother’s sister.



My father, Fred Temple Buxton.



My grandfather, Mark R. Buxton.



My grandmother, Sarah Bigelow Parker Buxton,
with her niece Ada Campbell.



Ilanthe L. Parker, my cousin.



Calista N. Parker, my cousin.



My Grandfather, John Kay. He was a Scotsman and was an engineer with the Cunard Steamship Co.



My Uncle George as a young boy.

Nearby places I remember



3-3a Fairmount Street. This is where my parents first lived and where Mark was born.



61 Concord Street in 1994, home of Mark R. Buxton and Sarah Bigelow Parker Buxton.



The Frank Anderson house on Concord Street, on the corner of Bartlett Avenue, now Mount St. Mary's.



The George Anderson house on Concord Street, on the corner of Columbia Avenue.



The Coburn house on the corner of Concord Street and Columbia Avenue.



The Burbank house across the street from us on the corner of Webster Street and Columbia Avenue.



General Wheeler's house on Concord Street.



The Farmhouse and the Bungalow on the corner of Webster Street and Columbia Avenue.
The latter was occupied by Oliver, the personal aide to Mr. Frank Anderson.



The Swart house, later Bucknam, on the corner of Concord Street and Bartlett Avenue.



73 Wellington Street on the corner of Elliott Street. Frank Anderson's secretary lived here and the gate I used to go through into the meadow was around the corner.



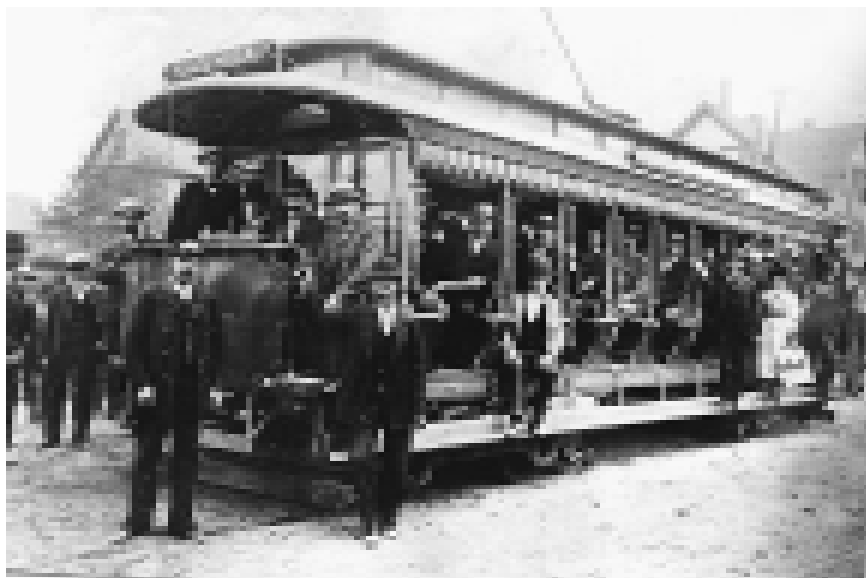
63 Berkeley Street, the house where Ruth's friend, Priscilla Ellis, lived.



The Buxton Garment Mfg. Co. factory at 18 Merrimack Street.



Looking north up Main Street. There's our church in the far distance and the beginning of Concord Street.



Perhaps the streetcar I used to ride along Concord Street.



Shattuck Street School about my time.



Shattuck Street School today.



The original Mt. Pleasant School which Ruth and probably Mark attended.



The Mt. Pleasant School today. This is the school I attended.

Agnes and others



Agnes on Webster Street with
an unremembered friend.



Agnes and Ruth in 1966.

Ruth and others



Ruth with the Nutting House behind.



The parlor at 5 Columbia Avenue. Ruth on the guitar and B. Noyes on the piano.
Note the French doors behind Ruth.



Ruth.

York Beach 1918. The HGL (Helluva Girls League). Clockwise from top right: Ruth Buxton, Serena Niles, Priscilla Ellis, B. Noyes, Helen Bickford and Dorothy Dodge.

Mark and others



Mark Buxton, Sr. and Jr., February 16, 1929. From Auntie's photo album.



