



The Sycamore Islander

September 2003

Volume 82 No. 9

President's Message

Last month I reported on a shortage of grills on the Island. Before that appeared in print, Craig Iscoe and Rosemary Hart responded to the need that they experienced earlier, by donating one. Their friends, Ben Wear and Gail Randall, were coming to the Island for a farewell barbecue, prior to moving out of the area. They had a large Weber grill in excellent condition that they didn't want to move. They helped Craig and Rosemary carry it to the Island for all of us to use. Next time you have a barbecue, think of our generous members and friends.

Another member, Harry Piper, has given us some of his cherished possessions. Harry joined the Club in 1942. He was a civil engineer, who loved to build canvas canoes, all of which were unfortunately lost to floods. But he also hand-carved some paddles. His son brought a paddle that looks like a Viking made it, and a set of double blades, along with some papers and old Islanders to the Island last week. The Viking paddle, made in the 30s, and the documents are along the back wall of the Clubhouse, and the double paddle is in the screened porch. Be sure to look at them when you have a few minutes.

Joe was on vacation for two weeks this month, and we had excellent substitute caretakers. David and Sea Sitomer were very gracious hosts; so much so that they even served us cake at the last meeting. They're former members who were delighted to have an opportunity to spend time on the Island again.

Normally, I end this with an invitation to the next meeting

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 Editor, Norman Metzger, 638 G Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003-2724 or by fax to 202/544-6027. Text and graphics may be sent as email attachments to nm2@bellatlantic.net in all common formats. **Note to submitters of announcements, articles, or letters: The deadline for inclusion in the October issue is receipt at the Editor's address by September 19. Earlier submissions receive priority.**

(which will be Wednesday, September 10 at 8:00, and you are very welcome), but instead, I want you to know that on October 8, we will have a guest speaker. Stephanie Flack, the Potomac Gorge Project Director for The Nature Conservancy, is going speak of their conservation program. Two of their environmental engineers will visit the Island as part of their wetlands survey. Mark your calendar. It will be of interest to all of us.

— Ann Marie Cunningham

Minutes of the August 13, 2003 Membership Meeting

The meeting was held at the Island. President Ann Marie Cunningham called the meeting to order at 8:10 p.m. Those present and enjoying the sultry weather were Ann Marie Cunningham, John Noble, Norman Metzger, Carol Schleicher, Dick Schleicher, John Lentz, Judy Lentz, John Matthews, Elizabeth Gravatte, Faith Earll, Lee Gravatte, Peter Winkler, and Bill Marmon.

Minutes The minutes of the June meeting as published in the *Islander* were approved. (There was no meeting in July, owing to the lack of a quorum.)

Communications Ann Marie reported on two telephone calls from members concerning a shortage of grills. Ann Marie stated that the members' purpose was not to complain, but to generously offer to purchase or donate additional grills to the Club. In fact, one grill is being donated by friends of new members Craig Iscoe and Rosemary Hart. The Club will purchase other grills as needed.

Large Party Report Supervisor of Parties John Noble gave a report of upcoming large parties scheduled August through

October. There are parties on August 23 and 28, September 7, 13, and 25, and October 11. [P. 11 has details.]

Editor's Report *Islander* editor Norman Metzger solicited articles for the *Islander* and asked all contributors to send him their articles in advance of the monthly deadline. Other members present praised Norman for getting off to an excellent start as editor.

Personnel Committee Report Ann Marie reported on a recent meeting of the Committee, which is currently preparing a review of Caretaker Joe Hage's first year. Comments from all members are welcome.

There were no reports from the Treasurer, the Captain, or the Financial Secretary.

Old Business Membership Secretary Bill Marmon presented his motions for changes to the By-laws and Standing Rules, previously published in the *Islander* and discussed at the informal July meeting, concerning the status of separating or divorcing couples who are members or on the waiting list. Wait-lister Elizabeth Gravatte spoke briefly about the purpose of the proposed rules changes, which will allow both individuals to remain members or on the waiting list. After a brief discussion, the rules changes were approved.

