



# The Daymarker

## OCCOQUAN YACHT CLUB

P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

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

Web site: <http://members.aol.com/occoquanyc>

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## Commodore's Comments

### Teresa Sorrenti

Well, at least it wasn't last place! We are moving up in the world, even if we don't care about winning. On behalf of OYC, I accepted an Honorable Mention banner for third place at the PRYCA End of Summer Party. Even with the uncertainty over the slip availability, we had eight boats (plus IPC Wexler and Paula by land) to represent OYC: *Amazing Grace*, *Bandit*, *Check Six*, *Cheers*, *Dream Weaver*, *Evermoore*, *EZ Commute*, and *Sea Duck Too*.

Like last year, Quantico got first place by getting their head start winning the Tug of War. The Water Balloon Toss was a little more equal, with respectable showings by all. The Water Gun episode was truly memorable, with our own Steve Wexler "volunteered" to sit in the dinghy and be the target for various teams armed with water cannons. Tantallon had some sort of fire extinguishers for retaliation but they proved pretty wimpy. Once Steve got a water cannon, however, he proceeded to share his creek water

with most if not all of the spectators. In the canoe race, we were lucky not to be in the first heat. Those two canoes almost capsized in shock as they rounded the "ghost ship" in the center of the creek, only to be greeted by an old pirate (Paul Fleury of Tantallon) complete with eye patch and bandana, firing a cannon, cherry bombs and water pistols! When Jim Ball and I went around next we were fairly prepared, and managed to ignore the distractions as much as we could. Tom Shank and his friend Ron did a great job in our "team B" to cinch our third place finish.

Unfortunately, Tony Mirando was ill and had to miss the event and be hospitalized (food poisoning), and *Amazing Grace* had to rush home before the evening party began. We hope this finds Tony feeling better.

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**Once Steve Wexler got a water cannon, however, he proceeded to share his creek water with most if not all of the spectators.**

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Ashore and afloat—OYC boats raft at the Dunes for the annual Shrimp Feast. Story on Page 2.

At the party, OYC was requested to lead the group in the Chicken Dance. We also continued our partying reputation by leading the "OYCA" song (some think it is YMCA) to celebrate your Commodore and her Captain winning a *dance contest*. Yes, we can hardly believe it either, and Jillian was advised that she missed seeing a truly embarrassing moment for a teenager. As the contest was announced, Rick volunteered before I figured out what was meant by an "orange dance". After trying to keep an orange under our chins (yes, one orange for our two chins) with our hands behind our back for four songs, we outlasted the other fools (aka dancers), and were awarded crowns. I am sure this was a coincidence that on the night of the Miss America pageant, I was walking around with a banner over my shoulder (third place for the games) and a crown on my head. This was not the way I dreamt about it as a child....

Some other highlights: Steve Wexler targeted by Della yet again, awarded the key to that ghost boat so that he would not be boatless anymore; Shirley, who is starting a carry-out food business on a barge, and garnered a lot of attention for her youth, aerobic style dancing, and short-shorts; the DJ's friend, who won the \$100 50/50 and gave it to the bar for drinks for all; great chicken and pork dinner followed by wonderful pastries; and best of all NO RAIN! We really appreciate the efforts of Tantallon Yacht Club to pull this event off with all of the other issues they are facing this year—it was another great one.

As the year winds down, don't forget to check out our webpage, as our webmaster Ned Rhodes continues to add new pictures and tidbits.

Be sure to sign up for Columbus Day at Gangplank in DC, traditionally also the weekend for the Taste of DC even on Pennsylvania Avenue. Everyone is expected to be in attendance for the annual Chili Cook Off/Potluck/Photo Contest/Membership Meeting/ Elections/ Halloween Party at Fairfax Yacht Club. And it is not too early to sign up for the last real cruise, and be one of the Hardy Souls to Alexandria in November. I am sure you all have your calendars marked for the Holiday Party on December 5 at Fort Belvoir. In the meantime, we hope to see many of you at the Annapolis Boat Show, whether you are buying, browsing, or checking out new gadgets.

