



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

**Fall 2022**

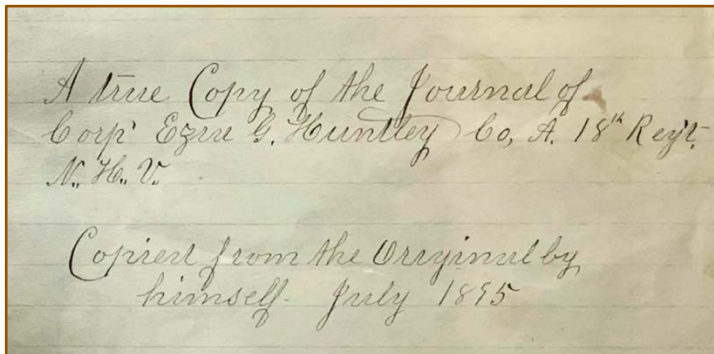
## **INTRODUCING EZRA G. HUNTLEY'S CIVIL WAR JOURNAL**

**by Maria M. Baril**

In the preface of his book *The Life of Billy Yank*, author Bell Wiley says of the Union soldiers who fought in the Civil War that: "Absence from loved ones caused lowly folk who rarely took pen in hand during times of peace to write frequent and informative letters, and to keep diaries, and thus to reveal themselves in rare fullness."

One of those "lowly folk" was Marlow's own Ezra George Huntley (1825-1902), corporal in the 18th Regiment, Company A of the N.H. Volunteers, who kept a faithful journal from September 2, 1864 to June 17, 1865. The 226 pages of candid, gripping narrative draw us in, and our imagination follows him as he describes historical events and his own personal journey. It is so compelling that you just cannot stop reading; and Ezra comes across as such an insightful, compassionate and likable individual, that we find even his misspellings endearing.

Above all, Ezra Huntley was a patriot, knowledgeable and respectful of United States history. Whether seeing Mount Vernon and George Washington's tomb for the first time: "*It is imposible for me to discribe it with a pen, or the immotions I felt as I pased it*"; or Hampton Roads, site of the battle between the Merrimack and the Monitor: "*It does not seeme posible that I am on the spot that [I] have read so much about.*" he was mindful of the nation's past, and concerned about its future.



He writes at length and intelligently about the 1864 McClellan vs. Lincoln presidential campaign, stating: "*I am not in favor of humbling ourselvs to the South or relinquishing any of our rights. And am in favor of no Settlemnt Short of Union.*" He adds: "*I also claim the same amount of patriotism for what I consider for the best interest of the Country, as the man who votes in opposite on to me.*" He calls Lincoln's assassination a "*great Nitonal Clamity [National Calamity]*": "*God grant no evil may come from it.*"

Emancipation of the slaves, on the other hand, was not Ezra's motivation for volunteering. He was not what Bell Wiley calls a "starry-eyed abolitionist"; but neither did he manifest racial prejudice. Since he was not shy about expressing his opinion on

other issues, it was perhaps a subject he did not want to address, or one that was far too delicate to write about; thus he limits himself to dispassionate observations and occasional wry comments. On November 15, 1864 for example, he writes: "*Saw a lot of prisoners or Refugees at work guarded by negro troop... Southern Aristocracy guarded by negros, think of that.*"

Even though the bloodiest battles of the Civil War had already been fought, Ezra Huntley must have seen his share of death and devastation. His writings show, however, that he never loses equanimity or a sense of humor, and that he always shows empathy for those he meets, whether Union or Confederate.

Sometimes he became nostalgic and introspective, but not for long; he was too upbeat to stay melancholy. He usually felt "first-rate", and one of his favorite words throughout is "splendid". In the diary entry for February 1, 1865 he muses to himself: "*January has gone, one month more of my soldiers life has passed away. Fly swiftly round ye wheels of time and bring the welcome day. For what? why my discharge. There now dont whine, well I wont.*"

Above all, he always found beauty in the most unlikely places, whether the song of a mockingbird perched nearby, or a view of Petersburg during a battle from a hill overlooking the city. April 1, 1865 he writes: "*...we can see the monuments and Grave Stones in the Cemetery, and this morning being clear I had quite a good view of some of the City. How I would like to walk down there this morning and look it over. I should not think it was more than a mile, we can hear the Bells ring. The Peach trees are in blossom, and the Birds sing.*" Obviously he had the soul of a poet.

