

Female Speaker: Joseph and other fishermen, and I am here to introduce Eddie Enos or Edward G. Enos Jr., who is going to talk about the days when he grew up and his experiences along the waterfront when he was lucky enough to get to know, among others, Mr. Joseph. He hereby gives, grants to the Woods Hole Historical Collection as an unrestricted gift for such scholarly, educational, and publication purposes, as the collection shall determine, the tape recordings and their contents. Thank you, Eddie.

Edward G. Enos Jr.: Thank you. Well, needless to say, Joe Joseph was quite a bit older than I was when I first met him. I was about twelve years old. I was raised up in Falmouth Heights, and I'd spent a lot of time around the waterfront looking for slugs and different kinds of fish and so on. On my 12th birthday, which was in March, my parents gave me a spinning rod, my first. This was about 1955. I lived up on Falmouth Heights Road. I used to go up to Little Pond up on Falmouth Heights, which was, in the old, old Mass, called Lake Leman. The Falmouth Rod and Gun Club used to take and stock brown trout in there. Every year, they'd take and put in 250 brown trout. It was a freshwater pond. The white perch used to come in from the ocean. The [inaudible] used to come in from the ocean. So, there was plenty of food there, and trout grew very rapidly. Well, I didn't know that Joe Joseph used to like to fish for white perch, commercially. It was one of his ways of relaxing. Also, he was trying to make a few extra dollars. I was up there this one afternoon, after school, had ridden up there on my bicycle. The fishing wasn't all that great. My mind was wandering. All of a sudden, I heard this rattling and clunking. I looked behind me, and here comes this rusty, old truck pulling up behind me. A man gets out of the back. I'm looking at him, and I said, "Jeepers, I don't know what this is all about." Gets out, and he said, "Hi, young fellow." He said, "How is the fishing?" Well, my usual answer was not too good, even if the fishing was great, because I didn't want any competition. So, I said, "Well, not really that great." He said, "Well, things will be picking up shortly." He fished around the back of his truck, got his fishing rod out, grabbed a bucket of bait. He came down with a broad bag and proceeded to take control of about four or five handfuls of these grass shrimps out on the water. He sat down next to me, drew his [inaudible] out, and started asking me questions as to my name and where I lived and who my father was. He said his name was Joe Joseph, and I could call him Joe. Well, I was thinking, probably about 10 minutes, all of a sudden, all these little grass shrimps started jumping out of the water. The white perch just started literally chasing them right out of the water. Fishing started to get hot and heavy for Joe because he had grass shrimp. I was fishing with worms. I wasn't catching a darn thing. So, after a couple of minutes of this, he said to me, "Come on over here and grab some of this bait," which I did. We proceeded to start catching fish, [inaudible] hand of the fist. Well, pretty soon, the sun started to set. So, I decided I better get home to dinner, or my mother would be on my tail. So, I thanked Joe for the bait and the fishing lesson. He had told me that he had just bought the Harvard New Fish Market. It wasn't a fish market at the time. It was just basically gasoline and supplies down at the end of Falmouth Harbor. He had bought it from a fellow by the name of Bud Burrows, who, at that time, there was a restaurant there called Hurricane Deck, people used to call it. But Bud Burrows was one of three people who owned the Hurricane Deck. He had bought the fish market part from Bud Burrows and proceeded to put a fish market in. So, he told me, he said, "Well, if you're out around, come on down by the fish market sometime. I'd like you to see it." So, I just let it go with that. Two or three days later, I took a spin down at the fish market to see my friend Joe. I think he was cooking up some fish and chips for someone. He did have one old fryer there. He was busy with a customer, and I was just sort of looking