Save those pictures (after you win the Photo Contest, of course) to share with other OYCers by donating extra copies to our Historian Susan Brown or Treasurer/Yearbook Editor Tony Miranda. They are planning to capture the year in pictures so pass on all of those Kodak moments.



## Vice Commodore's Comments

**Janine Washington**

### Shrimp Feast '98!

This year's OYC Shrimp Feast was truly an event! Our event coordinator, Mike "Bubba Gump" Fordham, spared no expense (about \$4.37 with tax) to ensure we had the best time ever! The weather couldn't have been more beautiful if we'd

ordered it direct from Nordstrom's. Eleven boats from the OYC fleet, plus three potential new members convened at the Dunes of Mattawoman shortly after noon that Saturday. *Mutants on the Bounty* was the first to arrive with their fellow Pilot House ship mates *Rude Awakening*. We followed with our good neighbors *Lovin' Life*, *Alexander's Dream*, *Rockin' Robin*, *Copy Cat*, *Bandit*, *Evermoore*, *Oasis* and *Dream Weaver* weren't far behind. The potential newbies on *Gambit* and *Lady M* temporarily rounded out the group.

Staying true to our gypsy natures, we quickly set up our night's accommodations which consisted of shrimp pots, coolers, deck chairs, tiki torches and fire wood. Such hard work makes OYCers thirsty so we promptly began pre-happy hour. There were a few Dunes squatters on boats too small to have a name who were none too happy to have their idyllic afternoon of beer swilling, carping wives and screaming babies spoiled by a bunch of huge fancy boats, barking dogs, roaring blenders and giggling thong-clad women. One of the carping wives actually kicked sand in the little face of the Vice-Commodore who was clearly only trying to get a good look at her tattoos. It was clear our presence on the island made a huge statement to our fellow island dwellers: Sign up or shove off! They left without further incident (and also without giving us any money, darn it!). So much drama makes OYCers thirsty so we promptly began happy hour. We stuffed our little faces with meats and cheeses while continuing to enjoy our usual hedonistic camaraderie.

Later in the afternoon someone remembered what we were there for: Shrimp! Bubba Gump did good. The shrimp were huge and meaty (although Dani wasn't too crazy about the heads being left on). We spent the remainder of the afternoon steaming and consuming 18 lbs of shrimp (saving the remainder for the crew of *TNT*). We also managed to include a few side dishes too! Like the good, responsible boaters we are, we took the time to do a little post-dinner clean-up and made a nice bonfire just around sunset. So much cooking, eating, cleaning and fire starting really makes OYCers thirsty. So we had cocktails by the fire. No one had any new jokes (that could be repeated here) so we began telling old ones. Until those jokes began to get dirty, too. So, we tried guessing movie titles from famous lines which lasted about fifteen minutes. Apparently, during the boating season no one goes to movies. Someone suggested a sing-along when (save the day!) the captain and crew of *TNT* came cruising up to the dunes through the dark in search of shrimp. We caught up on events while Tom, Twyla and their Mom cooked and ate their shrimp. Pretty soon it became late and the crew of *TNT* set off into the night again (in search of more shrimp no doubt!) and it was time to turn in.

The next morning we awoke to the most beautiful sunrise imaginable. We made coffee and pleasant conversation while enjoying the sights and sounds of the dunes. We then set about the obligatory task of breaking camp and reloading the boats. Okay, you're beginning to get the drift, all that hard work makes OYCers thirsty so I made a big pitcher of Bloody Marys. After being fortified with all that vitamin C we were finally ready to shove off in search of new adventures.

The moral is: if you're going boating, take plenty of ice!



## Rear Commodore's Comments

**Peggy Ball**

### Everything Party and Membership Meeting

As one of my last responsibilities this year as your Rear Commodore, I have been working with Pat Steele and others to set us up for the annual All-in-one Party with Chili Cookoff, Photo Contest, Dessert Contest, Membership Meeting, and Halloween Party. Lots of fun, prizes and frivolity. No sense in duplicating all the information, so please see the full page flyer enclosed and call me if you need any other information. Most importantly, bring the whole family. This will be one of our best events of the year.



