

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

# The Daymarker

October 1989, Vol. VI, Issue 10

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

JP

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## UPCOMING EVENTS

October 7

General Membership Meeting and Elections. Ridgewood Community Center.

October 13

Caravan to Annapolis Power Boat Show – Mer Piper coordinator

October 28

Photo Contest and Chili Cookoff– Harbour Point Marina– Mary Schebell coordinator

October 29

Cruise for Crabs - Hitch a ride

### Upcoming Events

With the number of events planned for October, you would think that the boating season was just getting started. We start off with the General Membership Meeting/Elections on Saturday, October 7. On Friday October 13, all OYC members are to call in sick and take the Caravan to the Annapolis Power Boat Show. Call Mer if you want to coordinate the drive out there. In any case, we will all be at the Chart House for dinner. Just meet us there after the show closes.

On Saturday, October 28th, we have the Chili Cook-off and Photo Contest judging at the Harbour Point Marina. Sunday, the 29th, there is a Cruise for Crabs to Robertsons. Either bring your own boat or hitch a ride.

On Veteran's day weekend (November 11-13) the club will be going to Alexandria for the Hardy Souls cruise. Ned Rhodes is the coordinator and a sign-up form is enclosed in this issue of the **Daymarker**.



### Commodore's Comments

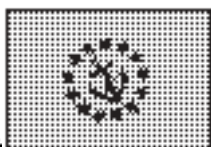
Merilyn Piper

I loaned our "Let's Name It" book to someone - if you have it, would you please return it to me.

This is my last article as your Commodore, and I can honestly say this has truly been one of the best years this Club has had. We have had the greatest number of participants at all of our functions, we have exchanged burgees with eleven other yacht clubs, the latest being with White Point Yacht Club to expand our display in the Marina Store, we got the OYC shed returned to the Marina and have shelves now installed, we have introduced a few new functions/activities which have been well received, we have exceeded the membership of any previous year, and we're going to close out our scheduled year with yet another first...we will be having a five-piece band at our Change-of-Command Banquet/Christmas Party and we will be having an open bar. That calls for a hearty **thank you** to each and every OYCer for making all of this possible.

I have enjoyed the job I sought and even though I knew it would take a lot of effort and time, I am proud that I have served the Club. There have been several "proud" moments for me personally, but I think the one that gave me the most goose bumps was seeing the OYC burgee virtually everywhere I looked over the Labor Day weekend. We had OYCers several places on the Bay, and several places on the River. Being the largest Club on the River it seems only fitting that our multi-colored burgee should be so visible.

I wish the 1990 Board great success, and I stand ready to help in any way that the Past Commodore can. Thank all of you for a wonderful year.



## Vice Commodore's Comments

Ned W. Rhodes

As I sit here watching the track of Hugo up through Pennsylvania, I am reminded of an article published in the June **Daymarker** concerning the Log Push and Lumberjack Camp that we had last May. The article concludes by saying "The Board has other impromptu activities planned for the coming year. Wait until you see what we have planned for hurricane season!" Well, what we had planned was the Hugo Boat Haul-out and Mooring Line Competition. We were sorry that we could not get the invitations out in the regular mail and it was nice that OHM donated their time and staff to call all OYC members about this function.

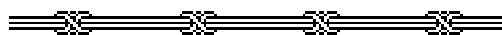
For me, the function kicked off at noon on Thursday by a visit from Guy Ferrante. Guy, who is resident Club Worrier, started me going as to what to do about the boats. Should we pull them, should we tie them down, should we go to Mattawoman, should we call Boat/US and over insure? I then alerted Steve Worchester about the event by asking him what he was going to do. His response was that the boat show was only a few weeks away.

I arrived at the Marina about 9:30 on Thursday night, only to find that many of the OYC members were already there participating in the events. From what I could see, there were two groups there. The macho group was participating in the mooring line competition and was prepared to take the boats over to Mattawoman in the event of bad weather for the multiple anchoring competition. The second group was busy hauling their boats and rationalizing that in any case, they could now take the opportunity to clean off the oil and tar from their bottoms from the Alexandria Waterfront Festival.

Now that things have settled down, the only real question that remains is whether Oskar and Donna Walker are going to put their boat back in the water or will they leave it out due to the fact that it is still winterized from last year?

I am looking forward to Fall boating. We have a number of activities planned for October and the highlight of November is the Hardy Souls Cruise to Alexandria. Last year we had a great time and plan on repeating it once again this year. See the article later on in this issue of the **Daymarker** for details. And, just a reminder to exercise your right to vote by either

coming to the General Membership Meeting on October 7th or by sending in a proxy/absentee ballot. As they say in Chicago, vote early and vote often.



## Exchange of Burgee

The photo below is of our very own Eva Nanni as she exchanged the OYC burgee with Bürgermeister Otto Steffen of Marina Wendtorf and received Marina Wendtorf's burgee. Eva was visiting family in West Germany in August when she was kind enough to do the honor for us. There were a couple of articles written for the German newspapers, and even though they are written in German, they have been turned over to the Historian for the records. Thanks, Eva.

## Labor Day Cruise to Yeocomico

The Club rented the whole Yeocomico for the Labor Day Weekend and we were well represented by (let me see if I get them all) **Dunmoen** (Commodore Mer and John Piper and crew Travis and Debbie Mullan), **Southern Nites** (Vice Ned Rhodes, Arleen Poluha and Ginger), **Robins Nest** (Robin, Richard and Secretary Debbie Charles), **Wishing' Was Fishin'** (Richard and Caroline Lynn and family), **Just Right** (Glenn Decint), **Flashback** (Terri, Bill and Brian Petrey), **Good Ship Richard** (Richard Camp and Family), **Joie de Vivre** (Steve, Mary Jo and Laura Worcester), **Sun Club** (Scott Shortnacy), **Andromeda 97** (Carl and Janeal Way), **Debbies Guy** (Guy Ferrante, Debbie Shay, Topper and Papillion), **Sunshine** (Dale (Mr. Magnet) and Rita Jacobs), **Marker** (Howard and Charlene DeVol), **Affinity** (Pam and Gene DeLancey and Family), and **Interceptor** (Andy and Sandy Phillips and Family). In order to have the whole weekend to play, the Pipers left on Friday. Guy, who was tired of always looking that the stern of all the other boats took off early and didn't back off on the throttle the whole way down. As usual, Ned could not be rushed and departed last.

