

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

The Daymarker

September 1990 Vol. VII Issue 9

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

JP

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UPCOMING EVENTS

September 1-3

Labor Day Cruise to
Dennis Point. Debbie
Mullan Coordinator.

September 29

Shrimp Feast/Bon-
fire at the Dunes.
Lynn and Aaron Mar-
tin Coordinators.

October 6

General Member-
ship Meeting and
Elections. Charlie
Browns at 6:30 PM.

October 12

Annapolis Boat
Show.



Commodore's Comments

Ned W. Rhodes

First of all, many thanks to all our helpers at the Summer Dock Party. We had a good turnout and enthusiastic crowd who braved sunshine and hot weather to have a few beers and play volleyball until dark. I was glad to see a few more new faces and to swap lies with others.

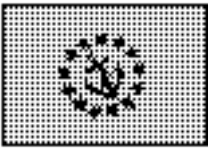
Where did this summer go? I still have vivid memories of the week-long cruise, but that took place almost two month ago now. And the Labor Day Cruise to Dennis Point is just around the corner. Well, so far it looks like we will make it through the summer without any more head problems. Oops, I guess I shouldn't have said that.

This issue is filled with information on two week-long cruises that took place this summer to different locations at different times. I hope that they inspire others to chronicle their cruises this summer. Others do want to know where you go and how much fun you had.

One of the nice things about being Commodore is the wonderful gifts that are bestowed upon you by happy members. I was the recipient of one such gift at the Summer Dock

Party. It was a baseball cap with two visors that had an inscription that read "I am their leader. Which way did they go?" I won't embarrass the giver of this wonderful gift in public (right Garland?). I did wear it most of the Summer Dock Party and was happy to hear that "it looks so natural on you." At least I think I was happy to hear that.

The other thing that I learned this past weekend was that you can never be too prepared to go boating. A few of the scavenger hunt participants indicated that they never carried a copy of Chapman's or jumper cables. I, on the other hand carry both and had to use them this weekend. We were rafted up near Bullet Point and after a relaxing dinner, we started to break up to head home as it was almost dusk. Well, one of our party discovered he had "no juice" and couldn't start his engine (right Guy?). Out comes the Chapman's so that he could flog himself for not getting the batteries replaced and the jumper cables to get him started. In actuality, it took two sets of cables to reach battery to battery and out of four boats in the raft, three had jumper cables. So, the moral of the story is this: Take a look at all the items on the Scavenger Hunt list and make sure that you have them on your boat. You never know when that can of Hormel Chili, cup of sand or driftwood shaped like a sea gull might turn out to be useful.



Vice Commodore's Comments

Terri Petrey

We are truly in those lazy, hazy, days of Summer! One week it's in the mid-90's and the mere thought of spending anywhere other than shoulder deep in water is absurd. The next week we have highs in the 60's and I'm rummaging through my storage closet trying to find my sweaters and warm-up suits! I'm so confused...so are my sinuses!

Things have returned to "normal" (at least for this week) and we are looking forward to the Labor Day Cruise to Dennis Point on the St. Mary's River. As of tonight's weather report, it looks like it will be perfect for the weekend which will certainly add to the fun and activities planned for the 15 boats making the trip downriver.

Now is the time when boating gets fun. Not that it hasn't been great all along. The nights have started cooling off but the mosquitoes (like squirrels) are reaching full maturity and starting to resemble something resembling the size of wood boring bees and they hurt just as much. I'm still sporting the remains of bites I got 3 weeks ago. I tried everything, even the infamous Skin-So-Soft which these carnivores seemed to LOVE! I think the lotion must be an aphrodisiac because I could hear the buggers coming! The only thing that worked was good old Cutter's Deep Woods and putting a citronella candle on the floor under my legs, which also took care of my having to shave for the next day's activities. So start wearing those heavy jeans and sweatshirts for evening wear and don't forget the socks! Of course, when we're back at the Dunes a good bonfire will help discourage some insects. I heard once that if one eats a lot of garlic, bugs, animals and some people will remain at a distance so one or many potential problems can be eliminated.

Speaking of the Dunes, those who plan on attending the Shrimp Feast on the 29th of September should start considering how much shrimp they would like. At the back of the *Daymarker* is a form which Aaron Martin would like you to fill out and send to him. Right now he is working on getting the shrimp from somewhere down South and if that fails, Main Avenue in Washington. All he asks is that you fill out the form letting him know how many pounds of shrimp you would like and send in a check in the amount of \$7.00 a pound for a deposit. If additional money is needed he will let you know, or a refund may be due you. Everyone brings their own side dishes and eats on the Dunes, get things cleaned up before dark, then prepares for the bonfire, good music, some dancing and great conversation. Don't forget to bring some kindling for the bonfire and coat hangers for roasting marshmallows (I say "marshing marshmallows"). I missed the Feast last year and this year I will definitely be there so nothing is done that I won't be able to report about first hand.

I am looking forward to seeing a lot of you at the Dunes.



Exec. Rear Commodore

Pam DeLancey

Chili Cookoff and Photo Contest Update

Hope everyone had a great time at the Dock Party! Gene and I were not able to go, but I'm sure I'll find out all about it in this *Daymarker*. You see, Grandma had the kids for three weeks this summer and she said she'd pay us if we came and got them. No, I'm joking, she would have kept them forever! I am spending the rest of the summer reteaching the kids how to accept the word "no". And after three weeks of husband and wife, someone else has had to learn the word "no". It has been fun — thanks Grandma and Grandpa!!! Well, on to Club business.....

