



Peter Eugene Tilton

June 25, 1935 - January 20, 2024

Hampton- Peter Eugene Tilton Sr. left us on January 20, 2024 after a brief illness. Pete was born June 25, 1935 at Deaconess Hospital in Boston. He resided at 125 and 133 Landing Road his entire life. He attended school in Hampton, and later the Davis Vocational School in Dover where he graduated in 1954.

An industrious lad, he was hired by Homer Johnson to shovel snow on Towle Avenue before he had a driver's license. He worked on and off for Homer until 1967 when he took a position for NHDOT at the Charter Street Garage in Exeter.

He had a natural aptitude for operating heavy equipment of all kinds and was as good a road grader driver as has ever pushed a blade. Between 1975 and his retirement in 1998 he worked at Hampton DPW doing everything asked of him, be it cutting brush or keeping the snow at bay from beach to Exeter and back. He was especially proud to have helped repair one of the old fish houses at Bicentennial Park. The young fellows who he worked with gave him the nickname "Old timer" not because of his years but

because of his attention to detail, and for encouraging them to do it the "right way" and take pride in their work. After retiring he owned his own antique road graders and did jobs as Pete's Grader Service. For many years Pete was a call man on the Hampton Fire Department where he fought fires and helped squash beach riots in the 1960's. Around 1957 he enlisted in the SeaBees with some close buddies and they trained in Davisville, RI; they had some interesting road trips during his four years of service!

Pete obtained his first lobster license at age 14 in 1949 and hauled traps every year until 2021 thanks to kind friends who helped him on his trusty boat, Sea Hoss. Governor Chris Sununu issued him a Citation for his 73 years on the sea which he was happy to show anyone who came in the house. NH Fish and Game said no fisherman had actively lobster fished continuously that many seasons at the time he retired. In 1981 he founded Defiant Lobster Company with wife Joan and son Pete Jr. and was a beloved presence there for many seasons. His father Lawrence was a founding member of the Hampton River Boat Club, and Pete was the longest active member, having paid his \$1 dues at age 16 in 1951. Growing up family friends, Pete and Joan married one very rainy evening October 2, 1959. They had two sons; Peter E. Tilton Jr. of Hampton NH, and David,

who
died tragically in 1967.

Pete loved exploring the brooks and streams of NH and Maine in search of brook trout as well as trolling for ice-out salmon on Winnepesaukee with his son. "Tobac", as he was known to his comrades in the deer woods, was always a welcome sight to see, and his laconic "Tobac is here" on the walkie talkie a reassuring voice when he joined the hunt. He was an avid smelt fisherman and made many trips to James Eddy, as well as the Squamscott River over the last 40+ seasons. An expert clam digger in his day, in his golden years he was content to sit in a sunny spot and watch Pete Jr. gather oysters along the shore of Great Bay. While a sub-par vegetable gardener, he was a first-rate blueberry picker as recently as this past summer, navigating among the bushes in his rollator (AKA "4-wheeler"). Pete and Joan traveled all over northern New England and Nova Scotia over their years together, and in later summers they made an annual stay at Ocean Gate Resort in Boothbay. They had a favorite room reserved for them overlooking the coastal waters where Pete could watch the local lobstermen ply their trade. Joan would make them native crab meat sandwiches for lunch and they always brought some home to share with lucky friends. No longer up for the rigors of traveling in his

last

years, he greatly enjoyed having friends visit him at home. In a comfy chair on a summer night by the firepit, regaling lucky companions with stories of his life in his distinctive accent and voice- he was in his glory!

Pete was able to enjoy his recliner, overlooking the river and marsh in the care of his family and his cat buddy Felix until his final days. Hampton and all he touched lost a very kind soul when he passed away. There will be a celebration of Pete's life in the spring at Hampton River Boat Club; please check back on this page for details. In lieu of flowers, please donate to the American Cancer Society or Southeast Land Trust.

The last road is graded, the last trap hauled, the last fire fought and the last smelt caught. The last cuddle with your cat, embrace with your son and kiss good night from your beloved wife have been shared. There is no more work for you to do.

Your family is safe, and your worries are at an end. You can break trail in your snowshoes and we'll follow along soon enough. We'll be alright, and won't ever forget you, my father.

