

Quabbin Voices

The Friends of Quabbin Newsletter



Fall 2020
Vol.33 No.3

We must hear and listen to all of Quabbin's many Voices. Voices of the Past, as well as Voices of the Present and of the Future. Voices of the Trees, the Sky, the Rain that falls, and all the Wild Things; Voices of the People who depend on this valuable resource for their daily needs of clean water, and Voices of those who draw upon it for deeper needs of the Soul.

—Les Campbell

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All meetings and events may be cancelled due to the Coronavirus. Check the organization's web page or call beforehand.



A Final Tribute to Les Campbell

August 15, 1925 – September 24, 2020

by Paul Godfrey



Les Campbell

The first Friend has died. Les Campbell passed away on Thursday, September 24th at the age of 95. In our hearts, a little bit of all the other Friends of Quabbin has died too. Les was a central part of so many things about the Quabbin in the last 80 years. The Friends of Quabbin was his idea along with the idea of a Visitor Center that he nurtured from the impossible-that-it-would-ever-be considered stage to a full-fledged and flourishing organization.

No one person could have seen all the many facets of Les Campbell so I have taken information from several sources (listed at the end) to create this picture of Les' life.

Les' association with the Quabbin began long before the Friends of Quabbin was created. He was born in Ware on August 15, 1925, son of John W. and Myrtle I. (Andrews) Campbell. He married his high school sweetheart Lorraine (Millier) and had two sons, Bruce and David. He later married Terry-Ann (Replenski)

welcoming her children Richard, Suzette and Lisa and had son Mark.

He started working for the Metropolitan District Water Supply Commission on July 17, 1944 as a laborer. According to an article Les wrote in the Friends of Quabbin newsletter in 1987, he had just graduated from Ware High School. Two years later he became a Junior Civil Engineering Aid on May 1, 1946. He was almost 21 and earned a salary of \$1,560/year. On July 1, 1947, he became a Junior Sanitary Engineer and became an employee of the MDC Water Division, Quabbin Section that was created on that day. He later

worked in the Water Quality Laboratory at the Quabbin Administration Building. He retired after 44 years of service in 1988 as Senior Sanitary Engineer and head of the Water Quality Lab testing water from the Quabbin reservoir and Ware River.

Form 8 131-11-27 No. 658A
METROPOLITAN DISTRICT WATER SUPPLY COMMISSION
CHANGE IN PERSONNEL DIVISION

MR. Leslie J. Campbell
TITLE Junior Engineering Aid SALARY \$1,560.00 base pay
BEGAN WORK May 1, 1946 AT Belltown
*SEPARATED FROM THE FORCE 19 BY
(Transfer, Resignation, etc.)
RESPECTFULLY,
Frederick W. Gossow
ENGINEER

*Give last day for which man is to receive pay
FIELD EQUIPMENT BUREAU AREA

NAME	ADDRESS	DATE	POSITION	APPOINTED	REPORTED FOR DUTY	SALARY
Mr. Gossow	Ware, Mass.	July 1, 1944	Laborer	July 1, 1944	July 1, 1944	1524 PER ANNUM
Mr. Campbell	Ware, Mass.	May 1, 1946	Junior Engineering Aid	May 1, 1946	May 1, 1946	1572 PER ANNUM
Mr. Campbell	Ware, Mass.	July 1, 1946	Junior Sanitary Engineer	July 1, 1946	July 1, 1946	2475 PER ANNUM
Mr. Campbell	Ware, Mass.	May 1, 1947	Junior Sanitary Engineer	May 1, 1947	May 1, 1947	2130 PER ANNUM
Mr. Campbell	Ware, Mass.	July 1, 1947	Junior Sanitary Engineer	July 1, 1947	July 1, 1947	2130 PER ANNUM
Mr. Campbell	Ware, Mass.	May 1, 1948	Junior Sanitary Engineer	May 1, 1948	May 1, 1948	2190 PER ANNUM
Mr. Campbell	Ware, Mass.	July 1, 1948	Junior Sanitary Engineer	July 1, 1948	July 1, 1948	2280 PER ANNUM

MDWSC Employee History Cards,
(Courtesy Massachusetts Archives)

As recounted by Jonathan Yeo, then director of DCR's Division of Water Supply Protection, at an award ceremony for Les at the Visitor Center in 2016, Les was a member of the original Quabbin Master Plan Committee that drafted the beginnings of a public access plan allowing recreational activity on the Quabbin Reservation without endangering the water supply. This plan is relatively novel for water supply reservoirs in the northeast.



Photo by Les Campbell with eagle added by Gene Theroux.

During most of Les' MDC employment, he lived in one of the three MDC employee houses along Blue Meadow Road (#380) at the main entrance to Quabbin Reservoir. When the Campbell's moved out of the Blue Meadow Road house as part of his retirement, they did not move far—only a mile away to the 24 acre homestead he lovingly called Sky Meadow where he lived out the rest of his life.

