



## OCCOQUAN YACHT CLUB

P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

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

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### Commodore's Comments

**Teresa Sorrenti**

Many OYC members were on a week (or weeks) long in the month of August. Susan Brown coordinated a great week-long, or so we have heard! Not only the adults but even the kids were sorry to see it end; we were there when the group broke up and there were lots of hugs and picture taking among the boaters-to-be. Details will be found elsewhere in this edition, but we do know that such a good time was had by all that they even extended a day at Windmill Point, arriving a day late at Colonial Beach.

Rick and I set out that Friday after work for a quick run down to Colonial Beach to join the week-long group. As we got ready to leave the dock we noticed the wind had picked up. As we left the Occoquan and entered the

Potomac, the wind really picked up. As we rounded Mathias Point it was truly gusting, with waves breaking over the bridge. (This was worse than the alleged hurricane Bonnie, but more about that later.) We called the marina at the 301 bridge, but it was over an hour before we made it into the marina, and the staff had quite a time helping us dock in the wind. Our new rule: if NOAA says waves one foot or less, WATCH OUT! It was a good thing that the week-long group arrived Saturday morning from Crisfield, as it was much calmer.

Colonial Beach again put on a great luau and Carol Walsh had it coordinated to a "tee".



All the kids tried out for the dance and hula-hoop contests, and they tried to ignore the adults who tried to do the same. What some of us could not understand, why can we no longer keep the hula-hoop up around our waists now that we have larger hips to hold it in place? Linda Bozoky repeated her Best Costume prize again. The antique cars on display in town were gorgeous and as usual brought back memories to my car-nut captain about the vehicles he and his brothers owned through their madcap youth.

The double week-long was another success, and thanks to Peggy Ball who coordinated it even though she was out of the country and Jim was trying to get oriented to a new boat! I am sure the second week was almost as good as the first one that we were on (!). It would be hard to top the fantastic meal at Spinnakers, the cruise to the mythical Horn Harbor (ask Tom Coldwell about hailing folks in their backyard for navigation directions), the bike ride around Irvington and the wonderful meals in Onancock. You may have noticed my memories revolve around food!

We also had a great relaxing time waiting for Bonnie to come up the coast, but at Port Kinsale, not York River as planned—we did have a Navy Captain and a Coast Guard Auxiliary to advise us, remember. It was just the kind of relaxing week we needed, though: reading, walking, biking, some pool time and of course puttering around the boat. As a result of our extensive preparations for the hurricane that thankfully wasn't, we managed to take down the dozens of pieces of canvas, wash them all, and more importantly, got them back up in the right place! Pretty amazing considering this was done while walking around double and triple lines strung through every cleat and piling.

As much as we lamented being at Port Kinsale during two of the days the Moorings Restaurant is closed, I think our crew had some great potluck dinners; no one went hungry on this watch.

September promised some memorable events too: Labor Day had a near-record turn-out, of 22 boats to Coles Point.

The annual Shrimp Feast was set for the September 12 weekend at the Mattawoman Dunes, and I hope you were able to get your shrimp order and check sent in to "Bubba" Mike Fordham. Not everyone has been all the way up Mattawoman, through the lily pads to the sand "dunes", but it is a beautiful place, especially at this time of year when the fields are full of those yellow flowers (Okay, Paula [Wexler], I do not remember what they are.).

Then the last PRYCA event, the End Of Summer Party, will be at Tantallon September 18-20. This is always guaranteed fun with more contests between clubs, which usually seen to end with a lot of wet people, whether from falling into Swan Creek, burst water balloons, or squirt gun casualties.

Remember, anyone who is interested in running for office next year, contact our Nominating Committee chaired by IPC Steve Wexler (437-0687), or his able assistants Mary Jo Worcester and Gary Linck. Nominations must be set and appear in the Daymarker in accordance with our by-laws.

Lastly, OYC would like to thank Fairfax Yacht Club for inviting us to their happy hour to celebrate the remodeled clubhouse. The carpet, office and television look great, and the hospitality and refreshments were great too!



## Vice Commodore's Comments

Janine Washington

*August!* The month of August goes on record as the busiest month of the year for me. In addition to a few major projects at work and a major household upheaval in getting my son off to college, we had time for a few great boating weekends. The month opened with a business trip to Boston which included an all-you-can-eat lobster dinner and boat rides on the harbor. Noteworthy sighting: Steve Forbes' 150-foot megayacht with not one but *two* 30 ft dinghies!

