

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

# The Daymarker

October 1996 Vol. XIV Issue 10

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

JF

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## Commodore's Comments

Tom Egmore

Summer is drawing to a close for sure but, there are still several great OYC fun filled events left to enjoy. It seems like this was a short boating season. I guess it was with the cold spring and all the rain we have had since May. Add a good hurricane (Fran) and we can see why we were cheated out of a good number of boating weekends. So, that is why Barb and I are going to count on attending all the remaining club events. I urge all of you to do the same—don't give up, it's not over yet.

The last three events, the Dingy Race raft-up, the Labor day at Coles Point, and the PRYCA End of Summer Party at Tantallon were some of the best club events and most fun so far this year. If the next three events are half as good, we will make



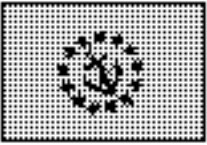
Please Vote for Me

up for some of the lost fun earlier this year. On October 12-14 you can enjoy your choice of two or three days, depending on whether you get the holiday off or not, on the second annual Columbus Day / Fall Foliage Cruise. Then on October 26th you can test your culinary skills, or if you don't want to cook, eating skills, by attending the Chili Cook Off. Also, this is the time when you can display all the great pictures you took this summer.

Dottie Jacobsen has some great prizes again this

year for the best Chili, photos and dessert too! And then there is the November 9-10 Hardy Soul's Cruise. No matter what the weather, this is a good time to make up for the boating weekend lost to hurricane Fran. Let's make a short Spring into a long Fall and end the season with a lot of good boating and fun. I

hope to see you all there.



## Vice Commodore's Comments

Steve Wexler

IPC Leathers' "Fun Index" never saw a month like the last one!!! It's almost impossible to pick a starting point.

The Annual OYC Dinghy Regatta was "bumped" from Prince William Marina for an on-dock wedding. Talk about taking the big step into matrimony...or starting your marriage with a splash. Anyway, ten boats, including coordinator Steve Z (aboard *Shalimar* with PC TC in control) rafted-up in Mattawoman Creek. After all the swim platforms were set with Treasurer Dave Moore's eagle eye the festivities began. Happy hour aboard *Sweet Gussie* with new members Eugene Brown and Susan von Schaack with Jennifer and Josh on *Alexander's Dream* quickly learning the ways of OYC. Gary and Carol Walsh showed up aboard *Down the Hatch* with friend Nurse Susan along for the ride...RS on SDT asked for CPR. Seemed interesting that Jennifer, Carla Lynn and Sara (as in hoola hoop princess) all wanted to row their respective dinghy heats with Laslo "Arnold" Bozoky. But the big winners were the guys—Eugene Brown and Josh took first place honors. Dinner and after hours party aboard *Sea Duck Too* until the revelers couldn't stand any more. Who needs fixed docks in a marina???

And the good times were just starting. After we finally figured out which POINT the Labor Day cruise was headed for...we all wound up at Cole's Point Plantation. Twenty boats from OYC filled the bulkhead and most of the available transient slips. After yours truly had *Sweet Gussie* lifted to replace props which were "slightly" dinged by the only log in the river south of St. Clements Island...we had a fantastic happy hour party. The next morning, over drinks and brunch, we organized the first Annual OYC Golf Classic to be held at Bushfield Golf Course later that afternoon. The Tucker family offered the six participants transportation in Judy Tucker's vehicle. After Steve and Mary Jo Worcester, Paula and I, Gary Walsh and Eugene Brown figured an acceptable arrangement for six adults and four sets of clubs in a very small Mazda we set off for the course (only after Gary and Eugene finally told Steve how to turn on the car!!!). The teams of Steve, Mary Jo and Gary (Team #1) versus Steve, Paula and Eugene (Team #2) agreed to the rules on the first tee and after four holes of very serious golf-like play and demeanor (i.e. quiet, respectful, etc.), Team #1 was ahead by one stroke. The flood gates opened (no...I'll discuss the next weekend later) on the fifth green when Gary asked Paula to concede a putt...she denied him and told him that he could "eat doo doo". His own teammate (Mary Jo) added the "...and die!!". From there on the banter and frivolity increased. Lot of fun and the members of Team #2 would like to congratulate Steve and Mary Jo on their ability to select their third team member. Rick and I would like to thank new member Bob Wilcox for his hospitality by providing *Sanctuary* for a sunset cruise, after which over forty of us enjoyed the Cole's Point seafood buffet. I'll let others tell you about the Chicken Dance, etc.

