



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

Winter 2022

VOICES FROM THE PAST

by Debbie Widmer Lewicki

None are more focused and committed than those who are working on their family genealogy. That perfectly describes Mrs. Debbie Widmer Lewicki, descendant of the Downing family, who visited us recently, eager to add to her already extensive body of research. Her work is a perfect blueprint on the joys, challenges - and sometimes trials and tribulations - of genealogical research. I was delighted to be her guide, and together with her sister Judith Widmer we visited the home of James Downing Jr. (now #192 Rt. 10), and also the Marlow Village Cemetery, where seventeen Downings are buried. - MB*

Here is what Mrs. Lewicki has written about her journey.

"My adventure with Ancestry.com began about six months into the pandemic shutdown. I had cleaned every closet, drawer, bookshelf and cupboard and created huge piles of items to donate as soon as places opened up. But every time I walked by these piles in the basement, I passed ten large plastic bins of family memorabilia I had inherited from my parents. These bins seemed to be calling to me. One day, I pulled out a bin labeled "Clark" - my mother's maiden name. The bin contained pictures of six generations of our family, letters, a book on Keene NH's History, and scrapbooks my grandfather, Guy Clark, had assembled. As I sorted through the stuff, all I could think of was: where do I start to make sense of all of this?

1. My first move was to purchase the basic U.S. Discovery membership to Ancestry.com. (This does not include access to international records or to newspapers that is available in other memberships.)
2. I typed in my great grandmother's name - Rose Caroline (Carrie) Nichols. Up popped a brief Life Story, other family trees that included her name, and a variety of facts such as census data, the names of her parents, siblings, spouse and children, and her place of burial.
3. Immediately, I discovered mistakes made by the creators of other trees - Carrie's name was wrong in some, as was the date of her son's birth. It's important to know that some of the material in Ancestry.com has been written by those who may not have all the facts. There is often confusion between the dates of births and baptisms, as well as the dates of deaths and burials.
4. There was so much information that I decided to dedicate a page in a loose leaf notebook to each person in my tree so I could keep notes, and add information and questions for each person. I also gained a realistic preview of the time required to do this research. I spent an entire day reviewing the data in Ancestry and rewriting Carrie's Life Story since I knew so much more about her than what was in Ancestry. I later discovered how to add pictures!
5. Some of the information in Ancestry prompted questions that invited additional research. For example, census data had Carrie living in both Keene and Marlow, NH. I wondered what caused the family to move back and forth? One census indicated Carrie lived at home and taught school; but when I visited the Keene Historical Society, there was no record of her in the Keene teacher rolls. I knew my great-great grandfather, Chester Nichols, had built a house on Douglas Street in Keene after he returned from the Civil War; however he was not listed in the Keene regiment. I later discovered he enlisted in Brattleboro, VT under the name of Chas. Nichols.
6. Once I figured out how to navigate their system, I used Ancestry to trace Carrie's mother - Lydia Caroline Downing - and her family back to England.

There is considerable disagreement about the first John Downing born in the colonies. I agree with the author of "The Real John Downing" that the first John of my family was born in Salem, Massachusetts Bay Colony on January 3, 1640. He was the son of Emanuel and Lucy (Winthrop) Downing, who sailed on the ship "Thomas and Frances" in 1638 following her brother John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. This John Downing married the very colorful Mehitabel, who was imprisoned during the Salem witch trials. He was left behind in Salem without financial resources when his parents returned to England with his older brother, who inherited the family English estate.

John's grandson, also named John, was the father of our family patriarch, **David Downing (b. March 8, 1738)** - the first Downing to move to the Keene NH area. In 1781, following his service in the Revolutionary War, David, his wife Susannah Beecham, and their son **Daniel** moved to Antrim NH, where Daniel married Betsy Blanchard in 1788. Their son **James** was born in 1790. The two families packed up and moved to Marlow in 1794 to start a farm in what was called "the wilderness"; but they had barely brought the farm into a comfortable condition when both David and Daniel died in the winter of 1798. (The site of their burial is unknown.)**

When James reached maturity he married Lydia Ayres of Acworth, and took possession of the rough hill farm in Marlow. They had eight children; **one of them, Lydia Caroline Downing Nichols, born in Marlow on June 18, 1824, was my great-great grandmother.*****