The trip down was uneventful except for the two boats that followed each other and got lost on the way down to the Yeocomico. Guy, Debbie, Pam and Gene, you know who you

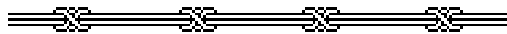
are. Saturday night, the Pipers, Mullans and Ned made a visit to the White Point Yacht Club to exchange burgees. A fun time was had by all and we all wished we had a clubhouse like theirs.

Saturday Night dinner in the restaurant was done in teams and the after dinner entertainment in the bar got better, the more drinks you had. Sunday dawned a little windy, but a group of OYCers were game for a trip up the St. Marys river and places elsewhere. One group tried out a restaurant on St. George's Island, another group went straight past St. Mary's city and still another group went fishing. It was universally established that the restaurant was not worth it, but St. Marys city was.

Sunday night, a few members had a pot-luck supper followed by a look at the video tapes taken of the group that rafted up all afternoon near St. Marys city. It was unclear who said or did the most embarrassing thing but all agreed that we must have had fun.

Monday morning, the wind kicked up and the club was divided into two groups. The first group departed early in the hopes that they would avoid worse weather. The second group left late in the hopes that they would avoid the worse weather. I don't think anyone won that contest. No matter what Tom Coldwell says, the river was a tad rough, but it made for a most enjoyable ride home.

A few boats decided to grill out on Monday night and as soon as dinner was served, who shows up but the **Dunmoen**. After a quick break to help them dock, the meal was resumed and it was decided that this trip should be a "do over".



### **It Was Really Calm Over Labor Day Weekend**

Tom Coldwell

In addition to the OYC cruise to Yeocomico Marina, two OYC boats and six potential OYC member boats/crews stayed at Kinsale Marina during the Labor Day weekend, three glorious days of boating on *flat calm waters and dead still air*. It was as smooth as we ever saw outside a birdbath in a monastery.

Oh, sure, no doubt elsewhere in the Daymarker seethes a trumped-up piece of sensational yellow journalism, bellowing to the foretops about high winds and heavy seas which OYCers endured to and from the Yeocomico. This is all consistent with the pattern of deceit and disinformation which some OYCers, for reasons unknown to all right-thinking members (like us), continue to perpetuate in these pages, month after month. Like last month, more than one Daymarker correspondent made preposterous claims about an OYC first mate *playing volleyball in a transparent bathing suit*, etc., and etc. *All lies*, we say!

And it's the same this month. These scheming scribes are a devious lot: they spared no energy in lending credence to their stories during the return voyage on Labor Day by actually calling one another on VHF with the most outrageous claims; e.g., "It's really bad out here, the seas are 2 to 4 feet, and we're taking green water over the bow", or — this heard from a 50-foot yacht, fortunately not an OYC member — "Our wine

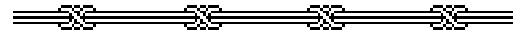
carafe tipped over and several glasses spilled out of the cupboard, blah, blah . . ."

Well, we're on to them and their kind, and we will not be made sport of, which. So on our trip back, Ray and Judy Bair in **Bair Necessity** and Tom and Mary Ann Coldwell in **Shalimar**, and our friends from Harbour Point and Prince William marinas, joined in the crafty charade by *simulating* a high-winds and heavy-seas environment and then blabbing about it on the radio! Like, opening the refrigerator door and purposely spilling a dish of diced melons. Or, unbuttoning seat cushions on the bow and making them flap wildly and almost throwing them over the side, and then changing clothes . . . twice. Or donning freshly pressed life preservers, jumping around and yelling things like, "What are you doing?", "I'm getting all wet!", and "Shouldn't we go back?" Well, as anyone can see, we're nobody's fools.

When at last we returned to our home slips and were able to scamper off our boats to kiss the docks (again, a mocking gesture), we reflected at length about a lovely weekend spent at the Kinsale Marina, just upstream from the Yeocomico Marina: the steak tenderloin cookout and potluck supper, the beautiful day of gunkholing Sunday in the St. Mary's River, St. Inigoes and Carthagea Creeks, the walking tour of St. Mary's City, the stroll on the decks of the **Dove**, the dinghy rides into the small coves of the Yeocomico, the walking tour of Kinsale and visit to its one store, and the boat and dinghy run to the Yeocomico Marina for dinner and a glimpse of the main body of OYCers and perhaps, the truth about transparent bathing suits.

Part of our group made a very pleasant discovery on the way down the placid Potomac on Friday when they stopped to explore Ragged Point Marina. A superb candidate for an OYC port call, this splendid marina has a well-protected basin, transient slips (was that transient or transparent?), a large pool, picnic grounds, restaurant, ships store with groceries and boat supplies, a beach, heads with showers, gas and diesel fuel, and a very pleasant staff.

OYC should plan a weekend at Ragged Point Marina soon—perhaps next Memorial Day? With the addition of a volleyball net, this marina would be *perfect!*



**Good for one half-price entrée with purchase of a full-price entrée  
Lunch or Dinner  
Sunday through Thursday  
Deck, Lounge or Dining Room  
Good through October 1989**

## Predicted Log/Scavenger Hunt/Chicken 'n Ribs Picnic/Dinghy Races

Mer Piper

This day was great! The Predicted Log Competition winners were: First place, the DeLanceys aboard **Affinity**, Second place, Richard Camp aboard **Good Ship Richard**, and Third place, the Berards aboard **Nice N' Easy**. The Scavenger Hunt winners were: First place Guy Ferrante/Bob Petrey aboard **Debbie's Guy**, Second place Tom Coldwell and the Bairs aboard **Shalimar**, and Third place Dale and Rita Jacobs aboard **Sunshine**. Consolation prizes went to Bill and Terri Petrey aboard **Flashback** and Chip deMatteo aboard **No Catch**. The picnic was attended by 60 OYCers and guests including a few new members. The winners in the Junior Dinghy Race were Chris DeLancy-First, Robin Charles-Second, and Bryan Petrey-Third. In the "Dad's Race", the winners were Richard Charles-First, Bill Petrey-Second, and Gene DeLancy-Third. In the "Mom's Race", the winners were Terri Petrey-First, Pam DeLancey-Second, and Debbie Charles-Third. In the "Commadore's Race", the winners were Ned Rhodes-First, Lou Nanni (and cigar)-Second and Mike McCormick-Third. The winner of the wet tee-shirt contest was Debbie Charles. Then the rain came and the volleyball game had to be canceled.

