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# On the Line



*Special Edition*

## In Memory of Joseph M. Pasquale

*As appeared in The Sun Chronicle  
November 14, 2002*

PASQUALE - Of Mansfield, October 25, 2002, Joseph M. Pasquale, age 50. Beloved husband of Irene (Lesch) Pasquale. Devoted father of Robert and David Pasquale, both of Mansfield. Also

survived by his grandson Anthony. Loving son of Mary Deluca of Newton and the late Joseph Pasquale. Brother of Daniel Pasquale of Illinois and Susan O'Neil of Hyde Park. A Memorial Service will be held on Saturday, November 16th in the Bolea-Amici Funeral Home, 115 North

Main St., Mansfield, at 8 pm. Relatives and friends are kindly invited. Memorial Visiting Hours Saturday 4-8 p.m. prior to the service. In lieu of flowers, donations in Joe's memory may be made to the West Side Benevolent Circle, P.O. Box 506, Mansfield, MA 02048.

### PRES' BOX

I believe an absolute truth is people who are as kind and generous as Joe are so few and far between that a person may live his whole life never knowing that goodness. I thank God that I was fortunate enough to have had the pleasure of sharing part of his life. I'm going to miss him.

*Bob Dansereau*



I would like to offer my deepest thank you to all of the members of our Club for all of the support that you have shown and offered after the tragic events of the loss of our friend Joe Pasquale while diving with Rocco and me on October 25.

That night Roc and I went home overtaken by shock and disbelief that this accident could have happened. Starting the next morning with organizing the beach search that included most of the active members of the club, I quickly realized that I was no longer alone in dealing with this. My good friend Dave Swain from Ocean State Scuba came over at about 7:30 on Saturday morning, having been through this before, to offer advice and guidance. He also made sure that Rocco received proper care after he realized that he was suffering from DCS. Bob and Lori Dansereau, our friends Al and Melanie and my wife Karen were with me all day coordinating the beach search for the next morning. I was very nervous about attending the next club meeting, not sure if

people would think I should have done more for Joe or that somehow we were to blame. My fears were totally unfounded. I received nothing but kind words of encouragement, understanding and offers of help.

## An open letter to the OCA Membership

I would like to expressly thank the following members by name for their words and actions that have made me understand what friendship is truly about:

Rick Amaral, Ray Baril, Marcy Bernstein, Ian Campbell, Terry Carragher, Frank Casagni, Henry Cugno, Bob Dansereau,

Dave Donnelly, Tom Gagne, Patti Heckman, Bill Lane, Doug Leedham, Don Vierra and the gang from the Scuba Center, Janet MacCausland, Bob McManus, Ed Packhem, Lori Plante, Bob Riecke, Nigel Howe, Karen Roach, Bill & Susan Turner, Bill Weedon, Mark Welzel, Dick Will and the loving support of my wife and member Karen, and anyone I may have inadvertently missed.

*John Stanford*

## Remembrances of Joe

Joe was quite a guy with a tremendous personality and a hearty laugh. He went with me to the Sea Rovers clinic in Boston last March and we had a very full day, taking in the various diving clinics during the day along with the manufacturers' product displays and then to the movie presentations in the evening at John Hancock Hall. We were both impressed with the Sea Vision mask and the demonstrations of it, enough so that we both bought one. I got to know Joe a lot better during this day.

Adding to that was the P-Town weekend with its diving together or partying together. I am sure missing him. This has been a great tragedy for me. The show of support from the club with the beach search and the hiring of the search boat proves that everyone feels the same as I do. Sincerely, *Dick Will*

Joe was a friend. Although we met in the dive club and did some diving together, we kind of bonded by sharing the unfortunate experience of being laid off. I was out of work in the fall of 2001 and Joe knew the axe was going to fall for him at the end of the year. We did our best to help each other out, traded contacts and tried to keep each other's spirits up with some mutual positive reinforcement. Joe found work first, I later did, then Joe unfortunately got laid off again. During these trying times we tried to keep each other up to speed on the latest developments and maintain our spirits.

We both play racquetball and shared a bit of that during some off time. Like many guys I get along with well, Joe had a strong competitive streak. If he got behind he just played harder.

I was happy to see Joe's efforts in Dive Master training. I admired his passion for diving and could see the fun he was having. The only solace I get out of this affair is knowing that if Joe has left us, he at least did so doing something he loved.

*Ian Campbell*

Joe was the type of guy that would always be there for you. He seemed to be very knowledgeable about many different topics. You could ask him almost anything, and he would come up with an answer or a comment about your topic. And to really appreciate the type of guy that Joe was, if by chance you ran a topic by him that he wasn't familiar with or asked him a question that he didn't know the answer to, be assured that the next time you saw him, he had that information for you. Whether it be a work related issue, a dive location, or a trip to the tropics aboard Royal Caribbean, Joe was the one some of us turned to for advice. If there was something he didn't know how to do, he asked someone to show him so then he could then show someone else how to do that same task.

