



Occoquan Yacht Club
P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

The Daymarker

December 1989, Vol. VI, Issue 12

Member: PRYCA, CBYCA & UPYRC Boat/U.S. Accord # 80979

JP

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UPCOMING EVENTS

December 2

Santa to Occoquan –
noon at OHM.

December 2

OYC Christmas Party
and Change of Com-
mand Banquet –
Quantico Officers
Club – 6:30 pm.

December 25

Santa to your house.
Talk to Mom.

December 31

New Years Eve Party
at your house. Don't
talk to Dad in the
morning.

Commodore's Comments



Ned W. Rhodes

First off, I have to print a retraction. I did not write the semi-serious article in last month's Daymarker. It was my evil twin who was overwhelmed with the responsibility of the position of Commodore. I was told that if I did not shape up, that I should not underestimate the power of the "write-in."

So, with that in mind, let me wax eloquent concerning OYC traditions. When you purchase a used boat, you are honor-bound to carry on certain traditions. For example, if the former owner couldn't keep the blue strip from fading, you should also. If the former owners used the boat every weekend, you should also. If the former owners flew a Commodore's flag, you should also. If the former owner was a @#&%, you should be also. I think that the boat just knows what to do. The power of tradition was driven home to me this past weekend at the Hardy Souls cruise to Alexandria.

Marine heads are wonderful devices. They are simple, they are efficient and they only break in Alexandria in what is now my boat. The Tilmons started this tradition two years

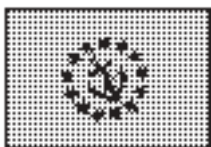
ago at the Waterfront Festival in Alexandria. The story goes that Ron had to take a dinghy to shore and then a taxi from Alexandria to Washington Marina for repair parts. What made the trip more exciting was the fact that the cab ride was more expensive than the repair kit. In my infinite wisdom, I had purchased a head repair kit early in the year, using Harry Hosepipe's philosophy that "if it ain't broke, it will be soon", especially if you do not have a repair kit handy. We made it through the week-long cruise, we made it through the summer, but we did not make it through Alexandria.

The real problem here is that when the head breaks, it is at the wrong time. The wrong time for me is in the morning and luckily the Holiday Inn is open early Sunday morning. After a quick walk, I sat down to tackle this thankless job. Surgeon General Ron Tilmon talked me through the process, giving great advice and just managing to hold in his laughter. Once the porcelain wok hit the back deck of the boat, the cameras appeared and then a steady stream of visitors to offer advice and to tell their own experiences with their marine heads. Well, I repaired it and a few sample flushes later filled the tank. You just can't win.

Ok, bear with me here, as I want to get serious for a moment, in the hopes that my monitors didn't read this far. I attended the Potomac River Yacht Club Association

(PRYCA) delegates meeting on November 15 to get a first-hand look at what that organization does and how they operate. In addition, I wanted to make contact with some of our sister clubs on the river to see about getting together with them next year. The meeting was held at Tantallon Yacht Club which is a great place. Their clubhouse is an old houseboat/ barge that is really nice. There is a full kitchen, dining room with fireplace, a forward deck with barbecue grills and a bar serving 40-cent beer. We discussed getting together with them next year at either Cobb or Mattawoman and they said that would be a great idea. I talked with Aquia and they invited us over sometime this winter for a get-together and certainly for the PRYCA float-in on the weekend of July 21st. PRYCA works on legislative issues common to all the clubs and they made me feel quite welcome. I received many good comments about our Daymarker and found out in conversation that we are probably the largest yacht club on the River. That's a nice feeling.

Well, Santa is coming December 2nd and that means the Christmas Party and for the hardy, the decision to finally winterize one's boat. There is good news—the crew of *Southern Nites* is back to full strength with the addition of Jess, a five year old Golden Retriever. She's already a boater and has learned in a short time how to look mournfully at people for that last bite of pizza and where the most comfortable place to sleep is usually leaning against someone. This winter we will work on bee tracking to get ready for next year. Over the Thanksgiving weekend, she caught flies, so I think she has promise. I predict that the Christmas party and Change of Command will be a huge success. What a way to end the boating season! I am already looking forward to next year.



Vice Commodore's Comments

Terri Petrey

This time of year, for some reason, I become very melancholy (and no, it's not PMS!) Like the life in the trees disappears and the leaves fall, the life and excitement in the Club disappears with the appearance of frosty nights and winterized boats. I have many wonderful memories of summers to look back on but this past summer was the best of them all. With the end of summer and the passing of Autumn, we had some gorgeous days and nights which I think far surpassed years past. Then came the winding down - Chili Cookoff with a beautiful day and great turnout, the Mattawoman Cruise (in the dark!) with another perfect night with lots of good friends, then the Hardy Souls cruise with a great group of people and 3 days of the crispest, clearest, bluest skies I've ever seen.

Bill has winterized the boat and gotten her ready for her next owner (hint! hint!) and over the coming cold winter nights at home, we will be snug by the fire with our noses deep in the FOR SALE ads looking for a replacement. It's tradition!

With the end of the boating season and the Christmas Party also comes the end of the OYC social calendar for 1989. Unfortunately, as in past years, it seems everyone will become

like bears and hibernate for the winter only to reappear like the groundhog in the Spring. I guess what I'm trying to say is — Let's not be strangers during the Winter? We can still get together for impromptu parties or plan an event where we can have an indoor "raft up"? We can meet for dinner at a restaurant? Have some dinner parties and swap recipes — for next year's cookbook? Have Pictionary competitions with a bunch of friends — have to keep those skills sharp. Make Margaritas - Ned, we just don't want you to forget how to make them!!! Visit some OYC friends who have moved away? (Jeannie, got room for 20?) Let's try to stay in touch and not be strangers. I think this will really help us through the Winter and it will not seem so long until boating season starts up again in March? April? If anyone has any other ideas, I'm open for suggestions.

