

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

# The Daymarker

August 1991 Vol. VIII Issue 8

Member: PRYCA, CBYCA Boat/U.S. Accord # GA80979

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Patricia Urick  
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Treasurer  
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## UPCOMING EVENTS

August 10-11

Dinner Cruise and  
Overnighter to Alex-  
andria. Contact Aaron  
Martin.

August 24-25

Port Tobacco Over-  
night. **Cancelled.**  
Contact Walt  
Cheatham.

September 14

Summer Dock  
Party. Predicted  
Log and Scavenger  
Hunt.

September 28

Shrimp Feast and Bon  
Fire at the Dunes.

### Commodore's Comments



Aaron Martin

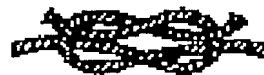
On Saturday, the 20th of July, several OYC boats departed OHM for a day's boating. All were scheduled to be at the Potomac River Yacht Clubs Association (PRYCA) Float-In at Aquia Harbour Yacht Club's facility on Aquia Creek. The day started on the warm side but we anticipated a little tubing on the way (Thanks to D. Lynn), so we thought that the heat would be tolerable. After pulling out about 1:00PM we soon found out that 100 plus temperature is hot wherever you are and no matter what you are doing. We tubed for about a half hour in Belmont Bay and when *Handsome Transom* arrived we departed down river. The trip to Aquia was uneventful and we made the trip in near record time. Since I had never been up the Aquia to Aquia Yacht Club, I decided to follow some of the larger boats up the creek. If you think the "No Wake" on the Occoquan is bad, you should try Aquia Creek. With 100 plus degrees of heat, high humidity, and no breeze, we were all glad when we finally got into our slips. After tying

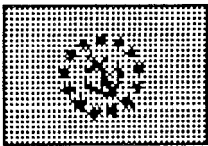
up and getting the shore power on and the AC (air conditioning, that is) running, we made a dash to the registration tent and then to the pool for a cool off.

Sunday afternoon we sadly returned home after some more tubing and after cleaning up the *Maggie Lynn* we spent the evening at home regretting that we were unable to make the week-long cruise this year. The *Maggie Lynn* and the *Grumpy Bear* were the only two boats that were scheduled to make the full week but Garland Dobbins was sent to New Mexico on business and I had to work for Uncle Sam and the environment thru Wednesday. I hope that we'll have better luck next year.

Enough of this rambling, I'm looking forward to talking with Bill and Terri Petrey and Guy Ferrante and Debbie Shay, and Bob Tomlinson. These boats spent three days at Solomons during a week-long trip.

Bye for now, safe boating is a must.





## Vice Commodore's Comments

David Yarnell

### Incoming Board Where Are You?

**YOUR YACHT CLUB NEEDS YOU TO STEP FORWARD AND BE COUNTED!** It only hurts for a little while — during those breathless moments at the Annual October 5th General Membership Meeting, where you will give your speech to tell the Club why you want to serve....

Last year it was Barbara telling us about her desire for a new vessel and our own Linda Bobbins explaining that she was railroaded into the position and had no qualifications whatsoever. Aaron obviously wants to fly TWO Past Commodore flags next season to show off, now that he has air conditioning! Pat was really tricky to get Phil into office that way and then leave town with the beeper! And oh yes, my speech is available on 120-minute cassettes at the yacht club bookstore!

At the tail end of July, you have plenty of time to consider your objectives for the October speech and time to prepare yourself for the office you will undoubtedly hold in 1992. You may even wish to consider a course in public speaking or creative writing. These are electives and count as two credit hours each toward your GED in boat handling etiquette. Then again there is the Ned Rhodes Easy-Method Computer Correspondence Course available on 5-1/4" or 3" disks. An easy How To Create an All Female Board Method developed by Ned himself, I've heard rumor that the 1992 edition includes hands-on training for the enthusiastic beginner. Ned, enclosed is my Mastercard number and expiration date — please rush a copy right away!

And that's not all, folks! To accomplish this objective we will be looking for individuals who are interested in serving not only in these attractive offices, but also to serve on the Nominating Committee to help fill them. If you wish to participate in either capacity, please contact me by phone or stop by at 202-C Union Street, Occoquan. If no one shows up or calls I may very well be contacting you, and I am a fast talker. See ya!



