

The Daymarker

OCCOQUAN YACHT CLUB

P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

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



Commodore's Comments

Steve Wexler

Commodore
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Teresa Sorrenti
703 590-6724

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Janine Washington
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Secretary
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Treasurer
Peggy Ball
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PRYCA Delegate
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703 799-1322

Historian
Dottie Jacobsen
703 250-7736

THE DAYMARKER Editor
Tom Coldwell
703 323-1675

As usual Paula and I were not able to attend the August Week-long, since we find ourselves in Bermuda for that week every year. I understand that the boats that cruised to Dennis Point, Tides Lodge, Coles Point Plantation and Colonial Beach Yacht Center had a fantastic time. Gary "crush 'em down the fairway" Walsh and Gene "our own Marine" Brown apparently triumphantly conquered the Tides' links.

In the meantime, we had our own little week-long in Bermuda together with the *Sea Duck Too* crew. The stories were numerous—but I really guess you had to be there. Some quick memories—Rick kept complaining that Teresa was leaning the wrong way on the Mo-Ped; do you think she has to lean correctly when the Mo-Yacht is underway? And why did Rick keep trying to throw a rope to Paula when he was trying to park the bike? Something about the wind, current and size of the parking space!

We did get back to our Stateside environs in time to attend the Summer Cruise to Colonial Beach. Carol Walsh did another terrific job and Bob Michaud's cute little granddaughter Emily garnered a prize for her

hula talents—thank goodness she takes after Jackie. Laslo's Austrian visitor showed great hips with her hula hoop performance—again a prize winner.

Quartermaster(s) Search Ends

I am pleased to report that Duane and Janet Jeirles, *Touch of Fate*, have volunteered to succeed Bill and Bonnie Fulford as the club's Quartermasters. We may have caught the Jeirles at a weak moment, worn down as they must be from the weddings of their THREE children all in this one year.

After two years of fantastic service to the membership, Bonnie and Bill Fulford are stepping down as Quartermasters so they can devote full boating time to finding a replacement for their recently sold *Happenstance*. I would like to thank the Fulfords for their ingenuity, creativity and thoroughness. They introduced the T-shirts which we all wear. They conceived the OYC tote bags which sold so quickly. Together with Dave and Carol Moore, they designed and ordered the OYC watches. Thanks again, Bonnie and Bill!

Slate of 1998 Officers

The General Membership Meeting is right



Dinghy Regatta Raft-Up—In addition to these 10 boats, which remained overnight August 23, another five OYC boats attended.

around the corner. On October 25 at the Fairfax Yacht Club, Dottie Jacobsen will host the First Annual Halloween Party together with the annual Chili Cook-Off and Photo Contest. Interspersed therein will be the Annual General Membership Meeting—all this for the price of one free admission. I have not received additional nominations—but nominations are still "open."

In any event here's the slate as currently proposed:
 Commodore: Teresa "As in 5th straight year on the Board" Sorrenti; Vice-Commodore: Janine "This bikini suits me to a Tee" Washington; Rear Commodore: Peggy "Pom-Pom" Ball; Secretary: Walt "Have pen will scratch head" Cheatham; Treasurer: Tony "Was it Toy for Two or Four?" Mirando.

Upcoming Events

Shrimp Feast at Mattawoman Creek on September 13th and 14th. See PC Aaron Martin's article on Page 5 of this journalistic masterpiece. Aaron and Lynn have decided to attend—although without a boat it could get interesting. That alone should be sufficient reason for you to mail in your shrimp order right now. If anyone has any questions about the "goings-on," contact Aaron or any board member—you really should try to make this one!

PRYCA End of Summer Party on September 19–21. The sign-up deadline for this event at Tantallon Yacht Club has already passed, and your only chance is if one of our 20 boats cancels. Let Henry Lovell, 799-1322, know of your interest. Slips are gone, but you may make it by car.