around. He had a glass case. In the glass case, he had a couple of haddock and catfish, and I saw what I thought was some of the white perch that we caught. He did have a tank with some lobsters in it, and some crabs. Soon as the people left, he said, "Hi, Ed." He remembered my name. He said, "I have got something here for you." He reached behind him, and he grabbed a slip. He pulled the slip out, and he proceeded to hand me \$6.33 cents for my share of the white perch that I got. So, I said, "Oh, my goodness, this is great." This is the first dealing I have ever had with a grownup, and he was honest and so on. So, I proceeded to leave some of my money right there anyway. I ended up buying some clams and some French fries and so on and so forth. That was the first time, as I've said, that I really got to meet Joe. Since then, I have always seen him around the waterfront. I spent a lot of time around the waterfront, but I never got really too much to look into his background until he passed away in 1979. Then I started to think about, jeepers, there were so many things that, as I started to look back, that I thought everyone knew about him. Not too many people knew. A lot of it has to do with history. So, I decided to start to put some of these stories down. Just before he passed away, he was telling me about a story when he was raised in Quissett. I'll go right back to the very beginning here. He was born in 1892, in November, in Davisville, which is down at the very end of Davisville Road, in a little building right where the – now is where would be the Green Pond boatyard is. His mother and father had come from Portugal, and they just moved to Falmouth at the time. I don't know what they did. They may have been farmers at the time. They stayed there for about three or four years, later moving to Quissett, down on Woods Hole Road. They bought a piece of land there and had a farm. From that farm, they raised vegetables and chickens. They sold eggs. His mother had a laundry business for the local people. Basically, it was self-sufficient in selling whatever they could from their farm. Joe pretty much grew up in that neighborhood on the farm. Whenever he had a free minute, he was down around Quissett Harbor, around the waterfront down there. So, basically, he was always down around the water. He never had any fear of the water. In talking to people afterwards, he had absolutely no fear of the water, even though he couldn't swim a stroke. He would just about tread water. He went away to school to study the violin and voice. All I could find out was he went away to the city. I don't know what city it was in, but he used to go by train. He was staying at the boarding house at the city. He would come home on a break. When it came time to coming into Falmouth, he would tell the engineer on the train to slow down at the Trunk River, where he would jump off and head up over the hill by the Faneuil Estate, which backed up to where his family's farm was. He wasn't going to go all the way to Woods Hole and walk back. Across the street from his house is where the Quissett schoolhouse was. A few years later, he met a schoolteacher there by the name of Ruth Mayhew, who he later married. She was from the Vineyard, from the Mayhew family from the Vineyard, and they had a large farm over on Martha's Vineyard. Well, shortly after this, Joe had to get down to doing some serious business because he had a family he was taking care of. So, he went to work for the Sydney Lawrence Farm down here at Lawrence Farms, down in Woods Hole, as a farmer. I understand he worked his way up through to being like one of the head gardeners there. While he was there, he was approached by a gentleman from the Grand Union Tea Company out of Brooklyn, asking him if he would be interested in putting out some kind of a root for selling vegetables and staples and so on, in the Falmouth area. Well, Joe said, "Yes, I would be interested. But I don't have any way of getting around. What I have is a bicycle." The gentleman said, "Well, if you're interested in doing it, we'll send you a horse and a wagon, on the train. We'll set you all up with a basic stock of supplies." Well, Joe agreed pretty much to that. A few days later, he gets a telegram from the Grand Union Tea Company saying that the horse is

going to be down on the 3:30 PM train, for him to get down [laughter] and meet the train because the horse will be there. So, sure enough, he gets down. He rides his bicycle downhill to Woods Hole. The train comes in, and there is this beautiful mare, beautiful horse. He hooks a rope on her bridle. He cuddles his bicycle back up the hill where he lived up in Quissett, with a horse tagging along behind him. The wagon was to come on the next day or two. He got a note. He went down, took the horse down, and he hooked it onto the wagon and brought that back, along with basic stock of supplies. Well, Joe started to deliver his vegetables and so on, throughout the town of Falmouth; the flour, the sugar, and any grains or basic staples. As he was going along, the people didn't have any money to pay for them. He would barter with them for fresh eggs, cheese, vegetables, something that he could supplement his income with, further on down the line. He eventually developed quite a reputation as being a pretty good barterer. He built up the business so that the Grand Union Tea Company decided that they wanted to put extra people on the route down there. He built it up so much that they offered him a job in Brockton as a manager of a new store that they were going to open up there. Oh, there is one other story about that horse. [laughter] It turns out that the horse was – he was a little suspicious because the horse was not your typical nag that you see pulling a wagon. It was kind of a spirited type thing. Whenever he was going down the road, if another horse was coming alongside, this horse would take off like a bat out of hell. He was there just holding on. He came to find out, the horse had evidently been a trotter or a racer of some type [laughter]. So, he was mentioning this to the blacksmith down around [inaudible], one time, when he was taking her down to have her shoes fixed. The blacksmith said, "We're going to fix this neat." He proceeded to hook up a little contraption that hung from the horse's neck with some kind of an obstruction, so that as the horse walked, there wouldn't be any problem. But if it decided it was going to run, it would clip it close, so it broke itself with the habit. That trained the horse after a couple of weeks. Well, Joe, he stayed in Brockton for about two or three years. Then he decided that that really wasn't the kind of life he — he didn't care for the inland type business. So, he moved back out to the vineyard. I think his wife's parents passed away, and they left the farm to him and his wife and her brother. So, he went over to the farm for a couple of years, I understand, and helped to get the farm back in operation. But he really liked Woods Hole and the Quissett area, so he ended up coming back to Quissett. They had three children, Monroe, Theodore, and Charlotte, over this time period. One of his ways of making his living around the waterfront was lobstering. He was a typical Cape Coder in that he did everything himself from the very beginning of hacking – making his pots, making the neck head material, what they called pilers and [inaudible], and making his wooden floats out of logs and so on, and painting them all up. He would run a trap line of probably two to three hundred pots. He had a boat that he kept over at Quissett Harbor, at the town dock, and was called the *Lung*. As I said, being a Cape Coder, he spent his nights down at the Herring Run, so either oyster pond or down the pike or Long Shore Drive, catching his lobster bag. Fishing being what it is, some nights you had big bonanzas. You were home early. Other nights you stayed all night with two fish. But he would take himself down, and he would go out, one day heading towards the Cunningham area, and then on the other day, heading up towards the canal, tending his lobster lines. I was told actually at one time that there was a northeast blow for several days, and he was dying to get his hotpots haul because he knew they were full of lobsters. He was getting a little short of cash. So, he got, I think, his son to take and drive him down to the Sippewissett area over by the Cape Codder Hotel, where Sippewissett Beach is, at Wood Neck. He launched a 14-foot skiff into the surf there and proceeded to row out and pull his pots all the way down to Quissett where the wind is kind of stirring. His son just