## Secretary's Comments

**Walt Cheatham**

Here it is not two weeks after I wrote my last article (Editor Tom delayed things two weeks due to Memorial Day and the week-long) and it is time to write another. Sure makes it seem like there are more than 12 months in the year. Sure taxes my fingers.

### Dilbert is not just a comic strip

Most of these other writers don't have to tax anything to write these articles. Their husbands pay exorbitant fuel bills for these week-long trips in their very large yachts, and they just ride along observing everything, and come home, and relate the gossip that unfolds before them. Turns out these days that gossip-presentation permeates board meetings, too—except it's verbal, and it goes on and on because no one is there to censor the words and Steve is not there to dominate. I have to deal with the gossip twice—once verbal and once written. And I'm not even part of the gossip because I don't take trips with the club anymore. My longest trips this year have been to Ft. Washington for the Float-In and to Tim's Crabriver Shorehouse for hamburger.

### In which working is contrasted with boating

I don't have any gossip to report. I don't even have any news to report. I live such a boring life there is nothing to report. I just get up in the morning, take a shower, dress, throw my book bag over my shoulder, ride the elevator down 7 floors, get a cup of free coffee in the lobby, say hello to Garcia-from-the-Philippines as he opens the door for me, and walk 10 minutes up Wilson Blvd. to work. Actually, I don't even walk up Wilson Blvd with all it's exciting intersections and chances to dodge and maybe be hit by a car. I take the Freedom Trail which goes around the Newseum and up and over all the intersections till I reach the same point each morning to deposit my coffee cup in the same boring

dumpster, look over at the National Cathedral for inspiration, test the weather by seeing how clear those towers are thru any morning haze, and continue on up the hill hoping to be sufficiently awake to negotiate the one necessary intersection before reaching 1500 Wilson. Then it's pass some guards who haven't stopped anybody in their whole existence and up another elevator to the 13th floor.

Yes, the 13th floor. Should be some excitement there, but there never is—not even the day they had a fire drill and we had to walk all the way down with the alarms piercing the air full blast in the stairwells. Not even when the new three-star came around to say hello and I hid in the head. It's just nine and a half hours of boring every day, five days a week followed by a walk straight down Wilson Blvd thru all the intersections because it's the end of the day, I'm fully awake at last, it's all downhill and the shortest distance between two points, and sometimes the waiters from the Mezza restaurant in the Hyatt are standing out front with aprons on and trays of Mediterranean hors d'oeuvres in their hands for passers-by to sample. Nothing like humus on a cracker to cap another boring day.

### Paradise is trading mulch for boat gas

And when I get home there is no grass to mow, no weeds to pull, no trees to prune. Hell, I mulched my whole patio in two minutes this spring. Told a dinner guest the price of admission was a paper-or-plastic plastic bag full of mulch for my one tree and two potted plants. He obliged, I got it spread before Susan even noticed. Remember previous articles about Susan being jealous of my time bonding with mulch at the old house—7 or 8 cubic yards of mulch each spring, 2 or 3 weeks of spreading each spring, in prime boating season—which kept me away from the FYC and the OYC and all the juicy gossip. And remember all the previous articles discussing the Cheatham family excitement cleaning the boat all spring. Well, we paid a professional to wash and wax it this year. Boring! But that's what you can do when you don't have to buy all the gas to commute 25 miles each way from Woodbridge to the Pentagon like I did for 20 years. Pretty soon she will figure out that we are saving enough for me to buy some gas for the *Walt's-on-Water* so we can take a week-long on and participate in the gossip.

Oh my, hope she continues her trend and doesn't read this article. I may have to cease my quiet, boring existence.

Next article: "How to Consolidate the Contents of Two Storage Sheds into One" (and end up with two dinghies in the van to haul around forever since there's no storage room for them anymore).

For Sale: two dinghies.

Next article after that: "All the Boat Junk I Have in my Storage Shed for Sale".

