

# *The Sycamore Islander*

*May 2008*

*Volume 87 No 5*

## *Special Commemorative Islander*

### **The Ruppert Cartoons**

By

**Johnna Robinson**

For nearly 8 years, “Ruppert,” an energetic beaver cartoon character, appeared every month in the *Islander*. Johnna Robinson, the force behind the avatar, used Ruppert to remind Club members to pay attention and mind our manners: Crash the ferry into the dock? Ruppert might let us have it—but the intent was to instruct. Hmmm, fail to wash out the Club canoe you borrowed? Well, Ruppert had something to say about that! Pity the person who conducted a loud cell phone conversation on the island—Ruppert became giddy with delight taking him to task. Did you even *think* to leave the billiard table unsupervised? Don’t. --According to Johnna, “Ruppert was born when Doc told me he had seen an immense beaver on the north end of the island. He had complicated electronic signaling systems set up to alert him of the beaver’s incursions, but it didn’t really work.” Doc’s wild stories of the beaver’s exploits made disbelievers out of most us, but not Johnna. She took Doc at his word and set out to record what, in fact, became the natural history of the beast. You can see from the spread devoted to Ruppert in this issue of the newsletter that he is a real character, a crosspatch and not shy, easily a match for any of us occasionally thoughtless islanders. Ruppert resuscitated maxims such as “It takes one to know one!” and “I’m the pot and I’ll call the kettle black, if it suits me!”

Wise islander John Seabury Thomson recruited Johnna and Ken Robinson to be members ‘way back in ’72, when the waiting list was simply, “Welcome to the Club.” Family members took canoeing instruction from Frank Daspit and ran the annual Great Falls to Sycamore Island Canoe Race routinely; the boys took care of the ferry on weekends (for \$5) and with co-conspirator Evan Rees, colonized the island above Ruppert’s with a tree house, marina and fire pit. Johnna called it “The Island without Mothers.” Ken was always building something, including a kayak after the family Folboat was destroyed in the flood of ’72.

***The Sycamore Islander*** is a monthly newsletter of the Montgomery Sycamore Island Club. Any materials of interest to the membership and waiting list are welcome and should be sent to the Editor, Amanda Cannell, 5901 Cranston Rd, Bethesda, Md. 20816. 301-229-8658. Text and graphics may be sent as email attachments to [acannell@norwoodschoool.org](mailto:acannell@norwoodschoool.org).

**The deadline for the June issue is Wednesday, May 28th.**

Ken, a clinical psychiatrist, developed the alcohol treatment program for the Agency across the river, but as a builder and re-builder of bicycles for kids in the neighborhood, he liked to say he was a “cycle-therapist.” When Ken died in 1983, there was an award ceremony for him at Agency Headquarters, and they told Johnna to invite some of his friends. “So,” Johnna tells me, “I invited all his kid friends. Our house was always full of kids of all ages.”

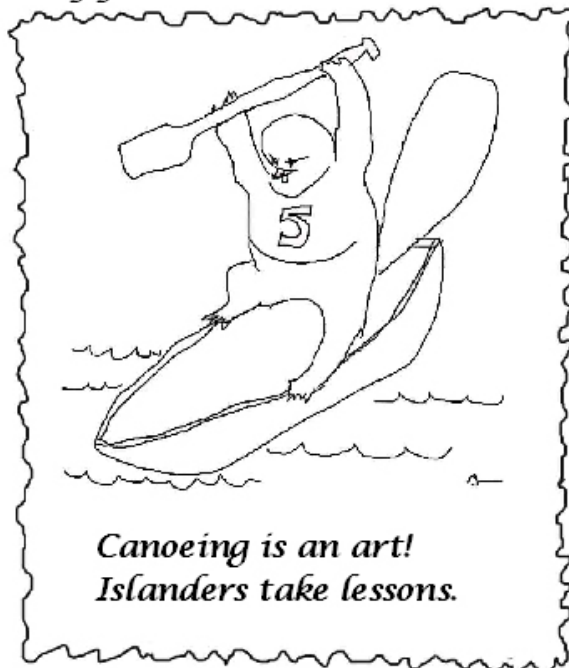
Johnna served with distinction as Treasurer of the Club, during some of the time that Peter Jones and Holly Syrokos tended to the Island, and for all of Doc Talliaferro’s tenure. She found a good friend in Captain John Matthews and had a working relationship with him that was of great benefit to the Club. During this period, Betty Burchell rounded up Johnna, Rene Dunham and me for excursions into the wilderness hereabouts to find and explore old road beds that led to finding still older ferry crossings, on both sides of the river. Johnna’s interest in geology and expertise in archaeology (She and Lynn Bullhack published a paper, “Analysis of Fabric Impressions on Early Mockley Sherds from Point Lookout State Park, Maryland,” in *The Journal of Maryland Archeology* in 2006) illuminated some of the mysteries we encountered while exploring the woods and messing about in canoes.