That happened this summer at Winter Island. We had just spent the morning searching for scallops, and now it was time to shuck them. I guess Joe had never done it before and neither had a couple other of us, but there he was, bucket and knife, jumping right in, following Bob's (McManus) lead. Professor Bob then went on with his shucking class with the rest of us.

Joe and I talked many times about work related issues, but at the end of last summer I turned to him for some cruise advice. Needless to say, he was very helpful. What to watch for, what to avoid, but most importantly which cruise line to travel, Royal Caribbean, of course. With as much as he talked about them, I'm almost surprised he didn't go to work for Royal Caribbean. The cruise was very successful, and upon my return I was looking forward to discussing it with Joe.



On the few occasions that I had an opportunity to talk with Joe, I found that he always had a kind word or thought to offer during the conversation. He always seemed to find a common interest no matter who he was speaking with. One case in point was our last Winter Island weekend in July. Joe spoke to my son about scouting (which he was very much involved in when his children were younger). Joe made a particular effort to talk to all the children that were there about crabs, shells, scallops and other seaworthy topics. During our Saturday evening meal (which he helped cook) he made it a point to tell me and Michelle how much he enjoyed talking with our kids and complimented us on their manners. My kids enjoyed him too. When I told my family the news of his disappearance, they remembered him well. This is the way I'll remember him too.

*Henry C.*



At our next meeting, the 24th of October, we finished our business and proceeded to go "across the street" to bid Rocco a fond farewell before he headed off into hibernation. During the meeting, I had noticed that Joe looked a bit down. I really wanted to talk to him to see what was going on and to tell him about the trip, but I ended up way down the other end of the table. Many people came across to toast Rocco that night. In retrospect, it was quite fitting. After some good food, conversation and coldies, I needed to head out, but I hadn't yet talked to Joe. I was just going to save it for another night when there were less people around.

Heading out and saying my adieu, Joe looked over to me from down the other end. "Hey, how was the cruise?" My departure got put on hold. I proceeded to the other end slapped him on the shoulders, shook his hand and proceeded to tell him how good a time we had. We talked about his work situation and how everything was going with him. He was very relaxed and upbeat. Not that he was ever any different, but he seemed more relieved than in past months; almost like a great burden had been lifted off his shoulders. Further into our conversation, sighing, he explained that 'he had taken care of things,' and he was 'finally caught up with his financial burdens,' or basically something to that effect. I had to get going, so I wished him luck, shook his hand and said goodbye...for the last time.

I'm glad I got to do that. I will always have that memory of our last conversation. Joe, you were a great asset to the Old Colony Amphibians. We never got the chance to experience your true potential with us. You will be sorely missed.

*Dave Donnelly*



*The purpose of the Old Colony Amphibians is to further the sport of skin and scuba diving for the enjoyment of its members while at the same time promoting safety and sportsmanship.*

### O.C.A. OFFICERS

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O.C.A. meetings are held every Thursday evening at 7:15 pm at The Scuba Center in South Attleboro, MA. Winter meetings (11/1 - 3/31) are held the first and third Thurs. of the month.

We welcome your articles, notes, cartoons and photos for upcoming issues. Feel free to forward them to:

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Attleboro, Massachusetts 02703  
or directly to:

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Providence, Rhode Island 02905  
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[www.scubaoca.com](http://www.scubaoca.com)

## A Comical, Adventurous Tribute to Joe Pasquale

I had the pleasure of diving with Joe Pasquale on his first OCA club dive back a couple of years ago. I should have known from that point forward that every dive event would be a comical good time. I was the chairman of that first RI Wreck Dive on the Mary Arnold Tug and/or Barge Progress in 50 ft. of water off the Charlestown breachway. After circling for hours looking for blips on the depthsounder, we never did find the wreck, but we had a good time looking for it. We finally dropped our hook and went down only to find sand and a couple of scraps of metal and one lobster. The next dive of the day was a spearfishing dive on the outer middle seawall of Pt. Judith and everyone had a great time. Joe indicated that he was just getting back into diving, and this was a good easy dive on a calm day.

September 2001, we dove again at the annual fall P-Town weekend. This time Joe and I were buddies diving off of Rick Amaral's boat. There is always the question of whether to buddy together or not, or to go one's own way. On a lobster dive, I personally am usually so focused on the lobster that buddying up together comes secondary (same-day, same-ocean theory). Sure, we go down together, but that usually lasts about 15 minutes. I stick my arm in a bucket or "toilet" to pull out a lobster or two, and turn around and the buddy is gone. Anyway, it turns out that Joe had actually got hung up on some metal line wrapped around a lobster pot. He managed to free himself, but when he got back on the boat I felt really bad because we separated and I wasn't there to help him.