## Secretary's Comments

Pat Urick

The Fourth of July party, which everyone knows was held on the 6th of July, dawned bright and hot! A cheerful group of members and their guests gathered in the picnic area and began looking for a bit of shade or a cool place to enjoy the festivities.

There was lots of great food contributed by the party goers as well as an ample supply of hot dogs and hamburgers furnished by the OYC. A highlight of the picnic was the ice-cold watermelon which went over so well that if you did not act fast when it appeared, it was gone! Deserving of an honorable mention was a pineapple upside-down cake made from a thirty-year-old recipe that was excellent and enjoyed by all.

There was considerable sentiment to take up a collection to buy Tom and Barbara Seigfried a new playmate cooler so they could get rid of the one they found over at the Dunes buried in the sand. We all assumed that the reason for the use of the cooler was now that Barbara is unemployed they were spending less on coolers and more on beer. Frankly, we had to turn the health department inspectors away to keep their cooler from being confiscated.

Linda Dobbins entertained us all with intriguing stories from the Far East and other exotic places and we are all looking forward to receiving our polo shirts from her next Christmas.

We welcomed new members Lorie Love, Butch Newlon and Al and Carolyn Smith to the Club and hopefully made them feel welcome to OYC.

Don't forget that we still have a couple of big events coming up in the future, and let's make them the highlights of the year. Don't forget the overnight dinner cruise to Alexandria on August 10-11. See you there....



## Past Commodore's Comments

Ned W. Rhodes

At least ten OYC boats attended the PRYCA Float-in the weekend of 20 July. I say at least 10, because a couple of boats signed up at the last minute. I do know about the Rhodeses on *Southern Nites*, the Martins on *Maggie Lynn*, the Zivics on *Steal Away*, the Beaulieus on *Second Choice*, the Nolans on *Paula Anne*, the Michauds on *Lady Jackie*, the Siegfrieds on *Seduction*, the Yarnells on *Handsome Transom* and the Leathers on *Sandys Run*. All totaled, there were 68 boats from all the member PRYCA clubs. A new world's record.

As you all may remember, Saturday was a hot one, just made for slow cruising up Aquia Creek. I managed to find all the low spots in the creek and felt like I was plowing mud a few times. Between the two of us, Arleen and I probably drank two gallons of Gatorade on the trip down.

Once we finally arrived, we were given docking assignments and were helped into our slips by two or three Aquia Harbour Yacht Club members who made sure that we all had power and were properly secured. We all soon retired to the pool to cool off. Later on, Dave Goodman, Commodore of the the Potomac River Yacht Clubs Association, hosted a cocktail party for all the bridge members of the visiting clubs. The Texas Barbeque was next and was served around the pool. Around 9 PM the 10 piece band started to play all the old favorites from the 60's and people were dancing in spite of the heat. Those with swim suits joined in the water ballet in the pool and were probably much cooler. It was a good band and a good time.

Aaron tried out his new air conditioner that night and reported to Dave Yarnell the next morning that he had to put on a blanket during the night because it was too cold. Sunday, AHYC hosted "Bloodies" on the dock and soon after we all retired to the pool once more to escape the heat.

A big Thank-You to Aquia Harbour Yacht Club for hosting the event and we hope to see more of you there next year.

## The Hanky Panky Saga Continues

Monica Storz

*Hanky Panky* has always had a lot of different names, but we have finally come up with a perfect descriptive name for our particular brand of Hanky Panky (as if the others weren't descriptive!). Her new name is "Slo Coasta II".

