



The Daymarker

OCCOQUAN YACHT CLUB

P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

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

Web site: <http://www.OccoquanYachtClub.org>

Commodore
Peggy Ball
703 569-2159

Vice Commodore
Debby Zimmerman
301 292-9893

Rear Commodore
Candy Clevenger
703 273-3073

Secretary
Marylynn Snowman
301 869-2885

Treasurer
Nabil Dubraque
703 791-3755

Quartermasters
Duane & Janet Jeirles
703 430-7282

Membership
Jim Ball
703 569-2159

Historian
Susan Von Schaack
703 339-6404

PRYCA Delegate
Jay Wilmeth
703 968-9760

THE DAYMARKER Editor
Tom Coldwell
703 323-1675



Commodore's Comments

Peggy Ball

Wow! I can't believe it's July 4th already. I'm so-o-o jealous of all the OYC'ers who have already made at least one trip down to the Bay. I know my time will come, but I am still envious of those who go before me.

A big thanks to our wonderful cruise coordinators last month. I include the hearty coordinators for the Memorial Weekend cruises that were so challenging. Says a lot about the OYC spirit that weather good or bad never gets in the way of a good time on the water.

Don't miss the Float-In

I look forward to seeing many of you at Ft. Washington later this month for the PRYCA Float-In. I especially hope some of you are practicing dinghy races and knot tying. Maybe the July 4th trips should include cardboard boat design time. I love the fact that others on the River are still talking about our radar and other decorations on previous float-ins. OYC is

definitely the most fun club on the water! We always make our own fun wherever we are. Of course, the challenge of some good clean (usually) competition never hurts either—right? Miss the sign-up? Give Jay Wilmeth a quick call, 968-9760, and see if space is still available. It's some of the best fun on the River every summer.

More new boats in our fleet

Seems like a lot of new boats are joining our ranks. I keep hearing about members moving up to bigger boats so they can get the most from their time on the water. I say good for you. Come on and sign up for a weekend cruise or week-long and break in those babies.

Jim and I look forward to meeting up with the first two-week cruise during their stay at York River Yacht Haven. It really is fun to see our friends no matter how we do it. We certainly have enjoyed being surprised along the way on



Why Jim bought the jet ski—Captain Jim Henry commands his new jet ski to deliver (l. to r.) Arleen Rhodes, Mary Ann Coldwell and Mary Jo Worcester to the recent craft show in Occoquan.

our cruises. It is a really good way to get the flavor of a long cruise without the commitment. Consider taking a drive and surprising them if you get a chance.

Lots of cool stuff still coming up this summer. Yet another chance to travel the southern Bay during August, a new event in Colonial Beach and of course our very own Dinghy Regatta. Wait, isn't that last one another chance to compete again? You are catching on. We are so willing and able to entertain ourselves that we even host our very own dinghy races. Why wait for outsiders to invite us? Of course, that also means we know which club wins the most prizes—OYC.

Hope to see you on the water real soon. Cheers!

Welcome new members

by Jim Ball, Membership Chairman

Welcome to David & Brenda Chladek of Dale City, who keep their 19' International Marine West Wight Potter Sailboat, Lark, at home.

For those who may not know, OYC was started by sailboaters, and we have a number of members who have sailboats now or did before they fell from [sailboat] grace and got powerboats, including your membership chairman.

The Datemarkers

Birthdays

Frank Holland 7/5	Jan Brodie 7/7
Marcelle McCarthy 7/8	Mary Ann Coldwell 7/14
Elaine Robey 7/14	Leo Smith 7/14
Kristie Kelm 7/16	Nicky Linck 7/16
Susan Wilson 7/17	Russ Barnes 7/20
Ray Kelly 7/20	Susan Brown 7/22
Don Uber 7/22	Jay Wilmeth 7/22
John Robie 7/23	Ann Shipley 7/28
Gary Spaid 7/29	Barb Egmore 7/30
Sharon Striker 7/30	

Anniversaries

Glenn & Jan Brodie 7/3
Eugene & Susan Brown 7/6
Tom & Mary Ann Coldwell 7/6
Craig & Terry Dowd 7/17
Ed & Martha Jane Dodd 7/18
Wilma & Frank Spikes 7/19
Henry & Monica Lovell 7/24
Robert & Nancy Miller 7/25
Jim & Peggy Ball 7/25



Vice Commodore's Comments

Debby Zimmerman

No one offered to take me up on the sale of my boat in last month's Daymarker so.... I decided since most of the work was done I would actually enjoy it for a change. Memorial Day weekend was coming up and 13 boats were signed up to cruise to Spring Cove. We lost four along the way, but everyone else made it to enjoy a rainy cold weekend. We sure seem to have had bad luck every time we are the fleet coordinators (remember last Labor Day when Hurricane Dennis decided to visit). Well, at least it wasn't that bad.

Steve Wellington, Dick Hopkins and Rick got together Saturday morning and decided they were not going to let a little rain ruin the weekend. They had plans. Rick took off to the stores and a hour later the guys were busy stringing tarps over the picnic area at the top of A-Dock. OYC has to have a place to hold Happy Hour! Besides, there was a pot-luck dinner planned and those guys like to eat.

The weather did not stop anyone from having fun, nor did the water taxi's decision to quit providing service except for charters. Saturday night we piled a bunch of us into the back of Rick's pickup and roared off to the Tiki Bar. The next day, the Spuids found an even better way to navigate the island. Just hop from one bar to the next, when you get to the Tiki Bar you know you are at the end of the road. (They made it back, too!) Sunday was one of those threatening type days but forecast to be better than Monday so several boats decided to head home early. The rest of us jumped into land yachts and headed for Stoney's to have crab cakes. That evening Little Kevin McCarthy and Rick got into a rousing discussion on the value of a "zero." [*It's nothing, really*— Ed.] I still don't know which one of them was correct but it was a interesting discussion to say the least. Anyone who can hold his own with Rick is okay in my book; Kevin did a great job.

The weather might not have been very nice but the weekend was fantastic. Good food, good drinks and most of all good friends. I heard someone saying that weekend that OYC was a drinking club with a boating disorder. I am not sure if that is really true but we did have a few drinks and we were a bit disorderly so maybe we do qualify. I do know that I am glad I belong to such a fun loving club that does so much together.