For details of Fran please read Dave Moore's article. There is no way any of us will be able to even come close to the

horror that Dave and Carol endured. Paula and I personally have expressed our feelings to the Moores. Once again, if there is anything the members can do to help them out, Dave has promised to let us know.

The Shrimp Feast and Bonfire (what a fire!!!) was attended by seven boats the following weekend. I guess the big news is that Nedley did not fall in (shucks!!), the shrimp was fantastic (thanks Aaron and Lynn) and a good time was had by all. The Dunes were idyllic and the trip was wonderful.

The board has arranged for the [OYC Columbus Day/Foliage Cruise to the Gangplank Marina in Washington Channel](#). Rick and I have sent letters to those members who had expressed an interest in the event. If you have not received a letter, and are interested in participating during the weekend of **October 12th through 14th**, please contact Rick or me as soon as possible and we'll see if we can fit you in.

See Dottie Jacobsen's article elsewhere in the *Daymarker* for details on the [Chili Cook-Off and Photo Contest on October 26th](#). Dottie assures me that Prince William Marina is available without wedding.

Mary Jo has contacted Alexandria City Marina and reports that the docks are still there and we can plan on a [Hardy Soul's Cruise on November 9th and 10th](#). More details to follow next month...but if you're interested and haven't signed up, call Mary Jo.

Finally all details are being finalized for the [Holiday Party on December 7th at the Fort Belvoir NCO Club](#) (where entertainment will be provided by Elvis by Donnie). Please mark your calendars now so that we can have a large turn-out.

See you on the River.



## Exec. Rear Commodore Comments

Teresa Sorrenti

End of Summer—Say It Isn't So

Well, the Sorrentis and their *Sea Duck* finally were able to attend the annual End of Summer Party at Tantallon Yacht Club. We can't really remember why we missed it the last few years, but that is an age thing, I guess. As usual, Tantallon knows how to throw a party! Friday night *Sea Duck* raced the sunset down the river, with the setting sun acting like a spotlight on the beautiful...trash in the water. Lots of baby twigs, with some mama branches, daddy logs and even great grandpa trees. Fortunately they occurred in streaks, so we were able to make it to Tantallon with only a few sudden drops from being on plane. As so many of you know, when you are still getting the credit card bills from your last prop job, you tend to be extra careful about these matters. (Perhaps the unusual this year would be an "Un-Bent Prop Award?")

Anyway, like always, OYC was well represented, with *Bandit*, *Cheers*, and *Lucky Ducks* there with us Friday night for Steak Night (Don't worry Monica, I won't say anything about your explanation of Friday night dinner). We treated TYC to a taste of what was to come on Saturday, with a rendition of "OYCA." Saturday's arrivals included *Morning Mist*, *Shalimar*, *Southern Exposure*, *Anna Marie*, *Hanky Panky*, *Sweet Gussie*, *Alexander's Dream*, *Golden Rule*, *Seminole Wind*, *Last Resort*, and *Pat and Ray*, back from Europe. OYC had the best attendance,

and managed to score well enough in water cannon and scavenger hunt to counteract the tug of war (over too quickly to evaluate!) and canoe (luckily Monica and Jim Ball have better technique than Rick and Steve—and they stayed dry too). OYC ended up in second place, with two bottles of champagne which will be shared at the Membership Meeting. Got to get rid of those Quantico guys.

OYC shines best at party time, however. (In fact, we heard that the boss of a TYC member was camping at Coles Point over Labor Day, and told the office about this rowdy, partying group of boaters...need I say more?) After assistance in finding it in his collection, the DJ was amazed to learn he had the infamous Chicken Dance. OYC, led by Chief Chicken (First Fowl?) Steve had everyone so dumbfounded they had to play it again, then again a few hours later. By then even the guys from Quantico were willing to be chickens. Throw in the OYCA (words by Jim Ball), a few Macarenas, Limbo, etc. and OYC may have been the last to leave! Even so, we arrived with the first wave for brunch. (First in Food, First in Drink, First in the Hearts of...) With rain limited to 2:30-6:30 a.m., who could ask for anything more?