Wait! –I haven’t even mentioned that Johnna is leaving us after 40 years living in a house within walking distance of the Island. She is leaving all this rich stuff, this history, for Austin, Texas in May to be close to her daughter Katie and her family. Her son, Riley and his wife are only an hour away in San Antonio, but we have elected Johnna an Honorary Member the Club, so that she knows she is Welcome Home anytime.

!Vaya con Dios, Juanita!

-Jane Winer

*Ruppert*



## Ruppert



*Ruppert signs up a party of twenty.  
Sixty beavers show up.  
Islanders count guests carefully.*

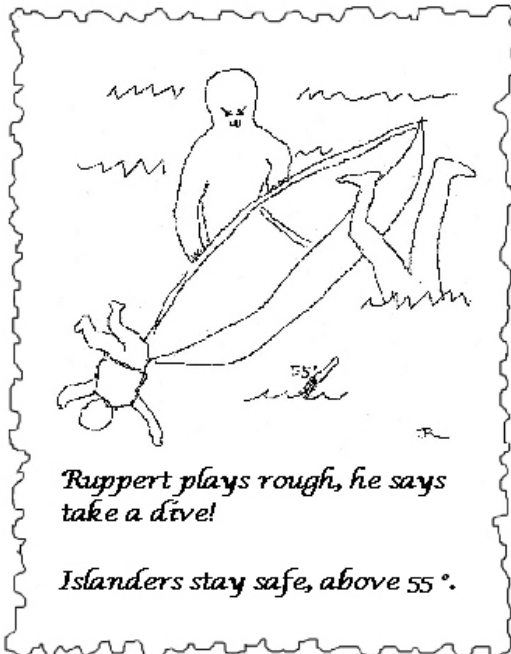
Cartoon by Johanna Robinson

## Ruppert



*Ruppert blows off the Workfest.  
Real Islanders enjoy them.*

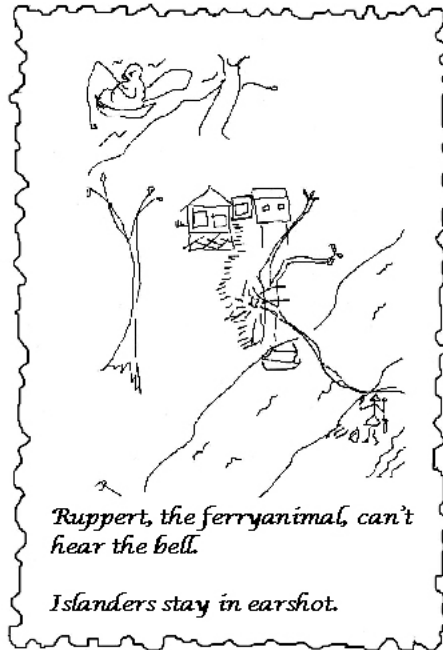
## Ruppert



*Ruppert plays rough, he says  
take a dive!*

*Islanders stay safe, above 55°.*

## Ruppert



*Ruppert, the ferry animal, can't  
hear the bell.*

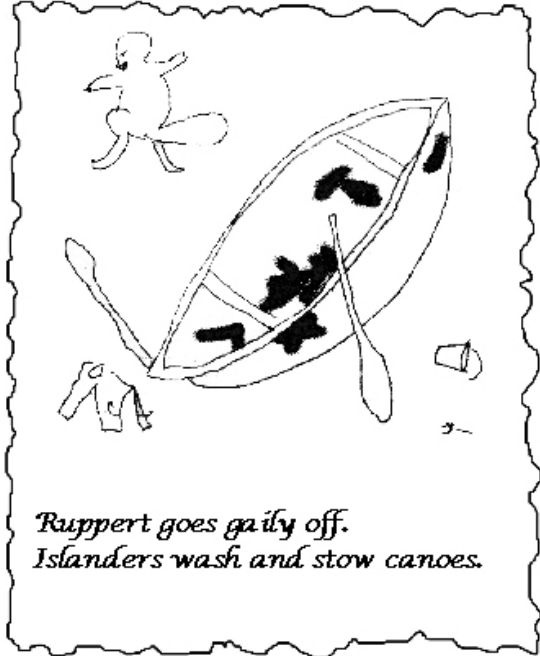
*Islanders stay in earshot.*

# Ruppert



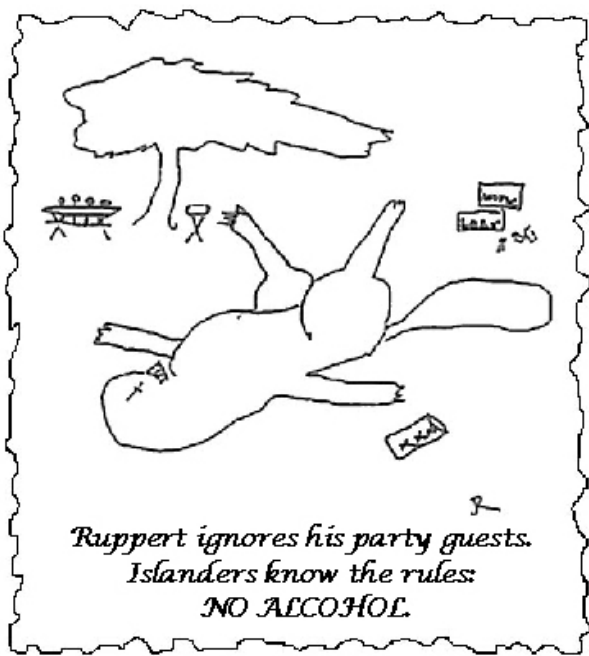
*Ruppert is careless with children,  
Islanders watch 'em.*

# Ruppert



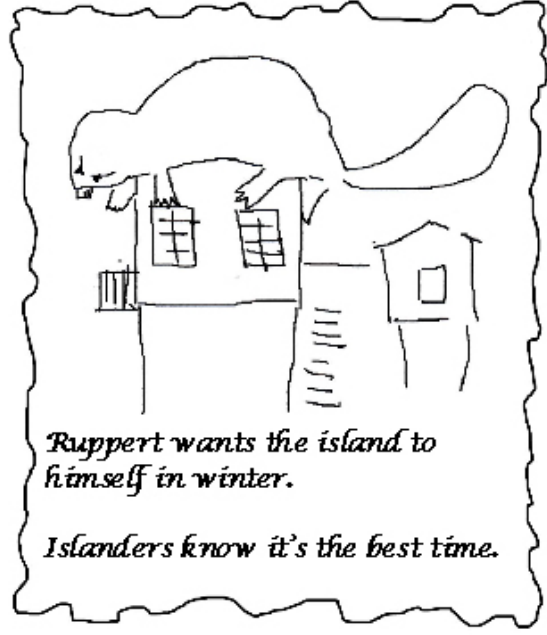
*Ruppert goes gaily off.  
Islanders wash and stow canoes.*

# Ruppert



*Ruppert ignores his party guests.  
Islanders know the rules:  
**NO ALCOHOL.***

# Ruppert



*Ruppert wants the island to  
fit himself in winter.  
Islanders know it's the best time.*

Cartoons by Johnna Robinson



## President's Letter, May 2008

Just as every spring at the same time, the swallows return to San Juan de Capistrano and the buzzards return to Hinckley Ridge (really), so do the monthly meetings return to the Island beginning this month. The club finally got a quorum – just barely – for the April meeting, so we were able to vote in five regular members and make Johnna Robinson an honorary member. As I mentioned last month, Johnna was our editorial cartoonist, and her drawings of Ruppert the beaver graced many editions of the *Islander*. This month's *Islander* contains a Ruppert retrospective. Perhaps there is a club member who would like to follow in Johnna's footsteps, aka Son of Ruppert?

**Construction Update:** Anne Marie Cunningham and Tryon Wells met with the county permitting agency again and found out that there were some new i's to dot and t's to cross. We think we have satisfied these requirements and will have filed the permit application before the May Meeting.

### Upcoming Events:

**Frank Daspit's canoe class is on Saturday, May 10.** Frank is a terrific teacher and the class is a blast. I also need to remind the waiting list members that the **New Member Orientation is scheduled for Sunday, May 18.** Please make every effort to attend if you haven't already attended an orientation. The Club does not want to be in the position of revoking memberships for failure of meet this membership requirement.