Mid month there were lots of catch-up outings for friends and co-workers. Later in the month Mike gave me the shock of my life with a surprise birthday party. He even managed to dig up two longtime friends one of whom I hadn't seen in 10 years! The entire weekend was like one 30-hour long blur. It was the best time I've had in *many* years and is not something I (or the folks at Prince William Marina or Tim's Rivershore) will ever forget!

There was also a great impromptu raft-up at Fairview Beach and a post raft-up food binge at Tim's Rivershore with the crews of *Hot Schatz*, *Lovin' Life*, *Seadated 2* and *Kitt 2* with sightings of the crews of *Alexander's Dream* and *Going Nowhere* at Tim's.

The following weekend we were off on our Labor Day cruise to Solomon's and Coles Point with the crews of *The Good Life* and *Lovin' Life*. On the way to Solomon's the river and bay were like one huge pond. Smooth as a mirror! The trip from Solomon's to Coles Point ended with a slight detour due to a lost out drive on *The Good Life*. Apparently, Howard felt he no longer needed it and ejected it into the river. At least that's one of the many rumors floating around the docks at Coles. Alas, after another two fun-filled days of volley ball, pool lounging and boat repairing, August had finally ended. Am I the only one who noticed it slipped right into September?

See you on the river!

## 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



## Secretary's Comments

**Walt Cheatham**

Hurricanes are the things that scare boaters the most..... or is it blisters? Anyway, hurricanes also scare vacationers, even if they are in New Jersey and the counterclockwise rotational action is in North Carolina.

Forget the pictures of houses with the roofs blown off or trees bisecting the first floor living room of a three story dwelling. What really stick in a boater's mind are pictures of those boats that have bobbed up and down next to a piling until the hull gets thin and the surge takes the boat over the piling and down on it such that it penetrates below the water line and forces everything but the flybridge under water. Ouch!! Even Dickie Lynn would have a hard time patching that. It stretches a blister fix a long, long way.

Do you know how to moor for hurricane force winds? We didn't know how to *vacation* with them. Spent the first hours of the morning checking the Weather Channel, a few hours swimming, then an hour lunch by the TV with more weather news, followed by more swimming in increasingly churning surf, followed by a late afternoon shower preceded, of course, by more looking at the tube to see if the triangle of probable landfall had narrowed or if it still extended from Charleston to Norfolk.

I'm an expert on all this, having reported by radio from the eye of Hurricane Hazel in 1955 or so as it passed way inland over south central Virginia. I was an active ham radio operator back then (I'm just an old Virginia ham now), and I sat there in my room that afternoon as part of the Virginia Emergency Net as rain fell and trees twisted and the eye approached from the North Carolina to the southeast. When it finally got to me, the rain didn't stop, but the wind diminished and there was 5 or 10 minutes of relative calm—until later when it started up again and the trees were buffeted from the other direction.

We never got to experience any of this on the Jersey shore, or even as we drove back over Maryland's Eastern Shore. Dodged another bullet, as did the Occoquan. But the thought is there that old Nature Roulette may have it's eye on our tranquil river. It did in the early 60s when Hazel came right thru Occoquan and took out the original trestle-like steel bridge there. Don't remember the year, but Dickie Lynn will.

We should get Dickie to write an article on Agnes and get some CG Auxiliary or Power Squadron types to write one on what best to do when it's offspring springs and that triangle of probability narrows right on us.. We've had some practice with high water, but can we handle both high winds and high water?



## Treasurer's Comments

**Tony Mirando**

### What a Week Can Do!

With everyone's stressful jobs and hectic lives, we all need to take the time to refresh and clear our minds. What better way to do this than to have the wind blow it out? You may not know that Week-long II (August 8-15) was my first week-long cruise with OYC, or for that matter, with anyone. I know that there will probably be other articles written on this week-long cruise, so I am going to write this article for those that were there, hoping that maybe next time, you'll be there.

I learned that people need to be very conscious of their shtick, and that hair is more important than we might think. Having time to rest by ourselves can be appropriate, and we

must learn to respect this. We all learned that "ya, ya, ya, ya" can have more of a meaning than just "yes," and that some of us can be in the spotlight, and not even know it, yet still be a star.

Also, drinking can be hazardous to your back. It can cause your feet to lift off the ground, and I'm sure there are many of you who have "been that, done there."