Some of his most vivid and dramatic passages describe the pageantry of war. On April 17: "*Sheridan's Cavalry came back by here to night... they camped all around us, and it was a splended sight to see their fiers.... as far as the eye can reach. I dont know how many there is, but I should judge from 10 to 12 thousand they make quite a show... They are a hard set at foraging, but brave fellows.*"

And on May 23, he witnesses a Grand Review in the city of Washington: "First came a Cavalry guard, then Gen Mead and escort and staff. Then Gen Merriet and his Cavalry, then Gen Merret and his Cavalry, then Gen Custer and Sheridens Cavalry. Gen Custer had a wreath on his arm as much as two feet in diameter, he had on a wide rimed hat, one side turned down, his hair is light and hangs down over his coat color, he road a fine horse one that would go side ways... The Cavalry marched 12 abreast and were two hours in passing. Then came a lot of Light Artillery. Next came the Engneere Brigade under the command of our old friend Gen Benham. Next came the 9th Corps under the Command of Major Gen Parks.... What a lot of tattered and torn Flags, and how many battles some of the Regts. have been in.... They were 4 hours in passing, making in all 6 hours in passing. Cavalry 2 hours, Infantry and Artillery 4 hours."



The E.G. Huntley house was last occupied by Frank Pollard (1908-1995) and was torn down in the 1980s. It stood on the west side of Old Newport Road near the end where it joins Route 10.

If it was hard to stop reading the journal, it is just as difficult to stop writing about it. There is so much material: his guard duty at the Arsenal, where the Lincoln conspirators were on trial, the battles, the casualties, the executions, the hardships and disease, his descriptions of the plantations and the landscape; and more mundane things like army food, getting mail, and the "hurry up and wait" of military life.

On the last page, when he returns home from the war, and the front door of his house closes behind him, we are delighted that he has made it back to Marlow safe and sound, but regret that there won't be any more pages in his journal.

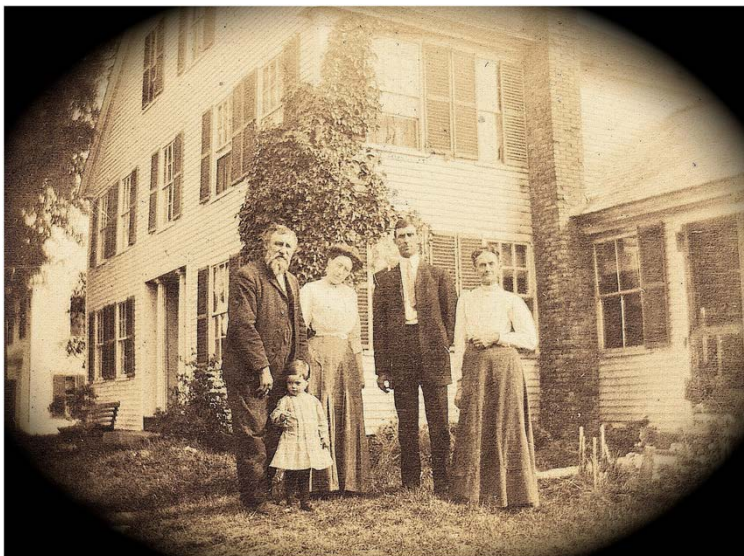
*Ezra G. Huntley's Civil War journal was donated to, or purchased by, the Rauner Special Collections Library of Dartmouth College, probably at the beginning of the 20th century. While doing some research, Tracy Messer became aware of this and contacted the librarian, Dr. Morgan Swan. Dr. Swan was kind enough to photograph the pages and email them to us. Stephanie Tickner formatted the photographs into a single pdf document to be printed. The original entries are in cursive, and were transcribed by Stephanie Tickner, Chuck Mosher and Maria Baril, with help from Alan Rumrill and Tracy Messer. The journal will be available this year at the Marlow Library, and at the Marlow Historical Society.*

You can read Ezra G. Huntley's Personal War Sketch in the Spring/Summer 2020 newsletter.

