

The Daymarker

OCCOQUAN YACHT CLUB

P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

Member: PRYCA, CRYCA Boat/U.S. Accord # GA80979Y

This month: getting deep



**Commodore's
Comments**

Steve Wexler

April 1th Edition

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THE DAYMARKER Editor
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Oh, what a night...mid-March 1997—this year's version of the OYC St. Patrick's Party (and our annual feeble attempt at a General Membership Meeting). As I promised last month—a lot more party than meeting. We enjoyed what has become the normal over-abundance of appetizers, entrees, and desserts. Lots of Green—cookies, cake, shamrocks, AI's complexion. A special thanks to Quartermasters Bill and Bonnie for those OYC Tote Bags—if you blinked you missed them. But the Board quickly authorized the purchase of an additional two dozen which will be available at the Big Boom in May.

Ned and Arleen recently invited Paula and me to their new house. Arleen has done a wonderful decorating job and we can report to the members who are interested that all of the animals (five cats, Jess, and Ned) are doing fine. Ned's office overlooking one of the back nine par 4's on the Washington Golf and Country Club course is certainly well equipped with several Mac's, a DOS-based PC, a Novell 4.1 file server, laser jet printers, a color jet printer, a copier and facsimile machine, locational mapping software (Paula and I were

able to show Ned and Arleen the streets we were raised on), and some exotic computer-generated photographs of very interesting subjects (I was particularly impressed with the quality of their pixels). After this great tour (both house and computer system), Ned wanted to show us a possession he was especially proud

and fond of. Actually Paula and I waited anxiously to see what great technological breakthrough Ned would show us next. Boy were we thrilled when he produced a battery operated Black & Decker vacuum cleaner.

And Ned proceeded to show us how well it lifted the dust—oh well, when you're Ned Rhodes, I guess that something that cleans up your messes can be very important.

I'm sure that many of you have been following the recent controversy on the West Coast regarding the introduction of Ebonics as an academic pursuit. While I choose not to take any position on that volatile issue, I did realize that we of OYC actually have our own language, which I affectionately refer to as OYConics and I thought that on the next page I would share a few examples with you:

Exclusive!

(No one else would run this.)

First photos of Sea Duck Too's engine room! *Maximum Maxum* See Page 3.

Plus... Secret views of Laslo's yacht under construction.

See Page 5.

Walt's greatest jokes, Page 16.

Terminology	The King's English	OYConics
Winterization	A Process whereby boaters prepare their vessels for the cold and long winter months	Something that Rick Sorrenti has never done, will never do, and doesn't comprehend
Cheers	A fixed bar located in Boston, Massachusetts	A floating bar located in the Occoquan and Potomac Rivers
Impulse	A sudden spontaneous movement or urge	An expensive object purchased to extend and potentially enlarge a portion of the male anatomy
Steve (or Steven or Stephen)	A fine old name of primarily Greek source apparently meaning "crown"	A five letter word intended to reprimand certain men—probably a swear word of absolutely no origin or source
Dock Party	A festive gathering typically located on fixed or floating docks to which boats are tied	Raison d'être
Sea Duck (aka Sea Duck Too and Sea Duck Also and Sea Duck Forever)	A feathered friend	Refer to Impulse above
Docking Maneuvers	Intricate movements of a floating vessel brought about by the coordinated efforts and actions of a cohesive working crew	Sheer panic with a lot of rope throwing and yelling
How About Them Hogs!!	A cheer for the Washington Redskins Offensive Line originated in the 1980s	Words uttered by OYC First Mates when discussing their captains
Tact	A keen sense of what to do or say in order to maintain good relations with others	What holds pictures on the OYC Photo Board (Obviously the OYC members know nothing about the other meaning)
Ice maker	A device often offered for free with new refrigerators	What Gary has—and Ned doesn't!

Now, some (real) news: PC Tom Egmore has arranged the Early Bird Cruise for Friday, April 18th through Sunday April 20th to Hope Springs Marina in Aquia Creek (just up-creek of the railroad bridge). Tom has made arrangements with the marina management for a Saturday dinner and a Sunday Brunch. Hope Springs doesn't have a restaurant, so either bring some of your own food for other meals or be prepared to beg from the other cruisers. If you are interested, please contact Tom at 256-8442.

