



The Sycamore Islander

AUGUST 2011 | VOLUME 90 NUMBER 8

President's Letter

The next club meeting is Wednesday, August 10, at 8:00 p.m. on the Island. Joe will have the BBQ going at 7:00. Come early for the picnic. Bring something to grill and, if you wish a dish to share. Cool off with a swim before the meeting.

The Sycamore Island Fishing Derby is Saturday, August 20. Our own master fisherman, George Malusky, again coordinates the annual Fishing Derby. This is one of the best summer events on Sycamore Island. Come and fish or just come and watch. For more details, see the announcement in this issue.

Looking ahead, the annual Sycamore Island Fall Regatta will happen again on Labor Day afternoon, September 5. If, like me, you will be in town enjoying a traffic-free weekend, then join with other Islanders and guests for great food and a relaxing and fun filled day at the Sycamore Island Regatta. For more information see the notice in this issue or contact Regatta coordinators Vickie Judson, Anne Waidmann and Cindy Bertaut.

Thank you to the members of the club's special membership committee, chaired by Bill Marmon. The committee has the important task of proposing how we will admit new members in the future. They have been emailing, drafting papers, and meeting long and hard for quite a few months. Their work is now almost completed. Read and comment on the committee's proposal at: <http://www.sycamoreisland.org/syMemApp.htm>

Remember that August 14 is the second Sunday of

the month. Join with our intrepid caretaker, Joe Hage, on a working walk of Sycamore Island's adopted mile of the towpath. This towpath walk happens every second Sunday of every month. Meet at the ferry landing at 10:00 a.m.

JIM DREW
President



Black-crowned night heron

JOE HAGE

Minutes for the July 13 Meeting

Attendees: Lucky and Bill Marmon, Drew Walsh, Tryon Wells, Ann Marie Cunningham, Alan Gelb, John Membrino, Joe Membrino, Jim Drew, Larry Heilman, Richard Bertaut, Maria Stenzei, Gerald Stanley Barton, Marianne Ross.

Before the meeting, club members gathered along the river bank to grill chicken and hotdogs and share salad and desserts. It was a gorgeous, cool evening.

Jim Drew called the meeting to order, allowing time for Tryon Wells and Gerry to give us an update on Caretaker Joe Hage's 90-mile kayaking adventure down the river. Hopefully, Joe will share the details of his trip with members before the August meeting.

Members were saddened to learn of the death of Star Mitchell's 50-year-old daughter. Several Islanders attended the funeral at a small Catholic church in Berryville, Va. The Recording Secretary will send condolences on behalf of club members.

Treasurer's Report: Alan Gelb reported on the State of the Budget. The Club started the year with a Treasurer's balance of \$68,309. As of June 30, the balance was \$103,176. The account had received \$88,500 in transfers from the Financial Secretary. This is more than the \$83,000 for 2010 because of the dues increase, which was needed to compensate for the loss of interest income. Spending was \$53,627. Of this, \$9,254 was payment on the construction notes, so that operational spending was \$44,373. Our budget for 2011 is \$79,098, which means that we have \$34,725 for the second half of the year.

First-half spending usually includes a number of large items, especially insurance. We pay almost \$9,000 for flood (FEMA), liability and commercial property insurance. Our insurance costs have tended to increase over time, partly because of rate increases and partly because our coverage is higher with the new construction. In addition, we had the renovation of the Captain's float and vital work on our water system. In total, these expenses came to some \$14,7000. Other spending for the first half has been about \$30,000—a very reasonable level.

Barring unexpected circumstances, such a flood damage, major system repairs, or supercharged beavers eating away the facilities, we are in good shape to finish up close to our budget and with income and matching spending.

Alan explained that he always renews the FEMA insurance because it is unlikely we could get it back if we let it go.

Captain's Report: Various schemes were discussed for having running water and a working toilet during the winter months. Some involved moving lockers or running an insulated pipe across the corridor and boxing in one of the stalls in the ladies' room. It was noted that having running water in the kitchen could be problematic, but if it's just water that is wanted, it could be done by making a larger enclosure in the men's bathroom that would enclose the sink.

Membership Committee: Bill Marmon reported that the Special Membership Committee, which is charged with deciding future membership policy, met on May 23. Major issues included whether or not to require sponsors, whether to accept new members from two different age groups—below forty and over forty, whether or not to have a waiting list and should it be capped, and whether criteria for membership should be subjective or objective. Straw poles were taken on these issues within the committee.

