



The Sycamore Islander

October, 2001

Volume 80 No. 10

October Meeting

The next meeting of the Club will be Wednesday, October 10 at 8:00 p.m. in the Clubhouse. Attendance at the September meeting was barely enough to conduct business. The meeting began about fifteen minutes late when, happily, the tenth voting member arrived. Clearly, more of our members should make the effort to attend and take part

in deliberations. We need you. The meeting unanimously approved Tryon Wells as a committee-of-one to present a list of nominees for club offices (as required by our by-laws) no later than November 1st to our editor for publication in the November issue of the *Sycamore Islander*. The October meeting will set the date for the Fall Workfest.

Minutes of the September 12 Meeting

Attendance: Jack Colwell, Jerry Barton, Al Brown, Johnna Robinson, Carl Linden, Mardy Burgess, Jeff Komarow, Trip Reid, Jane and Dave Winer, Phil Thorson, and Ann Marie Cunningham.

The meeting was called to order by President Carl Linden. There were no changes to the minutes of the August meeting.

Dave Winer showed us the embroidered Island logo and showed two styles of hats that we can order. The baseball cap costs \$17 and the bucket hat costs \$30. You can also have your own articles of clothing embroidered with our logo for about \$12.

Communications: Ann Marie Cunningham read a letter from member Christopher Grant, in which he expressed how fortunate we are in having Doc and Phyllis as caretakers, and that he intends to make a monthly payment in addition to his dues to help to maintain and protect the Island. The full text of his letter will be published in the October or November *Islander*.

Treasurer's Report: Alan Gelb will present a proposal for a dues increase at the October meeting. This is necessitated by the increased cost of living since the last dues increase seven years ago and the planned construction for the caretaker's apartment. By that time, he hopes to have a firmer grasp of

The Sycamore Islander is a monthly newsletter of the Montgomery Sycamore Island Club. Articles, photographic essays, drawings, announcements, letters to the editors—any materials of interest to the membership and waiting list—are welcome and should be sent to the Editors, Jane and David Winer, 5927 Onondaga Road, Bethesda, MD 20816. Text and graphics may be sent as email attachments to davidwiner@erols.com in all common formats. **Note to submitters of announcements, articles, or letters: The deadline for inclusion in the November issue is receipt at the Editors' address on Nov 1. Earlier submissions receive priority.**

September Minutes (continued)

construction costs and the timing as to when the construction will take place.

Building Report: Al Brown reported that there will be a meeting with the head of the Park & Planning Commission to discuss the unique factors in the Island and our plans for building. The Commission provided Al with an aerial survey map with contours of the Island. Hopefully, this will be sufficient as a plat. Since the Island has no immediate neighbors, many other requirements may not be applicable.

Financial Report and Membership Report: No significant change.

Captain's Report: The jagged rocks on the trail have been reported to the NPS as being a potential hazard. John Matthews has offered our help.

Editor's Report: It is important to get articles to the editors in a timely manner. The October issue already has several articles and pictures of interest. Contact Tryon Wells if you wish to receive the *Islander* from the web so that you can see the pictures in color.

The website has been revamped to include photos of late summer wildflowers. Other parts have been reorganized to make it easier to find things. Botanists Kathy Bilton and Jane Hill have been on the Island and identified many of the flowers.

Grounds: Trip Reid reported that the trees planted

in recent years, including the silky dogwood, are doing very well.

Swimming: John Krasny has put life rings attached to ropes on the ferry.

New Business: The list of relief caretakers on the web is out-of-date. Morris Cobern of Allied Printing, our newsletter printer, volunteered and served as relief caretaker when he saw a vacant slot on the list.

Jerry Barton is impressed with the involvement of many on the waiting list, and would like to see more opportunities for them to participate. He suggested a "big brothers"-like partnership between members and waiting list persons. This could possibly be done through the addition of a checkbox on the annual renewal form that offers volunteer activities.