Mark Buxton, Jr., and his mother, Arlene, October 26, 1928. From Auntie's photo album.

Auntie and others



Auntie holding Robert Stephenson at Newton. From Auntie's photo album.



Walter Davis, Uncle Walter. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he was a dentist in Boston.



Uncle Walter in his dentistry, Boston. From Auntie's photo album.



Auntie and Uncle. From Auntie's photo album.



Debbie, Donna and Mara with Auntie.
From Auntie's photo album.

Mark Jr. and others



Grammy Buxton with Mark, Jr.
May 18, 1929.



Mark, Jr., striking his
"sophisticated man of the world"
pose. From Auntie's photo album.



John Stephenson, Mark Buxton, Jr., and Betsy Barker. Christmas. From Auntie's photo album.



Eleanore, Donna and Debbie Buxton in The Philippines, April 1955. From Auntie's photo album.

Marcia and Robert Buxton



Robert Buxton, December 1947.
From Auntie's photo album.



Robert and Marcia Buxton, December 1947.
From Auntie's photo album.



Thanksgiving 2005. Matt Augustine, Heather Bailey Augustine with Jack and Myah Augustine, Mark Brookman, Amanda Bailey Brookman, Thom Bailey, Marcia Buxton Bailey with Ella Augustine.

Some Stephensons



At Topher's wedding, December 31, 2002: Parker, Peter, John, Lucy and Christopher Stephenson.



Emily, Larkin and Christopher Stephenson, 2004.



Dania and Peter Stephenson

Some Quitkins



Washington, D.C., 2005. Matt and Olya Quitkin with Sam and Zach.

Holidays and some family gatherings



In Newton ca. 1939.
Mark Buxton, Sr., and Fred Temple Buxton,
Ruth Stephenson holding John, Mark Buxton, Jr.,
and Agnes Barker holding Betsy.

In some group photographs below it has been difficult and sometimes impossible to identify everyone, hence the question marks.

If you know the person in question, the editor would be pleased to know.



Mark Buxton, Jr., (“Sonny Mark”),
Robert Stephenson and Betsy Barker
with Grammy Buxton at 50 Parker Street, Newton.



A gathering in Newton, celebrating Auntie's 71st birthday, September 1945.

Back row: Agnes, Auntie, Grammy, Ruth.
Front row: Carol, Betsy, Joy, John and Rob.



Easter 1952 outside 5 Columbia Avenue. L to R: Carol Barker, Rob Stephenson, Joy Barker, John Stephenson, Betsy Barker, Mark Buxton, Jr., and Eleanore Paschal Buxton.



Easter 1968 at the Nashua Country Club.
L to R: Betsy Barker, John Stephenson, ?, Carol Barker, Sally Barker, ?,
Laurence Barker, Agnes Barker, ?, Florence Barker, Ruth Stephenson,
Otis Stephenson, Bob Barker, Bob Barker, Jr., Lucy Stephenson.



Christmas 1975, 50 Parker Street, Newton. Otis, Ruth, Lucy, Rob and John Stephenson.



Thanksgiving 1980 at 5 Columbia Avenue.