James Downing
1790-1868



Lydia Ayers Downing
1786-1866



Lydia Caroline Downing Nichols
1824-1906

I began my journey into the story of my ancestors by sorting through a box of stuff saved by my grandfather and his mother. I could never have imagined that this journey into the stories of people who came before me would connect me so intimately to New England - the place where I have always felt that I belonged. I have always loved New England. Its dark, dense forests of pine trees groaning in the wind, and the stone walls defiantly separating the landscape, and the melody of rushing rivers filled with winter runoff, and the wild blackberry bushes ripening on the sunny side of the hills, and the old apple trees leaning over the abandoned cellar holes, have always seemed to touch a place deep inside of me. With gratitude for the gift of space created by the quarantine, my journey into the stories of my ancestors has brought me even closer to my roots as I have allowed myself to be awakened by the voices of those who came before me, those who loved this land long ago, even as I love it in the twenty first century."

** James Downing Jr. (1815-1895) married Electa Foster; their four children were: Albert, George, Herbert and Ellen. See our Winter 2021 newsletter.*

***David's wife, Susanna Beecham, however, is buried in the Marlow Village Cemetery; she lived with her grandson James for some 20 years until she died in 1831 at the age of 100, at which time the cemetery was already in use. It is possible that David and Daniel are buried in the Old Settlers' Cemetery.*

****The children of James and Lydia threw a 50th Wedding Anniversary party for their parents at the homestead in 1861, with all the children and grandchildren and many from the community in attendance.*

Mrs. Lewicki wonders whether James and Lydia might have welcomed their adult children back to the homestead at times - which would explain why Lydia Caroline's residence changed from Keene to Marlow in several census records. Maybe she returned to give birth to some of her children, to live with her parents while her husband was away fighting in the Civil War, or to care for Lydia who died in 1866, or James who died in 1868. Lydia's brother Franklin inherited the homestead, but Lydia Caroline's 1870 census address is still Marlow.

MARLOW LIES DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS: A Lindholm Family Love Story by Siri Lindholm

2000 miles is a long way to travel for a summer home. It's 2,039 miles to be exact from San Antonio, Texas to the beautifully weathered front door of 106 Washington Pond Road. But it was a trip worth making for my parents, Ulric and Laura Lindholm. One they would make every year from the time of Dad's retirement in the early '90s and one we still try to make as time and transportation allow.

The Lindholm story in Marlow starts a little bit closer in location but further away in time. My grandparents, Svante and Hedwig (Heide) Lindholm, found refuge in Marlow during their summers away from their home in Washington, D.C. They socialized with the old "East Alstead Colony" families - the Dennets, Chases, and Bleys - but sought respite on Washington Pond Road, purchasing the house in 1929. They were married by Justice of the Peace, Horatio Hatch, in his home on Church Street. Dad and his brother, Einar, spent what seems from my modern eye idyllic days biking from Marlow to Alstead, fishing, swimming, and playing with their neighbor, Teddy Lusby Jr. Years later, Dad would take us on drives throughout Cheshire County pointing out all of the places where he, Einar, and Teddy would go swimming.

A career in engineering brought my Dad to San Antonio. We are glad it did because here he met the love of his life, Laura Carranza. One adventurous blind date to the bullfights in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico and they were hooked. Given how much my Dad loved Marlow, it's no wonder that he brought Mom to Marlow in 1962 for their honeymoon. For a South Texas girl, the winding roads through the pines

might as well have been another world. But it was a world she loved instantly and completely - although she did have to stop at the Drewsville General Store to buy clothes more appropriate for the setting i.e. practical shoes and jeans. As my brothers and sister and I came along, we continued to travel to Marlow as often as possible to visit Grandma Heide and the red house.

When Mom and Dad retired, they couldn't get to Marlow fast enough. Sometimes driving, sometimes flying, but always excited. They joined what could be called the "Marlow Colony"- their dear friends the Ells, Barils, Bradys, Warrens, Andersons, and Stevens. Dad, a skilled carpenter like his father before him, and my Mom, with her talent for interior design, spent years restoring the house and bringing a warmth to it that is still there. They also shared a love of antiques and spent countless hours in the rich hunting grounds of southern New Hampshire and Vermont. They worked tirelessly to create and tend beautiful gardens around the property, carrying on Heide's legacy as a horticulturist. I was delighted to be married in the garden in front of the house that was originally planted by Heide (shortly after her own Marlow wedding) and nurtured by my parents.