couldn't believe it. All he could see was just the boat would be in sight, one minute, and out of sight, the next. He was not a very big man, but he was very strong man because he spent all his time around the waterfront. He was very physical. He also got me involved in lobstering in the [19]60s. As I said, I have known him all my life since I was twelve. He was telling me how great it was, and it was good to make a few extra dollars. He set me up with twenty pots, and he told me where to go to buy the rope at wholesale prices, and the buoys and so on and so forth. Got me started, showed me how to bait the pots, how to rig them, and so on. I did this for a couple of years, but I decided it wasn't really my cup of tea. As I said about the herring fishing, he did go herring quite a bit for his lobster bait. He also sold herring in the bulk to – these are alewives – to Sam Cahoon's fish market. Later on, he would take a truck into New Bedford. There was a tremendous amount of effort involved here. He had a net basically. It wasn't typical net that you see with people who go herring now. It was a long-handled net that had a large wooden bow on it. It was stretched across with twine, so it was almost like a skimmer. He would park his truck on the railroad tracks up there. Of course, hoping that no one would come along. He would just literally skim the water and then one swoop of his net, just keep them going right through the air, until it landed it in his truck. He was literally bailing right into the truck, until the truck would almost be groaning with all the weight. He would be heading off to Woods Hole with them. He did this for many, many years, along with other people. Roland Scannell, I don't know if people recognize the name, but he used to be a selectman of the town of Falmouth, health agent. He was a fisherman too, part-time fisherman, who loved to get out in the nights. You would see these people at any one of the three herring runs, depending upon which one they thought was going to be the hot one that night. They would be there. They'd just about have the whole run to themselves. If a family came down and wanted to get some fish, they would just step back. Let the people go there and get whatever they wanted. Then after everybody had their fill, they would just go right back to it again. As I said, they got literally tons and tons of herring. I don't know if it was worth the effort. If they ever got paid by the hour, it was probably about 2 cents an hour or something. I was told one time when he was a youngster, when he was very young, he had just gotten his license, I guess. He had his parents' car. It was an old Model A or whatever it is. He was driving by the herring run. The herring, I guess, were really coming in strong. He couldn't resist it. So, he immediately rolled down the back window and just proceeded to fill up the back of the car with a fish. Needless to say, he got the devil when he got home. [laughter] He loved to quahog. I think probably of all the shell fishing, it was quahogging. This way was using what we call a potato digger or a scratcher. I don't think anyone in the town could out-quahog the man, side by side. I don't care – e. when he was eighty-five years old, he had a knack that was just polished from all the years of doing it. It was a pleasure just to watch him, let alone try to fish alongside of him. If you fished with him and you fish with the idea that, that old man, I have got to stay up with him; it was the worst thing you could have even thought about because you would have literally burned yourself out. He had a little saying that – I don't know if anyone's ever tried quahogging, but the rake is basically flat across, you know, just set of fingers. What you do is you scoop out, you fill the quahog, and you bring it up in one smooth motion. If you don't bring it up properly, the quahog rolls off the side or rolls off the end, or you lose it. Well, most people, when you drop the quahog, there goes a good one. So, you go fishing around in the mud, and you never find the darn thing. He used to say that for everyone that you are fishing for, if it fell off the rig, he said, forget about it. He said, "While you're looking for that one, I'll get three." I talked about him going white perch fishing. Spring and the fall were the best times to catch the white perch. In the