Wanting to give *Hanky Panky* a break from the brackish waters of the Potomac, Henry and I decided to take her to the Bay. After a wonderful ride Saturday afternoon to Robertson's aboard *Sundown*, and a good night's sleep, *Hanky Panky*, Henry and I set sail (probably would have arrived sooner if we had sailed) for Annapolis on June 30 and arrived on July 15 — actually, it was 15 hours later, it just seemed like 15 days!! Yes, I know, *Hanky Panky* shouldn't take any longer than 8 hours, but, as Henry always says, there are things in life that are uncontrollable. About ten minutes after passing under the 301 bridge, one of us started losing RPM's. It would drop down from 3000 to as low as 700. Thus began our long journey to the Bay. It was miserably hot (101), and the only food that we had on board was enough for two sandwiches each because we knew that a beautiful steak dinner awaited us in Annapolis. Thankfully, we brought along a cooler of water and Gatorade. We crawled along at about 10 knots all day long and ended up dropping anchor at 11:30 that night. We were exhausted puppies not knowing the water, looking around for marker numbers that don't exist, markers that have changed colors (at least according to our two-year-old Bay chart), fish nets, crab pots, and 15 hours of *Hanky Panky*, whew! For about an hour we tried to reach the Marine Operator to call our bosses to let them know that we wouldn't be there the next day. My boss wasn't too thrilled at waking up at 12:30 in the morning to hear that I was not coming in because of a little *Hanky Panky* trouble! When we woke up the next morning, we discovered that we had anchored smack dab in the middle of approximately 50 crab pots!

We reached Annapolis (Back Creek) at about 8:30 the next morning and started cleaning the salt off the *Pank*. We had a huge breakfast consisting of about 15 pancakes each and probably 10 glasses of orange juice and water. At 2:30, after the mechanic left, we headed back home by land (we were smart enough to have a car waiting for us).

July 3rd we drove back up to Annapolis and spent the week on the Bay. Some friends from Fairfax Yacht Club (*Anna Marie*) were on their boat vacationing that week so they joined us on the 4th for the Annapolis fireworks and a beautiful dinner on the bridge of *Hanky Panky*.

Saturday we decided to visit St. Michael's and Oxford. The mechanic had adjusted the timing and said that we were all set to go (we've all heard that before) so, off we go and sure enough, about halfway there we developed the same problem. Is there ever proper timing for *Hanky Panky*? Needless to say, we limped to St. Michael's and had a beautiful time walking around the "town that fooled the British".

Sunday we left and experienced one hell of a storm on the Bay. You probably heard about the storm on the radio. There were so many MAYDAYs we lost count (capsized boats, lightning hitting boats, boats colliding, one heart attack, and so much more). One feels helpless wanting to try to help

everyone, when in reality, you have to take care of yourself. The storm lasted about a half an hour, but it seemed a lot longer than that with 4- to 5-foot swells and freezing cold rain. *Hanky Panky* came out okay with just a little mess in the cabin and the crew looking like drowned rats!

We have decided to keep *Hanky Panky* on the Bay through August because there is so much there to see and do. The problem with the RPM loss is still there, but we can limp around to Annapolis Harbor, the West River, and a few other spots the locals have told us about. Now the mechanic has decided that the problem is the carburetor, so he is rebuilding that (and paying for his condo in Barbados). There are a lot of good mechanics in Annapolis, we just have to find them. With a little work, who knows just how good *Hanky Panky* can be!



## Travels with Joyden

Joyce Moeller

Eleven weeks into the campaign and we have arrived in the Big Apple.

Sure was great seeing and talking to so many of you at the OYC Flag Raising and OHM Dock Party. Nice of everyone to plan these celebrations to coincide with our arrival.

On our way down the Potomac we stopped to see Deane and Trixie Conrad. We tried to convince them to join us in this cruising lifestyle.

We discovered Maryland's beginnings in St. Mary's City. At the working tobacco plantation and farm on the grounds they asked if we would pick up a hoe and help them weed the garden. Told them we don't do yard work anymore.

Had to stop in Crisfield for crabs, then on to Solomon's Island where we met some friends from New Bern by chance. They had left a month later and caught up. Boy are we slow!

Spent a day in Cambridge and Oxford and a week in Annapolis to get our fill of Chart House Mud Pie and Storm Bros. raspberry ice cream. Hey, it might be a while before we are there again!

It was a long but worthwhile trip up the Chester River to Chestertown. Interesting historic district and modern services if you are in need.

Checked out the Sassafras River also; very scenic. Visited friends we had met in the Dismal Swamp.

We had no great problems with the tides or currents in the C&D Canal, but it was Sunday so the traffic caused a lot of uncomfortable chop.

Cape May was like walking through a fairytale town with all the Victorian homes painted in multi-colors. It was a long walk from the marinas; bicycles would come in handy.