Columbus Day Cruise to Gangplank Marina in the Washington Channel (no kidding!) Columbus Day Week-end. Spend one or two nights with you fellow club members in the shadow of the United States Capitol. Enjoy a sunset over the Lincoln Memorial. Attend a Marx Brothers play at the Arena Stage. [Ed.: See Peggy Ball's article, Page 3.] And enjoy the warmth of Capital Yacht Club for our evening cocktail party. The esteemed Captain of that Duckie boat—Patrick Sorrenti—is in charge and will contact everyone who already signed up. If you haven't previously indicated your interest and would like to go—call Rick as soon as possible. [Ed.: Registration form is on Page 7.]

Finally another reminder about the **Annual General Membership Meeting** (Chili-Cook Off, Photo Contest, Halloween included) at Fairfax Yacht Club on October 25th.

And finally, really, please note the **Change of Command and Holiday Party** is now scheduled **December 13**, NOT December 6.

As always—See you on the River!



Vice Commodore's Comments

Teresa Sorrenti

Boating in a Hurry

One weekend last month we went on a whirlwind cruise (a new name I just made up). Having been out of town a week on vacation followed by another week at a conference, we were missing the *Sea Duck Too* and were anxious to go somewhere. Colonial Beach beckoned, remembering the fun time Carol Walsh gave us all last year, but then duty called. Rick's company decided that the boaters needed equal time with the company golf tournament and softball league, so they organized a company float-in. Since they had this brainstorm only recently, there were not too many choices available, but they were able to reserve slips at Herrington Harbor South, a marina we had never visited for whatever reason but had heard a lot about.

Unfortunately, travel schedules (and perhaps the 105-degree weather) caused many to drop out, especially sailboats, and one boat had engine trouble. We were unaware of all this, and exactly one hour and 45 minutes after my return from the conference we pulled out of our slip. The river was calm and it was a lovely ride in the twilight up to Coles Point for Friday night. We went into the bar for a drink on arrival and were surprised to see four tables of folks from Tantallon! They were on their way back from a week-long (and some are still planning to join OYC!).

We left the next morning and made it to Herrington Harbor at the height of the heat and went straight to the pool. Afterward, we were amazed to find that only one other boat from the flotilla made it, with several others driving for dinner! And we had by far the longest journey.

We managed to have a great happy hour (since we had food for a much larger group) and a great dinner. We would heartily recommend Herrington Harbor for a future OYC trip. We left around 10 on Sunday, completing our 20 hour visit, and made it back in 7 hours. Being underway may have been the only way to catch a breeze on this hot hot hot weekend. Luckily we and most of OYC reached safe harbor before the storms hit.

It was an interesting trip (and the Diesel companies loved us) but I am not sure I would recommend 15 hours on the water for a 20 hour event! On the other hand, Rick says anytime on the boat is better than being somewhere else.

The Datemarkers

September Birthdays

Bronwyn Ziegler 9/8	Trish Wilson 9/9
Ralph Burner 9/10	Mitchell Mutnick 9/13
Tom Egmore 9/13	Steve Zimpel 9/15
Leo Smith 9/16	Gaert Sime 9/19
Pat Steele 9/21	Chip Hayes 9/24
Steve Donock 9/25	Roxana McCarter 9/25
Dickie Tighe-Foster 9/27	

September Anniversaries

Jay & Ann Wilmeth 9/2
Jim & Dottie Jacobsen 9/6
Michael & Dottie Strunk 9/6
Timothy & Beth Chaffin 9/18
Martin & Rosie Betts 9/28
Tom & Twila Lytle 9/30
Gary & Carol Walsh 9/30



Treasurer's Comments

Peggy Ball

"Room Service" on the Columbus Day Cruise

This year, the OYC Columbus Day Cruise Features the Flying Karamazov Brothers performing at Arena Stage in their adaptation of the Marx Brothers' uproariously funny "Room Service." We need to have a minimum of 15 reservations to get the special reduced price of \$29.50 per head; otherwise the regular admission is \$37. The performance will be Sunday, October 12, not Saturday—because of the Yom Kippur holiday on Saturday.

Reservations must be in to me by Friday, September 12, to reserve our block of seats for this really hilarious performance. Send checks to Peggy Ball, 6833 Spring Beauty Court, Springfield, VA 22152-3111. Please do it now.