I am looking forward to seeing everyone at the Christmas Party.



Secretary's Comments

Debbie Shay

I always have to have a major cause or purpose in anything I've done. Other than the environment which we should always think about and do everything to improve (sorry, I'll save that for another article), I've been thinking about something just for women.

I know that there are women who can maneuver a boat just as well as men do, but there are women (like myself) who have never docked a boat or taken the boat out. I'm not sure why that is, but I definitely think it's time for a change. So, for once and for all, women who would like to learn are going to have a class on maneuvering a boat.

Now, needless to say, there are problems that must be worked out before this can happen. Carl Way did offer to teach a class on putting it in, taking it out and tying it up, but I can't remember if Carl offered to use his boat. I may have some difficulty in finding an instruction boat. Maybe the "Commodorable" can exert some influence on the Commodore for help. No matter what, Guy could be rather busy writing up disclaimers.

I do think it may be a good idea and worth pursuing. It's not always easy to learn such techniques from your Captain—let's face it, why do you think they developed driving schools?

To further motivate some of you, I think we should plan an outing just for women to some of our favorite shopping spots like St. Michaels, Annapolis and Baltimore. We could do some of the things we like best: boating and shopping without any grief from those Used-to-be-Captains.

I shall keep working on this worthy cause and if you have any ideas on how this could work, please let me know. The first thing Steve Worcester did upon hearing about this class was to sell his boat. Is there anyone in the Club who is a little more brave?



Minutes from the 11/14/89 Joint Board Meeting

Deborah Shay

The meeting of the new board along with the old board was called to order at 7:50 PM at the Harbour Inn Restaurant. The following business was discussed:

December 2nd Santa's Trip to Occoquan - attendees, especially those with children (or Dennis), should arrive at the docks at noon. There will be music. Eggnog and champagne will be served. *Robins Nest* will host Santa and will depart around 12:30 for Occoquan. Presently there are four boats in the flotilla.

Christmas Party - As of this time we have 100 people attending the Christmas Party and have extended the cut-off date till the 29th of November. This Christmas party will definitely be one to remember—we have a live band, an open bar, a master of ceremonies, award presentations, name tags with pins, and much more. Reminder to those who wish to get a room at the Best Western and haven't done so yet.

Burgees - We are having trouble finding a reliable company to make our burgees. Guy Ferrante has offered to check into this and hopefully we will soon find a dependable company that will make a good quality burgee at a good price. If anyone has any ideas or information, please pass it along to Guy.

Debbie Charles was selected and graciously accepted the position of Junior Coordinator. Laura Petrey has agreed to serve as our new Historian.

There were other discussions concerning future scheduling of events for the juniors, the location of the 1990 Christmas party and the next board meeting (tentatively scheduled for January).

Information and advice was passed between the old and the new board members and the meeting was adjourned at 9:30.



Exec. Rear Commodore Comments

Pam DeLancey

Afts Bafts

Since I haven't heard from Ken Long Jr. on the survey taken last month, I can only surmise he is thoroughly enjoying talking to all the OYCers who have called him. So not to break his heart, I think we should continue this survey for the entire year and pass the info to the next Executive Rear. So, remember, call Ken Long Jr., day or NIGHT and tell him your thoughts on changing Executive Rear to Executive Aft. Oh, Ken, I'm sure you'll be running for office next year however, you might consider someone else involved with the new design for my burgee — I LOVE IT!

I have to send loving thoughts and thanks to Grandmas & Grandpa for making the Hardy Souls Cruise possible for Gene and me. My kids had a great weekend with my folks so Gene and I could have a great time being kids! (And I think it was contagious.) What fun!

It was our first trip North from the Occoquan and our first

Hardy Souls Cruise. Those going North for the first time, the river is well marked. Thanks to *SHALIMAR*'s communications and a wonderful group of friends flagging us in, we made it to the City Docks. The wind was on and off and as sun set we were "snug" in our slip. After a sip of Ned's famous Bloody Mary, our burgee exchange with Old Dominion Boat Club (nice speech Ned) and round table chat, we were off to dinner. If you've never eaten in an Irish Pub with OYCers - DO. The atmosphere was wonderful and the highlight of the night was celebrating Guy's birthday. "Sorry you missed out on your cake - we loved it, HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" Walking back to the boat was an experience for the people of Old Town. J.W., how many scoops of ice cream can you get in your mouth at one time"? "DFS or DSF or DF or DS, how was the Orange Rocky Road Sherbert?"

Saturday was bright and windy - a great day to SHOP - and ladies if you ever need a **chic** pair of fuzzy ear muffs, G.C. Murphy's has them in shades the rainbow would envy. I'm sure - no positive - there were colors to match every boat on the docks! So after eating my first bowl of Alligator Stew with Terri P., thanks to Steve Ws assurance it was wonderful, I was in heaven wearing my chic muffs and a tummy full of stew. Saturday night renewed my trust in Carl Ws "restaurant we MUST DO AGAIN" list. (Remember Evan's CARL, oh, that's Car-I-e!*#!) ECCOs was an Italian delight. I recommend the Canneloni and the Chocolate Fudge Brownie with ice cream and hot fudge and whipped cream and etc...(Editor's note: This doesn't sound like diet food to me Pam)! Thank you Ed and Ginny for my first experience with White Pizza. After dinner we went to Old Dominion B.C. for ballet lessons. Terri, I will always cherish your advice, "If you ever get into trouble, remember the fifth (5th) position!" Janeal and Carl W. - What a dip!