The reasons we so warmly remember Les are principally for what he did outside of work. Les was considered by many to be western Mass's most well-known photographer. His interest in photography started 75 years ago as a teenager. By 1981, he had become only the second person in history to hold all three of the highest awards given by the Photographic Society of America, the world's largest photographic society. The third of these three awards read, "In special recognition of his long-term dedication and encouragement to photographers of all ages by teaching them to enjoy, improve and share photography both as a hobby and profession."

Les travelled often, as far as Canada, in the '60s and '70s to put on slideshows with multiple projectors and music on a widescreen. His production of Photo-Musicale in 1972 brought Belchertown High School international recognition. He was named Citizen of the Year by the Selectmen of Belchertown partly for that endeavor. Many people have seen his work on display at his own Gallery at Sky Meadow. His work has been

in many major magazines including National Geographic. He has received numerous awards and citations from prestigious organizations, governors, senators, and more.

But his passion, for the last forty years and what he may be best remembered for, is his love of teaching other people his skills. In 1946, Les co-founded the Quabbin Bird Club. Later, he started many local camera clubs, including the Quabbin

Photo Group and Pioneer Valley Photographic Artists. More recently, he became concerned that his fellow photographers could not show their work because of the expense of having it framed. So, he taught them to frame and matte their own photographs in his living room.



Photo by Les Campbell

Photography was his vehicle for affecting change in many other areas.

For example, J.R. Greene, Chair of the Friends of Quabbin and noted historian and author of many books on the Swift River Valley/Quabbin, became interested in history and the Quabbin following a slide presentation at the Athol Town Hall by Les Campbell when J.R. was an early teenager.

Another whose work was impacted by Les is the photographer and Friends Board member, Anne Ely. She penned these words for Les' 95th birthday just two months ago:

1925, it was a special year
For it gave to us someone whom we now hold dear.
You taught us that photography can be fun
Two photo clubs you started that today still run.
You watched the Quabbin Reservoir come to be,
Your photos captured its beauty for all to see
On people the history of Quabbin depends
And so to carry things on you started the Friends
You created, you taught, and encouraged all
And so, among all my friends, you stand really tall.

My life would be different if you I'd not met
 You encouraged and taught me things I'll not forget
 So it's with much friendship and love that today
 I send best wishes for your ninety-fifth birthday.

Beyond being a photographer myself and admiring Les' photos, I knew him for his lab work through my role as Water Resources Research Center director. We had a few Quabbin research projects underway and also were collaborating with the MDC and Department of Environmental Quality Engineering (now the Department of Environmental Protection) on laboratory quality control. When, in 1984, I started the statewide Acid Rain Monitoring Project to sample water from a large number of state lakes and streams for analysis at volunteer labs, I asked Les to become one of those labs, and he readily agreed. The lab at Quabbin is still doing analyses for the Acid Rain Monitoring Project 36 years later.

Working at the Quabbin Administration Building, Les saw the need for a Visitors Center, an idea proposed by a committee that Les was on in 1975 but was not implemented. In 1983, he created the right atmosphere that convinced the MDC to entertain the idea. The way that Les created and managed this opportunity says volumes about the reasons for his success in so many areas. We'll let Les describe the process himself, as he wrote for the first *Quabbin Voices* in the Spring of 1985.

The Quabbin Visitor Center The Friends of Quabbin from Then to Now by Les Campbell

The idea of a Visitor Center at Quabbin was not a new idea in 1984; it has been around for a long time. Back in 1975, as a member of a select committee established by the Secretary of Environmental Affairs in response to a legislative mandate to investigate and report on extended use of the Quabbin Reservoir and its watershed, I brought up the need for a Visitor Center. The idea was enthusiastically endorsed and strongly recommended by this committee. However, like so many studies and reports, nothing ever came of this committee's excellent efforts and recommendations.

Then, in August of 1983, I had the opportunity to once again voice my ideas for a Visitor Center at Quabbin. This time, there was a vacant room available at the Administration Building and I had the attentive ear of a fine gentleman and a dedicated State Senator, Bob Wetmore. Senator Wetmore responded quickly with a letter to Commissioner Geary. On August 26, Commissioner Geary followed up with great interest. Unfortunately, the matter was turned over to people who did not feel the same urgency of purpose, and once again the Visitor Center was in limbo.

Thanks to Commissioner Geary's great interest in the spectacular resource values of Quabbin, it did not stay on the shelf for long. On October 10, 1984, the following strong and beautiful memorandum from Commissioner Geary was issued to all MDC Division Directors and employees; the subject: Quabbin Reservation Visitor and Interpretive Center. We reprint excerpts from this memorandum because it reflects the deep and sensitive qualities of a man to whom all Friends of Quabbin can be thankful.