The Chili Cookoff and Photo Contest is October 27th at Noon at the Harbour Point Marina (same place as last year). We will need to know how many creative cooks will be entering a chili pot so we can add up extension cords, outlets, and table space. Included in this *Daymarker* is a sign-up sheet for this reason. It will also include side dishes, condiments, and desserts. The Club will be providing sodas, beer, hotdogs, buns, and paper supplies. These sign-up sheets can be mailed to the Club or given to any Board member at the Shrimp Feast/Bonfire at the Dunes on September 29th. There will also be sign-up sheets at the upcoming General Membership Meeting on October 6th. Sooooo, no excuses!

The same day as the Chili Cookoff the club will be hosting its Annual Photo Contest. Now is the time to finish off that ten-year-old film in the camera and enter a prize-winning photo. The categories for the contest are "Wildlife", "Boat Profiles", "People", "Landscape" and "Junior Visions". All photos must relate to boating. We ask that these pictures pertain to the Potomac River, the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries only. This contest will also be included on the sign-up sheet. There will be a professional photographer judging this contest, but it will still be for fun!!!

Please put this date on your calendars and don't miss out on all those great prizes!



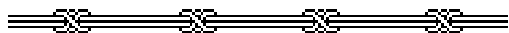
Secretary's Comments

Debbie Shay

I was very pleased with the first phase of the Women's Course. It started with instructions about engine instrumentation, safety and starting procedures, and the basic maneuvering principles for both stern drive and inboard vessels. We then put that information to practical use by actually taking both boats out of their slips a few times and then driving up and down river. I was very impressed (I can't believe I'm saying this) with our teachers, Guy and Ned. They were always pleasant, calm, patient, thorough and very understanding.

The class was nerve-wracking and traumatic, but we each took our turn at the wheel and ended up surprising ourselves. One of the nicest things was how supportive we were of each other, with our instructors talking us through each maneuver. Students, teachers, and boats came through with flying colors and no damage.

I must say that I'm looking forward to our next class when we are supposed to learn docking (putting it in!). Many heartfelt thanks to Guy and Ned who spent the time and effort to be such good teachers.



Summer Dock Party

Terri Petrey

My sincerest thanks to all the helpers in setting up (and taking down) for the Summer Dock Party. A special thanks to Al Herskowitz, Bill (Honey-Bunny) Petrey and Steve Worcester for their outstanding grill cooking skills. Thanks again to Steve for asking for and getting the great grill from OWL; Rick for hauling saw horses, planks for tables, stakes for cordoning off our picnic area and various other odds and ends; and Mer for remembering the things I had forgotten. We would especially like to thank Occoquan Harbour Marina, their staff and Dick Lynn for donating all the ice, beers and sodas for the party and loaning us the use of his truck to haul the grill. A real thanks to all who turned out and brought more food than I have ever seen at any one of our functions. Everything looked great and there was not much left over when we finally cleaned everything up.

As most of you know, everything, including the weather was absolutely perfect!!! All except me and I apologize if I was a little quiet that day but I was being paid back by a very vengeful lobster I had eaten the day before. If anyone has ever eaten something bad there is no worse feeling. I would have gladly gone through child birthing again rather than feel the way I did that Saturday. But, good weather, a case full of Kaopectate and lots of understanding friends helped me make it through the day. I did fall into bed fairly early so I could feel like a human being the next day.

The volleyball game was a huge success. I never saw a game of volleyball played with 20 people on each side! Everyone was appropriately dinged, tired, dirty and sore the following day but everyone reported they had a great time. After practicing all afternoon the kids became quite good and even the small ones were an asset to each team. I think Sunday (or Saturday) has already become volleyball day but only after 5 p.m. when it starts cooling down. It's also a great way to burn off those extra calories from meals of jalapeno cheese dip and chips.

Thanks again for a great turn out and for making the party such a wonderful success.



Scavenger Hunt and Predicted Log Race

Those of you who did not attend the Summer Dock Party or compete in the Scavenger Hunt or Predicted Log Race, do not read any further. It was too much fun and we don't want you to be sorry that you did not participate.

The morning dawned sunny and hot and *Southern Nites* left to set a buoy and place some fruit on No-Name Island for the Scavenger Hunt. As we approached the starting point, two boats were chomping at the bit to get on with the competition. Maggie Martin and family and friends aboard *Maggie Lynn* and Mike Morris and "crew" aboard *Good Friday* were ready to go. After receiving their instructions and purchasing a few of the items that would be turned in later, they were off. There appears to have been a real contest at No-Name Island for the fruit. It is rumored that a certain winning boat liberated the entire branch containing all the fruit and left the other boat to find other fruit on the Island. All the boats were creative in their booty. One boat had a yellow pillow case, another made a stuffed animal out of a balloon, tuna was the preferred choice as cat food and the judges were treated to a wild mixture of blender drinks. It is rumored that twenty pennies cost a dollar at Bullet Point. A bonus question added to the list was worth 250 points if they agreed to be nominated for the 1991 Board. Aaron agreed to run for Commodore and Mike agreed to run for Treasurer.