Upcoming Events

July is another fun packed month for OYC. Two cruises for the 4th of July, A two week cruise to Portsmouth and the Eastern side of the Bay and the PRYCA Float-in at Fort Washington. Another two week cruise starts at the end of the month and goes into August.

August brings us the PRYCA Dog Days of Summer at Colonial Beach and the Dinghy Regatta. Last but not least, on August 30th we celebrate the Annual OYC Holiday at Tim's Rivershore. Mark your calendars now!

Maryland Shore Updates.....

The PRYCA Float-in is July 14-16 at Fort Washington Marina with yours truly and hubby Rick behind the bar. Practice your walking on water, rowing, navigational skills and dance steps.

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 20th of each month.

If possible, please submit copy by e-mail to:

coldwell@erols.com.

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



Rear Commodore' Comments

Candy Clevenger

Last weekend's forecast was for hot, humid and chance of thunderstorms which normally turns out to be more than a chance of thunderstorms. The week-day forecast was for clear skies, sunshine and not to much humidity. Yes, it looks like summer is finally here.

The *Oasis2* has been washed and waxed, washed and waxed, and then washed and waxed again. We may actually get the boat out of the slip after all. After having a few engine and equipment problems this spring it looks like she is about ready to be packed for our two-week summer cruise on the Bay. Of course the important items like beer and wine have been on the boat since the Blessing of the Fleet. Now it's time to get serious and make sure we have on board the binoculars, handheld VHF, TV remote controls, deck of cards, a good book or two, and of course, tools for fixing the boat when it breaks down. We waited to gas up convinced that prices would fall before we left on our cruise, wrong again.

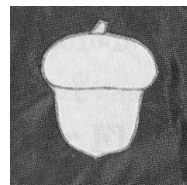
After hearing the stories of those who cruised down the river over Memorial weekend we are anxiously awaiting the weather forecast for our departure date of July 1st. Of course now that Allen has the radar, chart plotter and GPS all working he's made it clear that there will be no occasion for whining about the uncertainty of our course. I am not to say, "see that land, head for it. I don't care if it is the right piece of land, I just want to touch land."

Seriously, the OYC boating season for 2000 has been shaping up admirably. The lineup of OYC boating and social activities is again outstanding. The variety of activities on tap offers something of interest for everyone and is sure to help you extend your boating skills. One of OYC's favorite events is the Dinghy Regatta scheduled this year on August 19th and 20th. Check next month's issue for more details.

On another note, people keep asking how the plans for our daughter Nicole's upcoming wedding are progressing. For all those who are curious I would just like to remind you of Steve Martin's opener in "Father of the Bride": "I used to think a wedding was a simple affair. A boy and girl meet, they fall in love, he buys a ring, she buys a dress, they say 'I do.' I was wrong, that's getting married. A wedding is an entirely different proposition."

Nicole and I are finding out very quickly that planning a wedding is a lot like producing a dinner show. There is a script, stars, a supporting cast, and a budget that is never large enough. I never go anywhere these days without lists, schedules and my trusty four-inch binder. We have found that suddenly unimportant things have become important. Should the invitations be in blue or black ink? Should the postage stamps be lovebirds or hearts? What flavor should the cake be? How should the napkins be folded? We eat, sleep and breath wedding these days.

So in answer to the question, how is everything progressing? Great! Just pray for low humidity and sunny clear skies on September 16th.



Treasurer's Comments

Nabil Dubraque

This Was Potomac

After a year and a half of searching, Amazon.com finally located a volume I had searched for since first encountering it at the public library's reference section. A week ago, to my delight, it arrived, an autographed first edition (probably the only edition) of Frederick Tilp's self-published *This Was Potomac River*. Published in 1978, and arguably the definitive work on the river's history and lore, it is a work I recommend to all who enjoy the river and its tributaries.

A child of the Depression, Tilp was an architect by vocation and a consummate researcher and river historian by avocation. His work is full of old photographs, anecdotal description, and thoughtful commentary. Examples include the shad fisheries off of High Point on the Occoquan, the Alexandria fish wharves between Oronoco and Queen Streets in Alexandria, sturgeon fisheries and caviar preparation on the Potomac, and the "arks" or houseboats which lined the Potomac, providing housing, businesses, and even bordellos to Alexandria. These mementos of a recent past would have been all too quickly forgotten were it not for the works of Tilp and others. What makes Tilp's work unique is the exhaustive nature of his research, the readability of its text, and its veritable wealth of old photographs. It is hard today to pass Mallows Bay and Widewater without thinking of the "... two hundred million dollar bonfire..." where 218 wooden ships, built as troop carriers during the First World War (though never used) were burned to the waterline and sunk, their hulks still seen at low tide, and a favored spot for fishermen.

The book is must reading for us who venture on the river, lifting a corner of the veil of time to provide us a glimpse of its rich though largely forgotten past.

And, on a more mundane note, we still have money.



Ducks ahoy—Walt Cheatham found this duck family resting on Fairfax Yacht Club boat.

The Perfect Memorial Day Weekend

Ten Boats Depart, Five Boats Return! A Memorial Day Cruise to Remember

by Steve Wexler, Cruise Coordinator

The Atlantic Ocean has the Bermuda Triangle; the Potomac River has the Yeocomico Tributary. The ten OYC boats cruised into Port Kinsale Marina to celebrate the 2000 OYC Memorial Day Cruise, and *five* returned.

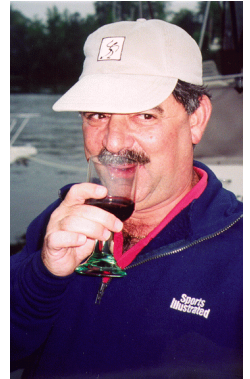
The saga begins: Abby Rhodes directed her Dad who led *T and T* (the “Swengali” boat—how does she do it?) down on Friday afternoon. The Corky Yacht arrived early Saturday afternoon, to be followed shortly thereafter by the Flagship of Puff Papa Steve, ably captained by Tommy C. at the helm, with *Three G’s* closely following to stern. *Hot Schatz*, navigated by the Tyrolean Steer, arrived later on Saturday afternoon and berthed to the port of *Sea Duck Too*, thereby ensuring that the downloaded Ricky Dinghy could not be re-loaded until the aforesaid steer had de-berthed later in the weekend. The Hoffmaster flotilla of Zimpel, Zimpel and the Snowman came a-cruising three abreast, wreaking havoc in their combined wakes—but actually arriving before after-dinner drinks. And finally, just in time for the first cocktail party were Jan and Duane on *Touch of Fate*. So, counting Mr. Abominable—who had signed up for the Solomon’s cruise and realized it was actually a left turn only after he had made three rights—we had ten boats by Saturday evening. And only five returned on Monday. But more about that later.