—Peggy

Canceled



Secretary's Comments

Walt Cheatham

Entertaining Relatives

After six months of preparation, Susan's brother and his wife finally got here. I was dispatched to clean the boat—clean the boat after it had sat for three weeks with three weeks of spider webs and three weeks of spider spots. She thought it would take two hours; it took four. Well, it wouldn't have taken so long if I hadn't almost sunk it by filling the potable water tank to the point that the forward bilge pump came on with a huge stream from some thru-hull that I couldn't place but knew it was significant. Water coming out like a fire hose, from the starboard side no less. What could that thru-hull be?

Turns out I used the high pressure hose from the former Navy man at the next slip, and it either pressured the hose loose, or the spiders had lubricated the hose such that a close inspection of the chain locker revealed the hose detached from the fill spout, a reservoir of water in the locker, and water in the forward cabin sole as well as a lake-like situation on all horizontal surfaces—the credenza, the shelves, and the bed. The bed, of course, was the worst problem because of bed clothes. Luckily it was the hottest day in 61 years, because a lot of stuff got put out on the dock to dry.

So finally the First Mate arrived and announced we were ready to motor north. Up past Ft Washington, storm clouds began brewing in the north and west, and soon they grew darker and darker. Finally she strongly suggested an anchoring situation just past Alexandria to ride out the approaching storm. No, said I, let's press on until real rain falls. Real rain never fell from those black skies, so we motored all the way to Georgetown, where there was only one boat at the dock and all the outdoor cafes and watering holes were deserted.

It rained like crazy while we were walking the tow path

in Georgetown, but we didn't mind because *Walt's on Water* (*WoW*) was safely tied to the wall, the 105 degree heat was plunging to the seventies, and we had Georgetown Park to duck into.

When the rain lifted we headed south to our mooring and called the dockmaster about our reserved slip.

"Never heard of you," said he, "but I'll check it out and get back to you in 20 minutes or so"

"No," said I, "we are hard by the fireboat dock and need immediate mooring instructions."

"D-dock," said he, "head to D-dock and I'll be there jumping around with my arms waiving". Obviously some young-guy dock master. So we found D-dock, were turning in, and heard this voice from someone behind a boat say, "No, not D-dock for transients".

"But the dockmaster told us to be here, and there he is making like a jumping jack".

"I am the dockmaster", came the voice, "we are shutting off all power to D-dock at 0700 tomorrow, better go to G-dock which is perfect for you".

G dock was perfect, no boat on either side, and no helpful OYC members to pull the stern as you think you are in control backing in.

Next came the key drill as we found the office locked, and I got the stupid idea that if I got outside the fence I could get thru the gate coming in that we could not get out of to leave. So I played Tarzan and muscled myself around the barrier they had so carefully engineered just to prevent such acts. Whereupon I found a key was needed on the outside, too, like I would have realized if I had put mind over muscle. So there I was stuck on the outside when the rains came again. Big rains, torrential rains.

Everything else was wonderful. The folks from Idaho enjoyed the Main Street fish market, especially since they had never seen water creatures smaller than a coho salmon. Commuting to work HOV-less was a new experience. Just walked the up hill and took Metro one stop across the river. No slug lines. No back seats in strange cars. No sweat, and much quicker.

Why would I be going to work, you ask—because Susan and the Idahoans were headed to the White House where I embarrassed Susan so bad last time she won't let me go with her any more. Seems we were standing in this big room with ugly wallpaper and I asked the guide why they called it the Green Room. Everybody looked at me like I was from Mars (or is it Venus?). It might have been the Red Room for all I knew. (Lessee now, if it is a can it's green, if it is a nun it's red. All I had to go on was ugly wallpaper).

I must have done some other stuff wrong on the trip because all three Idahoans took the car we had stashed in Crystal City leaving me to bring *WoW* home alone. Was doing fine till got abcam of Swan Creek with mind back at the Shipwreck Party being told again that my shirt (or was it me?) was certainly erotic, when **POW!**, that dream was shattered by what sounded like a 45 Magnum-shot below decks and a starboard engine that sounded like it was only seven eight's there. Shut it down, aimed for the middle of the channel, and implemented the first of my "There's nobody (aka First Mate) here to make me be safe so I can do what ever I want" maneuvers—dove into engine compartment and found the

spark plug remnants from cylinder #7. Rushed back on to the bridge to aim for the center of the channel again, and then returned below to get the carefully packaged spare parts kit Ned pointed out to me when I bought the boat—only to realize I sold *Southern Nites* four months ago. That set in motion a three hour trip home that should have been a one hour trip home.