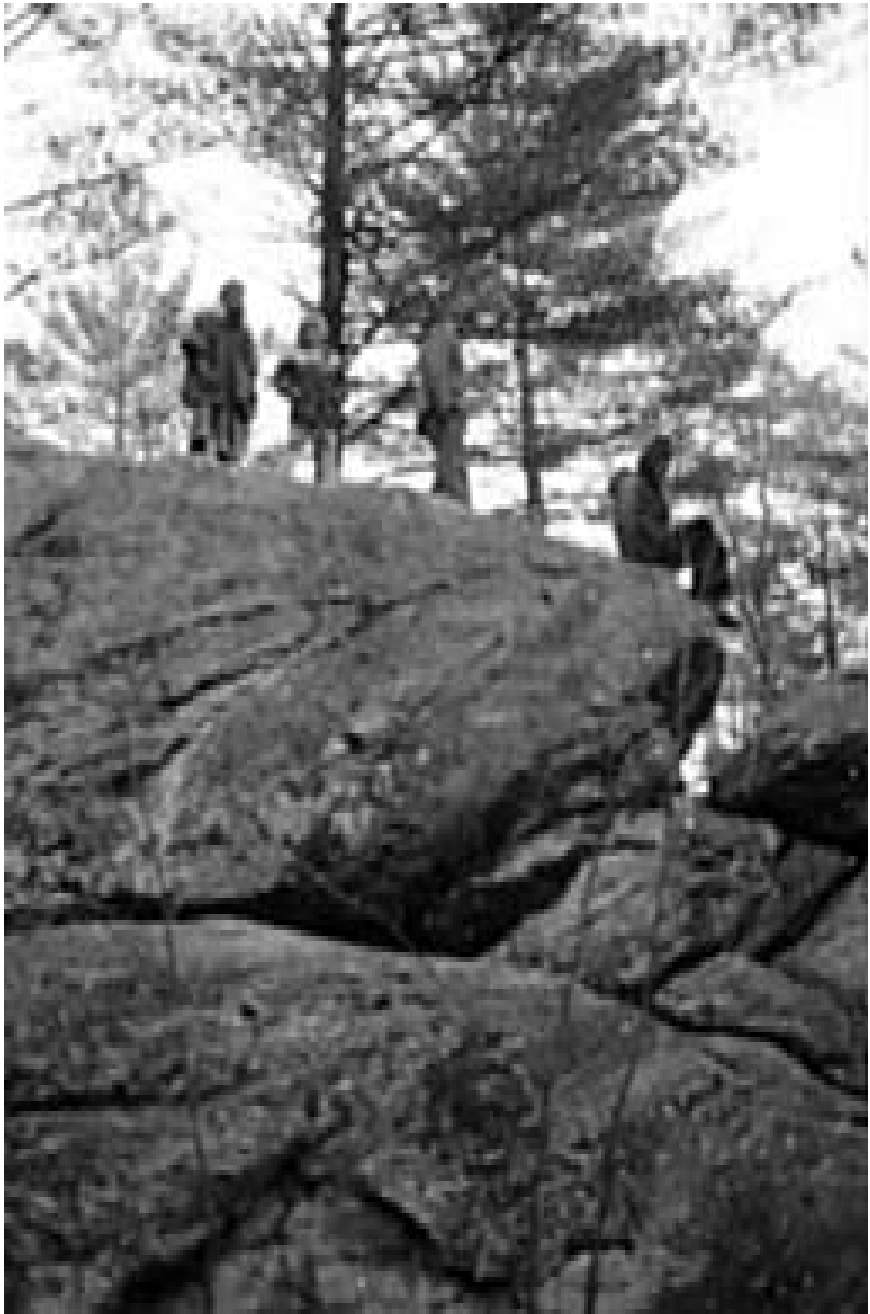
L to R standing: Thom Bailey, Jerry Buxton, Juan Andreu de la Torre, Deb Buxton de Andreu, Andy Gowing, Marcia Bailey, Jerry Power, Ruth Stephenson, Carol Gowing, Matt Quitkin, ?, Mark Buxton, Sr., Lorna Buxton.

L to R top row sitting: Elisabette Andreu-Buxton, Mara Buxton, Agnes Barker, Betsy Quitkin, Donna Munroe.

Middle row: Ian Gowing, Laurence Barker, Travis Gowing, Mark Buxton, Jr., Eleanore Buxton.

Bottom row: Marlene Quitkin, Heather Bailey, Amanda Bailey, Janine Buxton.

Simon's Rock, where we often went after a full Thanksgiving dinner. 1981. →





Thanksgiving in 1980. The children's table was now turning into the adult's table.



Thanksgiving 1981 at 5 Columbia Avenue.
Back row: Ruth Stephenson, Betsy Quitkin, Andy Gowing, Bob Barker, Jr.
Second row: Bill Keach, Carol Gowing, Laurence Barker.
Third row: Sally Barker Keach, Bob Barker, Sr., Florence Barker.
Fourth row: Sandy Barker, Joy Barker, Agnes Barker.
Front row: Travis and Ian Gowing.



