



The Marlow Historical Society's mission is to preserve and illuminate Marlow's history

Spring/Summer 2022

HOME AT LAST by Maria M. Baril

Marlow's past is full of curious stories. This one is perhaps one of the most remarkable.

The "leading lady" of the narrative is Sally Tubbs Giffin, who was born in Marlow on July 30, 1794. She was the daughter of Joseph Tubbs (1765-1845), son of Marlow's early settler from Lyme, CT, Abisha Tubbs (1740-1814), and his wife Hepzibah (Mack) Tubbs (1740-1818).

Sally married into the family that gave us the Giffin Elm which is our town emblem. Her husband, John Giffin (1795-1829), son of early settler Patrick Giffin (1768-1821), was a Marlow Selectman, a volunteer in the War of 1812, and a Justice of the Peace. He died of consumption at age 34, but Sally lived on at the Giffin farm* and died on June 8, 1874, at age 80.



Sometime in her youth, perhaps at the time of her nuptials in 1817, Sally had her picture taken, by an early photographic process called the daguerreotype. What happened to Sally Giffin's photograph then is almost beyond our imagination. At some point - probably after her death - the portrait vanished from Marlow, only to resurface nearly two centuries later.

The culmination of the story comes in two "chapters". First, in 2013 Loisanne Foster received the following letter:



"Dear Madam:

Despite an English name (my great-grandfather was English) I am French! I currently live in Paris but from 1962 to 2003 I made more than 100 travels to US for business (aeroengines) and leisure, including 2 months in Rochester NY ('62) and 18 months ('65- '66 with family) in Hartford CT. I drove or flew across the entire US from Maine to Key Largo and Seattle to San Diego. Once, years ago, in Manhattan, in an antique photo sale, I bought a daguerreotype showing an elegant 19th century lady; a typed caption on paper is attached: "Sally Tubbs Giffin". Recently while navigating the web, I found details about Sally including her birth and death place in Marlow NH. Following my search I found your site and your address. For years Sally has been displayed on a shelf of my bookcase smiling to the family and visitors. You probably have photos of the Tubbs and Giffins; nevertheless I send you copies of the daguerreotype.

*Best regards,
Michel Harvey"*

Mr. Harvey died in 2020. In 2021, it was his son, Jean-Frederic, who got in touch with us and generously donated the daguerreotype itself to our Historical Society. He wrote:

"After his death, his sons and grandsons estimated that Sally Tubbs Giffin should return to the United States. May this donation perpetuate in the U.S.A. the memory of our father and grandfather. - Jean-Frederic, Emmanuel, and Lucas Harvey, Paris, France"

We are thankful to the Harvey family for this most precious and significant gift.

**The former Giffin house is located at 40 Baine Road. It remained in the Giffin family until 1922, when it was purchased by Margaret Chase and her architect husband, Hartley Dennett of East Alstead. It is now owned by Brad Hubbard and Marlow librarian, Jen Brown.*

GIFFIN FAMILY

If you look around Keene, you can see evidence of Giffin businesses. Giffin Street is named for John Giffin's mill on Beaver Brook. Giffin Coal Company (George and Henry Giffin) was opened in 1879 and remained in business until 1930. They also built the coal storage towers near Gilbo Avenue.



Photograph of storage silos for the Giffin Coal Company in Keene, NH



Postcard of Giffin's Dam, Keene New Hampshire.
In 1901, Giffin's Mills were located on Beaver Brook.

AN UNBEARABLE SITUATION

Patrick Giffin - he of the Giffin Elm - was one of Marlow's early settlers. He was born in Bedford, NH in 1768. In 1791 he came to Marlow, cleared land, and built a house. He married Rachel Hickey in 1792 and they raised six children.

The Genealogy of the Giffin Family, by Maria A. Giffin (Sentinel Print. Co., 1886), tells how he endured all the hardships and trials common to early settlers, including this encounter with bears:

"The town was largely covered with forest and sparsely (sic) settled. Bears and other wild animals were frequently seen, which caused his family some discomfort.

One day, on going to his work in the field, his dog, Guinea, suddenly disappeared and was soon heard barking earnestly at some distance in the woods; but as it was not uncommon he gave it little attention. The dog continued to bark every day at the same place for more than a week, coming home every night for his supper, and returning in the morning to his work in the woods.