Phil Thorson and John Matthews are planning another battle in the war on kudzu in two spots on McArthur Blvd. They need volunteers to help spray the new growth with diluted Round Up, an herbicide that is biodegradable in the soil. If you can help with the spraying, or have a sprayer you could loan, please call Phil or John. The grounds committee will consider paying for the Round Up.

It was moved to appoint Tryon Wells as chairman of the Nominating committee, and to appoint two others that he designates as members.

—Ann Marie Cunningham, Acting Rec. Secretary

Letter to the Club from Christopher L. Grant

I have been trying to find time to participate more actively in the club's activities recently and have enjoyed myself tremendously at the Celtic party and on other occasions. Two thoughts have occurred to me repeatedly on these visits. First, we are very, very fortunate to have Doc and Phyllis keeping the island in such good condition and offering their warm hospitality to all comers. They give greatly of themselves and contribute well beyond what we would expect from a caretaker.

Second, as the Washington urban area develops and becomes ever more congested, our island becomes a more and more precious anomaly. I believe that we must prepare ourselves to protect the island from a variety of kinds of threats. This is going to require, among other things, money. My dues are not, in my view, sufficient to maintain and protect the island in the long run. Accordingly I have commenced to donate an additional (*amount*) per month to the club, and will continue as long as the bank book will sustain it! I enclose my second and third installments, the first having been sent in July.

Elephants and Passion

—By Kathy Bilton

I had been aware of the Island, having seen it on maps and having ridden by on the towpath but became much more conscious of it during a meeting of the Botanical Society of Washington last year. Chris Lea was doing a presentation about the fluvial influences on plant communities in the Potomac Gorge. Some of his research had been conducted on Ruppert's and because of this, some folks from Sycamore were in attendance.

While talking to them after the meeting, and mentioning that it would be wonderful to be able to explore the plant life of the island, Doc invited me to come out and visit some time. I kept it in mind, but the right time never seemed to arise. But this spring, I started looking in on the Caretaker's log occasionally. I noticed a couple of mentions of an abundance of Phlox that had started blooming and which was very fragrant. I decided to email Doc with the suggestion that perhaps these plants that were blooming were instead Dame's Rocket (*Hesperis matronalis*) and not Phlox.

He inspected them and confirmed my suspicion that the flowers in question had four petals, which is characteristic of the mustard family of which Dame's Rocket is a member. It's not native to the U.S. but rather to Europe where it was said to be one of Marie Antoinette's favorite flowers. (Phlox would have had five petals.) While essentially a spring flower, a handful of plants usually continue to bloom a bit through the late summer.

Doc renewed the invitation to come out to the Island and I decided to make a point to get out there! And so, though I missed the spring flora, I was treated to a treasure of summer flowering species on a couple of recent trips I've made to the Island.

Some flowers prefer wet feet.

One of the most spectacular flowers one can see on the Island in late summer is the Cardinal

Flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*). Its irregular tubular flowers, with two lobes above and three below, are very attractive to butterflies and hummingbirds, though not to cardinals. The Island is also home to its somewhat less showy cousin, the Great Blue Lobelia (*Lobelia siphilitica*). As you may imagine from the name, this plant has a history of medicinal use.



The intense scarlet of the Cardinal Flower makes this beauty easy to spot near the water.

Another very attractive genus, *Hibiscus*, is represented by two different species. The Rose Mallow (*Hibiscus moscheutos*) as well as the Halberd-leaved Rose Mallow (*Hibiscus laevis*) can be found at the river's edge at various places around the Island. If you have ever eaten Okra, you have eaten a close relative of these lovely plants.



The showy Halberd-leaved Rose Mallow is also found around the Island's edges.

Late summer brings forth a profusion of members of the Daisy family.

Elephant's Foot (*Elephantopus carolinianus*) can be seen growing very close to the clubhouse. Its



Elephant's Foot grows next to the wooden walkway by the clubhouse.

s o m e w h a t rough leaves come out long in advance of the time it flowers. The bluish-purple bloom consists of many small flower heads which rest on a leafy green bract. Like the Ironweed

(*Vernonia noveboracensis*) and the Eupatoriums, it does not have a typical daisy-like appearance.