Thanksgiving 1982 at 5 Columbia Avenue. L to R standing: Lorna Buxton, ?, Mara Buxton, Laurence Barker, Eleanore Buxton, Andy Gowling, Thom Bailey. Top row sitting: Agnes Barker, Donna Munroe, Betsy Quitkin, Matt Quitkin. Next row sitting: Ruth Stephenson, Heather Bailey, Amanda Bailey, Marcia Bailey with Ian Gowling. Next row sitting: Marlene Quitkin, Travis Gowling, Carol Gowling with Lindsey Gowling, Joy Barker. First step: Deb Buxton de Andreu with Elisabette Andreu-Buxton.



Family Gathering at Rob Stephenson's, Jaffrey Center, NH, July 9, 1983.
L to R. Sitting: Seth Angeloro, Laurence Barker, Travis Gowing, Peter Stephenson,
Lindsey Gowing (in chair), John Stephenson, Elisabette Andreu-Buxton (in chair),
Mark Buxton, Jr., Ruth Stephenson with Parker Stephenson on lap, Ian Gowing, Joy Barker.
Standing, front: Topher Stephenson, Agnes Barker, Janine Buxton, Heather Bailey, Betsy Quitkin,
Carol Gowing, Marcia Bailey, Deb Buxton de Andreu, Amanda Bailey, Lucy Stephenson.
Standing, back: Lorna Buxton, Rob Stephenson, Andy Gowing, Robert Buxton,
Eleanore Buxton, Mara Buxton, Jerry Buxton, Thom Bailey.



The last Thanksgiving at 5 Columbia Avenue, probably 1987.

L to R top: Heather Bailey, Ruth Stephenson, Eleanore Buxton, Betsy Quitkin.

Next row: Marcia Bailey, Joy Bliss with Elisabette Andreu-Goldberg,
Jon Goldberg with Brett Goldberg.

Next row: Amanda Bailey, Art Bliss, Agnes Barker.

Next row: Thom Bailey, Deb Buxton Goldberg with Brynne Goldberg.

Bottom: Mark Buxton, Jr..



Thanksgiving 1991 at Wellington Street, Nashua.
 L to R: Matthew Quitkin, Betsy Quitkin, Rob Stephenson, Agnes Barker,
 Ruth Stephenson, Joy Bliss, Eleanor Sheldon Bliss (Art's sister),
 Art Bliss, Marlene Quitkin, Esther Cutter.



Thanksgiving 2002 at Rob Stephenson's, Jaffrey Center, NH.
 Left to Right: ?, Ian Gowing, Art Bliss, Hemma Hamburg, Suzanne Barker,
 Sandy Barker, Bob Barker, Lindsey Gowing, Andy Gowing, ?, Carol Gowing,
 Travis Gowing (kneeling in front), Steve Leech, Bob Munroe (in rear), Betsy Quitkin,
 Eleanore Buxton (in rear), Jon Goldberg, Brett Goldberg, Mark Buxton,
 Katy Munroe (in front), Elisabette Andreu-Goldberg, Jerry Buxton, Brynne Goldberg, Marcia
 Bailey, ?, Agnes Barker, ?, ?, Heather Bailey, child in her arms, ?,
 Robert Buxton, Florence Barker, John Stephenson, Joy Bliss.



Thanksgiving 2001 at the Nashua Country Club: Clockwise from left: Steve Hamburg, Sally Barker, Hemma Hamburg, Suzanne Barker, Florence Barker, Bob Barker, Agnes Barker, Sandy Barker.



Thanksgiving 2004 at the Goldbergs, West Hartford, Connecticut.

Front row R to L: Robert Munroe, Deb Buxton Goldberg, Elisabette Andreu-Goldberg, Agnes Barker, Mara Buxton, Arlene Munroe (Bob's mother), Donna and Katherine Munroe. Second row: Mark Buxton, Mike Goldberg (Jon's brother), Brett Goldberg, Brynne Goldberg, Morgen Goldberg (Mike's daughter), Eleanore Buxton.

Back row: Levi Buxton, Robert Buxton, Jon Goldberg, a friend of the Goldbergs in back, Rob Stephenson, Bob Munroe.



Rob and John Stephenson with Agnes and Betsy Quitkin at Capitol Island, Maine, August 2005.