spring, they'd be coming in with the alewives to lay their eggs up in the ponds. The price in the spring wasn't that good because Cape Cod being where it is, most of the fish that are caught are shipped down to the New York market, and the water warms up faster in that direction. So, generally, in the springtime, the price for white perch wasn't very good because someone had gotten to market first in New Jersey or wherever. So, he used to like to go more in the fall. In the fall, they would be schooling up, getting ready to head out the sea again. His part was going for white perch, usually out of a boat, using his shrimp – he would go fishing with a fellow by the name – who turned up to be one of his lifelong friends – by the name of Quahog Rose. His name was John Rose. I don't know where he got the name quahog, but it probably has something to do with one of his shell fishing expeditions. I used to see them fishing from a boat, and right up until six months to when Joe passed away, see them down at the Moonakis River or at the Dexter River, Coonamessett River, in their skiff. It'd be just a little skiff, just about big enough for the two of them with their bait and their gear and so on. They'd be anchored. Being the fisherman that he was, he knew where to be at certain tides, at certain periods of the tide. He would be out there chumming away, catching fish, handle the [inaudible], and on occasion, they would catch a nice salter trout that would be in the area. They would end up almost sinking the boat, again, barely making it to shore, loading these in the back of the car, and run them off the market or ship them up to Boston. Joe, as I said, used to love to catch the fish, and he got this bright idea one day. He knew Lorenzo Jeffers from the Vineyard, who was the great sachem for the Wampanoag Indians. I don't know if his name may have come up to you when Earl Mills was speaking to you. I had met Lorenzo Jeffers on several occasions. I stayed at his place, two years, deer hunting, boarded at his house. So, I got to know Lorenzo pretty well. In about the mid-[19]70s, Joe talked to Lorenzo. Lorenzo, being an Indian and up at Gay Head, and they knew that Squibnocket Pond was an excellent white perch pond. Well, he talked Lorenzo Jeffers, who had some political influence, into going up to the State House and securing the special Indian fishing permit so they could go seining white perches at Squibnocket Pond. So, they got all the paperwork all squared away, Quahog Rose, Lorenzo, Joe Joseph. They hired three or four kids up in the Gay Head area, and they set out these seines for white perch. They got tons and tons of perch. They had so many, they didn't know what –they had dump trucks coming off the island. But I think by the time they got through paying the toll to the steamship authority, I don't think they ended up with very much money. But they sure had a lot of fun catching all the fish. In later years, he and Lorenzo got together. Lorenzo sold most of his property over in the Vineyard. In later years, they came over to Ashby, up in Ashby at Flat Pond. There's a river that comes out of Flat Pond that is actually the fishing that empties out into the bay area. They used to take and set these fish traps in the river there and catch the white perch there also. He also used to like to go tautog fishing. One of his favorite sayings was when the dandelions were in bloom, that was the best time to go tautog fishing. It probably had something to do with the air temperature and water temperature, being spring and fall. As he said, when the dandelions were in bloom, the tautog generally had migrated into shore, and they were ravenous. He used to really like to go fishing for tautog. He would jump into his boat, the *Lung*, and steam up through the Woods Hole passage and head over towards (Bull Bell?). He had a range, which is on the southwestern end of the Middle Ground. He had a range out there that he used to brag about all the time. It used to line up at the water tower, the Woods Hole water tower with a house that's on the beach at Nobska Beach. It's a big house. That's one range. The other range was on up in Lackeys Bay. There were two chimneys on a house up there. They used to line up over a pumphouse on the shore. Once he would have these ranges all