Photo montage by Les Campbell

The most beautiful, precious, and fragile resource under the jurisdiction of the MDC is the magnificent Quabbin Reservation. Not just the reservoir, but the entire reservation with its vast and intricate forests, watershed and wildlife. In essence, it is a complex ecosystem requiring constant protection, care, monitoring, understanding and appreciation.

As many of you knew, this reservation attracts thousands of visitors every year who go to marvel at the ingenious engineering foresight of those who planned and constructed the reservoir, as well as enjoy the magnificent vistas of water, hills, vegetation, and wildlife which flourish and abound in this area. However, an important element which has been absent for these thousands of visitors is a mechanism for educating them that this environment is not only beautiful to see, but is absolutely essential to protect if we are to ensure and preserve the purity of this state's major drinking water supply.

Accordingly, I have directed that the Water Division establish a Quabbin Reservation Visitor and Interpretive Center in the main room of the Quabbin Administration Building. I strongly believe that the creation of such a Center will enhance our efforts to promote water conservation as well as garner public support for us to secure the budgetary resources necessary to properly manage the reservation and its resources. We are painfully aware that the entire MDC has been underfunded in recent years and this problem has been most acute in the Water Division. I believe that a

modest investment in creating, supplying, and staffing this Center now will help us take our message to the public, that continued inattention and budgetary strangulation of the Water Division will endanger the quality of that environment and the integrity of the water supply. This Center is a modest, but an important beginning. If we don't start now, if we continue to wait for a separate budget item, then we can only be certain that nothing will happen. We must break that cycle.

Most exciting, is the fact that we are blessed with two individuals who have developed a national reputation for conducting sensitive, artistic, and meaningful nature programs. The talent and devotion which Les and Terry Campbell possess for the Quabbin is only exceeded by their love for sharing that knowledge with everyone. Les is a 39 year veteran with the MDC and has an intimate understanding of the reservation and a knack for creative direction.

I hope all of you share our excitement over the creation of this Center and will join us when we officially dedicate it at a date to be announced in the near future.

—William Geary, MDC Commissioner

The above memorandum set wheels in motion and on December 7, 1984, the MDC Quabbin Visitor Center was dedicated by Commissioner Geary and announced to the public. Meanwhile, the Friends of Quabbin was organized and incorporated as a non-profit support group to assist the Center in determining and implementing its goals. Terry was employed by the MDC to manage the new Center while I was given permission to oversee the project in my spare time. Terry and I share respect and affection for the Quabbin Reservation which has been our home for many years.

Organizing the Friends

One of the most pertinent and succinct comments I read in 1984 came from Gerry Bertrand, dynamic president of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. He wrote, "Sure, conservation action must first be an affair of the head, but when it becomes an affair of the heart—that's when things really get moving."

Perhaps that explains why the Friends of Quabbin came into being so quickly. It truly is an affair of the heart for tremendous numbers of people who seemed to be just sitting there ready and waiting to go as soon as someone gave the word. Our Chairman of the Board, Bill Randall, likened it to a coiled spring that each year had been wound a little tighter until a moment of truth set it free and —whooom!

At the beginning, Terry and I felt we had a tiger by the tail but as things took shape we came to realize we have more like a team of Clydesdale horses by the tail! We are attempting to let go the tail and get hold the reins so that we might bring together into a unified team, all the various and powerful individual forces that are focused on their beloved Quabbin;

fishermen, poets, artists, birders, historians, naturalists, photographers, hikers, etc. and, of course, the consumers whose needs created the reservoir.

Setting Up the Board

Establishing a founding Board of Directors was all pleasure. Everyone we asked responded with an unqualified "Yes!" Bowing to the lesson ecology teaches—integrity is dependent on diversity—we set about assembling a group of people who would encompass a wide variety of skills, talent, and knowledge. We sought and recruited a poet, a musician, writers, sportsmen, historians, photographers, an artist, naturalists, environmental educators, professors in leisure studies and environmental management, aquatic and wildlife biologists, an audio/visual technician, an environmental lawyer, and a science museum curator. You'd probably think a committee of such diverse interests would have difficulty functioning. Well, you'd be right! But it has worked because all involved were flexible and respect each other's opinions.

The first board meeting was held Nov. 17, 1984. A small committee was set up to work out a statement of goals and purpose and to whip up a constitution for the organization. With some modification by the board, the bylaws were approved Dec. 1. The necessary forms for incorporation as a non-profit organization were filed and by Dec 7, three weeks after our first meeting, the Friends of Quabbin, Inc. was "official" [Les Campbell, *Quabbin Voices*, Spring 1985].

As the current editor and one of those on the founding Board of Directors and mostly on the Board since, I would add that just as the creation of Quabbin showed remarkable foresight and planning, so did the creation of the Visitor Center and Friends of Quabbin.