An array of Eupatoriums is in evidence at this time of year, from the towering Joe Pye Weed (*Eupatorium* sp.); the attractive violet-blue Mistflower (*Eupatorium coelestinum*); Boneset



White Snakeroot, here in a bouquet with a Morning Glory has a poisonous nature.

(*Eupatorium perfoliatum*) which is reputed in folk medicine to be able to help broken bones heal; to the very common White Snakeroot (*Eupatorium rugosum*) and others. White Snakeroot is thought to have been responsible for the death of Abraham Lincoln's mother. In past times, milk sickness was quite a problem. Many people were sickened or died after consuming milk from cows that had a large amount of this plant in their diet.

Yellow Sneezeweed (*Helenium autumnale*), has wedge-shaped yellow rays and a prominent dome-like center disk. The powdered disk flow-



Sneezeweed was used by American Indians and in folk medicine. It contains the lactone, Helenalin, which has shown significant anti-tumor activity in the cancer screening program at the National Cancer Institute.

ers and leaves of this plant have been used in the past as snuff which accounts for its name.

The Island has vines too.

I was excited to see that the Yellow Passion Flowers (*Passiflora lutea*) were in bloom as I had never before seen this species in flower. The common name was given to its more showy relative *Passiflora incarnata* by early Christian missionaries who felt they saw the passion of Christ symbolized in the complex and showy flowers. This perennial vine is said to be great for attracting butterflies to your garden.



Passion Flowers produce passion fruits.

Also thriving on Sycamore is a native member of the Squash family. The One-Seeded Bur-Cucumber (*Sicyos angulatus*) has small greenish white flowers and a fruit covered with barbed spines.



Despite its name, Bur-cucumber bears no resemblance to what we ordinarily think of as a cucumber. (The prominent leaf to the left is not Bur-cucumber, but Japanese hops.)

However, another vine was an unwelcome sight. I spotted a bit of the triangular leaved Mile-a-Minute Weed (*Polygonum perfoliatum*), a very problematic and fast-spreading invasive from Asia. I pulled up a little but one really needs to have gloves to go after it because of its prickles.



Members: Please remove the alien-invasive Mile-a-Minute Weed anytime you encounter it on Sycamore Island.

Water Willow (*Justicia americana*) is listed as a weed by the Virginia Cooperative Extension, but as an endangered plant in Quebec. Wildlife agencies are using this plant to create or restore wetlands because it is an important fish habitat and is also very adaptable. It has opposite leaves, which have a distinctive white midvein that runs the length of the entire leaf. They start blooming in early summer and continue into the fall. The plant forms large colonies along riverbanks and in ponds.



Asiatic Dayflower (*Commelina communis*) Linnaeus named this genus after a family of Dutch botanists, two of whom attained prominence in their field while a third died before accomplishing anything in botany. He noted that *Commelina* has flowers with 3 petals, 2 of which are showy, while the third is not at all conspicuous.



Kathy Bilton is a field botanist who delights in wildflowers. She lives about 65 miles up the towpath from the Island.

Email: kathy@fred.net

David Winer took these photos on the Island.

 * Want to see more pictures of wildflowers that grow on Sycamore Island? Go *
 * to our web-site and click on the Picture Gallery, then on the Wildflowers, *
 * then on Late Summer Blossoms. You will find a large, colorful collection of *
 * these and other Island flowers. <http://www.sycamoreisland.org> *
 * *****