Our off-shore experience was not too pleasant. There was a continuous beam roll and no wind until 7 p.m. Then a storm hit from the northwest. We fought it all night but finally had to give up eight miles from the Verrazano Narrows Bridge because of the 30 knot winds on the nose. We turned around and tucked into the inlet south of Sandy Hook and slept the whole day and night.

Let's try again. Still not much wind but we glide past Lady Liberty and Ellis Island by evening. Kind of felt like an immigrant just coming to America.

Westayed on the Jersey side and were in walking distance of the PATH train which takes you under the river to the World Trade Center or further north on Broadway. Took a "busman's holiday" and walked around boats at South Street Seaport. They have all kinds of shops and restaurants — like at Harborplace.

Yesterday we toured Carnegie and Radio City Music Halls. Even met a Rockette who lived about a quarter mile from our house in Illinois.

We are now at anchor in a basin behind the Statue of Liberty with the skyline of the city providing the backdrop. Tomorrow we will start our journey up the Hudson.

July 15, 1991

Leaving the big city behind we started up the Hudson, actually a fiord or drowned river. Unfortunately, it was gray and cloudy the two days we were passing the scenic cliffs and mountains. We spent our time trying to spot various attractions and mansions listed in our tour books. Grant's Tomb (who was buried there, anyway?); Sunnyside, Washington Irving's home in Tarrytown; one of Vanderbilt's and Roosevelt's homes in Hyde Parke were just a few of the many we found hiding up in the hills. West Point is rather prominent and took no great searching to see. The river at this point is very narrow and deep — 170 feet. Nice not to have to be concerned about running aground for a change. We were warned about a "maelstrom" near this area — an area of turbulent water creating a whirlpool. Well, we didn't see anything unusual, and we didn't get sucked down under, so we're not sure just when this occurs.

Kingston, N.Y. is a neat city with Rondout Creek off the Hudson serving as the center for boating activities. Boutiques and restaurants are on the waterfront along with the Hudson River Maritime Museum. It's a long walk into the downtown section, but the historical Stockade Area is well worth the effort.

We took the mast down at Castleton-on-Hudson, and as advertised it was easy doing it ourselves. What a mess, though, all over the deck — shrouds and stays, lines and turnbuckles! How will this ever go back up in the right place?

Break out every fender, 2x4 and boat pole we have; it's time to start up the Erie Canal! There are five locks in the first 1-1/2 mile, lifting boats 169 feet from the Hudson to the Mohawk. After that they were spread out. On the eastern part we spent most nights tied to the wall at the canal parks at the upper or lower side of the locks. This is fine as long as you don't need electricity or water. A couple of these parks were blessed with black raspberry bushes which were quickly picked clean. What a treat! The western section of the Erie has town parks with tie-up facilities for transient boaters, some with water and most with electricity. Altogether we spent 17 days going across New York and went up 33 and down 2 locks. Only one lock gave us trouble; we really had to work hanging on to lines to keep the boat from drifting away from the wall. Good thing we had a couple of extra hands; our friend's 12-year-old son was with us for a week.

Now it was time to become a sailboat again. There is not a do-it-yourself place in the Buffalo area, so we went to the

specialists in town, and within a couple of hours everything was standing up and untwisted. Let's test it and see if it works. Sure enough! We've sailed two out of two days in Lake Erie. What a record; let's keep it going!

Tonight we are in Erie, Pa. and will visit Perry's flagship *Niagara* tomorrow. History here and further west is not as old as we were seeing in Virginia, but there are still many interesting things to see. We plan to stay American on the south side of the lake and go Canadian once we get to Lake Huron.

Read the June and July Daymarkers this week. Great entertainment! Sounds like most of you are having a super boating year. Continue the fun. Talk to you next month.