Mer Piper on *Dunmoen* decided to enter the contest later on in the day and was able to scrounge most of the items on the boat except for the on-water items. When the scores were finally added up the two front runners were separated by only 7 points. You see the can of Hormel Chili would have been important. The winner was Mike Morris, followed by Maggie Lynn and then by Mer Piper. Certificates were handed out at the party. A copy of the Scavenger Hunt list is published here for reference for next year.

On the other hand, the Predicted Log Race was hotly contested by two boats. Greg Hancock aboard *Solitiare* and Richard Camp aboard *Good Ship Richard* slugged it out on the race course. The participants turned in their predictions before running the course and their actual log times upon returning. After many beers and tabulations, the winner of the Predicted Log Race was Greg Hancock followed by Richard Camp. In both cases, there were significant time deviations due to other boats in the course and the wind. It is always hard to take these into consideration in making your predictions, but you always come away with a better understanding of how your boat operates.

Congratulations to all the winners and participants.



	A	B	C
1	The Items	Points	Your Points
2	Tropical Fruit from No-Name island	50	
3	A blender drink for the judges	50	
4	Blockbuster video membership card	35	
5	A treat for the judges dog	35	
6	Driftwood shaped like a sea gull	32	
7	A poem for the October Daymarker	31	
8	Pump to inflate a rubber raft	30	
9	OYC Renewal for 1991 with check	30	
10	An out-of-state drink huggie	30	
11	A ribbon from a float near Sycamore Point	30	
12	OYC magnet	29	
13	Plaid dish towel	28	
14	Clam shell	28	
15	Number of cooling towers at Possum Point	25	
16	Exact wording of Government signs at Daymarker 3 in Matawomam Creek	25	
17	Alexandria Waterfront Festival glass	21	
18	Yellow pillow case	20	
19	The number of stripes on a power line pole at Possum Point	20	
20	Price of gas at Sweeden Point	20	
21	OYC Membership Card for 1990	20	
22	Flowered paper plate	20	
23	A copy of Chesapeake Bay Magazine	20	
24	Lily Pad leaf from Matawomam Creek	19	
25	Life ring	19	
26	Jumper Cables	19	
27	Citronella Candle	19	
28	Picture of your boat	18	
29	Dust Pan	18	
30	Cup of wet sand	18	
31	Napkins with your boat name on it	17	
32	Cat Food	17	
33	Corkscrew	16	
34	Twenty pennies	15	
35	Seven Toothpicks	15	
36	Plastic Bucket	15	
37	Bag of Popped Popcorn	15	
38	Tweezers	14	
39	Wooden matches	12	
40	A copy of Chapmans (any edition)	12	
41	Stuffed Animal	10	
42	Snickers Candy Bar	10	
43	Rubber band	10	
44	Room deoderant	10	
45	Flyswatter	10	
46	A gas receipt (car or boat)	10	
47	Unsharpened pencil	9	
48	Unopened bag of flavored potato chips	9	
49	Deck of Cards	8	
50	Flashlight	5	
51	Can of Homel Chili	2	
52			
53		1000	
54			
55	All items have to be on your boat or found on or in the water. You cannot		
56	go to a store. The judges boat (Southern Nites) will be on station at 11:30 at Sandy Point.		
57	Turn in bag of goodies to judges boat by 2pm. There will be first, second and		
58	third prizes. Monitor channel 16 for instructions. We will normally switch to		
59	channel 9 for messages of interest.		

Scavenger Hunt Poems

A Poem
from Captain and Crew of *Good Friday*

It was a glorious day for a treasure hunt,
But only for those who had the spunk.

Someone took all the fruit from No Man's Island,
Leaving the rest of the folks with their towels all crying.

So after drinking much beer, and filled with great cheer,
The judges took care to be more than fair.

And a good time was had by all!

A Poem
John and Mer Piper, *Dunmoen*

Roses are Red
Violets are Blue
This poem is lousy
But what am I to do?

A Poem
Captain and Crew of *Maggie Lynn*

The day was hot
The boat ran good
To No Name Island,
Looking for food.

Then on to pole
To count the stripes,
Then to the creek,
We found the light
(Flash, that is!)

Then to the point
We found a float
Ripped off a ribbon
For the boat
(Red, that is.)

Then back at last
The race is run
Now for a swim
We've had it, and
This poem's done.

General Membership Meeting

The General Membership Meeting will be held on Saturday, October 6, 1990 at Charlie Brown's Restaurant in the Banquet Room. (Charlie Brown's is located in Tacketts Mill Shopping Center - Upper Level - on Old Bridge Road.) This year we're moving away from the traditional norm of renting a Community Center and all the hassles that go along with it and we're going to spoil ourselves a bit. Instead of setting up/cleaning up, bringing a side dish, bringing our own beverages, the Club providing this and that, we're going to let Charlie Brown's do it all for us. The only catch is that we are going to have to assess a per person fee of \$6.00 to cover the cost of the food and a waiter or waitress to keep an eye on things. We will be permitted to enjoy the live entertainment which starts at 9:00 without the typical \$3 per-person cover charge, and we can stay as late as we want (with last call being 1:30 a.m.).