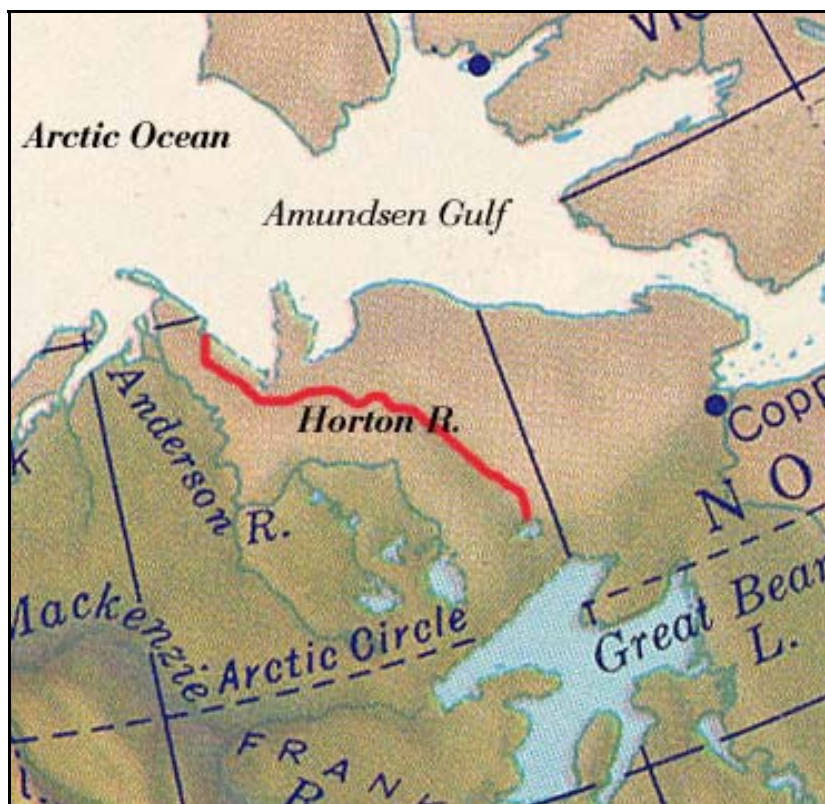
Paddling through Grizzly Country

—by John Lentz

What is the stirring that draws one back to northern Canada? After 14 canoe trips in the region over the past 40 years, a fair conclusion might be that the time has come for me to pass beyond such pursuits. The question could be answered with deep philosophical introspection; however, dedicated wilderness paddlers simply schedule another trip.

So it was not all that surprising to find three Washington area river rats emerging from a Twin Otter bush plane on a small un-named lake near the upper Horton River last July 2nd. Joe Lederle of Arlington, Virginia and Bob Schaefer from Mt. Airy, Maryland had been with me on 10 previous trips. Talk about veteran paddlers – our average age was 65! Anders Karlsson out of Calgary, Alberta was the “youngster” of the party at 45. We had selected the Horton as its 410-mile route, from a wilderness north of Great Bear Lake to the Arctic Ocean, lay mostly along the tree line. Often one side of the river was well-timbered with white spruce, while the other was barren tundra. The river also had a manageable gradient of 3 feet per mile, and we predicted few portages.

Our put-in lake was half-filled with ice. Frigid shoreline shallows made for quick travel to the outlet. There we found a surprisingly good volume in a creek that would carry us to the Horton itself. Our stream work came to an abrupt halt when Joe spotted a mother grizzly and cub coming toward us. It's one thing to sight bear from the relative safety of a broad river, but quite another when wading down a channel just a foot wider than our canoe. With nowhere to hide and *ursus horribilis*



The Horton River offered over four hundred miles of paddling above the Arctic Circle.

rapidly closing, we breathed easier when, 50 yards off, mother caught our scent and steered her cub away to “safer” ground.