The original Visitor Center was operated by Friends of Quabbin volunteers led by Les' wife, Terry Campbell, from 1986–1988. I helped Terry set up and use a database management system for Friends of Quabbin memberships. Like many volunteer organizations, it is difficult to maintain enough volunteers at all times. There were gaps in coverage. In March of 1988, Cliff Read was hired by MDC as the first Supervisor of Interpretive Services to solve the manpower issues at the Visitor Center and to develop the interpretive services outreach that works with schools and other groups today. He hired Terry Campbell and Jim Lafley as Program Coordinators and later Dale Monette. As an aside, I inherited the volunteer job of membership director for the Friends that Terry could no longer do as a MDC employee.

The first president of the Friends of Quabbin was Les Campbell who set us on our present course and provided us with the guiding words in the left margin of the first page of every newsletter. We take these words as our solemn oath.

The words of his son, David, as they appeared in the family's obituary for Les, perhaps, best sum up Les' life:

He may be best known for his nature photography. That was driven by his embrace of the philosophy of the American Indians and their reverence for all living things (plant, animal, insect...). That may be why everyone who crossed his path became his friend. And they all remember him as a gentle soul, who is compassionate, generous and humble. Humble may be the reason he never wanted to be referred to as a professional photographer. He used to say "I'm just an amateur."

For us, we can be glad that he was our friend.

This article is an amalgamation of words and information from the family's obituary written by David Campbell, a Worcester Telegram article by Bradford Miner on June 27, 2016, information retrieved from state files by Sean Fisher, DCR Archivist, contributions by Anne Ely and J.R. Greene, several articles in Quabbin Voices, and my own personal remembrances.



Photo by Les Campbell

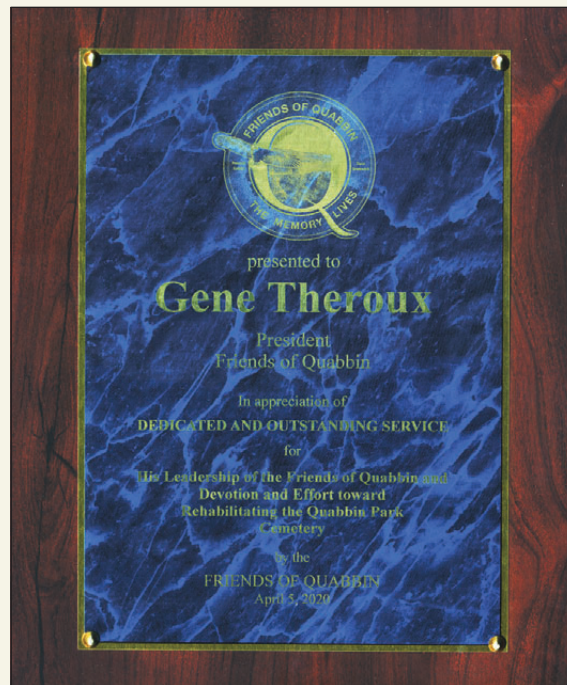
In Recognition of the Efforts of Gene Theroux, Friends of Quabbin President

The Friends of Quabbin Board of Directors voted to present President Gene Theroux with an award recognizing his contributions over the past 8 years. He has directed a strong resurgence of the role of the Friends of Quabbin in the community of people and organizations concerned with the Quabbin. Notable among achievements during this time have been such things as: the 75th Remembrance Ball and Quabbin Musical in 2013, the 200th Enfield anniversary in 2016, the creation of many videos combining historic photographs with oral histories, the scanning of thousands of historic photographs including all of the property and construction photos as photographed by Les Campbell from the original prints, and scanning the family photos from the Quabbin loaned by Tuesday Tea participants, the enhancement of the FOQ web site and addition of a Facebook page, book donations to schools and libraries, and the development of strong contacts with New Salem

Academy trustees. Tuesday Teas have been given a new life with well attended monthly meetings, joyous Holiday parties, photo scanning, interviews by media, and Tuesday

Tea Treks to historic sites in the Quabbin watershed. Progress has been made on making the oral histories more accessible through constant prodding to finish the indexing project. Perhaps Gene's single greatest effort has been to bring all parties together to begin the renewal of the neglected Quabbin Park Cemetery with building restoration and a new water distribution system, cleaning many stones and monuments, making the databases available and interconnected, and a program for continuing and greatly expanding public interest. Most importantly, the momentum has shifted and the future appears brighter. With all of these endeavours, they are not single-handed efforts but the result of teamwork. What Gene has contributed most

has been the leadership needed for good teamwork. Prior conflict or difficulties have been ameliorated and working relationships greatly improved.



