

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

# The Daymarker

September 1992 Vol. IX Issue 9

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

Commodore  
David Yarnell  
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Vice Commodore  
Tom Coldwell  
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Rear Commodore  
Sandy Leathers  
703-690-0038

Secretary  
Monica Storz  
703-451-3494

Treasurer  
Allen Herskowitz  
703-860-2043

## Coming Events

September 5-7

Labor Day Weekend  
Cruise to Point  
Lookout Marina. J.  
Jones Coordinator,  
(703) 830-1296

September 19

Shrimp Feast/Bonfire  
at the Dunes. Aaron  
Martin, Cruise  
Coordinator (703) 491-  
1287

October 3

General Membership  
Meeting and Election  
of Officers at Brittany's  
Sports Bar, 6:30PM till  
?

October 16-17

Car-avan to  
Annapolis Boat Show

### Commodore's Comments

David Yarnell

While it would still seem a little early in the game, draft choices for the 1993 OYC Team of Club Officers have been nominated and the site of our meeting place has been selected!

October General Membership Meeting and  
Election of Club Officers  
Brittany's Sports Bar, "Festival at Old Bridge Road"  
Shopping Center, Lake Ridge, Va.  
Saturday, October 3, 6:30PM till ?

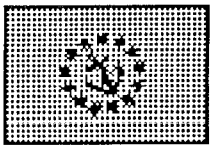
This momentous occasion will "sport" finger food in the form of meatballs, Buffalo wings, veggie platters, cheese plates, rail drinks at \$2.50 and Miller draft at \$1.00! A meeting of General Membership importance to all will commence following an appropriate attitude adjustment period. We will hear a "State of the Union" address from the current Board and then listen to the campaign planks of 1993 candidates and nominees. Votes will be cast and a party will

commence! \$6.00 per person at the gate, no RSVP necessary. Please plan to attend this important club function...your vote and interest make a difference! To get to Brittany's: Take 95 south over Occoquan River to Lake Ridge/Occoquan exit to right. West on Davis Ford Road to Lake Ridge, continue straight through as Davis Ford Road changes names to Old Bridge Road. Go past Hedges Run intersection to next strip center on right (Weis Market, Blockbuster).

#### By-Law Amendment...October Meeting

As most of you are aware, recent changes in personnel within the OYC Board were necessary when Garland and Linda Dobbins were transferred to Germany. Garland was executing his proficiency as our Executive Rear Commodore when destiny offered a two-year dry dock stint in the Rhine Country. At that time, the club was very fortunate in being able to procure the enthusiasm and expertise of Sandy Leathers of M/V *Sandy's Run* in filling Garland's position. While this was an appointed position by the Commodore, with the unanimous approval of the Board and advisory board consultation, nowhere in our Bylaws is a situation of this nature addressed. Under Article IV following Item 5, I recommend an amendment to read:

*Continued, page 5*



## Vice Commodore's Comments

Tom Coldwell

This so-called "August Odyssey," Aug. 1-9, was the first OYC weeklong *Shalimar* ever cruised. All the other weeklongs or approximations thereof, I confess, were what Extremely Past Commodore Ned Rhodes calls 'renegade' cruises. Not the storied, official OYC-sanctioned variety which have added so much adventure, lust and luster to these pages.

More of all three later. A moment for OYC bidness:

The OYC Board meets monthly, principally to fine-tune plans for upcoming events, coordinate tasks, point with pride and view with alarm. To some but not much extent, we coordinate inputs for the Daymarker. So, yes, we get some repetition. And frankly, that's not all bad because, well, sometimes getting the message through is an upstream reach with a downstream wind. (Editor's Note: Hey, write this one down ladies and gentlemen! You may be able to use it at your next party!)

Enough already. This is to remind you of upcomingest, official OYC-sanctioned events, which warrant your full participation and enjoyment:

September 5—Labor Day cruise to Point Lookout Marina. Fourteen boats are scheduled for this one, and the published sign-up deadline has passed; cruise coordinator Jack Jones (703-830-1296) can tell if there's room left for you.