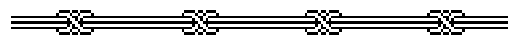
The suggested buffet will include a cold dip, a hot crab/brie dip with the appropriate crackers and chips; an anti-pasto tray (eggs, stuffed tomatoes, ham, salami, etc.) and accompanying rolls; a tray of different kinds of cheese and fruit; b-b-q meatballs, chicken nuggets, and egg rolls; and coffee/tea. Each will be refilled as long as necessary as long as they are being consumed.

The bar will be set up with a bartender and Rail Drinks are \$3.00; Call are \$3.75; Beer is \$2.50 (Michelob is \$2.75); Wine \$3.25/glass.

It is anticipated that we will begin gathering about 6:30 p.m., with the meeting starting at 7:00 p.m.. so we can conduct the necessary business before the live entertainment begins.

In order to give the restaurant a count, please phone your intentions to either Mer Piper (490-4857) or Ned Rhodes (534-2297) **NO LATER THAN MONDAY, OCTOBER 1**, and prepayment would be appreciated, although payment at the door will be accepted for those last-minute planners.

We will not be doing the 50/50 at this meeting; however, there will be burgees, jewelry, the few remaining cookbooks, and magnets available. And, of course, Mer and John will be there ready to take your membership renewals for the 1991 season; along with Quartermaster Walt Cheatham, taking orders for Club clothing.



New Members

John Piper

The OYC is pleased to welcome new members Bill and Barbara Kelly, Family aboard B & B berthed at Hoffmasters; Don and Kathe Paul, Family aboard *Goofed Again*; Jay McFarland, Family with Juniors Stephanie and Megan McFarland, aboard their Concorde berthed at OHM; and John Drew, Individual aboard *Sunrise* berthed at Fairfax YC.

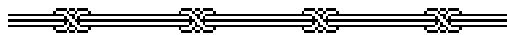
And, also returning to the fold after a year in the Florida Keys and beyond - Stu and Christa Upson, Family aboard *Gramps* currently berthed elsewhere.

By-Law Update

Every Board studies the OYC By-Laws for guidance. In the process of this study, we have encountered two areas where the intent of the By-Laws could be clarified and so we are proposing the following changes to be voted on at the General Membership Meeting in October. Please direct any comments for or against these changes to the Board so that we can get things clarified before the General Membership Meeting. Please note that we feel these changes are minor and are necessary to clarify the existing By-Laws. In essence, we are only performing a "wordsmithing" job on the existing language.

Clarification #1: There are four places in the By-Laws where the words "...a majority vote of the quorum..." appears. We feel that the wording should be "...a majority of votes cast...". The affected sections are Article IV, Section 2, Page 5, Lines 13-16, Article IV, Section 5, Page 6, Lines 7-10, Article IV, Section 7.b, Page 7, Line 2 and Article VI, Section 1, Line 1 (which would read "...by a vote of two-thirds of the votes cast...").

Clarification #2: In Article IV, Section 7.b, Page 7, Line 12 after "proxy.", we would like to insert the following sentence, "An absentee ballot shall be printed and signed by the person casting the absentee ballot."



How I Spent My Summer

by
Neddie Rhodes

Our assignment was to write a story about our summer. I did so many new things this summer that I decided to only write about our summer boat trip on the ocean near Chesapeake Bay. Mom and Dad took me along and I promised to be quiet the whole trip. The other people on the trip were on *Southern Nites*, *Debbies Guy*, *Flashback*, *Marker*, *Saint 'n Sinner*, *Sunshine*, *Steal Away*, *Seascape* and *QE III*. Later that night we were joined by *On the Way*, *Slo Costa*, and *Harmony*.

The day we started out was nice and sunny and testy. That is the word Mom and Dad use when one of them raises their voice and talks using big words and lots of gestures. The "tester" was Mr. Petrey and the "testee" was Mrs. Petrey. Mr. Petrey had decided it was time to go and was attempting to communicate this to Mrs. Petrey. Eventually everything was understood and they were seen hugging and kissing as they left ahead of everyone else.

The trip down to White Point Marina was eventless except for when a boat flagged down Mr. Petrey to tell him that he has a nice boat. Since Mom and Dad can never be rushed, we got to White Point last and find that Uncle Guy and Uncle Dale have gotten the covered slip while we get stuck on the bulkhead. Uncle Guy just laughs and Uncle Dale mutters under his breath. Dad cheerfully puts up all 50 of our fenders in preparation for a calm night. Mr. Petrey gets his favorite haul-out slip, which makes everybody laugh.

There is much activity on the dock with the power cords while Mrs. Petrey and Mrs. Worcester run their hair dryers and pop all the breakers. Later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Mullan arrive. Dad says that they must also be on some kind of list with Uncle Guy as they get the bulkhead in front of us. Mr. Mullan then proceeds to haul out the biggest air conditioning unit to attach to their forward hatch. Only after it starts to run does Mrs. Mullan begin to smile.

We swim all afternoon and get together with the White Point Yacht Club for a barbeque and then we had fireworks that night that all came down on Dad's boat. He was not amused. That night we have a big storm with lots of lightning and thunder. After I saw Mr. Mullan out in the rain chasing the cover for their air conditioner, I asked Dad if I could go out. He said no, cause I was not dressed. I then pointed out that Uncle Howard wasn't dressed either, but he was out doing his canvas. I was then sent to bed.