Memories of an Eight to Ten Year-Old Growing Up in Enfield

by Bradlee Gage

There aren't many left that remember growing up in Enfield. At my age now, memories of then are a bit of catch-as-catch-can. These, though, I am pretty sure of. My guess is that most were not unusual for someone of that age in Enfield, but there is one that is probably quite rare. Donald Howe is one of the noted chroniclers of life in Enfield through his book



Ewing House

Quabbin—*The Lost Valley*, written in 1946. He owned the drug store in the center of Enfield. His drug store, his house and the Enfield Post Office were right across the street from the Swift River Hotel. The drug store was

an easy walk from my house, the Ewing house. Because the drug store had a candy counter, it was one of the places where I spent a lot of my time when I was 8. I got ten cents for an allowance at that age and a little more when I became 9. I spent my allowance on only two things: marbles (more about that later) and penny candy.



Howe's store, Enfield

an easy walk from my house, the Ewing house. Because the drug store had a candy counter, it was one of the places where I spent a lot of my time when I was 8. I remember Mr. Howe as being patient while my candy purchases narrowed from several selections. I might have just been going by because my mother gave me a letter to mail or "to drop in the slot."

My other big allowance expenditure was for marbles. At school lunch break, a large ring was drawn in the playground dirt. I remember it as large but it was probably 3 feet in diameter. Each boy who wanted to play tossed from one to three marbles (usually two) into the ring and then tossed a marble to a line drawn in the dirt. The boy with the closest marble to the line got to "shoot" first. Next closest shot second and so on.



Typical country store counter with penny candy. North Dana drugstore with Captain Richards, proprietor, behind the counter.

Each boy had a "shooter," a larger marble and, hopefully, also a lucky one. He got down at the edge of the circle and cradling that marble on the first joint of his forefinger, he would "shoot" it by snapping it forward with his thumb. He shot his lucky shooter marble with as much force as he could muster at a marble in the circle, trying to knock that marble out of the ring. He could choose the spot at the edge of the ring that gave him the best shot. If he knocked out that marble, he could try to knock out another until he failed. The boy who ended up shooting 6th or 7th or didn't have much power in his thumb would lose the marbles he had initially tossed into the ring, that is, he would lose his marbles, at least literally if not figuratively. I wonder if this is the origin of the expression. I can't remember if girls were allowed to join the game, but I do remember one girl with abnormal power in her thumb who could hold her own against the boys. If you weren't too "sharp" in the ring, you could join a group that tossed marbles at a line, closest marble won them all.

Having a marble supply was critical. There were several ways to build a marble stock. Obviously, one could constantly win. Failing that, our teacher gave you one marble for each day in school and another if you came in on time. You could buy marbles, a penny bought 3 or 4. And lastly mom or dad might be relied on to help out. Obviously, I didn't win all the time and my other sources weren't sufficient, so I had to use some of my allowance on marbles.



Usually at 8 years old, you had a best friend; I did. Mine was Buddy Dyer who lived up the road with his brothers and sisters. Buddy and I were close friends until my family moved to Amherst and his moved to Belchertown. We fished small streams near us,

particularly one that flowed down through a meadow at Sherer's Farm, crossed under the road and flowed into the Swift River. We never fished as far down as the Swift River. Scherer's Brook had a fair number of small 5" and even 8" trout in the brook's pools. We would catch a few each trip and release them. We probably caught the same ones again a week later.



Buddy and I each had a folding pocket knife. They were a sort of ritual in growing up when at a certain age your father gave you your first pocket knife. It could be one blade or two. You could try asking for one earlier but I guess you didn't get one until your father felt you could be trusted with one. I'm not sure if I was 8 or 9 when I got mine. But with a knife you could whittle your own slingshot. Buddy and I both made slingshots. Then we could walk up Sherer's road to a band of hickory trees on the right and try to hit squirrels high in the hickories. I don't think we ever did hit a squirrel. We practiced by trying to hit a can on a stump and other easier targets.

At the Ewing farm, we had a huge pine tree with a wide expanse of roots and dirt under which we could make roads and tunnels for playing with the few small cars we had. There were also inside games for rainy days.

There is one vivid and kind of weird memory. We would walk a mile up the main road from Enfield to Smith's Village, ostensibly for a walk, but our goal was to pick up discarded cigarette packages and recover the thin tin foil inside each package that kept the cigarettes "fresher." Then we would walk back on the other side of the road doing the same thing. We'd make a ball of tin foil often 4" or larger in size. It had no value. It was just one of the things we had fun doing.

As we hit at least 9 years old, the two of us would join others, mostly older men, on the bridge over the Swift River, 50 yards or so below the center of Enfield to fish the river below or the pool above for bigger trout, large suckers or perch. There were so many you could see them.

In those times, there were two important days in the year in addition to our birthdays: 4th of July and the Belchertown Fair. Two weeks prior to the 4th, a small wooden shack would appear on the small common in Enfield Center. There you could buy



Enfield bridge over the Swift River. The best fishing was on the left side.

fireworks. We would save a small "kitty" so that we could purchase "lady fingers" and a sparkler or two. We hoped that our fathers would buy some "bigger stuff". The Belchertown Fair was the other important date for young and old. It was around October 10th each year. It was a rare Enfield resident who didn't attend the fair. In my case, my small collection of coins went to buy cotton candy or toss a ring or two. Sadly, in 2020, the Belchertown Fair was cancelled for the first time.