We joined the Horton later that day about 20 miles from its headwaters. This was two days travel upstream from the standard put-in, the outflow from Horton Lake, for the half-dozen or so parties that run the river each year. The extra mileage was well worth it. We were treated to tundra country with the arctic willow buds just starting. Snow banks and grazing caribou were everywhere – a northland paradise. Next day we encountered the first trees, then a habitation. It was a teepee frame of great age and almost primitive in construction. Although the spruce poles were firmly locked together at the peak, their base showed no use of an

axe. Descending the Horton in plastic canoes with freeze-dried food and a satellite phone, we had little idea of the harsh conditions experienced by Indian families a half century ago.

of the trip. When we paddled, peregrine falcons and bald eagles screeched at our intrusion from nests high above. At the inflow of a clear water tributary below the canyons, Anders caught a 23-



A few hundred mosquitoes try to penetrate Joe Lederle's headnet.

The Horton carried us forward as we had anticipated: lots of riffles and easy rapids as the river cut between hills rising almost 800 feet. It was far from pristine, champagne-clear water. On most of the outer bends massive clods of humus were clawed away, often dropping before our eyes. As they separated, the river became an opaque brown that was unappealing to view and not the greatest for fishing, but not harmful to drink. Having good weather, we could clock 30 miles a day with time left over for an afternoon hike out of the valley.

Progress slowed when we encountered two days of canyon country where 100-foot walls hemmed some challenging whitewater. About a dozen Class 3-4 rapids had to be scouted, sometimes after inching along the cliffside. Most were run on the less turbulent inside bend, but one heavy stretch had us carrying around for our only portage

inch northern pike that took one meal too many. The greedy thing already had two undigested fish in its stomach and was taking on a third when it bit the lure.

On the subject of digestion, we were witness a few days later to a grizzly's lunch. The bear was loping intently along the river's edge with his nose to the ground. No interest was shown in our canoes so we kept pace, only to see a ground squirrel make a mad dash uphill for its den. It was no contest. The swift-moving bear caught up to it in two bounds and came down on lunch with both front paws. We wisely decided not to interfere, and even had our own meal on the opposite bank.

We pulled ashore where Coal Creek dribbled into the Horton. Here the renowned arctic ethnographer and explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, together with

another scientist and ten Inuit passed the winter of 1911-12. Using a photo from Stefansson's book, *My Life With The Eskimo*, and some good

Smoking Hills. This is a literal naming as lignite deposits have been smoldering there ever since being observed by the first Western explorer in 1826. Various minerals have created areas devoid of vegetation that engender an eerie other-worldliness.



Rapids in the canyon country.

intuition, Bob found their cabin site about a mile up Coal Creek in a dense growth of spruce. Along the creek bank in a tangle of willow branches, we stumbled over what appeared to be an old rusted piece of sheet iron that had formed the sides of a wood-burning stove. While the artifact cannot unequivocally be traced to the Stefansson expedition, I thought it was sufficiently interesting to bring out and give to the Prince of Wales Northern Heritage Centre in Yellowknife, the Northwest Territories' museum. Work on its origin is continuing.

After Coal Creek the country changed. Trees faded out at 69° 33' N. latitude, which we believe is the most northern forest in the western hemisphere. Bob and I briefly discussed our good fortune in being able to observe the limit of trees in both hemispheres, the other being on a 1990 trip in northern Siberia.

At the time, we were paddling by the

On July 24 we came down the last bend of the Horton to look out onto an ice-choked Arctic Ocean. In terms of ice on the water, it brought us full circle from our landing lake. As we passed under a prominent hill on that final stretch, I looked up to see a lone caribou silhouetted against the azure sky. Was it a symbolic farewell from all those northern animals whose paths I've crossed? My take is that it was an *au revoir* from the Horton; I'll return to the north.



The Horton River with spruce in the valley and tundra at higher elevations.

John Lentz has been a prominent participant in Washington area canoeing activities for many years, and is also a long-time member of the Sycamore Island Club. He and his wife Judy live up the hill from the Island. The photographs were taken on the trip by Bob Schaefer.

Notes from the Island

Mon 2 Sep The Island archives should record that Oscar has returned to his roots. Oscar is a shiner who was released yesterday by the Banta family back into his mother's natural habitat. He had been living in the Banta aquarium since his mother was captured from the river here and taken to their home. A third generation is still in the Banta aquarium and some of them may one day join Oscar.