On April 26th, the PRYCA is sponsoring the Marine Safety Day at Mount Vernon Yacht Club. If you're interested in attending by boat, contact Delegate Henry Lovell at 799-1322. There should be sufficient water at high tide and you can check your tide tables or call Steve Donock who is very good at interpreting "your tide tables" for you. Actually, Jim Ball has assured me that there will be water. Overnight transients are welcome. Jim also advises that if there are insufficient slips excess boats can raft-up in the Creek (and water taxi service will be provided).

It's a great event even if you arrive by car. Mount

Vernon and PRYCA will host a social gathering on the point after the safety displays.

And as quick as you can say the word Cannon, it will be here. The BIG ONE!!! Rick gets to shoot his thing—at the Flag Raising at Occoquan Harbour Marina on May 3rd.

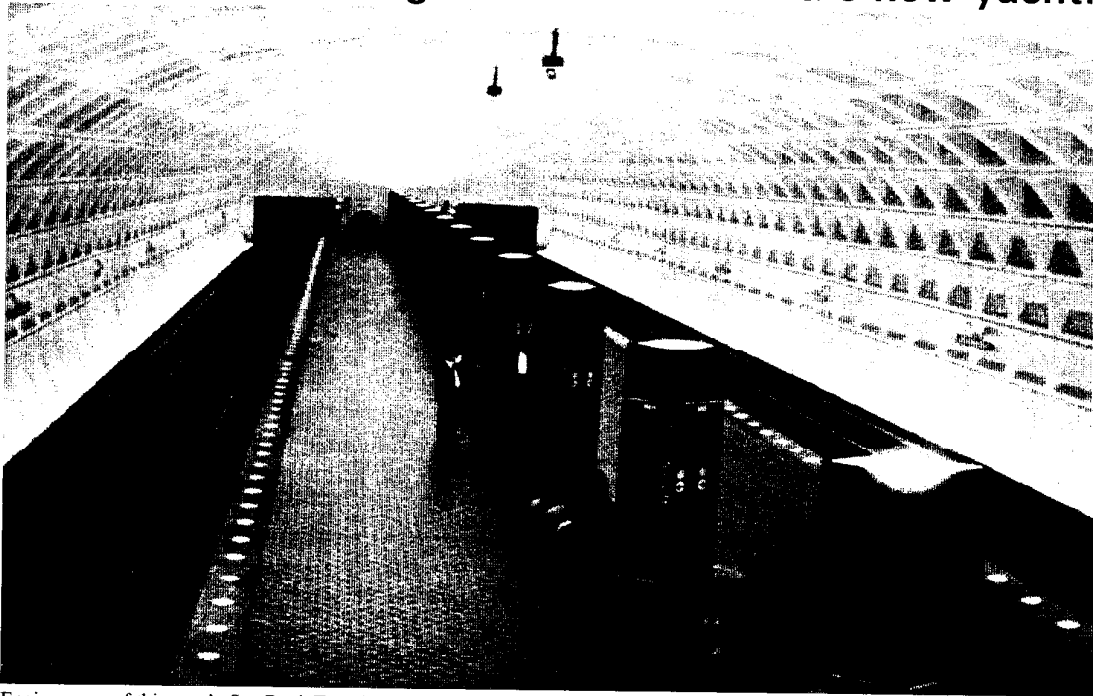
Here's the schedule:

1000-1200	Courtesy Marine Examinations
1130 1400	Potomac Marine Tow Boat Tours
1200-1230	Flag Raising Ceremony
1230-1400	Lunch at the OHM Picnic Area (or in the Gecko's back porch in inclement weather)
1400-1600	Photo-Afloat in Belmont Bay
1600-1800	Overnight Raft-up in Mattawoman Creek (weather permitting)

The club will provide Hamburgers, Hot Dogs, Soda and Beers. We request that each of you bring a side dish or a dessert. In the case of rain we will move into Gecko's—however, please leave your beer and wine outside (ABC laws).

See you all on the river!!!

Photo exclusive: engine room in Sorrenti's new yacht!



Engine room of this year's *Sea Duck Too*. A few of Captain Sorrenti's crew are seen checking readings and other technical stuff near those big black things down the keel. "Those are the cylinder doohickies that go VRRrrrooom," says Sorrenti.