New Business Captain Emeritus John Matthews presented a proposal for the improvement and protection of the ferry. If built for the Club, it will cost about \$425, and John and Joe Hage will install it. John reported, however, that Deputy Captain John Stapko may be able to build it. If he cannot, we authorized John Matthews to go ahead with the purchase.

In discussion, members observed that not everyone knows how to properly operate the ferry. It was agreed that it would be an excellent idea to post instructions on the ferry itself. If the instructions do not already exist in the Club's orientation materials, John Matthews will draft them. [Done. See next page.]

Announcements Ann Marie reminded everyone of the Second Annual Fishing Derby on Saturday, August 16, being hosted by George and Shelley Malusky, and the Regatta, on September 1, hosted by Bill and Rochelle Banta. Both events are open to all members and wait-listers.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:30. Refreshments were served by the vacation caretakers, former members. David and Sea Sitomer.

In touch with Joe...

It's great to be back on the Island, and as I sit here and drink my coffee and watch an Osprey circle overhead, I think of how lucky I am and what a whirlwind of a month it's been.

Early this past month I took advantage of some of my vacation time and flew out to Albuquerque, NM. It was my first time traveling to that part of the country and I really loved it. There are ten thousand-foot peaks right outside of town! I spent a beautiful day climbing in one of the many canyons of granite there. It was amazing to reach the top and find that it's thirty degrees cooler than down in the valley below. The Sandia Mts. were a great place to climb and hike, and I found some ancient fossils in the limestone at the very top! Sea creatures at 10,000 feet! New Mexico is full of interesting geological sites, volcanoes, lava flows, ice caves, and some amazing archeological sites as well. I saw the Rio Grande, it looked like there was just barely enough water to float a canoe down it, but I never got the chance. Maybe next time. I wonder if there are any caretaker's jobs in Albuquerque on the Rio Grande.

I'm back from my vacation now and slowly readjusting to my rigorous life on the island. David and Sea, who stayed on the island while I was gone, send their regards. I think they really enjoyed themselves and enjoyed meeting all of you. I'm glad I found relief-caretakers that appreciate the island and all it's subtle beauty.

The island is beautiful now. The jewel-weed are standing over six feet tall and are finally blooming. I saw a red cardinal flower surrounded by yellow woodland sunflowers and wild blue phlox. I've also seen many birds since my return. I noticed that the beaver chewed off the last two limbs of the small cherry tree that was planted down by the captain's float. Judging by all the beaver trails I'm seeing they must be frequent visitors to the island. It's fun to look for tracks in the mud along the shore. I've seen raccoon, green heron, great blue heron, killdeer, ducks, geese and beaver tracks.

The girls are also back from their vacation and have been in school since August 26, so summer is officially over. But the swimming in the river is still good and the weather is perfect for canoeing. We heard the fishing derby was a success and we were sorry we missed it. We're looking forward to seeing everyone at the Regatta!

— Joe Hage

The Ferry

Last month's *Islander* reported on the latest repairs to our ferry, a job that took several people working for hours to do. That fixed the problem – for the moment. A permanent solution takes two steps: One is properly operating the ferry and is the second finding a means to protect the pontoons against further damage when they hit the landings. Below is advice on how to operate the ferry and a proposal for protecting it.

Operation

The ferry is a pontoon boat. It has a front and rear and it is used with the front going to the canal (steps) side. When it bumps into the steps it damages both the pontoons and the front of the boat. Running it the other way (front to the Island) would put the rear toward the steps, and the rear, which is already bent, would be damaged even more extensively than the front. We've had to repair the boat twice.

Controlling the Ferry during its passage depends on the number of passengers, current and wind. If wind and current are quiet, one or two persons can help the caretaker, but we must take care not to stop it by bumping into the steps or the Island landing.

When there is a significant current or wind the boat must be allowed to “crab” across, which means only one person, at the leading end of the moving ferry should be pulling on the rope. This allows the boat to conform to the current and it actually helps move it to where it is going. Passengers should place themselves aboard so as to keep the craft as level to the water as possible. For instance, one passenger should stand at the opposite end from the operator. Passengers should spread out to move the ferry as level as possible with the water, both fore and aft abeam.