It was suggested that the committee, which is small, put a preliminary report on the club website. It should include the committee's recommendations as well as the alternative views on the various pieces of these issues. There should be a mechanism that allows club members to participate in the discussion. Some suggested that there should be survey of club members.

The next meeting of the membership committee will be held at the home of Bill Marmon, 4921 Cumberland Avenue, on July 19 at 8:00. Bill will post a report after this meeting.

Canoe Committee: John Membrino reported that only three persons showed up for the recent canoeing class, but even so "they had a great time." John expressed the hope that the canoe painters could be hooked efficiently to the shed.

Swimming Committee: Larry Heilman reported that progress is being made on installing poles and roles and whistles on the various floats. There was a discussion about whether bags containing ropes or rings or torpedoes were the best solution for river rescues. Tryon noted that rope quality matters on these devices.

Larry wants to find a device that one can put sling over the shoulder and take out. It was recommended that Larry consult with the Cabin John River Rats rescue person about procedures and equipment. Larry recommended that floatation devices, such as noodles, not be available on the dock as they give false security to poor swimmers.

Old Business: Once again, there was unanimous praise for the dance held on the Island in late June and a recommendation that it be made an annual event. There was a brief discussion about various housekeeping issues. . . clean toilets, dirty floors. . . with the question raised about whose responsibility it is to do them. No clear answer was given. It was proposed that there be a foot-level faucet in the outdoor shower so that members could rinse off their feet before entering the club house.

New Business: The Fishing Derby will take place on August 20.

The Old Timers Picnic: Lucky will check will John Noble to come up with a time in late September or early October for this event.

Next Meeting: The next meeting will be held on August 10 on the Island at 8:00 p.m. Come early and enjoy dinner together.

Respectfully Submitted,
LUCKY MARMON
Co-recording secretary

"Old Timers" Potluck

Join fellow members on the Island for a Fall potluck on Wednesday, September 28 at 11:30 a.m. Phone or email Lucky Marmon by September 19 if you are coming and let her know what you would like to bring: salad, casserole, dessert. Bring your own drink and utensils.

Contact: Lucky Marmon:
lucretiamarmon@gmail.com or 301.654.7893.

Rain Date: Wednesday, October 5

Sycamore Island Club Fishing Derby

Saturday, August 20, 2011

George Malusky will again lead the Sycamore Island Fishing Derby. Coffee and donuts at 9:00 a.m. Come earlier if you would like to start fishing sooner. Or telling fish stories earlier. The club provides a picnic lunch of burgers and hot dogs.

In past years the fishing derby has been a very popular event for Islanders of all ages. Experienced fishermen and women, fishing beginners, and 6 year olds, all participate. You can fish from the docks or the banks of the Island. There are plenty of club canoes to take onto the river. Live bait will be on hand. If you don't have any fishing tackle, there will be some available in the clubhouse, first come, first serve.

Lots of prizes. For the biggest fish caught, most fish caught, the smallest fish, and some surprise prizes !!! See you August 20.

JANE WINER

Publication of the Draft Report of the Ad Hoc Membership Committee

As the club's waiting list has shortened in recent years, the club has taken up the issue of how best to re-open the club to new members by forming an ad hoc membership committee to explore options. The committee's task is to consider how best to achieve the re-opening, as well as to recommend procedures that enable the club to populate itself over time with a simple, transparent and predictable system of new member admittance. The result is The Draft Report of the Ad Hoc Membership Committee which is available online at the following link:

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

All members are invited to read and comment on this report. The committee is interested in your thoughts and concerns. All comments sent to admin@sycamoreisland.org with "Commentary" in the Subject line will be appended to the bottom of the webpage in the "Member Comments" section of the report. The deadline for accepting comments to the webpage is September 30, 2011.

Please Join Us For the Sycamore Island Regatta and Barbecue Dinner

Monday, September 5, 2011

2:00 p.m. till dark

September just wouldn't be the same without the umpteenth annual Sycamore Island Regatta! Mark your calendars for this Labor Day celebration open to all Sycamore Islanders and families—including folks on the waiting list. Everyone is welcome, especially kids, teens, their families and the young at heart. There will be cheering and prizes! Even if you opt not to join in the games, come join us for dinner, and enjoy summer on the river for one more weekend.

