

AFFIDAVIT

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Following is an account of organisms I have found, seen, or caught in the Green Harbor River, Marshfield, Massachusetts, upstream from the dike.

I was born in 1956 and spent many summers vacationing on Major's island in the Green Harbor River. I remember spending many hours each day playing on the riverbanks and wading or swimming in the clean water. Twice a day, the high tide would fill the river with clean water and twice a day the low tide would drain away the residue from the dairy upriver.

I remember, occasionally the cows would leave their pasture and wander down the river banks opposite the island. They left extremely deep footprints in the mud.

I remember catching hermit crabs. We would keep them in a makeshift container for an hour or two and then release them when we grew tired of watching them.

I remember digging for sea worms to bait our hooks with when it was Dad's day to cook. Dad would make us fish chowder if we could catch him a flounder. I have vivid memories of the sea worms because I was terrified of them. I don't know if they can bite, but as a child I was certain they could. I can still picture their heads surrounded by fine, needlelike projections. Anyway, we would gather both sea worms and black mussels with which to bait our hooks. The mussels looked disgusting when the shell was smashed open (to this day, I can't imagine how people can EAT them!), but they were less stressful and easier to catch than the sea worms. Then, out we would row, into the channel, and drop the drop lines. We had only one fishing pole and that was generally wielded by Eric or Dave, as they were the most skillful fishermen among the siblings. I can remember my sister muttering under her breath that she hoped she would not pull in an eel. Eels were awful to pull off the hook, and Dad would not cook them. Neither

would he accept any perch - too bony and difficult to clean. He would only accept flounder for the chowder pot. I can't actually remember catching any flounder, probably because I was seldom allowed to go out for the actual fishing - I was always the bait catcher. But I can remember Dad's fish chowder, and I remember him being adamant about using ONLY flounder in the chowder, so we MUST have caught flounder on a regular basis.

I remember getting up early in the morning, while everyone else remained in bed, and quietly sitting by the boat dock watching the snowy egrets. They were such a beauty and a wonder to me. They always disappeared by midsummer, when the water quality changed.

As the summer progressed and the water warmed up, the river would grow a blanket of brown-green (with reddish tinge) algae. We called this "the bloom" and it was terribly difficult to row through. We gave up swimming and wading when "the bloom" appeared.

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

Signature

Date

Subscribed and sworn this _____ day of _____
in the year 2004.

Notary Public