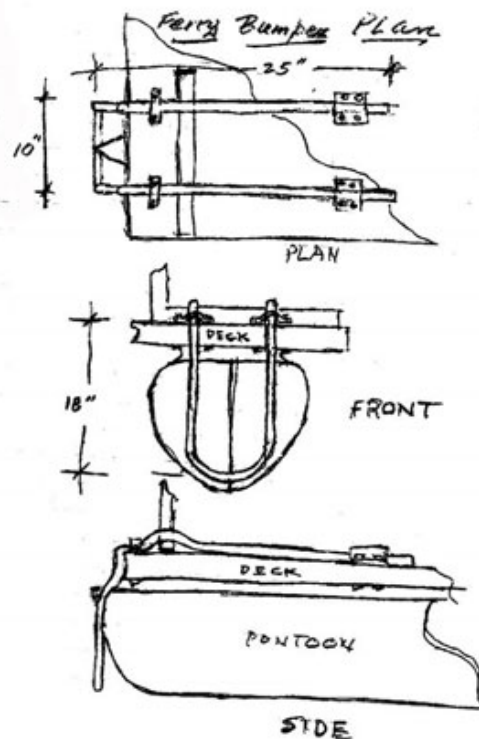
Note that the capacity of the ferry is limited to 10 passengers.

-- John Matthews

Protection

Despite putting Marine-Tex on the front of one of the pontoons, it is clear that repeated bumping into the steps on the Maryland landing takes a toll on the front end of the ferry. John Matthews has devised a 1" stainless steel bar protection scheme to protect tip-end of the pontoons. The cost is under \$500 which is considerably cheaper than getting a replacement ferry and with implementation of John's proposal should take the daily pounding without allowing any further damage to the pontoons

— Tryon Wells



Plan and Drawing by John Matthews

An Island that "Gives Delight and Hurts Not"

By Gerry Kasarda

A hot, hazy summer Sunday afternoon, barely a breeze, scarcely a sound. The river soughs, a few birds chirp. Too warm for much else. A floating kind of afternoon, perfect for languid, lazy sociability with old friends.

Photos by Norman Metzger



This afternoon, a circle of such friends sits together on Sycamore Island, heads bowed in concentration over their texts. The Potomac River rings the island gently, then drifts serenely by. A deep baritone voice floats up from the group:

*"Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt
not."*

It is the annual gathering of The Playreaders at Sycamore Island, hosted by Norman and Nancy Metzger – a much-anticipated retreat. This particular afternoon, we are reading, appropriately enough, Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, a play about a group stranded on an island through the intervention of the

mage Prospero. (It is the monster Caliban who so poetically describes his island home.) Although we hardly feel stranded, we do feel that Sycamore Island exerts influences not unlike those of Prospero's island: a brief separation from the hurly-burly loop of life inside the Beltway, a respite that helps shift one's perspective inward, a nourishing of friendships. Prospero's mortals had to stumble and starve for several days for their rewards. For us, just arriving at Sycamore is the first reward – and then we get good friends, great literature, and a splendid picnic lunch. Indeed, this island "gives delight and hurt[s] not."

Norman and Nancy, early members of our playreading group, have been hosting us annually on Sycamore for several years now. The group's records, such as they are, are sketchy (whoever has the best memory) – but we recall coming to Sycamore for nearly ten years. That's almost as long as we've been meeting as a group.

The Playreaders first met in 1990. The idea was the brainchild of charter member (founder, really) Sheldon Lippman. Sheldon and partner John Campbell organized and hosted the first gathering at their home, and provided the entrée for a group dinner. The rest of us brought side dishes, wine, dessert, and our own copies of the play for that first reading, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. That established the pattern we've pretty much stuck to for over the years. We have continued to meet six or seven times per year. We choose a play by consensus, self-volunteer to host the next gathering, and manage to find among these dozen lives full of family, work, and other pursuits, a free Friday evening or late Sunday afternoon to gather again in the coming weeks. The years have gone by, and the Playreaders gatherings seem to keep rising among our scheduling priorities.



