

## EVENTS

Programs are free and open to the public.



### **Boston Harbor cruise.**

**Sunday, September 25, 1 - 4 PM.** Fundraiser for Friends of Belle Isle, tickets \$25. Call Gail Miller 617-567-5072 for reservations. Boat leaves from Winthrop Public Landing.



### **Plants of Belle Isle Marsh.**

**Saturday, October 8, 10 AM - NOON.** Suitable for teenagers and adults, workshop focuses on identifying plants in the field. Call 781-485-2803, Ext. 105 or email [Matthew.Nash@state.ma.us](mailto:Matthew.Nash@state.ma.us). Meet at: Belle Isle Marsh main parking lot, Bennington St, East Boston.



### **Monday Night Forum.**

**October 24.** Features Bill Adler, Executive Director of Lobstermen's Association. Check [FBIM web site](http://FBIM.org) for time and place.

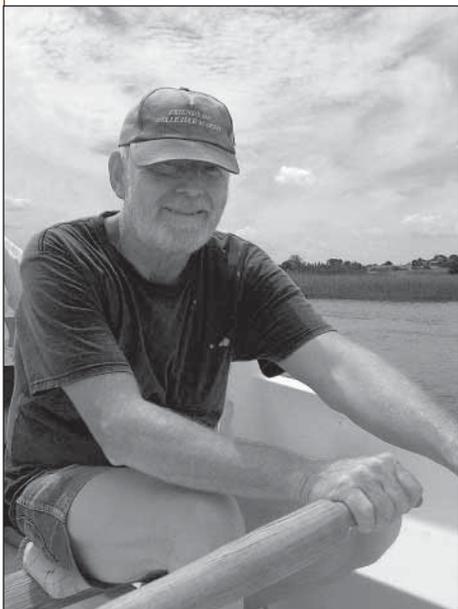


### **TASL Harbor bird census.**

**Sunday, November 27, 8 AM - NOON.** Call leader for details: 781-863-2392.

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Harvest Festival 📅 October 2, 1 - 3 PM  
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# Belle Isle News

Published by Friends of Belle Isle Marsh

Number 87



September 2011

## Airport Edge Buffer Approved

The Massport Board voted to build the airport edge buffer (East Boston Greenway) along the train tracks on their property during the construction of the Green Bus Depot. (See *Belle Isle News*, June 2011.) We don't have all of the details yet, but this much has been confirmed by Ernani DeAraujo of Mayor Menino's Office.

All the surveys we conducted, letters we wrote and meetings we attended counted! We pushed past some major obstacles and now our park system is set to expand, reconnecting our neighborhoods and



Photo by Chris Marchi

**Youth Conservation Corps (Boston Natural Areas Network), left to right: Nancy Huang, Jarrett Etheridge, Trina Do, Kimberly Romero, Victoria Fortes, Malcolm Brown, Rafaela Risso, Dan Haro. Four members not pictured: Jordan Ng, Stephanie Romero, Gianna Celona, Eddie Funes. These youths, all from East Boston, spent 6 weeks working on the East Boston Greenway and at Belle Isle Marsh, improving the landscapes in each park. Their energy and idealism were matched only by their hard work.**

servicing our community better. An inclusive community design process will begin in the fall and Massport has

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## John G. ("Jack") Markley: Ultimate Caretaker of the Marsh 2 July 1938 - 24 August 2011

Jack Markley, known to many Belle Isle Park visitors as the man who gave everyone boat rides, died in late August after suffering from lung cancer and the effects of therapy for his disease.

For those who knew him, Jack was as dedicated and passionate a caretaker of the Park as anyone. He was involved in innumerable voluntary improvements to Belle Isle, as well as an enjoyer of its wildlife and diversity.

Jack will be missed by the many dozens of friends he made among the Friends.

*Jack Markley in his favorite spot at Belle Isle.*

*Photo by Barbara Bishop*

## Airport Edge Buffer (continued)

agreed to pay for construction and park maintenance into perpetuity.

AIR Inc., Friends of Belle Isle Marsh and Boston Natural Areas Network (BNAN) thank our volunteers for their hard work. Your advocacy has reshaped our community's open spaces again. We would also like to thank Mayor Menino who knows the importance of beautiful public parks for urban families and has been their greatest advocate, City Councilor Sal LaMattina for his unwavering advocacy, Senator Anthony Petrucci for his efforts in front of and behind the scenes, Representative Carlo Basile and Congressman Michael Capuano for their assistance, continued advocacy and support.