The next day we leave last and find a 4-5 foot following sea all the way to Lookout Point. Uncle Dale had said that the Bay was like glass. Dad starts to wonder about Uncle Dale. We go by the targets at the Patuxent Navel Air Station and watch as they send out interceptors to wave off the idiot doing loop-de-loops around the targets. Dad says that is not just any idiot, that is Steve Worcester. Boy does he know how to have fun.

On the way to Herrington Harbor, we keep stopping. Dad says that it is so that Boris and Natasha can catch up. I ask who is Boris? Mom says that Mr. Mullan is Boris and Mrs. Mullan is Natasha and that they received those names from Uncle Steve one night at Brenton Bay. Mr. Boris always has a funny story to tell. I especially like the one about the Big Beaver that he tells. Mom doesn't seem to like nature stories as she leaves whenever Mr. Boris tells it. So, we keep stopping and there is much throwing up of hands and pointing at the road map and then we take off again.

We finally reach Herrington Harbor and Uncle Guy has rented our slip out to another boat. After that is straightened out, we watch *Slo Polka* come in and tie up behind us. Within five minutes of tying up and getting all the canvas up, this big storm hits and boats play bumper pool in the harbor and sailboats heel way over. Mr. Betts claims his timing is due to clean living. Dad hopes that there is another way.

The next day we "bike our butts off" as Dad says, although he still seems to have a pretty big one. We run into Mr. and Mrs. Boris and Mr. and Mrs. Rita who are walking all over the place. They say they were off to a movie or something called the "March to Bataan II: The Awakening." I don't get it. We ride all the way to Deale with Mr. and Mrs. Terri. We did, we did. And no one believes us.

That night we have a cookout on the beach and Dad has a burgee exchange with the Northeast Yacht Club. Someone puts testy pills in the water as many people openly exchange big words. Mom has a slumber party with Aunt Debbie and Dad winds up singing all night along with Mrs. Mullan. Mom says something about wishing she had gone to Paris instead this year. *La Linda* joined us that night and Uncle Guy booked them a slip at the gas dock.

Uncle Dale and Uncle Dick (Kelly) left real early the next morning and reported that the Bay was like glass. Based upon previous reports we were skeptical, but we had a

smooth ride over to St. Michaels. After a testy moment in the harbor as we toured Perry Cabin by boat we finally found the docks for the night. Dad tried to read his book at the pool and was finally chased away by those "illiterate women" as he called them. Later that night, everyone in the group tried to read at the dinner table (they all had brought books) and Dad could only shake his head and think about Paris in the summer.

On the way home from dinner we picked flowers until someone cocked a rifle. Then we just skipped and ran. Dad said that you could tell this was a yuppie town because of the Evian Water Bottles in all the yards instead of beer cans.

The next day Uncle Guy showed me how to get out of paying for lunch. He said he had learned the trick from Mr. Petrey. What you do is say that you will buy lunch and then forget your wallet. It sure looked like fun. All the ladies "shopped their butts off." This phrase didn't make much sense to me.

Mr. Worcester tied Mr. Petrey to the docks so that Dad could beat him out of the slip this one time. Boy was he proud. Uncle Dale and Uncle Dick had left early again and reported that the Bay was like glass. Most of us took the inside route over all the crab pots to Knapps Narrows. Once through the Narrows we all followed Uncle Howard and Aunt Charlene. All of a sudden we turn around 180 degrees and headed to where Oxford really was. The radio must have been broken because all I could hear was something about "just wanting to explore Broad Creek and blow out the engines so don't follow me up here, of course I know where Oxford is and I will meet you over there after I get the chart out." Then someone said "Those ug8holes don't know where they are going. They appear to be going up sugt's creek." Someone must have put some testy juice in their beer.

We arrived in Oxford in 103 degree heat and Dad had fun putting his 29 foot boat into a slip that had a 28 foot inter-dock waterway. Mr. Boris puts up the air conditioner and we all know that a storm is coming. Everyone calls it the water stick.

Mr. Zivic's bimini cover was ripped at Herrington Harbor. He spent the rest of the trip getting it repaired. He dropped it off for repair at St Michaels. They were to deliver it before we left, but if they couldn't do it then, they would for sure send it by cab to Oxford and if that didn't work then maybe they would UPS it to his office. Needless to say it arrived late in the day at Oxford and just before the storm.

After the big storm hits, we have a cookout at the marina while others go over to the Robert Morris Inn in shorts for dinner. The next day, you know who leaves early and reports that the Bay is like glass. This time Uncle Dale is right and we have a good run over to Spring Cove Marina. We don't follow pathfinder Guy up the wrong creek to Spring Cove.

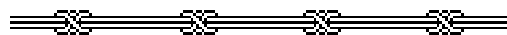
The next day we bike all over the Island and Uncle Howard takes the "men" up to Vera's to see if Dad's meal from last year is ready yet. On the way back, we drive by Richard Charles and all of a sudden there is "Moon over St. Leonard's Creek" in the middle of the day. Uncle Guy says that they make good "jim and toms" at Vera's.

Uncle Dick and Aunt Barbara finally bought a new burgee the last day of the trip and we have pictures to prove it. Uncle Rich pumped his fresh water tank into the bilge at Solomons. He later decided to get a new hose and repair the

leak.