Cruising on the Chesapeake Bay can cause temporary compulsive cleaning habits, and so I am personally looking to see whether this is a true disorder.

Blowing sirens and red lights are not for night clubs only, and even points can be important to have in boating (and I'm not talking about points you get for making dinner). Even though one would think that shoes and socks were necessary, we still had some that wished to be more free, and they went sockless.

Parents' drinking has been known to cause serious harm to a child's ability to stay on the dock. Eating and drinking can be offensive when you are surrounded by crabs—and, boy, were there some crabs!

It's official: the Coast Guard has come out with new definitions for port and starboard. These must be used when going into a really windy marina. We all thought that this trip was going to be to get away from commercialism, yet one of us still brought Taco Bell.

Week-long trips can be very significant and impressionable. I am very sure that there's not one person who won't remember and enjoy the memories of this trip. I know I am very much looking forward to doing this again soon. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank each and every one of my fellow week-longers, even though I know you all must be saying at this point, "Whatever, you over-sharing loser."

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# "Do you know how to moor for hurricane force winds?"

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# Columbus Day—or, what to do on a long weekend

by Jay Wilmeth, Cruise Coordinator

I don't know about you, but Christopher Columbus is one of my favorites. We've got cities and towns, lakes and rivers, streets and roads, even banks and hardware stores named after him. Why, I've heard that they even named a national holiday for him. Since that's the case, why don't we, as a yacht club, do something in his honor?

I know, let's rename our yacht club The Christopher Columbus Memorial Yacht Club, Marina, and Boat Yard (CCMYCMBY!)

Naw.

Got it! Let's have a float-in up in the Washington Channel (since there's no Columbus Channel). We'll have it over the Columbus Day Weekend (October 10-12) at the Gangplank Marina, and take advantage of some of the local hospitality at the Capital Yacht Club. Yo! We may even be able to take in a show at the Arena Stage!

Great idea, Jay. Why don't you coordinate it?

OK, So here's the deal. The Gangplank is newly refurbished with a new dockmaster, Chuck Fisher, and he's eager to please. He 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 gotta 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, power as standard. *You will need a splitter for 30-Amp. service*

The kind folks at the Capital Yacht Club have invited us to party at their clubhouse on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. There is a nice bar and a sizeable lounge area with music wherein we can rub fenders with CYC members and socialize as we please.

My proposal for Saturday night is the *coup de theater*. There are two great productions at the Arena Stage over that weekend. If we can muster 15 or more of us, we can take advantage of substantial discounts for *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, or *Expecting Isabel*. See synopses below blatantly plagiarized from the theater handout:

***“Cat on a Hot Tin Roof”*** is a Tennessee Williams play wherein Big Daddy's family gathers in the mid-summer Mississippi heat to celebrate his 65<sup>th</sup> birthday. Passions rise with the temperature, as painful secrets are revealed, dreams are denied, and everyone tries, like a “cat on a hot tin roof” to hold on as long as they can.

***“Expecting Isabel”***, by Lisa Loomer tells the story of a childless Manhattan couple that finds themselves repeatedly trying to become with child. Together they battle the pressures (and questionable genetic material) of their families, and meet a bevy of birth mothers that could only be described as a nightmare. They do, however ultimately find that the miracle of birth is exactly that: a miracle.

I recommend the following: Let's Happy Hour dockside with cocktails, hors d'oeuvres, and puu puus on Saturday about 5PM. We'll then walk over to the theater for the 7:30 performance of either “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof” or “Expecting Isabel.” Afterwards, we'll recover to the Capital Yacht Club for an after show nightcap. They'll stay open as long as we're there.

I will contact everyone who expresses interest in the weekend. Right now, here is what I need from y'all (environmental colloquialism):

- Notice that you intend to participate.
  - Reservations for slip space at Gangplank including boat size and name, and estimated arrival/departure times.
  - Preliminary indications for show reservations. Cat or Isabel. (***I must submit a number to Arena Stage by Sep 23.***)
  - A promise that you won't make fun of my 'lil wooden boat.
  - Any other consideration I may need to know.
- Call Ann or me at 703-968-9760, or E-mail me at [jwilmeth@erols.com](mailto:jwilmeth@erols.com)  
Old Christopher Columbus would be so proud.

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## Oktoberfest und Auction

National Potomac Yacht Club cordially invites OYCers to its annual "Oktoberfest und Auction," Saturday, September 26, 1:00 p.m. at Columbia Island Marina.