## Secretary's Comments

Walt Cheatham

Why would anybody own a boat and not use it? We do, and it makes no sense whatsoever—or does it?

On the one hand we haven't been on a club function since Colonial Beach. We haven't been down to the boat to sleep over (as the pre-teens call it) until this weekend, and we haven't been down to clean it at all. In fact, we just haven't been down other than to watch the water rise and rise when hurricane Fran came calling. We even missed the two-foot waves reported to have been in the Occoquan just on the other side of our dock.

On the other hand, we have not spent a penny on gas. We haven't had anything break, and we do not have a long list of things to do concerning maintenance because we are out of touch. We are so out of touch that last night it took me 10 minutes to find the door key I have hidden aboard.

This was supposed to be the big year to use the boat—especially with the kids gone. What I didn't know was that having daughter rent a house with three other sorority mates in Arlington is not like living in the dorm. You don't just pack them off and let them go. The girls are responsible for fixing things which means the closest dad has a long list of maintenance to do. And it is not just from daughter—mother adds safety items and cleanliness items to the list. And daughter takes off on a 12-day vacation leaving dad holding the tools.

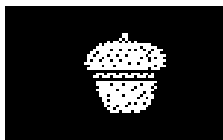
Son didn't help either. He is back in school for the 9th undergraduate semester which means there will not be any more money for gas this year. Not even for the Santa Cruise. Actually his departure will likely save more money because he found the hidden key and found the boat a perfect place to party well out of our earshot. Nothing big got broken, but it was only a matter of time.

And Susan has us going to a wedding, entertaining visiting family, going to Parent's weekend with son, and on our

own vacation to do in the rest of the season. We're done. Winterize tomorrow.

But the mortgage bill still comes due each month as a painful reminder that ownership still exists—even if ownership does not mean usership.

Wish I could find a way to peg the necessity for these articles to usership. I'd be done.



## Treasurer's Comments

Dave Moore

Fran—My Recent Unwelcomed Guest

If your name is Fran, I'm sorry about that, but the name sends chills up and down my spine. The name Fran will always remind me of the hurricane which took it's hold and toll on our place Friday, September 6, 1996.

Those of you who know our homesite know we are on the Occoquan Bay and keep our boat *Evermoore* berthed at our dock which is exposed especially to southeast winds and waves coming from the Mattawoman Creek direction.

The day before, precautions were taken and the weather stations were predicting at worst 30-35 mph sustained east winds. Lines were doubled and even tripled in some cases. I felt confident that adjusting the lines as necessary throughout the day would allow for adequate protection. Snubber units were on the major lines to ease the strain. We'd been through this routine before and survived just fine.

The pontoon boat was put on the railroad dolly and cranked up on the beach for safety the day before. Late morning it became apparent the waters were rising more rapidly than usual. Just before noon Bill and Bonnie came by after checking their boat. What a blessing for the needed help at the right time. The rowboat and Hobie Cat were dragged by hand up the hill to safety.

The water and wind now were playing a game to see how much havoc they could cause. Winds had been as predicted from the east which was exactly the direction the bow of *Evermoore* was facing. It seemed alright initially but then the winds became southeasterly and steady and the water continued to rise.

High tide was due about 4 PM here, a scary thought since the water was now pounding the underside of the dock and it was only 1 PM. Neighbors' docks were now covered with water.

The pontoon boat was not high enough so a come-along winch was used to inch the boat up the hill as the water pushed her off the dolly onto the lawn area above the beach.

*Evermoore* was rocking and rolling and lines began snapping under the strain. Even the pilings were flexing. The boat was thrusting up and down in 5-6 foot heaves. Boarding the boat became unsafe but was done with care anyway. Bill tossed lines as I replaced and rechecked. New lines were replaced more than once. Carol and Bonnie set out to buy more lines. Waves were breaking chest high in the lawn area now on the hill.

The worst was now to come. The ultimate 7-8 foot above normal high tide made keeping *Evermoore* centered in the slip

impossible. She made contact on the port side with the last piling. Securing the lines tight enough on the starboard side to keep the port side from hitting the piling was now impossible because the water level was so high and the upward bow heaving would snap the lines.

So we had to watch her pound the piling, first taking the dock light on top of the piling and then riding up and down against the rubrail area of the boat.