For Sale: a Magma charcoal (not propane) barbecue grill, a Par electric macerating head attachment, a 12 volt bug zapper (especially useful on trips to Cobb Island and Colonial Beach, came with the boat, I certainly didn't buy it), a pair of water skies, eight margarita glasses in original boxes, a single (twin) bed, a teak-veneer chest-of-drawers with the teak coming unlaminated since the glue I used 32 years ago in Germany is letting go, and many square feet of raw teak veneer so you can get your own glue and cover your own chests or those of your friends.

## Dinghy Regatta a winning event

by Mary Lynn Camden

I thought the day would never get here and now it's already over! Whew, what a blast! For those members who couldn't find us, I do apologize. The dark balloons started popping about 11:30 am (even though I tried not to use hot air) and by the time 12 noon rolled around they were gone!

Okay, the races were delayed a bit, but they did start around 3 PM. I love this group! They are soooo flexible. Everyone had a great time either participating or cheering for his or her fellow members as they rowed feverishly in the heat of competition! Coaching was enforced but not necessarily accepted by all of those who participated. Every competitor showed the tenacity and grace that can only be found within OYC (We'll keep this in mind for next year at Tantallon).

After 45 minutes of intense competition, it all boiled down to two finalists, Jay Wilmeth and Tom Shank. And what a race it was! Jay Wilmeth seemed to fall behind at the beginning while Tom took an early lead. However, Jay showed the OYC spirit with a surge of energy to make up the lost ground and left us with nearly a photo finish! Tom had edged Jay by less than half a dinghy length. Considering the effort and energy, we just had to give trophies to both the winner and runner up.

Partying and jet skiing continued throughout the day/evening. I am convinced that Laslo will be getting a Jet

Ski soon! A few folks had to leave early and a few came late for the raft up. A

couple of new members managed to

wander over for the fun

as well. I don't

think that anyone

got much sleep

that night though.

There was a boat 50' to our

starboard that had the loudest

generator in town! But all in all a great time!

I still have the honorable mention ribbons for all who participated. However, I cannot figure out who they all were! If you participated, please call me 301-869-2885 or e-mail me [mlcamden@mitretek.org](mailto:mlcamden@mitretek.org) and I'll send one to you.

Randy and I would like to thank everyone for making our first event coordination as easy as pie! We are currently boatless but expecting the stork to bring us our new *Abominable Snowman* any day now. We hope to be able to participate in some of the end of the year events, hopefully with a quiet generator!

## Dancing Engines, Getting Shafted, and Other Lessons Learned

by Jim Ball

When one buys a new (old) boat, one normally expects to have a few surprises. Little did I know that I would be faced with a whopper. It all started with my first "bonding" weekend with the new (old) boat and my close inspection of the engine room etc. While servicing and looking around I noticed a nut, lying all by itself in the bilge—it was a large

nut, thus I wondered from whence it came. Not far above its resting place were the engine mount bolts—those little items that transmit all of the 350 horses from each 454 to the drive train to the structure of the boat. At first I thought maybe it was a double nut-lock nut arrangement, but upon feeling under the bottom of the closest engine mount bolt, I found no nut at all. Nonplused, I pulled out a lock washer and wrench and replaced it.

Thoughtfully I felt the bottom of the next engine mount bolt—guess what? No nut there either. And so it went until I found six of twelve engine mount bolts just sitting in their mounts unfastened—and the nuts were not in the bilge. Needless to say I wasn't happy, but I looked at the shaft alignment and it seemed to be OK, so I replaced all the missing nuts and also tightened up the mount brackets—some of them were a little loose.

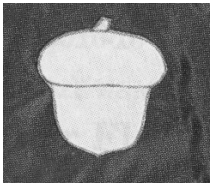
Well, I thought (hoped) that would be the end of it. Then, as luck would have it on the two week long, as we were leaving Tides Lodge on the Rappahannock in the face of an oncoming hurricane, I put the port engine in reverse and nothing happened. After limping in to the dock in nice windy conditions with one engine, I dove to the engine room to find only about one inch of my port shaft extending from the stuffing box. It was trying to leave the boat.

Thanks to Tom Coldwell's along-side towing through a narrow fairway in crosswinds to the lift that would make any Coast Guard coxswain proud, I found some outstanding help at Rappahannock Yacht Basin. Remember, they were hauling boats and busily preparing for a hurricane, but they hauled *Cheers* out and set about fixing the problem.