**May Meeting Date:** The May meeting will be held on the Island on Wednesday, **May 14 at 8:00 P.M.** If you like come early with a picnic dinner, and let's get a quorum so that we can vote in additional new members. With our expanded membership, I hope that achieving quorums will not be a problem in the future. I am looking forward to meeting many new members at the May meeting.

**-Jeff Komarow**



Thalia and Phoebe Tran with their mother, Louisa Winer Tran  
Photo by Dave Winer

## From Holly Syrrakos, Island Archivist

76 Years Ago

### From the May 1932 Sycamore Islander

Summer season is bearing down upon us, as it was in May, 1932. That month the *Islander* almost inadvertently noted the beginning of an historic period—the Depression.

*“Sycamore has been a rather popular place thus far this Spring and there have been godly crowds of members at the Island each Sunday, painting canoes, picking wild-flowers, and playing croquet! Maybe it’s the depression that makes us all so cautious at our amusements and as soon as the depression is over perhaps we’ll resume more active pastimes. In the meantime, everyone seems to have a good time and the croquet is far from a wild sport, what with people falling over invisible wickets, heads flying off mallets and some of the aerial shots which our less skillful players accomplish.”*

The Depression may have slowed up activity, but boat races and parties continued. There was a notice of a three-mile race at the Potomac Boat Club, and a silly tale about member Carl Stoder building a goldfish pond “in front of his big circus tent.” And, the canoeing never stopped.

*“Some of us raced up to Three Springs last Sunday or at least we would have raced if it hadn’t seemed much more pleasant to stop and rest and smoke and discuss the last issue of Ballyhoo when we got halfway up. It was a fine day—a warm sun, the river a beautiful green and the trees a nice, Spring green—you’d have enjoyed this race. Arriving at Three Springs at a terrific clip we got the referee’s permission to take time out for an hour’s sitting about the spring talking over the last war and the next one. Then, time up, we madly raced back to Sycamore under a gentleman’s agreement that the lads in the bow need not paddle and that the stern paddlers would let the canoes coast with the current. I don’t recall who won the race but it was a glorious victory.”*

Depression, wars, spring turning to summer—it could be 2008.



## Sycamore Island Minutes:

Wednesday April 9, 2008

Location: 9511 Linden Lane—Home of Jeff and Sandi Komarow

Attending: A quorum was present at 8:30 p.m. including Jeff and Sandi Komarow, Tyron Wells, Caroline Gelb, Johnna Robinson, David Narrow, Marcia and George Loeb, Joe Belden, Ellie and Leslie Rogers, David and Jane Winer, Bill Marmon.

Tyron and Jeff reported that construction permits including plumbing and HVAC permits will be submitted to Montgomery County next week with the expectation that approvals will come in about six weeks.

Minutes for December, the most recent meeting at which a quorum was present, were approved unanimously.

**New Members:** The following were approved unanimously as new full members: Ellie and Leslie Rogers, Roger Berliner and Susan Dillon, Scott and Jasmine Chambers, Peter Heller and Leslie Harris, Jamie and Catherin Resor, Howard Shapiro and Shirley Brandman.

**Honorary Member Unanimously Elected**—Johnna Robinson long time member and former treasurer and creator of the cartoon character “Ruppert” is moving to Austin, Texas. (Johnna notes that she has a wonderful house near the Island for sale.)

Meeting was adjourned at 9:20 and the group repaired to excellent refreshments provided by the Komarows.

Submitted,

**-Bill Marmon**



Photo by Dave Winer

## **In Touch with Joe....Notes from his Island Journal**

### **Monday-- April 7, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 3.7

We had a pretty good workfest yesterday even though it was a cloudy and rainy day. We got all the docks out and the people that did show up worked hard at cleaning the clubhouse and ridding the Island of invasive plants. We also protected the trees from the beaver and collected tons of trash, mostly from Ruppert's island. There were some very helpful and fun children here and as usual George Malusky cooked for us all day. Thanks to the dedicated and hardy Islanders that came down that day.

I want everyone to know the sacrifices I make for this Club. Last night I loaded all that stinky, muddy river trash into my van, including the big barrels, and this morning I drove it all to the dump. Happily, the smell didn't linger that long and my van was odor-free by the time I picked my daughter up from the airport. That's right, my daughter is here from Florida for a week.