Thank you to Secretary of Transportation Mullan for his



Photo by Candice Cook

**Kimberly Romero and Trina Do pose proudly by a tire they helped remove from Belle Isle.**



Photo by Candice Cook

**YCC team walks out into the marsh for a discovery walk led by Matt Nash of DCR.**

commitment to community input and insistence that our voices be heard. Thank you to the Boston Conservation Commission for their leadership in championing waterfront access and the environmental rights of Bostonians, and to the Eagle Hill Civic Association, Jeffries Point Neighborhood Association, Orient Heights Neighborhood Association,

PiersPAC, NUBE, the Salesian Boys' and Girls' Clubs, Pete Stidman and the Boston Cyclist's Union and all of the neighborhood organizations and residents who hosted, attended and supported our efforts.

Thank you to Governor Patrick, as well as Massport and its Board for voting to work with the community to create better airport mitigation, which

*Continued on page 3*

## BLOG REVIEW

### Traits Happen: It's a 2fer

I'm going to go out on a thin limb here and guess that if you are reading this in *Belle Isle News*, you are science-friendly. Well, to butcher Jerry Garcia, any friend of science is a friend of mine; and friend, do I have a treat for you! Don't blame me if you become less productive at work or home, eyes glazed by too many minutes staring at the ominously glowing screen. But my guess is you will be thanking me for plugging you into the worlds of two of the most accomplished and exciting science writers writing today, Carl Zimmer and Ed Yong.

Carl Zimmer's blog, **The Loom**, runs out of **discover.com**, as Carl is a contributing writer at *Discover* magazine. **The Loom** features links to his articles, videos of his talks on science and science writing, links to other great writings on science and much more. There are links to Carl's library of books he has written. Occasionally, Carl asks his readers, who he refers to as the Hive Mind, to comment on a topic so he can sense what his audience is thinking. As a portal or springboard into online science journalism, **The Loom** is as good as it gets. Check it out at <http://blogs.discovermagazine.com/loom/>; you won't be sorry.

Ed Yong's blog, **Not Exactly Rocket**

**Science**, could be described as the feisty upstart to **The Loom's** elder statesman. Ed hasn't written the books Carl has, and he isn't published in all the journals, but he has won several awards for science journalism and has just left his day job to freelance fulltime. He loves science journalism, can often be found writing about the writing of science (huh?), and has weekly and monthly "best of" links to a smorgasbord of amazing articles. I defy you not to discover several new favorite journalists from following links from his site. Ed's monthly links post is called Science Writing I'd Pay To Read. And it's no joke, he picks 10

*Continued on page 3*



Photo by *Chris Marchi*

**YCC team lines up along the Saratoga Street trail they worked on with DCR's Geoff Wood.**

**Airport Edge Buffer** *(continued)* makes a better East Boston, which makes a better Commonwealth and a better airport.

Finally, great thanks to Valerie Burns of BNAN, for her tireless work, expertise and support. Without BNAN this major open space expansion for East Boston might never have gone through.

As shown in the accompanying photos, community youths, organized by BNAN as the Youth Conservation Corps (YCC), rehabilitated the East Boston Greenway this summer. Soon the Greenway will be part of a parkland pathway that extends all the way to Constitution Beach and beyond.

**Chris Marchi**  
*Vice President, AIR, Inc.*

**Traits Happen** *(continued)*

free articles per month and makes a small donation to the writers. He has a PayPal account set up so readers can do the same. In the near future, you may find yourself much happier, more scientifically literate, curious about what great reads are in store for you next month, and a couple of bucks poorer. Check out Ed's amazing site at <http://blogs.discovermagazine.com/notrocketscience/>.

**Chris Farnsworth.**

**Traits happen** is a multimedia educational experience dedicated to sharing the coolness of science with the known Universe. We serve nutritious vittles to a science-hungry public.

**James Falck, Belle Isle Visionary**

**A**s a student working towards a masters degree in landscape architecture at the Boston Architectural College, I have been studying public spaces in and around the Boston area for a number of years. Recently, I studied a unique space named Belle Isle Marsh Reservation. What a refreshing place this is. Although surrounded by an international airport, a busy harbor and high density neighborhoods, there is a calm, serene feeling when one enters the park.