SOME GENEALOGICAL NOTES

ANTHONY BUXTON (1601 or 1610–1684)—**THE PIONEER**, born at Wookey, Somerset, came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1637 on the ship *Primrose*, settled in Salem—*m.* Elizabeth N?. (1623–?), their son . . .

JOSEPH BUXTON (1663–1752) *m.* Esther Southwick (1665?–?), their son . . .

SAMUEL BUXTON (1691–1753 *m.* Elizabeth Hanson (?–?), their son . . .

BENJAMIN BUXTON (1715–1781) *m.* Charity Maule (?–?), their son . . .

CAPT. JAMES BUXTON (1745–1817)—a soldier in The Revolution—*m.* Esther Southwick [sic] (1748–?), their son . . .

JONATHAN BUXTON (1771–1870) *m.* Salome Esten (1774–1872; a descendant of Roger Williams of Rhode Island), their son . . .

BENJAMIN BUXTON (1797–1875) *m.* Mary Bremer Temple (?–1859), their son . . .

MARK R. BUXTON (Born at South Londonderry, Vermont 1836–Died at Nashua 1910) married Sarah Bigelow Parker (Born at Reading, Massachusetts 1832–Died at Nashua 1927)

Children: George Ellsworth Buxton (18??–ca. 1942)
Fred Temple Buxton (1874–1939)

FRED TEMPLE BUXTON (Born at Nashua 1874–Died at Campton, New Hampshire 1939) married Marion Kay (Born at Kilburnie, Scotland 1872–Died at Nashua 1946)

Children: **MARK KAY BUXTON** (1900–1981) *m.* Arlene Audrey Granger (1903–1939), *m.* Allison Abbott Miller (1911–1972), *m.* Lorna Granville (19??–)
Mark Kay Buxton, Jr. (1928–) *m.* Eleanore Mary Paschal (1928–)
Deborah Arlene Buxton (1954–) *m.* Juan Luis Andreu de la Torre (1951–),
m. Artie Jon Goldberg (1947–)

Elisabette Vanessa Andreu–Goldberg (1978–)
 Brett Mark Goldberg (1984–)
 Brynne Sarah Goldberg (1987–)
 Donna Mary Buxton (1954–) *m.* Robert Arlon
 Munroe (1948–)
 Katherine Buxton Munroe (1986–)
 Robert Buxton Munroe (1995–)
 Mara Kay Buxton (1956–)
 David Buxton (1942–1942). *{Died at birth}*
 Marcia Allison Buxton (1943–) *m.* Thom Bailey
 (1942–).
 Heather Allison Bailey (1969–) *m.* Matthew
 Anthony Augustine (1968–)
 Myah Bailey Augustine (2000–)
 Jack Duncan Augustine (2002–)
 Ella Townsend Augustine (2002–)
 Amanda Elizabeth Bailey (1973–) *m.* Mark
 Oman Brookman (1964–)
 Robert Parker Buxton (1946–) *m.* Laurie Lynne
 Ellison (1943–), *m.* Janis Kay Brown (1947–),
m. Paula Lee Rowe (1949–)
 Jerrald David Buxton (1965–) *{Adopted}*
 Janine Michelle Buxton (1967–) *{Adopted}*
 Levi Grayson Buxton (1986–)
 ELIZABETH RUTH BUXTON (1903–1997) *m.* Otis Elmer
 Stephenson (1899–1975)
 John Buxton Stephenson (1938–) *m.* Lucretia Frances
 Larkin (1941–)
 Christopher Larkin Stephenson (1970–) *m.* Emily
 Blake Oliver (1966–)
 Larkin Blake Stephenson (2002–)
 Peter Drayton Stephenson (1973–) *m.* Dania
 Carrasco-Pradel (1973–)
 Parker Wyatt Stephenson (1977–)
 Robert Bigelow Stephenson (1941–)
 AGNES LUCILLE BUXTON (1911–) *m.* Laurence Alvin Barker
 (1910–1984).
 Elizabeth Ruth Barker (1937–)
 Marion Joyce Barker (1940–)
 Carol Jane Barker (1944–)