Heide, Ulric, and Einar Lindholm



Laura and Ulric Lindholm

What seems not long ago, as my father was caught in the unrelenting grip of Alzheimer's, his strongest memories were of Marlow; he was determined to make it back there. In October 2016, Dad did make that final journey home and is now resting peacefully in the Marlow Village Cemetery. His brother Einar is by his side; many of his friends from the Marlow Colony are not far away. Mom is still going strong at the age of (censored by Mom), visiting Marlow with my family, my brothers, and my sister. Like Dad and his swimming holes, Mom can still pick out every antique shop where she and Dad stopped and tell you what they bought there.

Marlow has a special place in our hearts. It has its own Lindholm family folklore - so many stories that we tell time and again, so many pictures that we could see with our eyes closed. We continue to visit and will do so as long as we are able. 2,000 miles is a long way away. But only if you measure in miles.

Ulric Svante Lindholm 1931 - 2016

Excerpt of obituary written by his daughter Siri

Dr. Ulric Svante Lindholm was born on September 11, 1931 in Washington, DC. He earned his BS, MS, and PhD from Michigan State University. After college, Ulric served honorably in the United States Navy.

A job with Southwest Research Institute brought him to San Antonio in 1960. As a Senior Research Engineer, Director, and ultimately Vice President of the Division of Engineering and Materials Sciences, Dr. Lindholm made significant contributions in the area of dynamic response of materials in his 34-year career at SwRI. His best known work was the development of the SwRI Split-Hopkinson Pressure Apparatus, a test instrument that remains in use today to determine the strength of materials used in off-shore oil platforms, pipelines, nuclear vessels, and the United States Space Station. The significance of Dr. Lindholm's invention was recognized by the American Society of Mechanical Engineering which designated it an Historic Mechanical Engineering Landmark. This distinction is reserved for those artifacts which represent a significant step forward in the evolution of mechanical engineering and is the best known example of its kind. Dr. Lindholm was also honored as a fellow of ASME and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

As much as he excelled as an engineering professional, his success as a husband, father, grandfather, colleague, and friend is his legacy that will burn the brightest. Ever the strong, silent, stubborn Swede, Ulric carried himself with old world dignity and grace and was rarely seen without a knowing smile.

Ulric was never one to lecture or preach. Instead he led by example of what the best of us can be. He embodied intelligence without arrogance, compassion without judgement, humor without cruelty, and love without condition.

THERE WAS A PATH THROUGH THE WOODS

by Pat Anderson

I wonder what five-year-old Teddy Lusby thought when he moved to the house on "Ashuelot Road" in Marlow in 1935. From census records we know that the Lusby family, including Edna's father Alexander Butterfield Verville, rented the house from the heirs of Lucius Tinker, and bought the house in 1937.

Teddy Lusby was born in the Bronx, NY, in 1930, to Theodore Lusby, a tug boat pilot, and Rose Edna (Verville) Lusby, who worked at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and for the first five years of his life would have been used to the sights, sounds and smells of New York: trolley cars, and automobile horns, the usual noise and confusion of a big city, and people, always surrounded by people.

By 1930, because of the Tenement Act of 1901, every apartment in NYC had at least one “water closet”, indoor plumbing, to be exact. Teddy could have turned on a faucet and have hot and cold running water instantly. He could have gone to a zoo, or played with kids on his block. His family could have eaten food from a variety of cultures.

So, what did young Ted think on his first day in the little house on what is now 124 Washington Pond Road? The house had not changed since it was built in about 1855 by Stephen and Mary Jane (Harrington) Adams. There was no indoor toilet; instead there was an outhouse attached to the shed. No hot water flowed from a faucet; water was supplied by the “trickle system”, 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. Baths would have been taken, probably once a week, in a large tub in the kitchen, with water heated on the wood stove. That one iron pipe was the extent of the plumbing in the house. Ted Sr, and Edna would not have a furnace installed until 1978. The plumbing remained the same, one pipe into the kitchen sink, and an outhouse, until the Lusbys sold the house in 1992.

The sights and sounds of a busy city were replaced by bird song, fields and woods, and a few cows and chickens. Perhaps heaven to a little boy? Perhaps a bit lonely as well. How exciting it must have been for Teddy to meet Ulric and Einar Lindholm that first summer. Einar was Teddy’s age, Ulric two years younger, and they had been coming to Marlow since they were babies. The Lindholm family left Washington DC every summer to come to Marlow, and they loved it here.