You really had to be at the docks to enjoy this day. I can't possibly do justice to all the fun that was had during the Scavenger Hunt - over the VHF, at the docks, on the water. Then the kibitzing while points were being tallied - too bad we didn't have Dale's video camera for that! And all the talk and suggestions for next year's Hunt. Each participant in the Hunt was given a sealed envelope with instructions and a list of items to be produced—each item having a point value. The item with the largest point value was the specially marked bottle of Grey Poupon which had to be retrieved from an anchored OYC boat. The item with the smallest point value was a Boating Magazine. It is rumored that Dale Jacobs spent \$28 at Basics in order to get all the items and a certain winning boat was seen buying all the Spam in the Marina store. I think Dickie has been trying to get rid of those cans for three years now. You should have seen the look on Rita's face when she had to purchase an OYC magnet! And the membership renewals rolled in. The total point count was 555 and the boat that returned with the most points in items won. One of the items to be returned was an article for the October Daymarker. What follows are the articles:

"Our Daymarker Article" by Guy Ferrante and Robert Petrey. The OYC told us that we had to write an article, so that's what we are doing. Actually, we don't have the slightest idea what to write about, but we had nothing better to do on a rainy Saturday. Besides, being a published author looks good on a resume. Now that we've written this article, we feel much better. © Not to be reprinted without express written permission of the authors. (Ed. note - written permission was obtained.)

From **Sunshine** came an untitled article: Here it is Saturday, Sept. 16, 1989 and instead of boating, we are at the store buying dog food and Spam. With dog food and Spam on board, we are off to find our treasures. I don't think **Sunshine**

has moved this fast all season. I have to watch for **Seascope** to get the bottle of mustard. (Dale really wants a Spam sandwich with mustard on it for some strange reason.) I'll be back shortly. We are now passing the little island and no sign of **Seascope**. (I sure hope Dale won't starve.) In the Potomac and the sky is really black, I hope the rain holds off until we find all our treasures. We had to make a short stop to get our charts out to be sure Guy was telling us the truth about the location of Chicamuxen Creek. (He didn't lie.) We got the ribbon and also a rope around our prop. (Thanks, Ned! Besides Dale being hungry, now he's wet!—at least believe it or not, the rope around the prop was not my fault - it was Ned's!) We just passed **Flashback** heading for the ribbons - I hope they don't do what we did. Now passing Marker 3 and still no sign of **Seascope**. We sure hope he didn't go to Wades Bay since we don't think we have enough gas to go that far. Dale now in the water to get a lilly pad and then off to get the sand and driftwood. We are going to have to forget looking for **Seascope**, time and gas are running short and Dale decided he really doesn't want a Spam sandwich with mustard any way...he wants a cheese with mayo. No! Wait - it's Spam and mustard and we have to find **Seascope** even if it means we are towed back. Look over there - there they sit - and I can finally finish the sandwich and this article.

Article for October Daymarker by Chip: It was a dark and stormy Saturday on the Occoquan. No one could have anticipated the terrible fate which awaited the captain of the **No Catch** that day.....to be continued.

And, from **Flashback**, another untitled article (and a little tough to read): Competition! The thrill of winning? The agony of defeat! What fun and imagination had to be used when organizing a scavenger hunt because parts of it had to be done by boat and dinghy. Most of the stuff was easy and I had on the boat. I forgot part of my meal for the picnic (since I really figured it would be canceled), so I went home and got the food, the unsharpened pencil, shells, stuffed animal, unused envelope, popcorn, straws—but the rest was tricky. A Redskins playing card, Spam? (M&M peanut style—it's not on my diet), box of Jello? The rest was made doubly fun by the weather - like the sharks teeth and lilly pads, and a colored ribbon (with lots of crab pots everywhere). As I write this, I'm wondering where to find a fish-shaped piece of driftwood? a flex straw? September tide table? (I left this at the office—a good place for it, don't you think?) Oh well, I may not win, but I sure had fun! Let's do it again next year!

Tom Coldwell's real article appears elsewhere in the Daymarker.

A special thanks to Rich Ellis on **Seascope** who was the Grey Poupon Boat and who made each participant request it in the proper manner (Ed Note: No Dale, "Give me the damn mustard" was not proper); to all who participated and made such a fun day out of an iffy one weatherwise; and, to all who attended the picnic and assisted in delivery and cooking of the food/setting up and cleaning up.



## General Membership Meeting and Elections

The General Membership Meeting/Elections will be held at the Ridge-Wood Community Center, 12400 Oakwood Drive/Corner of Old Bridge on Saturday, October 7. We will set up the facility at 7:00p.m., cocktails at 7:30, and the meeting will begin at 8:00. Anyone who plans to attend is requested to bring a nibble dish to share and BYOB. The Club will provide the ice and setups. If you are a Regular Member who cannot attend, but you wish to vote, please do so by using the Absentee Ballot/Proxy Statement found elsewhere in the Daymarker. Since we have to vacate the premises by midnight, the function will end at or before 11:00p.m. to allow for clean-up time. Directions from OHM: 123 to Davis Ford Road; left on Davis Ford Road. Davis Ford Road becomes Old Bridge Road just before Tacketts Mills; continue on Old Bridge Road and turn right on Oakwood Drive. The Community Center will be on your left once you turn, and parking will be down the hill and on the left. The telephone number is 494-9331 for those of you who have babysitters. Not only will we be electing the 1990 Board, but we have an outstanding By-Law change left over from the March Meeting. We will conduct another 50/50 as we did in March, and you can take the opportunity to renew your membership at the meeting. It is unclear whether we will have the jewelry or the burgees in time, but let's hope so. However, the magnets will be available! And, a few remaining cookbooks. Let's have another great turnout.