Das food by Paul Drobini:

German Potato Salad und Sauerkraut  
Weiswurst und Bier  
Knockwurst und Bratwurst  
Red Cabbage und Soda

Adults \$10, Children 6-15 \$5

Special Guest: Congressman Jim Moran  
RSVP Stella Ismer, (703) 979-2871

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## Membership Report

Welcome this month to new members Jim and Doreen Keating, from Herndon, who keep their 41' Maxum, *Reality*, at Pilot House; Howard and Terry Bannister, from Woodbridge, who keep their 32' Regal, *The Good Life*, at Prince William; and Ron and Ola Manley from Lake Ridge, who keep their 26' Regal, *The Mad Fox*, at OHM.

The club now has 88 members, including 3 Associate, 2 Honorary, 4 Individual and 79 Family memberships

# Lies, damned lies and statistics about the Bay cruises in August

## OYCers cruise for a week to Port Kinsale, Windmill Point, Crisfield and Colonial Beach

by Susan & Eugene Brown, Cruise Coordinators

### Port Kinsale: Day one (August 12)

Boats started arriving around 2:30 p.m. Believe it or not, guess who was the first to arrive? The obvious answer would be *Amazing Grace*, but no, it was the new and improved *Down The Hatch*. Rumor has it that Gary moved his residence to the boat just to get that early start. But after this cruise *Down the Hatch* cannot be kidded about being late; they were always on time.

During the day, the Cruise Coordinator started getting worried when she heard reports on Channel 16 of a boat taking on water. Surely it couldn't be an OYCer, she thought. While we waited during the day we had a try at crabbing with most of the success going to the kids. Needless to say, the last boat, *Seadated 2*, finally came to port in time to attend a very delayed happy hour. Some folks blamed the delay on the crew from *Hot Schatz*.

Later that evening we proceeded to indulge in a terrific dinner at The Moorings restaurant. Although we agreed we weren't really that hungry, we pigged out on crabs and steak. The consensus was that the best prepared food was at The Moorings. A few of the OYC group held to tradition and helped close The Moorings beverage bar (honoring our military with an unknown amount of B-52's). Due to the rough ride down, especially on the newcomers' boat, *Chuckles*, the majority of the group turned in early to get a good start for the next morning.

### Port Kinsale: Day Two

*Chuckles* was the first to rise almost every morning. Well, what do you expect when you have a three year old on board? Big Kevin could always be seen with a fishing rod in his hand. After a few rounds of Bloody Marys, the elders finally got themselves up to the pool while awaiting the arrival of *Dream Weaver*.

Throughout the day there was some picture taking and even head wetting occurred during the day. Some people were green with envy! Soon five individuals on bike and eight others on foot "hit the town" for a browse in the museum and ice cream. Don't blink! There was a close "head wetting" on the return trip as Kevin, Jr., who was riding on someone's shoulders left a wet spot in the driveway shortly after being put down. We closed the day with Happy Hour and dinner up at the pool. It was truly a relaxing day and the beginning of a memorable vacation for all. The Cruise Coordinator was happy and thrilled with the closeness of the group already... many hugs were going around.

### Windmill Point: Day Three

The group now knows where the name came from. We all had to come in full throttle due to a turbulent southeaster wind beating our starboard side. Susan estimated the winds to be at a minimum gale force, gusting to hurricane strength. She also predicts the wave heights in the Bay. Nevertheless, everyone got safely into port. The men cleaned the salt off the boats while the rest on the group checked out the pool and beach. We were all very impressed with the facilities and discussed the possibility of spending an additional night—if we didn't get thrown out first.

It was said that there was more than one moon seen over Windmill Point during the day and the "wee hours of the morning". We have been told it's the European style of swimming. A brief storm hit us about dinner time forcing the group to hop through the window to the dining room. Why would any respectable OYCer waste their time asking someone to open the door when a window will do!

### Windmill Point: Day Four

It was a relaxing day for all. Most of us did major boat cleaning and reorganizing. It seems that halfway through a trip a reevaluation of supplies was necessary. I have never seen so many people needing to do wash while on vacation. That evening we dined pool-side, grilling and doing happy hour. We were having fun and it became the consensus to stay another night at Windmill Point. I wonder if it was the fact that our third night was free? Unfortunately, the bugs joined us also, chasing some back to their boats early.