With PFD's on and water thigh deep on the dock's walking surface with waves sometimes breaking chest high, it was time to return to shore and wait it out.

The newly purchased lines were in place and began breaking. The dock then collapsed near shore, one section down and the next section riding up and down and loose at one end. Now there was no safe way to get back to the boat.

Only 1 bow and 1 springline remained on the starboard side and I was certain I was going to witness the boat breaking loose and the whole stern beating on the dock pulverizing both, but the last two lines held out.

The worst was over and we could see less wind and the water was receding a bit. We managed to climb up on the dock and get out to the boat and replace more lines.

We saw the damage—a hole into the stateroom and a second rubrail area torn up by a second piling but not through the hull. The anchor pin broke and the anchor dropped 3 feet and the shackle jammed coming up from the anchor locker so the anchor became a swinging weapon hitting the boat continuously.

My heart was broken, the lump in my throat wouldn't go away and only the splashing waves on my face took the tears away. It had been a long day.

When the water level dropped, damage was seen everywhere—seawall, steps, bushes, erosion and collapse of embankment, debris everywhere, too much to mention.

Neighbors' docks were ripped apart, bulkheads gone, house decking collapsing, a terrible sight.

The next day I carefully ventured up the Occoquan River in its strong current and OHM hoisted *Evermoore* ashore. The boating season is over for us this year; repairs are underway and I'm considering several options for widening our dock slip.

We all learn from our experiences, sometimes the hard way. Hindsight is useless. But you know what? I still love boating and can't wait for next year. And don't EVER say Occoquan Bay is shallow.

Thanks especially to Bill and Bonnie but also to everyone who has helped and cared. Also thanks for the concerns regarding Carol's health lately; we have missed some fun events but are most grateful for the many calls.

## The Dinghy Regatta That Was

Tom Egmore

At the last minute Steve Zimpel was advised that the OYC's annual Dinghy Regatta that has been held at Prince William Marina longer than anyone can remember was "bumped." Can you believe some couple wanted to get married at the marina on the same day? I'm sure that we would have been willing to share the dock. We would have even shared the hamburgers or a hot dog or two in exchange for some wedding cake. Well, Steve didn't even get a chance to negotiate a deal. I heard that he even tried to offer his boat for the couple's honeymoon but, all they wanted was to use *Courchevel* as a backdrop for pictures. Steve told them "No Way!" If they didn't want to share the dock and their cake then he was not letting them use his boat for any pictures.

Steve called me and suggested that perhaps we would have to cancel the Dinghy Regatta and maybe raft up in Mattawoman Creek instead. This was Tuesday night during the OYC Board meeting the week of the event. With a little brain storming with the other Board members, we came up with the idea of why not have the Dinghy Regatta at Mattawoman. Nine boats showed up for the raft up and the rest is history. We had the most hotly contested Dinghy Regatta of all time. Sixteen pairs of contestants went all out paddling the designated Dinghy around the nine boat raft trying to get the fastest time. Some contestants tried as many as three times to beat the fastest time, particularly since Carol Walsh and her friend Sue Weston held the fastest time of 1 min-24.91 seconds for most of the afternoon. All the guys did not want to believe that two women could not be beaten. They were finally bested by Eugene Brown and his nephew Josh with a time of 1 minute-19.64 seconds, which eventually took first place. Sue Weston, not wanting to be defeated, teamed up with Laslo Bozoky for another try and came in third. With Sue holding title to second and third place, Eugene went another round with his niece Jennifer. They posted a time of 1 minute-25.11 edging Laslo and Sue's third place time of 1 minute-25.94. This was after 7:00 pm when the race was unofficially officially over (the last time to run was never announced), so the time did not officially count. First place was taken by Laslo and Josh, Second place went to Carol and Sue and Third place was captured by Laslo and Sue. There was less than six seconds separating First and Third place.

We had the club's furnished beer, soft drinks and munchies but not the grilled hot dogs and hamburgers. Open water barbecuing was not feasible; however, several members brought chicken and other food which was shared by all aboard *Sea Duck II*. We were having so much fun that we



"Early view of the raft-up for the Dinghy Regatta at Mattawoman. The group enlarged as the afternoon wore on and the regatta got dinghier."

ended up partying and dancing till 11:00 pm. Needless to say, the raft stayed anchored overnight and many spent all day Sunday there as well.