Saturday night... dock cocktail party with dinner at the Moorings Restaurant. Costco management really should send a thank you note to the OYC Board. It always seems that the OYC membership is trying to single-handedly restore the value of the Price Club stock.

This year’s Moorings management said “try us, it’s gonna be great!!” which is not a lot different than the message from the previous four or five restaurant operators. But it was good, the OYC revelers did just that, and a few of us tried to enjoy the Sports Bar Live Music afterwards.

Sunday morning... the 8:30 dock brunch started right on time, about 9:30 or 10:00 (Have we all started to contract Steve Zimpel time disease—as in no awareness of?) The annual trek to Kinsale was well attended and led by her lord high Corkliness, or was that really Teresa? Steve had a lot of trouble getting anyone to play ball, except for Abby, and her return throws were truly spitballs. But we arrived in Kinsale (to new marina management, of course) and went up the hill expecting to find the Always Closed Kinsale Museum. Lo and behold—OPEN—for the second year in a row (a new trend). The return march was uneventful, unless you count the clear leash hand-off from Ned to his dogwalker-in-training, Duane (soon to be a new dog owner) Jeirles.

Sunday afternoon’s visit to White Point Marina and the transient Prince William Yacht Club members left nothing to write home about, except for *SD Too’s* dinghy coughs. Important to note only because it resulted in one of those Dock Grunt-offs which the female OYC members are all too familiar with; you know the scene, where Rick has the engine cover off the dinghy, Laslo has tools in one hand and a beer



(With a tip of the hat to Warner Bros.)

in the other, Tom is conversing with the two of them and Ned is harassing all of them, while the two Zimpel bouys yell instructions from their flybridges. Well, the dinghy got started; Rick went flying off across the river, Laslo went somewhere to make glue (or some sort of heated wine drink), Tom took a nap and Ned kept right on harassing—which raises that age old question: If Ned Rhodes speaks in a forest, does anyone care that nobody is there to hear?

Special thanks to the captain and crew of *Emerald Lady* for hosting the Sunday night happy hour(s). A personal note of thanks to Linda and the Tyrolean Bullschatz for hosting a post-dinner Anton dance contest (you had to be there; but ask about it the next time you see Laslo!).

And then came Monday morning—25 to 30 knot winds....driving rain....and I had a portable phone in hand ready to make the call to Northern Virginia “Come and get me!” But Ned said he would be leaving (Oh, that’s right...I neglected to mention that *Shalimar* offered PPS and Paula only a one-way ride, leaving us to fend for a way home; that’s my story and I’m sticking to it), so Paula and I figured we’d go along for the ride. The two Zimpel boats were actually the first to leave, once Steve figured out how to get his into forward gear. *T and T’s* captain embarked and showered her way home on board *Emerald Lady*, and still had time to guide Steve safely through the treacherous river. The Corkster’s boat prepared to leave with the *Touch of Fate* crew loaded safely in the warm and totally weather-tight pilot house area. *Shalimar* stayed in place as did *Three G’s*. And *Snowman* was still at dock trying to figure out how to spell Solomon’s so he could call ahead.

So we arrived with ten boats and left with five. And the five that did leave got quite a ride for the first hour of the return trip. Ned said he counted at least five “Oh [crap]”s from Paula. We truly enjoyed hearing about Rick taking water over the pilot house. And then there was Laslo’s bow redesign, where his searchlight is still communing with the bottom of the Potomac River. Captain Nedley kept advising the troops that it was getting better—and he was right, it did: we arrived in the Occoquan and got off the boat—THAT was better.

Just another OYC boating weekend with a great group of people, loads of stories, food and drink, and lots of fun. I challenge the Solomon’s cruise coordinator to top our ~~ties~~ stories.

Another Take on Memorial Day

by Joe Livingston, *Gail Lynn II*

Gail Lynn II, a 426 ChrisCraft, departed Spring Cove Marina on Monday, May 29 with six adults aboard and a weather forecast of light rain, 1-5 foot seas and 7-16 mph winds from the southeast. With wind and seas increasing as we approached Point-No-Point Light, our port engine lost r.p.m. and started back-firing. Suspecting fuel contamination, we switched to starboard tanks, reduced starboard engine r.p.m. and maintained headway into a quartering sea.

We re-gained power on the port engine and made the decision to attempt to reach Point Lookout. The boat was running well into 5-7 foot seas. About 3 miles south, the port engine again lost power and then, *both* engines stalled. We put on our PFDs and then anchored, using about 200 feet of rode, and radioed our position to the Coast Guard. In troubleshooting the engines, we discovered that all battery

power was gone. We used a portable power pack and set the boat’s battery switch to “All,” fired up the genset, turned on the battery charger to get enough battery power to re-start and run the engines. The real challenge then was to weigh anchor in seas by now reaching 8-10 feet.

Reflections: Big helps were having six people aboard at critical points, where a crew of two would have been hard pressed; having a chart-plot system with GPS to simplify reporting and navigation; and using a tether when setting the anchor to increase safety. However, an unsecured dunnage box on the aft deck caused the greatest safety risk. The emergency power pack proved invaluable as did our volt meter. Cruising with another boat is recommended.

The probable cause of battery failure was two loose wires on the vessel’s main electrical panel and a defective battery switch (possibly cause and effect from loose wires).

This was a true shakedown cruise for the *Gail Lynn II* crew, Joe and Gail. We appreciate the assistance and experience of the *Time Away* crew, Mike and Cindy Hollingsworth, and the calm support provided by Barbara and Morgan, volunteer passengers we borrowed from Rudy Noori and friend Brian aboard *Soul Mate*.

After making Point Lookout Marina we decided to remain overnight; the crew needed to recoup and evaluate, and the winds were holding firm at 30 mph. We departed the next morning under strong winds, and we had a great and uneventful trip up the Potomac—at least as far as Red Marker 30 near the Dahlgren range radio tower area, where our hydraulic steering tie-rod separated from the rudder—and the GPS dutifully documented our circular track. After routine repairs, we proceeded to home port almost without further incident (we must leave a story for the next club event).