After a weekend of our boat rocking (from the wind Ned, yeah sure), shopping, eating, laughing, fun and super friends, we were ready to "set power" Sunday morning and head down river with my matching blue fuzzy ear muffs.

This is a weekend Gene and I will always look forward to! There isn't a better bunch of people to spend a weekend with than the OYC. Merry Christmas! Happy Hanukkah to all of you and your families. I know the New Year will be happy, safe and the DeLanceys will sell their boat (do I have to pay for that?). We highly recommend this cruise. ****FOUR STARS****



Treasurer Comments

Debbie Mullan

Howdy Folks!!! Thanks for your overwhelming support of me in the race for Treasurer. I promise to keep the Club coffers full by employing the exact opposite techniques used for our personal finances!!

My husband, Travis, and I are aboard *On the Way*, the Sea Ray berthed at the outermost non-covered slip at Fairfax Yacht Club. Sorry we missed all the fun at the Chili Cookoff; however, after eating chili for at least four nights the previous week and having just removed the smoke alarms from our

back pockets, we decided to take our last overnight cruise for the season. Thanks to Ned for picking up the Club clothing Saturday morning and thanks to Mer for her merchandising efforts at the cookoff.

As you know it was a beautiful weekend and we made it to Port Tobacco without a hitch. We anchored near a strand of maple trees — it was gorgeous. Had a great dinner, good bottle of wine, played poker (the game) and set the alarm for 6:00 a.m.—I wanted to see the sun rise. What a JOKE!!! We were surrounded by thick fog—visibility of 30 feet—no radio traffic—no singing birds—no boat noise—NO NOTHING!!! We decided to remain calm, prepared breakfast and waited for the soup to clear. It never did. After rereading the *Daymarker* twice, we decided to 1) start drinking heavily or 2) make a run for it. We decide on the latter. Travis takes 3 compass bearings and records them before we wrap up for the night. It is then easy to determine if you are dragging anchor (we learned this nifty in the First Mate's Course). Because he had performed this exercise we knew where we were and decided to head for Marker 8. What a drag—for those of you who have FOG NAVIGATIONAL EXPERIENCE (and I don't mean the alcohol induced variety) this probably would have been nothing but I was terrified. Travis was thrilled. I could actually hear Gordon Lightfoot singing "Port Tobacco It's Said Never Gives Up Her Dead..." and envisioned a freighter cutting through the mist and knocking me off the bow pulpit were I—dressed much like the Statue of Liberty—posed as "Our Lady of the Fogbell". We proceeded to locate Marker 8 and then realized that we had no parallel rules so we employed a Captain Crunch cereal box (for the ducks—they like sugar), a cassette tape, and a box of cigarettes. Using the three we managed to navigate from Marker 8 down to Marker 3 where the fog started to clear!!! And that first chimp who used a stick to pull a banana to his cage thought he was smart—HAH!!! Needless to say, the markers were not dead on but it did the trick. It was a bit disconcerting to see several boats emerging from the fog as we approached Marker 3. We gave a blast on the fog horn every minute and NEVER heard any radio chatter nor did we hear any other horns. THE NERVE OF THOSE PEOPLE!

We learned a valuable lesson on that little trip—BE PREPARED—always carry cereal and cigarettes.

See you at the Christmas Party!!!

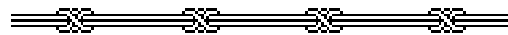


Past Commodore's Comments

Merilyn Piper

The transition from the 1989 Board to the 1990 Board took place Tuesday, November 14 at the Harbour Inn with both Boards present for the joint meeting. Files and records were transferred and the overall conversation was upbeat and extremely enthusiastic. This year we moved from the norm in that the 1989 Board allowed the 1990 Board to be present for the discussion and final vote on the First Commodore's Cup and the Bent Prop Award. With ten Board Members and two spouses (spice?) present, keeping the winners secret for the next two weeks will be difficult, but everyone swore to secrecy. There were three nominations for the Cup and three

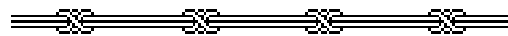
for the Prop. The decisions were not easy, but after a couple of tie votes, we finally agreed unanimously on the winners. You'll find out who they are at the Christmas Party and Change-of-Command Banquet on December 2. Or, if you've renewed your Club dues, you'll be able to read all about it in the January issue of the *Daymarker*.



Welcome New Members

John Piper

The OYC welcomes Terry and Judith Ann Throckmorton, Family members with a canoe; James Newsome, Individual aboard *Sahara II*, berthed at Harbour Point; Martin and Rosie Betts, Family aboard *Slo Coasta* at Harbour Point; Dianne Schafer and Rick Higgins, Family from Harbour Point; Rob and Karen Jacobs, Family aboard *Turning Point* berthed at Harbour Point; Steve and Alice Ann Brady, Family aboard *Easy Go'er* berthed at Time n Tide; Hugh and Susan Bogart, Family aboard *Floozie* berthed at Harbour Point; and, Joan Hancock, Individual aboard *Solitaire* berthed at Fairfax YC.