But it was a nice trip. Cool, but sunny, no humidity, great white clouds overhead and me thinking that this trawler life I want to evolve to ain't bad. Thought of Marty and Rosie on *Slo Coasta* and Al and Jan on *Lucky Ducks* and people with sail boats, a lot of my slow friends. Even had thought to pick up a cell phone and call some of them to announce the bonding relationship to slowness that was unfolding. There was minimum noise, and minimum required steering.

Went below again and got work from work to read and edit. Almost went to sleep with feet up on instrument panel.

Then I got to pull my favorite "there's nobody here but me" act, and hooked a hard turn to starboard at #59 just off Hallowing Point, and took the dreaded short cut on the "wrong" side of Craney Island. Perfectly rationalizable, even though I was getting hooked on going slow, why waste time.

Moral of article: Time saved in one part of your life is time you can use to go slow later, and always carry a spare parts kit with spark plugs and other goodies in it.

P.S. Was even going so slow by FYC that Susan von Something and the kids came down to the end of E-dock and did the OYC salute for me. I thought they were doing the wave so I threw my hands overhead, started concentrating on the exposed SvS belly button, and almost ran into a big log. Gee, wonder what would have happened if that log were dead ahead while I was below earlier.

Then I realized they were asking if I was going this weekend, and I replied, "No, we cancelled out of Colonial Beach". SvS was yelling something I didn't catch as I headed north to OHM to buy spark plugs. (Note the plural). Tied up near *Shalimar*, and Tom Coldwell asked the same question, got the same answer, and advised me that Colonial Beach was last weekend; this is [was] the weekend for the Dinghy Racc Raftup for which SvS was chief bellybutton.

Moral of P.S.: Being slow does not always involve velocity.

Potomac & Middle Bay Cruise, OYC's First SECOND Week-long

Barb Egmores, Cruise Coordinator

This was a fantastic cruise! Not only did we have unusually mild days, but starting the first night, we never needed our air conditioners. (Why can't this happen all the time?) Also, our group was small enough that we were able to include everyone in whatever was going on. It was especially nice to first-timers since they experienced the camaraderie of our fun-filled, cruising club.

Our first day, some had difficulty finding Dennis Point. (Haven't we heard this before?) The young'ns enjoyed paddle-boating with Sara and Elliott at the helm and searched for buried treasure. Later, two couples departed in Eugene's dinghy for a short cruise before happy hour. Marina owner

Nancy was exceptionally friendly and cordial to us. She even let us put all our dinner tables together (former OYCers may remember this was previously a no-no). Or was it Gary's persuasive skills in action? We proceeded to celebrate Carol's birthday. Nancy then capped off our evening by giving our three younger cruisesmates, Sara, Elliott and Ashley, free tee shirts. Ask Gary about the large, green hat he couldn't tear himself away from.

Many of our happy hours were punctuated by one of the first mates starting us off with great drinks. I recall Linda's frozen strawberry refresher and bloody Mary's, Robin's *piná coladas*, and Susan's frozen daiquiris. One morning the crew of *Morning Mist* provided mimosas. Later, Susan demonstrated her expertise with Jenga (yes, we even entered the time machine on this trip and became kids again so we could play games). Susan took first place, with "adroit fingers" Sara, placing second. All told, we demonstrated skills at Pictionary, Scrabble, and Taboo.

Sunday morning started off the day with "GPS 101" and setting waypoints with instructor, IPC Egmores. Laslo and Linda left a day early with our direction to place the OYC banner on the first bridge they go under on the Rappahannock. One boat experiences an overheating engine and returns to port. Turns out it just needed coolant.