### Two-Week Cruise to North Carolina

(Taken Directly From Log of *Saint 'n Sinner*)

Saturday, June 22

We (Worcesters on board *Saint 'n Sinner* and Rhodeses on board *Southern Nites*) departed OHM, on time, at 9:30AM. Raining. Met up with Petreys on board *Flashback* at Colonial Beach at 11:40AM. The Potomac is rough. Reach the mouth of the Bay at 1:15PM. Dark clouds looming overhead. I ask if there could possibly be small craft warnings. The Captain shrugs. We find ourselves in a horrible storm, complete with wind, rain, fog, tidal waves, and zero visibility. Lose sight of *Southern Nites* and *Flashback* — lose sight of everything. M.J. driving, Steve navigating by Loran; radio contact with others. Petreys must be way behind us as it's not raining where they are. Steve is so smart — we take a short cut so that we don't get too close to Smith Point Lighthouse. I feel better because Ned says it can't get any worse.

We decide to find the mouth of the Great Wicomico River, which is no easy task. Found it by the odor of Reedville. *Southern Nites* with us. Found a quiet area up river and anchored for the night. *Flashback* finally arrived. It was a mutual consensus that our Lorans were the best equipment we have. It was also a mutual consensus that we should not have entered the Bay. Bill said Terri did a great job keeping the windows clean and Brian did a great job navigating. Ned said Arleen did a great job navigating. Steve said shush, snookems.

Sunday, June 23

Cool and raining. Left at 8:30AM for Norfolk. Bay has 7-8 feet following seas. We at least have visibility. Ned's VHF radio must have gotten wet as it's not working. Luckily he has his hand-held one with him. It's OK, though, 'cause Ned says it can't get any worse. Water, water everywhere. We decide to go as far as Windmill Point. Arrive at 11:30AM. Unanimous decision to stay put till weather clears. Everything wet, inside and out. Now I know what those funny-looking black rubber things are that Steve didn't have time to put around the inside of the hatches. Bill said Terri didn't cry or whine or anything. Ned said Arleen's makeup changed colors. I said Happy Anniversary. Steve said shush, dear.

Two large sailboats and a 50-foot trawler leave the marina. Two large sailboats and a 50-foot trawler come back into the marina. Too rough, they said. We had a nice dinner at the restaurant. Steve is feeling awful with a bad cold.

Monday, June 24

Sun is out but very windy. Bay still not navigable. Staying at Windmill Point until tomorrow. By afternoon things calm down. We go to Urbanna on *Flashback*. Girls are happy again as we get to go shopping — Marshall's Drug Store and ABC store. Great ride. Drank Margaritas on dock and then grilled some schicken, or was it shtakes, for dinner.

Tuesday, June 25

Left at 9:45AM for Norfolk. Sunny and calm. We finally made it at 11:30AM, after only four days. Staying at Waterside. We are all jubilant. We go with Petreys to lunch. Rhodeses wash boat (ha!) and then go to lunch. Girls are happy again because we get to go shopping. The guys insist on going with us for some reason. Terri is disappointed because she can't find a gold dolphin bracelet. We ate dinner at a Greek restaurant. Weather still cool.

Wednesday, June 26

Left Norfolk at 9:00AM. Beautiful morning. Took the Virginia cut with all of its bridges and one lock. The lock tender guessed immediately who's the *Saint* and who's the *Sinner* because he asked Steve if he had gone to church on Sunday and asked him if he needed to borrow his Bible.

I spent my time putting down antennas, putting up antennas. I also got to stand on the stern so my head would hit the underneath of the bridges before the precious radar arch. Steve said if that happened he would immediately back off the engines and stop. I have complete trust in my Captain.

The Albemarle Sound was rough. Our microwave door flung itself open and the glass plate fell to the floor with a resounding crash. We arrive at Pirate's Cove Yacht Club Marina, Manteo, at 3:00PM. Bill said Terri never whined once. Ned said Arleen was just fine. I set to work cleaning up thousands of glass splinters. Steve said shush.

We decided to dine at Pirate's Cove restaurant. We should have known better when we saw the "Four F" rating. (We thought it meant four forks.) Bill wasn't happy. Neither was the manager or the waitress. I feel better, though, because Ned says it can't get any worse. Steve is up all night with the big "D".

Thursday, June 27

Left at 9:30AM. Pamlico Sound has 3-4 feet following seas. We arrive in Ocracoke at 1:15PM. It's really windy. Bill said Terri didn't whine once. Ned said Arleen's makeup changed colors (she must use some cheap stuff). I said Steve's makeup also changed colors. Steve said shush. Dr. Terri visited Steve and gave him two kinds of medication for the big "D". He's feeling better. Did we drink 14 bottles of wine?

