



The Daymarker

OCOQUAN YACHT CLUB

P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

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

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Commodore's Comments

Candy Clevenger

In light of the tragic events of this past month, our hopes and prayers are with those who have suffered and those who are grieving the loss of a loved one. As Americans we are united in the cause of peace and justice in our world. May our leaders possess the wisdom and courage to lead us through this time of uncertainty.

As you know the PRYCA End-of-Summer Party was scheduled for the weekend after the horrific events of September 11th. Allen and I reconsidered whether to attend and finally decided that we would not let terrorists stop us from going on with our lives. As we cruised up the river on an absolutely beautiful Saturday morning we saw very few other boaters on the water. However, our craft was checked out from the air by at least six helicopters.

We docked, registered, and started preparing for the competition. OYC took 1st place in all but one of the games. The Hula Hoop contest was particularly popular with the

guys on the sidelines. Thanks to Ann Shipley, OYC can count this contest among our 1st place wins. The creativity of our OYC members showed itself in the gathering of items for the scavenger hunt. And last but not least, thanks to Steve Thompson and my own Captain, OYC won the fastest time in the canoe race.



September 11, 2001

As always the PRYCA End of Summer Party lived up to its billing of activities, dining, music, dancing, prizes and laughter. And, yes, OYC continued our partying reputation by going as a group to the dance floor to accept our first place award and lead the "OYCA" song—not to be confused with "YMCA". When you put PRYCA and Tantallon Yacht Club together, you can count on a great time and it was! As we returned to the Occoquan on Sunday morning we were very glad that we had participated.

I don't want to forget to mention the great job Becky Heinze and Becky Wellhouse did in coordinating our Labor Day cruise to Port Kinsale. We had a great time dining together in the Moorings Restaurant on Saturday night and cooking out on Sunday evening. The weekend was just what the doctor ordered, a few days away from the normal stress of every day life and a few days away from bathroom remodeling.

How's *that* coming? Well, the new doorknobs for all of the upstairs doors finally came in and so now we don't have to use a screwdriver to open doors upstairs anymore. Allen is putting tile up on the walls in the bath as I write this article. And the new bedroom furniture was ordered the day we returned from the Labor Day cruise. So by Christmas we may be done. Bottom line, we still can't use our master bath.

We received our winterizing notice from the marina, a sure sign that Fall is upon us. But there is still good boating weather to be enjoyed on the Occoquan and Potomac rivers. Uncrowded rivers and cool nights make for great raft-ups. PRYCA may have celebrated the End of Summer, but the OYC calendar is still filled with club events.

The annual **Columbus Day Cruise to DC** is being coordinated by John Corley. Several boats are signed up, and while the deadline has passed, late comers may want to try calling John Corley, 532-5429, to see if there's room.

Then on October 27 you can test your culinary skills, or if you don't want to cook, eating skills by attending the **OYC Fall General Membership Meeting**. The General Membership Meeting will be held at Fairfax Yacht Club 2:00-5:00 pm, Saturday afternoon, October 27. If you are interested in club paraphernalia, our Quartermasters will be there with OYC shirts, hats and burgees for sale at great year-end prices! There will be some bylaw changes and a small increase in dues to be voted on this year. See additional details elsewhere in these pages.

Next month, if you are hardy enough there is the Hardy Souls Cruise to Old Town Alexandria. See Ned Rhodes' [highly nominal] article on this cruise.

Our last cruise before winterizing *Oasis 2* will be the **Santa Cruise in November**. Let's end the season with a lot

of good boating and fun. I hope to see you all out on the water.

While our boats may be out of the water, OYC doesn't stop. In December we will hold our annual **Holiday Party at the Fort Belvoir Community Club**. Mark the date, December 1st on your calendar and book the baby or dog sitter now. We will wrap up the year in style. So plan to attend.

We are still looking to fill several positions on the Board for next year. With membership at 200+, I urge all of you to pitch in and continue making the Club a big success. With a club this size plenty of volunteers are necessary to keep the Club dynamic and involved. You are needed. If you received a call already or even if you haven't, call a board member today and volunteer. It doesn't matter how long you've been a member or how much experience you have boating, you can still contribute.

See you on the water and *God Bless America!*

The Datemarkers

BIRTHDAYS

Bob Wilcox 10/2	Marilynn Dalgetty 10/2
Jerry Thompson 10/2	Christine Fitzgerald 10/2
Mathew Fitzgerald 10/5	Anna Burner 10/11
Ruth Ann Sooby 10/23	Beth Chaffin 10/24
Robert Miller 10/26	Herb Saunders 10/27
Bill Steele 10/27	Beckie Heinze 10/31

ANNIVERSARIES

Sandy & John Ludwig 10/1
Rick & Teresa Sorrenti 10/6
Rick & Debby Zimmerman 10/10
Scott & Karen Drury 10/15

Welcome New Members!

Mathew and Kathleen Fitzgerald of Oak Hill, VA. They keep their 32' Chris Craft, *Kathleen*, at Hoffmasters

Your club needs you now

Call for Candidates

by IPC Peggy Ball, Nominating Committee Chair
Need more friends? Need more life to your life? Want to improve your mental health? Well, have I got a deal for you. Join the OYC Board and enhance your boating experience beyond belief. Well, I can't really promise to solve all your problems, but I can testify that this is the one true way to get the most fun from your boating. Contact me at jball@erols.com, telephone 757-253-9897, or Dave Moore, evermoorex@aol.com, telephone 703 494-0651, or Ann Wilmeth, jwilmeth@erols.com, telephone 703 968-9760.

Remember, ask not what your club can do for you, but what you can do for your club!