Finally, there is one memory so very different from anything today: the ice house. If you had a farm, you had an ice house. Certainly, the Ewing farm did. I'm not sure when the ice was delivered but large chunks were piled up inside from spring through fall with sawdust covering the blocks as insulation. I well remember on hot days opening the door to the ice house, chipping off pieces of ice and sucking them or putting them in a glass of lemonade. Ah, the simple pleasures! If you didn't have an ice house, someone delivered ice for your "ice box"(refrigerator) every week.



Swift River Hotel, Enfield

Some of those childhood activities are still available for today's child to remember in their older age, but many are gone forever. But those others are only for our memories, those of us "lucky" enough to have experienced them.

A Final Tribute to Cindi LaBombard

August 23, 1946 –
July 1, 2020

by Paul Godfrey



In the last issue of *Quabbin Voices* (Summer 2020), in a list of other Friends lost this year, was a late addition. That addition was for Cindi LaBombard, Vice-President of the Friends of Quabbin. That issue of the newsletter was on its way to the printer when we learned of her untimely death; there was only time for a quick mention. Now there is time for more, and there is so much more to tell.

Cindi volunteered for many things in her home town of Ware, the Ware Historical Society, Ware Center Meetinghouse and Museum (across the street from her house), Ware Community Theater, American Legion Women's Auxiliary and others. She brought all of those connections to her work with the Friends of Quabbin. A long-time member of the Board, she became Vice-President in 2013. This was fortunate for the Friends because she



Cindi with Gene Theroux at Remembrance Ball, April 27, 2013 (Photo by Paul Godfrey)

brought her talents to bear immediately on our plans for a 75th Remembrance Ball, a re-creation of the final ball held to give residents of Enfield one last time to be together. She used her resources in Ware to arrange for use of the Ware Town Hall, a near copy of the Enfield Town Hall for the Ball. She coordinated the invitations and organized the volunteers who provided assistance to attendees, handed out name tags, and



Cindi carrying the Friends of Quabbin banner at the Memorial Day parade, 2016 (Photo by Paul Godfrey)

arranged for food. Her nearly invisible hand was everywhere and yielded a resounding success.

Similarly, she gathered the talent for the musical. *Quabbin—the Musical* depicted the last days of Enfield and the personal interactions between residents and Quabbin engineers, including a love affair. Written by Dorothy Johnson and composed by Steven Schoenberg, it captured the heart and mind as we realized the angst and plight of some 2,500 residents who gave up a “way of life” in order to provide a “healthy life” for the citizens of Boston and other communities. The production was a delicate balancing act between personalities, facilities and a short time frame. Cindi made it all seem easy, and the production was superlative.



Cindi (front right) with other Annual Meeting stalwarts: Ruth Jazab (left) and Celia Slozak (center) at the 2012 Annual Meeting. (Photo by Paul Godfrey)

She exhibited that talent for gathering people for a common task in many other ways. Each year, the Friends worked with the Quabbin DCR to commemorate the veterans of the World Wars and the displaced citizens of the Swift River Valley at

a Memorial Day commemoration held at Quabbin Park Cemetery. The Friends provided the refreshments and manned the information table. Cindi was there every year with volunteers she'd enlisted for the task. One feature of the ceremony was a parade by the historical societies and other Swift River Valley organizations involved in remembering the former residents carrying banners for their respective organizations. Usually, Cindi was one of the banner bearers.

Similarly, Cindi was a behind-the-scenes organizer of the refreshments and volunteer help for the Friends' Annual Meeting. When our regular meeting place was not available, she quickly found an alternative and equally appropriate site in Ware.

At the annual Holiday Party, Cindi always made sure that everything was available, including the refreshments for everyone to enjoy the camaraderie of the occasion. In recent years, the new Quabbin Centennial Cookbook provided the vehicle for everyone to bring refreshments made from the Quabbin Centennial Cookbook recipes, but Cindi made sure that other basics were there. She also contributed a recipe of her own (at right) to the occasion and made some unique ones described by others. For the last Holiday Party, she dared to make Edith Ramaska's recipe for Aunt Bess' Potato Fudge and it was delicious.



Cindi trying some Quabbin Centennial Cookbook treats at the 2018 Holiday Party (Photo by Paul Godfrey)

Cindi was also an important participant in the Bicentennial Enfield Ceremony. The event required extensive planning and coordination and Cindi was involved at all stages. At the ceremony, she gave a memorable speech.