When Art Anderson, the current home owner, was repairing the shed, he came across an old bow hidden under the eaves. He has always wondered if Ted Sr., had hidden it there because Teddy had misused it. Did he shoot one of his mom’s chickens with an errant arrow? We’ll never know, but it’s fun to speculate about what might have happened.



*Art Anderson with
Teddy Lusby's bow*

The boys all grew up. Teddy Jr. moved to Connecticut where he raised a family, and, as far as we know, was not a frequent visitor to Marlow once he made his own home. He married Hazel Mae Knight, served in the Navy during the Korean War, and spent his working life at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft. Teddy, Jr. died in 2003. Einar and Ulric never forgot him.

MARLOW'S BEST FRIEND by Jenny Fay (translated by Anna Fay)

Every day, I fall in love with someone new.

It takes approximately three seconds for a stranger to become a new best friend. If they smell like cookies or apples, it takes about half that time. Lucky for me, I meet so many friends and friends-to-be while on the job here at the Town Office.

During my long, hectic workday, which involves lots of sniffing and keeping my mum (the executive administrator) in line, several people stop by. Some of them, like the post lady Jodie and my friend Maria, feed me lots of treats and sliced apples and scratch my golden tummy as they tell me about their days. Others, the kids especially, chase me around the office and giggle when I try my hand, or rather paw, at the Highland dance my ancestors used to perform for honored guests years ago.



Anna Fay and Jenny Fay

Sometimes, I knock over Mum’s papers with my tail while dancing and wiggling my backside, but she never gets mad because she knows I simply can’t control my excitement. However, she has been a little stingy with the mid-morning almonds lately. I barked at her once last week for giving me two to chomp on instead of three and threatened to take up my complaint with the Golden Retriever Division of the Department of Labor. This seemed to do the trick. She works like a dog too so I can’t stay mad at her, no matter how grave the treat injustice.

I can’t feel anything but love for the humans of Marlow. The days the sweet smell of their happiness floats in the air of the Town Office are the absolute best. It feels just like a long cuddle on a winter’s morning, my fur ruffled and snuffled with the coziest of feelings.

But for the past two years, the air has smelled a little different. It’s mixed with some sharp, unpleasant emotions I’m not used to. Perhaps that’s why everyone is covering their snouts with masks now. I’ve come to find that humans have a funny way of covering up how they really feel by burying their emotions deep into their tummies, which are unprotected by golden fur (what a howling shame!).

For many horrible months, my friends could not come inside in the Town Office. Mum, her snout covered with scratchy cloth and her hands smelling of that horrible stuff they use to clean the tables at the vet’s, would meet them outside. I wasn’t allowed to see them, which made me oh so terribly sad. How did the children manage for so long without my warm hugs? I can’t even imagine how hard it must have been for the post lady and UPS delivery guy and all the town officials to manage the increasing burden of uneaten dog treats in their pockets.

I didn't understand what was going on while we were alone in the Town Office, and I was even more confused on the days Mum talked to the computer and it talked back. But I could sense that as sad as I felt, this was the safest way to work. The air pushed down so heavily on my snout during those trying months and even lifting my paw for a tummy scratch took a lot more effort.

But in the evenings, when I curled up in my bed at home with my favorite purple spider toy and drifted off to sleep, I usually dreamed of my first day on the job, years ago. Oh, what an amazing first day that was. There were so many new smells! I could smell all the dogs and people who had come to the office before me. I could smell the history of the place, all of its complex layers created by noble people and loving dogs, by founders and preservers.

Every time a new friend walked through the yelping office doors to say hello, it felt like the present was meeting up with the past and the scent of this historical town would become that much more beautiful.

Now that the office is finally open to all my friends again, every day feels especially busy. There is lots of essential town business to attend to; my mum and I must see to it. As my predecessor in the position of Town Office dog, the great Bentley Davis, once woofed to me, there is no rest for the golden and fluffy and only tails as majestic as ours, filled with love, can sweep away the heavy emotions that sometimes cling to the air.