Upon arrival at Tides, a first mate was rushed to the hospital—we wouldn't learn until later that it wasn't appendicitis but pulled muscles from bike riding the day before. New OYC cruisers in *Class Act* (Dodie, Tesla, Gordon) and *Seadated's* crew, First Mate Robin (she's a nurse) and Captain Jack, joined us for happy hour. Walshes and Egmores later headed up to the big sportfishing boat where Gary and Tom received a new cap (this one said Caesar's—Atlantic City). It made Tom homesick for Vegas. While aboard, would you believe we spied a guy (no--could it be one of our OYC captains) walking by, garbed in a sport jacket and tie? Phrases such as "used car salesman," "used boat salesman" were overheard. (Some had decided to treat themselves to a classy meal at the Inn.) No one wanted to leave this "Paradise on the Chesapeake" where we enjoyed tennis and golf and great frozen drinks at the poolside bar; but alas, other places were yet to be experienced.

It was a short chop on the water returning northward to Coles Point, but John and Kathy braved it. Carburetor problems left one boat behind another day at Tides, but we give them an OYC salute as they entered the jetty at 6:00 p.m. While docking, an antenna was unexpectedly shortened by the roof of their covered slip.

The marina obliged my request to locate all where we could be together for the proximity of picnic tables, the beach, fishing and grills and so no one would miss out on anything. Our Marketing Department (Linda and Laslo) did their thing to ensure that Robin, Jack, Martha and Ed stocked up on clothing/boating essentials.

We had a classy happy hour with Linda's roasted pepper/artichoke dip and Kathy and John's onion blossoms. Taboo we heard was played until 1:00 a.m. The campers in the house apparently flashed their lights because of the noise and Captain Egmores reminded the players of the 10:00 p.m. noise curfew. The story goes that the diehards moved out onto the end of the 500 foot long pier where they could yell

and scream to their delight. Our last night we enjoyed a special treat at happy hour—"burned-box, grilled Kielbasi." We departed for our last stay, Colonial Beach, where all enrolled in a second boating class—"Line Tying 101" by you-know.

The dockmaster told us he knew all about Occoquan Yacht Club (our grand reputation preceded us?), knew we were to return the following weekend and told us about Octoberfest on September 27. Some headed up river to raft up at Mattawoman, others to home port.

What an exciting, fun-filled, yet relaxing, nine-day trip. I'm sure you noticed that some names have been omitted to protect the innocent. Actually, it's because I can't forget the embarrassment of *Morning Mist's* altercation with an underwater obstruction the second day of a past week-long trip. (It's so easy to become distracted on the water.) So, it's partly to save embarrassment and partly to keep you wondering or inquiring who did that or is it "How'd they do that?"

Interested in this trip next year? Requests for a repeat have already been made, and it just might be offered again. But sign up early. Class sizes (courses and instructors to be announced) and the number of game players are limited!

The Cruise Survey:

- Best pool, Salt water pool at Tides Lodge
- Best marina, Tides Lodge
- Best cook-out, Coles Point
- Best restaurant, Tides Lodge
- Should have brought: More wine, antifreeze, coffee, cook-out food
- Should have left at home: Residential water hose roller, clothing
- Glad we left at home, Ned Rhodes
- Best run, Dennis Point to Tides
- Worst run, Tides to Coles Point
- Harbor with best law enforcement, Coles Point
- Most service calls, Alexander's Dream
- Best captain, Tom Egmore (Mr. GPS)
- Best first mate, All of them (naturally!)
- Best game, Taboo
- Best game player, The women
- Best cheating game player, Gary Walsh
- Most wine bottles emptied, 12 in one night
- Best Bike Ride, Coles Point
- Worst Bike Ride, Dennis Point
- Best Training Session, GPS 101
- Rowdiest Beach Crowd Penalty, Walk the 500-ft dock at Coles Point
- Best Fisher Person, Elliott Ferguson
- Best Golfing Marina, Tides Lodge
- Best Baby Sitter, Sara Stephens
- Most Asked Question, "Where's Sara?"
- Future Cruises, Octoberfest at Colonial Beach
- Best Sunset, Tides Lodge after the rain
- The Best Thing, The Weather!!
- Best Quote, "If you buy me a new engine, I'll whip your lines."