Chili Cook-off

Mer Piper

The annual Chili Cook-off was held Saturday, October 28 at Harbour Point Marina. Another well attended function with rumors being heard that there were between 80 and 88 people there. The weather was a tad on the warm side for a Chili Cook-off; however, everyone seemed to still enjoy the function. Mary Schebell, aboard *Southern Comfort*, and the set-up and clean-up crews did a fantastic job. Thanks, Mary. There were four pots of chili to be judged: from OHM "C" Dock, Ed Kildoye; representing OHM "D" Dock, Charlene DeVol; from Harbour Point "A" Dock, Glenn Decint, and from Harbour Point "C" Dock, Amie Jo Wallace. The four Board Members who were the tasters had a bit of difficulty in that this year we awarded First, Second, and Third prizes. However, Charlene DeVol's pot of chili won the First Place OYC apron; the Second Place OYC towel went to Ed Kildoye; and, the Third Place OYC potholder went to Amie Jo Wallace.

As usual, when OYCers gather there is always good food, good cheer, and good fun.



Photo Contest

Mer Piper

The first OYC Photo Contest was conducted at the Chili Cook-off at Harbour Point Marina on Saturday, October 28. For a first-time activity, the participation was good and there were several entries in each of the four categories (Landscape, Boat Profiles, People, and Wildlife). Ted Kutzlo, a professional photographer, was invited to be the judge, and the winners were:

Wildlife

- 1st - Ed Kildoyle (sea gulls/sunset)
- 2nd - Debbie Charles (swan)
- 3rd - Ned Rhodes (Ginger on raft)

Boat Profiles

- 1st - Tom Coldwell (*Shalimar* at anchor)
- 2nd - Mer Piper (*Debbie's Guy* taking a Labor Day wave)
- 3rd - Ned Rhodes (2 OYC boats underway in formation)

People

- 1st - Dale Jacobs (Arleen w/blueberry muffins)
- 2nd - Debbie Charles (Richard asleep in chair)
- 3rd - Ned Rhodes (Dale floating in pool on raft)

Landscape

- 1st - Debbie Berard (Cliff in Cancun, Mexico)
- 2nd - Tom Coldwell (Boat at end of deserted piers)
- 3rd - Debbie Berard (Cliff in Cancun, Mexico)

The Club will enlarge the First Place winning snapshots to 5x7, mat and have them framed for the winners. The framed photos will be presented to the winners at the Christmas Party, December 2 at Quantico.

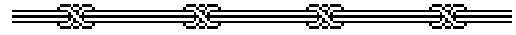
A "second judging" was conducted called "The People's Choice". A committee of five was created and their task was to award a first place in each category based upon their opinion. The committee consisted of Pam Beaulieu on *Second Choice*, Don Schebell on *Southern Comfort*, Janeal Way on *Andromeda 91*, Billy Lingo on *Rose Marie*, and Lynn Martin on *Maggie Lynn*. The People's Choice blue ribbons went to:

- Dale Jacobs for his "Landscape" shot of Debbie Charles' "aft" while sunbathing
- Debbie Charles for her "People" shot of Richard sleeping in a chair on the sand*
- Tom Coldwell for his "Boat" shot of the bow pulpit of *Shalimar*
- Ned Rhodes for his "Wildlife" shot of Ginger floating on a raft

For a first-time event, the enthusiasm was high and as with any gathering of OYCers, there was the usual and normal kibitzing. I think this event will become an annual one and I'm betting that next year's will be even better. We need a bigger table.

*I erroneously presented Ned with the blue ribbon for the "People" category when in reality the "People's Choice"

award went to Debbie Charles. Wouldn't you know it - my last official function and I have to screw up. Yeah well, at least now you know I'm not perfect.



Cruise For Crabs 1989

Maurice Seafood

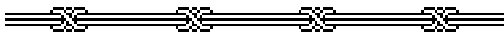
This was one of the more successful events this year and a hearty thanks should go out to the past Board for all of its help. This event was immediately preceded by the Chili Cookoff. Participants left the cookoff a little early so that they could get to their boats in time to get over to Mattawoman to anchor out for the night. Why, you say? Well, what better way to be ready early for the Cruise for Crabs.

The majority of the boats were able to get away before darkness fell and they headed to Mattawoman to stake out a good anchoring spot. The fortunate ones were *Robin's Nest*, *Andromeda* and *Wishin' Was Fishin'*. They were soon joined after dark by *Affinity* who almost tied up to the unlit day-marker in the Mattawoman channel. Not wanting to be rushed, *Southern Nites* departed just in time for darkness to settle in. A slow cruise across the river got them safely rafted up. Uncharacteristically last, *Flashback* departed under the cover of full darkness and ran at full throttle and instrumentation blaring to join up with us.

The next morning, the raft-up awoke to two sights, one pretty and one not so pretty. It seems that a certain incoming Commodore's boat had been TeePeed the night before. Yes, that is correct, TeePeed in the middle of the night by persons unknown (The instigator was Gene along with Terri, Janeal, Debbie Charles, Pam DeLancey and Caroline Lynn). The only saving grace was the fact that each of the boats responsible ran out of toilet paper the next day and had to buy extra rolls from the Commodore-elect at a considerable profit to him.