Justine Wolk, a guest of the Banta's yesterday, deserves a special mention in the dispatches, cited by the Captain's Wife as "deserving of glorification for her effort and participation" in the Captain's project to remove the unsightly mess that had accumulated in the river near the Captain's float. Many will recall that a huge log had snagged in the branches of the fallen sycamore tree there and all summer has been accumulating floating trash and detritus. The Captain was able to somehow deploy sufficient rope and volunteers to remove the fallen log and clear out the unsightliness.

Tue 3 Sep Ed Gero's potluck dish at the Regatta was so popular that several wistful chewers demanded the recipe. In honor of the occasion, he has named his dish Sycamore Island Stir Fry and the recipe has been forwarded to the Webmaster and may be obtained from the Island web page.

Wed 5 Sep The encounter seemed so innocent... who could have imagined the consequences to come. The squirrel was very young, and the Caretaker thought surely he was on the screen porch because of youthful exploration. The squirrel had been interrupted while about some business on the table near the door where there were several bags of grass seed in large paper bags. They had looked at each other and the Caretaker had actually been flattered that the squirrel showed no fear and sort of ambled off unworried. It was only after dark when loud critter sounds came from the screen porch that the Caretaker put it together and realized what had happened... the squirrels had located the secret Caretaker donut stash! The Caretaker jumped up and bolted for the door before he realized that by his very actions he was busted. Just as every Mother can tell when every little boy is guilty of something, this lore is somehow passed on through the Y chromosome to little girls, who become wives and can tell when big boys are guilty of something. Thus, every husband learns to cringe when a certain tone creeps in to the "Where are you going?"... which in some instances is code for "Why are you acting so guilty?" And so the whole ugly story was revealed... how the fishermen had

left this box of donuts so decadent that just one bite was guaranteed to harden a mile of artery. The really tricky question was "Why did you feel you had to hide them?" Fortunately, most husbands eventually learn to recognize trick questions, and so instead of confessing that he simply wanted to avoid the lecture about the 40 zillion calories, the Caretaker tried to explain that he was not actually trying to hide the donuts... after all he did not hide them under the bags of grass seed... but merely placed them in the same paper bag. In the end the donuts were not confiscated, but they might as well have been, because there was no joy in gobbling them after discovery... and they went to the fishes.

Thu 6 Sep We have received news that Bill Banta is in the hospital as a result of an insect bite received on the Island while he was substitute caretaker last Sunday.

This year there is a multitude of stealth mosquitoes... so small and light that one cannot feel them land and are unaware of being visited until after the bite itches. These are the Asian tigers that are newly arrived in our area. The last two times the Caretaker has come down the path he has been bitten... in the daylight... so the threat lurks even before arriving at the Island and all visitors should prepare accordingly. On the last page of a special *Scientific American* issue devoted to nanotechnology passed on by Tryon Wells, Laurence Corash, Chief Medical Officer of Cerus Corporation, answers a question that has certainly been mulled over by this caretaker and probably everyone with an outdoor job: If a used needle can transmit HIV, why can't a mosquito? His answer:

The AIDS virus (HIV) on used needles is infectious when injected into a human because the virus can bind to T cells and start to replicate. The human T cell is a very specific host cell for HIV. When a mosquito feeds on a person with HIV, the HIV enters the insect's gut, where it cannot find a host. The malarial parasite, in contrast, can survive, multiply and mature in the mosquito's gut. The parasites then migrate to the insect's salivary glands. Because mosquitoes inject their saliva when they bite, the parasite is passed along to the next human on whom the insect feeds. The complex interaction between the infectious agent and the mosquito is thus required for malarial transmission. HIV, however, deteriorates in the gut before the mosquito bites again and therefore is not transmitted to the insect's next victim.

So... we do not all have to move to the Arctic Circle after all!