His curiosity was excited to know what Guinea was doing. Going about a half mile from his house, and coming in sight of his dog, he found him engaged very earnestly at a den formed by roots of fallen trees. Waiting a few moments, the dog came rushing furiously back from the den, closely pursued by a large bear, which, after a chase of several rods, would return to the den, as closely followed by the dog. After witnessing a few such performances, thinking himself not quite prepared to reinforce his dog and capture the bear, he concluded to call the hunters and townsmen to his assistance.

They met the next morning at his house, and, having planned the campaign, they chose Ebenezer Richardson, a man of strong nerve and a good shot, to command, and proceeded to the field of battle. After placing the gunners in proper positions... Richardson advanced inside the ring and took a stand to wait the appearance of the bear. He had to wait but a few moments when the bear came rushing out in pursuit of the dog. Richardson was ready, and, at the right moment a well-directed bullet from his trusty rifle brought old bruin down, fatally wounded. She was soon dispatched.

They then examined the den, found and captured two lively cubs, all of which they bore in triumph to Giffin's dooryard, where they proceeded to sell at auction the spoils of their victory to raise funds for furnishing refreshments, which were liberally supplied. All ate and drank freely, and celebrated their victory with much glee till late at night. Guinea was as proud and joyful as any of the company, could stand more firmly and walk more gracefully than some of them".

FROM A TO Z ABOUT A B&B

by Maria M. Baril

Marlow once had a fine Bed & Breakfast called the Grantwood House. It was located on Washington Pond Road (now #164), and was owned by John and Marie Peterson of Grantwood, New Jersey. Their granddaughter Kristine Hilbert called the town office recently to find out if the house was still standing. We were pleased to tell her that indeed it was, and proceeded to do some research on the property.

The earliest record we have found thus far states that Nelson and Laura Wellman sold the property to James R.P. Friend in 1874. As it happens, both the Wellmans and Friend were also from New Jersey! In 1876 Mr. Friend sold the property to George E. Hartwell. On March 27, 1885 Lucius and Jane Farley bought it from Hartwell, since the Farley homestead (now the Christmas Trees Inn) had been sold to James P. Burnap. After Lucius' death in 1918 his widow Jane sold it to Helen Banks.





Other owners followed: William Wallace Iliffe (1919); Fred Murdough (1931); Zeph and Eva Patch (1938); and then Eugene and Helen Peterson, Kristine's parents, on May 18, 1940.

Kristine tells us that her father Eugene was very active in CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) camps during the late 1930s, and it is possible that he was in this area and decided to acquire the property. On December 6, 1944, Eugene and Helen in turn sold it to his parents, John and Marie Peterson, who decided to open an inn.

Some Marlow residents still remember Grantwood. Emily Bomely wrote to us: "My cousin Carol and I were two young girls with a lawn mowing business. We'd mow a lawn for 25 cents apiece. Our favorite place to spend our money was the Grantwood House for a banana split. We'd go there in the middle of the afternoon. We were never turned away even though it was off hours. Mrs. Peterson was always very gracious. I remember the wagon wheel chandelier. We were very impressed by that".

Kristine Hilbert remembers that there were cabins; and also three rooms over the garage which they rented to hunters. Mrs. Peterson, who was a great cook, would buy venison from the hunters, and serve it at the restaurant as "fine beef".

Charlie Strickland agrees that the restaurant was outstanding. They served, he says, the best Swedish meatballs he ever ate.

The Inn ran until 1967, when Marie, now widowed, sold the property to Edward and Gladys Tweed. It then passed on to Robert Fuerderer and Donald Lomax in 1968, and finally to Col. John J. McCabe (1920-1996) in 1972. It is now owned by Col. McCabe's daughter, Patricia.

IT MAKES ME SMILE

by Pat Anderson

Folk art "n. Art originating among the common people of a nation or region and usually reflecting their traditional culture, especially every day or festive items produced or decorated by unschooled artists." Merriam Webster Dictionary

Folk art tells us about people, how they lived, and what was important to them; it's a window into the lives of our ancestors and it will tell future generations about us. Folk art is often utilitarian, like a quilt or a piece of pottery. It can be a painting by an unschooled artist like Grandma Moses, or it can be a toy made by a farmer.