The pretty sight was the fact that the raft-up was totally surrounded by fog. We were 50 feet from shore, but we could not see it at all. Well, all we have to do is wait for it to lift and off we go to Cruise for Crabs. Right? After an hour, it looked like it was getting worse and now we had a real emergency on our hands, four dogs had to go. Chapman's was consulted, but to no avail. Then, Dick Lynn came to the rescue. He fired up his radar unit (Carl, in his infinite wisdom, had removed his radar unit for Hugo and had decided that he would not be needing it again this year) and got a bearing on the Mattawoman entrance daymarker. Then with a lot of hand waving, we then decided where shore should be. Next, we constructed a dinghy caravan, consisting of two dogs and two brave captains (Carl and Gene). In the great tradition of fishing, one of Dick's well used fishing lines was attached to the dinghy caravan and the brave explorers paddled in the supposed direction of the shore. Carl gave an impressive impersonation of a fog-horn so we could keep an audible bearing on where they were heading. Well, shore was found and the rafts were retrieved for the next load consisting of two more dogs and Guy and Ned (or is that four dogs?). The two somethings found shore and the dogs found a dead fish.

Hours passed, and still the fog did not lift. We monitored the radio only to hear Dale Jacobs and Steve Worcester tell war stories about how bad the fog was near their boat (they were rafted together). Eventually a group did make the Cruise for Crabs, while another group remained at Mattawoman and shamed someone into waxing *Southern Nites*. Carl and Bill, thinking they were back in Alexandria, decided to move the one anchor holding fourteen boats, while Richard showed us the proper technique of dropping anchor and positioning a raft-up of fourteen boats. A good time was had by all even though we could not get that special picture of Terri through the hatch. And we can report that only one person fell in and that was Derrick.



Hardy Souls Cruise

Ned W. Rhodes

Fifteen boats signed up for the second annual Hardy Souls Cruise this past Veteran's Day to the Alexandria City Docks. Eleven actually made it. One person apparently wimped out due to high wind and never called to cancel. Another boat had the lame excuse that they were now situated in North Carolina and that it would be a long sail. The purpose of this cruise is to prove how hardy you and your crew really are, not to have excuses for not coming along.

So, the hardy souls of 1989 included, Carl, Janeal and Alta aboard *Andromeda*, Bill and Terri aboard *Flashback*, Tom and Mary Ann aboard *Shalimar*, Ed, Ginny and Lady aboard *Captain's Choice*, Richard and Debbie (alas no Robin) aboard *Robin's Nest*, Mike, Debbie and Riley aboard *Nice N' Easy*, Ned and Arleen aboard *Southern Nites*, Guy, Debbie, Papper and Topion aboard *Debbies Guy*, Steve and Mary Jo aboard *Joie de Vivre*, Glenn Decint aboard *Just Right* and Pam and Gene (sigh, no kids) aboard *Affinity*. In addition, we had visits from Dale and Rita aboard the winterized *Sunshine* and Ron and Jean Tilmon aboard *Super Sloop*.

Friday, everyone met at the docks. Petreys, Ways, Decint and Coldwells, left early to get good spots. The Kildoyles waited for the Berards. The Worcestersters demonstrated proper docking procedures a few times at the gas dock and then left on their own. Rhodes ("I don't want to be rushed"), took his time and left with the Ferrantes ("I hope there is no wind up in Alexandria"). The DeLanceys showed up late without kids and some excuse about getting tied up or something. The Charles arrived on Sunday and proceeded to demonstrate how to bang a bulkhead and then pull away at full throttle barely touching the pier (even though a rather strong wind was driving them into the piling).

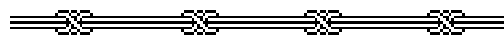
Friday night, the Old Dominion Boat Club hosted a get-together and burgee exchange at their clubhouse right next to the Torpedo Factory. I had the opportunity to exchange Bryan Petrey's burgee with Commodore Joe Connelly as we drank a toast to both our fine clubs. Dinner was next at Murphy's Irish Bar and boy was Guy surprised when he discovered that it was his birthday. We wound up getting him another piece of cake since everyone else was eating his. Debbie Shay knew all the words to the Irish pholk songs and was hoping for "Mac

the Knife." The OYC then returned to ODBC and proceeded to close down the bar.

Saturday dawned bright and clear. The Ways provided the continental breakfast. Later on, the ladies lead the shopping expedition while the men stayed at the dock fixing Carl's boat. It is amazing how bad a V-8 sounds with only 5 good spark plug wires! Later on in the afternoon, the flotilla was joined by Dale in his cowboy boots with Top Sider bottoms and Ron and Jean Tilmon from Pa. Many lies were told, especially the stories about the trip last year. Saturday night, part of the crew went over to the ECCO Cafe, while a larger group went back to the East Wind restaurant to attempt to recapture the magic meal of last year. Well, as they say, you can never go back. We were told that there was a 30 minute wait. After 40 minutes at the bar, we were told that we would have a table any minute now. After an hour at the bar, ECCO started to sound pretty good. Then in a true display of force, we told the guy we were leaving right as he finally cleared a table for us. Now, lost and forlorn, the hardy souls wandered the streets of Alexandria looking for an honest restaurant. We finally wound up at Bamayon for Afghanistan food, which was quite good. And, in the best traditions of the OYC, we once again closed down the ODBC bar with singing and dancing by Bill P. ballet dancing with Janeal.

Sunday, the flotilla took over the town docks with our chairs, wine and beer. I decided that this would be a good day to overhaul the head. I felt it was a great idea since my crew informed me right before my morning constitutional that "I think there is something wrong with the head." Needless to say the porcelain wok again appeared on the back deck of *Southern Nites* and it is rumored that there are pictures to prove it. After the required picture session, the group broke up and headed home. *Robin's Nest* was detained on the way home as was *Southern Nites*. There was some discussion about a sunset or something.

All in all, a fun time was had by all and we are already making plans for next year's cruise.