### Windmill Point: Day Five

The bike ride from H-E-double-L... What started out to be a pleasure ride ended as a fourteen mile marathon for six cruisers. When we hit the town we were just one mile from the Tides. While the OYC Iron Man/Women bike team was off the rest of the group lounged by the pool while others fished. Painfully, one member was exploring the cool waters of the Rappahannock and became friendly with a local sea nettle. Thanks to one of the dockmasters, young Bob, who assisted nine hungry boaters in obtaining a bushel of crabs. We could tell the folks from *Chuckles* were professionals at the sport of crab eating.

### Somer's Cove at Crisfield: Day Six

With an early departure, all the boats arrived safely around 1100 at Somer's Cove at Crisfield. The Cruise Coordinator's mother, Eva, arrived by land, making available handy transportation to the gourmet food store "The Meat Market" and the of course resupply of needed liquids. The foursome—Eugene, Jack, Gary and Kevin—went to the Great Hope Golf Course to do eighteen holes. Some ventured out by bicycle to explore the town. The pool was enjoyed by everyone and plans were made to investigate the crab picking house the following morning.

The Jeb Stuart of boating, *Lovin' Life*, made a surprise secret showing and joined us at Somer's Cove the remainder of Week-long II. To prepare for the next day, the entire group hit Sidestreet Seafood Restaurant to pick crabs and indulge in a variety of eats.

### Somer's Cove at Crisfield: Day Seven

We started our morning off with the usual coffee and small talk. From the recon of the town the previous day a hasty visit was arranged to the crab factory with the best crab pickers in the world. It was an interesting trip and we soon saw how poor the crabs have been running this year.

Then it was off to Tangier Island by ferry. Soon the alert of "Dolphins off the starboard," was heard. Everyone on the ferry jumped to look, only to be disappointed with the sight of bobbing crab pot buoys. This person was hoping so desperately to see dolphins like Tom and Tony actually did on the Rappahannock.

### Colonial Beach Marina: Day Eight

*Dream Weaver* left before day break leaving seven of us

to travel back across the Chesapeake together. While on the way over Mr. Goodwrench, Laslo Bozoky, performed an emergency tune-up on *Chuckles*.

Being our first time on the Bay, we were surprised how short of a trip it was from Crisfield to the mouth of the Potomac River. Upon arrival at Colonial Beach the Coordinator's Flag and great times were transferred to Gary and Carol Walsh in *Down the Hatch*, who continued the OYC traditions without a problem.

### **Week-long quotes and quips!**

1. Any time you cross the Bay remember that 1-5 feet waves mean 1-5 feet over the bow of your boat.
2. The bow pulpit is now called the wench walk.
3. Shorty says, "God bless you OYC!"
4. "Been that, done there!"
5. When you are ever confronted by a security guard act like you're from Austria, speak no English and just say, "Ya, Ya! Ya, Ya!"
6. "Never lie to your hair dresser or else!"
7. "Did you take it from up there and put it on your face?"
8. "Gary, I'm going to kill you."

## **Double-week cruise on the Bay**

by Tom Coldwell, *Shalimar*

You're right, your Daymarker is late this month, but we are reliably informed that the month of September is proceeding as scheduled. The delay is the fault of the editor, who rashly decided to cruise the Bay during the time more responsible ink-stained wretches are busy editing and type-setting yacht club newsletters.

To maintain some immunity from persecution, we arranged to be in the company of OYC VIPs, Commodore and Rear Commodore and their respective spouses—Teresa and Rick Sorrenti in *Sea Duck Too*, and Peggy and Jim Ball in *Cheers*, in their new 42' Chris Craft aft-cabin—as well as our own spouse and VVIP Mary Ann in our *Shalimar*.

As planned, the Sorrentis cruised the first week, August 22-30, and we were joined for the second week by Steve and Kathy Zimpel in *Courchevel* and Tom and Barbara Egmore in *Morning Mist*. Later in the second week, at Solomons, we linked up with "renegade cruisers" Gary, Nicky and Danni Linck in *Lovin' Life*; Vice Commodore Janine Washington and Mike Fordham in *Kitt*; and Howard, Terry and Kristine Bannister in *The Good Life*. OYC's Spring Cove Marina residents John and Sandy Ludwig in *Moonbeam* and Rick and Debbie Zimmerman in *Razadaz II* showed up to make the Labor Day weekend cruise to Coles Point.