AGNES LUCILLE BUXTON (Born at Nashua 1911–) *m.* Laurence Alvin Barker
(Born at Nashua 1910–Died at Nashua 1984)

Children: Elizabeth Ruth Barker (Betsy) (1937–) *m.* Frederic M.
Quitkin (1937–2005), *m.* Jerry Power (19?–)
Hiram Matthew Quitkin (1967–) *m.* Olivera Janjic
(1969–)

Samuel Aleksander Lav Janjic Quitkin (2002–)

Zachary Milos Tiger Janjic Quitkin (2004–)

Marlene Elizabeth Quitkin (Mima) (1969–2000) *m.* John
Francis van Hollen (1965–)

Marion Joyce Barker (Joy) (1940–) *m.* Arthur Vaughan Bliss
(1941–)

Carol Jane Barker (1944–) *m.* Andrew Norman Gowing
(1947–)

Ian Ronald Gowing (1975–)

Travis Laurence Gowing (1977–)

Lindsey Joy Gowing (1981–)



FURTHER FAMILY NOTES

Marion Kay (“Grammy”) Buxton. My mother was born in Kilburnie, Scotland, and emigrated with her family when she was four years old. Her parents were John Kay and Agnes Steele. He was an engineer with the Cunard company. Both had died by the time my mother and father married (he at 47, she at 58 years). They are buried at the Bennington Street cemetery in East Boston. I don’t remember anything of a Scottish nature growing up; no special recipes or stories.

Fred Temple Buxton. The ‘Temple’ comes from my father’s grandmother who was Mary Bremer Temple who married Benjamin Buxton. My father went to a military academy in Clinton, New York, and later to Burdett College in Boston. It was in Boston that he met my mother. [*Editor’s note:* Fred is listed in the 1911 city directory as carrying on a plumbing business with premises at 64 East Pearl Street.] When I was growing up he was in the overall business. The factory building on Merrimack Street still exists but is now elderly housing. Although my grandparents lived in the house on Concord Street, my father was born when they lived down on Kinsley Street. And Kinsley Street at that time was a nice part of Nashua. That was before the North End began to develop. It was a nice house. I remember it being pointed out to me; a doctor lived in it and one of Mark’s girlfriends was the doctor’s daughter.

Mark R. Buxton. My grandfather was born in South Londonderry, Vermont. He died just before I was born. The headline in his obituary read: “He was prominent in Politics and Insurance, a Mason, an Odd Fellow and an Underwriter.” He served as Nashua’s postmaster from February to August 1885, and was a senior member of the insurance firm Buxton & Crowley. Earlier he was in the grocery business on West Pearl Street. And he was a deputy sheriff of Hillsborough County for ten years. “The R in Mark R. stands for nothing. The story goes he did not have a middle name or initial so at some point in time he added R. Evidently he was a great fisherman. Somewhere I have a postcard he sent Dad from a fishing trip in Newfoundland. As a kid I used to have his fishing poles and if I had them today they would be worth a fortune. They appeared custom made.” *—From an e-mail from Mark Buxton.*

Sarah Bigelow Parker. My grandmother lived at 61 Concord Street. After my grandfather died, her niece, Calista, lived with her. My grandmother

kept a daily diary for many years; Rob has the dozen or so volumes now. She always noted the weather and who had come to call. She was very clever at writing poetry and one Christmas we gave her a book to write her rhymes in, which also still exists. She died in her 94th year.

Calista N. and Ianthe L. Parker. They were nieces of Sarah Bigelow Parker who was my grandmother. They never married. When I was little Sarah was living at 61 Concord Street. She was quite elderly. She was widowed at this point, the widow of Mark R. Buxton, my grandfather. Ianthe lived there and took care of her Aunt Sarah. And then at some point Calista was brought up and taken care of there. But I don't know the circumstances. I don't think the family felt a responsibility to support Calista but I think she was being taken care of and was helping to some extent, but when my grandmother died, as I recall it, my father and Uncle George felt responsible for Ianthe and so, when the house was split up and all, they rented a room with a woman down on Abbott Street. She just had a room, of course she was elderly at that point, too, I don't know how old, and she was taken care of all her life. I think Calista had been taken back to somebody in the Reading family. People took care of all the families then.