In studying this special place though, it is the history of the park that is even more engaging. First initiated during a politically tumultuous time, the pioneers of this place were steadfast in their dream, bringing the idea to the public through meetings and prose.

Although there were many leaders among the pioneers, one person stands out: James Falck, landscape architect for the Metropolitan District Commission (predecessor of the Department of Conservation and Recreation).

I had the pleasure to meet Mr. Falck recently, along with his colleague at the time, Charles Shurtleff. Mr. Shurtleff's grandfather was one of the most well-known landscape architects in the history of Boston, and his grandson carries the tradition forward.

Jim retired from the MDC in 1988. Unable to just sit and watch the grass grow, Jim enrolled in the Montserrat Art College in Beverly, MA, trading in the land as his canvas for paper and linen. He has turned this passion into a successful business, participating in art shows across the nation.

Jim's home seems to represent the man himself: A seemingly simple exterior with a delightfully bright and colorful interior. Jim's watercolors and drawings, hung on every wall and stacked in the corners, are explosions of color, reminding me of Wassily Kandinsky, my favorite artist. There is light pouring into every room from cleverly placed windows that look out to a cheerful collection of trees, shrubs and perennials while the rooms are filled

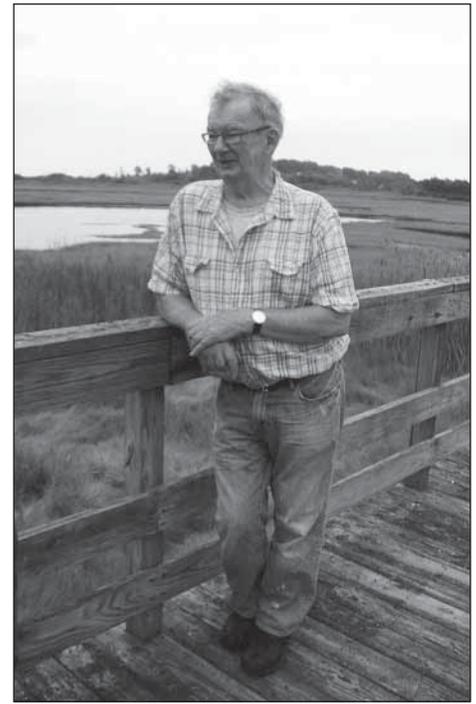


Photo by *Terrence Duffy*

**Jim Falck at the Belle Isle Boardwalk**

with a hodge-podge of furniture. Yet all seems to be organized and thought out.

The man himself, though, is the real treat of the home. A gracious man with a big smile, a loud voice and an even louder laugh. Once again, a simple exterior with a bright and colorful interior. Jim is still as passionate about Belle Isle Marsh Reservation at 83 as he was at 40. Reminiscing about the challenges that had to be overcome to make the dream of Belle Isle a reality bring fire to his speech as well as a glare in his eyes. His speech and eyes soften and his smile quickly returns when the discussion turns to the people who worked alongside him as they worked through those challenges.

I admit I was drawn under a spell as we discussed some of the glorious history of the Metropolitan District Commission, the delightful story of Belle Isle and the people involved, continuing on to the challenges the public park system has today.

I hope this spell is never broken.

**Terrence Duffy**

*Jim Falck, the landscape architect of Belle Isle Marsh Reservation, was acknowledged in this publication in 1985. See [http://friendsofbelleislemarsh.org/Belle\\_Isle\\_News/Belle.Isle.News.1985.03.pdf](http://friendsofbelleislemarsh.org/Belle_Isle_News/Belle.Isle.News.1985.03.pdf).*



## Surprise!

It was around 8 pm and the doorbell rang. Generally this means that the pizza guy is delivering an order to the wrong house. We don't order delivery much. When I got to the front door, it wasn't the pizza man but a neighbor from across the street. He was excited and wanted me to look at a bird. Since I'm the unofficial expert, I was glad to take a look. It was getting dark and the street lights were on. There it was on the lamp of the next telephone pole near our house. Surprise! It was a very large juvenile Osprey. About six people were gathered around staring up at this huge bird. So I switched into lecture mode and told them what it was, how big the wingspan is, where it came from, what it eats and all about the nest in the Orient Heights MBTA train yard. It was an exciting moment to be so close to an Osprey. Everybody felt in awe of such a large bird.