It is with sadness that we leave Spring Cove for home. Uncle Howard, Uncle Dale and Uncle Dick decided to leave a day earlier and reported that the Bay was like glass. We all left the next day and pounded through 4-5 foot glass waves. We stopped at Ragged Point for breakfast. Mr. Zivic and Mr. Ellis got in a quick game of bumper boats, after which Aunt Josie had a strong shot of coffee for breakfast. I mean really strong, really really strong if you know what I mean.

We all got home and decided to do it again next year. That's how I spent my summer.



Week Long Cruise Again

Steve Worcester

Well here I sit at this bloody Macintosh again cursing our illustrious Commodore because he coerced me into writing this article. I could have refused him had he stood up like a man and given me a direct order or tried to appeal to my sense of club spirit, etc. But noooo! He resorted to the lowest tactic of all — I just can't stand it when a grown man snivels. So, being aggravated with myself for falling victim again to that machiavellian manipulator, the normal precautions to preserve the anonymity of the participants has been discarded. Just remember folks, if you see your name here it's Ned's fault. But rest assured that only the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth (at least as I saw it) about what happened on the week long cruise will be revealed here. Following my usual procedure, the facts have been shaped to implicate the innocent and exonerate the guilty.

There are always new things to learn when cruising with a group of experienced boaters and this year was no exception. For example, I learned that:

- Any neighboring boats will leave very early in the morning if you have Howard Duval run around naked in the middle of the night.
- You can see the veins in Bill Petrey's neck swell if you can coax Terri on to another dock at departure time.
- You are guaranteed a thunderstorm if Travis and Debbie Mullens put their portable air conditioner in the forward hatch.
- If you only have a 30 amp outlet, Mary Jo will try to run 50 amps worth of appliances.
- If Dale Jacobs says the bay is smooth, count on 4 to 5 footers.
- Five women (Terri, Debbie, Charlene, Mary Jo, Barbara) can spend hours shopping in a store that is only nine feet long.
- If you invite Ron and Jean Tilmon to spend part of the cruise with you they will poop out because they are "too old".
- When Joe Zivic gets upset he sometimes blows his bimini.
- An organ on a picnic table makes Debbie Mullen sing.
- Mike and Linda Broker may change to a sail boat for the extra speed.
- Dick Kelly is listed in the Guinness Book of Records as being able to drop more wieners through the grill than anyone else.

- Arleen Poluha would rather sleep on Ferrante's boat than on Ned's.
- Rita Jacobs doesn't grill and can't find seats at the table.
- If Guy Ferrante offers to buy your lunch, make sure you take your wallet with you.
- Josie Ellis drinks bourbon and coffee shooters with the breakfast buffet.
- If Marty and Rosie Betts go back to St. Michaels they better tell the dockmaster they have a bow thruster.
- Doug Tracht actually says "schweet".
- If you pick flowers from someone's front yard in St. Michaels that "click-click" sound may not be the screen door latch.
- Debbie Ferrante can smile and her face will not fall off.
- If you follow Howard Duval up that creek you may need that paddle.
- If you want to back off the gas dock when the wind is directly on your port beam, call Rich Ellis.
- You can be a complete ass all week long and still luck out if you give the crew a shiny bauble.
- Carl Way is the only guy that stood a chance of being elected "Mr. Congeniality".

Summer Cruise II—An August Odyssey

Tom Coldwell

Four OYC boats could not take part in the scheduled OYC week-long June 30-July 8 cruise reported elsewhere in this *Daymarker*, so they steamed away on a cruise of their own, August 5-12. The mini-fleet and their crews included *Empty Nest*, George and Ginny Frank; *Lance A Lot*, Gary, Terry, Chris and Jessica Lance; *Shalimar*, Tom and Mary Ann Coldwell, and *Walt's on Water*, Walt and Susan Cheatham. To get things off to a festive start, the first mates surprised their captains by presenting them tee shirts emblazoned with their boat names on the front and "August Odyssey - August 5-12" and a silhouette of a power boat on the back. True *esprit d'cruise*!

We jumped off from Ragged Point following OYC's successful weekend International Beer Night "foam-in," expertly arranged by Don and Mary Schebell. After a quick gas stop at Tall Timbers (Ragged Point was bone dry), we headed for the Bay through some unpromisingly rough beam seas on the Potomac. But when we rounded Point Lookout, the Bay became our friend—classic fair winds and following seas all the way up to Annapolis, then to Mill Creek off Whitehall Bay. With two boats each at the private Providence Club and the residential dock of Dottie Rakow, Ginny Frank's mother, we spent two nights in Mill Creek, feasting on crab and shrimp one night and George Frank's great London broil the next.

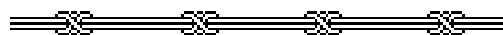
On Tuesday, we climbed aboard *Shalimar* for a day trip to the Annapolis City Dock, including the required run up "Ego Alley," where we found dockage as far into that narrow channel as you can get without interfering with the dinghy dock. After shopping and lunch, we cruised up the Severn ("Isn't it romantic? Our first drawbridge opening together!") to gawk at all the neat homes and yachts.

