

Weldon Bosworth, Ph.D.

After graduating from the University of New Hampshire, I spent over three years in the U.S. Army, stationed just outside Munich with the 24th Mechanized Infantry Division. I left the service as a Captain and headed back to school, earning an M.S. from UNH and a Ph.D. from Oregon State University concentrating in the discipline of ecology.

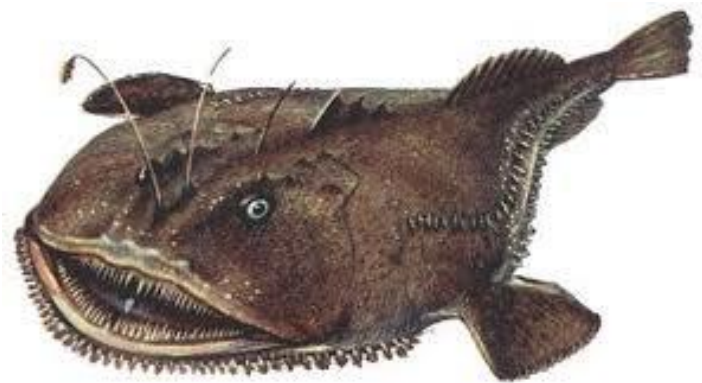
I was fortunate to start my career just as the environmental field was taking shape in the early 1970s, following landmark legislation like the National Environmental Policy Act. Over the next 40 years, I worked as an environmental consultant across the U.S. and Canada, focusing on how projects affect biological communities—especially in aquatic and wetland systems—and helping navigate some challenging and, at times, controversial cleanup efforts. Along the way, I had the chance to lead consulting firms, serve as an expert witness, and spend a decade on an EPA scientific advisory committee.



These days, I try to stay involved with environmental causes through a few nonprofits such as New Hampshire Wildlife Coalition. Otherwise, my wife and I have kept busy traveling—hiking in the Alps, windsurfing in warmer waters, and riding horses both around NH and abroad, although nowadays the trips are not so active. Closer to home, you'll usually find me hiking, paddling with our dog Chippie, cycling, or skiing when there's snow.

Can't ever forget

Several years ago, while conducting underwater studies for the Seabrook Station in NH, we were involved in night dives quantifying the abundance of nocturnal critters. My dive partner and I noticed green iridescent eyes reflecting in our flashlight. Getting close we saw they belonged to a 40-50 pound Goosefish (also called a monk fish) who was lying on the bottom angling for an unsuspecting meal. It was mesmerized by the light so did not move.



I always wondered how that fleshy appendage above their mouth worked so I reached out and touched it. The next thing I knew my arm was in its mouth up to my elbow. Not sure who was more surprised. Fortunately, although their teeth are sharp, they are not long and I was wearing a 3/8" thick wetsuit so only got a few scratches.

Not a reunion goes by without one of my old dive team partners embellishing this event for laughs.