Surprise comes in many shapes and colors. There's the dread phone call at three in the morning or the unmistakable bang of a car crash. There's also the sort of delightful low level surprise that you can encounter when living next to a marsh. Whether it's a muskrat or an opossum, there's always a chance that you will run into something you didn't expect. One afternoon, I climbed up to the top of the observation platform at the end of the long path out from Palermo Street and



immediately ducked as an adult Mute Swan flew over my head so close that I could hear the wind from his wings. It was a heart fluttering moment but it felt great. It's the pleasure and joy of Belle Isle Marsh.

Early one spring morning, I was walking my vicious, 14-pound beast (actually a mild-mannered West Highland Terrier named Ruby) by Suffolk Downs Station. A slight fog muffled all the usual noise. I glanced down towards the back row of spruce trees and a coyote delicately parted the undergrowth and half way came out. He froze. I froze. Ruby froze. We just watched each other in silent surprise. It was an almost sacred moment. Of course, it didn't last and the coyote vanished like a magician. Ruby and I were both stunned. Surprise. A moment to savor and remember.

Rabbits are not a surprise. I see them off and on all the time, but this year has been different. Every morning I see rabbits, lots of rabbits. It's like the stars popping up as the sky gets darker. I can only wonder if the coyotes are not doing their job. That's a surprise in our bit of urban coyote land.

You start getting sensitive and the next thing you find is wild tomato plants growing up a chain link fence around the track. Little stuff that you never saw before and then it's everywhere. Lots of surprises and smiles. There's never really a dull moment. A Cooper's Hawk swerves through the spruce as commuters wearily leave the T-station. A night time cry as a Willet cruises and calls above Bennington Street, complaining about something. Ruby and I watch a mother and four cub raccoons saunter across the street and disappear into the weeds. Then suddenly the mother stands on her hind legs and gives us both a glare. It's all just so much fun and surprise.

I suppose that if I lived on a farm near woods, this would be so humdrum and boring that I'd never notice. But I value these little surprises. I am connected to a real (non-digital) world. I am entertained and frightened and educated and it never stops. Thank you, Belle Isle Marsh.

*George Cumming*

## Correction:

*Norm Smith, director of MassAudubon's Trailside Museum in Milton, wrote: "I noticed there was a photo of a hawk listed as a Sharp-shinned Hawk that is actually a Merlin. An easy mistake to make."*

Indeed, the differences between young Sharp-shinned and Merlin are subtle: Of similar size, both birds have heavily streaked breast and banded tail. Merlin has a faint but distinct facial mask, with a moustachial mark slanting diagonally back from the bill below the eye. This mark, lacking in the Sharp-shinned, is visible in George Cummings' photo in the June *OrientSee* column. Other, more subtle features are the bull-headed appearance of Merlin and the parallel, evenly spaced dark and light tail bands. Sharp-shinned Hawk often looks small-headed and the tail bands are somewhat irregular. See comparative photos below.

We thank Norm Smith for his sharp-eyed comment.



**Sharp-shinned Hawk**



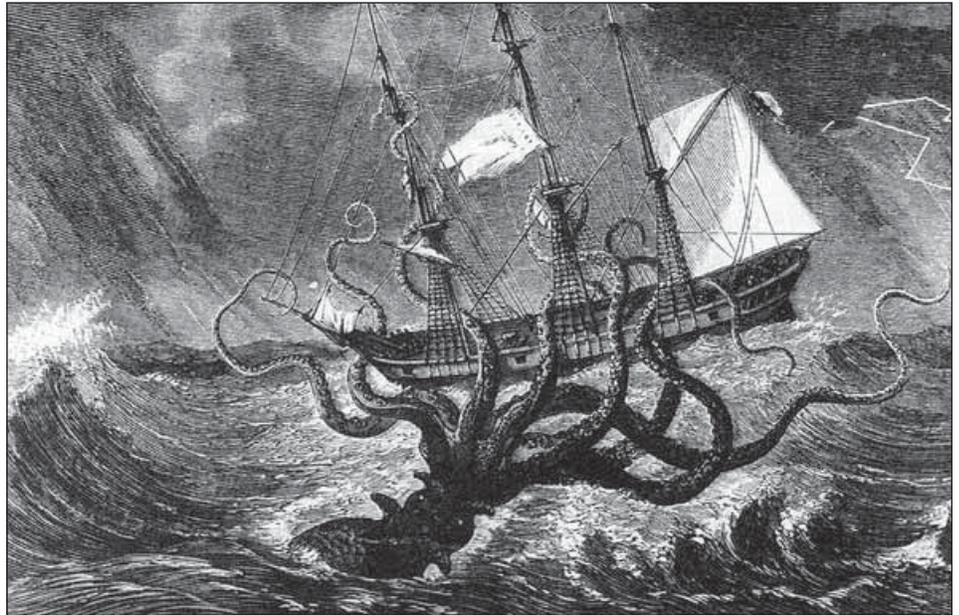
**Merlin**  
(George Cumming photo)