September 19—Shrimp Feast/Bonfire at the Dunes. Contact Aaron Martin (703) 491-1287. There's a giant-sized shrimp order form in last month's Daymarker, but if you can't find it, make up your own and send it along with \$9.00/pound of shrimp to Aaron.

October 3—General Membership Meeting and Election of Officers. Check out Commodore Dave's comments on this event. For now, I just want to remind you to plan to attend. This is a non-boating activity, but one that is important to boating activity in the future, plus it's a bunch of fun. Please support your club and participate in this event.



## Exec. Rear Commodore Comments

Sandy Leathers

### New Membership SALE—We want YOU!

Effective August 1, new membership in the OYC will include membership for the 1993 season. (OYC annual membership runs from October 1 to September 31.) This is a great time to join or renew OYC membership with the fall season of cruises and parties already planned—especially the gala Christmas Party to be held at Sea Sea & Co. in Occoquan.

We welcome all boaters (owners and non-owners, individuals and families) who have an interest in boating. The benefits are numerous and well worth the annual dues. Ask a friend or prior member to join (or re-join) and they will receive 14 months for the price of 12. If any one has a question about the benefits of membership, please call any OYC officer for help or assistance.

## U.S. Powerboat Show—October 16-18, 1992, Annapolis City Dock, Maryland

This will be the 21st Annual Boat Show at Annapolis. The largest in-water powerboat show will feature new motor yachts, performance racers, cruising trawlers, houseboats, sportfishermen, center consoles, ski boats, sport boats and family cruisers. Also under tents will be the latest boating equipment, accessories and services.

If you want to order tickets in advance—saving \$1 on admission—send \$7 for one adult ticket, \$4 for a child, payable to Boat Show, P.O. Box 3183, Annapolis, Md. 21403 with your name, address, and phone number. Special parking is also available with continuous shuttle bus service to and from the City Dock. See you there!



## Secretary's Comments

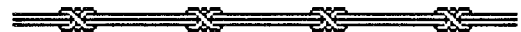
Monica Storz

Last summer on the Bay, Henry and I discovered how great *Hanky Panky* can be—this summer there hasn't been much *Hanky Panky* at all. Well, we were told by everyone not to take it for granted, we did, and now we are feeling the effects. Seems every time we think about starting *Hanky Panky* it's raining or one of us has to work—excuses already! The only *Hanky Panky* done this summer was at Yeocomico, Old Towne, and Mattawoman one night. Aside from those times, there has been no *Hanky Pankin'*. Life goes on! It has been a slow summer, uneventful, except for the birth of my niece, Taryn—she is beautiful!

Henry and I are very pleased with the pictures that were taken of *Hanky Panky* in action on Photo Day—next season I hope more of you will come out and join the fun. It is well worth it and you will have a beautiful picture to view during those cold winter months.

The Board is getting the early stages of the Christmas party in order with a meeting held at Sea Sea & Co.

See you at the next Daymarker.



## Nominating Committee for 1993 Officers

Mary Jo Worcester and her committee members, Judy Bair, Susan Cheatham and Carl Way, have come up with the following slate of potential candidates for the coming year. If you will not be attending the General Membership Meeting on October 3, then make sure that you fill out, sign and return the Absentee Ballot and Proxy that is contained in this issue of the Daymarker.

Commodore :	Tom Coldwell
Vice Commodore :	Allen Herskowitz
Rear Commodore :	Sandy Leathers
	Tom Egmore
Secretary :	Open, still need a candidate
Treasurer :	Pam Beaulieu

The nominating committee would appreciate hearing from anyone in the club who would like to stand for office or who has suggestions of likely candidates. So, please contact any of the committee members: Mary Jo Worcester, 494-2383, or Susan Cheatham, 491-3956, in Woodbridge; Judy Bair, 425-9361, or Carl Way, 385-2163, in Fairfax.

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### Looking Ahead

Tom Coldwell

#### **Shrimp Feast, September 19**

On September 19 is the Shrimp Feast/Bonfire at the Dunes. Aaron Martin is the coordinator, (703) 491-1287. A sign up coupon is included in this issue of the Daymarker. Aaron needs to have your order and money by the 11th of September, so don't delay.