Events include:

- The famous canoe dash around Sycamore Island
- Lance-a-lot jousting tournament
- Balloon stomp
- Egg toss
- Swamped canoe race
- Canoe tug of war
- and more. . .

Games followed by a dinner starting at 5-ish. Club will barbecue main course and throw in some ice tea or lemonade. Folks who can should bring side dishes, desserts or other drinks to share, but join us even if you don't have time whip up or grab something. Come any time and join us for all or part of the fun. To volunteer contact birgit.a.waidmann@us.pwc.com. See you on September 5 for some fun!

VICTORIA JUDSON

BILL KUGLER, an active member of the club for many years and an emeritus for more, died quickly and peacefully on July 9 st Casey House after dealing bravely with cancer for two years.



Christian and Sebastian Holdridge enjoying the slide; their father, Geoff, is looking on.

DAVID WINNER

Large Parties Scheduled



Saturday, August 13, 11:00-4:00 PM, Maria Stenzel, Sierra Club Inner-City Outing, 35 guests.

Sunday, August 21, 4 p.m.–dusk, John and Diane Noble host bridge group and spouses, about 12 guests, for a picnic

September 2–3, Karl Kosok and Emily Glazer host Friday overnight camping and a Saturday pre-wedding celebration from 10–4 p.m., about 70 guests (party plan approved at monthly meeting).



Sycamore Island Regatta

Monday, September 5, 2011
1:30 - 6pm



Races & Games
for all ages
from 2-5pm
Potluck Dinner
at 5:30pm
... *Prizes too!*



Contact cindybertaut@gmail.com
for more info or if you want to help out.

Notes from the Island

Many of you were curious about my kayak trip to St Catherine's Island so instead of my normal caretakers log, I've included our itinerary and a description of our trip. I could not include the entire trip in this newsletter but I will write more in later issues.

Saturday, July 9

Leave Sycamore Island 10 a.m. in canoe, run Little Falls
Drop off canoe and load sea kayaks at Fletcher's
Dinner likely in Alexandria
Arrive at Belle Haven Marina

Sunday, July 10

Depart Belle Haven Marina
Hard Bargain Farm (Md side)
Piscataway Creek (Md)
Arrive at Pohick Bay Regional Park, site 95 (Va side)

Monday, July 11

Depart Pohick Bay
Occoquan Bay
lunch [tentative but not likely] paddle up Occoquan
River to Madigan's (Va)
dinner at Tim's Rivershore Restaurant and Crabhouse
(Va)
Indian Head (Md)
Mattawoman Creek (Md)
Arrive at Smallwood State Park (site 8)

Tuesday, July 12

Depart Smallwood
Mallows Bay (Md)
Quantico (Va)
Aquia Bay Marine Inc (Va)
Arrive Aquia Creek, Widewater State Park (Va)
or owner permission between Douglas Pt. and Purse
State Park (Md)

Wednesday, July 13

lunch Tim's II in Fairview Beach (Va)
Caledon Natural Area (Va)
Nanjemoy Creek (Md)
Port Tobacco River (Md)
Arrive Chapel Point State Park (Md)

Thursday, July 14

Depart Chapel Point
Pope's Creek (Md)
lunch Capt. Billy's Crabhouse (Md)
301 Bridge
Morgantown Generating Plant (Md)
Arrive Colonial Beach (Va), arrangements in progress
or house of Joe's friend

Friday, July 15

Depart Colonial Beach
Wicomico River (Md)
Allen's Run, Zekiah Swamp (Md)
lunch at Captain John's Crab House on Cobb Island
(Md)
Arrive at St. Catherine's Island
full moon at night

Saturday, July 16

Landing Party at St. Catherine's Island

July 6, 2011

Well, we have finally come down to the wire. My big, Island-to-Island kayak trip down the Potomac River is only three days away. I say finally because I feel like I've been preparing for this trip for a long time.

I think it was back in February that I decided that I would do the trip and ever since then I've been training and getting ready. I originally planned to do the trip in April, during the annual Alice Fureson river clean-up, but the river was too high and frankly I wasn't prepared. I was glad that I had waited because it gave me a chance to approach Potomac Riverkeeper and ask them if they wanted to get involved and let me use their website as a way to get the word out and raise money to help the river. They were excited about the idea and wanted to use my trip as a way to launch a new "Pure Potomac" campaign. Their hope was, and is I hope, that we could get the word out using social networks like Facebook and Twitter. I was all set to start the journey on June 12 but the timing was off. It turned out that the Potomac Riverkeeper gala was that day and that made it impossible for them to focus on my trip. We decided it would be better to wait until we could benefit from the full attention of Riverkeeper and their staff.