After we enjoyed visits to Point Lookout and Tides Lodge, Hurricane Bonnie forced us to return for shelter (we hoped) at Port Kinsale, forgoing our planned three nights at the much more vulnerable York River Yacht Haven. Our departure from the Tides was notable for *Cheers*' discovery that her port shaft had detached from the transmission. The fast-working folks at nearby Rappahannock Yachts quickly hauled, repaired and sent the boat on her way.

We spent four nights at Port Kinsale, and although The Moorings restaurant was closed the first two nights, we dined well on board—appetites well honed by days of doubling up lines, removing (and later replacing) every thread of canvas,

hiking and pool lounging and chatting up permanent slip holders likewise preparing for Bonnie.

### **An interesting discovery**

From a complete stranger on the Port Kinsale docks, a kindly sailboater from Richmond, we learned of certain after-midnight shenanigans which occurred during the previous OYC week long cruise, August 8-15. Reportedly, SIX cruise participants skinny-dipped in the Windmill Point Marina pool at 4:00 a.m.! Our informant remembered that the naked celebrants were from Occoquan Yacht Club, and he said the incident was the talk of the marina the next day. And he wondered whether OYC stood for "Off with Your Clothes." Discretion prevents our listing the OYC members who participated in the cruise lest unwarranted inferences be drawn on who may have dipped, skinny-wise.

Needless to say, the utter shock to our Commodore and Rear Commodore was exceeded only by their hope to learn more of the lurid details.

### **Waiting for Bonnie to do her—or our—thing**

If you have to get hemmed in anywhere by a hurricane that can't make up its mind, you would be hard pressed to beat Port Kinsale. Hospitable staff, peace and quiet, good hiking, splendid pool—and no shopping mall to distract us from the real joys of boating. Like the canvas thing—putting it up, taking it down, line handling, scrubbing. And the relaxation parts—snoozing, reading, sharing dinners aboard, properly clothed visits to the pool, nature walks (saw a four-foot water moccasin swimming near the Kinsale covered docks).

Finally, on the last day of Week One, Bonnie had cleared out, so we skated on down to Onancock on Virginia's Eastern Shore. Next day, Sunday, Steve and Kathy Zimpel in *Courchevel*—with no help from a broken GPS—found their way across the Bay and into town. Steve resorted to paper charts which were so old, the text and labels were in an ancient typeface, the kind that used the letter "f" in place of "s", and depths were shown in Roman numerals. (When the depth gets down to IV feet, *Courchevel* is in deep fhit.)

Visits to Crisfield (two nights) and Solomons (three nights) were uneventful but certainly enjoyable. The in-between, however, was neither—three- to four-foot quartering seas from Kedges Strait up to the Patuxent River, a steering failure for *Courchevel* (during which evolution a deck table on the flying bridge mysteriously disappeared), a transmission failure for *Morning Mist* (that brave M/M crew diagonally crossed the nasty Bay on one engine).

Our two-week adventure merged with the OYC Fleet descending on Coles Point for Labor Day weekend—that event ably coordinated by Rick Sorrenti.

As for the two-week cruise, Peggy Ball did an absolutely super coordinating job. We had four boats at most any one time, but even that small fleet takes just as much planning and calling ahead as for a larger group.

"Cheers" and thanks to you, Peggy, for arranging a fantastic cruise—a great escape to boating at its finest!

## Martha Jane saved from sinking

Ed & Martha Jane Dodd, who are Occoquan and Fairfax Yacht Club members and owners of the 36' Egg Harbor docked at Fairfax YC, want to thank Ray and Pat Steele, Bill and Bonnie Fulford and Jesse, Mary and Brian Bowman for their diligent efforts that saved the boat *Martha Jane* on August 2nd.

The Dodds had just returned from a week long cruise with the Northern Virginia Power Squadron. The water on the Chesapeake Bay was extremely rough from Windmill Point to Coles Point on the Potomac River, where the Dodds had stopped for lunch and gas. Little did they know that the "pounding" they experienced on the Bay had done so much damage to their 36-year old wooden boat.

