

AFFIDAVIT

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I am a fisherman/lobsterman out of Green Harbor and have been making my living this way since 1962. My family has a long history with the Green Harbor River. On the north side of the river upstream from the dyke, my father, Willis Dexter, along with some friends, built a hunting stand. This was in the late 1920's on the Plymouth Light Company property. The owner gave the go ahead as he was also a hunter. They actually had some commercial hunting going on there for awhile. When the depression came, my parents improved the hunting stand and moved in. They lived there for about ten years during the depression, living off the fish and shellfish in the river and the ducks and animals my father could hunt. My brother Dan was born there. There was a well there though the water was a little salty. It was used mostly for gardening. After the depression ended the family came down from about April to October with my father coming down on weekends. I was born in 1940. In the 50's the river was so clean you could see the bottom everywhere. The water was salty and the tide came in and out twice daily with about a one foot change in tide. The tide and foam went all the way up to Wharf Creek. The tide gates were doubled hinged, going back and forth as I recall. We swam in the river. It was salty enough so that it was easy to float. When I swam into the incoming tide, the water was cold and my body rose from the salinity. In the flume and along the island the water was about ten feet deep at low tide.

As a youth I hunted and fished all along the Green Harbor River. In the 50's there were sea otters, clams, quahogs, razor clams, winter flounder, striped bass, herring, smelt, white perch and alewife. For two years in the early 50's there were big blue crabs (about 5-6 inches across) which were called lightening crabs because they were as fast as lightening. The weather was warm those years. The clams could be found all the way to Wharf Creek where there was a big sand bar. There were thousands of horseshoe crabs. The quahogs were in the river until about the mid 50's. I used to make money selling them at the fish market. The salt water fish were upstream as far as Bass Creek. Since my marriage in 1962 I have been living in Marshfield, first on Allen Street and then at my present address. I've seen people seining for herring to use for lobster bait on the harbor side. The shoaling in the harbor has been incredible. When I was a child there was a deep channel, even though thin in areas. The big islands on the ocean side are now high and dry at half tide. The siltation is huge and there is a complete lack of flushing with the current situation. The last full harbor dredge was about thirty years ago but the mouth is now dredged every year. I still go out lobstering regularly but do not look at the upstream side of the river much. The river really changed when they closed out the tide. It looks dead and ruined.

I do hereby certify and make oath that the above statements made by me are true firsthand accounts.

11/10/03
(Dated)

Subscribed and sworn this _____ day of _____ in the year 2003.

_____, Notary Public