Overheard at the General Meeting

"Our new boat has two coffee tables—one regular and one decaf."

"The Hobsons have an actual size map of the U.S., and they're going to spend the summer folding it."

"Before he was married, our Commodore Steve dated a girl who was a bilingual illiterate—she couldn't read in two different languages. Of course, Steve didn't care."

"Aaron Martin has the oldest typewriter in the world; it prints in pencil."

"Walt Cheatham's garden is overgrown. He's been talking to the plants with a loud-hailer."

"Treasurer Peggy Ball is writing a book. She already has the page numbers done."

"Janine Washington broke a mirror and got seven years bad luck, but her lawyer thinks he can get her five."

"Jim Ball accidentally shot an uncle while deer hunting. He came out of the tent in the morning and thought he saw a deer in an orange vest making coffee."

"The Coast Guard boarded Zimpel and asked if he had any firearms, and Zimpel said, 'Sure, what do you need?'"

"Bill Fulford has invented a portable cable-TV and a wireless extension cord, and he has come up with a way to Scotchgard a sponge."

"Ned Rhodes listens to the police band on his scanner radio. He once called 911 and dedicated a crime to Arleen."

"Monica Lovell was upset when she went to a general store and they wouldn't let her buy anything specific."

"Club Historian Dottie Jacobsen says that Woodbridge was named by George Washington's dentist."

New Members

The club bids a warm OYC welcome to these new members, who join us effective April 1:

Stan and Lena Genster; "Thrash" and Mona Lott; Reed and Page Turner; Cleat and Clevis Boomvang; "Flush" and May Serator; Randy and Lazarette Cockpit.

Let's be sure we make these fine folks right at home. Failing that, what the hell, we got their money.

The Datemarkers

Anniversaries this Month

Michael & Dickie Foster, April 8

Lynn & Aaron Martin, April 21

Birthdays this Month

Jan Hobson, April 2, Aaron Martin, April 4

Carol Moore, April 8, Dianna Uber, April 9

Laurie Dahl, April 19, Patricia Clatterbuck, April 21

Jud Bireley, April 23, Peggy Ball, April 23

Laslo Bozoky, April 27, Arleen Rhodes, April 29

The Daymarker

Published monthly by the Occoquan Yacht Club

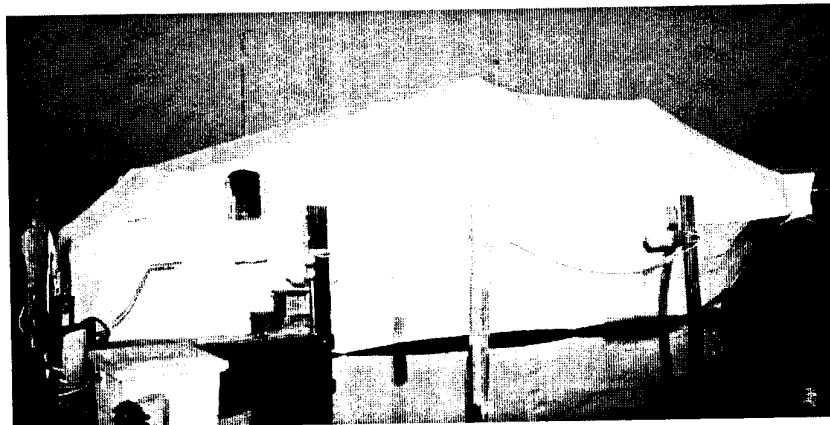
Tom Coldwell, PC, Editor

Elaine & John Robey, labels; Jim Thrift, production

Rumor Mill, an important Daymarker public service to OYC members

Rumor has it that:

- Steve Zimpel did NOT wear his traditional winter garb (blue shirt w/button down collar and gray slacks) to the St Patrick's Day party.
- Ron Tilmon has put his house in Philadelphia up for sale and will return to the Chesapeake Bay region where he will buy *Saint 'n Sinner* and then let the Worcestersters mooch cruises from him.
- Ray Steele was NOT the first person in the buffet line at the St Patrick's party. Wow! Losing your edge, Ray?
- Walt Cheatham bought a boat at auction. Actually, Walt raised his hand during the bidding to ask about max engine RPM. The auctioneer said "3800." Walt said "Should go 4200." The auctioneer said "SOLD!"
- Lynn Martin has given up red wine and champagne. Sure, Lynn! And Pamela Anderson has given up silicon.
- The Bozokys arrived on time for the OYC St Patrick's Day party! Good lord, pass me my nitro patch!
- Herb Saunders' naked knees featured prominently in the pictures of a dock-side wedding ceremony down in Stuart, FL, and Jackie got hysterical over a gay guy's butt. What's that story?
- At the St. Patrick's party, Commodore Steve Wexler thought his unshaven face made him look like a short Antonio Banderas. Al Hobson was heard to say that Wexler looked more like a short guy from San Antonio. Ned Rhodes remarked that Wexler looked like a hairy fire plug that had been peed on by a dog name named Tony. (Ed note: The Rumormeister is forced to point out that all three of these individuals are short and sport abundant facial hair. Is this analogous to the perception that all fat guys ride large motorcycles? Probably not, since none of these guys ride motorcycles. In fact, Hobsons folding boat bike has training wheels.)
- Rick Sorrenti has already put down a down payment for the first 60 foot Maxum motor yacht, should Maxum ever decide to design and build one. Remember that movie "Phenomenon?" I have this vision of Sorrenti standing in the village square and a Maxum sign falls on his head. Get that boy some PROZAC!!
- Herb Saunders will sell both *Bandit* and *AWOL, Too* and buy a 42-foot trawler to travel back and forth to Florida each year. Readers will recall how much fun Herb had making that trip just one way last year.
- Ray Steele will buy *Saint 'n Sinner* and use *Pat and Ray* as the dinghy.
- Dave Moore will have airbags installed on his dock pilings this spring. These will be the new, lower speed inflation devices, recommended by the NTSB, in case he is ever using children as fenders.
- Charlie Barrow has not been seen all winter. No one is complaining.
- Janine Washington has actually heard Mike speak.
- Tom Coldwell vowed to get *The Daymarker* out on time at least once this year (Ed. note: Did not!), but he has been *so busy*, and the authors don't get their articles in on time, and it take so long to edit and correct badd grammar, and....etc, etc, etc. We all believe in recycling, Tom, but come on! If you are going to whine and snivel, at least show some originality.
- Steve Zimpel will buy *Saint 'n Sinner* to replace the dinghy on *Courchevel*, or *Alicia M*, or whatever the hell his boat is named this year.
- Ned Rhodes just put Jim Thrift's boat into Ned's slip. Jim hasn't seen his boat in so long that Ned swears Jim will never notice the swap. Here's a tip, Jim. Can you detect the scent of wet dog?
- The reason Quartermaster Bill Fulford stocked the new canvas carry-all sacks with the OYC emblem was because he was tired of seeing the members go home with the same old bags. Upon that remark, Quartermistress Bonnie bloodwinged an OYC pin to Bill's chest.
- Tom and Barbara Egmore went to visit Herb and Jackie in Florida and that same week Herb invited relatives down. Tom got to entertain the relatives. Is that Herb slick, or what?
- The owners of *Saint n' Sinner* have stated **uncategorically, unequivocally, and repeatedly** that *Saint n' Sinner* is **NOT, repeat NOT**, for sale!! (unless someone comes up with \$79K).
- Rumormeister note: No matter what they were telling you at the party, Monica, spraying WD40 on your bra will not make you chest appear larger.



The new *Shalimar*—it's a Silverton, here looking like a Hefty Bag.