Did I forget to mention, power boat cruising is GREAT!

And another one...

by Randy Snowman, *Abominable Snowman*

It was supposed to be a one-night stopover and move on to Solomon’s the next day. Yeah right, it became obvious that Mother Nature had a different agenda.

Most everyone has heard of the pain that we have been going through to get stabilizers on our boat. This trip was supposed to get the boat to Solomon’s and have the Naiad engineer meet us there for finalizing the installation. We decided to stop at Port Kinsale and spend Saturday with our dear friends of OYC. Sunday was a gloomy rainy day. So we figured it was a three-day weekend anyway, why not wait until tomorrow? Well, Sunday night was a VERY lnnnnng night of rockin’ and a rollin’, and Monday morning we all noticed that there were white caps in the marina!

Naturally there were a few wrinkled brows, behind which troubled brains wondered what kind of adventure getting up the river was going to be. Remember, this marina is just a few miles away from where the river meets the bay. Naturally, the Zimpel brothers were more than willing to take passengers up river on their dynamic duo of megayachts. We, however, had the dubious task of taking our boat around Point Lookout and up to Solomon’s Island.

With determination and an “I’m not worried” attitude, we set off for our smooth ride around the bend. It was not long though, about five minutes, before the angry river started to make me think twice. To make a long story short, we

turned around and went back to the marina (shaken and stirred). I called the Naiad engineer, who was well on his way from Connecticut, and told him to drive to Port Kinsale instead of Solomon's Island.

He and I set off early Tuesday morning while Mary Lynn drove his vehicle to Solomon's. This is where the fun begins. As we left the marina and set off into the river, I noticed that we were seeing rather large swells, but not unbearable. However, the further I got out into the river, the bigger they got (imagine that). As I fought to get around Point Lookout, I could see that it was getting really "sporty" now (4 to 6 foot swells, really).

You would be surprised how you find all kinds of issues with your boat in these situations. I was driving from the lower helm—you know, the one that is supposed to shield you from the elements. Well, it felt like I was trying to block the waves with a trash can lid! Every wave that crashed over the fly bridge was a new adventure in salt-water showers! Something else I found out, computers and salt water do not get along very well! Mother Nature decided that my boat would look better without my upper bimini. She also decided, just to remind me who the boss is, to trim off half of my lower canvas enclosure. While I had a white-knuckle grip on the helm, I looked over to notice the Naiad engineer has a concerned look on his face. It turns out that he is an engineer who designs these things, but he is not a boater!

Finally, after three hours of pure hell, we made it to Solomon's. I was absolutely exhausted. I docked the boat, jumped off and did not look back for fear of what I might see. Luckily, my boat made it through this ordeal still floating. It could have been much, much worse.

While I would like to forget this awful experience, a good friend of mine told me "don't forget it, learn from it." So what have I learned from this? I will never go out into conditions like this again. When in doubt, chicken out!



Secretary's Comments

Mary Lynn Snowman

After the "sporty" seas we had on Memorial Day, I have decided that I am a river person. And if foul seas don't soon get better on my boat I will be an *Occoquan* river person.

I am not ashamed to admit that when it comes to sporty seas, I am a wimp! You cannot put me in the same category as the Zimpel ladies. They are a fearless crew. They can and will go in any kind of weather. But I prefer sunny skies. And in the future I may insist on sunny skies (or at least calm seas).

Saturday of Memorial Day weekend was cloudy but because we had to take our boat to Solomons for repair work on the stabilizers we started out anyway. We had a very enjoyable trip down the river with the Zimpels and their crews to Port Kinsale. We decided to join the OYC group there for a night (or three). Sunday brought in rougher seas and rumor had it that Monday was going to better—NOT! I was seasick for three days.

Monday a few of the boats took off for home. Those left to watch from the docks knew that their trips would not be

easy. Waves were breaking over the bows of all the boats. Conversations back and forth were filled with sarcastic laughter. And we still had to get to Solomons.

We fueled up, secured our dinghy and set off for Solomons. Fortunately for me, due to mechanical difficulties, we had to turn around and spend the rest of the day at Port Kinsale waiting for calmer seas.

I'm not sure exactly when calmer seas came to the Potomac or the Bay but it definitely was not the next day. We had run out of time and it was necessary for us to go regardless of the weather. Randy and Anthony (an engineer for the stabilizers) set off for Solomons early Tuesday morning. Thankfully, I was able to travel by van to Solomons.

Crew and boat arrived in Solomons in a little over three hours. I understand that a lot of rocking and rolling took place that day, but it was not to the tune of music. The inside of our boat was wet from bow to stern. The bimini was in shreds, the lower canvas was missing pieces and had been stripped away from part of the boat.

The crew didn't fair much better. Randy said hi and let's go. Anthony was able to tell me goodbye. He assured us that he understood that our stabilizers were not working and that he would fix them. But it was clear that both men were shaken.

I knew the second I saw Randy that he was in no condition to drive. I packed our car, shoved the dog and my husband inside, and drove home. It was a full 30 minutes before Randy could say anything else to me. I'm sure that I will never fully understand what went through his mind that day, but this much I know... regardless of the reason...never again will my husband or our boat go through those kind of seas.



Telebilly —One of those cute and lovable TV kids' show characters showed up at OHM to do some work on Bill Fulford's boat.

One last account (finally) of a weekend—and a week that followed

by Tom Coldwell, *Shalimar*

Memorial Day weekend started out cloudy and ended up rough, as you've already read—an inauspicious beginning for *Shalimar's* planned one-week cruise following OYC's weekend at Port Kinsale. The hijinks so grandly conceived by Puff Puppy Steve Wexler took a sharp turn Monday morning with the onslaught of gale winds thrashing the ten beleaguered hulls against unrelenting seas. And that was just in the slips.

As Steve reports, only five of the ten boats at Port Kinsale got underway that morning; one of them was *Shalimar*, whose crew had no need to depart, settled as we were into a lazy week to follow with no set itinerary. I must confess it made us feel warm and bubbly inside knowing we didn't have to get underway, for we knew that those who did leave to pound, roll, pitch and yaw in face the four-to-six footers in the lower Potomac would probably feel warm and bubbly inside, too!