A high point of every year is this annual trek to Sycamore Island. It is our only gathering *al fresco* and we try (but not too hard) to match our readings to the setting. The temptation is strong, though: trek a winding path through the woods, ring the bell for the ferryman, float

Sycamore Island exerts influences not unlike those of Prospero's island: a brief separation from the hurly-burly loop of life inside the Beltway, a respite that helps shift one's perspective inward, a nourishing of friendships

across the river in a hand-pulled ferry, and arrive at this place, still and quiet, where the river drifts by, but each succeeding circle of life beyond – the bike path, the road, the Beltway – moves faster and faster until, as Robert Frost said, “we lose all measure of pace, and fixity in our joys.” It’s hard not to want to let this environment play on our imaginations. Besides *The Tempest*, we’ve turned to Shakespeare for *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* (no island setting but full of the follies of city-dwellers loosed in the forest one mischief-ridden summer night). We’ve also read *The Admirable Crichton*, by J.M. Barrie, (author of *Peter Pan*), about a group of upper class Brits stranded on an island with their resourceful butler. We’ve also turned from plays on occasion to read our several favorite selections on a given theme. Our Sycamore themes have made the obligatory nod to Water, and “The Birds and The Bees.” (We’ve managed to resist “Geese.”) On one memorable occasion, we read materials about our home towns. Like most Washingtonians, our members are geographically diverse in their origins – from Indiana to India, Utah, Louisiana, Texas, England, the Bronx (via Germany), and just down the road in Maryland – so the readings produced a charming array of history, character sketches, geography, and personal memoir. Members brought essays, local news articles and histories, old family letters and photos, and their own selves, briefly revealed in that long-ago place. It was a lovely afternoon.



Thirteen years, six or seven times a year. That’s 90 gatherings. Ninety times we’ve met to break bread, share lives, share a moment with a great author. “The Playreaders” is part of the lives we share with each other now. We’ve gone through marriages, births, deaths, illnesses. Some of our original members have left – the DC area, but not our hearts. We have some new members. For each of us, the Playreaders is a group that changes but is always there. And in our lives of change and pace, sometimes turbulent, sometimes placid, the group is there to “give delight and hurt not” – an island in the river of life.

Gerry Kasarda is an actress, a founding member of the Play Readers, and a consultant in Voice, Speech, Public Presentations. She can be reached at 703-683-4905 or GKasard@ATTGlobal.net.



Islanders take boating vacation in New York

By Jane Winer, photos by David Winer



Jane Hill and Babs Bell return to Paul Smith's College from a late afternoon paddle on Lower St. Regis Lake.

In a caravan with Islanders Bill and Jane Hill, David and I headed for the Adirondacks the last week in July by way of The Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, N.Y. Clayton, a village on the St. Lawrence Seaway, gives access to the famous "Thousand Islands" stretch of river. We took advantage of an offer to tour the river in a snazzy reproduction '30s runabout. Back on shore, we found some extraordinary antique boats, including many speedboats. One, for example, was powered by a Spitfire airplane engine (1400 hp). In the midst of all this muscle we came upon an unusual canoe of molded plywood, which David had seen once before--in Islander Brad Coolidge's garage in Bethesda. "The *Caroline*," we read, "is an example of military technology marketed to take advantage of postwar prosperity." Brad, we knew, had recently given this boat to the museum. We report with delight that it is on display.

We proceeded to Paul Smith's College and by late afternoon we were admiring new as well as antique wood and wood/canvas canoes, all set out on the college green. This was our destination: The Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

Assembly in the Adirondacks. We had come to the college for 5 days to paddle canoes, buy or sell canoes (we did sell one), or take a workshop: repair a canoe or build one from scratch; learn to knit, or to split cedar, cook over a campfire, or make a beaded necklace--among other offerings. Children were welcome. This year's theme, "The Bark Canoe," included lectures on the history of the bark canoe and its unique construction. And our Sycamore Islander group was scheduled to lead a nature walk one morning at the nearby Nature Center.