Tribute Wall

PJ

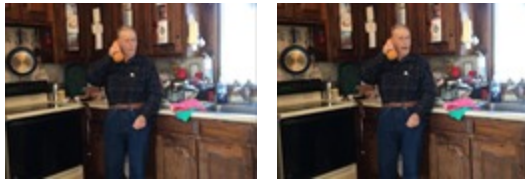
“ 1 file added to the album *Videos of Dad*



Peter Tilton Jr. - March 07, 2024 at 08:00 AM



“ 2 files added to the album *Dad being Dad*



Peter Tilton - February 09, 2024 at 09:48 AM

BE

“ *I was saddened when Keith informed me of your loss of Peter. He was a wonderful man and friend to me.he was always ready to help a friend .your memories will help you and Peter.*
Bernie Annis

bernie - February 07, 2024 at 10:49 AM

CS

“ *Beautifully written remembrance. You are all in my prayers.*

Colleen Spiro - January 26, 2024 at 12:03 PM



Thank you Colleen.

Peter Tilton - February 02, 2024 at 10:48 AM

CG

“ *We are heartbroken to hear of Pops passing! He will always hold a special place in our hearts! Pops helped us on our journey of lobstering with his vast knowledge! Mostly he was a dear friend a truly wonderful man and we were lucky to have known him and his family! Love and prayers to all of you!*

Chris and Lisa Gray - January 26, 2024 at 07:19 AM



You were on his last voyage out to haul; thanks for all your help, Chris.

Peter Tilton - February 02, 2024 at 10:49 AM

KL

“ *Mrs. Tilton and Peter,
If you looked for a definition of a hard working, kind New England Yankee raconteur character you wouldn't have to look beyond Mr. Tilton.
I always enjoyed our pleasant but too brief conversations at Defiant, he was always on the move.
"Death leaves a heartache that no one can heal, but love leaves a memory no one can steal"
Fondly,
Kevin Love*

Kevin Love - January 25, 2024 at 02:12 PM



Thank you Kevin!

Peter Tilton - February 02, 2024 at 10:50 AM

DS

“ *My sympathies to Joan and Peter. I have so many wonderful memories of Defiant. May he rest in peace. D.Seed*

Dorothy Seed - January 25, 2024 at 11:08 AM



Thank you.

Peter Tilton - February 02, 2024 at 10:50 AM

KB

“ *Always enjoyed hearing Mr. Tilton share his stories about life and times in Hampton. He was a kind and generous man who valued his family, friends, and community. May he rest in peace with fair seas and a following breeze.*

K K Buchanan - January 24, 2024 at 10:55 PM



Guess I am "old Pete" now ;-)

Peter Tilton - February 02, 2024 at 10:47 AM

“Pete and Joan, I never met Tobac, but I did know Joan from miles of walking and chats and from the very special day when she shared a tour of her Bear sanctuary and explanations of her bear treasures with my amazed niece, and I knew Pete from shared FB exchanges. He posted commentary on his Dad's failing health and encouraged visits to the hospital if we wished. I decided to go, hoping my presence might bring a little comfort to Joan and Pete and to show I cared.

When I got to the room, Pete was sleeping deeply. Joan and young Pete greeted me with excitement and hugs and I was quite relieved as I feared my presence might be presumptuous. Instead you both made me feel like royalty! We got to chat a bit and you assured me that Pete was not in any pain and I could hear in your voices that you had come to terms with the realization that Pete's time was very limited and that you didn't want him to suffer. It was pleasant to chat and share some thoughts and a few laughs. When I was about to leave and was saying my good-byes, Pete said you two were leaving, too, so I suggested we walk out together. I looked back at Pete senior as did young Pete and to our surprise, his eyes were open. Pete rushed over and spoke with his Dad, comforting him, telling him he loved him and Dad responded "I love you too." I could hear Pete speaking softly with Dad, saying his work was done, that he and Mom would be fine and he'd take care of Mom and other soothing things. Joan went to Pete and embraced him and kissed him tenderly. She, too was offering peaceful thoughts to her husband. My heart was filled. I wanted the family to have this time alone so I slipped out after telling Pete to savor every moment. I thank you for letting me experience this tremendous and genuine expression of love. The scene is permanently engraved in my mind and I am privileged to have been with you at such a sensitive and moving time.

Pete will always be with you in your thoughts and deeds and just in the way you do and say things and experience life. His influence and the mutual love you shared will always be there to be drawn upon. You have been blessed and may you carry on with smiles as you reflect upon the life you've shared.

Linda Desjardins - January 24, 2024 at 04:24 PM



I'm so happy you were there to share this little miracle, Linda. It was his last moments of consciousness and we were all "together" one final time. Blessed we were, and are!