So here we are ready to take off on Saturday morning. I have my kayak, a 16-foot Perception Eclipse. It's not really a sea kayak, for some reason they refer to it as



JOE HAGE



a touring kayak. I guess that is mainly due to its length and the shape of its plastic hull. The main thing is that it has large storage compartments and can carry all the camping gear and all the supplies that I need for the trip. I've got a 230cm paddle and I bought a spray skirt. One problem though—I have never owned a kayak and I know nothing about the finer points of sea kayaking, like how to do an Eskimo roll. I thought it was a joke, roll a 16-foot boat stuffed with 150 pounds of gear? I really was not excited about the thought of being upside-down in the river, but I realized that I had a major hurdle to overcome. As much as I wanted to avoid it, I decided that I had better learn how to roll my boat. More on that later.

For three months now I have been training for the trip. By training I mean getting used to paddling a kayak for hours at a time. I'm feeling pretty good about the way my endurance and strength have improved. I've gotten to the point where I can paddle for more

than two hours without suffering too much pain. The hard part is going to be overcoming the monotony of long hours of paddling. I'm learning that this going to be a psychological challenge as well a physiological one. Interestingly, I think it is going to be my legs that become the weak link, after two hours in a cramped cockpit my legs tend to cramp up and my feet like to fall asleep. My arms and shoulders on the other hand are beginning to show the results of daily paddling and it is cool to see new muscles developing.

July 8, 2011

This will be the last entry into this log until I get back from my trip on the 17. You will be able to follow my progress on the river if you go to potomacriverkeeper.org. Whit Overstreet and I will be posting daily reports on that website.

So I've done all the preparations and I've done all my training and I'm all set to go. The only thing on my list that did not get done is that pesky Eskimo roll. I don't quite have my roll down yet but it is not due to a lack of quality instruction. I'm so lucky, I waited until I was almost 50 years old to learn to roll, but I had the honor of having two excellent teachers. My first two rolling lessons were with none other than Olympic contenders, Davey and Jennifer Hearn! They are two of the coolest, most generous and most patient people ever.

I think I'm ready for the trip and I think I have all the gear I need. I have a tent, sleeping bag, clothes, stoves, food, sleeping pad, fishing pole, rain gear, towel, hat, sunblock, extra shoes, first aid kit, book, maps, toiletries, and jugs for lots of water. Amazingly, I was able to get all that gear into my kayak.

So I'm all ready but I have another little problem to solve. Since we've decided to call this an Island-to-Island trip we are committed to pass through the white-water between here and Fletcher's Boathouse and that just isn't possible in a fully loaded sea kayak. The solution, we climb into a white water tandem canoe and run Little Falls in that and then switch boats once we are safely in the tidal portion of the mighty Potomac.

The butterflies are setting in but I'm very excited about this trip. Not only is this going to be my first time all the way down the tidal Potomac but it will also be the first time that I will be running Little Falls.

Yeehaw!!!

July 9, 2011

The day was full of promise and I jumped into action as soon as I was awake. I had all my gear ready to go but we still had to get the sea kayaks and other stuff down to Fletcher's Boathouse. My partner for the trip is Whit Overstreet and our plan is to use Whit's tandem whitewater canoe to get us through the rapids between Sycamore Island and Fletcher's Cove. I was excited and nervous. I had never done a long kayak trip and I was about to run Little Falls for the first time. Plus, to add to my butterflies, the river was up to 3.5 feet, slightly more volume than I had envisioned for my first trip through the Falls. The weather was clear but hot and I was dripping sweat as I returned to the Island after loading the kayaks onto Whit's truck. I sent out my last-minute emails, locked up the house and headed to the river. One of the coolest things about this trip was that I did not need to get into an airplane or even a car to begin the journey. All I had to do was walk out my front door and get into Whit's canoe and off we went. We were joined at the beginning of the trip by Peter Bross, a kayaker and board member of Potomac Riverkeeper.