The nine of us who participated in this year's Dinghy Regatta are all in favor of permanently changing the event to a Mattawoman raft up location. Come on out next year and see what we are talking about.

### **1996 OYC Unified Shrimp Feast**

Aaron Martin

Some of the membership may ask what means the "Unified" shrimp feast? Let me explain, over the last two years, because of bad weather or other serious reasons, the annual OYC shrimp feast was held in more than one location. Such words as "wuss" and "spoil sport" were used to describe those that didn't make it to the Dunes. Alack and alas, the hardy souls of the last two years became the "wusses" of 1996 (No names mentioned T.C.) and the former "wusses" became the hearty souls. The major difference was that this year's shrimp feast was one of the nicest local outings the club has had. If you weren't in the select group of hardy fellows and gals, you missed some mighty fine eating as well as weather that was cool, bright, and clear. The evening was cool, but just right for the bonfire.

Fall is certainly one of the best times to go boating on the Potomac and its tributaries. There is a crispness in the air at night and not too warm temperatures during the day, clear skies and low humidity. The weekend of September 14th and 15th was no exception when 8 OYC boats gathered at the "Dunes" in the Mattawoman Creek to participate in the annual Shrimp Feast.

OYC members present included Ned and Arleen Rhodes, Tom and Mary Ann Coldwell, Aaron and Lynn Martin, Rick and Teresa Sorrenti, Lazlo and Linda Bozoky, Steve and Paula Wexler, and Duane and Janet Jeirles. Steve and Mary Jo Worcester arrived on the scene Sunday morning and joined the raft-up.

OYCers started showing up at the Dunes about 3 PM on the 14th and by 4 or 5 in the afternoon all the OYC boats were snuggled up to the shore. Later that evening the fires were burning and the pots boiling. Chef Steve Wexler proved that he was an expert on steaming and boiling shrimp. The ladies brought out their best side dishes and we all ate our fill. As darkness began to settle in, the bonfire was lit and soon was ready for roasted marshmallows. As we sat back with our appetites satiated we swapped questionable nautical tales. The night was quiet and we all slept easily. The next morning the boats started leaving after breakfast. It was kind of sad that the weekend was winding down so soon. By 4 PM most of the boats were gone and as we left, but our spirits were lifted by the knowledge that there would be another shrimp feast next year and that we hoped to have a larger turnout then.



### **Welcome these New Members**

The Membership Guy

Let's give a great big howdy and welcome (what is this, the Breakfast Club?) to our newest Family members, Eugene and Susan Brown, who keep their 32' Chris Craft *Alexander's Dream* at Fairfax Yacht Club. These folks have already been on two OYC outings—the Dinghy Regatta at Mattawoman Creek and the big Labor Day Cruise to Coles Point Plantation. Who says Marines (and their wives) can't dance? And say welcome to Ken & Colleen Brunsvold, Family membership, aboard their 46' Uniflite *Viking* at Occoquan Harbour Marina, and welcome also to Richard Hedrick, Individual member aboard his Marinette, *The Last Tango*, homeported at Capital Yacht Club.

### **Occoquan Club Cruises the Potomac Chesapeake Bay Magazine, Oct. 1996**

The Occoquan (Va.) Yacht Club has no clubhouse, which probably accounts for the fact that members tend to do a lot of cruising aboard their "floating clubhouses," according to Ned W. Rhodes, editor of the club's monthly newsletter, The Daymarker. "Our unofficial clubhouse is at the docks of the 200-slip Occoquan Harbour Marina, where many of us keep our boats," he says.

Occoquan is a charming little village on the Virginia side of the Upper Potomac, just north of the Quantico Marine Base and across from Cornwallis Neck. A narrow, but well-marked channel with a depth of six feet leads into Occoquan Bay. Bridges crossing the Occoquan River beyond the bay have vertical clearances of 65 and 44 feet.

Most of the 100 members have powerboats and keep them at surrounding marinas. On Oct. 12 they'll cruise to nearby Smallwood State Park on Mattawoman Creek or to the Gangplank Marina in Washington, D.C. The members will also gather at the Prince William Marina in Occoquan on Oct. 26 for a chili cookout and end the scheduled season with a "Hardy Souls Cruise" Nov. 9 and 10 to the city dock at Old Town Alexandria, Va. They cruise in company into November and December, weather permitting.