I don't always know what's going on around me and bark as I might, I'm not sure my gigantic family of humans always understands me. But if my story ever does make it into the history books, I hope it reads that I have loved and always will love this town with all of my fluffy heart. Even when my snouts dips down under the heaviness of life, my post at the Town Office is worth its weight in gold. I have all my love to give to every human that walks through the door for the small price of a tummy scratch and perhaps an almond or two should my dear mum forget again.



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 Marshall Perkins, M.D.

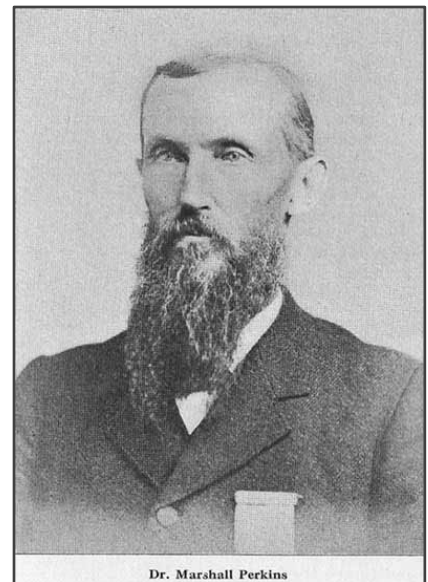
Who was born the Thirteenth day of May, Anno Domini 1823, in Croydon, County of Sullivan, State of New Hampshire.

Comrade Perkins entered the service of the United States September 29th 1862 at Concord, NH as Assistant Surgeon of the 14th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers.

In 1863 he was for several months Acting Surgeon of the 14th Regiment at Washington, DC. Also at Savannah, GA in 1865 from February until his final discharge. In the fall of 1864 he was Acting Surgeon of the 9th Connecticut Infantry, and, in the spring of 1865, had charge of the Small Pox Hospital, Engineer Corps, and Camp of Distribution at Savannah. On March 20th 1864 the 14th Regiment made the voyage by steamer from New York to New Orleans being 23 days in making the passage. This was a very tempestuous voyage and all coming near being shipwrecked off Cape Hatteras. Returning north, the Regiment entered the Shenandoah Valley early in July and was with Sheridan at the Battle of Winchester, September 19th, and at the Battle of Fisher's Hill, September 22nd, and Cedar Creek, October 17th. In January 1865 went with the Regiment from Baltimore to Savannah.

At the time of the capture of Jefferson Davis, the Regiment having made a forced march from Savannah to Augusta, the Regiment was guard upon the streets through which he was carried a prisoner to the steam boat landing. Dr. Perkins was in the hospital a few days near Winchester in December 1864. He was discharged at Hilton Head as Assistant Surgeon July 5, 1865 by reason of the close of the war, having served two years 9 months and 14 days.

His most intimate companions were Lieutenant Colonel T[ileston] A. Barker, Major Alexander Gardiner, Captain Martin Baker, and Hospital Steward [George D.] Richardson.



Dr. Marshall Perkins

I certify that the Sketch of my War Service as above written is true as I verily believe. We certify that comrade Marshall Perkins joined Henry H. Stevens Post No. 86 Department of New Hampshire December 28th 1889. Held offices of Surgeon.

Ezra G Huntley, Adjutant

ANOTHER HISTORIC RECIPE

These pickling instructions, discovered by Margaret Chase Perry of Alstead, NH when she opened an envelope of her grandmother's recipes, have regrettably arrived too late to be included in our recently released Past/Present/Future cookbook, so we are sharing them here, transcribed from the original. They come from none other than Lewis W. Feuer, Joe Feuer's uncle, whom we featured in our Spring/Summer 2021 newsletter, pages 4, 5 and 6.

L. W. F.
The Badger Farm, Marlow N.H. Sept. 29
- 1914 -
How to Pickle Cucumbers
an Old Russian Recipe

A good hard-wood barrel is generally used for this purpose. The barrel is first thoroughly scalded. At the bottom of the bottom of the barrel is put some dil (a plant resembling the car-away seed); also a few small red peppers, and a few kernels of garlick. To insure a better taste put also some cherry leaves or some grape leaves. On top of this put a layer of clean-washed cucumbers. On the cucumbers comes another layer of the above mentioned articles, and then another layer of cucumbers. Continue with alternative layers of the said spices and cucumbers until the barrel is full. Always bear in mind to have a layer of the above spices on the very top. Now make a quantity of salt-water, using one pound of salt to ten quarts of cold water. Pour the salt water over contents of barrel until all is covered with it.