I saw the baby eagle chick in the nest over the weekend. So far I've only seen the one chick, but I'm holding out hope that there are two chicks in the nest. There are still only three goose nests on the island. The nest that is usually by the shed is not there and the pair that usually builds their nest near the clubhouse are strangely absent as well.

I paddled down from Carderock on Saturday. I still had my boat at the top of the hill from when I did the race last week, so instead of carrying it down the hill I took it up to Carderock and floated down. It was a sunny afternoon and it gave me a chance to train for the next race, which is here at Sycamore Island. The highlight of the trip was when I saw a female Peregrine Falcon perched in a tree near the beltway bridge. There happened to be a bird watcher there with his scope and camera and he pointed out the nesting box that had been installed under the bridge. He said it was too early for chicks in the nest but that there was a pair of falcons using the nest. I also passed the cormorant rookery below Minnies Island and there were some twenty or so birds packed into one tree. Later, as I came upon Rupperts I scared up another 100 lounging cormorants. Soon the shad and herring will be running and the cormorants won't have time to lounge.

### **Wednesday-- April 9, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 3.7

I got a report from another avid eagle watcher that there are if fact two eaglets in our nest. That's great news, thanks Jack for the call. I found another goose nest, so that brings us up to four total on the Island. That's a big change from my first spring here when we had at least eight Canada Goose nests. That year we even had a nest on the roof of the canoe shed. There are a few pairs of cowbirds feeding at my feeder and I'm trying to drive them away. Cowbirds are parasitic birds that lay their eggs in other bird's nests. This is terrible for our locally-nesting warblers, as they are fooled into raising the cowbird chicks at the peril of their own offspring.



**Thursday-- April 9, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 3.9

I repaired the water lines to the toilet in the men's room. Yes, the pipes burst despite my efforts to drain all the water from the system before the winter freeze. I got the toilet to work but then the faucet to the sink decided to break so now I have to figure that problem out. It looks like the old faucet just rusted out.

I took out the trash last night at around 11:00 and found a Chipping Sparrow hanging out in the screen porch. It didn't seem too afraid of me or maybe it was disoriented by the late hour, but I got very close to it before it flew out the door and into the darkness. I followed the bird out the Virginia-side door of the porch when suddenly I was awe struck by the sight of the moon. It was a golden orange crescent suspended just above the river, perfectly framed by Ruppert's Island on one side and the wooded shores of Virginia on the other side. I stared up-river as it gently sank between the hills to meet its reflection.

**Sunday-- April 13, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 4.2

We saw a Common Loon on the river yesterday. I had heard a loon the last two days before and, even though their call is very distinctive, I wasn't convinced that I had a migrating loon near the Island. But yesterday, the loon was heard by another birder and we put up the scope to get a good look at the loon in its hard-to-identify winter plumage. Another bird that we had trouble identifying in its winter plumage was the Horned Grebe that was bobbing past the Island. We knew it was a grebe, but it was pretty drab except for a bright red patch on its head. We decided that the red was the beginning of the breeding plumage coming in.

I haven't mentioned the bluebells for a few days but make no mistake, they are as spectacular as ever. Don't miss them! I found another Canada Goose nest. That brings us up to five nests on the island.

I managed to get the sink in the men's room from leaking all over the place. It was so rusted I couldn't get a cap on it so I just used a big wad of epoxy putty.

Something is going haywire; we had two relief caretakers yesterday morning and none on yesterday afternoon. C'mon people, get with the program! SIGN UP, THEN SHOW UP!

**Monday-- April 14, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 4.2

My one visitor of the day has left so now its just me and the bluebells, and all the nesting birds of course. Besides the geese, we have the phoebes nesting under the tool shed and I heard a Northern Parula Warbler, so hopefully they will nest here again this year. I also saw a pair of chickadees in Gerry Barton's nest box, not sure if they took up residence there. There are Wood Ducks here as well, nesting in the trunks of the big, hollowed out, sycamore trees.

Club member Maria S. was here on Saturday and collected another canoe full of trash from Rupert's Island. She and her friends carried up some of the bags, but she left some of the collected trash on the towpath in the hope that other members of the Sycamore Island Club would carry them up later. Unfortunately, we didn't have many visitors yesterday and nobody was able, apparently, to carry those bags out. Today I noticed that my trashy burden was growing, dog walkers were now using our heap of collected garbage as a public dump. I was really hoping that it wasn't going to be me that carried those dripping, smelly bags up the hill but I'd better do it before my "local dump" grows any more.

