

Explore New England

BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE JULY 9, 2006



There's happy angling these days in Boston Harbor, Quincy Bay

Hooked



PHOTOS BY MICHELE MCDONALD/GLOBE STAFF

By David Arnold
GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

QUINCY — At 7:32 on a recent Wednesday morning, striped bass started hitting the flies of a pair of anglers fishing off Peddocks Island at the rate of about one fish per cast.

Ogden "Og" Hunnewell and Dan Gregory were clients of Firefly Outfitters, a Boston-based fly-fishing enterprise whose business includes finding fish in waters that once were the

brunt of dirty jokes.

Cast, strike. Cast, strike.

The anglers worked from the bow and stern of a drifting boat that twisted and turned as fish tugged on the lines. Shuttling between his clients was Michael Wilmerding, 34, the captain and guide. He had found the fish. Now his job was reduced to unhooking and releasing the stripers as envious, luckless anglers watched from a half-dozen boats nearby.

Cast, strike. Cast, strike.

To call the situation an embarrassment of riches might have been an understatement.

"It's moments like this," Gregory noted from his bow perch without a hint of complaint, "that take the sport out of fishing."

And it's moments like this that demonstrate the distance Boston Harbor and Quincy Bay have come from the days when fish were jump-

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Captain Michael Wilmerding (center and yellow jacket above) steers a charter out into Boston Harbor early one May morning. His customers use flies like this one to catch striped bass like that one, though it was too small to keep.

'Hi-ho, the derry-o,' be a farmer in the dell

Caitlin Miller of Cambridge visits D Acres of New Hampshire, which offers breakfast the first Sunday of each month.



TOM HERDE/GLOBE STAFF

By Clare Innes
GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

RUMNEY, N.H. — Wherever we wandered on this 200-acre mix of farm and forest, deep, cloven hoof marks mingled in the mud with boot prints. As we leaned against a fence that separated us from two enormous oxen, I met the creatures responsible for some of these prints.

"This is Henry and Autumn," said my guide, Abby Holm, 29, as they lumbered toward us. Holm is the farm manager at D Acres, which is dedicated to promoting principles of sustainability. Henry — or maybe it was Autumn — planted a giant smooch on Holm's face. Autumn — or maybe Henry — approached me and accepted a scratch under the chin before his tongue snaked out for a taste of my jacket. One look

in his soft eyes and I wanted to throw my arms around his tawny neck.

Hundreds of small farms across New England are throwing open their barn doors and welcoming visitors to hang with the heifers, share a meal with the farmhands, harvest their own produce, or spend a day learning a skill. With corporate mega-farms and foreign competitors — and the legislative loopholes that favor them — undercutting small farmers at every turn, agricultural tourism keeps many afloat when milk and produce prices take a dive.

At D Acres of New Hampshire, for example, visitors can attend workshops on pruning, raising chickens, sustainable forestry, or turning a lawn into a garden. The encyclopedic list is aimed at anyone with a

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GL M9 19:31 FIRST

RED

BLUE

YELLOW

Black