lined up, he'd be jogging back and forth. Once he got it all squared away, he'd say, "Okay." He'd cut the engines real quick, and he had these hand lines. They were tarred cotton hand lines. That's all he used to fish with. He didn't like to fish tautog with rod and reel because they pulled too hard. He said, "You couldn't get them in the boat quick enough." So, he used a technique. Once he was in position, he would take and bait them up with – he used to use green crabs and these large hermit crabs that he did cracked when he was lobstering. We'd take them, put these over the side to seed it, hand haul these tautog into the boat. They never had much of a market. I used to enjoy eating them. He used to take and give most of them away. Then he would sell whatever he had left. If it was too windy to go out to the Middle Ground, he would sneak around and get over to the east side of Nobska Grange, and then get right into almost on top of the rocks. He had a little hole there also that was very good on a westerly tide. When it came to scalloping, he used to scallop with dredges and so on. But he was probably the first man that I ever saw scallop with a [inaudible] rake. I never saw anything like that before. He would be literally scooping these things up off the bottom of that lake. Here I am, hunting for them with a net traditionally. Here's this guy, he's scooping them up. "What's wrong there, young fella? Can't you see them?" He's just combing them right out of the grass. Of course, with the net, we're trying to look for them in the bare spots. I got a real kick out of that. I'd never forgot that. It's probably something in (Wiyot: Wiya't day?). In 1971 or thereabouts, we had tremendous scallops in the Eel River in (Wiyot: Wiya't?). I went with my friend here who I worked with (Gene Tass?), in my boat. We had my whaler in the water and ran down there. God, we put the dredge over the side. You couldn't tow it much more than 30, 40 feet, and it was full of scallops. Dump it out on the top of the deck, and we're combing through all the scallops. I look up, and here comes Quahog Rose and Joe Joseph, down through the middle of us all here, with the two dredges out and big pile of scallops here. They had all their bags pulled up, and Quahog bailing for all, get out. Because it was an old, leaky wooden boat, and they were almost sinking. I'll never forget that. I can picture that in my mind today, big smiles in their face, saying, "What are you guys up to?" I said, he was a pretty rugged individual. In the wintertime, there wasn't much going on. So, it was a case of he used to like to go eel fishing and pick up with these spear needles. The spear is basically a mud spear. It wasn't really a spear that most people picture. It was designed basically to hook the eels out of the mud. One of the best- was a Kent spear. It was made by a gentleman by the name of Kent, I assume. I do know that he was in West Barnstable, and it was forged. There was no welding involved. It was a specially tempered spear. If you had a Kent spear, that was the Cadillac of the eel spears. Well, Joe, of course, had two or three of these. He used to fashion up these spruce poles out of spruce ledger board that he would shave down until they were real thin. He would fish out of his boat until, finally, ice would set in for the eels, and skinning them out and sending them up to the markets, locally, and also up into Boston and New York. But as soon as the ice set in, he would be the first one out on the ice. As long as he could get out there, he didn't care how much ice there was. More than once, you'd get out on the ice, and with one drop of the axe – in those days, we used to use an axe – it would be through the ice. Saltwater ice, I don't know if you have experienced with it, but it's different than freshwater ice in that it's very spongy and soft. If you watch someone going across saltwater ice, especially when it's very thin, you could actually see it sag. We'd be out there reeling, and he'd tell me, "Now, young fellow, make sure you keep your legs apart, spread your weight, and don't stand in one spot too long." [laughter] I'd be creating a hole. He'd be fishing along. I'd be in my own hole over here, just circling around the hole, jabbing for these eels. When you snag one, you get them up on the ice. He would fall off, and he'd stop at