OYCers running for office are as follows:

Commodore:

Mike McCormick - OHM - **Partners III**

Ned Rhodes - OHM - **Southern Nites**

Vice Commodore:

Tom Pesnicak - OHM - **O Chefe**

Jim Walters - OHM - **Lotus IV**

Executive Rear Commodore:

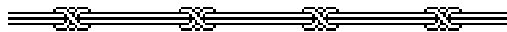
Pam DeLancey - OHM - **Affinity**

Ken Long, Jr. - OHM - **Partners III**

Secretary: Debbie Ferrante - OHM - **Debbie's Guy**

Treasurer: Debbie Mullan - FYC - **On The Way**

**Good Luck !**



### Chili Cook-off and Photo Contest

Mer Piper

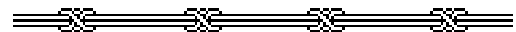
The fourth annual Chili Cook-off isn't that far away. This year, because we have 17 boats berthed at Harbour Point, it will be held at the Harbour Point Marina (formerly Harmony Seaport), and it will be on Saturday, October 28 starting at 4:00p.m. Mary Schebell on board **Southern Comfort** berthed at Harbour Point will be the point of contact for this function with Cassie Lou Norwood (on board **Cassie Lou**) and the Board being her back up. This year with the increased membership, it is hoped that we will have entries from at least four OHM docks (hopefully all seven) and as many entries as

Harbour Point has docks, plus members in other marinas. The OYCers at Fairfax and Hoffmasters should each have an entry. For the one or two members at Tyme and Tide/Pilot House/Prince William/Mt. Vernon, why not get together and come up with a winner and enter it. If you need help in finding out who is an OYCer at any location, give me a call at 490-4857.

For those of you who are new to this function, Rita Jacobs aboard **Sunshine** came up with the idea in 1986 as a break from the traditional "hamburger/hot dog picnic". We were smaller then, not as widespread as we are now, so we had entries from three OHM docks. Someone from each dock volunteers to open their home sometime between October 1 and October 20 to host the pre-chili cook-off. Anyone from that dock brings their favorite chili to be sampled and judged. They also bring accompanying dishes to round out the meal. The chili that wins at that home becomes the Chili from that Dock and is entered on the 28th. The person whose chili wins at the Chili Cook-off wins the Club award. And, as always when OYCers get together, everyone has fun and eats good food to boot.

Those who plan to attend the Chili Cook-off are requested to bring an accompanying side dish to share with the gang. Traditionally there are salads galore, garlic bread, hot dogs and buns for chili dogs, minced onion, shredded cheese, hot mulled wine, coffee, beer/sodas, and desserts. The Club provides the beer/sodas, ice and utensils. Anyone wishing to lend Mary and the Board a hand in setting up or cleaning up, please give her a call at (703) 503-9474.

And now to the **PHOTO CONTEST**. There will be at least one professional photographer on site to judge any snapshots entered in the contest. The categories are Landscape (sunrise/sunset included), Boat Profiles (at anchor/underway), People (at play/relaxing/etc.), and Wildlife (some people feel a "people" shot might fit in this category). There is no age limit and no special requirement for framing. The cutoff date for picture taking is October 1 to allow enough time for development. Enter your snapshot with the category taped on the back so it extends above the photo and you can see it from the front. Put your name on the back of the photo so the judge(s) will know to whom the award will go. You may enter as many categories as you wish, and you may enter as many photos as you wish. The Club will enlarge the winning photo, have it matted and framed, so **SAVE THE NEGATIVE**. Second and Third place winners will be awarded a free roll of film.



### Caravan to Annapolis Power Boat Show

Once again, it is time to make the annual trek to the Annapolis Power Boat Show to look, dream, wish, drool, buy, or whatever. This year we don't have a coordinator, at least not as of this writing, primarily because some OYCers are going Thursday, some are going Saturday. If anyone is interested in forming the caravan for Friday, please give Mer a call at 490-4857 to find out who may be going on Friday.

## Pictures Needed

The Club Photo Album needs your extra pictures of OYCers doing what they do best - boating and having fun. Please submit your extras to Historian, Bobbie Smith, or mail them to the POB, so the year can be displayed at the Christmas Party/Change-of-Command Banquet. Bobbie needs them no later than mid-November so she can have time to make the display.



## The Candidates

### Guy Ferrante

With the OYC General Membership Meeting and the elections for Executive Board members fast approaching, I thought it would be good for the voting public to have some idea of the background, proclivities and qualifications of the individuals who are running for those offices. Since none of the candidates would come forward with their pertinent but intimate details voluntarily, the "facts" below were derived from the most reliable of sources – past issues of the **Day-marker**, conversations overheard while roaming the docks, rumor and innuendo.

### COMMODORE

Ned Rhodes: Ned is the reigning OYC Vice Commodore and the latest in a long and illustrious line of Captains of **Southern Nites** on "D" Dock at OHM. He has tight nuts and a whole den full of stuffed bears; can "sweet-talk" his way onto anyone's boat and get himself invited to your home for dinner on a moment's notice. Ned has an uncanny ability to predict how OYC excursions will turn out, but has no idea how or why. Though recognized as the OYC's leading yuppie, neither he nor any member of his crew has ever been to Paris. People generally like to have Ned around because it's so much fun watching Ginger "flop" and build pyramids.

Mike McCormick: Mike is one of many co-Captains of **Partners III**, also on "D" Dock at OHM. Mike can be seen at OHM most weekend mornings brewing coffee for any and all takers – one hot and delicious cup at a time. One thing Mike does not do one at a time is buy propellers – he gets them by the gross! Mike has promised that, if elected, he will actually start **Partners III**'s engine and will honor his responsibilities as "Rescue I." He was one of the members of the Nominating Committee which put the ballot of candidates together.