Wednesday we cruised 24 miles to St. Michael's where

we rafted two by two at the seaward end of the Town Dock—the best seats in the harbor for spectating and picnicking on the bow. The walking tour and shopping were enjoyable, of course. Thursday brought a steady drizzle, but not enough to prevent our getting underway for Oxford via Knapps Narrows, while *Walt's on Water* turned back to fix a shift linkage then proceed independently as planned to Solomons, but through much rougher seas. Thanks to the LORAN and some slow-going in low visibility, the rest of us made the 29-mile run to Oxford, despite interference from crab pots and an adrenalin-pumping passage through Knapps Narrows.

With three boats safely tied up at Mears Yacht Haven in Oxford, we enjoyed a brief, cloud-covered walking tour, naps and novel-reading, and a superb evening meal at the Town Creek Restaurant and Marina. Overnight, it rained like crazy and Friday morning, threatening storm clouds appeared—but seemed to stay put on all horizons. So we charged off to Solomons, treated this time to northerly winds and following seas for all 34 miles. Fantastic! At Spring Cove Marina, we toured, dinghied, pooled, museumed, cooked and ate out. Saturday, again with great seas, we steamed 34 miles to Tall Timbers, and the Potomac was glass smooth. After our last night of the week, we cruised Sunday for the 63-mile run to Occoquan.

It was a great week. The entire cruise was committed to videotape by our own roving cameraman and anchorman-narrator Walt Cheatham, who may be editing his work for continuous re-run in the winter months. We were favored by splendid weather and an easy pace—a total of 350 miles. The biggest wave that hit us was the soaring gas prices, thanks to the Iraqi Crisis. Before the pumps went dry at Ragged Point, the price was \$1.18. At week's end at Tall Timbers, it was \$1.55. But, hey, this is boating!



Galley Notes

Pam Delancey



I was half-way tempted to publish Charlene DeVol's recipe for "Chili Blanco Especial", but with the upcoming Chili Cookoff, well, I didn't want to give away my chili entry. So, I'll keep this one a secret until after the contest and, instead, we can all whip up this drink recipe from Jean Tilmon while creating our chili.

Tilmon Cooler

- 1 can strawberry daiquiri mix
- 1/2 banana
- 1 to 1-1/2 cup ice

Blend in blender. Great for the young folks on a real hot day!! Thanks, Jean!!!

Oh, a little trivia! Who won last year's Chili Cookoff? Answer: LOVED ENELRAHC DNA DRAWOH. (Yes, this is written backwards — "LOVED" their last name!)



New members B&BKelly were overheard discussing the head on their boat and the need for one of those macerators.

If you want to win a magnum of champagne, just bet S. Worcester on how someone spells their name. Tom Coldwell is COLDwell. Right Steve? Thanks for the magnum.

The phone slip on the right is submitted as evidence of advancing age. Please take the appropriate actions.



IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR WORSTER SAINT & SINNER

DATE _____ TIME 7:00 PM

M TIGLMANS 5/1/30

OF _____

PHONE _____

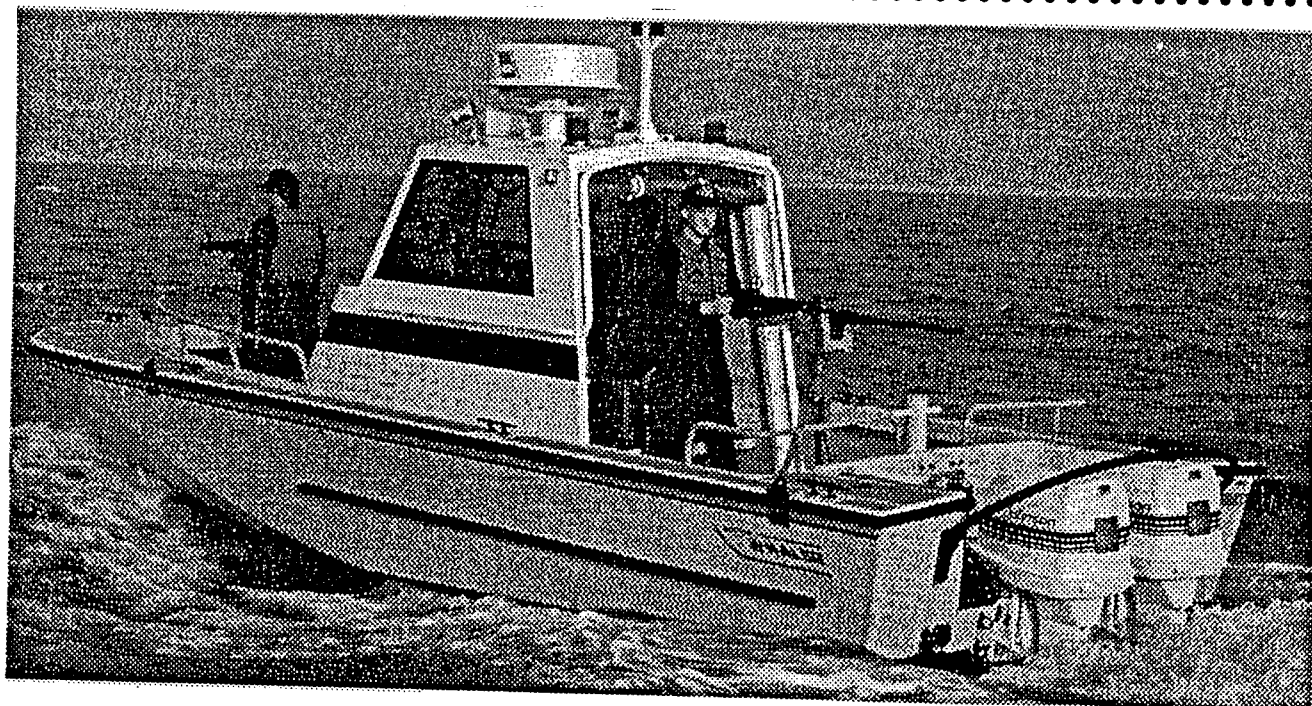
AREA CODE	NUMBER	EXTENSION
TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL	
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN	
WANTS TO SEE YOU	PLEASE	
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION	