Friday, June 28

We're up really early — 6:00AM. The power went out during the night but came back on. However, this morning no power again anywhere. Left Ocracoke at 8:00AM. Great ride. *Saint 'n Sinner* was hailed down by three people on a ski boat a couple of miles from Beaufort looking for a tow to Atlantic Beach (where's that?). We towed them to the nearest docks outside Beaufort. Ned and Arleen hung around and waited for us. Petreys are way behind somewhere. Arrived at Beaufort City Docks about 1:00PM.

We went for a walk through the town. Girls are happy again because we get to go shopping. Guys insist on going with us again. We found this great little store where the lady was just as nice as she could be. She made a dress for Bill out of a T-shirt and called him "Darlin". Ned spent lots of money and she called him "Doll Bunny". I spent lots of money but I didn't get called anything, except by Steve. Terri still can't find gold dolphin bracelet.

We ate dinner at Clawson's restaurant. The food was quite good. Staying here two days.

Saturday, June 29

Our air conditioner is broke and it's hot and we've only been gone 8 days and it seems like a month and no one can fix it because it's a weekend, but I told Steve I'm not going to let a stupid air conditioner ruin my vacation, so there. Did the wash.

This afternoon we used the marina's loaner car and went to a store and bought a large fan. Our best friends loaned us theirs so now we have three little ones and one big one. Ned's Dad and Step-mom are kind of unexpectedly arrived. They came by car and are going on the boat with Ned and Arleen to Wilmington, where they live. Bill played bartender and Steve was his best customer. Rhodeses all went to Spouter Inn for a lousy dinner. Petreys went back to Clawson's for a lousy dinner. Steve took a shower. He feels better. We went window shopping and then found this large antique shop. For being such a good sport, I bought myself a great ring. Steve found this old wonderful Book of Toasts. He's in his glory. We went to Harpoon Willie's and ate oysters on the half shell and hamburgers. It was very romantic — Steve recited poetry to me throughout the whole meal. We met the Rhodeses on our way back to the boat. Ned's Dad thought Steve's book was great, too. He even stood on a park bench and recited poetry to everyone in the park. He certainly had a crowd and they loved it. Slept under fans.

Sunday, June 30

Left at 10:15AM for Wilmington. Arrived at Carolina Beach, Spinnaker Point Marina, at 3:30PM. We will be here two days (whether Bill likes it or not). Very windy, but the captains did a great job docking. The dockmaster, Gus, was a great help. He watched and also kind of held our lines. Ned's Dad and Step-mom are picked us up in two cars and we went to their lovely home for cocktails. We really thank them very much. Arleen did wash.

Terri told Ned's Dad that if he would drive us through a certain housing area so we could see the house that they're going to buy, she'd never ask for another thing. He did, and she did. We had a good dinner at the Oceanic Restaurant. We ate outside on a pier that overlooks the Atlantic Ocean. Gale force winds. Ned was so happy, he paid for everyone's meal. Arleen looks tired. Bill said it was too dark to see his food. I have an ear ache. Slept Sweated under fans.

Monday, July 1

Ned is my redeemer, the light of my life, my Doll Bunny. He fixed the AC. Steve helped. Then, because Steve was thinking ahead and brought our extra VHF radio, he helped Ned install it on *Southern Nites*. These two are great! Since everything is now working, we went to the pool. Later, Steve and I and the Petreys borrowed Ned's, which is now his Dad's car (?) and we went to the grocery store and T-shirt shop. Because I was the only one who could drive a stick shift, I got to drive. There wasn't any reverse, so I had to make sure to park so I didn't have to back up. We found a stand that sold home-grown produce and we got fresh corn and tomatoes for supper. Bill tried to drive on the way home, but he didn't do so good.

Met Steve and Susan, friends of the Rhodeses, who arrived by sailboat from Florida. Grilled steaks and a dolphin they caught. Best meal we've had so far.