We did depart Tuesday afternoon, not for the Bay as we had wished, but for Coles Point Plantation—a fine alternative under the circumstances. Of course, the restaurant was closed on two of the three nights of our stay, depriving us of the long-anticipated Mud Pie.

Next stop, Colonial Beach, Friday morning at the Yacht Center just inside Monroe Creek. The Yacht Center remains as old hands have always remembered it, but we stayed anyway, alongside a tee-pier paralleling the channel.

We biked into town, past several blocks of well-tended

homes, and we visited many of the small shops around town, including a group calling themselves the Washington Avenue Mini-Mall. Antiques, potpourri, clothes, crafts and local lore were all there. We bypassed the casino on the waterfront, but we hear they serve food—and instant indebtedness, I suppose.

A highlight was our tour of The Bell House, a former property of Alexander Graham Bell, who along with Al Gore invented the Internet. Well, no, Bell just did the phone thing. Anyway, this stately mansion on the waterfront is now owned by PRYCA denizens Phil and Anne Bolin, who have restored the place as a bed-and-breakfast. They opened their doors to the first lodgers on the last weekend of June. The Bolins have done a first-rate job of preserving the Victorian charm of the home while equipping it with modern amenities. The house has four guest rooms, baths for each. For more information, visit the Bolins website, www.thebellhouse.com. Or call them; yes, Mr. Bell left them a phone, 804 224-7000.

Another find in Colonial Beach is Parkers Crab Shore, an old (1927) restaurant under new ownership. We'd place Parkers in the top five seafood eateries on the Potomac, even if they are open only for dinner. But what a dinner.

Where did the week go? As we left Colonial Beach on Saturday morning (after another night of heavy storms), it seemed like mere minutes since we had banished Puff Poodle Steve and fair Paula to a ride home in *Impulse*. Still, by the week's end we had enjoyed ourselves—almost as much as with our OYC friends at its beginning.



Down to the sea —*Shalimar* battles the raging Potomac near Coles Point Plantation

Job Changes, Boat Broken, Homeless and Still Happy? Take a two week cruise.

By Susan E. von Schaack, Cruise Coordinator

Well, three out of four ain't bad. Yes, we are alive and ready to celebrate. School is over and the second two week cruise is around the corner. You've all been so patient. Peggy's nails have never been shorter. The time for the unveiling has arrived. All we need is a decision by July 5th and two deposit checks for a total of \$75.00.

Every marina expects arrival of a fun loving crew from Occoquan Yacht Club. Our first stay will be at Olverson's on the Yeocomico from July 29 thru July 31. We'll move to the Tides on the Rappahannock on Monday morning for a two-day stay. The York River Yacht Haven will welcome our convoy midweek. On Saturday, we depart for Salt Ponds Marina Resort in Hampton with its "Over 18 Cabana Pool and Bar." A quiet and relaxing time will be had by all when we dock at Windmill Point from August 7th until the 9th. Get ready for two days of crabs when we spend Wednesday and Thursday at Somer's Cove Marina in Crisfield, Maryland.

The last days of our two week escapade will wind down

at Colonial Beach for the PRYCA's Dog Days of Summer. We'll be grilling seven days and dining out the other eight nights. Happy hour for grill days will be 6:00 PM and light hors d'oeuvres at 5:30 for restaurant nights. More information will be sent to participants as the cruise gets closer.

I need the following information to make your reservations all along our route:

Your name and name of your boat

Vessel length and beam.

Power requirements: 1-30 amp, 2-30 amp, 1-50 amp

Your phone number.

Your e-mail address

Please put this information on a piece of paper and get it to me A.S.A.P.—hand deliver the weekend of the Fourth at Gangplank Marina to Susan Brown or Tom Shank, or mail to Susan Brown, 9652 Eaton Woods Place, Lorton, VA 22079.

Don't forget your checks. Please make payable to: Tides \$50.00 and Somer's Cove \$25.00.

The Homecoming

by Barb Egmore

Her journey on the high seas in an approaching hurricane started Labor Day last. She traveled the stormy waters of the Potomac towards her final destination for the winter. She was tattered and torn and woefully in need of someone who could make her look young again. She debated whether to continue on because the winds were increasing significantly, tossing her this way, then that. Remaining upright was difficult, but her faithful escort constantly at her side guided her on. She knew if she could get to the place called Point Lookout, she might find some protection, especially if a calm cove were there where she could rest. Arriving at Point Lookout, she joined a few others who like her, were weary from their trip down river. She spent three days resting and breaking bread with them. During these stormy days, the water in the evenings rose beyond normal levels, making it difficult to traverse on foot from one point to another.

On the fourth day, it was time to continue her journey but the winds were still blowing hard. The waters would not become calmer than they were. She decided to forge ahead, taking her chances and traversing that point where others have been known to almost lose their lives. The treacherous point was where two large bodies of water met—the Potomac River and the Chesapeake Bay. Many stories had been told of those who never went beyond this point unless they were either extremely brave or had been there before. She had little choice but to continue on her way to the South River—her intended destination.

Unfortunately, however, not all those who came with her

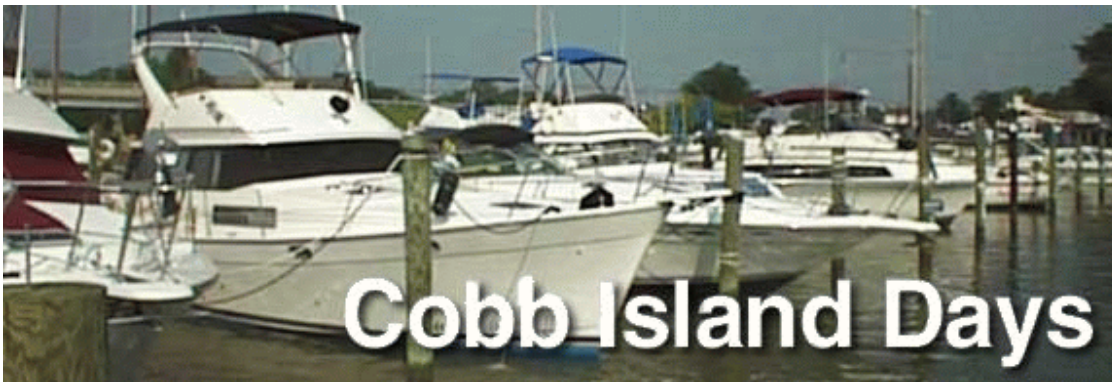
on the beginning of her sojourn were brave enough to continue on (she would miss the kind lady who was always her travel companion). A gentleman who spent considerable time on some kind of talking device would join her and her escort. She thought maybe he was a weather reporter advising those who were navigating the area to beware of the dangers ahead on the Chesapeake Bay; or perhaps telling all he could hail of his high seas adventure.