The first of the goslings have hatched! I went to count the eggs in the respective nests at the foot of the Island and, to my surprise, the nest by the Frank Davis Memorial Grill, had already produced chicks. In fact the chicks were being hatched at the exact time that I happened to be walking by. When the protective mother goose stood up I could see six goslings in various stages of the hatching process. The oldest was almost completely dry and fluffy while most of the others were still just soaking wet hatchlings. The youngest chick was still only halfway out of its shell. The aggressive gander soon arrived and I ran off to get my camera. I tried to get a good picture of the goslings but the female wouldn't budge and the menacing male made it impossible to get a clear photo. I realized that I'd stressed them out enough and gave up on getting a picture. Soon we'll have baby geese strutting around the Island.

#### **Friday-- April 18, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 3.5

Today felt like the beginning of the season. The weather was warm and sunny and many members took advantage of the conditions to make their first trip of the spring to the Island. I saw my first snakes today and, if there was any doubt that it was Sycamore time, Whitney came down for a swim in the river. I was inspired to take my first dip as well, after seeing her and her friend in the water. My swim however, was a very cold and short dip.

The other exciting news of the day was that our new leader of the grounds committee, Carol Cavanaugh, came down with her horticulture teacher, Betsy Washington, who specializes in locally native plants. They walked around and did an assessment of the plants on the island, native and otherwise. Thanks Betsy, and I think we all owe a thank you to Carol for volunteering to fill this very important position in the club. If anyone out there wants to give Carol assistance, I'm sure she would welcome the help. I saw her diligently digging up invasive plants the other day.

#### **Saturday-- April 19, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 3.5

Today started off badly. I take pride in trying to be a patient and courteous caretaker, but sometimes it doesn't work out that way. It's not always easy to live where you work and on Saturday morning at 8:00 A.M. my worlds collided. I knew there was going to be a bird-watchers paddle taking place on the Island at 8:00 on Saturday, but I had forgotten all about it. I've never thought that the sound of the bell was something hideous until today, at that hour; it sounded like the hounds of hell. I tried to ignore it but then, in anger, I stuck my head out the door and yelled at the incredibly inconsiderate bell ringers. Finally, I realized that my righteousness was mistaken and with lowered head I walked out to the ferry. My kind friends on the other side clapped in their appreciation that I was able to get out of bed, but I was embarrassed beyond belief. How could I forget about the birder's paddle?

Why doesn't the relief caretaker show up at 9:00 A.M in April? I was surprised to see they don't come until 10:00 in April. And why wasn't the April meeting on the Island?

**Sunday-- April 20, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 3.5

A big tree came down today. One minute it was there and then when I came out to check the grill, the monster had come down. It was the old silver maple at the corner of the deck that finally gave out. It creamed the bench, but luckily it narrowly missed my canoe. We're going to have to rally the troops and do a volunteer lumberjack day. See you here Sunday.

Lots of rain. I loved laying in bed this morning and listening to the rain. I guess this means that the bluebells are now on their way out.

I was surprised to hear the bell on this rainy day, but I was happy to see who it was. New club member Chris White had arrived with his bees. Earlier Chris had sent me this message; "Every year about this time, I bring my bees out of the fridge and put them outside. I have been keeping Orchard Mason Bees, (*Osmia lignaria*) in my yard for the last eight years. If you would like some for the island, I would be more than happy to bring by a complete solution, (bees in tubes, empty tubes, 2x tube holders (6" by 4" PVC) to hold the tubes and a small wooden shelter) that we can just attach to something on the island. In September, I can come and get them back, as they do better if they winter over in the fridge. Maybe having all these new members isn't all bad after all.

**Tuesday-- April 22, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 8.0

The ferry is closed and will be closed most of the week due to high water. I'm looking at a muddy brown river that has reached 8 feet and seems to be whizzing by at about 5 miles an hour. The river has inundated the Island and tragically, the river has taken our swim float. I didn't expect the float to get lost, but I guess I should have tied a line to it before the river got so high. I looked at the float last night, just before dark, and it seemed fine, Tryon's new anchor was holding.

Lots of warblers, vireos, gnat catchers and the like. The trees seem to be filled with them, but I only get passing glimpses.