The shaft had backed out of the coupling because the set screws in the coupling had worn and the Woodruff key was also worn, most likely because of the dancing engines. The saving grace was the placement of the zinc on the shaft. It was within an eighth of an inch of keeping the shaft from shoving the prop right into the rudder and making large chunks out of both pieces. Fixed and back in the water within three hours, we ran to the hurricane hole at Port Kinsale where *Cheers*, *Sea Duck Too*, and *Shalimar* spent the next four nights waiting for Bonnie.

So all of this is a lesson learned. Check your engine mount bolts, the engine mount bracket bolts, and the coupling bolts. If you find a nut somewhere, don't just throw it in your spare parts bag, find out where it came from! Put a hose clamp around the back end of the Woodruff key in the shaft coupling to keep it from backing out, and the next time you haul your boat, make sure that your shaft zincs are closer to your strut than the distance between the coupling and the shaft log. Remember a zinc in place saves a shaft, prop, and rudder.

One other little item. Check the bolts that hold the steering post in the stern if you have a hydraulic ram. They were loose on old *Cheers* when I sold it, on new *Cheers* when I bought it, and they loosened up again after two weeks of rough cruising also. To check them get down in the aft section where you can see the steering gear working and have someone else move the wheel—betcha you'll find some play. Make it a regular item to check.



## Treasurer's Comments

### Tony Mirando

*Editor's note: Treasurer Mirando was taken ill during this period and has a valid note from his doctor excusing him from class and from his writing assignment this month. After three days in the hospital, he returned home September 21. We are assured—and pleased to know—that he is recuperating nicely and able to keep track of OYC's vast and half-vast financial holdings. He extends his heartfelt thanks for OYC members' expressions of support and concern—and for the flowers. Get well soon, Tony!*

## OYC On-Line Swap Shop

Jim Ball, Shopkeeper, jball@erols.com

*The following is presented for the benefit of OYC members who do not have access to e-mail on the Internet. If you would like your swap shop offerings to be included in future e-mailings to club members, send your listings to Jim Ball, 6833 Spring Beauty Ct., Springfield, VA 22152*

Rules: Describe goods or services for sale, trade or needed in a short concise paragraph. If you have a catalog reference (Boats US, West Marine, etc.) for the item, tell us what page it's on in the current catalog. Provide your asking price, name and phone number. Send it all to Jim Ball via e-mail, jball@erols.com, and Jim will cut and paste into the latest edition. Also let him know if you sell it or find it. Humorous want ads in good taste accepted for each edition. Information will be dated and removed after 30 days unless requested to be retained.

### For sale-boats

23' Bayliner 2350LS - 1997 with a Mercruiser 5.7 with only 5.6 hours on it. Taken in trade for UFF DA. Comes with a trailer and Extended Warranty. Virtually like new... save a bundle. Asking \$20.5k (Low book 23-High Book 25) but will sell for less to OYCer. Jim Jacobsen (703) 661-8160 Ext. 206 or Home (703) 250-7736.

25' BAYLINER 2560 TROPHY 1987 "Command Console" 1990 OMC Engine 260HP w/439 hours, CUSTOM CANVAS, A/C, \$19,000 Ray Steele (h)703-385-8615 (w)703-920-2031 (e-mail) ray-steele@att.net

27' Sea Ray 270 Sundancer-1995, 454 Bravo III, Low hours. A/C, GPS and Automatic Trim Control. Excellent condition See at Occoquan Harbor Marina. \$49,000 Dave Von Colln 703-823-3937 dvoncoll@moon.jic.com

28 Carver Mariner.1990 Sedan/Convertible, T-230hp Inboards (550hrs), factory air, loaded with options, including accessories like spare props, electronics, USCG safety package, microwave, etc... "Seminole Wind" at FYC. She's in great shape. John and Elaine Robey 703-680-2257 or jjrobey@aol.com

29' Chaparral Express Cruiser - 1991 Excellent Condition. See at Hoffmasters. Randy Snowman (301) 869-2885 rsnowman@mitretek.org