Notes from the Island (continued)

Fri 7 Sep Club Captain John Matthews has been concerned about the way the path down the hill has become dangerously washed out by recent heavy rains. Noticing that there was gravel and stuff left behind at the top of the hill by the Park Service when they upgraded the path and put in the water boards, he suggested that the Club might pay a laborer to bring shovel and wheelbarrow and transfer this abandoned path material from the top of the hill and fill in those washed out sections of the path. Sounds simple.... right? Wrong! Unfortunately he did the right thing and called Nancy Poe, Ranger Volunteer Coordinator, who oversaw the construction of the much-improved path. He was told to take pictures... come up with a plan... submit the plan in writing... and someone would maybe get back to him in three weeks. This is our government in action... or inaction!

People should be reminded that it was our own Caretaker Predecessor Ken Fassler who is primarily responsible for the user friendly path folks now use... who spent months establishing the grade, locating and lugging the locust logs used to originally border the path to contain erosion, and pounding steel rods to secure these logs in place on the hillside. True, the much-improved path results from the efforts of volunteers from the Justice Department who spent a Saturday morning working on the path as part of the program whereby government employees get comp time for participation in community activities, but the government "improved" path now requires government maintenance.

Sat 15 Sep This morning we received a call from a visitor to the Island who left the Island yesterday evening to find that his car in the parking lot on MacArthur Blvd. had been broken into and vandalized. The passenger window had been broken and approximately 6 eggs had been smeared on various places inside the auto for maximum effect... for instance, one egg was broken and smashed into the air conditioning vents. Previous to his departure a loud and possibly drunk group had left the area of the illegal rope swing and gone up the hill. It is hard not to compare this attitude of vandalism to the attitude of terrorism... especially considering the increase in incidences of the last two weeks. The attention of the authorities is elsewhere these days, but when it is not, their attention should be focused on the situation at the rope swing. Anyway, Members should be informed regarding the threat to their parked vehicles.

Mon 17 Sep The Caretaker's Wife has asked that a compelling quote from yesterday's *Post* be noted in the Log. From Eleanor Roosevelt: "*Dear Lord, lest I continue my complacent way, help me to remember, somewhere out*

there a man died for me today. As long as there be war, I must ask and answer: Am I worth dying for?"

Tue 18 Sep A week ago today the Island was crowded with folks who were either released from work places into a traffic logjam and were seeking a quiet eddy in the chaos to ride it out... or were specifically seeking out the Island as a place of calm reflection to find perspective regarding the day's tragedies. The Caretaker was not here that day but knows this mainly because of the many comments made on the ferry by so many who have returned since and voiced their heartfelt appreciation that the Island was here for them. That day is forever seared into the national consciousness in the same way that the Pearl Harbor attack was to our fathers and grandfathers... and everyone will remember where they were and what they did. Thus... to many Members... Sycamore Island will be remembered on that day as the "Isle of Solace."

It still is! Come on down and get some.

Mon 24 Sep Looking into the low water shallows one can see patterns of curves and swirls on the surface of the mud... looking like a child's doodles or the miniature roadways of some drunken civilization. One must get the eyeballs close to see that each little trail ends in a tiny lump in the mud which is, in fact, a tiny snail whose shell is cleverly camouflaged to blend into the background. These seem to be the same snails one might see in an aquarium, and they exist by the thousands in the mud downriver from the Captain's float. The snails seem to live only in the shallows and one wonders how they and other critters kindred to this shallow habitat cope with the ever-changing river... as their very worlds migrate with the rise and fall of the river level. There is an entire unnoticed world in the shallows... one need not travel to other planets to look for new worlds to explore or strange and wonderful creatures to admire.

Once dark falls, one can walk down to the swimming dock and, standing there, look back towards the Island and see, in the mud flats adjacent to the wooden walkway, myriads of little lights in the mud. These are glow-worms that must be drawn to the microhabitat there... because there is such a concentration there that they resemble glowing gems strewn about in the mud.