## DAUGHTER-OF-THE-HEART

by Nancy Ferretti and Maria M. Baril

Facts about the life of Bayard Stafford Huntley have been well documented. Loisanne Foster wrote in our Winter 2013 newsletter that he was born in Marlow on September 22, 1908, the son of Roy Huntley (1881-1954) of Marlow, and Anna (Annie) Curran Sears Huntley (1880-1973) of Montreal, and that he died in Pittsfield, MA on September 16, 1993. He was a 1926 graduate of Keene High School and obtained his CPA license in 1950 from the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance. He was a decorated WWII veteran.



This photo was taken on September 4, 1910. Left to right we have Leander B. Huntley; grandson, Bayard S. Huntley; daughter-in-law, Anna Huntley; Leander's son, Roy D. Huntley; and Leander's wife, Ellen A. Huntley. This was outside their home on Main Street in Marlow, New Hampshire. Photo from the Robert J. Girouard collection. [www.facebook.com/NewHampshireThenAndNow](http://www.facebook.com/NewHampshireThenAndNow)

Huntley family genealogist Virgil Huntley\* wrote that Bayard was 6'5" tall, had no children of his own but did have a stepdaughter. His father Roy was a Selectman and Road Master of Marlow, and his mother Annie was the Marlow correspondent for the Keene Sentinel for over 50 years. On his 75th birthday Bayard earned his pilot license. It was the kind of derring-do, Loisanne commented, that had been a Huntley tradition back to the time of Marlow's 1767 settler Nathan Huntley and his father Aaron, from Lyme, CT.

His wife, Alice Dorothy ("Dot") Alden Henry Huntley (1907-1994) (signature Huntley) was a well known oil painter. She was president of the Berkshire Artist League whose members included Norman J. Rockwell. She also operated her own gallery.

For a glimpse into Bayard's character, however, we turn to a person who felt deep affection for him: his step daughter, (or, as he called her, daughter-of-the-heart), Nancy Ferretti. We have been fortunate to be in touch with Nancy for many years, and she has sent us some personal reminiscences, which, with her permission, we share with our readers.\*\*

"Bayard Huntley and my mom, Alice Dorothy Alden, had met through a mutual friend, even before she married my dad, Charles "Eddie" Henry. Bayard was living in Marlow at the 2

time and my mom was a nurse in Keene. After my father died, his sister, who was a principal in Keene, played matchmaker and reintroduced them. They married in 1948 and moved to North Reading, MA.

Bayard then experienced instant step-fatherhood and participated in most of my activities, while himself attending Bentley College and earning his CPA. Every summer and some holidays we went to Marlow to visit his parents, Roy and Annie, at the Huntley homestead.\*\*\* We always had memorable breakfasts! Knowing I was a drum majorette, I was asked to lead the Marlow Old Home Days parade. Roy sat out in his front yard, and I stopped the parade and gave him a salute. A proud moment! We also made trips to Canada in the summer. When visiting the Supreme Court we saw a portrait of one of Annie's relatives who had been a Supreme Court justice.

Bayard was national president of the Huntley Association, a family reunion group, and once held a national convention of Huntleys in North Reading.

He proudly walked me down the aisle when I married Chet Ferretti.\*\*\*\* We were married in 1959 by our chaplain at Boston U., Father Norman James O'Connor, known as 'the Jazz Priest'.

Bayard's first grandchild was born in North Reading so he and my mom could be with me during the birth process. He was a beloved grandfather to Lisa and then Mike, who called him 'Bummy'.

When my mom got Alzheimer's he became her caregiver until he died. Bayard is buried in the Marlow Cemetery with Roy and Annie (Section 1856, Lot 177). My children and I visited often, and stayed with former pastor Harold Fohlin."