But more than simply providing refreshments, Cindi provided valuable advice as a Board member. And, as always, Cindi was



Cindi at the Enfield Bicentennial, 2016 (Photo by Paul Godfrey).

there with the right advice in timely fashion to help make the best of the circumstance. While she tended to stay out of the limelight on all these occasions, she truly deserved her nickname of "The General."

A Way to Savor Cindi's Memory

Lemon Garlic Chicken Thighs —Cindi LaBombard

Ingredients:

8 chicken thighs
Juice of 1 lemon
1 crushed clove of garlic
½ tsp. dried thyme leaves
White pepper
10 cherry tomatoes
2 Tbsp. butter or margarine

Instructions:

Wash and dry chicken. Then place chicken in a bowl and toss with mixture of lemon juice, garlic, and thyme. Refrigerate chicken for 2 hours, turning once.

Place thighs on rack in baking pan, skin side up. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake at 425 degrees for 30 minutes. Halve cherry tomatoes, melt butter in skillet, and cook 1–2 minutes. Place chicken on platter and spoon tomatoes over chicken. Serve immediately with *al dente* spaghetti tossed with butter, parsley, and parmesan cheese; tossed salad; Italian bread.

Serves 4

A Way to Savor Les' Memory

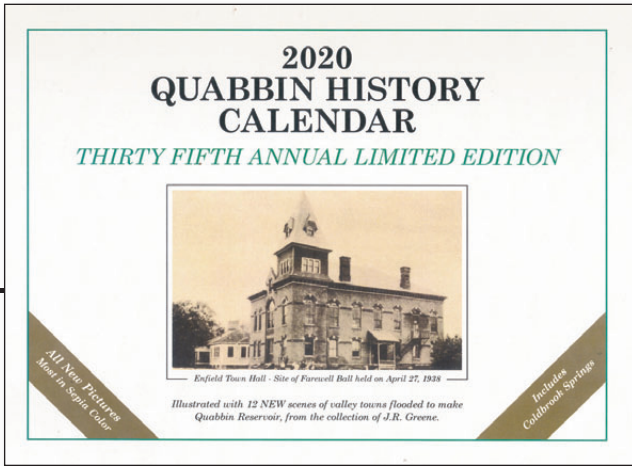
Chicken Thighs —A Les Campbell Recipe

Ingredients:

4 lbs. chicken thighs (with bone in)
6 Tbsp. soy sauce (1/3 cup)
½ tsp. minced garlic
2 tsp. ginger
1 Tbsp. coriander
¼ tsp. turmeric
¼ tsp. red cayenne pepper
1 Tbsp. honey

Instructions:

Marinate chicken overnight in the refrigerator, turning once.
Bake covered for 1 ½ hours at 350°



2021 Quabbin History Calendar

Now Available

by J.R. Greene

The tradition of the J.R. Greene calendar exhibiting pictures of the Swift River Valley before being flooded by Quabbin Reservoir is continuing. To maintain the goal of providing large size reproductions of views from the old Swift and Ware River Valleys, the calendar includes views of a one room school, a church that was torn down around 1900, a summer camp with an elaborate "Welcome" sign, and even an abandoned hearse house." Highland Press of Athol is the printer.

It will be on sale at the Quabbin Visitor Center when it reopens. In the interim, you may mail order it by contacting Paul Godfrey at 47 Harkness Road, Pelham, MA 01002 (godfrey@umass.edu). Enclose a check for \$14.95 to cover the calendar and \$2.25 shipping and handling. It will also be on sale at some outlets in towns around the reservoir; or Greene can be emailed at jrg01331@webtv.net for ordering information.

He will also be issuing a new book about the history of the Swift River Valley this autumn; more on that in the next newsletter. It will be available at the Visitor Center.



Quabbin Reservation Controlled Deer Hunt

by Ken MacKenzie

Director of Natural Resources

DCR-Division of Water Supply Protection

Since its creation in the 1930s, hunting had not been permitted on the Quabbin Reservation. This allowed deer populations to grow to a level that had a serious impact to the forests that act as a filter for the water supply of 3 million people.

In June of 1989, the Office of Watershed Management determined that the deer herd was negatively impacting the mandate to protect the natural resources and water of Quabbin. At that time, it was also determined that the best solution to this situation was to reduce deer populations using a series of controlled public hunts.

Controlled hunts began in 1991 in the Pelham area and expanded to the four other management blocks (Prescott, New Salem, Hardwick and Petersham) during the next three years. Since the year 2000, the Division has made several adjustments to the hunt as the program moved from the initial reduction phase to a population maintenance phase. The goal of this latter phase is to maintain deer populations at levels that allow for forest regeneration. While the number of deer harvested has been lower during this phase than in earlier years, hunters continue to return for a quality hunting experience.

In 2019 Quabbin Controlled Deer Hunt modified its hunt from the typical 2-day hunt to include the entire 2-week shotgun season for the Pelham Zone. This was a successful pilot introducing a new phase of the hunting program at Quabbin Reservation.