ON BOAT ADDICTION

By Marge Foster

Some time ago I read an article on the growing number of drug addicts and alcoholics, but nowhere have I read anything about yet another addiction that has untold numbers in its grip. I refer to boat addiction. It, too, is a very serious and increasing problem in our society today. Statistics indicate that both males and females have the habit, but in the female it is generally less severe. It has been determined that the large majority of hard core addicts are males—of every age and social class. You will find young and old, presidents and janitors in this group. It is this hard core group that we are concerned about, here.

Any addiction starts innocently. One drink, one pill, one 14-foot outboard runabout soon becomes two drinks, two pills, an 18-foot I/O. The addiction is not yet full-fledged, and 2 drinks, 2 pills or every weekend on the water is really not a habit. At this point it could still be kicked. There are other circles of friends, other interests, other activities. However, if

the person in question is allowed to advance much further along the path, then it's a sure sign that he is hooked.

One of the surest indications of a true boat addict is that his old friends no longer come around. Oh, he may have convinced one or two to "turn on" to boats, but the others were dropped, just as his other interests and activities are dropped. His new friends are all fellow addicts. Get several together, and their frenzied conversations about RPMs, transducers and lower units are unintelligible jargon sessions. Addicts are also known to hang out at Boat Shows. With glazed eyes, they wander around, looking for bigger boats and slightly drooling—or collecting literature, salesmen's cards and prices, and smiling foolishly. The addict has an odd sense of values. He can watch his wife as she goes quietly about placing sauce pans under leaks in the ceiling, and be content in the knowledge that his boat doesn't leak. He can listen to his children crying because he sold their ski boat to buy the cruiser, and be content in the knowledge that the ski boat needed a new prop anyway. He isn't bothered that his wife wears old shorts to the grocery store while the non-addict's wife wears a tennis dress. Nor is he disturbed that his children regard him strangely every Saturday morning, when other fathers are attaching the grass catcher to the mower, but their father is attaching the boat trailer to the car.

He will drive miles out of his way to look at a boat. Like the alcoholic, the boat addict never seems to get his fill. He very possibly owns several boats. Like the alcoholic, he thinks one more won't hurt. Also like the drug addict, the boat addict goes on trips—to Florida, or maybe only to Galveston, to look at blue water boats. His vision becomes distorted and he sees himself at the helm. Voices from a distance seem to be discussing prices, and when he comes back from his trip, he often discovers that he did, indeed, contact a dealer and make a buy.

As always, it is the family of the hard core boat addict that suffers. There is no organization designed to aid the family members while they watch their loved one succumb to the habit. The only solace comes from the families of other addicts, and they can offer only understanding, with little hope for rapid or lasting cure. There is no known treatment center for the boat addict, and no withdrawal plan, no Boaters Anonymous meetings. Society at large does not realize how widespread this form of addiction has become, how expensive it is, nor how easily available are the supplies and equipment necessary to the feeding of this habit.

What is the solution? Frankly, I don't know. Perhaps Ralph Nader or Teddy Kennedy could begin an investigation. Or, HEW might plan a pilot program to substitute golf, checkers or snowmobiling for the "hard stuff." Maybe HUD could declare all boats unsightly, and then proceed to tear them down.

As the wife of an addict, I realize that I have to have hope. And, right now, my hope is that Tom doesn't return from his business trip to Houston and tell me that he signed over our house as a down payment on a trawler.

Courtesy of The Watch Below, Dallas Squadron, U.S.P.S. and Marinette Owner's Yacht Club Newsletter.



AN ODE TO THE JOIE DE VIVRE

By MaryJo Worcester

The *Joie de Vivre*, what a boat!
Had her five years, don't want to gloat.

Kept her shiny, kept her clean
Waxed and polished to a sheen.

She had all the comforts of our home,
Except the unwanted telephone.

She was sleek and she was fast,
Hardly ever would we be last.

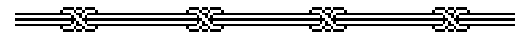
Aboard our boat, what fun we had!
Skiing, partying, drinking a "tad".

But alas, alack, the *Joie de Vivre's* sold.
To a couple downriver who love her, I'm told.

We should be thrilled, yet we're a bit sad.
Thinking of all the great times that we've had.

Hey! Where's the paper? Where's the ads?
Already looking. Have we gone mad?

Bigger is better (or so I am told).
Good luck for us, the *Joie de Vivre's* SOLD!



Letters to the Editor

We have mail again this month from satisfied readers.

Dear Editor,

Please cancel my subscription to **Daybreaker** magazine. I wish to protest your treatment of nature! I was appalled to read about your destruction of a beaver dam merely to supply a pyrotechnic display for a bunch of people on a pleasure cruise. This is a juvenile display of environmental desecration which reminds me of something my brother would do. Those beavers worked long and hard on that dam only to have their work destroyed in a few minutes. Pick your firewood from the myriad of driftwood on the beach and leave the intrepid beaver alone to pursue its destiny. As a card carrying member of the National Audubon Society, National Parks and Conservation Association, World Wildlife Fund, Environmental Defense Fund and Friends of the Ute Indian Museum, I say – Shame, shame on you!

Sincerely,
A disgusted reader in Colorado

P.S. Happy environmentally aware cruising in the future

Dear Disgusted Reader,

Please don't take your anger out on the entire club. I am forwarding to you the names and addresses of the persons responsible for the beaver raid in the hopes that you will personally take the time to explain your position to them as often as you feel is necessary.

Dear Editor,

Who's this Ben Genson character who had that Plank Carp recipe in the Daymarker last month. I published that same recipe in the OYC cookbook and I think that you just copied my recipe and put in some bozo's name. What's the deal?