### VICE COMMODORE

Tom Pesnicak: Tom is in total command of **O Chefe**, another of the vessels to be found on "D" Dock at OHM. Tom has a "Redskins" boat and his dog, Tramp, has been charged with the job of guarding the tree at the top of "D" Dock ramp. The tree is still there, so Tramp must have done a superb job all year deterring horticultural thieves. Tom might or might not have been to Paris.

James Walters: Jim, Captain of **Lotus IV** on "C" Dock at OHM, is the most colorful member of the OYC – literally. The best thing to do while sitting in traffic on the way to OHM is try to guess which shade of zinc oxide will be the choice of the day. When not keeping the free world safe, Jim, otherwise known as "Cat Man", rails against the demon-margarita and preaches the redeeming virtues of gin and tonic.

### EXECUTIVE REAR COMMODORE

Pam DeLancey: Pam is usually in total command of **Affinity** on "C" Dock at OHM. The resident "dirty dance" instructor, Pam is also responsible for the pink margarita epidemic which has given Jim Walters something to rail about. Pam's navigation skills are exceeded only by those of a quick-change artist. Of greatest importance is the fact that Pam's children, Chris and Corin, can usually be counted on to write **Day-marker** articles that are much more informative and certainly more entertaining than this one.

Ken Long: Ken is another of the co-Captains of **Partners III** (see the text accompanying Candidate Mike McCormick, above). Ken is very rarely there early enough for coffee, but can most often be found hanging off **Partners III** swim platform removing and installing the propellers he always seems to find lying around the boat's salon. If elected, he has promised not to allow strangers to fish at board meetings. No inference should be drawn from the fact that Ken is a partner of one of the members of the Nominating Committee (see the text accompanying Candidate Mike McCormick again).

### SECRETARY

Deborah Shay (Ferrante): In this author's unbiased opinion, Debbie, the Queen of **Debbies Guy** also on "D" Dock at OHM, is a supremely qualified individual who is deserving of everyone's highest trust and confidence.

### TREASURER

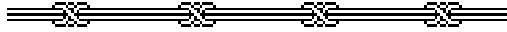
Debbie Mullan: Debbie, co-Captain of **On The Way** at Fairfax Yacht Club, is bracing for a nip and tuck campaign. She and her husband know Rita and Dale Jacobs personally. Debbie claims not to know anything about the tradition of OYC treasurers buying new boats either while in office or shortly after leaving. I Rich Ellis running again? We're still investigating whether the Mullans bought their current boat before or after Debbie began selling OYC clothing, but so far everything seems to be on the "up and up."

In the most unlikely event any of the preceding facts are erroneous, either I was provided with faulty information, or I wasn't on retainer, or maybe I just didn't hear it correctly.

In all seriousness, I would like to personally thank the outgoing board for all their energy and for doing such a wonderful job. No matter who prevails in this year's election, they will have good models to emulate. Best of luck to all.

## Veteran's Day Hardy Souls Cruise November 11-13, 1989

Ned Rhodes has volunteered to lead the Hardy Souls Cruise November 11-13. We will be cruising up to Alexandria again this year and staying at the City Docks. If the weather cooperates, we plan on holding another anchoring demonstration and park bench public speaking forum during our visit. Please use the enclosed reservation form and sign up by October 29th.



## Change-of-Command Banquet/Christmas Party Saturday, December 2 Mer Piper

The time really is now to start planning for the OYC Christmas Party and Change-of-Command Banquet. The party will be Saturday, December 2nd, and because it is at the beginning of the month, we need to let you know what is planned because the **absolute cutoff date** is **Wednesday, NOVEMBER 15** (only about six and one-half weeks away!) There is an invitation/sign-up form elsewhere in the Day-marker. (The map is on the back of the invitation.) Please fill out the form as thoroughly as possible and return it to the OYC Post Office Box 469, Occoquan, Va. 22125 as soon as possible.

This year, the Board has chosen the Grand Ballroom of the Quantico Officers' Club for the last scheduled function of their tenure. The Ballroom holds a maximum of 175 for the sit-down dinner and that is the reason we have to know how many are planning to go so early in advance. This early notice will give you plenty of time to schedule and to make plans, and not be left out. So, I'm dead serious when I say **SIGN UP EARLY**.

In addition to the sit-down dinner, we will have a live, five-piece band, and an open bar. If that isn't incentive to sign up early, I don't know what is. So, please find the invitation and fill it out.

For those of you who don't want to drive home after the party, there has been a block of 20 double rooms set aside at the Best Western-Quantico under the name of OYC. These rooms will be held in OYC's name until 5:00p.m. Wednesday, November 15th. The overnight rate is \$35 plus tax for one person, \$42 plus tax for a double with two people. A double with four people is \$52 plus tax. There is no coordinator for the Best Western part of the evening - you are on your own. It is strongly suggested that you stop to register and pick up your key before going to the party. If you make reservations after November 15, the double rate goes up to \$50.00 plus tax. The Best Western is located on the frontage road adjacent to the off ramp from I-95 at the corner of Route 1 and Exit 50 just outside Quantico proper. See the map accompanying the Christmas Party invite. The telephone number is (703) 221-1181, and you should ask for either Debbie Oaks or Mr. Scott. If they are not available, please refer to Block No. 9491.

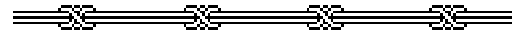
If any of you have teenagers who are willing to babysit

that night, please call Pam DeLancey at (703) 830-3918 to put your name on the list. And, anyone needing a babysitter might want to check with Pam to see if she has anyone available. So, plan ahead - sign up for the party, call for a motel room, and make your babysitting plans now, so you won't miss out on the fun.



## First Commodore's Cup and Bent Prop Award

The Board is accepting nominations for the First Commodore's Cup and the Bent Prop Award. One nomination for the First Commodore's Cup has been received - somebody else out there must have a boating buddy in the OYC who deserves the Cup - send 'em in. There have been two nominations for the Bent Prop Award, and surely there are more than two boaters who have had boating misfortunes this year. Both of these awards will be made at the Christmas Party.