On our first full day at the Assembly, David and I joined a group set on paddling to Bear Pond, five lakes and two carries out from the College. After stuffing bottles of water and peanut butter bagels into our pack basket, we paddled hard to catch up with our friends. The first carry from Upper St. Regis Lake dropped us into Bog Pond, via a narrow, winding canoe trail the color of dark tea. Sundews close at hand. At Bear Pond, the space opens up; cold, clear water attracts loons and mergansers. Sure enough, we watched a pair of Common Loons fishing nearby with their chick. As we were leaving the pond, we were treated to a full concert of exquisite loon vocalizations.

Dull weather one day sent us visiting the Six Nations Indian Museum in nearby Onchiota. We found canoes there too, when directed: "Look up in the rafters!" Birch bark canoes, of course. There were superb examples of Indian beadwork on display and a surprise, the Six Nations Temperance Flag of 1844, the flag of the first temperance league in the United States. In front of the museum we found a monument acknowledging the Iroquois Confederacy as a model for the Constitution of the United States.



Nature walk at the Adirondack Visitor Center—Jane Hill points out an unusual specimen.



Gorgeous restored wooden canoes displayed on the campus.

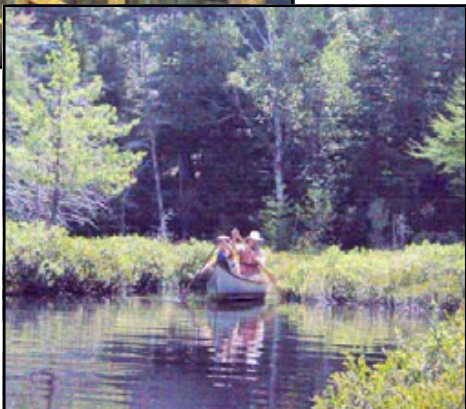


Canoeists land at our first carry to Bear Pond.

Iroquois beaded pouches at the Six Nations Indian Museum.



Brad Coolidge's donation of a rare molded plywood canoe at the Antique Boat Museum.



Entering secluded Bog Pond.



The speedboat tour from the Antique Boat Museum included several local history stops...and some excitement too.

Following A Fur Trade Canoe Route

By John W. Lentz

Taking a brief respite from far northern canoeing, my paddling partner, Bob Schaefer from Mt. Airy, and two Canadians, Fred Gaskin and George Dobbie, tackled Ontario's upper Missinaibi River this past July. Missinaibi is generally rendered from Ojibway as "pictured waters", a reference to ancient rock paintings concentrated beside Missinaibi Lake near its headwaters. We did not visit the paintings due to adverse winds on the lake. However, the river still held powerful attractions as a historic fur trade route connecting interior trapping grounds with Hudson Bay, besides being a waterway that still existed much as the early European explorers and traders had found it. Our objective was the town of Mattice, 130 miles downstream.



Map of Ontario showing the Missinaibi. Our take-out at Mattice is indicated.

After driving to a campground on Missinaibi Lake about eight miles from its outlet, a stiff south-west wind quelled any desires to slog against it for a visit to the rock paintings. We went with the flow and some flow it was. Scudding along toward the end of the lake, a difference in our two canoes became apparent. My svelte, new 16'4" Mad River Kevlar boat

had all it could handle, but persistent bailing kept us dry. Fred was paddling his well-massaged, 20 year-old yellow Old Town Voyageur. It was 18' and weighed in at around 90 lbs. This greater capacity meant "old yellow" was carrying an extra pack, yet it also had a slightly shallower hull.

As the curlers built up near the lakehead, Fred fell a bit behind, then shouted, "We're swamping!" I've always been apprehensive about mid-lake rescues since any potential life-saving boat is also loaded. It was our good fortune that shallows appeared to let the Canadians jump out and frantically scoop water from their boat.

"Pictured waters" River greeted us with a runnable Class II rapid, then a fine sandy beach campsite. Early next morning, we drifted by a feeding cow moose that was in no mood to hasten off at our appearance. When she finally trotted into the bush, it was a marvel how that massive body almost floated over dense underbrush on her elongated, spindly legs. But the bush itself left something to be desired. Although the immediate shoreline was an Ontario park, just inland telltale spacing between trees, along with an interior network of trails on our maps, were indications of intense logging.