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### A (True) Fish Story

Sandy Leathers

This is a true fish story about a fish that did not get away.

One sunny afternoon in early August, three men were sitting at the end of "A" dock at Woodbridge Marina, solving some of the world's problems and watching the dock fishing guru, Frank Schwartz. Tom Tokash and Sandy Leathers were observing Frank as he continuously cast his line into the Occoquan River. Being a slow day of fishing, the three turned to watching the passing boats headed out for the day. Frank laid his rod and reel down in front of him to take a break, when someone observed a boat coming toward the dock with great lines. Then it happened—a clatter was heard by all as Frank's favorite rod and reel went flying across the end of the dock and, yes, into the water. "Wow." "What happened?" "How big was that fish to take the hook and Frank's rod and reel, too?" "It had to be HUGE!" The story passed along the dock. Frank, feeling bad at the loss of his favorite rod, went to get another. Ursula, Frank's wife, spotted a red bobber out in the River. A committee was formed and designated Sandy to dive into the water after the bobber in hope of retrieving the rod.

Upon entering the water with a large splash, the bobber disappeared, suggesting the fish was still on the line. Next, Frank tied some weights to a three-prong hook to see if he could snag the fishing line at the bottom of the River. Frank tried and tried as a crowd gathered on the dock. "Sure it did." "What a fish story!" "What have you been drinking?" Sandy took over the hook retrieval process and on his second toss something was there. The crowd moved to the edge of the dock to see the red bobber attached to the hook. As the line with the bobber was pulled in, there it was: a 14-18 inch catfish estimated at 3-5 lbs. It was so large it had to be netted. During the excitement of landing the fish on the dock, removing the hook and returning it to the river, Frank and Sandy began checking the other end of the line. It was not broken as suggested. They began pulling on the other end of the line and sure enough—you guessed it, up comes the

favorite rod and reel. Cheers rang out from the non-believers, and Frank was extremely happy.

So ends the story of the fish (and the rod) that did not get away.

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### August Odyssey

August 1-9, 1992

Tom Coldwell

There were five boats of us with 13 souls aboard, including His Aforementioned Erstwhile Semi-Majesty and beloved Arleen in *Southern Nites*; *Empty Nest*, carrying George and Ginny Frank with Ginny-sis Mary and her husband Robert, who supposedly paid for all, none or some of the gas but definitely helped bail out the boat once; Walt and Susan Cheatham in *Walt's On Water*; Guy Ferrante, Debbie Shay and Haley in *Debbie's Guy*; and Mary Ann and me in *Shalimar*.

Pull up a chair, and I shall read you excerpts from the *Shalimar* log.

Aug. 1. 0830 Underway from Occoquan to White Point Marina for overnight. Four-crew cookout on the lawn. Beautiful evening. Everyone civil.

Aug. 2. 0800-ish Underway for Birthday Cake rendezvous with *Debbie's Guy* and cruise to York River, 68 nm. *Walt's etc.* has engine hairball, staying behind for a 3-hour fix and later catch-up. Cruise to York River smooth and cool, but passing Reedville, *Southern Nites* proclaims on the air, "it's where they make the perfume with the same name as one of our boats." (Fortunately I recorded that on cassette for my friend "Bubba" Yeehaa in Reedville who collects Reedville jibes. "Where in Arlington does he live?" said Bubba.) Spent two nights in York River Yacht Haven on Sarah Creek. Local friends visit *Shalimar* on first night. Dined out second night; owner of Seawell's Ordinary and marina's van cart all 13 of us to this great restaurant and back. Fantastic dining. Everyone civil.

Aug. 4. Zero Something Hundred Hours A.M. Underway for Kingsmill Resort down the Bay, round Newport News and up the James River. Passed between rafted and anchored formations of reserve fleet, a rusting, ghostly assembly of old ships. Impressive but eerie. Spent two nights at Kingsmill Resort, which includes a marina, pools, par-three golf, rowing lake, sauna, steam room, towels, transportation to Busch Gardens and Williamsburg—all included in slip fee. Collectively we did it all, and we want to go back. We visited and hosted local friends. *Empty Nest* hosted gung-ho evening for Marine friend and his wife. Another caller takes them on lengthy tour of area.