## Fan Fare Joe Aldridge

August and September were pretty good flying weather. The first trip was over to Mattawoman on a shake-down run. Rounding the Point at the Naval Ordnance Site, I mistook the hydrilla bed for low tide mud flats, and was pleasantly surprised to feel the Angel pick up a couple of inches of hoverheight and more speed, without the expected occasional muddy droplets. H-m-m-m, what's this...? I eased off the throttle enough to focus on the vegetation and then set down on the surface to have a good look. Wow!?! Is this a fishing bonanza, or what?!? A line dropped into that stuff could come up with almost anything. I filed this away high on my list of things to do, and lifted off and dropped several times to test the surface. Tight-packed as the Sargosso Sea. The effect of the density was even more apparent when I lost the gained hoverheight and speed as soon as open water was under the skirts again. Interesting stuff - but not the primary goal.

My intent was to find the famed site of "The Dunes". (Picture this: I haven't been there yet and have it mixed up with the cream-colored sand hills of West Texas and the White Cliffs of Dover. Mer has talked about it so much but never really described it...More on that later.) As the Hovering Angel I was busy following a big beautiful boat up the lower channel, I kept a sharp lookout for cliffs and sand dunes, anticipation growing by the minute.

Presently, the First Mate of my unwitting escort spied the strobe beacon and began pulling on the Captain's sleeve, while pointing aft. The Captain must have: 1) assumed I wanted to pass, 2) wanted a closer look, 3) thought I was the Harbor Patrol, 4) wanted to get rid of a tag-along, 5) all of the above; but, I never found out. He gave me the "pass-by"

signal and I checked the traffic and moved to port. But just as I topped his wake, the Angel began to slow and settle (woops! Now what?) and then she stopped. Once started, I moved out of the mainstream and abruptly stopped again. With my hand in the air as a signal, all kinds of mechanical maladies passed through my mind. I began investigating each one in turn: Choke open, not that; carbs tight, check; pulled the cowling, checked the plugs, nope; overheating, the cylinder heads were, in a manner of speaking, cooler than my head...

Think. What other possibilities...? (Pretend to fish. Maybe on one will notice. A free synthetic lubricant keychain goes to the person who refrains from calling me to ask about the fuel supply.) Tank? Couldn't be. That's too obvious, too dumb. Think. (Keep fishing.) Electrical box? Nope. Loose ground? That would account for a power loss but not a no-start. Maybe the fuel...no. too humiliating. Besides, I checked that before launching. I estimated 3/4 in the reserve tank. Estimated. Estimated. OK! OK! I'll look! . . .Empty.

I can't stand it. But nobody has to know. Oh, yeah? Oh, please. I couldn't bear to be seen rowing this thing. (Keep fishing.) Think. There is reserve fuel in both tip-up compartments. Two gallons. Will that get me across the Potomac? Better solve a little problem here than opt for a bigger one. Pride is an ugly thing. It has green eyes and a mouth full of teeth.

"Hi, folks! Say, do you know whether there is a fuel dock near here? Really? Oh, thanks. 'Preshate it. Have a good day.'" Nice couple. They never let on they knew - or that they knew I knew they knew. Suddenly the two gallons seemed like having a tanker in tow. I was almost cocky. But, humility seemed to be the better part - the word was probably all of the creed, boat to boat, "Hey, lookit. Outta gas."

The \$1.32 a gallon seemed well worth paying. As I pumped, the Coast Guard moved in with binoculars. I held my breath. (Maybe "fishing" next to the traffic is a violation of some sort.) They moved back on station in the channel. Everybody wants to see, and some have the authority to really LOOK.

It seemed very important to go home. Back across the Sargosso Sea and straight to Tyme and Tyde Marina in 12 minutes flat over choppy water. "The Dunes" would have to wait. Hi, Dunmoen, say something friendly. I need it. They did. The Fairfax water police didn't. They were cordial but formal; said I should have darker registration numbers on the next time they saw me. Right, will do. Said goodbye to John and Mer. Water Police still there. It was next time already. Numbers are on sale at the Occoquan Harbour Marina store. Not the same shape as what BOAT/U.S. sells. Interesting overlay effect. Apologies to Handsome Transom.

Next trip was to North Fork on the Shenandoah Resort at Front Royal where Angel took part in the campground recreational program. After a short talk on the history of Hovercraft and principles of operation, about 20 6' tall kids went for a ride down the slopes into the pond and up onto the parking lot and back again. Following lunch, 40+ 3' tall kids went once-around or figure-8 across a football field sized expanse of grass between the railroad and the North Fork river bank. Each 3' kid got a Certificate of Training signed by the Recreation Director and a brochure picture of the craft as a memento. The 6' kids stood and watched the 3' kids.

The following Saturday, Shirley and I flew out of Pohick Bay and arrived at the hydrilla bed at Mattawoman 20 minutes later. Finally. "The Dunes". Anticipation mounted. We flew up to the 6 mph zone at the start of the lilly pad area and picked our way down the narrow channel for a couple hundred meters, not daring to proceed directly across unchecked territory. Stopping at a landing, we asked directions of two elderly gentlemen. One explained about watching out for ducks, the 6 mph speed limit, and other local customs. We agreed to "be careful with that thing" and continued on our way.

Presently, we came upon four big boats nosed into a double boxcar-load of sand dredged up on the left of the channel. We can't be far away now. We came ashore on the North end of the pile and I walked over to one of the boats. "We're looking for 'The Dunes'. Can you tell me...?"...Sometimes, just by the way people look around when you ask a question, you have your answer.

"What did he say?" Shirley asked. Sometimes, just by the way I look around, she knows the answer. But the picnic was nice. And the him-and-her fishing contest weigh-in back at the fuel dock was really interesting. Weighing live flopping bags of beautiful bass (and then throwing them back into the water), coupled with two fellows who explained how boats really shouldn't park in the parking lot, made me forget to pay the \$1.70 I was short when we bought gas. Back on the Virginia side, I remembered and had to drive back two weeks later and pay up.