Tuesday, July 2

Left at 8:00AM for Belhaven, escorted a short way by Ned's Dad in his boat. Long, hot 7-1/2 hour trip. Ned has to gas up. Petreys went on ahead. Ned and Arleen look really hot, so we made them slurpys. Staying at River Forest Marina. It's very windy and water is rough. Boats are rocking in the slips. Arleen's cheap makeup is at it again.

The guys are great. They secretly get us rooms at the Manor for two nights. This is great! We had dinner at the Manor restaurant buffet, cooked by Alice and served by Anita. We go to bed really early as everyone is worn out from the long, hot trip.

Wednesday, July 3

Never mind about the room for two days. We cart all our stuff back to the boats. At least it's calmed down. Went to the pool and played tennis with the Petreys. It's hot! We all borrowed marina golf carts and drove through town to the grocery store. Then Ned, Arleen, Steve and I rode bikes to town for lunch and shopping. We found this great jewelry store and Ned got Arleen a beautiful gold bracelet for being such a good sport, especially because she's so upset over her makeup. We were having such fun and then Ned realized he had lost his camera — left it in the golf cart. I told him things can't get any worse, and I think I heard him whisper "shut up". Gosh, I was just trying to make him feel better.

Margaritas on the patio. We decided to cook on the boats tonight — wine and lasagna. We then decided it was "awards" night. (We have been collecting things all week.) With more wine, we preshented awards. Terri was awarded Miss

Congeniality. She received a beautiful picture, a lay, and a great hat. (Spoiled brat!) Arleen was given a silver chalice for her endurance; Steve more "D" stuff and a magnificent lacquered box. Bill got a beautiful framed picture for being the slowest and being patient and waiting for the rest of us when we were lost. Ned got a marviosa, one-of-a-kind Doll Bunny T-shirt and a bueno drink holder. Bryan received a hat with a wunerful golden eagle for best naviguesser, and a fun dart gun. I got a yardstick and a coffee filter fan. (Did we go to bed?)

Thursday, July 4

Up at 6:00AM. Raining. Ned is very patriotic with his American flag flying. Left for Norfolk at 8:00AM. Cloudy and rainy all day but calm seas. Bill was tired of waiting around for us all week so he picked up speed and made it through Great Bridge before it closed and into the lock. *Saint 'n Sinner* and *Southern Nites* had a one-hour wait. We arrived in Norfolk, Scott Creek Marina, at 4:00PM. Bill, Terri, Bryan, Howard, Charlene, Andy, Sandy, Doug and friend were already there.

Arleen and Ned ate dinner on their boat. Petreys and we take a cab to Portside. Food OK. We had a tough time getting a cab back to the marina because all the streets are closed off for the 4th of July celebration. We finally get a cab and watch the fireworks from the windows. And we rushed all the way back to Norfolk for this?

Friday, July 5

Left Norfolk at 10:00AM. The Bay is like glass. Where's Dale? Decided to stop at White Point Marina. Arrived at 2:00PM. Nice and quiet here. There were even vodka tonics made and waiting for us at the dock.

Ned and Arleen served champagne at the docks out of their silver champagne cooler. (They're so proper and chic.) We served caviar with onion and hard boiled eggs (because Terri and Steve like it that way). Ned and I ate crackers. We had a smorgasbord picnic dinner. Bill was very quiet; guess he wanted to go to a restaurant. We watched fireworks that people were shooting off from shore across the water (better than the ones we saw on the 4th). That was fun. We danced and Bill and Terri went for a midnight swim(?). Arleen and Ned were going to go swimming, too, but Ned fell down and couldn't get up, and Arleen had to do the dishes all by herself.

Saturday, June 6

Steve and I played tennis for awhile this morning, but too hot. Went to the pool and had lunch on the boat. Terri and Bill headed for home around noon. We left at 1:30PM. Ned and Arleen are smart and they're staying for another day. I wanted to stay, too, but Steve is really excited about getting home, seeing Patrick and the dog, doing wash, cleaning the boat, etc. We arrived at OHM at 5:00PM.

## New Members

John Piper

The OYC welcomes new members Butch Newlon and Lonnie Love, family aboard *New Love* berthed at Harbour Point; and Alfred and Carolyn Smith, family aboard *Wind Song* berthed at Hampton's Landing.

