



Restore • Preserve • Protect

Nippo Lake Guardian Raffle Winners!

Clarice Girouard had the honor of picking the raffle winner:

Kristin and Jim Healy chose a Kayak.

There will be a second raffle later this year for everyone who has contributed \$250 or more to making Nippo Clear!

Nippo Lake Guardians

It is so enjoyable to learn the story of Nippo Lake Guardians: when and how they came to love our lake; and how their life paths have crossed, some knowingly and others not, with fellow Guardians. These stories illustrate the long-standing passion Nippo Lake Guardians have to protect and preserve the quality of our lake and environment.

TYLER AND NICOLE CONROY

We have 3 children Teagan (11), Quintin (7) and Alana (3). I grew up in Barrington and Nicole in Dover. My first experience with Nippo Lake was at Jay Corcoran and Lynda Brushett's home: I knew it as Brendt's house. Brendt and I have been friends since elementary school and we spent a lot of time over the years on the lake or in the woods nearby.

When the opportunity to make Nippo a permanent home for my family presented itself, the decision to reside in such a beautiful, fun and ecologically rich place, was easy.

Our family chose to join the Guardians to support the alum treatment designed to improve water quality and eliminate cyanobacteria blooms. We are currently renovating our house on Flower Drive and installing a new septic and retaining walls to eliminate surface water runoff into the lake. We look forward to becoming more active in the Nippo Lake community after we move back into our house which will hope to be in a month or so!



JAMES AND DONNA-BELLE GARVIN

My father and mother bought our first camp on Nippo Lake (then called Nippo Pond) in 1960. This is the camp now owned by Ryan and Kayla Fitzgerald. In my boyhood, my family had spent vacations on Blodgett's Island in Northwood Lake, purchased by my great-grandfather in the early 1900s after its timber was cut off, and my father was never content without the prospect of spending his brief vacation time near the water.



I don't remember how we learned that a newly-built camp was for sale on Nippo, but we went for a look, were shown the place by its builder, Nathaniel Flagg of Boscawen, and immediately fell in love with the building and with the pond. Mr. Flagg and a grandson had built the camp more as a family project than as an investment. He told us that he had patterned the new building on his own camp, which is now owned by the Brighams.

Between 1927 and 1930, local landowner Laura Cilley had sold Mr. Flagg, his sister, and his niece parcels of land on the western shore of Nippo extending from David Cullen's present house northward to the holdings of the Cocheco Manufacturing Company around the dam. Mr. Flagg had built his own camp and, one at a time, had sold camp lots, more to get a few good neighbors than to make a profit.

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James and Donna-Belle Garvin Continued from pg 1

Nippo Pond is unusual in southeastern New Hampshire in having crystalline water like that of Winnepesaukee and Squam rather than sharing the brownish tint of most waterbodies in Rockingham and Strafford Counties. It was always a pleasure to gaze deeply into the limpid waters of the pond in those days; my sister used to lie on our wharf and watch for a big snapping turtle who moved slowly across the bottom. In the 1960s, the pond was never affected by cyanobacteria; the first report we ever had of this new problem was around 2010.

When we began to spend time at Nippo there were a number of other camps on both the east and west shores of the pond and a few at the northern end.

The southern hillside was a vacant abandoned pasture that included the Clark Cemetery and

was beginning to return to forest. Beyond the north end of the pond, the lands now occupied by the Nippo Golf Course were an active farm. When the wind was right, it was a pleasure to row toward the dam, smell the distant cows, and know that were indeed in a "New Hampshire everlasting and unfallen" as imagined by Thoreau. I had (and still have) a little canvas kayak that I built from a kit advertised in a magazine. With that boat, which weighs less than fifteen pounds, I explored the shores of the pond, enjoying the scent of the summersweet along the shore of the Hale (now Landry) land on the eastern shore and carefully paddling near the grotesquely eroded rocks and ledges on the then-empty upper western shore.