MESSAGE CAN'T MAKE IT
TO OLD

SIGNED _____

LITHO IN U.S.A.

TOPS FORM 30025



Typical OYC Members Preparing for a Day of Fun on the Occoquan in the No Wake Zone

Chili Cookoff and Photo Contest
Sign-Up Sheet

Name: _____ Phone: _____

Entering Chili Pot? YES/NO

Can you provide an extension cord? YES/NO

Condiments: Lettuce YES/NO
 Cheese YES/NO
 Onions YES/NO
 Mustard YES/NO
 Other: _____

Side Dish: _____ (Thanks in advance)

Dessert: _____ (Thanks in advance from Ned)

Other: _____ (Thanks if this is not Elephant Stew)

Entering Photo Contest? YES/NO

Category: Wildlife YES/NO
 Boat Profile YES/NO
 People YES/NO
 Landscape YES/NO
 Junior Visions YES/NO

Category Unknown at this time: YES

THANKS!



**OYC Shrimp Feast/Dunes
Reservation Form**

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone No: _____

Boat Name _____

How Many Pounds of Shrimp _____

**Enclose with check for \$7 per pound to Aaron Martin,
11988 Pt. Longstreet Way, Woodbridge, VA 22192.
ABSOLUTELY NO LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 20TH.**

It is illegal for any vessel to dump plastic trash anywhere in the ocean or navigable waters of the United States. Annex V of the MARPOL TREATY is an

International Law for a cleaner, safer marine environment. Violation of these requirements may result in civil penalty up to \$25,000, fine and imprisonment.



U.S. Lakes, Rivers, Bays, Sounds and 3 miles from shore

ILLEGAL TO DUMP
Plastic & Garbage
Paper
Rags
Glass
Food
Metal
Crockery
Dunnage

3 to 12 miles



ILLEGAL TO DUMP
Plastic
Dunnage, lining & packing materials that float, also if not ground to less than one inch:
Paper
Rags
Glass
Crockery
Metal
Food

12 to 25 miles

ILLEGAL TO DUMP
Plastic
Dunnage, lining & packing materials that float



Outside 25 miles

ILLEGAL TO DUMP
Plastic



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Jerry's adds 1500 charms

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Jerry's Occoquan Jewelers
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Occoquan, Virginia 22125
(703) 494-2904**

MARINETTE

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41'
MARINETTE

37'
MARINETTE



32'
MARINETTE

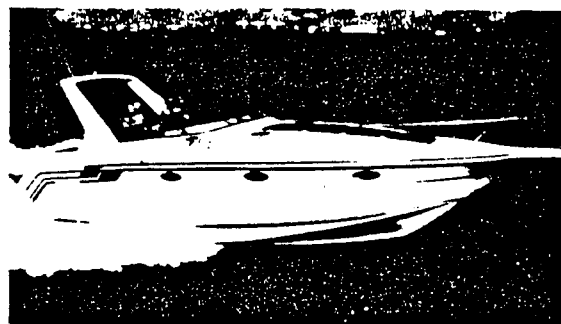
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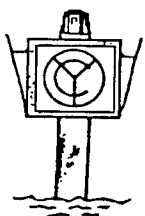
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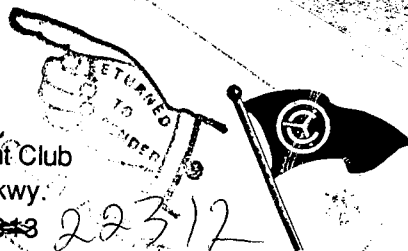
The Daymarker

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

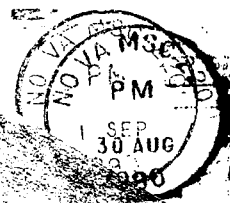
Address Correction Requested

Commodore
National Potomac Yacht Club
George Washington Pkwy.
Alexandria Virginia 22313

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Candidates for 1991 Board

As of publication time, we have the following candidates for the 1991 Board. They are:

Commodore: Aaron Martin and ?

Vice Commodore: Dave Yarnell and ?

Executive Rear Commodore: Dick Kelly and ?

Secretary: Pat Urick and ?

Treasurer: Mike Morris and Barbara Siegfried

As you can see, we can still accommodate more candidates. The Board positions are described in the By-Laws. If you are interested in running for any of them or have questions about what would be involved, please contact Guy Ferrante or Mike McCormick or any of the Board members. We will post periodic updates on the Club bulletin board at OHM. The absentee ballot/proxy will be published in the October Daymarker .

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