## Shaking Hands with the Kraken

In days of yore, when the world was bigger, sea monsters roamed the oceans. One of the most feared sea monsters was known as the Kraken. The Kraken was said to frequent Scandinavian waters and was notorious for plucking unsuspecting sailors off their ships or sinking their ships outright. Few, if any survived these encounters, but rumor had it that the Kraken was a giant octopus.

This past winter, while on vacation in Aruba, I had my most recent encounter with a Kraken. My daughter and I were snorkeling together in relatively shallow water when she found a beautiful conch shell which she grabbed off the bottom. She took the prize back to show her mother and I continued on alone. I was swimming over a rock reef and came upon a colorful angelfish patrolling a small section of the reef. I decided to hold my spot until my daughter returned, so I grabbed the top of a nearby rock to help hold my position. My attention was completely focused on the angelfish, when after a few moments I felt something on my hand. I unconsciously moved my hand and continued to watch the fish. After a few more moments, I felt something again on my hand. Now feeling a little annoyed that something was distracting me from this angelfish, I switched my gaze to the top of the rock. On the top of the rock was this brown amorphous mass of organic matter about the size of a dinner plate. My mask was all of a foot away from this organism and I was having a hard time deciphering what it was. I concluded that it must be some sort of soft coral. I surmised that the sensation on my hand was from the nematocysts that some corals fire off to discourage neighbors from getting too close.

I stared at this organism for a good 2 to 3 minutes from less than a foot away, when all of a sudden I made out what was definitely an eye. At that point, one tentacle also twitched a little bit again and extended toward my hand. I



now recognized the sensation as that of having suction disks attached to your skin. Finally, I saw the amorphous blob for what it truly was: An adult octopus.

Two things about this encounter struck me as absolutely amazing. First, the uncanny ability of this animal to blend in with its surroundings was sublime. In bright sunlight from a foot away, for several minutes I could not discern that this was an octopus. An octopus can change its color almost instantaneously to match the color and texture of its background. This color change allows it to blend in with almost any type of sea floor, to be invisible in plain sight. Scientific research suggests that color changes in an octopus may also be used to communicate moods to its fellow eight-armed rivals or to a mate.

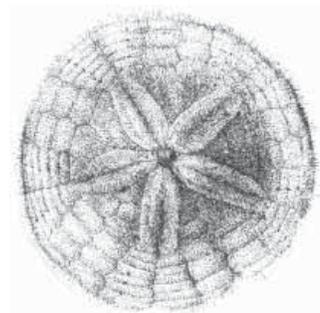
The second amazing aspect of this encounter was the level of curiosity exhibited by this animal. Even though it was taking a cautious approach to my presence by camouflaging itself, it could not resist checking me out as well. Humans generally consider curiosity as a sign of intelligence. Octopi have been extensively studied in captivity for signs of intelligence. They have proven to be adept at mazes and can figure out how to open bottles with screw-on tops to get at prey items inside. They have shown that they are capable of what

some people consider the pinnacle of intelligence, the ability to “play”. A researcher at the Seattle Aquarium gave an octopus a floating pill bottle. The octopus figured out that if it blew a jet of water at the pill bottle, it could push the bottle toward the tank’s jet filter which would blow the bottle right back to him. The octopus did this 20 times in a row and the researcher likened it to a human bouncing a ball.

One can understand how an innocent exploration by an octopus could frighten an unsuspecting human. This most certainly contributed to the image of humans being dragged below the water by a sea monster. I’d like to think the Kraken was simply extending its “hand” as a means of a friendly greeting.

**Phil Colarusso**

*Phil, who grew up in Winthrop, is a benthic scientist for the US EPA. He claims he spends about half his life under water.*



## The Nature of Belle Isle



### Skulkers

On June 17, Ryan Schain reported hearing a King Rail at Belle Isle. Within a day it was photographed. I decided right away that I was unlikely to see it. A one or two-day wonder, no one else would find it and that would be that. But it stayed and stayed and more and more people reported seeing it. It was seen in the muskrat pool, then it was walking about in the open marsh. Tim Factor, as regular a birder at Belle Isle as you'll find, heard it clacking and walking about in the reeds but never saw it. Then my old-time birding friend Bob Stymeist saw it wandering around under the Boardwalk—so close that he couldn't photograph it.