the poles, so it's like a barbless spike. He'd be jabbing away over there. He'd be getting thousands of eels out of that one little hole. I'm over here. I'd get maybe two, and I would say, "Well, it must be a bad spot." So, I'd go cut another hole. Well, I'd have about four or five holes cut, and he'd say, "Are you all through with those holes over there?" I'd say, "Yes, I am all through." He'd go over there and proceed to pull out another twenty or thirty eels out of every one of the holes. [laughter] He was quite a character, as I said. I had a lot of fun with him. One of the things that I remember also about him was he never appeared to be wearing much in the way of clothing, but the clothing he had on was always wool. He always had a stocking cap pulled down over his head because he didn't have much hair up there. He would be out there. You'd see him out there. He just had boots on, and he'd be out there. There'd be ice all over him. I'd be bundled up with insulated underwear and all kinds of heavy clothes on and everything, freezing to death. He's out there. "What's the matter with you young fellows?" Here he is, as I said, over twice my age. He's out there jabbing away, shaving, just a short pair of rubber gloves. I had these long ones so I wouldn't get wet. He was really an amazing character. As he started to get a little older, he took – if the ice was a little thicker, it's difficult to cut ice with an axe. He and Quahog decided that there must be a better way to making holes. So, they ended up using a post hole auger, one of these electrical – gasoline ones. So, he'd be out there. You'd have this thing kind of start up like a chainsaw, and he'd be out there boring these holes wherever he wanted, the two of them using a post hole auger. On occasion, I used to bump into him freshwater ice fishing. If he wanted to be really sporty about it, and it was kind of a nice winter day, and there wasn't much going on; he would grab some bait, some minnows, and head up to Coonamessett Pond with a friend of his who used to be a caretaker on the Gifford Estate, by the name of Joe Sylvia. I used to bump into these two old-timers just about everywhere in town. Wherever you'd be driving along, and all of a sudden, you'd see Joe's truck back off into the woods. One of his favorite spots to fish was in Long Pond, up at the northwest corner. Of course, Long Pond was the town reservoir, and you weren't supposed to fish there. However, as per say, that was where the biggest fish in town lived, was in Long Pond. So, we would try to hide our vehicles and proceed to walk on different route and try to get down there to Long Pond. Fishing in Long Pond really was fabulous. It probably was a mad group's – probably all in your imagination, but anything you got there, they seemed to be the sweetest. In later years, when he was fishing, when he first came back to Quissett, how he used to have this old truck. It was an old Model A or T. I don't know exactly what it was. But it had a cracked block in it. This was when he had his family young and so on. He used to come out in the morning in wintertime. Of course, the thing didn't hold any water. The water would just go whoosh right out through the bottom of it. What he would do is, he would take three or four raw eggs and crack them into the radiator, proceed to fill it full of water, and then head like heck out of town, up to his fishing spot at Long Point. He said, "Most of the time, I'd make it without any problem, to Long Point, before I lost all the water." So, he'd go out fishing and doing his quahogging in his depth there. Then when it came time to come back into town again, he would crack some more eggs in there. He said, "Then I'd bail saltwater. I couldn't hurt the engine in it. I just bail some salt water in there, and I can g get myself back down to Sam Cahoon's fish market and sell my catch." As a young man, sometime in the [19]20s, Joe was also on the police force for a short period of time. I was told, again, this one. I didn't hear this one from Joe. They were out, I guess in the spring of the year was kind the falling out. Over in the west Falmouth area, checking these estates just to make sure everything is secure. They're driving along. The gentleman with him was by the name of the Antonellis. Now, I don't know if it wasn't the Antonellis who has the insurance

agencies, parents possibly. They're driving along know. It's kind of slippery and really goeey in the mud, and he's kind of losing his traction. Joe's driving, and he doesn't get stuck. He puts head, and he doesn't go. He puts in reverse, doesn't go anywhere. Puts it ahead. He never said boom. He got out of the vehicle. He went around the back. He picked up the back of the vehicle and pushed it off to the side and got in the truck and said, "There." Off they went. [laughter] As I said, he was a pretty strong man. He wasn't very large in size, but he was very strong. He was also a member of the Quissett Grange, and I guess, one of the more active members there. He and his friend Joe Sylvia, I can remember my parents telling me about the Whist parties they used to have there, which I guess were a lot of fun. When the old-timers played Whist, I understand that they were pretty serious about it. If you were their partner, you would darn well know what you're doing. In later years, he farmed a piece of land over on [inaudible] Road, of about, probably five acres. He always had farming in his blood. I never really knew about this part of it until one day, I saw him out there. I said, "What are you doing out here?" He said, "I used to be a farmer years ago." God, he had peach trees, apple trees, pear trees, and all kinds of fruits, raspberries, blueberries. The garden itself was tremendous, big garden, the best-looking turnips and carrots you ever saw. He also had this one area that he had just broadcast flower seeds. They talk about wide-row planting. Well, this was probably about 4 or 5 feet wide. He literally scattered asters and all kinds of flowers, zinnias, all the way down through here. It was about 25 feet long. He would cut these and put them out. He had a little roadside stand, and he would just put them in water out front. He sold his vegetables there also. He had a little money box there that the neighbors or whoever, they wanted anything, they would just plunk whatever they thought was their worth, into the container. When I first met him, as I've said, I lived up in Falmouth Heights. I went to work at the Falmouth Harbor boat sales for a few years, and I picked up the trade of outboard mechanic at the time. So, I would see Joe on occasion. I would take care of his outboard motors. He'd bring them in to me to get them fixed. His first question would be, "Hey, you've been fishing lately?" That would be his first question. If I asked him, he'd be telling me about how [inaudible]. Well, even after I left there, I still took care of his outboard motors up. I'd been told, the day he died. I would never charge him any money to take care of them. I would just get the money for the parts from him. But I would come home at night, and there would be a half a bushel of quahogs on the step, or a bushel of turnips or carrots, or there would be something, or a big bunch of flowers for my wife or whatever. There was always something on the doorstep unexpectedly waiting for you. It was typical of the lifestyle in the days that he grew up. He didn't need, necessarily, money, but he just bartered it all. Joe, as far as I know, never smoked or drank. If he did drink, it probably would have been for medicinal purposes, if he had a cold or something. He never carried a watch. He told me there was never any need to have a watch. He said, "There wasn't anything you're going to do about the time anyway." So, it's no sense. [laughter] He was very young-looking for his age. That was probably the part that really amazed me when I found out how old he was for the first time. I could not get over his facial features. There wasn't a wrinkle on his face. I remember, again, just before he died in the late [19]70s, of an incident that happened up at the plaza. Of course, now, he's spinning around. He's eighty-five years old. He's got this big old truck. He can't get around too well to see about backing up. So, he's backing up, and he went crunch into somebody's bumper. There wasn't any damage. So, he gets out and proceeded to trade paperwork with the people that he had crunched bumpers with. The fellow who he started to trade papers with was a friend of his sons. He saw the name Joe Joseph and the Quissett address. He said, "Oh, Ted Joseph must be your brother." [laughter] It turned out, he