NOTE: Mark R. Buxton's will reads: "I give and bequeath to my niece Ianthe L. Parker the sum of Two Hundred (\$200.) Dollars annually to be paid her in half yearly payments during her natural life, provided she makes her home with my wife [Sarah Bigelow Parker] and cares for her during her natural life according to her ability and remains unmarried..." There was no bequest for Calista.

Auntie (Elizabeth Kay Davis) and Uncle Walter William Davis. Auntie and Uncle Walter lived in Orient Heights in East Boston before they lived on Chestnut Street on Beacon Hill. It was a single house in a nice neighborhood. There was a den that had a leather couch. And if I went to visit Auntie that was the room I stayed in and it was, as a child, just horrible, it was so smoky. Uncle was a dentist and had space at one time in the Little Building in Boston.

Hattie B. and Ada Campbell. I think Aunt Hattie would have been my father's aunt. She was blind. Ada was her daughter. And I do remember long ago being taken to their house in Foxborough, Mass. My lasting impression of Ada was that she was very "buxomed."

Uncle George and Aunt Emma. Uncle George was my father's older brother. He ran a florist business behind his house at 114 Concord Street. Emma's maiden name was Pourin and she came from Milford. Their daughter Marion was born on December 8, 1890. She married Edwin Morey who entered George's florist business.

How We Spent Christmas at Fred's

[*This poem appears in a leather-bound book with Grandmas' Rhymes in gilt on the cover. Inside is inscribed: "Presented to Grandma by her Grandchildren Dec. 25th, Nineteen hundred and nine." —Editor's note*]

'Twas in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and nine
That we were invited with Fred's family to dine.
Of course the invitation we would gladly accept
For with Peace and Goodwill Christmas days should be kept.
Although the distance to Fred's home is not very long,
Our desire for a walk in the cold frosty air was not strong,
So we boarded a street car and of course to them paid our fare,
For we knew by so doing we'd soon be brought there,
And then, with but a few steps more,
We were soon welcomed by Fred at his door and later on to his table
To feast on roast turkey cooked up crisp and brown
And all the fine fixings that go with the same,
And later on to the table a fine pudding came
Prepared in real English style,
All in all, 'twas a menu to make an epicure smile,
And to all of the viands ample justice was done
Before we were called to the parlor to join in the fun,
For there in the corner stood a fine Christmas Tree.
Bedecked with garlands and tinsel,
Which filled the hearts of the children with glee.
And the fruit that this tree bore,
Was hung from the topmost branch clean down to the floor,
And laden with boxes, parcels and bundles galore,
Enough it seemed to stock a small country store.
Enough for great and for small, for young and for old,

Did this Christmas Tree hold,
So no one need be disappointed—and I trust they were not—
For each one would exclaim as a gift from them came
“Oh! This is just what I’ve wanted.”
Now the very first fruit that was plucked from the tree
Fred with a smile tossed right over to me,
Of course I opened the box to see what within I might be finding,
And beheld a fine Book, gilt-edged and nice leather binding,
And on the cover, emblazoned in gold,
“Grandma’s Rhymes” the title it told.
I opened the same expecting to find a choice collection of poems and rhymes,
But alas, as I gazed within, my heart sank,
For every leaf in the book was a blank.
Then I looked from one to another to find
Whom for this joke I might thank.
Then Marion—Fred’s wife—seeing my look of surprise
Spoke up with a very wise look in her eyes,
And said with a grin,
“It’s for you to write your own rhymes in.
So I closed the volume for better or worse,
But remarked to myself, “I should say ‘twas Grandma’s blank verse.”
And then without any further comment
I looked on the card to ascertain by whom it was sent,
And it said “From your Grandchildren”.
Now three is the number allotted to me,
Although I would gladly have welcomed more,
But here on the card the names numbered four
For there with the others written within
Were the letters which plainly spelled “Edwin”.
We all knew the surname would be Morey,
For of this young man, this same Edwin Morey,
Cupid could, if he would tell a sweet little story,
For already the story’s begun. When I tell you another,
He may have earned the right to claim me for Grandmother
Then of course he will be my grandson
But now my story is done.