Then as now, the western side of Nippo Pond was accessible by Nippo Path, now renamed Flower Drive. This is a right-of-way, called the "Old Path" on surveys and deeds, that crossed private land to the dam. The road

originally passed very close to the barn of a yellow house on Route 9 and 202. That house (still yellow) was then owned by Harold and Addie Flower, in whose honor the road is now named. Harold was a genial neighbor who kept an eye on the road and greeted nearly everyone who drove past his barn. A veteran of World War I and long a fixture in Barrington, Harold had formerly served as a fire lookout in the tower on Blue Job Mountain. In later years,

Flower Drive was re-routed farther away from the house and barn by cutting through an embankment that still defines its narrow entrance.



Nippo Path was not plowed in the winter in the 1960s since it served only seasonal camps. When we visited our camp after snow covered the ground, we and other winter visitors parked in the Flowers'

welcoming dooryard and walked in, on snowshoes if necessary, sometimes pulling a child's toboggan with any supplies we wanted to take. No place could have been quieter and more beautiful in wintertime than this path, sheltered by snow-laden hemlocks and offering glimpses of the frozen pond that had been screened by leaves in the summer.

Loving history even in my youth, I used to explore around Nippo dam, knowing that the pond had been one of a network of reservoirs of the Cocheco Manufacturing Company, a great textile enterprise in Dover. I found a split granite boundary post in the woods near the shore, carved with the letters "CMC" and marking a corner of the company's landholding around its dam.

Of great interest to us, as to anyone who explores Nippo, was Nippo Rock, always submerged except for a tiny

nubble when the pond was “drawn down” for the winter, but with its full flat surface reportedly above water before the dam was built to convert the natural pond into a reservoir. According to legend, this huge glacial boulder was the favored seat of Sarah Nippo, the last American Indian to live at the pond. That was all we ever heard of the Sarah Nippo legend until Morton Wiggin published his History of Barrington, N. H. in 1966. Wiggin portrayed Sarah Nippo in superhuman terms— “eight feet tall, in fact an Indian giantess” who lived to be “well over a hundred years old, but no one is sure how or when she passed to her ‘Happy Hunting Ground.’” Wiggin credited this information to George Buzzell, an earlier local historian.

With this sort of legend as an inspiration, I used to explore the woods around Nippo Hill, which was then easily recognized from as far away as Center Strafford by a tall, twisted pine tree that held fast to the rocky summit amid lesser trees. These woods are crisscrossed by a network of stone walls built from the angular broken granite left by the glaciers. Some are tall and beautifully laid; others disappear and reappear along old boundary lines. A favorite walk began not far from the dam, following an old woods road toward the west, past a cellar hole and burying ground with graves marked only by flat fieldstones, and eventually finding its way to another graveyard and cellar hole. Here was the only marked grave in these abandoned woods, that of George Parshley (1755-1829), a Revolutionary soldier. Although Parshley’s home site became better known with the publication of *The Graveyards of Barrington* in 1976, it seemed to me when I discovered it to be a remnant of a lost civilization.

Near the abandoned Parshley homestead site was a large sawdust pile, of the type that is found in New Hampshire woods where a portable sawmill did its work. These huge piles take many decades to be reabsorbed by nature. Sally Crockett, Nathaniel Flagg’s niece, told us that the horses from that logging operation, which perhaps occurred in the 1920s, were brought down to the pond to drink near her camp, now ours. This was the abandoned New Hampshire landscape of my youth.

Fascination with that world led me to a life spent studying and preserving history.

My parents sold our first camp around 1970 to fund their purchase of a retirement home. My wife, Donna-Belle, and I were absent from the lake for twenty-five years. But during that time we kept in contact with Sally Crockett of Portsmouth, whose little camp stood next door to her uncle’s. Built around 1930 as a hunting camp by Otis Dunnell of Rochester, this building measures only 12 by 20 feet. Later a 10 by 12-foot kitchen ell was attached. In 1995 Sally, then nearing ninety, was kind enough to sell her camp to us. She lived to be one hundred years old.

Having received treasured memories of Nippo Pond as it was in the 1930s from Sally and her uncle Nathaniel, and having memories of our own from the 1960s, Donna-Belle and I, and my sister Adele, want to help to preserve this beautiful pond and the lands around it. Our professional commitments have not given us much free time at our camp, but we look forward to future days at Nippo, made richer by our ability to see the pond and its watershed through the eyes of a generation that has passed from the scene.



James Garvin building the tool shed

Despite not living on the lake, Adele has contributed to the Nippo Lake Guardian fund “in gratitude for all our cherished times on the lake”: “Nippo is such a gem that deserves to be healthy and held dear by all who love it.”