The third day it poured all afternoon. Warm air and water, as well as active paddling, held off hypothermia, but by evening I was getting pretty tired of the whole thing. Around Washington few of us are subjected getting soaked in such an intense deluge. There is always shelter somewhere. When it happened on the Missinaibi, I felt an increasing frustration at being unable to turn off the spigots. The feeling eased when Fred and George produced a great steak dinner (we had a large, ice-filled cooler).

With the front passed, we paddled through Peterbell Marsh, a seven-mile lowland stretch where beaver lodges seemed to compete for bankside frontage. We saw a few of their residents along with the playful, inquisitive otter.

Greenhill Rapids was one of the more challenging stretches of whitewater on our route since it was not an obvious portage, but required some judgment to negotiate. The action started with a frothing Class III cascade for half a mile where we chose to line/walk boats down the bank rather than commit to the center. At a mid-rapid "dog's hind leg" bend a broad, smooth

rock beckoned for lunch. High on lunch rock, we scouted the lower rapid and pronounced it runnable - successfully as things turned out.

Photo by Fred Gaskin



Bob Schaefer and I pass a large beaver lodge in the Peterbell Marsh.

This was not always the case. A few days later, Bob and I had just negotiated the mile-long Devil Shoepack Rapids, and were chatting at the end about its lack of punch. After a while we became anxious about “old yellow” so, with some unease, began working our way upstream. Bob pressed ahead and found the others reloading after having broached near the top of the rapid. It had been a long struggle to lever the big Old Town from the offending rock and most of their gear was soaked. There was a unanimous vote to camp nearby at the end of the portage trail. This proved worthwhile as next morning we located George’s map case high and dry on a rock about 100 yards downstream of the dunk site.

Of the few parties encountered, the most interesting was Roger Staats and his son, Josh. As Mohawk native people from the Six Nations Reserve in southern Ontario, they seemed completely at home on the Missinaibi. Both were expert canoeists, and Roger seemed able to catch walleye or northern pike at every campsite. Over his evening campfire we traded stories about past and projected travels.

The river was now in a “pool-drop” phase where sections of flat water alternated with stunning falls where the only safe passage was a portage trail. Fortunately, all were clearly marked and none over

500 yards long. The work on those trails was compensated for by wondering how many natives with moccasin-clad feet and European traders had preceded us over this precise ground as the country was being opened up.

The legendary explorers Radison and Groseillers, often considered the founders of the fur trade, traveled down the Missinaibi as far back as 1662, launching an industry that continued for almost 300 years. By contrast, recreational canoeing only took off within the last 50 years or so. Hardly time for we newcomers to make a real impression on the path.



Not a northern yard sale, but our campsite near the end of Devil Shoepack Rapids during the drying out period after the yellow canoe swamped.

When we pulled ashore at Mattice after nine days on the river, there was a pleasant surprise. At the top of Devil Shoepack Rapid, Fred had tossed his paddle into the yellow canoe. It skittered off the gunwale, into the rapid, and we watched helplessly as it disappeared downstream. We searched eddies for miles ahead, but no luck. As we were setting up in the town campground, two brothers from Toronto took out and asked if we were missing something. To Fred’s surprise, they produced his paddle!

With survivability like that, I think he’ll take it on the next trip.

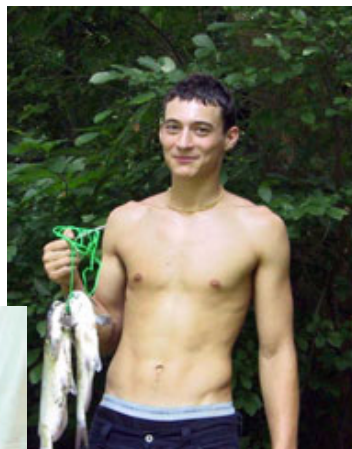
John Lentz has been a Club member for 30 years and is a past Canoeing Supervisor. Since 1962 he has taken 18 wilderness canoe trips in Canada and 2 in Siberia. In April 1985 he gave the presentation at the Club’s Centennial Meeting.