32' Luhrs 320 Open sportfisherman, 1995 T/340 Hp fuel injected Marine Power, 6.5 Kohler generator, reverse cycle a/c-heat, Lee's Outriggers, Raytheon electronics package: R11XX 24 mile radar, V850 fishfinder, GPS/DGPS Autopilot with remote, 600XX C-Map chart plotter, remote speed/depth, many other extras, will consider trade for a center console or Boston whaler. Call Robert Carmody @ 703-591-2770 work 703-451-0497 home

38' Bayliner Motoryacht, 1987, fully equipped, \$85,000.00 Mitch Mutnick, 644-3030

40' Mainship Aft Cabin - 1988 - Beautiful Condition - Tim Chaffin (703) 680-6048 tecmutant@aol.com

40' Searay 400EC 1996. Twin 454 Mercruisers (Gas). Gold Package. Only 52 hours. Excellent condition. asking \$220K. Contact Jim Thrift. (703)441-0895 or (540)720-9401 or sthrift@erols.com

### Other stuff on the market

Flame arresters - 2 for Carter 4 BBL carburetor. \$25.00 for the pair OBO. Chip Hayes ohayes@dc.infi.net

Antique 16" WWII Liberty Ship Compass. Danforth Style white acrylic resin covered anchor. For boats up to 42' Retail \$150.00 asking \$65.00. Windlass line (200'..3/8") with 12' of chain attached...manufactured by Lofrans Retail for \$350.00....New...Got two with boat..Asking \$150.00 Raytheon Radar Radome Mount...Mast or Suspended mount..RL9-RXX Series. New.. Retail \$85.00 Asking \$35.00. Contact Rick Sorrenti 703/917-2659

Clarion 6 Disc CD Changer (Model #CDC635). Has optical digital output, digital filter. Bought for old boat but not needed for new boat. Lists for \$299 at Audio Buys. Asking \$125. Call Janine or Mike at (703) 590-3653.

Garmin GPSMAP 135 GPS/Sounder/Chart Plotter. (page 13 of BoatUS 1998 Catalog) 1 year old. Includes all cables, mounting bracket, antennae w/ SS mounting hardware, transom transducer for depth/temp AND 3 C-Map cartridges. 1)Potomac River, 2)Mid-Bay and 3)Lower-Bay. Paid over \$1,000 last July. \$650.00 Installation assist/consult included. Contact Jack Ryan at 703 729-4644 (h) 703 397-5873 (o) or jryan@cisco.com

Two Condo boat slips for sale at Fairfax Yacht Club "D" dock. One 40' (next to end) and one 35' slip (end). Walt or Susan Cheatham 243-2430

Covered Slip for sublease, Fairfax Yacht Club - available until next April, \$1000 OBO. Beam must be under 13" 8" Call Jim Ball 866-4740 or jball@erols.com

Covered Slip for Sale - Fairfax Yacht Club 40'(Covered) Slip E11 w/Lockbox \$32,500 Condominium fees paid until April 1999 Ray Steele (h)703-385-8615 (w)703-920-2031 (e-mail) ray-steele@att.net

Ice Maker - slightly dented, but works. Mitch Mutnick 644-3030 halfspeed@erols.com

Wind Surfer - \$300. Dave Rolston. davidrr@aol.com

Rocker Stoppers. See West Marine Catalog, p. 181. All 4 for \$10.Par Electric Toilet Mechanism - electrify that old hand pumped head. Jim Ball, 866-4740

### Wanted:

3 HP Outboard for dinghy that runs. Rick Zimmerman 301-292-9893 after 5:00 razadazii@aol.com

Book - Copy of *This Was Potomac* by Frederick Tilp - Jim Ball 703-866-4740



## **A Night With the Cat From Hell**

by Pat Garverick, *E-Z Commute*

On the third weekend of September, Rick and I took *EZ Commute* to Tantallon for the End of Summer Party. The weekend turned out to be all we expected it to be and more.



I won't go into details on the great time we had, the excellent food, the great camaraderie, the warm hospitality of the Tantallon Yacht club, because, I know others will write about that for the newsletter.