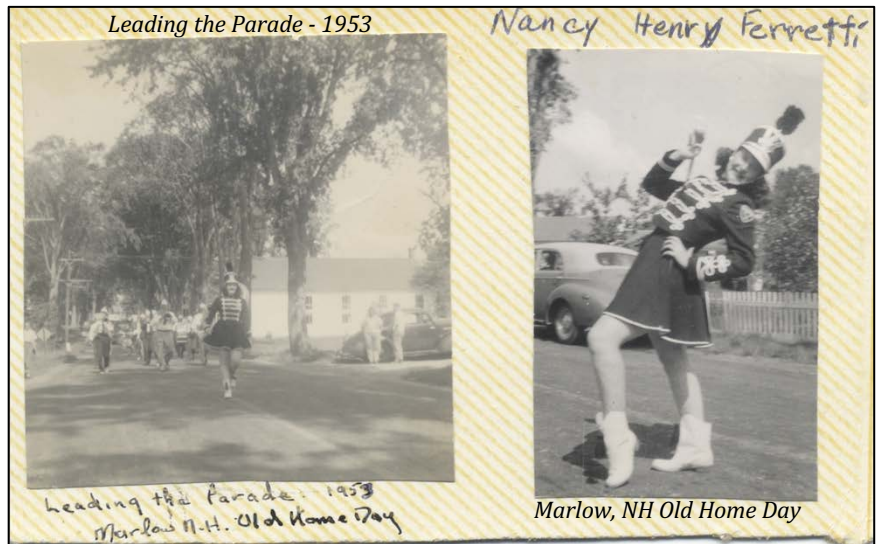
Bayard Stafford Huntley epitomized success as defined by Ralph Waldo Emerson in his poem "To Laugh Often and Much" - success that is not measured in wealth, but in character and moral values.

\* Virgil Huntley - Spring/Summer 2019 newsletter.

\*\*Nancy has made valuable contributions to our archives and museum. See, for example, our Fall 2015 newsletter.

\*\*\*Huntley homestead - Fall 2019 newsletter.

\*\*\*\*August Chester "Chet" Ferretti (1933-1971) was a jazz and big band trumpeter, known especially for his influential lead trumpet playing with Maynard Ferguson's band in the early 1960s. He toured with Lena Horne, and played lead for Lionel Hampton and Woody Herman. He and Nancy were classmates at Boston University.



NANCY HENRY AND CHET FERRETTI'S  
WEDDING DAY - 1959

Bayard Stafford Huntley - (1908-1993)  
Dot Huntley - Alice Dorothy Alden Henry Huntley (1907-1994)  
Nancy Henry Ferretti (Dot's daughter and Bayard's stepdaughter)  
Chet Ferretti (1933-1971)  
Annie Huntley - Anna Sarah Esther Agnes (Curran) Sears Huntley (Bayard's mother) (1880-1973)

## MY FIFTH COUSINS COME TO TOWN by Pat Huntley Strickland

I am a descendant of the first Huntleys to settle in Marlow.\* One of them, Elijah Huntley (1779-1861) was born on Marlow Hill on March 29, 1779. His parents who were born in Lyme, Connecticut, were Russell Huntley (1758-1808) and Ama (Miller) Huntley (1762-1829). Ama was the daughter of another first settler, Nicodemus Miller (1715-1781) and his wife Phebe Huntley Miller (1722-1797). Russell, Ama, Nicodemus and Phebe are all buried in Marlow's West End (Jay Allen) Cemetery.

Elijah served in the militia, rising to the rank of colonel, and fought in the War of 1812. He was a farmer on Huntley Mountain near Sand Pond. He and Betsey Brockway (1785-1836) were married in Marlow in 1801 and were blessed with eight children: Willard, Orrissa, Merilla, Hibbard, Luther, Marilla, Elijah, and Willis Lemuel. Elijah and Betsey are buried in the Marlow Village Cemetery (Section 1819, Lot 35).



*Descendants of Elijah Huntley in Marlow  
Summer 2022  
Theresa Fingerhut, Jim Flis,  
Pat Huntley Strickland, and Sue Repko*



*Huntley Descendants - Pat Huntley Strickland's  
fifth cousins, Sue Repko and Theresa Fingerhut,  
from upstate New York*

As the decades went by Huntley descendants spread across the country, although some of us still live in Marlow and surrounding areas.

This summer I met my fifth cousins Sue Repko, Theresa Fingerhut, and Jim Flis, and their spouses, for the first time. Their Huntley branch settled in upstate New York. They came to Marlow looking for information to enrich their genealogical research. We visited the Soldiers Monument so they could read the names of Huntleys who served in past wars, and then

proceeded to the Historical Society museum where I showed them items pertaining to Huntley family history, including a copy of Ezra George Huntley's Civil War journal.