Aug. 5. Independent land-cruising to all points of the compass including Busch Gardens' wild rides, side trip to Williamsburg, pool and jacuzzi-side lounging at the Kingsmill Sports Club, boat rowing on the resort's lake and the first and second rounds of the OYC Open on the par 3 links (clubs are free but you buy the balls), chowing down, reading and relaxing.

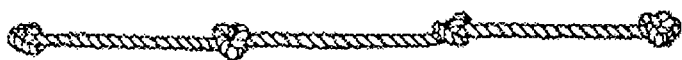
Aug. 6. Rainy day and underway for Tidewater Yacht Agency, Portsmouth, VA, across from Norfolk's Waterside. Heaviest wind and seas of the cruise as our five boats turned toward Elizabeth River. We all got a salt-water washdown. One night here.

Aug. 7. Underway for Windmill Point into brisk northeasterlies and stiff chop. Arrived at Windmill at the corner of E. Rappahannock and Chesapeake Bay. Another pleasant two days for all except *Empty Nest* and *Walt's on Water*, who departed on Aug. 8 for Annapolis via Vera's White Sands Marina and Banana Tree Orchard. Rest of us stayed and talked into the night about them (banana trees).

Aug. 8. More lolling about at Windmill. Guests visit *Shalimar*, prompting Rhodes at last to complain that no locals or outsiders, *NO ONE*, has visited his boat the whole trip. Finally, one local dock walker briefly spoke to Rhodes on his boat. *At last, some respect!* But dock walker continued on, bumping into Coldwells, who recognized him. "Hey, Ned, this is our dentist!" While we did a quick cruise for refreshments and favorite flossing stories, Rhodes sank into an irrevocable pout, muttering substrings from some computer-babble book he brought along. That evening, *Shalimar* crew is thanked for cruise coordination chores with splendid cookout. Thanks back to you, gang, it was a swell dinner. As the evening waned, the winds waxed, up to 25 knots, raising our apprehensions for the cruise home.

Aug. 9. Wind still brisk, but we gotta go . . . 108 miles back to the Occoquan. We surf home on a nice following Bay and reasonably calm Potomac.

What a week (plus)! Nine days and about 380 miles. Everyone got at least one or two "new" ports-of-call; they were all new to me, except for White Point. Good weather, good friends, good food, no major casualties, good boating. Everyone civil.



### How I Spent My Summer Vacation

Neddy Rhodes

The highlight of the summer was our Yacht Club Weeklong Trip to the Big Water. Mom and Dad loaded the boat the Friday before and it took five carts to get it all to the boat. That included all of Dad's wine and the bikes for all of us. For once we left the big-smelly Jess home with the cats and a new pet sitting service who promised to look in and drug her during the big storms. Well they didn't have long to wait as we had a mucho big storm Friday night with lots of wind, lightning and rain. Mom and Dad got all teary-eyed remembering the first day of the two-weeklong trip last year when that funny Mr. Petrey kept saying "come on up, it is not raining up here," when, in fact, it was pouring. They even called that funny Mr. Worcester to remind him of how much fun they had trying to find Smith Point in 4 foot seas. I guess that happens when you grow old. All you have are memories of the good times.

Saturday morning dawned clear and cool and Mom and Dad actually managed to get out of the slip without the usual hissy fit. After a slow cruise down to Fairfax Yacht Club, we discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Cheatin on *Dances with Water* weren't even awake yet. Something about up all night building shelves and drilling 200 holes in a bucket. After a quick prayer to the God of Engines, Mr. Cheater was actually able to start both engines. By now, Mr. and Mrs. Coldwell had arrived followed by Mr. and Mrs. Frank. It was then that Mr. Cheatin discovered that if he did not get it in gear, that he would be the last one to leave. So, off he goes, cutting off Mr. Frank and throwing a two foot wake, just so he wouldn't be last. The cruise down to White Point Marina was pleasant and the air was filled with radio chatter concerning RPMs, speed, waypoints, TDs and other assorted nautical stuff.