The club was formed in 1984 during a small raft-up on nearby Mattawoman Creek, where the founding members were split 50-50 between power and sail. That's still the favorite gunkhole.

If nothing is on the calendar, members usually organize a mini cruise on weekends. One week-long cruise is planned for every season, and this summer 13 boats cruised to Norfolk.

"We regularly go to some neat places on the Upper Potomac, including a sandy beach way up in Mattawoman Creek where we have our annual shrimp feast," says Rhodes, who owns a Sea Ray 44 Express Cruiser. They also regularly patronize a local waterfront crabhouse, Tim's River Shore, at Cockpit Point in Possum Nose, just above Quantico.

Membership is open to anyone interested in boating on the Bay, and annual dues are \$65. For information, call Rhodes at (703) 741-0861.

## Pointers for the I.C.W.

Herb Saunders  
Boating Magazine, Oct. 1996

I recently took a trip on the Intracoastal Waterway and would like to give some pointers to my fellow readers who wish to make this journey.

- Get over it. Cruise down to Cobb Island and eat crabs.
- Select crewmembers that you've always wanted to get rid of.
- Avoid Happy Hour. On this trip it's a bit of a misnomer.
- Bring charts the size of pool tables. They're very handy at the helm.
- Never stop for lunch. You'll have to pass all of the sailboats you passed in the morning all over again.
- Bring tofu and wheat germ to facilitate bonding with sailboters.

## Anniversaries

Happy Anniversary to the following couples for the month of October.

Rick & Teresa Sorrenti, October 6  
Mark & Deanna Berlin, October 13

## Birthdays

October Birthday Wishes to:

Beth Swansen, October 1  
Jim Hill, October 5  
Anna Burner, October 11  
Kathy Zimpel, October 19  
Beth Chaffin, October 24  
Herb Saunders, October 27  
Debbie Setikas, October 27  
Betty Barber, October 31



"How the Dinghy Regatta Got its Name"



### Top 10 Captions

1. What the well dressed captain wears.
2. Walkin' the dawg
3. Mine's a 62. I can wear what I want.
4. No honey, I never took the bird outside.
5. Babe magnet.
6. Bird brains.
7. Newest Victoria Secrets catalog.
8. Ok, try it again, "Nice Buns."
9. Why we travel only at night.
10. Here Jess. Treat!

CHILI  
WARM  
HOT  
SPICY  
FIERY  
BLAZIN'  
HELLISH  
CHILI !!!

YOU'RE INVITED TO  
OCCOQUAN YACHT CLUB'S  
ANNUAL CHILI COOK-OFF/BAKE OFF/ PHOTO CONTEST

SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1996 1 PM  
PRINCE WILLIAM MARINA - OCCOQUAN  
ON THE "T" PIER OF "B" DOCK

BRING YOUR FAVORITE POTS OF CHILI, YUMMY DESSERTS &  
THIS YEARS CROP OF PHOTOS OF:

BOATS - LAND/SEASCAPES - PEOPLE  
ANIMALS/FISH/SEA LIFE  
PRIZES GALORE !!!

YA'LL COME AND BRING A SNACK TO SHARE. O.Y.C. WILL PROVIDE  
THE BEVERAGES!

YA'LL COME AND BE GUARANTEED A GOOD TIME WITH GOOD  
GRUB, TASTE TEMPTING SWEETS AND SEE THE GREATEST  
COLLECTION OF PHOTOS. CAROUSE WITH YOUR GIRL AND FELLOW  
OYC OYC OYCers!

For additional information:  
CALL: DOTTIE JACOBSEN H - (703) 250-7736 W - (703) 893-1411



Red W. Rhodes, CDP  
President



Coming Events			
December 7	OYC Holiday Party at Fort Belvoir NCO Club	Nov 9-10	Hardy Souls Cruise to Old Town.
Oct 26	Chili Cookoff and Photo Contest at Prince William Marina.	Oct 12-14	Columbus Day Cruise to Gangplank Marina.

	<h1>The Daymarker</h1> <p>Occoquan Yacht Club P.O. Box 469 Occoquan, VA 22125</p>
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Address Correction Requested