Finally, we spent the long Labor Day weekend camped at North Fork Resort and explored the rapids, deeps, and shallows of the South Fork of the Shenandoah around Front Royal. A fried chicken picnic while slowly drifting back northward (one of the four U. S. rivers that does that) was the capstone of a beautiful summer mini-vacation.

By the time you read this, we will have returned to the dunes for the OYC Shrimp Feast. (You were probably there.) What we are going to do, see, is pop a peeled shrimp into our respective mouths, shut our eyes real tight, and turn the place into a tropical isle or the White Cliffs of Dover for a few hours. It could happen...and be careful not to run over the ducks.

See you on 16. Hovering Angel I. Out.

Paid Advertisement



## Welcome New Members

John Piper

The OYC welcomes George and Judith Motley-Family aboard **Moosie Doodle** berthed at EZ Cruz; Spike and Pat Herbig-Family aboard **Dolce Vita** berthed at OHM; Doug Bond/Connie Bosse-Family and Junior Larry Bassford aboard **At Last** berthed at Zanhiser's in Solomons; Rodney Smith-Individual; Andrew and Sarah Bury-Family aboard **Irish Flyer** berthed at OHM; Tim and Shirley Sughrue-Family aboard **My Island** berthed at OHM; and, Lee Blount-Associate.

A renewal application is enclosed with this issue of the Daymarker. If you have already renewed for the 1990 year, please pass the application on to someone else who would like to become a member.



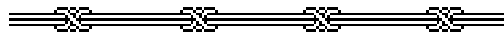
Harry Hawspipe's Sketch Pad



The OYC relaxing at the Moorings Restaurant  
Labor Day, 1989 at the Yeocomico Marina



Mrs. Janeal Way models her famous  
transparent bathing suit at the  
Yeocomico Marina, Labor Day 1989



## How to Find the Marina and Other Tips for the Novice Sailor

By Maryellen T. O'Shea

People who sail can be divided into three classes, according to skill, or the lack thereof. At the apex is the expert, the old salt, the consummate sailor, whose Mom and Dad taught him to sail, who sails regularly with his brothers Skip and Jeff on his own vessel, and who is confident bantering in sailing jargon.

At the next level down the sailing ability chain resides the weekend sailor, who bums rides on her buddy's sailboat as often as permitted; who has absorbed a small number of the salient points of sailing from her buddy, the sailor, but nonetheless considers herself to be an old salt; and who is apt to utter at regular intervals, "I L-O-V-E sailing! I'd sail all the time if I could," causing a very real wave of panic to envelop all passengers on the boat, most especially its owner.

At the very bottom, there rests the novice. Novice is a polite way of expressing that this person knows nothing about sailing—zip, zero, zilch, goose egg. If you're saying to

yourself, "Yup, that's me. I'm a novice," read on. If not, get out of your La-Z-Boy and start sailing!

Novices need directions: clear, precise and in sequential order. Sailing jargon is specifically structured to confuse and discourage novices, i.e., old salt says, "Look out for the boom!" BOOM! You are hit on the head, and instantly grasp how the large metal bar that supports the sail acquired its name. If you wish to upgrade your sailing status to a higher level, you must persevere through embarrassment and ridicule. Experienced sailors wish to remain a small and selective clique and therefore, they make it purposefully difficult for novices to infiltrate their private club. They are secretive and silent when it comes to giving directions and explanations, so the following guide is offered for non-wimpy novices: 1. Find the marina where the sailboat is docked. Your friend, you know, the old salt, told you that it was along the Metedoconk, "a few blocks down from the Gulf station." That's just too general. Dozens of marinas line the Metedoconk, and you must aim to be efficient and practical during your pre-sailing activities. Obtain exact directions—the name of the marina is always helpful—and get there post-paste. Old salts have little patience with novices who arrive late.

2. Having located the marina, find your buddy and his boat. One way to do this is to run up and down the dock, shouting his name. However, this is not recommended. Know the name and approximate size of the boat, as well as the name of your friend. Other old salts usually frequent marinas, but are unwilling to divulge pertinent information to novices.

3. Boarding the boat. Not an easy task, but just talk yourself through it: "I will not fall in the water, I will not slip off the boat, I can keep one leg anchored on the dock while lifting the other leg over the rail..." Remember that story from your childhood, "I think I can, I think I can..."? Now's the time to use it.

4. Getting the boat out of the dock without damaging the boat. Let your friend do it; it's his boat. Period.

5. What to do when your friend asks if you'd like to sail the boat. Flattery works best here. Insist that your friend put up the sail and fix all of the ropes since he is such an expert. Compliment him profusely on his sailing acumen, and how nicely his Topsiders coordinate with his khaki trousers. When you can no longer delay the inevitable, express mock eagerness at the prospect of sailing the boat.

6. Sailing the boat. Listen to your friend, even though he will no doubt lapse into sailing language at this point. Old salts use sailing language as yet another tactic to dissuade could-be sailors. Control your frustration, and remain cool-headed. Take hold of the tiller, and wait on your friend's every word.

7. Learn the difference between Port and Starboard. The friend says, "Starboard is right. That's easy to remember because right begins with an 'R' and starboard has two 'R's' in it." "Well," you mumble to yourself, "I think port has an 'R' in it too." Helpful hint: Left has four letters; port has four letters. Therefore, they are equal.

8. Accept the fact that sailing lingo makes simple words and concepts seem complex. You say "sail," your friend says "mast;" you say "little sail," he says "jib;" you say "The sail is

sagging," he corrects you and says "It's luffing." Meekly smile and acknowledge your errors, and vow to memorize the correct terminology for your next outing.

9. Volunteer to do menial tasks aboard the boat. These include dropping the anchor when instructed, tuning in an appropriate radio station, and commenting on how lovely the view is.

10. Post-sailing etiquette. Great quantities of "thank you's" are strongly suggested: "Thank you for inviting me, thank you for letting me help to sail the boat, thank you for sharing your considerable knowledge with an ignorant novice like me etc." If you've followed Rules 1 through 9, you might even be invited again.