That's what folk artist Art Anderson envisions when he goes to his workshop in Marlow every morning to begin a day of creating whimsical farm animals, circus wagons with lions or tigers or bears, or his wind-up carousels.

Art's family emigrated from Norway in 1883 when his grandfather, Carl Anderson, was four years old. Eventually, Art's grandfather was able to buy land in Hopkinton, Massachusetts where he had an apple orchard. Carl Anderson was also an expert grafter, and Art remembers spending days with his grandfather going to farms to graft scions onto fruit trees, a skill passed down from his Norwegian ancestors. These trips, and his father's vegetable gardens and peach trees fostered Art's passion for gardening. To supplement the family income, Art's dad, Winfield Anderson, rented rowboats to fishermen from his home on Lake Whitehall in Hopkinton, Massachusetts. Art's first woodworking project, when he was 16 years old, was to build a 14-foot rowboat. He used hand tools, had no plans, the boat floated, and he was hooked on woodworking.

At first Art worked from patterns in books and magazines to make wooden cars, trucks, and other toys to sell at craft fairs. But as his skill with the scroll saw grew, he began to rely on his own innate sense of design to create original, whimsical animals.



In 1988, Art "imagined" a foreshortened cow that stood on rockers, with a moving head, tail and udder. He sketched his vision on a piece of pine, refined it as he cut, and soon had "The Rocking Cow", his signature piece. He copyrighted the piece and has been making "her" ever since.

"It makes me smile", is a phrase Art often hears as he travels around New England demonstrating his craft.



Art Anderson's father, Winfield, fishing for wide mouthed bass in the rowboat that Art built circa 1957

"I found that I loved the look and patina of homemade antique toys; of decorative and utilitarian items designed by people making gifts for their families to use and enjoy. Perhaps a Victorian farmer working in his shop after chores, crafting presents for his wife and children. I have that picture in my mind as I garden or walk in the woods, and when some new idea comes to me. I can't wait to get back to my workshop to begin cutting out a new piece. I don't draw the piece on paper; truthfully, I can't draw very well. I take a scrap of wood, and begin to cut. I can see the piece in the wood. Only after I have cut it out can I make a wooden template to use as a future guide".

Art is a skilled craftsman, and has made lovely tables, cupboards, Shaker style stools, and hanging shelves. He has built several boats, including hydroplanes and rowboats, but his first love is creating works that are more fanciful and spur the imagination.

He loves the circus, because in the circus, "anything is possible". Elaborate circus wagons revolve as they move, monkeys hang by their tails, elephants balance on balls, even a green dragon breathes fire as he passes by.

Art has been concentrating on "carousels" depicting scenes from Halloween that feature flying witches and ghosts, gravestones, bats, cauldrons, and pumpkins. For Christmas, he makes Santas that fly in sleds pulled by reindeer, as they circle a large Christmas tree laden with gifts.

Adults and children respond with glee when they see Art's work; it brings out the child in everyone. He has shown his work in art galleries around the US, and at the Smithsonian Folk Life Festival in Washington, DC, as part of the New Hampshire contingent in 1999. He is honored to be a member of The League of NH Craftsmen, and sells his work in the League galleries around the state and at the annual Craftsmen Fair at Mt. Sunapee Resort each August.

Art has made his home in Marlow on Washington Pond Road for 30 years, and has spent his summers creating flower gardens that he and the folks that walk the circle around town, and visitors from afar can enjoy. Art can be found each summer morning planting and weeding his roadside gardens, and welcoming anyone who is interested in annuals, perennials or day lilies to stop and chat.

"A life lived making art and growing gardens, it doesn't get any better than that," Art has often said.

IT TAKES A VILLAGE...AND RADICAL HOSPITALITY

by Anna Fay

Radical hospitality: a revolutionary, out-of-the-ordinary means of showing love and support for others.

It was a group of Benedictine nuns in Fabriano, Italy, who first introduced me to this term. As a short-term summer volunteer at their monastery, tucked into the walls of a medieval city, I saw the beautiful fruits borne of holding one's arms out as an action rather than just a symbol. The nuns would toil in the kitchen every day to make feasts for the hungry and poor. Weary wanderers were given extended shelter in their monastery without judgment or pressure to conform to the nuns' steadfast beliefs.