Alas, this leg of the trip was too much for her to bear. She would have to rest one more night. That night, the talking gentleman left and her kind traveling companion returned. The next morning would find her continuing on to her final destination.

She wintered over on the South River while others restored her youth. In the spring, she decided she had been gone long enough. She longed for the area where the Indians once were—the Occoquan. Finally, she was leaving for home! At times, she could not contain her enthusiasm. She knew, however, the journey would last beyond one day. She selected another cove on a much more tranquil Potomac to stay the night. Perchance, she would visit with others to learn of their trials and tribulations on the waters.

The next morning, she would make the last portion of her long trip home. Not far ahead, she observed the glistening waters and the waterfowl that inhabited the area. Yes, *Morning Mist* was back home safe and sound in the Occoquan.

See photo of *Morning Mist* on Page 11.



Jim and Carol Henry on *Going Nowhere*, Jim and Brenda Johnson on *Co-Motion*, Andrew and Liz Kalweit on *Lizzie Bitz*, Bob and Nancy Miller on *Lee Anne II*, Ned and Arleen Rhodes on *Impulse*, Rick and Teresa Sorrenti on their new *Sea Duck Too*, Barbara Swengel with her mom Loretta on *T&T*, Rudy and

Cookie Zimpel on *Cocolobo*, Steve Zimpel and Gail Dinkin on *Emerald Lady*, plus everyone's kids, guests, dogs, and assorted critters.

OYCers spent the weekend enjoying the Cobb Island Days celebration, boat-hopping, searching for shade (a rare commodity, unless you happen to own one of the wooded lots on the island), enjoying the local festivities, and, after sundown, doing things that I won't even mention because this is a family-oriented newsletter.

All in all, we had a wonderful weekend, and a remarkably smooth cruise to Cobb Island and back to our marina, Hampton's Landing.

Very special thanks to Walt Cheatham for organizing the event for OYC; he did a terrific job, and I hope by the time the Daymarker goes to press, he will have "figured out the money" (nudge to Nabil Dubraque).

by Liz Kalweit, *Lizzie Bitz*

What a beautiful weekend for a cruise down the Potomac River to Cobb Island. A few OYCers got an early start and met up on Friday night, and the rest trailed in on Saturday. On Friday afternoon, Walt and Susan Cheatham on *Walt's on Water* cruised down alongside Ned and Arleen Rhodes on *Impulse*, but had to make an unexpected detour to Aquia Harbour due to technical difficulties. However, they arrived Saturday morning, not looking the least bit like Bent-Prop-Award-2000 candidates!

It was a relatively tame weekend, by OYC standards. The usual suspects, and, I'm pleased to report, a few new members, were on hand to celebrate Cobb Island Days. OYC was represented by a dozen or so boats, and about 30 members and their guests. Laslo and Linda Bozoky arrived on *Hot Schatz*, Walt and Susan Cheatham on *Walt's on Water*, Tim and Beth Chaffin on their new *Mutants on the Bounty*,

Winning Is Everything!

by Susan Brown and Tom Shank

If you were disappointed over losing the PRYCA Cup at last year's Float-In, bite your lip and start clapping your hands. OYC is out with a vengeance. We are out for blood. And as Eugene will be quoted, "If we're not cheating, we're not trying hard enough." So get ready by buffing up and pumping the weights.

We know who's attending—15 OYC boats signed up thus far. You will be involuntarily assigned to one of the numerous events for the weekend. As usual, everyone is encouraged to pack their vessel with a variety of items. We won't give you a list...just use your vivid imagination. No Frederick's of Hollywood stuff, Walt. We'll give a hint of assignments. Walking on Water can be accomplished by any of the following "waterful" people, Lizze Kalweit or Ann Wilmeth. Boat Building maneuvers will be granted to those lively engineers with skillful hands led by Tony Mirando. Of course, the dinghy challenge will be lead by the infamous team of Tom and Susan. No hands this year! The tactical navigational skills arena shall claim the Fulfords and their recruits. Wait for more finishing touches as the home stretch arrives.

We are ready, how about you? Join us for a totally terrific time, watch OYC kick butt, and celebrate with the best on the dance floor with the Village People. If interested in more details, call Tom Shank, 202 625-4488, or Susan Brown, 703 339-6404.

Officials confer on Occoquan issues

by Jim Ball, Coordinator

Occoquan River Maritime Association

Fairfax County Supervisor Elaine McConnell hosted a meeting on Occoquan River issues last month with 35 other Prince William and Fairfax County supervisors, the Occoquan Mayor and Council members, Virginia Department of Transportation (VDOT) representatives, Park and Water Authorities, Congressional staff and other government officials in attendance. The agenda for the June 12th gathering addressed the clean up and dredging of the Occoquan River and the Route 123 bridge replacement over the Occoquan.

First on the agenda was a general clean up of the river. Occoquan Regional Park and Fairfax County Water Authority Officials agreed to survey and take measures to clean up debris and evaluate silt accumulations on the shores adjoining their property. They may need some volunteer assistance with some of this, and ORMA will help coordinate this if necessary. Unfortunately, the Army Corps of Engineers were invited, but did not attend the meeting and thus issues related to general clean up of the river that they may have responsibility for had to be tabled.

Discussion of dredging was hindered by the absence Corps of Engineers representatives. However, Barnaby Harkins, from Congressman Tom Davis' office told

the group that things were going well in requesting an appropriation in the Energy and Water Bill for this year (FY 2001) to provide funding for maintenance dredging. The support by the Prince William County Supervisors, the Town of Occoquan, and VDOT for dredging put the Congressman's office in a good position to request Corps assistance and justify appropriations. Supervisor McConnell also asked Fairfax County Executive Tony Griffin to assist with getting a letter from Fairfax County also to support the dredging. Harkins indicated that an appropriation in FY 2001 would get the Corps started, but probably would not get the dredging accomplished until next year (winter of 2001-2002). He also indicated that silting issues caused by storm sewer and other drainage into the Occoquan may likely be included in the overall maintenance dredging in addition to the main channel.