Potomac River Yacht Clubs Association

Safety Day '97

hosted by

Mount Vernon Yacht Club

with the assistance of

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 14-06

April 26, 1997

Mount Vernon Yacht Club, Dogue Creek, Virginia

Schedule of Events

- 1:00PM Courtesy Marine Examinations by the Coast Guard Auxiliary (Until 4:00 PM)
- 1:15PM Boating Safety Videos shown throughout the afternoon
- 1:30PM Boating Safety Presentation on the Point (Displays, literature and questions answered by the Coast Guard Auxiliary)
- 2:00PM Fire Extinguishing Demonstration at the Fire Pit on the Point
- 2:30PM Visual Distress Signal Demonstration on the Point
- 3:00PM Towing Safety Demonstration (at the Gas Dock)
- 3:15PM Special for the Children—Boats and Kids by the Coast Guard Auxiliary
- 4:00PM Social Hour
- 5:00PM Pot Luck Dinner Begins (Grills Available)

Tides: April 26—L: 05:06 H: 10:40 L: 18:02 H: 11:20; Apr 27—L:
05:52 H: 11:26 L: 18:49

Skippers wishing to remain over night are asked to notify MVYC PRYCA Delegate (and OYC Member) Bonnie Breneman, 550-6023, by April 15. For other information, contact Jim Ball, PRYCA Coordinator, 866-4740.

Upon arrival at Buoy 67, contact "Last Resort or Halfspeed" on VHF Channel 16 or 72. Some rafting may be necessary in Dogue Creek, and shuttle service will be available.

**Washington Waterfront Association
& Potomac River Yacht Clubs Association**

invite you to the

1997 Blessing of the Fleet

Saturday, May 17

Pre-Blessing Dinner & Dance

Columbia Island Marina

hosted by National Potomac Yacht Club

6:00PM

Social Hour

6:30PM

Catered Buffet with marinated barbecue chicken, beef kabobs, barbecue pork, rice pilaf, pasta salad, cole slaw, rolls, soft drinks, and dessert—pineapple upside down cake—all for \$17 for adults, \$8 for children under 12.

Live music and dancing after dinner

Sunday, May 18

Blessing of the Fleet, Washington Channel

9:00 11:30AM

Brunch at Hogate's Restaurant, 800 Water St., S.W. Reservations requested.

1:00PM

Blessing starts in Washington Channel, with prizes awarded for best boats power, sail, classic and decorations. Please see your Fleet Captain for more details.

3:00-7:00PM

Capital Yacht Club invites all participants for a barbecue of hot dogs and hamburgers, \$5.00 per person.

Our Fleet Captain Henry Lovell, 799-1322, has detailed information on registration and slip fees for OYCers planning to spend the night at James Creek or Gangplank Marina. If you can't reach Henry, contact OYC Treasurer Peggy Ball, 703-569-2159. More information and updates in the May Daymarker.

Please Join Us in All These Events!

Bozoky's yacht... coming soon to a wake zone near you!

Inside look at express cruiser technology

Here she is, *Hot Schatz* (in English, it means "She's Some Baby"), Laslo and Linda Bozoky's brand new Maxum, shown here last year on the ways at Frank Perdue's chicken plant and all-night boat yard. After the prolonged 15-day construction period, the boat was hauled to the Maxum boat bakery, where she was dipped in a zesty frosting of fiberglass and lycra spandex and baked to a fine sheen.

If you think this super yacht looks good here, you ought to see the interior!

And speaking of new boats...



Secretary's Comments

Walt Cheatham

Would you ever buy a boat at auction? Susan did! I was standing right beside her. In fact, I was the one bidding because she was so afraid. I raised the orange card with black #348 on it to keep the bidding going. After a while I learned that all I had to do was nod my head or raise my chin to keep it going. It was exhilarating for me—scary as hell for her.

It was a 32 foot Carver Mariner—a Guppie—an *Evercheatham*. It was beautiful. It had a smooth bottom and no obvious dings. I had looked it over as carefully as a Ned-trained technician could. It had two engines installed and it was OK inside. The owner of the auction had said that he personally had brought it around from Ft Washington, MD to Kent Narrows. I asked why he had not stopped by the Occoquan on his way so we could have consummated the deal without all the car trips over the Bay bridges and boat gas to and from the Eastern Shore. Susan had checked on the colors of the curtains, and I commented how vibrant they looked—pink and purple mean nothing to me. She commented on the winch, I noted the relative small size of the anchor. She commented on the color of the bimini, I commented on the need for a compression check. We were really excited.

Actually we had arrived on Susan time. The auction started at high noon—we got there at 12:15—it's a long way from Woodbridge. We gave them the drivers license, they Xeroxed it, and gave us #348. It was 12:20 and they started auctioning jet skis. Slowly they got to bigger and bigger boats—real boats. A Baha they had listed at \$117K went for \$45K; we were impressed. The action was heating up. Maybe we had a chance.