Nippo was the last of three camps in New Hampshire we owned growing up, and our favorite. The family was our parents—Leota and Delwood—my brother Jim who you know—our dog, Chippy—and myself. We lived in Massachusetts and the drive to Nippo on Friday evenings was the perfect end to the weeks. (And having to leave on Sundays was very difficult.) We all loved nature, especially lakes and woods. I was in high school when we bought the camp. We were so fortunate to find such a peaceful, beautiful refuge where we were absorbed in the natural world. We got the morning sun and it was special to sit by the water early when it was totally quiet and watching it sparkle like diamonds on the lake.

Aside from the daily pleasure of being in such a cherished, hidden piece of the world, here are some life-long memories.

First, the few not so good memories. Having to do homework before I could be free to play. Did not find the bloodsuckers welcome companions. Wasn't crazy about the long water snake that slithered rapidly past me while swimming. A memorable experience was walking in our woods and suddenly having a weird feeling in my legs. Oh—great—I stepped right onto a yellow jackets' nest and was engulfed by these infuriated neighbors. That was my first experience with being stung. Good thing I wasn't allergic. They were inside my pants and I ran lickety-split for Mom and the camp.

I loved the adorable red efts that were a common sight. Maybe that's why I love geckos today. Also, the sound of bullfrogs at night was a relaxing treat. (I may be misremembering this but think the boys' Camp Don Bosco played taps in the evening.)

My brother Jim slept on the screened porch in warm weather. One Friday night in early spring, it was too chilly when we arrived so he got into his cot in the living room to discover he was sharing his bed with Momma Mouse and her little darlings. We all watched while she carried them off to some safe place. Eventually, peace returned. The water was so pristine. I enjoyed watching the sunfish on

their nests and chasing intruders away. The large snapping turtle I often saw on the bottom off the deep end of the wharf was always on my mind while swimming. Other fish were easily seen.

I loved rowing our boat all alone. Especially to the completely quiet (except for fish jumping) marshy end by the dam. I read books there and watched the brilliantly colored dragonflies/darning needles who would land on me—scarlet, topaz blue, emerald green and purple. Dad loved rowing the whole family

around the lake. I sat in the bow with Chippy on my lap—she had to be the first to see what was coming up. Sometimes Dad rowed like a crazy person to create chop for Chippy to bite. Otherwise, I splashed it up with my hand to relieve her boredom in the middle of the lake. We sometimes reached deep in the water to pull up a (slimy) water lily to savor its pure beauty up close in the camp. We were sometimes rowing at dusk and the sky was very busy with swallows gobbling up mosquitos and moths and swooping down for water bugs.

Another early spring evening when we arrived, I took pails to the lake to get water and surprised a lovely white ermine/weasel. A once in a lifetime delight.

We put sunflower seeds in a hollow log outside the back door for chipmunks. If we forgot to put a stash in there, we would hear loud complaining outside the door. Dad and I slowly got them to eat out of our hands. Simple pleasures are the best.

I was grateful to be able to contribute to the alum treatment fund in gratitude for all our cherished times there. I am very concerned about the state of the environment all over the planet. While I'm here on Earth, I try to do whatever I can for as long as I can to try to make a difference for all life in its infinite forms. Now that we know all the damage, we humans have done, to do nothing is not an option. No matter how small, as caretakers of this world we need to take every opportunity to undo some harm and hope we can make improvements.



Adele Garvin on Sarah Nippo's Rock

RYAN AND KAYLA FITZGERALD



We are Ryan, Kayla, Jack, Patrick, and Jake (the dog) Fitzgerald. Ryan is from Manchester, NH and is a Firefighter for the Manchester Fire Department. I am from Bedford, NH and work as Nursing Director at Catholic Medical Center. Jack is a kind and fun-loving 6-year-old, while Patrick is a wild, yet sweet when he wants to be 3-year-old.

Ryan's love for Nippo dates back to his early childhood when his grandparents, Beacon and Nana (Herb and Elaine Fitzgerald), hosted countless family gatherings at "The Camp."