In 2020 there will not be any 2-day controlled hunts at Quabbin. Instead, Hardwick, Pelham, and New Salem will be open for the entire two-week shotgun season (Nov. 30 – Dec. 12, 2020). Similar to the Pelham hunt in 2019, access is by foot from DCR gates or designated access points. There may be increased vehicle access for parking on interior roads at designated gates in each section.

There is no lottery for permits in these zones. Each hunter must apply for their own permit. DCR will not limit the number of permits. Each hunter will be able to use the two buck tags issued with their hunting license as well as whatever Quabbin-specific antlerless tags are awarded through the MassFishHunt website.

Interpretive Services Report

Fall 2020

by Maria Beiter-Tucker
Visitor Center Manager

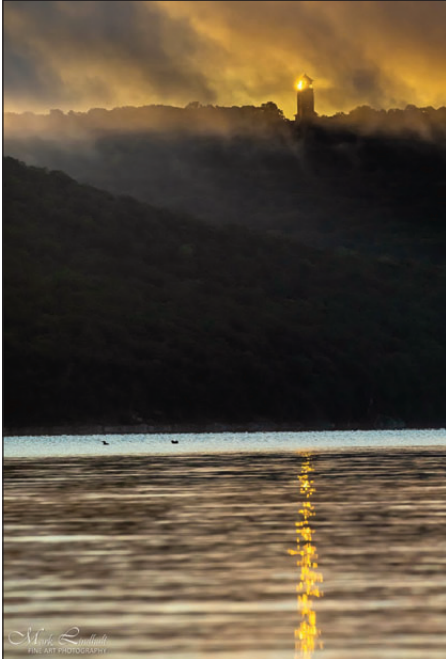


Photo by Mark Lindhult

It certainly has been an unusual few months for the Interpretive Services staff at DCR Quabbin Reservoir. On March 13, DCR closed all Visitor Centers across the state which included the Quabbin Visitor Center. This impacted the final three Sunday afternoon programs we planned to offer. It also ended up affecting our usual, very busy season for school programs in May and June.

We have made some efforts to do virtual programming and created a virtual Memorial Day program and a virtual field trip to offer to teachers who usually bring their students to Quabbin Park in the spring. (link to virtual field trip: <https://youtu.be/f8Qk7u720Ew>) We hope to be able to do more virtual programming while the Visitor Center continues to be closed; we are waiting for permission from the DCR Administration to do so.

As well, we received funding this past winter to create a new orientation film for the Quabbin Visitor Center. The Rendon Group was hired to create this film and we will be working with them for the next year. This is a very exciting opportunity for us.

We have also collaborated with the DCR Watershed GIS unit to create an app for the Quabbin Reservoir gate access. Link to map—
<https://masseoea.maps.arcgis.com/apps/View/index.html?appid=b0c88edfe1eb4168a943a35c5e26c8fc>.

We are also taking on projects to re-walk the Quabbin Park Trails and survey the trails and the interpretive signage.

We continue to monitor our phones and provide information to visitors that way, as well as providing updates to the DCR website. We don't have a timeline as to when the Quabbin Visitor Center will reopen, as that decision will be made by the DCR administration in Boston, but we will keep you all updated.



Happy 103rd Birthday Harold Oehler!

We have heard that Harold Oehler, Friends of Quabbin member and Tuesday Tea participant, has recently turned 103 years old.

Congratulations on a remarkable achievement. Normally, we would have a birthday cake at a Tuesday Tea in celebration, but nothing is normal these days. But we promise not to forget and when things are normal, there will be a celebration. In the meantime, if you listen carefully Harold, you will hear the voices of all of us singing "Happy Birthday to You."

Going Home— An Epilog to Life

by Anne Ely

Quabbin memories of lands lost
Beloved homes gone at a great cost,
But folks were strong and carried on.
They built new homes, though mourned what was gone.
Our Quabbin memories today
Are not just of lands of yesterday,
But of dear friends who've now gone home,
Gone back to their roots, no more to roam.
From all their past sorrows released
We miss you dear friends, and wish you peace.

Partial list of Friends lost this year

Les Campbell
Cynthia (Cindi) LaBombard
Earl Cooley
Larry Lowenthal
Dorothy Bish
Raymond Cook
Rob Cox



Photo by Anne Ely

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Call for Member Submissions

This is your newsletter. We invite members to submit stories, articles, or reminiscences about the human or natural history of the Swift River Valley and Quabbin Reservoir.

Please send e-mail to Paul Godfrey at godfrey@umass.edu, or mail items to: The Friends of Quabbin, 485 Ware Road, Belchertown, MA 01007



Quabbin Voices

The views and opinions expressed in this newsletter do not necessarily reflect the views of Friends of Quabbin, Inc.

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Quabbin Voices

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