They climbed on "our" boat and started the auction. This other guy and I were in hot pursuit. We went bid after a bid. We were in mortal competition. Every time I bid, he bid—we went back and forth—and suddenly he quit. We were below the established Susan-Walt minimum. WE WON! The value was xx K\$. Then I noticed the guy beside the auctioneer beckoning me over. "No sale, he said—you did not meet my minimum, lets talk". So we did.



To make a long story short, we had to up our bid to meet his minimum. Since that was only \$1K above our minimum, so we agreed. We bought the boat! But what about the condition???

As it turns out, the documented problems are three dead batteries, one depth sounder switch that does not work, and a dead horn—not bad. The hull taps out and the compression is great! We may escape yet—see you on the river.

Which name do you recommend—*Evercheatham* or *Cheathammoore*???

Minutes of the General Membership Meeting

by Little Neddy Rhodes

A lively social hour preceded the meeting which was loudly interrupted when Mr. Lovell loudly stated that his new (and lovely) wife should stop her nagging because she reminded him of one of his ex-wives. Mr. Steele was seen walking around counting the desserts to verify that there were enough. I guess he has learned from meetings past.

Around 7:30, there was much activity to try and figure out who was the Club firster. Some said that Mr. Steele always went first in line, while other thought that Mr. Hobson had that responsibility, while still others suggest that Mr. Egmore should do the honors. While this discussion went on, the food line started anyway and Mr. Steele was seen sneaking people in line in front of him. His response was that he had calculated just how many people have to precede him in order to get that one piece of cake. Needless

to say, the Rhodes family jumped in front of him.

After eating, Dad began to take pictures with his new digital camera. He got a picture of Mr. Hobson kissing someone other than his wife (big surprise), a picture of Mrs. Chaffin's hand (in front of her face) and almost a picture of AH Zimpel as he dodged away. Mrs. Wooster had her picture taken next to Mr. Wooster, who seemed to be practicing his "I'm not hungry" routine that he uses on the docks all the time.

The business portion of the meeting was called to order at approximately 8:37 by Commodore Wexler. At approximately 8:38, a motion was made to adjourn the meeting. After a brief discussion, Commodore Wexler introduced Mr. Steele to lead us in the change in Bylaw routine. As Mr. Steele was walking forward, someone in the audience suggested we approve the amendment as read. The only discussion on the amendment was from that funny Mr. Tilmon, who is quoted to have said, "I won't be there tonight, but if I were, I'd vote for the damn thing. You know, I don't drink normally." After hearing this, the entire meeting room fell silent in awe of the big man and then there erupted an explosion of ayes for the amendment. It passed.

The officer reports followed. Vice Commodore, Mrs. Sorrenti reported that the new boat would be in the end of the month. Rear Commodore Mrs. Washington, suggested we all get out our wallets and "Show her the money" for the upcoming 50/50. Secretary Cheatham complained about having to write more articles for the Daymarker, although with his new boat purchase, he should have plenty to write about. Treasurer Barron's Mom, recited the obligatory, "We Got, We Spent, We Have" speech and then proceeded to ask for even more money for the weeklong cruise.

Special reports came next. Quartermasters Fulford reported on all the loot for sale and reported that all the \$15 tote bags and \$20 tool bags had been sold. In order to help those disappointed persons that were not able to snag a bag, Mr. Chaffin offered to sell his for \$25. He was greatly admired as a humanitarian.

Mr. Egmore reported on the upcoming Early Bird cruise to Hope Springs Eternal, which is somewhere on the other side of a bridge, but there is no restaurant or pool, but it will be fun anyway. He was able to guarantee that there would be doors on the commodes. Dad then gave some rambling story

about how the Yeocomico marina had been sold at auction and there was some question about our ability to go there for Memorial Day. He said he would look into Point Lookout as an alternative, to which Mr. Martin whispered something about how that was on the St. Marry's River and that Dad couldn't find his way in there during the night or day. A lively discussion ensued concerning where the best place to anchor was near Pt. Lookout and how it would have been cheaper to stay at the marina than to be pulled off some sandbar that they put there in the middle of the night and the fact that someone's mother did, in fact, wear combat boots. It all ended when it was suggested that Mr. Martin could lead us in, but Dad would lead us out.