The second dive of the day we must have separated again because I was on the boat and he was still in the water. "But wait ... where's Joe going now? Look, there's his dive flag. Why is he in so shallow?" (Anyone who has dove at P-town knows that there is a ledge of about 25 feet deep extending about 50 feet

from the shore, where it drops off to about 100 feet. The lobsters are generally on the bank about 40-50 feet deep at the thermocline). I threw my mask, fins and snorkel on, jumped into the water, and swam over to Joe's dive flag. There was Joe. He managed to score a "ghost" lobster pot that was chock full of lobsters. He didn't find any lobsters down deep, but he managed to bring in one big score and quickly filled up his bag. We both climbed back into the boat. Then, "... wait ... what's that smell? It smells like rotten fish!" It was the most hideous rotten smell of dead fish. It

Right!  
No, left!  
No, right!

turns out Joe had brought up a bag of stinky lobster! Fortunately or unfortunately, we had to throw them all back.

The best part of the weekend was cracking up about the shack (see "Joe's Shack" below) that Mr. and Mrs. Benthos had put Joe up in at White's Village. Joe was a pretty good guy about it, and just laughed about the situation. Most people, including myself, probably would have bitched.

Another comedic adventure with Joe was this past Spring when Joe and I drove up to Rockport with Bob Dansereau and Lori Plante to get our last Winter Dive Club dive in. It was a windy day, and we drove around Rockport to every dive site looking for the

optimal location to wet our dry suits. It was also the first time that Joe tried out his new dry suit. We literally drove around and around. Joe was driving, and wasn't familiar with the area. Someone in the front seat would yell "Right", then someone in the back would yell "no, left". Then, "No, Right!" You had to be there. We eventually ended up back at Front Beach, where we first started, and had a great dive.

I always looked forward to having a few beers with Joe at Ruby's across the street after the meetings. He was the kind of guy that would offer you a beer, even if he was laid off from work. Joe would talk about his wife Irene, his two sons, or his involvement with the town Selectmen. He told me that he was laid off from the company he worked for because they wanted him to sign something that he thought was unethical and he refused to do it. We had no idea what kind of a guy Joe really was until we heard his fellow selectmen talk about his involvement in the community at Joe's memorial service. I got the feeling that nothing happened in Mansfield, MA without Joe Pasquale being involved.

It is amazing how you think you know someone from an activity that you share, but you really only know a small piece of what that person is about. My last memory of Joe was at the OCA meeting the Thursday night before his fateful dive. He came up to me after the meeting and handed me a picture of us standing together in our drysuits on that trip up to Rockport.

Fare thee well, my long lost friend,  
Until we meet again;  
Fare thee well, my long lost friend,  
We'll meet again someday.

- Traditional (Irish)

Bill Weedon



While Joe's son was visiting home this past summer, Joe, knowing my Marshfield connection, asked if I could take the two of them out for a dive. Unfortunately, the timing was off with my schedule and we couldn't match up during David's visit.

Now more than ever, how remorse I am that we couldn't connect. As a friend, member and a contributor to the newsletter, I will sorely miss Joe.

Bill Lane

## CALENDAR

### JANUARY

18 43rd Annual OCA Banquet  
Johnson & Wales Inn,  
Seekonk, MA  
Henry Cugno  
401-828-5152

When Joe Pasquale disappeared while diving at the site of a sunken ship off Westerly, RI on Oct. 25, it was a blow to the town of Mansfield and to his circle of friends.

Born in Boston, Mr. Pasquale was a graduate of the Christopher Columbus High School in Boston and of Boston College. He worked as a human resource director and in his 18 years as a Mansfield resident he generously contributed to community endeavors.

He served a term on the town's finance committee and two on the board of selectmen. He was a three-term president of the Mansfield Lions Club and had been an adult leader of Cub Scout and Boy Scout groups, while also serving in the Navy Reserves.

At a memorial service Saturday night, Selectman Louis Amoruso cited Mr. Pasquale as "very dedicated to the town." Family friend Mike Skidmore recalled Mr. Pasquale's love of

the outdoors, shown through his enthusiasm for hunting, fishing, scuba diving and skiing – "it didn't matter what the season was." And Mr. Pasquale's son David expressed a hope "to be half the man my father was."

## He found adventure in Mansfield life.

Former Mansfield Town Manager William Williams succinctly and accurately summed up Mr. Pasquale's biography: "He worked hard, he played hard, he lived life to the fullest."

It can be easy to dismiss our towns as sleepy suburbs or put down community service as boring. Then someone like Joseph Pasquale comes along, whose example shows us that getting involved is the secret to making your life – wherever it is – a great adventure.

At age 50, Mr. Pasquale was taken too young, but he used his years well. May we all learn from him. *An excerpt from a local paper submitted by Bill Turner.*

### Old Colony Amphibians

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