## Port Tobacco River Trip August 24-25

The official OYC trip to the Port Tobacco River has been scrubbed because only three boats responded as desiring to go. Walt Cheatham, Trip Coordinator.

## Daymarker's Old Look is Back

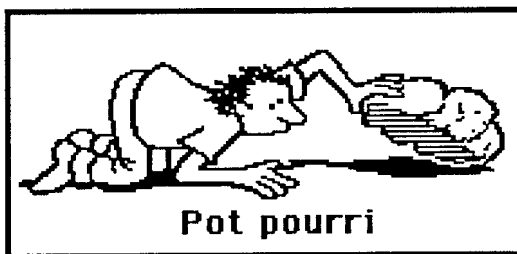
The Daymarker Editor

I tried, I really did. My plan was to go away for our two week vacation on the ICW and I begged and pleaded with John and Mer to please take care of the July Daymarker. I was hoping that they would find it as much fun as I do and want to continue doing the Daymarker for the rest of the year. Alas, they politely declined and here I am ~~stuck~~ doing it once more. Many thanks from me for taking on the job and enjoyed all the improvements that you made to the style and layout of the July issue.

## Local Businesswoman Makes Good

An article in a recent issue of Potomac News featured our own Marilyn Piper and her participation in the Virginia Women in Business group. She says "This organization has been a shot in the arm for me. It's given me a real positive attitude."

"When Piper joined the group in February 1990, she was too shy to even speak in front of the other women," Larken said. "Now, she and Piper joke about how she can't keep quiet." We think it was because she was Commodore of OYC. Congratulations Mer!



Just ask Howard D. about the new dance he invented, called "Spin the Bit#@."

It is rumored that the Tilmons are considering the purchase of a new boat. Jean has already picked out the name, "After the Sun Porch". Ron is now happy that he has the old head from *Southern Nites* to put on board.

## Recreational Vessel Fee

According to new U.S. Coast Guard regulations published July 1, 1991, recreational boating owners throughout the country will be required to pay a Recreational Vessel Fee (RVF) mandated by the Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act of 1990. The fee and its corresponding decal applies to boats over 16 feet in length which are operated on most U.S. navigable waters. The rule will become effective July 31, 1991, however citations will not be issued until after August 31, 1991 to allow the boating public to comply.

### Vessel Fees

- Over 16 feet to less than 20 feet: \$25.00
- 20 feet to less than 27 feet: \$35.00
- 27 feet to less than 40 feet: \$50.00
- Vessels 40 feet or greater: \$100.00

EXCEPTIONS: Vessels 16-feet and under, public vessels or certain Coast Guard Auxiliary vessels, lifeboats, yacht tenders, rowboats, canoes, kayaks, rowing sculls, unpowered houseboats, foreign vessels temporarily operating in the U.S., vessels owned by certain non-profit, charitable youth organizations for training, and vessels used for public safety purposes by fire departments, rescue squads, etc.

### WHERE THE FEE APPLIES:

- Territorial Seas (up to three miles offshore)
- Internal tidal waters (water level rises and falls with the tides)
- Other navigable non-tidal waters (waters from which a 16-foot powered vessel can travel to tidal waters through connecting channels, canals, etc.)

### DECAL PURCHASE:

— PHONE IN: Payment may be made by Visa or Mastercard by calling the RVF toll-free number 800-848-2100. Allow approximately two weeks for delivery.

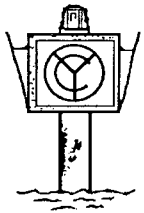
— WRITE-IN: Submit payment by check, money order, Visa or Mastercard with completed decal request form. A pair of decals will be mailed in three to four weeks. Decal request forms may be obtained by calling the toll free Boating Hotline at 800-368-5647. Decal Request Forms can be obtained at local Coast Guard units, but payment will NOT be collected.

PENALTY FOR NON-COMPLIANCE: By statute, anyone who is cited for not displaying the RVF decals may be assessed a civil penalty not to exceed \$5,000.00

### QUESTIONS

GENERAL INFORMATION AND DECAL REQUEST FORMS: 1-800-368-5647.

PHONE-IN PAYMENTS: 1-800-848-2100.



# The Daymarker

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Address Correction Requested