King Rail is a peculiar member



Photo by *Dorian Anderson*

*King Rail*

of a peculiar family. Rails are chickenlike birds but so thin that they can easily walk about among dense reeds—thin as a rail, you know. All have distinctive and characteristic calls and noises.

Some species, small ones such as Virginia Rail and Sora, are common here, but difficult to see because of the habitat they use and their crepuscular habits. Then there are the big rails: Clapper and King, sister species so closely related that they sometimes interbreed and many of their calls are identical to one another. Clapper, grey and mousy, traditionally in coastal marshes, is common from Cape Cod south. King, rusty and ruddy, is a fresh-water bird mostly known from inland southern swamps and wetlands. So what was a King Rail doing at Belle Isle? No one knows of course; birds have wings and use them. Sometimes they end up in places we don't have any reason to expect them. At least this King Rail was in a wetland instead of a shopping mall.



For several summers in a row, Least Bittern sightings at Belle Isle have tantalized us and made us wonder if they nest here. Least Bittern is another mysterious and peculiar marsh skulker. Not much bigger than a Blue Jay, it is a heron and, like most other herons, a hunter of aquatic life in swamps and marshes where it breeds. It's hard to imagine how tiny this heron is until you see it in comparison to something like a two-week-old black duck chick—it is barely larger than the chick. This can make it difficult to see, doubly so because its predominant coloration is faded stripes of yellows, tans and greens that blend it into the reed background.

This summer, both male and female



Photo by *Steven Whitebread*

### Least Bittern hunting

Least Bittern were seen by various observers in May and June. Again, I had no hope of seeing them, but I did try whenever I went to the Belle Isle muskrat pool. The coo-coo-coo calls were heard by birders and they were occasionally seen flying around the back of that pool, but not by me. My hope was that, if they bred in the marsh, some time later in the summer I would see them with babies.



One morning in mid-July I arrived at the muskrat pool and found a big group of birders jostling for positions to try to get a look at something. It turned out that one of the bitterns, the female, had been seen flying across the back of the pool and could still be made out, barely, along the edge. After much neck-craning I saw it, perched on the reeds and reaching with its usual amazing and acrobatic stance, out into the open water to snare prey. If you did not see it fly you were unlikely to find it by yourself, even with a telescope to scan the back of the pool. But with persistence, everyone there managed to get good looks at it and watched it hunt.

One of the people there, Eric Labato, had been looking for this bird as long as anyone and was ecstatic to see it. We both tried to get photos, but it ended up that another person, Steven Whitebread, got decent photos and generously shared them for this publication.

*Continued on page 7*

## Skulkers (continued)

Flush with the triumph of seeing the bittern, Eric and I then walked to the Boardwalk to see what else was afoot at the marsh. Eric had lived at a Revere apartment overlooking the marsh several years back and was an old hand at marsh mucking. I was very pleased to be birding with him for the first time.

As we looked around from the Boardwalk, we became aware of a person standing in the marsh to the south of us, waving and yelling. Through binoculars I saw that it was Dexter Hunneman, another Belle Isle birding stalwart, and he somehow communicated to us that he had the King Rail in view.

Not a moment to be lost! Eric and I were going to marshmuck across to Dexter and nail that rail! But what do you do when the path to one cool bird is blocked by several other cool birds? As we crossed the marsh grasses and avoided deep places, suddenly Eric stopped and pointed to a spot ahead of us. There was a Virginia Rail right there, not more than 40 feet away. It kept clucking and ticking and walking back and forth in front of us, but wouldn't actually leave—you know, *vamoose*—so we could continue along our path to the King Rail. Of course we pulled out cameras and tripods and proceeded to photograph it. Soon another Virginia was in the path to the right, behaving the same way. I could see Dexter looking back and wondering “What the devil is holding these guys up?” But what were we supposed to do, trample the Virginias in our rush to see the King?