Sincerely,
Debbie Charles

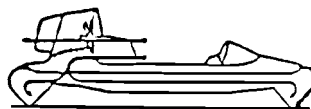
Dear Debbie Charles,

Please don't take your anger out on the entire club. I am forwarding to you the names and addresses of the persons responsible for the recipe raid in the hopes that you will personally take the time to explain your position to them as often as you feel is necessary.



Fan Fare

Joe Aldridge



This column is usually light and airy. Not so this month, notwithstanding any play-on-words the reader may find embedded in the text. Reason: legislation is being proposed to prohibit or severely restrict airboats and hovercraft in Virginia. Sadly, the two craft have been lumped into one category and all the attributes of the one have been attributed to the other. If you still have the November 7 *Fairfax Journal*, page A9, you will see Mr. Steve Fidler of Fredericksburg, VA pictured in his craft as he exits the water onto land at Fairview Beach. State Senator R. Edward Houck is said to be championing the legislation. A copy of the article may be obtained from me on request. My desk has become "campaign headquarters" for the purpose of disseminating information on the nature and operation of ground-effects (hover) craft and the many beneficial and environmental-friendly aspects of their use.

The impending legislation has broad implications. While I do not propose to enlist the aid of the Occoquan Yacht Club members in my campaign, I do cite the legislative action being taken in Florida concerning watercraft in general as a harbinger of things to come here in Virginia. (Boat/U.S., of which OYC is a member, keeps us informed on such matters).

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Fellow floaters, it is just a matter of time before similar legislation is proposed here in Virginia. I will not use this forum to take sides, but rather to exhort that fence-straddlers will suffer loss in the end. The reader may be assured that I am not neutral on most subjects, and it is my lot to raise the burgee on the side of reason and to stir up ye who would sleep. Those who agree with me are inherently fine fellows, not so?

To be sure, our membership and the collective memberships of aquatic organizations in Virginia are bound together by our common interest in the use and care of our waterways. We may disagree. We may vehemently disagree. But let's agree to disagree in an agreeable manner and prepare our collective opinion in the time-honored way of the democratic process of this once-great (told you I was not without an opinion) Republic.

The recent gubernatorial election in Virginia, with its squeak-by mandate is not unique. The annals of American history are replete with such narrow-margin victories. The upshot: If you didn't vote - keep your mouth shut. You abdicated your right to an opinion.

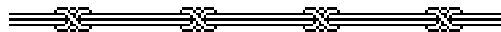
Where are you going with this, Joe? Bottom line: OYC is one of the best and most highly respected boating clubs in the Commonwealth, yea, even on the Eastern Seaboard. May I strongly urge that we begin NOW to put our thoughts on paper, diverse though they may be, so that the coming legislation of our water-use privileges will not leave us high and dry. We should take the initiative and the lead and educate ourselves and our representatives such that the resulting laws will be models for emulation by the rest of the nation. Make no mistake. There are no exemptions. EVERYTHING but EVERYTHING is bending to closer scrutiny and tighter control. And if we err, then let it be on the side of sanity and common sense in the interest of the greatest long-term good for all. And no broken bone was ever set without pain, unless the victim was first drugged. (Selah. Think on this) Your written, documented opinions will be welcome fare, and I will certainly fan the flame.

As you may know, a favorite proverb of mine is "Si un burro se invita a la boda, es para llevar, madera." Loosely translated: "If a donkey is invited to the wedding, it is to carry wood." Ergo, I do not get too excited about invitations, as my demonstrated ability to carry wood (having too often rushed in where angels - fear/have better sense than to - tread) has made me more circumspect with advancing years (not withstanding the recent foray at The Dunes; see last months issue for details).

Therefore: To all who see these presents, welcome. You are cordially invited to compile and submit your documented opinions (this is not a test) preparatory to a future presentation of a "white paper" which will certainly be appropriate sooner than we may think.

P.S. No, I am not the Chairperson (ever run over a personhole cover?). If nominated, I will not run. If elected I will not serve. There are only 24 hours in a day (thanks to the provision of our merciful God), and this present business before me, as well as the other matters I have rushed into, been appointed to, elected to, asked to do, left with, made a gift of, etc. will suffice me from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same for some time to come. But what I learn will

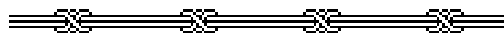
become public property for the use of whomever. Fly well. This is Hovering Angel I. Out.



Help Needed

Terri Petrey

We have a real need for anyone who may know or would be willing to help with expenditures for printing the Day-marker. Also anyone who is interested in stuffing and mailing envelopes would be greatly appreciated. Postage will, of course, be at OYC's expense. Anyone interested in helping or who has any suggestions for making this chore easier, please call me at 691-2433 (work) or 690-6577 (home) after 5 pm or Commodore Rhodes at 534-2297. Thanks.



Classified Ads

1984 Formula 28' PC. Twin 350 Magnums, air, generator, Loran, Autopilot, Windlass, VHF, depth sounder, 250 hrs. Call 703/683-6065.

1987 Wellcraft 34' Grand Sport. Twin 340's, A.C./heat, generator, like new condition, Loran, VHF, depth sounder. 140 hrs. Call 703/690-6577 after 6 p.m. or 703/691-2433 (ofc.)

1987 Sea Ray 34' Express. Should have winterized it a little earlier. May need new hoses. Call Miss BB at (703) 555-1212.

Wanted 1983 Sea Ray 27' Sundancer. Twin 230's, air/heat, generator and much more. Call Steve Worcester 703/494-2383 after 5 p.m.