I was reminded of this term when I returned to Marlow from Slovakia, this time to stay, in March of this year. Just a month after Vladimir Putin's invasion of the sovereign nation of Ukraine, the need for radical hospitality had never felt stronger. In Slovakia, radical hospitality has translated into people across the country offering their homes to Ukrainian refugees crossing the borders. Often, these refugees are strangers to their Slovak hosts, but they are welcomed as family by their western neighbors.

Although Marlow is much further away from the conflict, the radical hospitality on display in this town is robust and far-reaching. Our small church is illuminated at night by blue and yellow candles flickering on the inside windowsills. Pysanky, traditional hand-painted eggs made by members of the church, finish the interior display while the church exterior dons a large, Ukrainian flag.

But what impresses me most about the Marlow United Methodist Church is the congregation. After the war broke out, it immediately got to work, galvanizing the community to raise funds for Ukrainian refugees and the organizations that assist





them, as well as those who remain in Ukraine. To date, the church has raised just over seven thousand dollars. Split between US and Slovak-based non-governmental organizations, these funds will be used for food, shelter, clothing, medical supplies and other essential items for the people of Ukraine. I am amazed by how much this tiny community has managed to raise, but I'm not surprised, because that's just what the people of Marlow do: they open their arms and spring into action to help their neighbors near and far.

No one knows when this war will end, nor when sunflowers, the national flower of Ukraine, will sprout from the rubble. But I am certain the radical hospitality of Marlow will only grow over time.

I've said before that I believe in God because I believe in people. Here in Marlow, that belief is the strongest it has ever been.

PERSONAL WAR SKETCHES

In previous newsletters we have written about the book *Personal War Sketches*, which was donated in 1893 by the Honorable James Burnap to the Henry Stevens Post #86, local affiliate of the Grand Army of the Republic. Inside are handwritten sketches about eighteen Civil War veterans, most of whom were from Marlow. The sketches have been transcribed by Tracy Messer to make them legible and available to all without handling the book itself. We will proceed with the remaining sketches as space allows.

Personal Sketch of Comrade Lewis Corey Hudson

Who was born the Tenth day of January, Anno Domini 1823, in Gilsum, County of Cheshire, State of New Hampshire.

Comrade Hudson enlisted February 13th 1864 in the 3rd Iowa Regiment Infantry at Dubuque in Company A as a Private. From Dubuque he went to Vicksburg to join the Red River expedition. His first battle was the taking of Fort De Russy. After the Battle of [Fort] De Russy his Corps joined General Banks at Alexandria, Louisiana. He was in the Battle of Pleasant Hill and Peachtree Creek. After the Red River expedition his Corps joined General Sherman's Army and he was with that Army in its famous March to the Sea, participating in its battles and marching with it to Washington. After the Fall of Atlanta a reorganization of a portion took place when Comrade Hudson was transferred from the 3rd Iowa Regiment to the 2nd Iowa Regiment and from the 17th Corps to the 15th Corps. He was on the hospital boat on Red River a short time, the boat sinking at The Falls.

He was discharged at Louisville, Kentucky June 20, 1865 by reason of the close of the war, having served 1 year, 4 months and 7 days.

I certify that the Sketch of my War Service as above written is true as I verily believe.

We certify that Comrade Lewis C. Hudson joined Henry H. Stevens Post No. 86, Department of New Hampshire, June 28th 1893. Held offices of Chaplin, Junior Vice Commander, Officer of the Day, Commander.

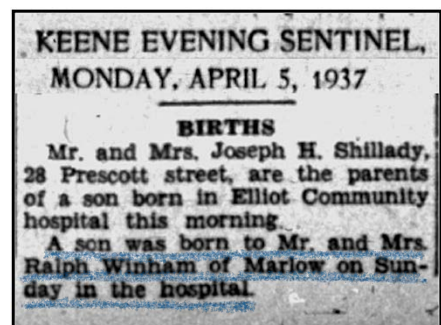
Ezra G. Huntley, Adjutant

EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

by Maria M. Baril and Don Winham

Donald Baker Winham was born in Marlow in 1937, son of Ralph and Lillian (Field) Winham. He attended the Marlow school, and graduated from Vilas High School in 1955. He lived with his parents and older brother Dana at 164 Forest Road, at that time a store/residence. Before he was born, his father had bought the store from Charlie Strickland's grandfather, Chester. Don's grandparents, Dana and Ora Winham lived at what is now 48 Cross Street, which we often call "the Ells house" or the "Peace Barn house". He tells us that his grandparents lent his father the money to buy the store, with the understanding that there would be no alcohol sold.