The Daymarker

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Tom Coldwell, PC, Editor
Jim Ball, labels: Jim Thrift, production

News and other materials for publication are welcome from any member of OYC. The deadline for submission of materials to **THE DAYMARKER** is the 20th of each month. If possible, please submit copy by e-mail to:

coldwell@erols.com.

Fax service is not available. Word-processed copy may be mailed on a 3.5" IBM/MSDOS-compatible diskette to the editor at 10319 Commonwealth Blvd., Fairfax, VA 22032-2613. The preferred format is WordPerfect for Windows or DOS, but we accept Microsoft Word and ASCII text as well.

Photographs may be submitted provided they comply with contemporary community standards for decency and do not reflect adversely on the club or its officers... unless it's a really good shot.

The editor may be reached by phone at home, 703-323-1675

Shrimp Boats A'Coming...

Oh, yes, my friends, let me tell you of the wondrous eating in store for the OYCers who take themselves to the Dunes on Saturday September 13th for the 8th annual OYC Shrimp Feast.

There'll be telling of salty sea tales and the cooking of the shrimp in a vat of boiling beer and water. After the shrimp is cooked the traditional bonfire will be lit and vast quantities of marshmallows will be skewered and roasted over the fire. A very special treat for both young and old. Please bring coat hangers, wood for the fire, and a hearty appetite. As always we will share side dishes.

To place your shrimp order you will need to send in a shrimp reservation form for the number of pounds of shrimp you want at \$9.50 per pound. Be sure to enclose your check and send it to:

Aaron Martin
11988 Point Longstreet Way
Woodbridge, VA 22192

Your order needs to be received by **September 9** in order to give me time to negotiate for the best price. If the cost is less than \$9.50 per pound you will receive a refund. If it is more you will need to ante up the difference on the 13th. You can use the order form below or the postcard we sent to you at the end of last month.

Snip, snip, etc.

Yes, Aaron, I want:

_____ pounds of shrimp X \$9.50 = \$ _____ (enclosed)

Printed name _____

Signature _____

Phone _____

Labor Day Weekend Cruise to Coles Point Plantation

Tom Coldwell, Cruise Coordinator

You should'a been there. Well, in fact 30% of the club's membership were, one of the largest cruise turn-outs in recent memory (start looking here for your boat): *Cheers II*, *Chichen I'tza*, *Courchevel*, *Dealmaker*, *Down the Hatch*, *Evermoore*, *Gail Winds*, *Hot Schatz*, *Impulse*, *Kitt*, *Lord Barron*, *Lovin' Life*, *Morning Mist*, *Mutants on the Bounty*, *Nauti Buoy*, *Paramour*, *Pat & Ray*, *Saint 'N Sinner*, *Sanctuary*, *Sea Duck Too*, *Shalimar*, *Sweet Gussie*, *Touch of Fate*, *Toy for Two*, *Uff Du! 3*, *Walt's on Water* and *War Eagle*. Twenty-seven boats in all. If your boat isn't in this list, we are sorry; you missed a grand weekend.

Saturday evening, after most of the Occoquan fleet arrived, we entertained ourselves under the trees near H-Dock out front for cocktails and delicious *hors d'snacks* to work up an appetite for several cook-outs which followed. We all got to stay up late and sleep in the next morning.

Throughout the weekend, people biked, hiked, dinghied or fished (best accomplished with warm worms, we are told). But there were some organized activities as well, among them a pick-up golf scramble Sunday morning at a nearby course. The winning team: Steve and Paula Wexler, with occasional help from m'self, modestly repeating a win from the July 4 scramble (I can't shoot worth a hoot, but hey, you want to win a scramble, choose me). And then, volleyball...

First OYC Diesel vs. Gas Intramural Volleyball Match

After *Courchevel*, *Sea Duck Too* and *Hot Schatz* laid to rest an initial concern that there weren't enough Diesel boat crews to make up a team, the cruise coordinator had to scour the docks looking for gas boat crews who were *able* to play. Fortunately, we rounded up a few gas tankers whom Gary Linck agreed to captain, while Rudy Zimpel captained the oil burners; and the games were on.

The competition was fierce and fun. The Gassers won a game but soon enough the Diesels quickly passed—er, that is, the Diesels eventually triumphed in two out of three games.