Wanted 1981 17' Formula. 470 Mercruiser (225 CI, 170 HP), with Closed Cooling System. 185 hours on engine. Great ski boat. Seats 5. New bottom paint and barrier coat year before last. Will pay top dollar. Call Ned W. Rhodes at (703) 534-2297.

Wanted 1981 35' Cigarette. Totally restored in 1988 with new paint, interior, cockpit and cabin. New TRS drives with 23" Mirage props. 450HP Mercruiser engines rebuilt in 1988. Carl Way - (703) 281-5725 or 255-0911.





In spite of what Ned reported in his article, he really was delighted to be honored so by his constituents and to wake up and find his boat Teepeed! Can you believe he slept through it?

The "group" has decided that the indoctrination for any new OYC Commodore will be to get his boat Teepeed.

Bill P. has the ultimate and brutal cure for the hiccups. But it works, doesn't it Ned? (Ed. Note. No, hick).

Debbie C. said that the OHM on her sweat suit means "Oh Here's Mine".

Retraction - We wish to apologize most profoundly to Dick Lynn for calling his boat *Wishin' Was Fishin' - Wishing Was Fishing*. Can you ever forgive us?

Word has it that Ned had to check in with **the folks** when he got to the raft up at Mattawoman just to let them know he had arrived with no problems.

Dickie L. says his boat is therapy. "The more problems he has, the more therapy it is."

Rumor has it that Debbie F.S.F.S. had 2 heads - one was cuter than the other.

Bryan P. is now called the "grazer".

We're all still trying to figure out whether Arleen P. is "faking".

For the tenth time this summer, Richard C. was caught waxing his antennas. What does this do? Reduce wind resistance?

Gene D. shamed Ned R. into finally waxing his boat.

Caroline L. had the greatest time being one of the "Dirty Five" who Teepeed Ned's boat.

Bill P. is now called "Mr. Dribble".

While anchored at the Mattawoman, we had a million dollar raft-up on a hundred dollar anchor with a one dollar shackle... with no chain.

"Propagators" a new term invented by Tom C. on his trip upriver to Alexandria.

Guy had a surprise B-day party - he looks wonderful for only 50!

Bill's high school Class President was the Manager at the ODBC bar and Bill did not remember any boys names...but he did remember the girls.

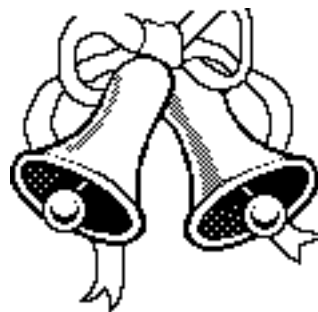
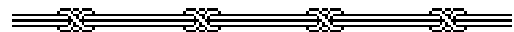
Everyone was touched (including Ron and Jeannie) that Ned and Arleen were considerate enough to break their "porcelain wok" AGAIN just so Ron would have something to do on his old boat. Just like old times, huh Ron? Word is "Ned's toilet really sucks now!"

Every afternoon around 12 noon, Glenn D. would poke his head out of his boat just to let us know that he was still around. Where was he the rest of time? No one knows!

Snapping is not allowed Guy! Terri doesn't like it.

Debbie F. (F.-S.-F.-Oh Poo!) has a bad habit of staring into restaurant windows while walking around Old Town Alexandria.

Debbie C. called her sister Nancy long distance and after midnight to find out the words to "Music Man" "Pic a little, talk a little..." and "Good Night Ladies". Am I missing something? Are these in the top 40?



ATTENTION - OYCers!

Having a party?



Redskins
Wake



Christmas



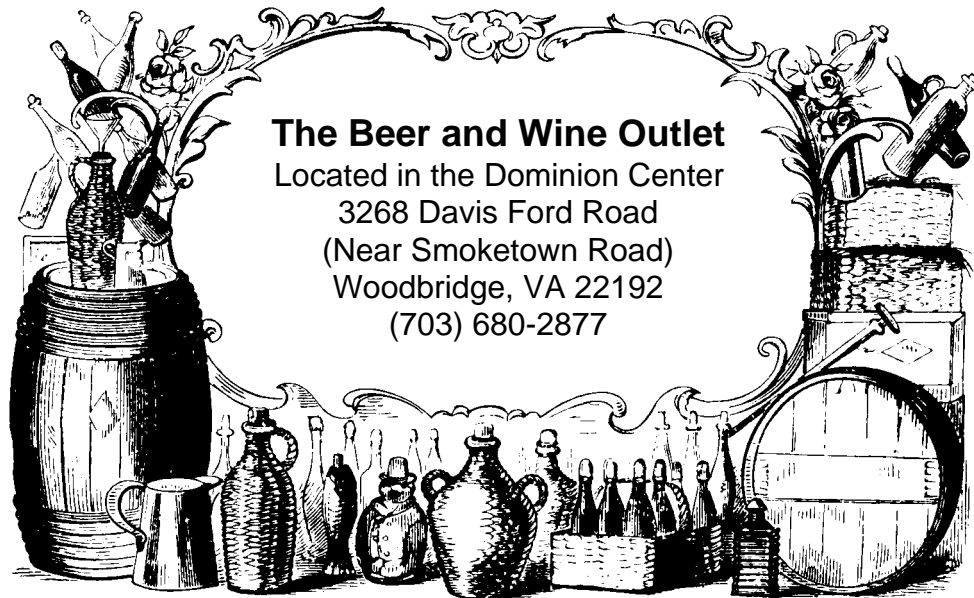
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