Don now lives in Temple, CA, and often shares with us reminiscences of growing up in Marlow.* These candid, precious memories are what small town life is all about. He recently wrote: *(continued on next page)*





The money was collected once a week directly from the customers. My brother would sit at the kitchen table and figure out his share.

When my brother outgrew the job, I took it over and learned what a challenge it was. At times the snow was so deep that I couldn't ride my bike, so I would just push it. I remember passing the village cemetery when a deer ran right in front of me. It was at that same location where I first saw the northern lights.

Someone took over the route after me but I don't remember who it was. But my brother was the first and he was the best. This was long ago, but it's fun to remember."

The photo above of Ralph Winham's store shows the stump where the bundle of Sentinels was dropped off. The Winham boys slept upstairs, the window on the left. Don recalls that on very cold winter nights, the windows would ice up and you couldn't see out.

"It was around 1946 or '47 that my older brother, Dana Winham, began his paper route. I have always believed it was the first paper route in Marlow, ever. He delivered The Keene Sentinel. Merle Thompson,** who worked in Keene, brought them up with him in the late afternoon. Merle was a war veteran who worked for H.P. Welch** doing truck maintenance. He put the bundle of newspapers on a large tree stump (a reminder of the 1938 hurricane) in front of our house. He was never paid for doing that, I'm sorry to say.

Right after supper, my brother would do his route on his bicycle. If it was raining hard, my grandmother would drive him, but that was rare. It was a year-round job and my brother handled it well. My brother was quite shy, but did well in school and was very responsible. He was the perfect kid to deliver the Sentinel. The route covered the village and the outskirts; he had lots of customers. People liked reading the news from all the little towns surrounding Keene, including Marlow.

KEENE EVENING SENTINEL, KEENE, N. H. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1937

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY SPECIALS - CASH PRICES

Fresh Meats		Fresh Fruits and Vegetables	
HAM ROLLS Monogram Brand - Boneless Whole or Half lb. 30c Slices - lb. 39c		FLORIDA ORANGES Juice Size 2 doz. 35c Good Size doz. 33c	
Brisket Beef For Roasting lb. 23c Pot Roast lb. 25c Sausage Brookfield 1-lb. Bag lb. 27c Hams, Fresh Whole or Half lb. 27c		Grapefruit 6 for 25c Large Size 4 for 25c Grapes 3 lbs. 25c Apples 5 lbs. 25c Celery large bunch 15c Lettuce head 9c Onions 10 lbs. 25c	
VEAL CHOPS Loin lb. 33c Rib lb. 25c Veal for Stew - lb. 16c		IGA BREAD Fresh Daily Long Loaf 9c	

BEAUREGARD & DEMERS Marlow, N. H.
 GLENN BRITTON Westmoreland, N. H.
 CAMPBELL'S IGA STORE 118 High St., Keene, N. H.
 WHITEHOUSE & BURT Keene, N. H.

GLEASON STORE DUBLIN, N. H.
 R. L. ALEXANDER Haverhill, N. H.

BARR'S STORE 27 Park Ave.
 MIKE'S MARKET Keene, N. H.
 E. H. WILBER EST. Swansey Factory, N. H.

THE NEIGHBOR STORE Keene, N. H.
RALPH WINHAM Marlow, N. H.
 C. W. MARTIN Keene, N. H.
 FRANK B. OAKMAN West Swansey, N. H.

IGA STORES

IGA Stores ad in the Keene Evening Sentinel that lists Ralph Winham's Marlow store.

"It was one of those nights that the big house across the street caught on fire and burned completely.*** The ice on our window melted. I was scared that our house would burn. The men chopped a hole in the pond and ran a hose right up the street. My dad ran a garden hose across the street to add water from our well. No other houses burned. The firemen did good."