Upon arriving at White Point Marina, Mom proceeded to make everyone frozen blender drinks to the delight of everyone. There was much talk about how nice it was to cruise with professionals. The afternoon was filled with swimming, talking and looking at the Coldwell's 200 choice pictures of their new grandchild. Mr. Cheatin entertained the group by washing his boat for the first time and reading the instructions on the bottle of soap. After dropping the cap to his water tank into the water, he then entertained us with schemes to get it back. The best scheme was the one where he used a garden hose. We weren't sure if he was going to suck the cap up or use it to breath with while he was underwater. Dad loaned him our crab net which was ultimately used to retrieve the cap. The pot-luck dinner was great and we all sat around and told stories about the last time we were here when the Old Howard ran around the marina in the nude and how the Ringles went home and moved to Florida right after that.

It was cool the next day as we left for the York River. We met that funny Mr. Ferrante and Mrs. Ferrante and Haley at the Birthday Cake. Just as we started to go on plane, *Walt's on Water* reported that he was having trouble getting on plane. After a lot of talking, it was decided that he would go back to White Point for repairs and join us later. Off we go now, only to discover that Mr. Coldwell was having trouble with our wakes and would we either get in line or slow down or go back home. What a guy!

The big event of the day was retracing the course the Worchesters took last week as they went inside Smith Point. A few minutes later, Mom accused Dad of "passing gas," when in fact we were only enjoying the smell from the *Shalimar* Perfume plant in Reedville. The Bay was kind to us as we steamed south for York River.

We spent two days at York River enjoying the salt water pool and the air conditioned bathrooms. All the guys enjoyed the lifeguard at the pool and Grateful Dead tape that was played at least 15 times. Mr. Ferrante organized the dinner trip to some Ordinary Restaurant that evening and we were joined by the Cheats who arrived "not by the most direct route." We discovered that an Ordinary did not describe the food, but the fact that the place could board your horse and provide a meal. The food was great and we all went home full.

The next day was spent reading, swimming, bike riding and just plain laziness around. Mr. Coldwell entertained us

with stories about his Loran cruise of 1988, his talcum power flight and other assorted trivia. Mom and Dad took me up to the historic Poland Market, which is a favorite of that funny Mrs. Tilmon. The store owner still remembers her and asked how things were coming along.

Now we're off down the Bay to the James River. Mom and Dad were in the lead and as they passed Newport News, they waked a big freighter. Then they were treated to a special opening of the Robert Morris bridge as they passed under it. On the other side of the bridge, we had to wait for our flotilla as they followed the freighter through the bridge. Then off we head up the James. We then came to the ghost fleet, rafted up right in the middle of the James. There are about 10 different rafts, each containing about 10 ships in various states of rusting. It was so weird just going between them.

We arrive to a rousing welcome at Kingsmill Resort. Bucky, the assistant dock master, helped us all in and made sure that we were comfortable. Dad proceeded to insult him, but Bucky took it in stride and mumbled something about his friends in transportation. Kingsmill was fun. We swam in the pool, read our books and had a horrible meal at the Payton Grill. The service was lousy and the food only so-so. Boy, where is Mr. Petrey when you need him?

The next day, Mom and Dad, the Franks and Mrs. Frank's older sister and husband all piled into a bus for our day at Busch Gardens. We warmed up with the Loch Ness Monster, then the Big Bad Wolf and then the Drachen Fire where you have five loops where you go upside down and sideways. Mr. Frank said that it reminded him of boot camp. Mom said it reminded her of the boat trip last year. No one got sick until we rode Questor, which is a flight simulator that never leaves the ground.

After we got back from Busch Gardens, Mr. Cheatham declared that we should all play golf since it is such a beautiful course. It was forty-five minutes until dark, so why not get in a quick nine holes? The guys all had fun until the 10-year old kids wanted to play through. Mr. Coldwell got real serious and kept coming up the the best excuses as to why he kept hitting his ball into the James.

