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A Visit with Max Basque, Whycomomagh Interviewed by Ruth Whitehead and CAPE BRETON'S MAGAZINE (Where were you born?) Maximus Simon Basque: In Shubenacadie. On--they called it Indian Road then. That was marked on my baptismal certificate--"Born at Indian Road, Shubenacadie." That was 10th of August, 1913. And, well, I can remember as far back as 1917--March, 1917, I was going on 4 when my brother Isaac was born in Pictou. Two of my sisters were married in Pictou then. And then the youngest of those three Basque girls married there later. But I can remember when Elizabeth was still with us. (Ruth Whitehead; Those were your father's daughters by his first marriage?) Yes, my father's daughters by his first wife. He had three daughters left when he became a widower. The two boys died--John and Benjamin. And then the other boy, his first wife died at childbirth--it was a boy. Left him with three girls. And he was a widower for quite a few years, and then met my mother in Truro. She was a widow for about a year; had one little girl left. She had three daughters by her first husband. But the oldest of the three little girls, and the youngest, died--TB. And Nancy was the only one was left. So, my father and mother got married-- it'll be 75 years this spring. 1909. My mother was 21 and my father was 45. So they ended up with 4 little girls. And they moved to Whycomomagh. It'll be 75 years this spring. There's still apple trees up there. I think of my father every time I go by--right at The Point. He had 53 trees he had planted, apple trees. That's before they put the Trans-Canada right through his orchard. And there's still 13 trees left. See, when we lived there, the road--this little old dirt road--was right near the shore, all the way along. That was 75 years ago this spring. And we stayed there till after my oldest brother was born--he was born in Whycomomagh--Richard. He was born the 21st of June, 1911. And it wasn't long after that, they came back to Shubenacadie. The reason they came back to Shubenacadie, because my father was a farmer in heart. He was a seaman for years. But way down deep he was a farmer. And he loved that land in Shubenacadie. I remember him telling another farmer, "Man, you can plow here all day, and never hear the sound of a rock once on your plowshare." On the interval, see, loam. Old man who worked himself to death--he died when he was only 67--1931. But, we were in Shubenacadie most of the time. But times were really hard. And then he tried Pictou. Two of the girls married