When we parted, they headed to the Jay Allen Cemetery to immerse themselves in the past by visiting the graves of their ancestors.

*\*Read more of Pat Strickland's Huntley family history in the Winter 2020 newsletter.*

## THE PROLIFIC SOUND OF SILENCE by Anna Fay

When I was in tenth grade and eternally confused by biology, I hiked up the Marlow Profile\* with my biology textbook in tow, convinced that the landscape would help me understand the mysteries of nature. I spent many a Saturday hiking, running, climbing to the summit. This mound of granite is a bedfellow of silence, that elusive concept I often find myself scouring this earth for.

Positioned right off Route 123, it's an easy climb, an afterthought that can be squeezed in along the journey to grander things. But this small mountain in many ways feels like the guardian of Marlow. Solid is the stone that anchors life in a small town.

I'm not sure where the Marlow Profile stands in our history.\*\* I only know that it lived an infinite number of lifetimes before I started tiptoeing on its rugged spine. The core of this formation has seeped into the pores of every beginning, of Marlow's beginning, of my beginning in Marlow, since molten lava turned cold.

On the Profile, it's set in stone that life can be something other than busy. Still and swelling with silence, Simon-and-Garfunkel-approved.

Now, stillness is something that seems to slip from our grip quicker than sand. But sitting on the ledge above the Profile, the echoes of silence can still be heard. Away from the dissonance of expedited living, the vista on top of this tiny mountain is blurred and beautiful. Near sunset, the yellows that seep into the milky blue are a little overcooked, the clouds a little frayed. I scarcely notice things like this on the ground or on much higher peaks. It's prolific here somewhere in the middle of this lofty sanctuary....sans biology book, of course.



*Looking south from the Profile ledges - by Anna Fay*

*\*The Marlow Profile is a rocky face on the west side of Bald Mountain, and sometimes Bald Mountain is referred to as The Marlow Profile.*

*\*\*You can read about the 1941 Fire that exposed the Marlow Profile on Bald Mountain in a variety of places online, and you can also read about the history of Bald Mountain's name in the Spring/Summer 2022 newsletter.*



#### 1941 Forest Fire

The "Marlow Profile" is revealed after the 1941 forest fire.

Unlike the "Old Man of the Mountain" whose profile stood out against the sky, the Marlow Profile is an integral part of the rocky face on the west side of Bald Mountain.

The famous Fire of 1941 burned the vegetation and revealed the face.

The area is mostly overgrown again, but sometimes if you look closely as you drive east on Route 123, you can still see the Profile through the trees, especially when the leaves are down.

Photo from [www.facebook.com/1941ForestFire](http://www.facebook.com/1941ForestFire).

## READERS ADD TO THE NARRATIVE

After she read the article about Ralph Winham's store and Dana Winham's paper route in our Spring/Summer 2022 newsletter, Ellen Parker Rhodes wrote:

*"I can remember going to the store as a small child after my family moved to Marlow. The barn to the left (in the picture on page 6) is at the house I grew up in. It was interesting as the name Alice Britton\* and a date were written on a wall on the inside of the barn. My older brothers delivered the Sentinel in town, as well as myself and siblings. When the oldest left the route, the next sibling would take over; sometimes splitting the route so we wouldn't be out after dark. For many years the Parker children delivered the newspaper, until about 1968. Walking the route would be 5 miles or more, longer after the bridge on Mill St.\*\* was taken down."*

The house, now 166 Forest Road, was once owned by John Q. Jones and Elgin Jones\*\*\*. From 1922 to 1953 it was owned by Alice J. Britton, who sold it to Robert F. and Pauline L. Parker, Ellen's parents\*\*\*\*. It was the home of Scott and Donna Chase from 1987-2002.

One of Ellen's brothers, Mark, owned Mark's Auto Repair on Route 10 in Marlow for many years.



Ellen Parker and her sisters at 166 Forest Road, Marlow

\*Read about Alice Britton in the Spring/Summer 2022 newsletter.

