



# Joanna Weeks

I grew up a few blocks south of the Unitarian Memorial Church, where I am recording my story. I want to tell you about my father, Edwin Joseph McQuillan, born in 1917. He was raised at 9 Green Street in Fairhaven, one of five brothers. As youngsters they were wharf rats hanging around the docks on Fort Street to see what mischief they could get into. He used to tell stories about the powerful rum running boats he would spy on from the rocks at Fort Phoenix as they headed out to pick up their illicit cargo. Anyway, he was a Fairhaven boy through and through, a proud graduate of Fairhaven High School. He became a mail carrier in town and over his 35 or so years in the postal service rose to postmaster.

The main characteristic to know about my dad was his love for his town. He wasn't a demonstrative man, but he gave his talents to his community in quiet ways, helping with the annual homecoming fair and working with the FHS Alumni Association. He was honored by the Fairhaven Improvement Association as person of the year, sometime in the 1970s, though he had by that time moved to Dartmouth. He and my mother volunteered in other ways too. They were the first couple to go through docent training at the New Bedford Whaling Museum.

I think I can credit my dad for modeling what it means to love your hometown and to give back to your community. I serve on the board of the Millicent Library where I had a part-time job as a teenager, shelving books and filling in on the circulation desk. For one year. I was the helper on the bookmobile, a service long since discontinued as two car families became more common. I'm happy to support the library that has given me endless hours of enjoyment over my 65 years. I've lived in Fairhaven nearly all of my life, aside from a couple of years in Gloucester, I treasure being near beautiful Buzzards Bay, living amidst Henry Huttleston Rogers majestic gifts to his town, and experiencing such gratifying moments as the town's first Pride rally. I doubt I could be as happy anywhere else.