However, I'd like to tell you about an orange cat which I originally named "Cute Orange Kitty" and which I subsequently renamed to "The Cat from Hell".

Upon our arrival at Tantallon, we docked in our assigned slip, A-56. After settling in, I walked over to the clubhouse. On the way, as I strolled down "A" dock. I saw a beautiful orange cat. I'm a cat lover. I have two precious angel kitties at home, one of which is also orange and looks a lot like this one. So, I stretch over to the house boat that the cat had blessed with its presence and petted it, instantly naming it "Cute Orange Kitty", as in, "Ahhh, look at the cute orange kitty."

I promptly forgot Cute Orange Kitty.

Later in the evening, Rick and I went over to the clubhouse once again and have a great evening at the dinner and dance. We were having such a good time, in fact, that after Rick walked me back to the boat, he did a 180 and went back to the party. I stepped on our boat, stepped down into the cabin and, OH NO. There's the orange cat. It has torn open the bottom of the white plastic trash bag I have hanging from the kitchen cabinet and it's eating the remains of a sandwich (on the carpet). "OUT!! OUT!!, #@%#@% @ CAT!" I yell, evicting the cat.

I cleaned up the mess, thinking that maybe we should have shut the hatch when we left. After cleanup, I headed out the door to sit in the cockpit to see the stars. IN DARTS THE CAT. Yipes. I follow it in, and, evict it again. OK. It's still a nice kitty. It did not give me any trouble evicting it. But, I know I'm in trouble. It's had a meal on this boat. It won't forget that.

I resign myself to squeezing out the hatch so that the cat can't get back in. No problemo.

Except, now, the cat won't go away. I sat there watching the stars for a few minutes, and then got tired of the cat trying to get attention and retired.

ACT II. Rick returns. Falls asleep. At approximately 2:00 a.m., The Cat walks across the top of our boat, steps on the screen over the hatch over the V-Berth, and falls on the sleeping Rick.

**AARRGGGH!** Again, the placid cat puts up no struggle as Rick manhandles it up through the hatch and represses the screen in place.

However, I can now see the pale gleam of moonlight through the hatches silhouetted against the dark cabin

## *The Daymarker*

Published monthly by the Occoquan Yacht Club

Tom Coldwell, PC, Editor

Mary Ann Coldwell, Editor's Editor

Jim Ball, Circulation

News and other materials for publication are welcome from any member of OYC. The deadline for submission of materials to **THE DAYMARKER** is the 20<sup>th</sup> 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. By the 20<sup>th</sup> of the month.

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

interior. I see The Cat from Hell walk to another, smaller, hatch, and again, start to fall through. Except, it doesn't get all the way in because I shoot out of bed like a rocket and bat it back. It comes, I bat. Since I love cats, I won't hurt this one but I grab the spider spray and hold it up to its face through the screen, it back off, I spray (being careful to not actually hit the cat).

For at least 30 minutes, as I try to sleep, I see the silhouette of the cat, like a monster, right next to the hatch. But, we were left in peace. I didn't wake up again until the next morning.

That was a night, and a cat, to remember.

Note: I'd like to be sure that everyone knows I have no hard feelings against the cat. We were the ones that left the door open, the cat just did what cats do. I think cats are a welcome addition to any dock.

## **Last call for Columbus Day Weekend**

By Jay Wilmeth, Cruise Coordinator

Okay, remember the deal. The Gangplank is newly refurbished and has offered us:

- ! \$1/ft/day for Slip Fee
- ! \$5/day for 50-Amp Power
- ! \$3/day for 30-Amp Power
- ! \$5/day for access to the Channel Inn swimming pool

Now, I've told Gangplank that some of you may arrive Friday evening. That's fine, but I must know who. When you make your reservation, be sure to tell me when you plan to arrive *and* when you plan to depart. The Gangplankers will attempt to keep our slips together as best they can. They have 50 Amp, 250-Volt power as standard. You will need a splitter for 30-Amp. You will contact them on VHF Channel 16 with a switch to Channel 68 for arrival instructions. Just identify yourself as a member of OYC. They'll have a list.