\*\*Photo of the Farley bridge appears in our Winter 2019 newsletter.

\*\*\*Read about Elgin Jones in the Fall 2012 and Winter 2021 newsletters.

\*\*\*\*Robert and Pauline Parker are buried in the Marlow Village Cemetery (Section 1905, Lot 188).

## BRIDGING GENERATIONS

by Jeannie Merwin and Maria M. Baril

The Covid Bridge Memorial Project was the chosen charity for the 2021 Marlow Witches Kayak Regatta.\* Funds gathered at the event were earmarked for the purchase and installation of a memorial plaque and two flower boxes on the Marlow Village Bridge, to honor first responders, health care and essential workers, and those who lost loved ones during the COVID-19 pandemic.

When the regatta was canceled due to a resurgence in Covid cases, the committee (composed of Jeannie Merwin, Roxanne MacConnell and the Parks & Recreation Department) launched an ambitious fund-raising campaign. Thanks to the generosity of personal donors, as



well as contributions from the Odd Fellows and the Marlow Historical Society, the Covid Bridge Memorial was dedicated on May 28, 2022 and is now a permanent Marlow landmark.

Thinking of pandemics, we wondered if a memorial had ever been built in our area to pay tribute to those who suffered and died from Spanish Influenza, and those who served during that health crisis in the early 20th Century. Caused by an H1N1 virus, it was one of the most devastating pandemics in human history, ravaging the world from 1918 to 1920. With no vaccine to protect against infection, control efforts included, (just like with COVID-19), distancing, isolation, quarantine, and prohibition of public gatherings.

Surprisingly, there is no mention of the Spanish Flu on the historic/memorial wall at Keene Cheshire Hospital which chronicles local medical history from the dedication of the 18-bed Elliot City Hospital in 1892, through 2010\*\*

We learned, however, that in 2019 Fort Devens, Massachusetts, erected a Spanish Flu memorial - unaware that history was about to repeat itself - in remembrance of the men and women who died, and the persons who cared for them. Fort Devens was the flu's epicenter in New England and cars loaded with coffins containing the bodies of soldiers passed through Keene on their way home for burial.\*\*\*

With a long-ago pandemic having caused untold suffering, and another one not yet behind us, the Covid Bridge Memorial will provide a place of reflection and remembrance for future generations.

*\*The first regatta took place in 2019 and benefitted the Jones Hall renovation. Funds gathered at this year's event will be shared by the Frances Strickland Scholarship Fund, and Friends of Perkins Academy (FOPA).*

*\*\*Events listed for the period from 1918 - 1921 are: 1918 - Hospital placed at the disposal of the US government for treatment of men in the service. 1920 - First tuberculosis clinic at Elliot City Hospital. 1921 - Maternity ward closes for two years due to lack of nurses.*

*\*\*\*We thank Alan Rumrill, of the Historic Society of Cheshire County, for sharing this information.*



## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MEMBERSHIP AND FRIENDS OF THE MARLOW HISTORICAL SOCIETY



This Fall season marks the fifth year of a wonderful partnership between the New Hampshire Charitable Gaming Commission and the Marlow Historical Society. Over that time our cherished museum has received thousands of dollars in annual donations as part of a statewide program by the Charitable Gaming Commission to direct a significant portion of revenues during casino operating hours to small non-profit societies such as ours. This support, especially as fundraising was curtailed during the pandemic, has been invaluable!