Peter Tilton - February 02, 2024 at 10:56 AM

RF

“ *Pete and Joan,*

It was a pleasure to have known Pete Sr all these years. I have nothing but the fondest memories of our times in the woods, and at your home and business. I know how much he loved hearing about Pete and I chasing the elusive partridge and Woodcock with my dogs Gunny, Scout, and Patch up north in Pittsburg. And I thought it was so fitting, that the last time I saw him, he was dressed in his red and black checkered hunting gear, sitting with his son at the entrance of Jonty lane. A place where we have crossed paths many times over the years.

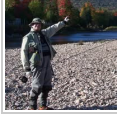
I'm of the belief, that there's something beyond this world. A place where there is no pain and suffering. Where the hunting and fishing seasons have no end. And the weather is tolerable. If you're there now and you see my dogs Gunny and Scout? They will know who you are, follow them into the bird coverts, and get ready for that Thunder flush. And tell them I'll be along some day. Not today. Not tomorrow but someday in the near future.

Our most sincere condolences to Pete Jr and Joan. You all had a special bond and relationship with each other, that was right out of the best read story books. And for those of us who saw it, and experienced it, know just how truly blessed you all were. Rest In Everlasting Peace Pete.

Ralph Fatello and family



Ralph Fatello - January 24, 2024 at 11:32 AM



The deer will rest a little easier now. Not that Dad was much of a threat recently but he did alright over the years. Many times he showed me where he killed his first deer in Antrim with his father, and the shots he fired in anger were at the junction of Jonty's and White's Lane. I looked hard but never found those two empties...Thank you Ralph.

Peter Tilton - January 24, 2024 at 04:21 PM

SN

“*Joan and re-Pete, Our world is so very much less with Pete making his farewell journey. I loved seeing his truck come up the driveway, and knew that he and Bobbynudd would be talking for hours about everything they both loved. And the crabmeat...that was always so delicious. A kindly gentleman, a wry smile and a glint of mischief in his eye, always removing his hat when a female approached, and blushing when he addressed her. I loved listening to him talk about growing up in Hampton, about what the town was, and how it had grown. We knew who to call at the DPW when ice built up on Exeter Road, and always knew it would be remedied with the greatest professional detail. I loved how sure he was of his job in that grader, and knew that all of the town equipment he touched was made better for his care and knowledge. He will be sorely missed and remembered with a gentle smile, a Yankee story, and a deep and abiding love for his family. Fair seas and gentle winds, my good man, and special friend. Rest easy. Love, Bobbynudd and Sheila*

Sheila Nudd - January 23, 2024 at 10:09 PM



Thank you Sheila and Bobbynudd.

Peter Tilton - January 23, 2024 at 10:52 PM

KA

“ My heart goes out to Joan and Pete Jr (rePete) on your loss. I've nothing but the greatest of respect and great memories of Mr Titon. A kind, gentle man. His smile and laugh. We've lost a great man. Heavens gained an angel. RIP Mr T.

Kerry T Annis - January 23, 2024 at 05:56 PM

MR

A beautiful tribute to a robust life full of accomplishments. What more would he have done if time hadn't run out?
A true inspiration, and a reminder to us all not to take life and each other for granted. Well done, Mr. Tilton.

Monique Rimbaud - January 23, 2024 at 10:15 PM



Thank you so much.

Peter Tilton - January 23, 2024 at 10:48 PM



Thanks Kerry.

Peter Tilton - January 23, 2024 at 10:53 PM

RM

A fitting tribute to a memorable life. The trail you followed has ended in eternal peace.
RIP Tobac

Ray Maher - January 24, 2024 at 08:09 AM

PH

Tiltions were friends of my family for years. My prays are with .
Sincerely.Phyllis Stickney Hefler, Springfield, Ohio

Phyllis Stickney Hefler - January 24, 2024 at 09:01 AM

DB

Always a gentleman,very helpfull to all who knew him,Sorry for you and your mom's loss loss!

Don A. Barnard - January 24, 2024 at 09:43 AM

WB

So glad that Pete was part of my life will miss him not to many natives left may you rest in peace

William Bowley - January 24, 2024 at 03:32 PM



Thank you Bill. He always perked up when your name was mentioned.

Peter Tilton - January 24, 2024 at 04:24 PM

TJ

so sorry to read about the passing of your Dad, Peter. Hugs & Prayers to you & your Mom.

Tracy Jones

Tracy A Jones - January 25, 2024 at 03:09 PM