Even though the deadline for discounted tickets to "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" or "Expecting Isabel" is passed, there may be a chance. So, call Ann or me at 703-968-9760, or E-mail me at [jwilmeth@erols.com](mailto:jwilmeth@erols.com). Call me as a backup.

# Nominating Committee presents slate for OYC's 1999 Board

by Steve Wexler, IPC  
Nominating Committee Chair

Mary Jo Worcester, Gary Linck and I are pleased to have been able to serve the membership of OYC as this year's nominating committee. Each of us wants to express our thanks to every member that we were able to speak with in our search for the club leaders who will guide us into the Year 2000.

Some of you seemed to think that OYC might have a Year 2000 design flaw—something about not having our "chips" together. All of us have been able to weather the storm of "no's," "I don't think so's" and "OYC - what??" and with our fragile egos firmly in place we think that we are able to present a slate of officers that represents a good cross-section of the membership, with strong leadership qualities, and nice boats. But, most importantly we offer the names that said "YES!"

So here they are bouys and gulls, a list of fantastic people upon which you may cast your ballots—or whatever else you would like to throw their ways. Remember to show up at the General Membership Meeting starting at 12 noon, October 31 at Fairfax Yacht Club. When you get there, vote early and often. Stuff those ballot boxes and resoundingly let the candidates know where you stand on the issues, whatever those issues might be. (OK - they let me write another article and I'm rapidly approaching my normal level of absurdity.) Here's the slate:

- Commodore—Janine Washington
- Vice Commodore—Peggy Ball
- Rear Commadore—Jay Wilmeth
- Secretary Gordon Cawelti
- Treasurer Gary Linck

Congratulations to each of the nominees.



# The Datemarkers

## Anniversaries

- John Ludwig and Sandy Mriscin, 10/1
- David and Sandra Rolston, 10/3
- Rick and Teresa Sorrenti, 10/6
- Rick and Debby Zimmerman, 10/10
- Peter and Lisa Kuzma, 10/20

## Birthdays

- Chris Reed, 10/2
- Anna Burner, 10/11
- Beth Chaffin, 10/24
- Herb Saunders, 10/27
- Bob Wilcox, 10/2
- Kathy Zimpel, 10/19
- Debbie Setikas, 10/27

# Hardy Souls Cruise, November 7

by Mary Jo Worcester  
Cruise Coordinator

I can't believe it's that time of year once again to think about the Hardy Souls Cruise. Summer finally arrived and now it's gone!

For those new members, the Hardy Souls Cruise is *tradition!* It's usually the last OYC cruise of the year... you know, the one right before winterizing. The cruise is to the Old Town City Docks in Alexandria (behind the Torpedo Factory). Veteran's Day falls on Wednesday this year so it looks like we will have to settle for a normal two-day weekend. But if anyone plans on being in Old Town more than one night (Saturday), please circle the nights on the form below.

As many OYCers know, one can never be totally prepared for what the weather may bring, unless you have enough room aboard your vessel to carry everything from summer wear to snow shovels. Yes, we have often encountered snow, rain, sleet, hail and ice; however, the weather has never slowed us down.

So, this year's Cruise will begin the morning of Saturday, November 7th. For all of you who plan on attending this function, ***please notify me no later than Friday, October 16th.***

Please fill out the reservation form on the bottom of this page. I guarantee you will not be bored... you will not be "too hot"... you will not go hungry or thirsty, and you'll love it, never want to leave it, always talk about it, shout it, shop it, never be without it, *bahdy, bahdy bah!!*

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## Reservations for Hardy Souls Cruise, November 7-8

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Home phone \_\_\_\_\_

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

Length: \_\_\_\_\_ Beam: \_\_\_\_\_ Staying which nights (please circle):    Friday 11/6                  Saturday 11/7                  Sunday 11/8

Power Required: (please circle):        50 amp                                  one 30 amp                                  two 30 amp\*

\*Some slips may have only one 30-amp outlet

Please respond no later than October 16th to  
Mary Jo Worcester, 2601 Woodfern Ct., Woodbridge, VA 22192.  
No deposit is required.