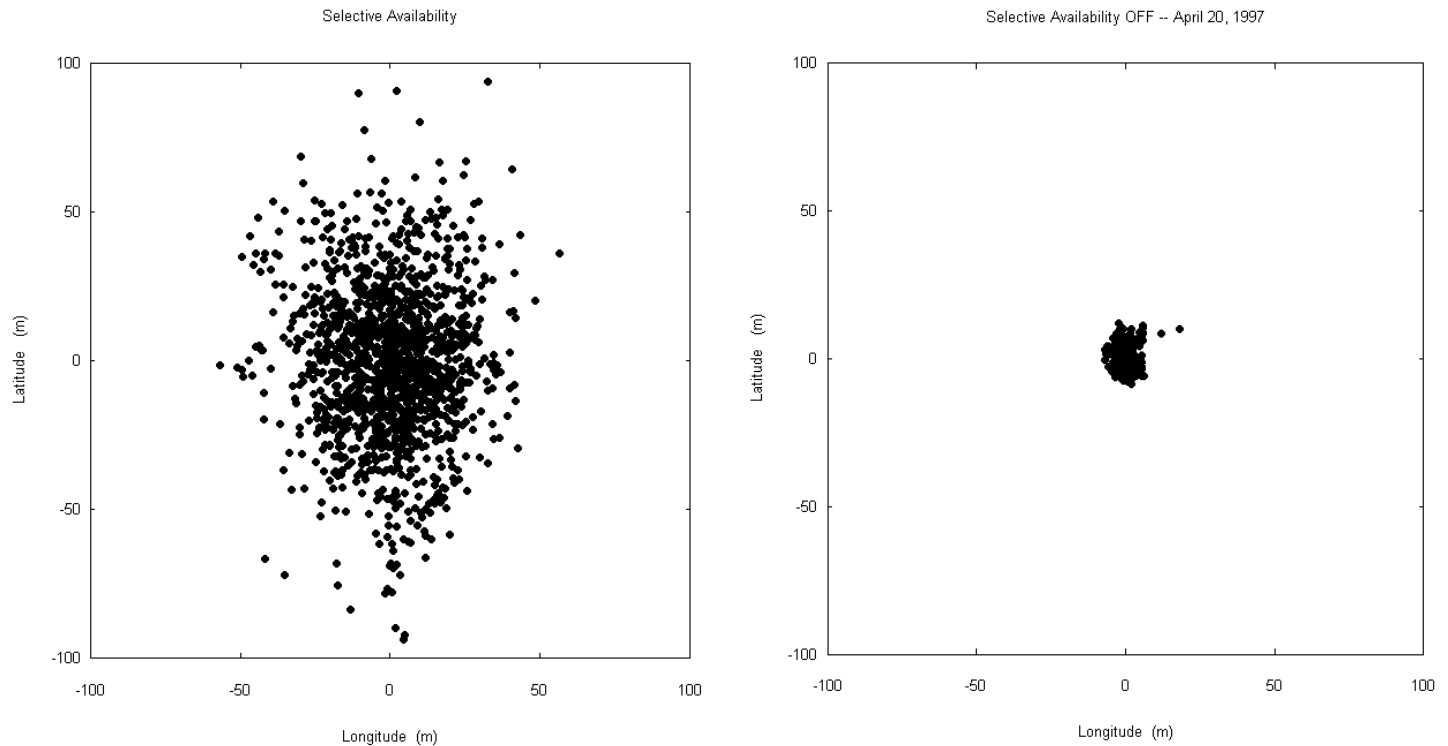
It also looks like the Occoquan bridge will be a very nice looking structure with the required clearance for the channel. VDOT presented some very attractive artist conceptual designs at the meeting that are complementary to the town's ambiance—except for one issue, the sound barrier wall that may be required, and still remains an issue. VDOT is being cooperative and it was great to see all of these elected and public officials from both counties supporting the Town of Occoquan and ORMA's goals as well with regard to the bridge and the reestablishment of the Port of Occoquan.

Although we are not getting immediate results on dredging, we are very pleased that we have accomplished this much in so little time. This large meeting of all the right players (except the Corps) was a direct result of bringing our county representatives together at the Blessing of the Fleet on the VIP boat. It was the first time that some council members of both county supervisor groups had met each other, and it was all focusing on our River! ORMA will continue to work with the Town Council of Occoquan to keep up the momentum, and Supervisor McConnell plans to hold another hearing with the Corps of Engineers to address the unresolved issues.



Mainship 34 for Sale (and a long cruise home)—Herb and Jackie Saunders, OYC's most distant members (in Florida), are selling their 1997 Mainship 34 aft-cabin motoryacht. The boat is loaded: 454s with EFI (180 hours), anchor windlass, full electronics suite, two a/c's, genset, reefer, microwave oven, stereo, TV, ice-maker, two staterooms (each with head and shower), lots more. Kept on a lift, barnacle free, right on the ICW. \$150,000 plus the adventure of bringing her up the ICW. Contact Herb, 4078 NE Moon River Circle, Jensen Beach, FL 34957; or call 561 334-3539.

Global Positioning Satellite system accuracy now available to people who paid for it



The images above compare the accuracy of GPS with and without selective availability (SA). Each plot shows the scatter of 12 hours of data, in which SA causes 95% of the points to fall within a radius of 60.7 yards. Without SA, 95% of the points fall within a radius of 7.9 yards. As illustration, consider a football stadium. With SA activated, you really only know if you are on the field or in the stands at that football stadium; with SA switched off, you know which yard marker you are standing on.

The White House announced on May 1st the President's decision to discontinue Selective Availability—the process which makes the Global Positioning Satellite system inaccurate to keep other countries from making direct missile hits on U.S. defense forces, yacht clubs and other strategic targets. Effective the date it was announced, the measure is the latest in an ongoing effort to make GPS more responsive to civil and commercial users worldwide. Boaters who rely on GPS are applauding this landmark improvement in accuracy. As former OYC treasurer Gordon Cawelti said, "What's GPS?" Okay, Gordon, here's what.