The banana-shaped boat that we were in was not designed for flat water and the first $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to get to the dam was slow. It did give Whit and I time to get used to paddling together, though. I hadn't known Whit for very long and this would be our first time together in a canoe, and we were about to run Little Falls! We reached the Brookmont dam and did the legal thing, portaged around it. It wasn't a difficult carry and when we reached the other side of the dam we found Olympic Canoeist Davey Hearn there waiting for us in his racing C1 canoe. Compared to the canoe that we were in, Davey's boat looked like a Maserati. I was glad to have Davey along as I ventured into this part of the river where I had never been before. As a matter of fact I don't think I could have picked a better group of guys to be out there with. I was still a little nervous, but I was really happy to finally be doing the Falls and I was feeling very fortunate about the circumstances.

From the dam we headed toward the gates of the slalom course in the old feeder canal. I wasn't thinking of doing the slalom course, I just wanted to keep heading downstream. But, since we were with Davey, we had to go back up and run the gates in our canoe. I was glad that we did, it was fun and it gave Whit and I more time to get used to paddling together; tandem

whitewater canoeing is not easy. From there we went around the front of High Island. This is called the Z-channel and interestingly the current reverses here and we were pointed toward Sycamore Island as we navigated the class 2 rapid. We picked our way down stream through the rocks until the river narrowed and we were in rolling waves cruising fast past High Island on our left. Along the way we passed kayak legend, Tom McEwan, giving a class. Davey, being the celebrity that he is, went over to chat.

We did a long, quarter mile of big waves and then had to stop at a sand bar and dump out all the water we took on. So far our canoe was performing well and I was thrilled to be at the precipice above the Falls. We stopped to scout the rapids as Davey played on the waves looking like a ballet dancer on the water. We scouted the falls and decided on the line we would take. I really appreciated Whit's calm and positive disposition and I was glad to have him there to nudge me out of my comfort zone. We climbed back into the boat and, as if to say, "Joe you got this", I saw a large red-tailed hawk cross the river just a hundred yards away. Then, with six great blue herons lining the rocks on the shore we plunged into the torrent of deep, canoe-eating holes and corkscrew waves. We narrowly avoided the first hole and headed toward the Maryland bank. We were nearly on our sides as we made the crossing but with Whit's expertise we straightened out in time to hit the corkscrew wave just right. We dug hard to get into an eddy at the end and, once safely inside the eddy, we flipped. The water felt good in the heat on the midday sun and the canoe was easily righted and dumped. I was ecstatic! I had run the falls for the first time and we had just entered into a new physiographic province. We had passed through the last of the fall zone or Potomac Gorge and for the rest of the trip we would be in the Coastal Plain

We said goodbye to Davey as he headed to the take out and we continued down river another mile or so to Fletchers. We had promised to meet friends and family at Fletchers at noon. It was now 12:30 and I hoped that my mother wasn't getting too worried. We were greeted at Fletcher's by a dozen or so well-wishers who then patiently sat around and waited for us to get reorganized. My Mom brought a watermelon and we ate it as we packed our kayaks for the first time. Whit had just bought his used kayak two nights before and this would be his first time in the boat. My situation was a

little better. I had bought my kayak three months before so I had time to try it out and take it on a couple of half day trips, but neither of us has had much experience with touring/sea kayaks. Neither of us had ever rolled one, for example. We didn't spend anytime planning food or distributing gear. I brought the stoves and cooking utensils and Whit was burdened with all the cameras and smart phones. I think Whit's boat was a lot heavier than mine though, mostly because he chose to bring a pantry full of canned foods where as I went with mostly dehydrated meals. Whit also carried a lot of water, which turned out to be the smarter thing to do. I was risking heat stroke just because I didn't want to carry extra weight. We donned our big floppy hats and our scarves to protect us from the harsh sun. Whit even wore a mask to protect his face, which, along with his shades, made him look like some kind of eco-terrorist. I lathered on the sunblock, and after posing for a few photos, we set off from the shore, being careful not to cross the lines of the kids that were fishing there.

Our friend, and awesome paddler, Harry Lewis, joined us in his canoe and kept us company down to Key Bridge. We were at the western tip on Washington D.C as we shoved off and it was hard to believe that we were in D.C. proper, being surrounded by high banks of rugged forest. It was a Saturday afternoon so the river was very busy with boats, and it had a festive atmosphere. There were other kayakers there, mostly people who had rented craft from Jack's Boathouse. There were yachts there, happily anchored around Three Sisters Islands. People were everywhere, swimming, relaxing and enjoying the river. We even saw the first of a new breed of paddler, the stand-up paddler or SUP. It wasn't until we saw Key Bridge that it was evident that we were in a metropolis. Here the land stretched out flat in front of us and, even though we had forested Roosevelt Island on our right, it was clear that we were in the city. The Georgetown waterfront was busy and we had to contend with an increase in motorboat traffic, including jetskiers. We stopped occasionally to take pictures and tweet them. We stopped at one spot, just before Memorial Bridge that was a combined storm water and sewer release into the river. We continued on and, unlike before when I was waiting while Whit took pictures, I now found myself trying to keep up with him as we made the first of many river crossings. It was becoming clear who the emerging

leader of the expedition might be.