*See "Windy Jim" and "A Bit of a Memory" in our Winter and Spring/Summer 2018 newsletters. His poem "Ralphie Miller - A Good Friend", was featured in our poetry book **Marlow By Heart**.

****Merle Thompson** and his wife Elinor (an Elliott) are buried in the Marlow Village Cemetery. H.P. Welch was a trucking company located on Davis Street in Keene. It operated from 1941-1974. Louis Rondina, who lived in Jaffrey, was manager for all that time.

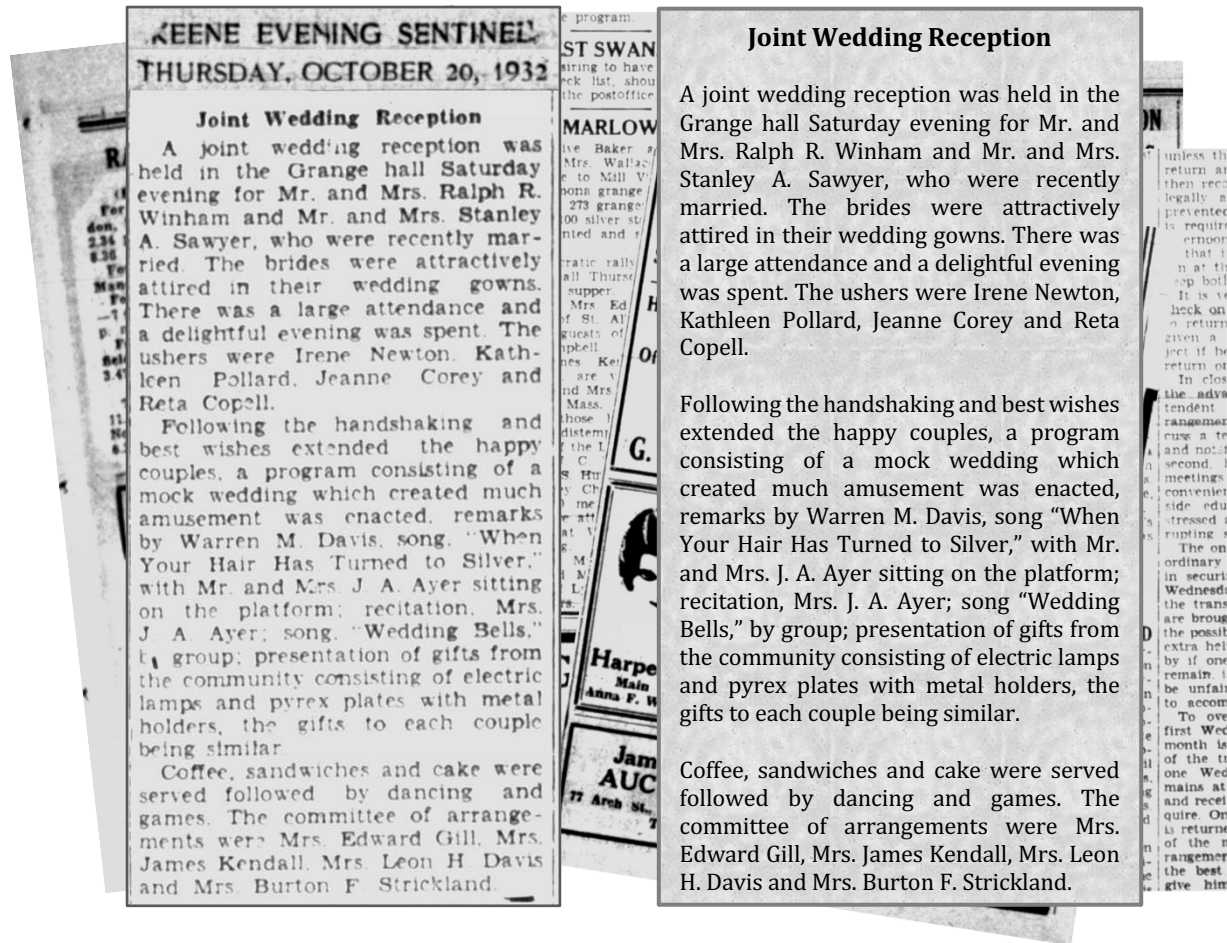
***The house that burned was the old Saltzgiver place. **Luther A. and Bertha H. Saltzgiver** owned a home and farm on Sand Pond Road, but when they got older they moved to the house in the village, next to Charlie Strickland's former house. The site where the house was is now 161 Forest Road.