After tying up at FYC, Ray Steele commented on the excessive amount of bilge water pumping off. Ed went below and lifted the floor boards in the cabin to find water only inches from the floor joists. The boat's bilge pumps were not handling the water coming in. Bonnie quickly obtained their hand pump and started to pump the water from the bilge. Mary went to their boat and got a hand pump "whaler" and started pumping. Jesse tried to reach other yacht club officials by cell phone to locate the electric pump, Ray and Pat assisted in hauling water and assessing the situation. It was noticed at this point that water was pouring in at a hidden area at the bow. Jesse went under the boat and located a board that had moved out just enough to allow water to enter the boat. Bill called Occoquan Harbour Marina (OHM) and was able to get the travelift man to come in and emergency haul the boat. Ed, Bill and Mary (still pumping) took the boat to OHM for haul-out.

Ed and Martha Jane caulked and slicked-seamed the bow hull area the next day and the boat was back in the water on Tuesday. Ed contacted his wooden boat man at Harding Marine, Branson Cove and the boat will go down river for a more thorough check-out soon.

The Dodds also want to thank Jesse Bowman, Larry Ritchie, Dick Holt and others who kept a watch on the boat. OHM was paid for their services but we must give special thanks to John Olson at OHM for a Sunday emergency haul-out.

"What an exciting climax to our week long cruise," Ed says. "Most of all are the super friends, who did not hesitate to help us out when we were in great trouble.

"Many, many thanks from Ed and Martha Jane Dodd!"

## The Datemarkers

### Anniversaries

Jay & Ann Wilmeth	9/2	Jim & Dottie Jacobsen	9/6
Mike & Dottie Strunk	9/6	Tim & Beth Chaffin	9/18
Mike & Irene Tercy	9/19	Martin & Rosie Betts	9/28
Gary & Carol Walsh	9/30	Tom & Twila Lytle	9/30

### Birthdays

Jim Keating	9/7	Marcelle McCarthy	9/8
Bronwyn Ziegler	9/8	Ralph Burner	9/10
Mitch Mutnick	9/13	Tom Egmore	9/13
Steve Zimpel	9/15	Roger Menking	9/19
Gaert Sime	9/19	Pat Steele	9/21
Chip Hayes	9/24	Joe Grosson	9/25
Steve Donock	9/25		

## Some neat stuff I learned during two boat surveys

by Jim Ball

The Surveyor from Hell descended upon *Cheers II* in mid-July to find any and every little thing wrong that he could. Now if he were working for me, it would be different, but it was my boat. This guy Randy Renn, whose business is called Marine Forensic Technicians (well, it was sort of a crime scene), has all the latest in diagnostic instrumentation, including an infrared temperature sensor which is a point and shoot. Point it at you, and it will read 98.2 (hopefully) point it at your risers and it will read—oh, no! Well that's another story! He had a stethoscope, a wireless tachometer, a probe of some sort that he stuck in various engine orifices, and all kinds of great Star Wars-type gadgets. Actually, he was great. And he had all sorts of tips and suggestions that I have never heard before, and I've been reading the boating magazines for years. So I thought I'd share some with you:

1. Look closely at your gas fill caps. There is (or is supposed to be) an O-ring around the top of the cap that keeps water from leaking into your gas tanks. The SFH says you should pick up extras at your local hardware and change them out every few months. Actually I think once or twice a year would get it, but anyway, take a look, it could avoid big problems.
2. Put an ice cube in a zip lock bag and put it in your freezer. Check it every time you come to the boat. If it doesn't have sharp edges or is a puddle of ice, your refrigerator has been off (power outage) and you should throw away the mayonnaise and anything else in the fridge that will grow nasty bacteria.
3. Look closely at your sanitation hoses. Do you see gray stuff that looks like carpet fuzz? It ain't carpet fuzz, it is the stuff in the inside of the hose leaching out to the outside, and it doesn't smell like roses. Clean the hoses with a good household cleaner (I recommend Simple Green) and then wax, yes you heard me, WAX them to keep the leaching down. Honest, that's what the SFH told me.

I hired Randy to be my surveyor on the new boat, and he performed again magnificently, except that he did miss one thing that will be the subject of next month's article which will deal with dancing engines, loose shafts, and how a zinc in place saves face.

Finally, cleaning tips from those who haven't gotten the word on "Purple Stuff"—a product called Super Clean from Castrol, available at Trak Auto, is the greatest for taking the grunge off of fenders and power cords when used with a Scotchbrite pad. Also, On-Off is the thing for hull cleaning as demonstrated by Steve Zimpel on the two week cruise after he was marked up by the towboat (that's yet another story). Next month we check out a reportedly even better product, "Grease Lightning".

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**Watch your e-mail for late word on the End of Summer Party at Tantallon**