Best evening cruise we never took

As the volleyball match ended, it was observed by some of the spectators that the winds had picked up, the skies darkened and the mighty Potomac sent forth a menacing tone, which may have produced waves as high as one foot. Upon the advice of counsel, the cruise coordinator elected to cancel the previously scheduled cocktail cruise, much to the relief of the three captains scheduled to host the event. (Until we scrubbed, you never saw such whimpering.) So instead, we gathered again for happy hour under the H-Dock trees, whereupon the winds and seas began to subside. Oh, well. Anyway, we had a great party, all of us together.

In this latest shore affair, Commodore Steve proclaimed and declaimed, and introduced new members and guests. Captain Zimpel presented Captain Rhodes a tee shirt appropriately affirming Rhodes richly deserved right to be addressed as "Mr. ...whatever."

Following dinners cooked out or in the Pilot's Wharf Restaurant, the dock crawling continued, as did lollygagging and skylarking, interrupted by peeks at the Redskins' beating the Carolina Panthers.

Some bad news

News-wise, there were a couple bummers.

It was during this weekend that we learned of the injury and tragic death of Lady Diana.

The other, certainly not tragic, but one of concern to OYCers, is the realization that, come November, Peter and Lynne Tucker are expecting to end their association with Coles Point Plantation. This development occupied much conversation and speculation by OYCers, mainly wondering how and why the marina owners would undermine their own interests by allowing the Tucker family to depart after all they have done to make Coles Point such a great facility. We earnestly hope they would reconsider.

If the Tuckers must move on, we will all miss them at Coles Point and wish them well at their next stop, which we hope will be some lucky marina within our cruising range.

First meeting of the Commodore's Council

...or whatever we call it. Following the Sunday brunch, the aging and semi-literate and distinguished Past Commodores Tilmon, Rhodes, Egmore, Coldwell and Steele gathered on *Shalimar* with Commodore Wexler to reflect on current issues, past achievements and future plans and policies, yada yada. It was a good exchange, which included a number of recommendations for possible implementation by the current board. We withdrew the one about no annual dues for Past Commodores.

Boating ain't over yet, Bubba

This Labor Day weekend cruise was a super club event, owing to a big turn-out, great destination and fantastic weather. A swell way to end the boating season—*NOT!* I keep hearing the TV news 'tators jawing about this weekend being the end of summer. It wouldn't occur to them to say that this is not the end of boating season. There is, especially for OYC, a lot more to come, as you can see in these pages.

Making a splash at the Dinghy Regatta

Picture it. Saturday and Sunday, August 23-24, two fabulously crisp and clear un-August-like days. It's the middle bay of Mattawoman Creek, a football field away from Smallwood State Park at Sweden Point. Wild life on the shore seem to hold their croaks and squawks in breathless anticipation of OYC's annual dinghy regatta. Ranging from 16' to 65', *Alexander's Dream*, *Chichen I'tza*, *Class Act*, *Courchevel*, *Evermoore*, *Hot Schatz*, *Kitt*, *Lord Barron*, *Lovin' Life*, *Nellie Belle*, *Pat & Ray*, *Sea Duck Too*, *Shalimar*, *Snarlin' Marlin*, *Sweet Gussie* and *War Eagle* assembled variously in two raft-ups. Ten of the boats remained rafted overnight.

The scene was marred only twice: (1) at the beginning when the raft-ups nearly collided—saved only by the quick thinking of Gary Linck, whose sharp cut to his own anchor rode prevented disaster but not the loss of his anchor (which the club will replace); and (2) near the end, when, for reasons unknown, a reckless boater (not an OYC member) nearly severed the anchor rode and rammed the raft-up. The latter event was the only note of *disharmony* during an otherwise fantastic weekend.

The dinghy races proceeded without a hitch, boat crews freely exchanged exotic drinks—such as Brandy Alexander's Dream—shared snacks, reset anchors, engaged in water fights, swam, reset anchors, dinghied, dined, told sea stories, reset anchors and contemplated naval architecture, e.g., what constitutes a flying bridge and why every boat should have one—for instance, like *Snarlin' Marlin's*.