We had crossed the river just below Memorial Bridge, which landed us very near the bike path on the Virginia side. We drifted toward the airport with the parkland to our right, staying close to the shore. There was so much activity going on around us with tourist boats, joggers, cyclists, fishermen, and speedboats. Not to mention the metro trains and airplanes passing overhead. We tried to take it all in but we were still getting used to our kayaks and our minds were preoccupied with trying to keep them going straight. It seemed that as the river widened, the wind picked up, and we were soon fighting a slight crosswind. Also, we had been in our boats for over two hours at this point and, even though my arms were tired, it was my legs that were screaming for a break. We passed Roaches Run and then the airport. While passing the airport I noticed that there wasn't any barrier or vegetation to keep the dirty storm water runoff of the runway from spilling into the river. (We later learned that there are plans to extend the current runway 1000 feet into the downstream side of the river.) We paddled across Four Mile Run Bay and took a much-needed break at the Washington Sailing Marina.

After a short break and a long drink of water we headed for Alexandria. We passed the tourist piers with their parks but we also passed the Torpedo factory and other relics from Alexandria's industrial past. We passed the, still operating, coal burning power plant that sits right on the river's edge and has to have booms in the water to keep leaking oil from getting into the mainstream of the river. We also passed the Ford Pier, where there once stood a Ford assembly plant.

The out-going tide was very evident now as we passed under the Woodrow Wilson Bridge. The sound of a band playing faded away as we glided along in the fading light of the late afternoon. All we had to do now was to cross a small bay and we could rest for the night. I could see the marina in the distance, about a mile, so I headed straight for it. But Whit had a detour in mind. I didn't know this but at the very southern tip of D.C., at a place called Jones Point on the Virginia side, there is an old lighthouse. When I say lighthouse I mean a house with a light on the top. It was perfectly placed as a guide for ships coming upriver. Sadly, the land around it is eroding and the house is in decay. We finally started our final crossing of the day but, as we learned over and over, everything was further away



Joe on a practice run. . .

than it looked and it took a long time to get to Bell Haven Marina. We didn't get off the river until after 7:00 p.m.

I followed Whit as we made our way past the sailing vessels and onto the boat ramp. Whit was hoping to meet someone named Chip who ran the Marina and had promised to give us a place to sleep for the night. The Marina was abuzz with activity when we arrived. There were people milling around, picnicking and fishing and playing. I got a real sense of community as we hung out there at the table near the work shed. We found Chip, a shirtless guy about 40, with long, dirty-blond dread locks and a permanent tan. He was very friendly and welcoming and was obviously very much at home at the docks of the marina. Chip runs the marina and the sailing school and has been hanging around Bell Haven since he was a kid. Chip offered us a beer and we sat there resting and taking in all the sights of the busy marina. Soon we were being offered homemade pickles and fresh zucchini casserole! We met Peter Hume, an impressive man in his eighties, who still went sail boarding and who had also spent many

years near this marina. It was cool meeting these people that personified the place, like meeting a lobsterman in Maine, if you know what I mean. We were told that we could sleep in the Canadean, a twenty-five foot sailboat with new cushions in the cabin. Peter Bross picked us up later and we headed to dinner in Alexandria. Chip and his friends however, were preparing to sail out and watch the fireworks at National Harbor.

To be continued. . .

JOE HAGE

The Sycamore Islander

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Cabin John, MD 20818

ADDRESS SERVICES REQUESTED

FIRST CLASS MAIL



RODOLFO CASTRO

The Sycamore Islander is the monthly newsletter of the Montgomery Sycamore Island Club. Every attempt is made to publish *The Islander* before the second Wednesday of the month in advance of the monthly meeting. Text and graphics may be sent as email attachments to: Carol Beehler, cbeehler@comcast.net. The deadline for inclusion in the September issue is September 2.

Portia Castro, guest of David Winer, enjoying the mud by the Captain's Float.