Some of Ryan's fondest memories were made

here; from the July 4th boat parades, to bringing friends up for birthday sleepovers, to hosting some unauthorized keg parties. Ryan's childhood summers often consisted of taking day trips to the camp with Beacon, while listening to AM Sports Radio and savoring a brown-bagged lunch packed with love, from Nana. Some kids might think spending the summer with your grandfather might sound uninteresting, but Ryan and Beacon had an indescribable bond. For Ryan, coming to Nippo Lake has always been about having a place to spend time with those you love and not being distracted by the hustle and bustle beyond Nippo Hill. When I met Ryan, he spoke of Nippo and was shocked to hear I already knew about this gem! My first time at Nippo was at the Thibaudeau's tubing in high school. I grew up with Joe and it is great getting together with him, and friends from our past. Ryan and I have always dreamed of Nippo one day being our home to share with family and friends, the way Beacon and Nana did with so many.

Beacon and Nana purchased the camp in the 1970s. Beacon would always speak of how clean and clear the water was. He was very proud to be part of the Nippo Lake community. When presented the opportunity to continue the heritage of the camp, we could not pass it up. As the years have gone on, we have explored various options for living at Nippo. After 10 years of enjoying summers (and some winter days) in the camp, we are finally excited to be full time residents and to be building a home of our own (under construction on Harlan Drive).

Living at Nippo Lake naturally draws you outside and makes it easy to partake in outdoor activities you would not necessarily have the opportunity to do elsewhere. Since living here, we have spent more time as a family going on hikes, golfing, boating and swimming. We also love sharing our home with family and friends, and they love visiting us at Nippo...but then again, who wouldn't?

It is an honor to contribute, support and be a Guardian. We cherish Nippo and one day hope our kids will want to make Nippo a place for their families. Improving the water means a safer place for us to live and more memories we can create here. Being a Guardian is such a rare opportunity to make a difference in improving the environment and the place we now call home. We are grateful for the hard work and time other property owners have already put in; the monetary contribution is the least we can do.

Nippo Lake Draw Down:

Lack of rain this year has resulted in the water level slowly dropping over the summer. On October 12, 2020 NHDES will officially begin the annual water draw down.

Nippo Lake Guardians

(40) and Friends (9) have raised \$98,500. Despite these trying times the Nippo Lake community has stepped up to secure a bright, sustainable future for our shared lake. Thanks to a generous board member we now have a matching program for any contribution over \$250. If you have yet to make a contribution now is the time! Please do so on-line at www.nippolakeassociation.org or mail a check to Nippo Lake Association, PO Box 213, Barrington NH 03825. As the Nippo Lake Association is a 501c3, your donation is eligible for a new, temporary charitable deduction (limited to \$300) established by the CARES Act in tax year 2020 for taxpayers who claim the standard deduction.

Who are the Guardians?

Nippo Court

Bishop & Bunten
Kathy & Paul Doucette
Greg & Meaghan Doucette
Kristin & James Healy
Sherilyn & Jonathan Kasper
Fern & Dino Houliaras
Donna Massucci &
David Leveque
Nathalie & Keith Soucy
Denise & Michel Theriault
Michele & Chris Villa

Golf Course Way/ Bailey Way/Eagle Drive

Denise & Glenn Adams
Diana & Don Fortenbacher
Christina & John Maiorino
Crystal & Ron Weitzell
Kim Weitzell & Phil Jodoin

Flower Drive

Alice & Charles Briggs
Christine & Kevin Brigham
Anonymous
Nicole & Tyler Conroy
David Cullen
Kayla & Ryan Fitzgerald
Marie & Kevin Fitzgerald
Donna-Belle & Jim Garvin
Sue & Matt Kornguth
Eileen & Peter Limoncelli
Darlene & Marc Moreau
Elaine & Steve Pierce
Karolyn & John Richard

Sarah Lane

Diane & David Dickson
Clarice & Robert
Girouard
Gale & Stan Hersey
Nancy & Kevin McIver
Gloria & Sam Robinson
Scott

Harlan Drive & Rte 9

Lynda Brushett & Jay Cocoran
Brendt & Madisen Corcoran
Jinette Sturman & Peter Orr
Carol & Roger Thibaudeau

Liberty Lane

Dussol
Dennis Frangos

OUR GOAL TO CRYSTAL CLEAR WATER