—Doc Taliaferro

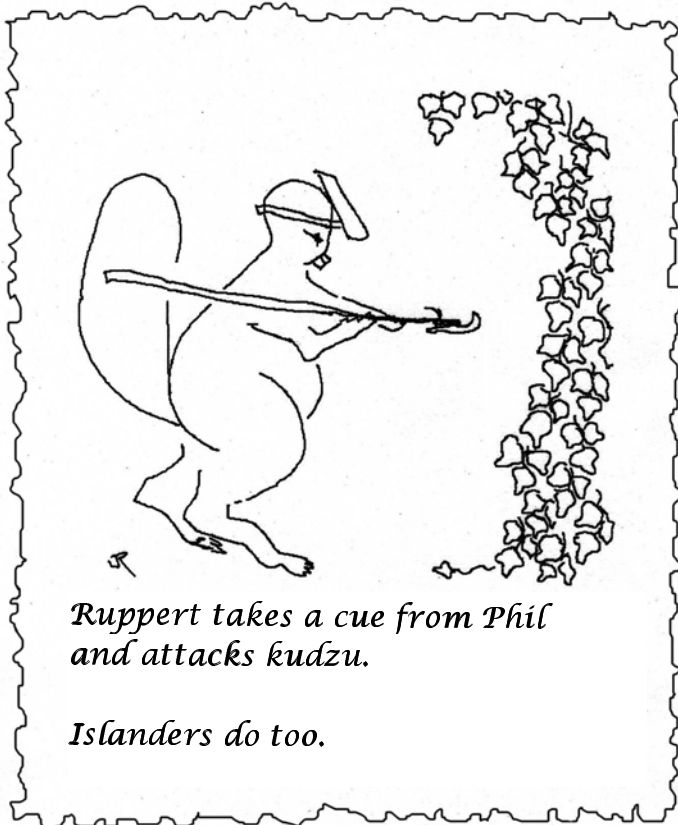
Excerpted from the Caretaker's Log at
<http://www.sycamoreisland.org>

Date	Time	Name(s)	Telephone
30-Sep	10:00 - 2:00	Mary George Kronstadt	202-966-7757
	2:00 - Dusk	Al Brown & Mardy Burgess	301-229-9577
07-Oct	10:00 - 2:00	Terry Murphy	301-263-9766
	2:00 - Dusk	Linda & Robert Blair	202-364-8747
14-Oct	10:00-2:00	Joe Cecil	202-244-7036
	2:00-Dusk	Anne & John Armstrong	703-847-6488
21-Oct	10:00-2:00	David Lyles	703-536-8692
	2:00-Dusk	Blair & Nancy Bower	703-528-4466
28-Oct	10:00-2:00	Marc Brenneman	301-587-4919
	2:00-Dusk	Jerome & Audrey Cramer	202-966-1544

**Sunday
Relief
Caretakers
October 2001**

**** Caretaker Volunteers *****
Call Patricia & Terry Murphy (301)-263-9766
or
Brian & Anne Waidmann (703-536-3168)
to volunteer for caretaking .
It's a great way to spend time on the Island!

Ruppert



Cartoon by Johnna Robinson

No large parties are reported for October.

A large party application form may be printed from
the club's Web page at

<http://www.sycamoreisland.org/systems.htm>

— or —

To request a form through the mail, call the
Supervisor of Parties, John Noble

e-mail: jnoble@erols.com
 phone: 301-320-3554, fax: 301-320-4216



The Sycamore Islander

6006 Welborn Drive
Bethesda MD 20816-1158

<http://www.sycamoreisland.org>

Address Service

FIRST-CLASS MAIL
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
BETHESDA, MD 20817
PERMIT NO. 1172

FIRST CLASS MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL

October 2001

This Issue:

- A Grant grant.
- Elephant's feet by the Clubhouse.
- Another canoeing vacation... in the Arctic.
- Thorson & Matthews "Round Up" kudzu.
- 40 zillion calories... to the fishes.



Remembering September 11, 2001.