Mr. Barron's Dad reported on the safety day at Mount Vernon Yacht Club where we are going to make fires and shoot flare guns, but in a safe fashion. He invited everyone to come by boat, but that there were no slips and even if there were slips, there was no water in the creek anyway. But come and have a good time.

The meeting was finally adjourned about 9:01 and the noise level seemed to go up. Mrs. Lovell played with the TV and made herself light up when she plugged in the set. Mr. Cheatham made eyes at Mrs. Cheatham and wrapped the Bitter End Yacht Club burgee around himself and got this far away look. When asked what that meant, technically, Mr. Cheatham announced that it had to do with doing two things once, or one thing twice. This thing must have been a doozy, since Mrs. Cheatham seemed to go all glassy eyed.

Commodore Wexler was heard to be loudly asking about a million dollars and Clydes. This never made sense, except Mrs. Wexler kept saying "Steven!" And, as is natural in a Club setting, all our thoughts turned to Ron Tilmon and how lonely he must be, sitting home alone with Jeannie and unable to watch the X-Files since that comes on Sunday night now. Dad pulled out Mom's phone and we called him to find out how he was doing. Mr. Tilmon appeared to come to the phone tired, just like he had been awakened from a nap, but we knew this to be not possible. The phone was passed around from person to person, and they all talked to Mr. Tilmon. The people who had the most fun were those who didn't even know Mr. Tilmon, but enjoyed the opportunity to slam him anyway. Mercifully the batteries on the phone only last two hours, so the phone call became self limiting.

Leathers, Bozzuto Alive and Well --Steve Worcester

On our recent trip to Ft Myers, FL, we had the opportunity to spend an evening with Sandy and Sandee. They had just returned from a weekend boat trip to a marina a couple hours north of Cape Coral. Of course, Sandy got incredibly sunburned. So what else is new?

The weather was fantastic when we went to see them - sunny and 85 degrees. Sandy and Sandee live in Cape Coral, FL, just a few block from the Caloosahatchee River. *Very* nice house with pool and screened-in lanai! Sandy has his new 33-ft. Sea Ray Express docked on the canal behind his house. *Very* nice boat! Herb Saunders and Jackie had come to spend a day or two with them and it was great to see everyone again.

Sandy took us on a late afternoon boat ride to a great waterside restaurant called *Shuckers*. There we did what we

usually do (so what did you expect?). We got a chance to meet a couple of their new friends. I'm proud to say that his choice of friends hasn't changed a bit. I *like* a guy who says "I got to get back to the bar cause my beer gets lonesome without me".

It was dark on the trip back home so the guys all clustered around Sandy's electronics display. Man, he has everything tied in together! We had plotter, loran, GPS, depth sounder, radar, and even the Playboy Channel all displayed at one time or another.

After an uneventful return to the Sandies' dock, they served a nightcap or two while Jackie told us how boring the winter had been over in Stuart, what with Herb threatening to punch out the downstairs neighbor and Jackie completely missing Jacksonville and ending up in Tallahassee. All in all, great visit, great weather, great people.



Vice Commodore's Comments

Teresa Sorrenti

Tale of What Could Have Been

Those who went on the week-long last year (or followed the itinerary later!) had a nice visit in Deltaville, made even more memorable by the Red Sky Restaurant. While there have been several reports since regarding the bankruptcy of the Marina Resorts Group, a friend recently passed on a news article from a Tidewater paper that tells a sadder tale.

Lou Boudreau, a Fairfax investment advisor, conceived a plan to create a multi-marina resort on Virginia's Middle Peninsula, with shuttle boats and vans bringing people to shopping, golf and restaurants. From 1989 to 1991, he purchased four marinas for \$10 million. By the time he died in a car accident in France in November, 1995, investors had lost millions of dollars.

Boudreau was not only unskilled at small town public relations, but his selling or leasing methods for slips were more like gambling than business transactions, relying on reselling or subleases. He would bring van-loads of potential investors down, but always seemed to need one more investor. With a management style described as "arrogant", and thriving on creating chaos, he never even got the name right, calling it "Deltaville". He was already behind in mortgage payments when he died.