**Wednesday-- April 23, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 7.1

I'm surrounded by a river. Now that may seem obvious, like saying that the sky is blue, but some days the sky is bluer than others, and today I really sense the river around me. I see its menacing color, I feel its velocity, I hear it rushing against the trees through the Island and I can even smell its grittiness permeating the air.

I had to get out and wrestle with the docks this morning. I wanted to make sure that I pushed the floats out as the water receded; once the floats are on dry ground they're like beached whales. The problem was that old canoe float had crossed lines with the captain's float. Standing thigh deep in the muddy river I managed to pry the two floats apart and drag the old one up stream, out of the way. Then I realized that the cable for the captain's float was stuck on a tree under water. I walked the cable down-stream to get a better angle and tried to yank it free. I was losing hope that I would have enough strength to get the cable free when suddenly it let go and I went sailing backwards into the sloppy mud. Yuck! but at least the float was free now

and I pulled it into position.

I just got through cleaning out one of the club canoes. I can't understand how it got so incredibly muddy! We'll have to do better about cleaning the canoes on a regular basis. This canoe also needed a new thwart, the old one rotted out. I found an old yoke that fit and to prevent it from rotting so quickly like the last one I painted it green. I also painted the other yoke that was on the boat.

#### **Thursday-- April 24, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 7.1

It was very hard to leave the Island this morning, not only was the weather perfect, but the air was filled with the most amazing chorus of bird song. The sound was overwhelming as I stepped out of my door this morning. I stopped in my tracks and immediately reached back for my binoculars, like reaching for my musket, hanging by the door. I trained the glasses to my eyes and every time I focused on a bird it was the same, a gold finch. There must have been dozens, possibly hundreds, of these striking yellow and black birds feeding on the seed balls that were still hanging from the sycamore trees. I also saw Prothonotary Warblers. Needless to say, I was late to report to my duties at The Children's Inn at NIH. In fact, between the flooding and the explosion of flowers and wildlife, I've been late to work everyday this week. Incredible news, our swim float has not been lost after all. When I didn't see it on the surface of the river on last Tuesday I assumed the worst and imagined it rolling over the dam, but thankfully I was wrong and our float was only submerged under the Potomac's gargantuan current.

Sometimes I feel like I'm in an episode of "Most Dangerous Jobs", thigh-deep in the river at 10:30 at night, in the dark, with a drill in one hand and a floating dock in the other. The river was dropping fast and I was determined to not let the docks get beached overnight. I had to attach a new line to the captain's float to keep it up river. I also wanted to get the ferry in place before I went to bed so that it wouldn't get stranded either.

I stacked all the paint cans on a new shelf in the mens locker room and I hosed out the whole men's locker room and the other dungeon locker area. Where does all that dirt come from?

The ground hog now lives under the stump of the fallen sycamore by the canoe shed. It seems to like to eat bluebells.

#### **Friday-- April 25, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 5.1

A friend and I paddled over to Turkey run today to join in on a wild flower walk. It was a little tricky getting across the swollen river, but the day was perfect and the flowers did not disappoint. The best part was that I met a couple of local historians who have done extensive research into the navigation of the Potomac River before the days of the C & O canal. He sent this to me, "Very good to hear from you. I think the 11th June would be a great date for a presentation. This will give you some good info you can use in making the presentation announcement. In a nutshell, the briefing covers Potomac Company in-river navigation structures and fish weirs found in the Gorge during our 2007 foot and aerial reconnaissance. The presentation has great aerial and river-level photos of each of the structures. Does the Club have a projector? "

Looks like we need a projector if anyone has one.

**Saturday-- April 26, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 5.3

The Island is closed today, but the river went down just enough for the cub scouts and all their parents to camp out here last night. They got rained on a little bit but it looks like they had a good time.

**Wednesday-- April 30, 2008**

Water Level at Little Falls: 6.4

More high water, the second time this month that the river has risen above seven feet. I'm getting used to canoeing back and forth, sometimes standing up so I don't get my pants dirty. I woke up with poison Ivy on my wrist this morning. I guess you have to take the bad with the good when the warm weather arrives. Our new bees have hatched and seem to have adapted to life on the Island. The only flowers I see in bloom right now are the meadow rue and the blue phlox, but the bees always return to their holes covered with pollen. Today it was a flock of Cedar Waxwings that descended upon the Island. I also got a good look at a Northern Parula Warbler and we now hear Baltimore Orioles and Prothonotary Warblers on a regular basis. Today a prothonotary was trapped in the screen porch and I got a good look at it before I herded it out the door. Now that the river is over its banks, the catfish can venture into the shallows of the Island and can forage on some otherwise unreachable vegetation.