The next day we had a quick run through heavy rain and three foot seas (and that was just in the harbor in Norfolk) down to the Tidewater Yacht Agency. Most of the heavy duty shoppers went over to Waterside, only to return empty handed, saying that the shopping was disappointing. That is, except for Mrs. Coldwell, who had a great time and proclaimed that she "has never met a store she did not like."

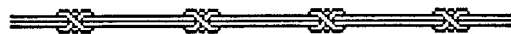
Up early the next day for a bumpy ride to Windmill Point. Mr. Walt picked up a bag, or seaweed or a jelly fish that overheated his engine. Mrs. Walt went on record as saying that she knew there was something wrong with the engine well before it overheated and that "Walt never listens to me." Air conditioning was the problem of the day as Mr. and Mrs. Frank had to bail their boat when the intake line on the air conditioning pump came off in route and Mr. Cheatham spent the day back flushing his AC intake due to a jelly fish.

Windmill Point was great. They have a nice pool and good bike riding. The restaurant was really crowded that night and some of us had to order two and three times because they kept running out of items. Once the waitress finally brought our food, we gave her a standing ovation.

Poor Mrs. Coldwell didn't receive her meal that night, so we all got free desserts, except for Mrs. Ferrante, who had left too early. (Boy, was she ever mad when she heard about the free desserts.) Later that evening we all voted on the best and worst things that had happened on the trip. Dad took it all down and will publish it in the next issue of the Daymarker.

After a quick Loran lesson, the Franks and the Cheatoms left early the next day for their trip to Vera's (to check on the Ferrante's old diaper) and then Annapolis. The rest of us stayed at Windmill Point and read, biked into town and entertained our dentist. The next day we left for home and the end to a great vacation.

The End.



*Commodore's Comments continued from page 1*

"6. In the event of a premature vacancy or inability to carry out the duties of any of the above-described positions, the Commodore is empowered to make an appointment to fill that position for the remainder of its term, with approval of the Executive Board."

A confirmation vote will be executed at the October General Membership Meeting at Brittany's.

#### **A Big Time at Captain Billy's...Cruise for Crabs**

A small but footloose bunch of OYCers made way to Pope's Creek this last weekend to munch on crabs, share a few laughs, and contemplate Al Herskowitz's new 44' Tolly! Conspicuously tied off at the pierhead, the vessel attracted enough attention to be considered a tourist attraction. We suggested a ticket booth and spectator fee might very well defray the cost of Al's lunch, but he assured us that there was enough money in the Treasurer's coffer to cover his needs for the duration of his term! Others in attendance were our illustrious Vice Commodore and a large entourage of well wishers listening to Mary Ann's treatise on "Family Values, Extended Families, and Crab Dining Etiquette." Al had a large group aboard M/V *Gadgeteer* and *Handsome Transom* with Kathy, Ginger, and yours truly. I for one can attest to the fact that soft shell crabs are better fried than steamed!

#### **Shrimp Feast Reservations!!**

Past Commodore Aaron Martin, coordinator of the annual Shrimp Feast at the Dunes, reports minimal commitments made to date. This is an EXCELLENT event and has recently been sanctioned as an official PRYCA happening. Aaron says he can't eat 75 lbs. of shrimp by himself, so let's get those shrimp deposits to him!



## CBYCA News

Ned W. Rhodes

In order to win points with Arleen, I decided to actually spend a weekend day on land instead of on the boat and we attended the CBYCA delegates meeting at the Miles River Yacht Club in St. Michael's. At the meeting we elected the new board for next year and heard reports from the various officers and committee chairmen. These reports have been summarized in other articles in this issue.

The Miles River Yacht Club was wonderful and they do have transient slips available if anyone is in the area. And I was impressed with the CBYCA meeting. It was informative and it was great to meet some of the other Yacht Club members from all over the Bay. 45 of the 99 member clubs were in attendance and it is a goal of CBYCA to reach 100 member clubs this year.