MARLOW
 Several inches of snow fell Saturday and Sunday the snow plough and sanding truck were operating throughout Sunday and Monday. The Ladies Aid society held a successful rummage sale in the chapel Nov. 16. Mrs. L. D. Tinker returned to Nashua with Mr. and Mrs. George Tinker for a few days' visit last week. James Compton motored to New

MARLOW
 Prof. and Mrs. Robert Pollock spent a ten days' vacation at their home on Griffin Hill. They returned to New York Sunday where Prof. Pollock resumes his duties in Fordham university. Mrs. Pollock will resume her art studies in New York City. Ian McLaren, a brother of Mrs. Pollock, and student at the University of New Hampshire, is spending a vacation at the Griffin Hill home.

MARLOW
 F. A. Baker and sister, Miss Ada E. Baker of Los Angeles, Calif., were guests for a few days of their niece, Mrs. R. R. Winham. They have been visiting relatives in New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts. Mr. Baker is president and founder of "The American Brotherhood of the Blind," an organization founded for the purpose of printing the Braille system.

Don Winham sent a clipping from the Keene Evening Sentinel about the wedding reception for his parents in 1932. It was actually a joint reception for his parents, and for Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sawyer. He also included the one of his birth announcement on Page 5.



MEMORIES OF A TRICKLE SYSTEM

The article about Teddy Lusby in our Winter 2022 newsletter described how a "trickle system" supplied water to their house on Washington Pond Road: an iron pipe that drizzled ice cold water from a spring on the hill behind the house into a cast iron sink in the kitchen. This brought back memories to our dear friend and long time member Carol Pacetti. She wrote: "My grandfather's house on Mill Street had a similar set up. His water came from a spring on Fox Hill through a pipe under the Ashuelot River into a soapstone cistern in the kitchen. It ran constantly and people as far away as Church Street would come get their drinking water." There was also a pipe from a spring on Ball Mountain to a watering trough on Forest Road.

DID YOU KNOW....

.... that **Bald Mountain in Marlow** was originally named "Ball Mountain" after Jonas Ball? (see reference in article above.)

After his family left town, subsequent owners may have grazed sheep there, which likely led locals to refer to it as "Bald" Mountain, particularly if no one remembered the Ball family. Likewise it could have been a typographical error on the 1877 map that was simply carried forward.



Bald Mountain from Route 123, May 2022



Marlow Historical Society
Founded in 1976

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Vice President - Ed Reardon
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PO Box 12, Marlow, NH 03456

Help preserve local history
for future generations.
Please consider including
the Marlow Historical
Society in your legacy
planning.



Posted by Loisanne Foster in her old Marlow Historical Society Forum....

In 2001 a lady named Betty Pierce Brown sent us a photograph of a dignified lady of the twentieth century and a note that read:

"To Whom It May Concern: I am sending you this picture of Alice Jane (Alison Jeanette originally, she told me) Britton.

She drove the stage coach from Keene to Marlow as well as Keene to Concord. She told me sometimes in the winter coming down Stoddard Mt. she'd have to get off and feel her way down by grasping the stone wall!!"

Alice was born in 1889, daughter of Charles F. Britton and Jeanette (Wilson) Britton. Jeanette was born in Scotland. The 1910 census finds her living in Marlow with her parents. The 1920 census finds her as a boarder in Marlow with Archie C. Mosher and Elmira S. Mosher.

An obituary in the Wednesday, February 4, 1959 Keene Sentinel reads:

"Alison Britton, 69, a life long resident of Marlow, died at the Pines Nursing Home following a long illness. Born in Keene on December 21, 1889, the daughter of Charles F. and Jeanette (Wilson) Britton. She drove the school bus in Marlow for many years, and was a mail carrier to Marlow."

Although Alice seems to have disappeared from the US census between 1920 and 1930, it is clear that she remained in Marlow and adapted well to new circumstances such as the horseless carriage!