**-Joe Hage**



Peggy Thompson and son, Chris Thompson from New Mexico  
Photo by Joe Hage



## Potomac River Cleanup Day on Sycamore Island

The weather prediction on April 5 was for rain. Wrong again. The sun appeared for the kickoff of the great trash collection day, and though it soon shied, no rain spoiled our shiny blue (for recyclables) and orange (uncategorized) trash bags. I am very grateful to the three volunteers who turned out that morning – Judy Lentz, Alison Levine. We River Trash Goddesses purged the land of evil bottles and cans and ghostly shreds of plastic bags. Patricia Roth appeared in time with camera. Later that afternoon, two latecomers – Kathy Carroll and Maria Stenzel went by sea to Rupperts Island and the small, upstart islands. The morning crew were happy NOT to have found much trash on the Island. The afternoon crew were delighted to have gathered LOTS of trash. Everybody was happy. But the happiest scenario will be to have a clean river one day, when polluters and pollutants will not be foes of the wildlife in and around the river.

-**Renee Dunham**, cleanup leader for Sycamore Island



Renee Dunham and two helpers.  
Photo by Pat Roth

**Saturday Relief Caretakers- May**  
**Please sign up as soon as possible**

<b>Date</b>	<b>Hours</b>	<b>Caretaker</b>	<b>Number</b>
<b>May</b>			
3	9-3	Kate Herrod & Richard Alper	<b>301-229-6363</b>
	3-dark	Witt & Ann Farquhar	301-326-4042
10	9-3		
	3-dark	James & Laura Snow	703-751-4853
17	9-3		
	3-dark		
24	9-3		
	3-dark	Richard & Erica Lodish	301-656-2148
31	9-3		
	3-dark		

**\*\*\*\* Caretaker Volunteers \*\*\*\***  
**To volunteer, contact Maxine Hattery at 202-362-1361**  
**or hattery@aol.com**  
**Tell: 202-362-1361**

## Sycamore Bulletin Board:

### Large Parties:

**May 16** at 4 pm, Alan and Caroline Gelb are hosting a 35 person birthday party of 6th graders.

**May 31** from 10 to 2, Mac Thornton is hosting 25 persons from Girl Scout Troop 2812 for a canoe lesson.

**June 21** from 3pm to dark Norman and Nancy Metzger are hosting 10 to 15 play readers.

A large party application form may be printed from the Club's web page at <http://www.sycamoreisland.org/systems.htm>

To request a form through the mail, call the Supervisor of Parties, John Noble  
e-mail: [johnnoble@comcast.net](mailto:johnnoble@comcast.net), phone: 301-448-8562

### Canoe Trip, May 3rd

Frank Daspit is leading a canoe trip from Pennyfield to Great Falls on Saturday, May 3. The trip will go past the great blue heron rookery between Pennyfield and Swain's locks on an island in the Potomac. Call Frank at 202-526-0157 to let him know you are coming or send him an e-mail at [fadipper@aol.com](mailto:fadipper@aol.com).

### Canoe Class, May 10th

Island Frank Daspit will again teach his very popular canoeing class this year. The class will be held at Sycamore Island on Saturday, May 10, 2008 from 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. All members and wait listers from beginners to more advanced paddlers can attend. Teenagers welcome. There are plenty of club canoes available. No need to RSVP or bring anything; just come to the Island. For more information, contact canoe supervisor Jim Drew at 202/462-3836.

**New Members Orientation- May 18th** on the island.

### C&O Canal Pride Days through May 10th:

The Canal Trust Organization and the National Park Service are organizing activities to restore the beauty of the Potomac River. Call 301-714-2233 or [www.canaltrust.org](http://www.canaltrust.org)



***The Sycamore Islander***  
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Internet, go to:  
<http://www.sycamoreisland.org/boondoggle/islander.htm>

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### ***Sycamore Events***

May Meeting : Wednesday,  
May 14th at 8:00 PM on Sycamore  
Island.

New Members Orientation: Sunday  
May 18th on the island.

June Meeting : Wednesday,  
June 11th at 8:00 PM. on the island.



Photo by Dave Winer