

## Letters

July 23, 2007

To the Editor,

I have now finished the second edition of *Spritsail*, every word of it, detailing those wonderful plaques on the Library lawn. What an amazing project that was, from beginning to end! And what an important addition it is to the preservation of the history of Falmouth.

In addition to the beautiful bas-reliefs, I want to commend Jennifer Gaines on the part her literary essays added to the project – preserved forever more in *Spritsail*! I had no idea of the depth of each of those activities, and how they supported the community of Falmouth. Each one of them was such an important factor in the growth of our town. What tremendous research she has done, and how lucidly she has described life in Falmouth as it developed and matured over the years.

Who would have thought that the business of eeling could have been so important? It instantly brought back memories of the ten summers of camping our family had in West Harwich. We used to go eeling at night on Bass River, each of us dangling a baited line into the dark and murky water. What excitement there was when we pulled up a squirming, wriggling eel which Dad dumped into a huge bucket of water.

Dad was a real pro at skinning those eels. The next morning he'd cut off the head except for a small part of skin, nail it to a nearby pine tree, and pull the skin down as you would pull a stocking off a leg. Then he'd cut them up in small chunks which Mother would roll in cracker crumbs and fry to a golden brown in butter. They were so delicious! More like chicken than fish, and the one chunky center bone was no trouble at all to eat around.

My Dad used to visit us a lot when we first moved to Falmouth over 30 years ago, and he still loved eeling. Now, however, he brought his metal trap. Once we caught an enormous fellow, over three feet long, right in Oyster Pond. What memories that brought back!

Please pass our appreciation on to Jennifer Gaines. Every time we look at the broken-down stone wall on our property, we'll think of the sheep it was built to contain, that there were probably no trees on the land, and that life here was a continual struggle. How much happier the people must have been, though, not to be concerned about our involvement in wars on the other side of the world!

Mavise Crocker  
Fells Road, Falmouth

To the Editor:

Congratulations on a wonderful anniversary issue. The index alone is worth a pot of gold! Mary Lou Smith and her dedicated staff have certainly kept their promise of offering “pleasure, adventure and exploration of the currents of local history” over the years.

I do want to clear up a misunderstanding about the ownership of the Julia Wood House at Museums on the Green. The caption on page 32 lists Samuel Cross well (sic) as a former owner. In fact, Samuel Crosswell, Justice of the Peace, witnessed the sale of the house and property to Dr. Aaron Cornish in 1827. Thus the owners after Dr. Francis Wicks are Dr. Aaron Cornish, Captain Warren N. Bourne, Mrs. S.E. Gould (niece of Capt. Bourne) and finally Julia Wood, Mrs. Gould's daughter by her first husband Benjamin Swift. The family connections through Captain Bourne are complicated because he married his brother's widow and raised his brother's daughter as his own. As a result, Julia considered Capt. Bourne more of a grandfather than a great-uncle.

Sincerely,

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