GPS is a dual-use system, providing highly accurate positioning and timing data for both military and civilian users. There are more than 4 million GPS users world wide, and the market for GPS applications is expected to double in the next three years, from \$8 billion to over \$16 billion. Some of these applications include: air, road, rail, and marine navigation, precision agriculture and mining, oil exploration, environmental research and management, telecommunications, electronic data transfer, construction, recreation and emergency response.

The U.S. previously employed a technique called Selective Availability (SA) to globally degrade the civilian GPS signal. New technologies demonstrated by the military enable the U.S. to degrade the GPS signal on a regional basis. GPS users worldwide would not be affected by regional, security-motivated, GPS degradations, and businesses reliant

on GPS could continue to operate at peak efficiency.

The improved, non-degraded signal will increase civilian accuracy by an order of magnitude, and have immediate implications in areas such as:

! **Car Navigation:** Previously, a GPS-based car navigation made it difficult to determine which of two adjacent roads a car was on. Terminating SA will eliminate such problems

! **Enhanced-911:** The FCC will soon require that all new cellular phones be equipped with more accurate location determination technology to improve responses to emergency 911 calls.

! **Hiking, Camping, and Hunting:** GPS is already popular among outdoorsmen, and users will find that the accuracy of GPS exceeds the resolution of U.S. Geological Survey (USGS) topographical quad maps.

! **Boating and Fishing:** Recreational boaters will enjoy safer, more accurate navigation around sandbars, rocks, and other obstacles. Fishermen will be able to more precisely locate their favorite spot on a lake or river. Watermen will be able to find and recover their traps more quickly and efficiently.

! **Increased Adoption of GPS Time:** The accuracy of the time data broadcast by GPS will improve to within 40 billionths of a second. Such precision may encourage adoption of GPS as a preferred means of acquiring Universal Coordinated Time (UTC) and for synchronizing everything from electrical power grids and cellular phone towers to telecommunications networks and the Internet.

Occoquan Yacht Club's 2000 Schedule of Events

Including names and phone numbers of event coordinators

July 1-5	Fourth of July Cruise - Gangplank	Tom Shank, 202 625-4488
July 3-4	Fourth of July Washington Raft-up	Tim Chaffin, 680-6048
July 1-16	OYC One or Two Week Long Cruise	Nicky Linck, 494-7028
July 14-16	PRYCA Float In - Ft. Washington	Susan Brown, 339-6404
July 29-Aug 13	OYC One or Two Week Southern Cruise & Colonial Beach weekend	Tom Shank Susan Brown, 339-6404
Aug 12-13	PRYCA Dog Days of Summer - Colonial Beach	Ned Rhodes, 741-0861
Aug 19-20	Dinghy Regatta	Nicole Clevenger, 273-3073
Aug 30	OYC Official Holiday - Tim's River Shore	Gary Linck, 494-7028
Sep 2-4	Labor Day Cruise - Olverson's	Tom Egmore, 256-8442
Sep 9-10	Lobster/Shrimp Feast - Mattawoman Dunes	Scott Shipley, 425-6053
Sep 22-24	PRYCA End Of Summer Party -Tantallon	Ted Zsarai, 476-6717
Oct 7-9	Columbus Day Cruise - Gangplank & Theater	Rick Sorrenti, 590-6724
Oct 12-15	Annapolis Power Boat Show-Bus 10/13	
Oct 28	Membership Meeting, Chili & Dessert Contest, Halloween Party-Fairfax Yacht Club	Terri Dowd, 281-6857
Nov 10-12	Hardy Souls Cruise - Alexandria	Mary Jo Worcester, 494-2383
Nov 25	Santa Cruise to Occoquan	Walt Cheatham, 243-2430
Dec 2	Holiday Party & Change of Watch - Ft. Belvoir O Club	Debbie Zimmerman, 301 292-9893

Boating Courses Set for Fall

Fatal boating accidents which occurred recently on the Potomac remind us that boat safety instruction is pretty much a good deal for everyone who takes to the water. Below is a schedule for Basic Boating courses being offered this fall by the Northern Virginia Power Squadron. Not much help for most of this season, but you could pledge that you will be prepared for next season by taking one of these courses.

Francis Scott Key Int. School, Monday, Sept. 18

6402 Franconia Road, Springfield

Register with Fairfax Recreation Dept. 222-4664

South Lakes High School, Tuesday, Sept. 19

11450 South Lakes Drive, Reston

Register with Fairfax Recreation Dept. 222-4664

Robinson High School, Thursday, Sept. 21

5035 Sideburn Road, Fairfax

Register with Fairfax Recreation Dept.
222-4664

Thomas Jefferson Middle School,

Monday Sept. 25

3501 South Second Street, Arlington,

Register with Arlington Co. Parks.

Dept. 228-4747

McLean Community Center,

Tuesday, Oct. 3

1234 Ingleside Avenue, McLean

Register with Community Center

790-0123

Hint from Heloise

When fishing and you hook a carp doing the sidestroke, it's usually best to abide by the conservation practice known as "catch and release."

Shrimpfest 2000

by Ann & Scott Shipley, Shrimp Coordinators

Mark thy calendars for the traditional sacrifices of shrimps and lobsters all night September 9-10. Tides are favorable for a 5:15 pm footbridge navigation on Saturday. Ridiculously long-range forecast is hot and sunny, followed by dark at 7:30.

Store up thy firewood and stories. Send entertainment suggestions to agona@netscape.net. Early ideas include "OYC Hedonism" (thanks, Kitt), "OYC Dunes Survivor, The Series" (thanks, *Lovin' Life!*), and "Who Wants to Eat a Hamburger?" (no thanks, *Alexander's Dream*). A waxing gibbous [look it up] moon will preclude need for searchlights, but Audrey's escort service still required.



Morning Mist, homeward bound. Story on Page 7

Inside . . .

Encyclopedic coverage of OYC's
Memorial Day Weekend,

White House upgrades GPS from
"close but no cigar" to "cigar,"

Fourth of July and First Two Week
cruises begin this weekend,

Sign up for another Two Week cruise,

Time to tighten jaws (and buns) for
the PRYCA Float-In.

July 4th Weekend
in D.C.
Tom Shank
202-625-4488
July 14-16
PRYCA Float-In
Fort Washington
Marina,
Jay Wilmeth
703 968-9760
July 29
Second Two
Week
Cruise to the Bay
Susan Brown
703 339-6404
August...
Think Dinghies
September...
Think Shrimp



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

Change Service Requested