thought that Ted Joseph was his older brother. That I believe [laughter]. Basically, as I said, he was a strong man. He was strong right up until the very end. He had a prostate trouble. He ended up going in the hospital to get it operated on, but I guess he had waited too long to really get into the hospital. He had always put it off. He developed pneumonia. He got very weak. When he came out, I could see the difference on him. He went from a man who looked like he was fifty, to a man who looked like he was ninety. He started to slow way down and so on. I'll never forget that. He said, "Young fellow, if that prostate of yours starts to give you any trouble, don't be a damn fool like me. You go in there and get it taken care of while there's still time," Shortly after that is when I think – I'm not sure of the final details, but I think he had a heart attack while driving. He was in a weakened condition, and he did pass away. To this day, I still have a lot of fond memories of him. I work at the Marine Resources Department, so I'm out around the waterfront all the time. I come across his haunts where I used to see him quahogging in Quissett and West Falmouth and over in North White, the places where he used to white perch fish. I could see him and his buddy Quahog there, just having a ball. Here they were, retired, whatever they wanted to do. If that's what they wanted to do, they did it. They didn't care what time of the day it was or whatever. I just sort of stop and think about myself and my partner, who I'm working with all the time. We used to do a lot of fishing, and I'm wondering about what it's going to be like when it comes time for me to retire, if there's going to be any of us left. I sort of think that maybe Joe did live in the right time period because he isn't going to have to worry about pollution and the quality of life going down the drain. Basically, that's all I have to say. [applause] Are there any questions? Are there any questions?

FS: I've got a question.

EE: Sure.

FS: Do you see a real difference in the quality of things in the environment?

EE: Definitely. The access, just access alone. They've always said the years are near. You hear people telling you that the marsh is the very beginning of life in the ocean. There's no doubt about it. We're losing our marshes, one thing or another.

FS: How about the herring runs? Are they still running as richly?

EE: It's difficult to answer. Well, the little pond that I told you that I fished at used to be a freshwater pond. In about 1970, in the early [19]70s, it became built up around it. It wasn't a real pond. It was a very shallow pond, and it always had a lot of weed in it. With the buildup, there was nitrogen problem that came into the pond. So, the people who lived there started complaining that the pond wasn't getting enough turnover. They had this little fly that came in. It was called a herring fly. This thing here, it wouldn't bite you, but it would buzz. They said, "Well, jeeppers, if we turned this into a saltwater pond, we'll get rid of all this problem." So, they took, and they immediately proceeded to dredge out the entrance, changed the whole course of the whole thing, and in effect, created it into a saltwater pond. But they didn't do away with the nitrogen problem. They still have the large growth of algae there, which gives them the weed. They still have the odor. In effect, we lost the herring. We lost the white perch that go in there. We've lost the excellent trout fishing that used to be there. I had my picture in the paper, as I