Eventually, Eric and I did surge forward and forced the Virginias to retreat. A third one flushed out to the left, but finally we were pulling up even with Dexter. The question was, where is the King? Dexter had lost it in the reeds. He said it had been really close for a long time, but finally it wandered off and vanished. But in a moment it popped up again, on the wing, flying across the small salt pan and landing in

full view. Alas, too far for a decent photo, but it was a treat to watch this legendary bird picking its way across the dried reeds on the edge of the salt pan.



The fun we had that day was made possible because of the reporting and updating of reports by a variety of Belle Isle birders

including Ryan Schain, Bob Stymeist, Tim Factor, Dexter Hunneman and Eric Labato, among many others.

I thank Steven Whitebread, Marshall Illif and Dorian Anderson for their generous donations of photos for this article.

*Soheil Zende*

*To check for up-to-date Belle Isle bird information, look at*

<http://groups.google.com/group/bostonbirds/topics> and

<http://www.surfbirds.com/birdingmail/Group/MassBird>. Also check our website for a summary of bird sightings from *eBird*:

<http://www.friendsofbelleislemarsh.org>.



*Photo by Soheil Zende*

*Virginia Rail*



*Photo by Soheil Zende*

*Herb Guttell displaying some of his art work at Belle Isle Arts-in-the-Park Festival, October 2002.*

## Herb Guttell: Belle Isle Artist in Residence 20 October 1922 – 8 August 2011

We've lost another star! Herb Guttell passed away in early August. Herb and his wife Isabelle, long time Winthrop residents who recently moved to Milton, were founding members of Friends of Belle Isle Marsh.

Herb was a talented artist who in his retirement made kinetic sculptures, often using pieces of hardware or discarded items for his moving parts. He built a beautiful model ship that he installed on his house on Elmwood Court in Winthrop for many years. It spun around in the wind. He also made *Ida the Spida* from an old washing machine and old sink legs. His ability to make imaginative metal sculpture was supplemented by his photographic talent.

Isabelle, Herb's wife of many years, writes, “Herb was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis the first year of our marriage. [He] made a full recovery and was able to live an optimistic, happy life, in spite of some severe setbacks.”

Herb was a wonderful man and will be greatly missed by his many friends, including his Belle Isle friends. I feel very lucky to have known Herb!

*Barbara Bishop*

Friends of Belle Isle Marsh  
(FBIM) membership dues:

- Family ..... \$15
- Individual ..... \$10
- Seniors and Youth (under 16) \$5

*FBIM is a registered nonprofit corporation; contributions are tax-deductible. Thank you for your continued support.*

*FBIM is a volunteer organization dedicated to the preservation of this marsh. We believe that protection ultimately depends on public awareness of the value and beauty of this natural resource. Our focus, therefore, is mainly educational.*

*For extra newsletters to share or leave on tables at your coffee shop, public library or boat club, etc., call 617-567-5072 or email: **friendsofbelleislemarsh@comcast.net***

*Our web address:*

**<http://www.friendsofbelleislemarsh.org>**

*Also, look for us on **Facebook**.*

*This issue was produced by Soheil Zende  
with help from Barbara Bishop, Daniela Foley,  
Gail Miller and Christine Zende.*

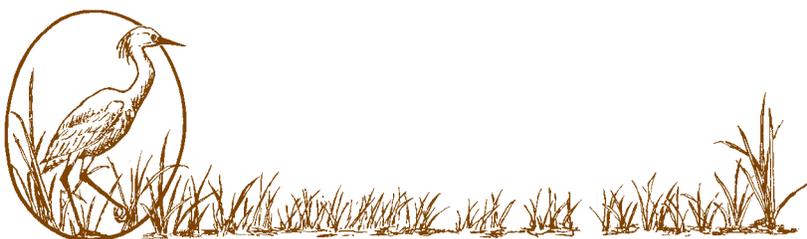
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### ***Friends of Belle Isle Marsh***

*P. O. Box 575  
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**Address service requested**

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## Harvest Festival ☞ Sunday, October 2

*When:* 1 - 3 PM

*Where:* Belle Isle Park

Park entrance on Bennington Street, East Boston, across the street from Suffolk Downs **T** Station

- Horse drawn hayrides
- Pumpkin decorating
- Live animals from Creature Teachers
- Touch tank of creatures from the Marsh
- Children's art table
- Live music band



*This event is free and open to the public.*

*Sponsored by:* East Boston Foundation, East Boston Savings Bank, East Boston Neighborhood Health Center, Department of Conservation and Recreation, Friends of Belle Isle Marsh and individuals and local businesses.