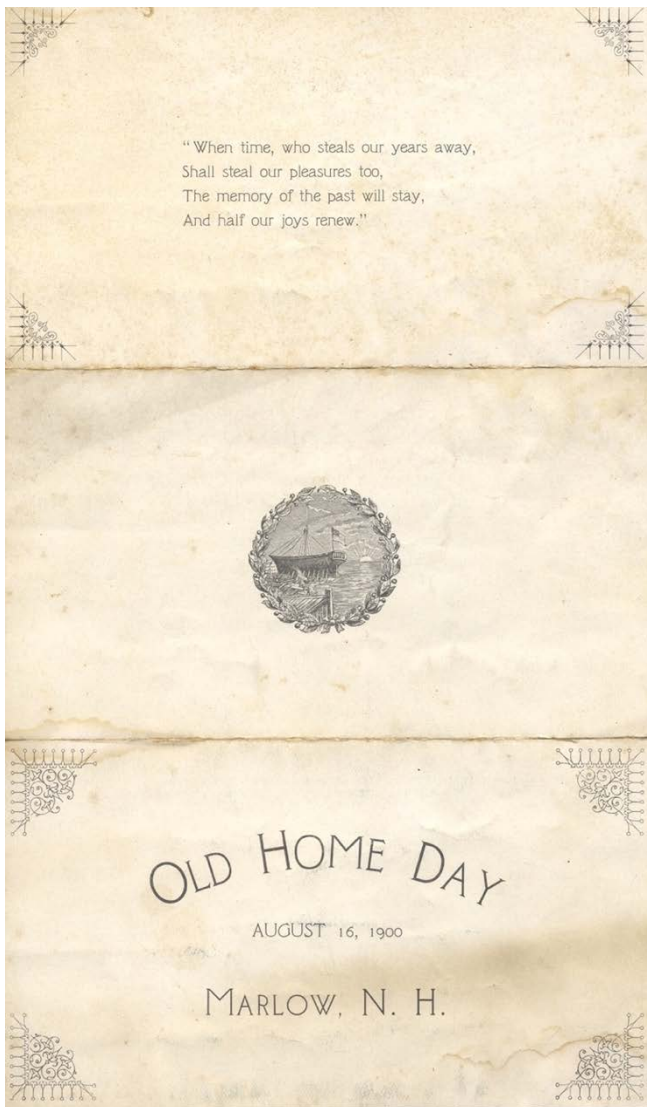
During the period from September 22 - October 1, 2022 the Charitable Gaming Commission will be donating a generous portion of profits from the Wonder Casino at 172 Emerald Street in Keene. If you enjoy this form of entertainment, we encourage you to visit and participate responsibly in the excitement during the above dates.

See you there!

Chuck Mosher, President Marlow Historical Society

## A VOICE IN MY DREAMING EAR IS CALLING - CALLING - COME HOME

At a Summer 2022 Historical Society of Cheshire County Round Table event in Alstead, Bruce Bellows of the Alstead Historical Society graciously donated this August 1900 Marlow Old Home Day program to the Marlow Historical Society in the name of the Alstead Historical Society. He had found it with some papers in their files. It is a wonderful addition to the Marlow collection.



### 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 Lensie R. Sayles

Who was born the [Sixth] day of [August], Anno Domini 1806, in Leicester, County of [Addison], State of Vermont.

He enlisted in 1861 in the 8th Regiment, [2nd] Vermont Light Artillery. Comrade Sayles possessed quite a military talent and took an active part in recruiting and drilling the Company and was elected Captain. He started with his Company for the seat of War, but after a short time was taken sick and on March 24, 1862, he resigned and was discharged. Comrade Sayles died August 14, 1894.

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

We certify that Comrade Lensie R. Sayles joined Henry H. Stevens Post No. 86, Department of New Hampshire, December 28<sup>th</sup>, 1889.

Ezra G. Huntley, Adjutant



**Marlow Historical Society**  
Founded in 1976

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**Vice President** - Ed Reardon  
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Sharon Spalluto  
Gary Levesque  
Tom Cross

**Newsletter Co-Editors**  
Maria M. Baril  
Stephanie Tickner

*mhsnewhampshire@gmail.com*

*www.marlownewhampshire.org/  
marlow-historical-society.php*

**PO Box 12, Marlow, NH 03456**

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



*Our dear friend Ed Thomas, who passed away on Sunday August 28, 2022, was a gentleman, and a gentle man. Soft-spoken, thoughtful and generous, he gave his time and talent to the town as selectman, treasurer of the Odd Fellow Forest Lodge, and member of the Methodist Church. He was particularly committed to our Historical Society and to the restoration of Murray Hall. Whether serving on the Board, up on a ladder, digitizing old photographs, or creating new ones, Ed was indispensable. He captured the soul of Marlow in his memorable pictures of events, landscape, and townspeople. His art is a precious legacy that enhances our history and will live on for generations.*



*Photo by Ed Thomas, Marlow's 250 Anniversary Celebration, July 22, 2011*