And a Grand Time Was Had by All: The 2003 Sycamore Fishing Derby

The splendid food laid out by the Derby's organizers, Shelley and George Malusky, including George's terrific burgers (vegetable, beef, what have you) and hot dogs, were not the least of a splendid day in the Island. There was also the gorgeous weather. There was of course the fishing and triumphant anglers of all ages. And then there were the prizes including fine fishing sets to the winners in several critical categories.



Dave Winer gets the prize for the largest fish. Are we surprised?



Paul Winkler with his father, Peter, shared the prize for the Ugliest Fish. Wonder how that was determined?



The Most Fish Award went to Steve and Matthew Newman.



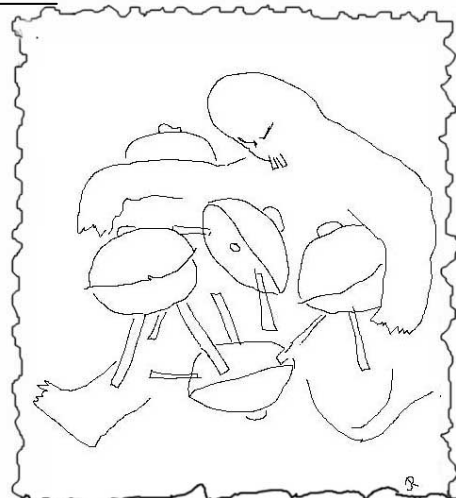
And Cameron is quite rightly very proud of his "smallest fish" fish prize.

Photos by Norman Metzger and Jane Winer

Ruppert

*Ruppert grabs the grills.
Islanders say, "May we share?"*

— Created by Johnna Robinson



Saturday Relief Caretakers* September—October 2003

Date	Time	Name(s)	Telephone
September 6, 2003	9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Robert and Aimee Lehrman	202-387-8686
	2:00 p.m. - dark	Sherry Pettie	202-965-5366
September 13, 2003	9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Fred Wright	301-229-7184
	2:00 p.m. - dark	<i>Call to volunteer!</i>	
September 20, 2003	9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Fred Wright	301-229-7184
	2:00 p.m. - dark	Morris Coburn	301-563-6435
September 27, 2003	9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Greg Hitz and Mary Quigley	301-229-2998
	2:00 p.m. - dark	Fred Wright	301-229-7184
October 4, 2003	10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.	Richard Dianich	301-229-4138
	2:00 p.m. - dark	<i>Call to volunteer!</i>	
October 11, 2003	10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.	<i>Call to volunteer!</i>	
	2:00 p.m. - dark	<i>Call to volunteer!</i>	
October 18, 2003	10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.	<i>Call to volunteer!</i>	
	2:00 p.m. - dark	<i>Call to volunteer!</i>	
October 25, 2003	10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.	<i>Call to volunteer!</i>	
	2:00 p.m. - dark	<i>Call to volunteer!</i>	

*Please note that from now on, all relief caretaking is on Saturdays instead of Sundays.

*** Caretaker Volunteers ***

To volunteer for Saturday relief caretaking, call Candy Means: 301-320-5270.
Volunteers from the waiting list are encouraged. It's a great way to spend time on the Island!

Large Parties in September and October

Date	Time	Who	What/How Many
Sept. 7	11—1	Eric Simpson	6th Birthday Party for Son/30
Sept. 13—14	Aft. to 11 am	Waidmann Family	Overnight campout/16
Sept. 25	9—2:30	Abigail Wiebensohn	4—6th grades, Lowel School/104
Oct 11	11—dusk	Star Mitchell	Friends for singing and dancing/35

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



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September 2003

- Saving the Ferry
- An Island that "Gives Delight..."
- Re-discovering *The Caroline*
- Running "Pictured Waters"
- The Triumphs of the Fishing Derby



Beached

Photo by David Winer