The promised golf course and 400 retirement homes were never built. Club on Porpoise Cove, the smallest, had not been open for some time when we biked over there last summer. He paid \$1.2-million for it the recent sale was for \$455,000. Club on Fishing Bay sold for the same price he paid in 1989, even after he added a store, pool, bathhouse, piers, fuel dock regular maintenance was ignored and it needs extensive repairs. If you are trying to keep track, hcrs, respectively are the former name, MRG name and today's name of each marina facility:

Norview, Club on Broad Creek, Rappahannock Yacht Haven Deagle's, Club on Fishing Bay, Fishing Bay Harbor Marina Deltaville, Club on Jackson Creek, Deltaville Marina Porpoise Cove, Club at Porpoise Cove, Porpoise Cove

The article pegged this a "Let the Investor Beware" example and included the phone numbers for the National Association of Securities and Dealers, as well as the International Marina Institute. From my view, this is another example of "Some things aren't as easy or as much fun as

you might think". In fact the article was titled "Drowned in Debt and Despair".

Although this was a very long (three page) and serious newspaper report, one other feature that was planned for the Club on Broad Creek may have been the omen for the future. Poop and Golf, Inc., was to be a combination of wastewater treatment facility for all the marinas and an 18 hole putting course. Maybe that name should have been a clue?



Treasurer's Comments

Peggy Ball

Are You Ready? First a word of warning-if you are not scheduled to join one of the OYC week-long cruises this year, be prepared to experience strong pangs of jealousy, and then make a resolution not to miss next year's offerings.

Beautiful historic Annapolis is the first stop on the northern week-long cruise. This takes us into Back Creek where we will dock at Mears and Annapolis Landing Marinas (no one in Annapolis can take over 20 wide boats that seem to require power hook-ups!) All cruisers will enjoy the facilities of both marinas during our two night stay. Those wonder dinghies that some of us travel with will be put into action to temporarily transform two marinas into one.

Mears offers us a great covered pavilion with tables, chairs, and grills for our happy hours and cook-out. They also have a large pool with an "upscale" snack bar that offers pasta salads and specialty sandwiches-not just your ordinary hotdog and soda for OYC cruisers. Those looking for real exercise can enjoy one of the seven tennis courts on the property.

Mears is the only Annapolis marina that offers the option of walking into downtown. There are also close-by shopping opportunities. Yes, there is a water taxi for anyone who either doesn't care to walk over or has over exerted (or shopped) and needs a ride back.

Annapolis Landing Marina boasts the ever important fuel docks (gas & diesel). They also have a restaurant that offers outdoor seating on a covered deck overlooking the creek where breakfast and lunch are served daily. A swimming pool is located on the property.

Both marinas offer clean shower and laundry facilities. Mears even offers an ironing board and lending library.

This stopover should be a great opportunity to explore downtown shops as well as take a tour or two. Even if you just sit at the pool or enjoy a tennis match, this should be a great way to spend time on the Bay. Cheers!

OYC has a home page! No foolin'! <http://members.aol.com/occoquanyc>

Ned Rhodes has created a homepage on the Internet for OYC, and he has included photos he shot at the General Membership Meeting with his digital camera. Explore the site you'll find these views and more (they look better online):



Kathy, Mary Ann and Paula



Commodore Steve O'Wexler



Steven Seagull



Mona Arleen

Inside: *Exclusive Photos* of new yachts coming to OYC—Sorrentis' engine room! Bozokys' secret hull design! PLUS... some ugly rumors, April 1st hearsay, true facts (and others) about you and your fellow OYC members.

It's not too late to renew your membership! Or cancel it, either!

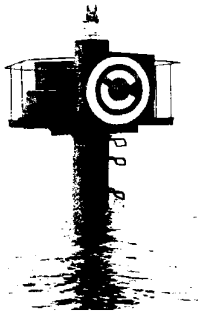
Looking ahead...

April 19-21
Early Bird Cruise
to Hope Springs

January 19
Mike Fordham's
Birthday

November 8-9
Hardy Hardy
Har Har

April 26
Marine Safety Day
and IRS audit



The Daymarker

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

Address Correction Requested