

1. alewife: also called sawbelly, grayback, gaspereau, or branch herring (species *Pomolobus*, or *Alosa, pseudoharengus*), important North American food fish of the herring family, Clupeidae. Deeper-bodied than the true herring, the alewife has a pronounced saw-edge on the underside; it grows to about 30cm (1 foot). Except for members of a few lake populations, it spends several years along the Atlantic coast of North America before ascending freshwater streams (possibly the parent stream) to spawn each spring in ponds or sluggish rivers. (*Encyclopaedia Britannica CD*. Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., 1995.)
2. Corrupted from 17th c, *aloofe*, taken by some to be an American Indian name; according to others a literal error for Fr. *alose* a shad. Further investigation is required. (*Oxford English Dictionary*. London: Oxford University Press, 1961.)
3. 1678 Winthrop in *Phil. Trans.* XII. 1066. The coming up of a Fish called Aloofes, into the Rivers. Where the Ground is bad or worn out, the Indians used to put two or three of the forementioned Fishes, under or adjacent each Corn-hill. The English have learned the like Husbandry, where those Aloofes come up in great plenty. (*Ibid.*)
4. Every spring even such a fish migration, moving through ocean as mysteriously as the force of a wave, breaks against our south New England shore. In colonial times the younger Winthrop wrote of it, telling of "the coming up of a fish called aloofes, into the rivers. Where the ground is bad or worn out, the Indians used to put two or three of the forementioned fishes, under or adjacent each corn hill. The English have learned the like Husbandry, where those aloofes come up in great plenty."
(Henry Beston, *Outlands: Journeys to the Outer Edges of Cape Cod*. Boston: David R. Godine. 1986. 158-9)
5. Into every empty corner, into all forgotten things and nooks, Nature struggles to pour life, pouring life into the dead, life into life itself. That immense, overwhelming, relentless, burning ardency of Nature for the stir of life! (Beston, 164)
6. An ambitious gardener can bury the rest [of alewives] under his corn plantings to serve as fertilizer, . . . It is a practice that we inherit from the Indians, . . . (John Hay, *The Run*. Garden City. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1959. 31-32)
7. If the English sailor, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, had been ashore in the springtime instead of on his ship when he gave the Cape its name, it might now be called Cape Alewife. (Hay, 37)

8. Though they are only part of a multitude of other lives that nurtured the American past, the alewives should be given high and special credit. William Bradford's *Plymouth Plantation* testifies to their vital importance in the Pilgrims' first year. After the Mayflower left in early April of 1621, Squanto, that greatly helpful Indian, showed them "that in the middle of April they should have store enough come up the brook by which they began to build, and taught them how to take it, and where to get other provisions necessary for them." (Hay, 37)
9. To sketch a fish so generally is scarcely to know it, but even if I were able to give a good account of its complex skeleton down to the last bone, or discuss all the actions of its nervous system as known so far, I would not have done enough. Our bodies may have chemicals in common with them, but we will never know the fish. (Hay, 62)
10. "They [animals] are not brethren, they are not underlings; they are other nations caught with ourselves in the net of life and time, fellow prisoners of the splendour and travail of the earth." (Beston, 25)
11. "What the human spirit wants, as Robert Frost said, 'Is not its own love back in copy-speech, /But counter-love, original response.'" (Robert Finch, *Common Ground: A Naturalist's Cape Cod*. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1994. 103)
12. The alewives helped to pen the world for me, although the outcome of their circling was always beyond knowing. Men may be highest, or so men say, but they cannot be complete without granting equal dignity to the unsurpassed uniqueness of their forms of life. One ought to be able to say: "Here is a life not mine. I am enriched." (Hay, 5)
13. The sheer bulk of stone axes, broken hammer stones, flakes, and other objects points to a long and continued use of the area by local prehistoric peoples. Some, such as certain stone spear points designed for catching fish, suggest the presence of a halieutic Indian culture in the valley as much as 7, 000 years ago. (Robert Finch, *The Primal Place*. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1983. 142)
14. About a foot in length, it is a large-eyed, small-mouthed, silvery-scaled fish with a deep belly and a row of sharp serrations on its ventral ridge that have given it the name of "sawbelly" in some localities. Its more common name of "alewife" is said to derive from a loose association of its pronounced abdomen with the alewives or female tavern keepers of Elizabethan England, who were traditionally represented as large-bellied women. (*The Primal Place*, 139)

15. I looked out over a magnificent, turbulent symphony of wind, rain, circling, and interweaving gulls, flowing water and cleaving fins, and a wild mixture of sound that partook of all the earth's shattered and shattering forces. Wildness and wilderness are not, after all, to be evaluated by size or remoteness, but by the nature and play of forces within a place. That morning, at least, the narrow, shallow channel of Stony Brook valley contained more than its share of creation. (*Common Ground*, 28)
16. In an age when most towns have lost what John Hay calls their "rooted" continuity the Stony Brook run represents an unbroken and vital tie with our beginnings. . . . Whether we gather them [alewives] to eat, to bury in our gardens, or simply to feel in them the raw, cold power of the sea coursing through our inland veins, they remind us of our continued participation in and ultimate dependence upon the natural cycles and free passage of life upon this planet. (*The Primal Place*, 159-60)

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