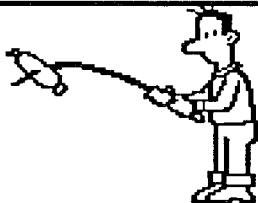
I have a number of copies of the 1992 CBYCA Yearbook that lists the various clubs, their location and their facilities. If you are interested in receiving a copy, see me down at the boat at OHM or at the Fall General Membership meeting. The Yearbook is a great companion to the Bay cruising guide and also contains an insert that identifies the various yacht club burgees. So, next time you see a burgee you don't recognize, you might be able to find out which yacht club they belong to by looking in the Yearbook.



The Daymarker is published monthly by Ned, Arleen, Jess, Willie and Sally Rhodes. The deadline for submission of materials to the Daymarker is the 20th of every month, not the 27th as is the custom of the Board. Articles, announcements, slams and other assorted interesting stuff should be sent to That Wacky Daymarker Editor and His Wonderful Staff at 2001 North Kenilworth Street, Arlington, VA 22205. We prefer typed text (no crayons please) or you may submit your text on a disk in Apple Macintosh format or IBM-PC format. Your articles may be faxed to our corporate offices at (703) 237-9654. In addition, we also can support a direct feed from your computer to our corporate computer facility utilizing a variety of file transfer protocols and two modem lines (9600 V.32bis/V.42bis available).

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### OYC Shrimp Feast/Dunes Reservation Form

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Phone No: \_\_\_\_\_

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


How Many Pounds of Shrimp \_\_\_\_\_

Enclose with check for \$9 per pound to Aaron Martin,  
11988 Pt. Longstreet Way, Woodbridge, VA 22192.  
**ABSOLUTELY NO LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 11TH.**


The names that appear below are the people who have indicated their willingness to serve the OYC for the 1991 season. If you are not going to be present to cast your vote and you wish to do so by Absentee Ballot, please do and mail to: POB 469 no later than September 25. If you wish to assign your Proxy, please make the assignment by Sept. 25. To be valid, all Ballots and Proxies must be given to the Secretary no later than October 2.

## Absentee Ballot and Proxy

Please execute the below to reflect your desires



**General Membership Meeting**  
**Saturday**  
**October 3, 1992**


VOTE FOR ONE CANDIDATE FOR EACH OFFICE

<p><b>Commodore:</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Tom Coldwell _____</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> _____</p>	<p><b>Exec. Rear Commodore:</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Sandy Leathers _____</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Tom Eggmore _____</p>	<p><b>Secretary:</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> _____</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> _____</p>
<p><b>Dice Commodore:</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Al Herskowitz _____</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> _____</p>		<p><b>Treasurer:</b></p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Pam Beaulieu _____</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> _____</p>

Proxy Statement: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

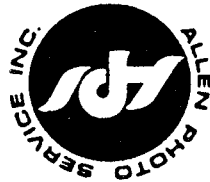
- Please cast my vote exactly as indicated above without exception!
- Please cast my vote as above. If I have not indicated a choice on any of the issues, the Board is free to vote as they see fit.
- I hereby assign my proxy to \_\_\_\_\_. He/She is restricted to voting as I have indicated above unless I have not indicated a choice.  
(Printed Name)
- I hereby assign my proxy to \_\_\_\_\_. He/She may vote in any way that he/she chooses.  
(Printed Name)

Printed Name \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

2800 SHIRLINGTON ROAD  
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22206  
(703) 524-7121

3410 WILSON BOULEVARD  
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22201  
(703) 524-2020

ALLENS COPY CENTERS

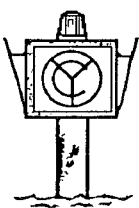


2001 North Kenilworth Street • Arlington, Virginia 22205 • (703) 534-2297  
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Ned W. Rhodes, CDP  
President

Software Systems Group

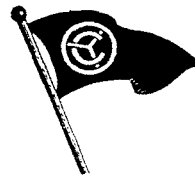




**The Daymarker**  
Occoquan Yacht Club  
P.O. Box 469  
Occoquan, VA 22125

Address Correction Requested

Ned W. & Arleen Rhodes  
2001 North Kenilworth Street  
Arlington Virginia 22205



Labor Day cruise to Point Lookout  
9/19 Shrimp Feast at the Dunes