said, when I was about fourteen years old, with a six-and-a-half-pound brown trout that I caught there one day and ran it down a pond where the boat sails. My picture ended up in the Standard Times there, my dad's cutoff boots that were about ten sizes too big for me, with my fish and my hat pulled down in my head. But I kind of think that was supposed to have been progress, and it wasn't. All I think about is the same thing now that the town is trying to do the same thing with Bowmans Pond. Now, after all this big commotion, and if we do get it open, if it does go through, what is the final effect after all the money and time that has been spent on it, basically? But there's nothing you can do to stop it. I mean, people – we're just building it up. We're killing it ourselves, basically. Yes.

Male Speaker: You have had a wonderful personal relationship with this man. I heard Ted in 1981. One of the stories he told about his dad was the time when the oyster industry was having a lot of problems, a lot of complaints, and there's a [inaudible] administration. So they began to dredge the bottom of all the sands around here to catch all the starfish. Joe was one of the guys that went out there and dredged starfish. I guess they plowed them all up at (TGS?) at the Harvard Fish Market there. They got tremendous plow going, used to bring them in by the ton. Then it began to stink. Then they got concerned about, what are we going to do with all these starfish? So, Joe happened to have a truck. So, he hauled the starfish away, but he hauled them up to his place in Quissett, threw them all out of the yard there. Throughout the conversation I had with Ted, he kept talking about things he used to pile up in his yard that would always end up causing a big stink. Starfish were there. Then he said, "Well, what the heck. I am going to plant potatoes." So, he planted potatoes the next year, on the ground, and I guess they had the most lush crop of potatoes. [laughter] They had so many potatoes that the kids had to carry them down to the cellar. There were so many boxes of potatoes, the potatoes began to stick. [laughter] Some fantastic stories. Another one, he said during the end of his lobster fishing, that he just gave up because he didn't want to catch lobsters with the summer people. In other words, they were stealing his pots.

EE: Yes. That was the other thing. As I said, he made his own lobster pots, and the ones that I bought from him, they were the standard size lobster pots. Because as he started to get a little older, he did haul them all by hand. He redesigned the lobster pots. So, it was only about the size of an apple box, and they fish just as nice as could be. But they were a lot easier to pull in and so on and so forth. He was a pretty sharp, old character. The part that amazed me, and most of the people that I know who've known him throughout the waterfront, was for his age. I mean, there was no way you could put an age on the man. The average person off the street say, "How old is that person?" You look at him. He'd be scampering around, just full of energy and vitality, and always had a nice smile. Kids, he loved kids. He loved to see kids down around the waterfront. If you were fishing down there, and you showed any interest – I mean, if you were going to be kind of bratty, he would kind of scooch you out. But if you showed any interest, he was just as patient, and he'd give you any kind of instruction you wanted. He'd encouraged you to go fishing. These are the things that I remember of the man. I mean, sure, probably, someone else down the street would say, "Well, we can remember that time you did this or whatever." But I said I had fond memories of him. Yes, ma'am.

FS: What about in Quissett, could a pond be that was not just full of stones in the field?

EE: Well, his area was right – I don't know the names of the – where it's –

FS: Right opposite the cotton mills.

EE: Right, right. I don't know the names of the, of the people in the neighborhood. I know where the house is. It was on the left-hand side as you drove to Woods Hole. The greenhouse is there now where he lived in. Mrs. Joseph is there. She knows the people in the neighborhood. There's a flat area there. In the old days, of course, there were no trees. There weren't any trees. It was all pasture. You'd see all the stone walls. It was all pasture, I guess. Yes, ma'am.

FS: What happened to the violin training? [laughter]

EE: That was the part that amazed me. I do know that he, went to church at St. Joseph's in Woods Hole. I've been told that when he sang – he sat in the back. He used to collect the money, the offerings and so on. When they came time to sing, they said that he had a tremendous voice and that the voice training really showed. But that's as much as I know about that.

MS: I have one thing to say. I don't much of my wife in the summertime because she's taken to fishing so. You were one of the people responsible because you [inaudible].

EE: Right. I remember taking her out behind film, have her boat sails on the dock and showing you how to cast.

MS: Oh, she's a real [inaudible]. [laughter]

EE: Well, thank you very much. You've been a very nice audience.

[applause]

[end of transcript]