On the very top is generally put a clean cloth. On the cloth put a wooden cover which should fit into the barrel. A stone is used to keep the cover pressed down.

Keep barrel in a dry, dark place. The best place is a good cellar where the barrel cannot come in contact with any bad odor.

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On top of this put a layer of clean-washed cucumbers. On the cucumbers comes another layer of the above mentioned articles, and then another layer of cucumbers. Continue with alternative layers of the said spices and cucumbers until barrel is full. Always bear in mind to have a layer of the above spices on the very top. - Now make a quantity of salt-water, using one pound of salt to ten quarts of cold water. Pour the salt-water over contents of barrel until all is covered with it. (over)

MOVING JONES STORE



This photo shows the Jones Store being moved from its original site next to the brick house on Forest Road, to its present site on Tin Shop Pond, where it is now the Methodist Chapel.

To get the whole story, read Tracy Messer's article "From Temperance Hall to Methodist Chapel", in our Fall 2021 newsletter.

WHEN WORDS AREN'T ENOUGH

The late Loisanne Foster graced us all with her presence, poise and insight for many years at the Marlow Historical Society before her untimely death. It was Loisanne who provided us with our Mission Statement: "To preserve and illuminate Marlow's history".

Over the past decade we have seen the MHS renovate and move into its current location at Murray Hall, relocate our substantial collection of memorabilia into one, tasteful curation, and work tirelessly to "illuminate" our fascinating history through tours, correspondence and this, ever popular, **NEWSLETTER**. Thank you, Maria, Stephanie, our Board of Directors and Officers, and to all our many contributors. The quality of your efforts is a constant source of pride for the community.

As we begin this New Year, we have resolved to find new ways to "preserve and illuminate". A part of those efforts in the short term will be the further renovation of Murray Hall, the accession of new and historically significant pieces/documents to our collection, and programming that will bring new and interesting insights into the history of Marlow and the surrounding area. Our long-term plan is the incorporation of computer software technology that will initially provide cataloging of our curation, and ultimately take us in the direction of a "virtual museum and resource center", where anyone, anywhere, with internet access will be able to browse and inspect photos and detailed descriptions of the objects, archival collections, library materials and photographs that have been donated over the years!

None of this, however, can be achieved without **YOUR HELP**. We need active members and volunteers to recognize these objectives, and we will need your continued generous support in the form of donations. If you like the plan as outlined above, please consider sending a donation, in any amount, as a tribute to a loved one, or just as a way of letting us know that we have your support even though we are separated by distance. Thank you.

In closing, on behalf of the Officers and the Board of Directors of the Marlow Historical Society, we want to wish each of you the promise and the blessings of this Holiday Season.

Chuck Mosher, President, Marlow Historical Society





Marlow Historical Society
Founded in 1976

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marlow-historical-society.php*

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The Marlow Historical Society cookbooks have arrived!

Marlow NH Recipes - Past, Present, and Future is now available for purchase, prepaid pickup or delivery locally, or by mail. Please contact Pat Strickland at 603-446-7566 or by email at jpstrick@myfairpoint.net. The books are \$15 each, or a kit for \$30, which includes the cookbook, a Marlow apron, and a wooden spoon. Sales support the Marlow Historical Society's mission to "to preserve and illuminate Marlow's history."

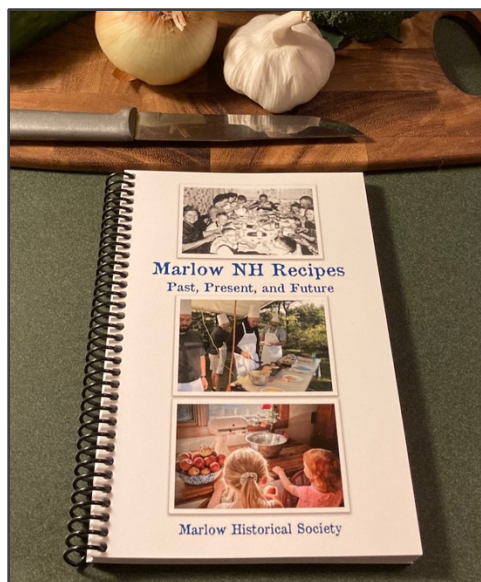


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