There were 13 dinghy races over a course that surrounded the larger of the two raft-ups (10 boats at one point). Rick and Teresa Sorrenti won the fastest couples heat (keeping a straight face here) and won a gift certificate from Sea Sea & Co. Restaurant in Occoquan.

In the "un-couples" division, Eugene Brown and Jay Wilmeth won a Gecko's Restaurant gift certificate with a best overall time of 1 minute, 35 seconds.

Special prizes were awarded to Most Enthusiastic Male, Laslo Bozoky, and Female, Paula Wexler. A Prince William Marina gift certificate went to Laslo, and Quinn's Goldsmith certificate to Paula.

Congratulations to the winners, to all the competitors and especially to Susan Von Schaack, who coordinated this highly successful and fun event. Special thanks to her and to the generous prize donors named above.

—T.C.

Membership Memo

Ah, September! School starts and everyone gets re-energized after the dog days of summer. But the boating season is far from over, and it doesn't seem to matter for us OYCs, we party all year! We also need to keep finding new members. So get out there and let people at your marina know how much fun it is to be a member of OYC. Is this a great club or what?

It is even more so now that we have these new Family memberships: David Williams and Michele Foster in their snazzy new 26' Chris Craft *Chichen I'tza* based at Hoffmasters; Randy Snowman and Marylynn Camden in *Abominable Snowman* also at Hoffmasters, and Bill and Gail Rogers in *Gail Winds* at the Pilot House Marina.

To help with our communications, please send me your 9-digit Zip Code number. It will get Daymarkers to you much sooner. I need more information on your business, cell phone numbers and e-mail addresses to publish that list that I promised. E-mail me at jball@crols.com. If you have received this same message from me by e-mail, I have your correct e-mail address. If not, I don't.

Cheers!

Jim Ball, Membership Chairman

End of Summer Party

Tantallon Yacht Club
September 19-21, 1997



Potomac River Yacht Clubs Association-Fall Event

OYC's cruise coordinators for this event, Henry and Monica Lovell, happily report that approximately 20 OYC boats will descend on Tantallon Marina for the PRYCA End of Summer Party, September 19-21.

The reservations are closed, Henry reports, and if you missed out this year, you'll just have to wait until '98. But there's another good cruise coming soon—Columbus Day weekend, October 11-13. Here's the registration:

Carefully cut along this dashed line. But as your mommy told you, do not run with scissors in your hands.

Columbus Day Weekend Cruise to Gangplank Marina, October 11-13

Rick Sorrenti, Cruise Coordinator, 703-590-6724

Registration Deadline, Monday, September 15

Registration—Fill in and mail with your \$20 deposit check—payable to Rick Sorrenti—to Rick at 3401 Carly Lane, Woodbridge, VA 22192. **Rick must receive your registration NO LATER THAN MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.**

Captain(s) _____ Boat name _____

Telephone number _____

Boat Length _____ Beam _____ Arrival Date _____ Departure Date _____

Electric (circle one): Single 30 amp Twin 30 amp Single 50 amp Either 50 amp or twin 30 amp

Slips are limited. First come, first served. You snooze, you lose. Register today. Just DO IT.

September 13-14
Shrimp Feast at the
Mattawoman Dunes
Aeron Martin, 491.1287

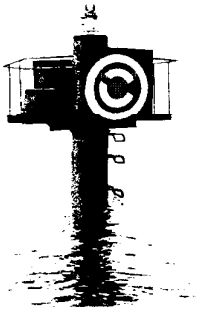
September 19-21
End of summer party
at Tantalion YC
Henry Lovell, 799-1322
(Reservations closed)

October 11-13
Columbus Day weekend
cruise to Washington
Rick Sorrenti, 590-6724

October 12
Flying Karamazov Brothers
perform
at the Arena Stage
Peggy Ball, 569-2159

And the Fall forecast...

**Inside: LAST CHANCE to order shrimp
for the Dunes raft-up, or to sign
up for the Columbus Day weekend
cruise to Washington and Arena
Stage theater outing. Plus, nearly
accurate reports on Week-long
Cruise II, the Dinghy Regatta and
Labor Day weekend cruise.**



The Daymarker

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

Address Correction Requested