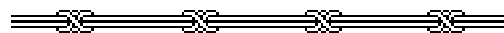
Wherever B. Petrey goes, his boat seems to be placed in the haul-out slip "just in case."

Ask D. Mullan which channel she uses to communicate with other boats on the depth sounder. My favorite is channel 6.5 feet.

N. Rhodes carries a Polish flashlight with a spare set of batteries that he received as a gift. Come over and borrow it if your own flashlight is dead.

Remember how H. DeVol broke one antenna on this trip down the ICW this summer. Remember how proud he was of his new antenna? Ask him if he is proud of the bend / crack he put in this one. The tape job is pretty good, it is just the slight bend that gives it away. Charlene loves to tell the story on this one.

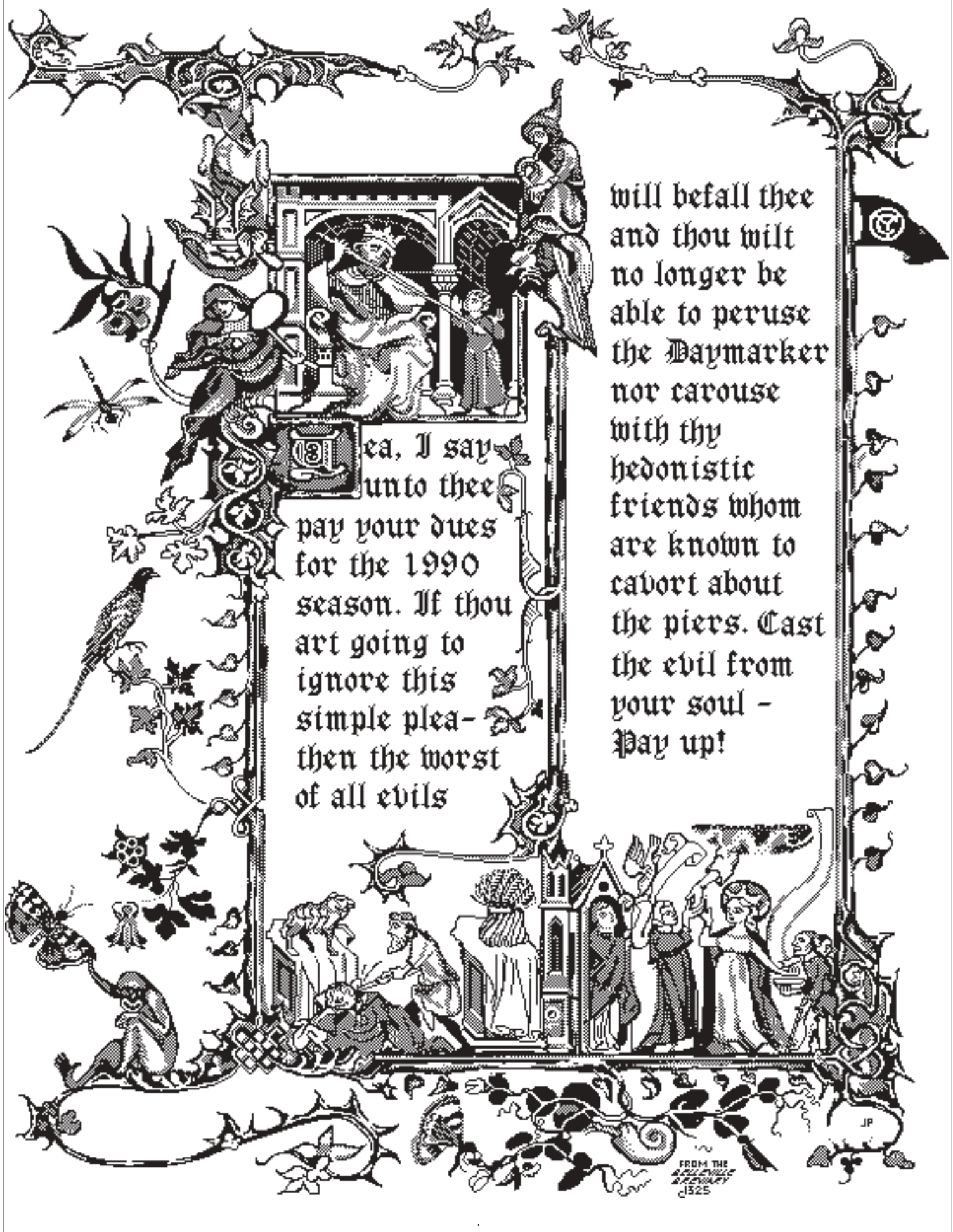
Well, the yuppies were at it again. A five boat raft-up, two TVs and Dale watching the game from shore with binoculars. We could hardly hear the game through the generator noise and the blenders.



### Classified Ads

**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 last year. 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. Won't pay more than \$85,000. Carl Way - (703) 281-5725 or 255-0911.



**H**ea, I say  
unto thee  
pay your dues  
for the 1990  
season. If thou  
art going to  
ignore this  
simple plea-  
then the worst  
of all evils

will befall thee  
and thou wilt  
no longer be  
able to peruse  
the Daymarker  
nor carouse  
with thy  
hedonistic  
friends whom  
are known to  
cavort about  
the piers. Cast  
the evil from  
your soul -  
Pay up!



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1325



OCCOQUAN YACHT CLUB  
APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP  
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Renewal Membership

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City, State, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse Name (Family Member) \_\_\_\_\_

Junior Member Name(s) @\$5 ea. \_\_\_\_\_

**X**  Family \$45

**C**  Individual \$35

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**Z**  Junior \$5  
(to 21 yrs)

**▶**  Burgee \$8

BOAT DATA (will be held as confidential):

Boat Name \_\_\_\_\_ Length \_\_\_\_\_

Builder \_\_\_\_\_ Power or Sail? \_\_\_\_\_

Where Berthed \_\_\_\_\_ Slip # (If OHM) \_\_\_\_\_

Call Sign \_\_\_\_\_

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