The Daymarker

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Tom Coldwell, PC, Editor; Mary Ann Coldwell, Editor's Editor
Randy Snowman, Circulation

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Incensed over being assigned to a remote slip during the club's Labor Day weekend visit to Port Kinsale, Ned, Arleen and Abby Rhodes refused to accompany the other boaters going back to Occoquan and instead continued cruising for another week before basing their boat at a Chesapeake Beach marina. Among the ports visited while *Impulse* was thus deployed was Tighlman Island. In this view, Mrs. Rhodes observes a Bay waterman, no doubt in admiration for men who do real work, while a forlorn Abby sits vainly hoping that the photographer has not polished off her treats. Photo by Little Neddy Rhodes



Vice Commodore

Mary Lynn Snowman

I should have taken the cue from our Commodore last month and continued the theme of safety, but I must admit I was slightly out of it.

The Saturday before we left Annapolis Randy and I were taking the jet ski out of the water and putting it on the trailer. The bottom of the jet ski was really dirty so we decided to clean it right there by the ramp. It wasn't too long before both of the brushes were dirty and I thought it would be a good idea to go down to the water's edge and clean them. Just about the time my toe hit the water's edge I remembered that the ramp was slippery. About that time I started thinking, uh-oh, and down I went. I don't remember going down and I certainly don't remember getting up.

There are some things that I do remember. I heard someone ask Randy if he wanted some ice. I believe it was me who kept crying, "don't take me to the hospital. I don't want to go to the hospital. Please don't take me to the hospital."

Of course, even in my pain, I could remember to tell Randy not to forget to tie down the jet ski, and certainly don't

forget to get the brushes.

The next thing I remember Randy is pulling up to an intersection that I couldn't remember. I began to panic then. I kept asking Randy where we were. This intersection definitely didn't look familiar to me. Then I couldn't remember why we were in Annapolis. I knew we were there to get our boat but I couldn't remember why it wasn't at home at Hoffmaster's.

Riding along in the car back to the marina I started repeating things that I could remember. "I have two daughters and a son. I have two daughters and a son. I have two daughters, a son, a dog named Skipper and a cat named Blackie." After repeating that a few times I then remembered that Randy had a football game that afternoon and that became my focus.

Somehow Randy managed to get me from the car to the boat. I still don't know how he got me up the steps and down into the boat. But the next thing I remember I was in the shower with the water running on me. Randy told me that I would have to wash my hair several times as it was quite dirty. My clothes hanging in the shower in front of me (don't remember them coming off at all) were dirty from head to toe. I didn't even remember going in the water. In fact, there were a lot of things that I didn't remember.

Eventually Randy was able to get me into a chair and was able to go back and take care of the car and the jet ski. We

made it to the game with time to spare. And outside of a headache for a few days things were okay. A few days later since I was still having a headache a nurse convinced me that I needed to have see my doctor for x-rays. Thankfully, things are okay and there was no permanent damage.

Please be careful around the water. Things do get slippery.



.Rear Commodore

Andrew Kalweit

"Azure blue." Those are the words used by weather-meister Bob Ryan to describe the color of the sky on a perfect fall day. I thought about that while relaxing aboard *Lizzie Bitz II* and marveling at the blueness of the sky that was painted here and there with the wispy brushstrokes of cirrus clouds.

To me, the period between Labor Day and the first frost is probably the best time of the year for boating. The sun still gives us its warmth, but the breezes are a little cooler and more refreshing. The humidity that sometimes hangs like a veil over the river during the summer months has begun to head south for the winter. Even Occoquan Bay seems to be settling down a little after a choppy summer. And the water is still warm enough for a swim even into October.

I find it remarkable that after the Labor Day weekend so many people simply hang up their boat keys for the winter. They won't get to see the changing colors of the trees along the river and in the creeks. They won't experience anchoring at Mattawoman Creek and not being jostled by a wake all day. They won't get to hear the sounds of nature without the background of open exhausts. These are just some of the things that make autumn on the Potomac and her tributaries a truly wonderful boating experience.

I've heard it said that boating after Labor Day is for the "hardcore" boaters among us. To me, winter doesn't start until I have to wear a parka aboard on a sunny day even with the canvas closed up. This typically occurs right around the last week of November. Until then, we get to see the changing of the seasons from a unique vantage point; aboard *Lizzie Bitz II*.



Secretary's Comments

Liz Kalweit

Ignosecond (n): that blissfully ignorant short space of time between the moment you lock the car keys in the car, and the moment you realize you locked the car keys in the car.

I experienced an ignosecond on September 20, when I locked my keys in my car at a shopping center about seven

miles from home. Cursing the ignosecond gods, I walked into the grocery store, to the courtesy counter, and asked for the phone number for a cab company. Maria, the woman at the desk, called Red Top for me.

And she called. And called. For some reason, the call wouldn't go through. In the meantime, a man got in line behind me, a fellow store patron with whom I had a nodding acquaintance. As Maria tried again and again to place the call, and it still wouldn't go through, the man in line behind me waited patiently. When I apologized for the delay, and explained what happened, he was even sympathetic.

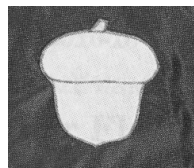
When Maria finally reached the cab company, and told me that the dispatcher could send a car in about 30 minutes, the man volunteered, "I can drive you home and get you back here in less time than that. Would you like a ride?"

I stared at him. Maria vouched for him. I accepted the offer.

I learned a little bit about Dan during our short time together. He has a girlfriend named Carol who hates getting stuck in traffic; he goes to the Giant grocery store in the North Point Shopping Center in Reston almost every day, and has ever since it opened; and he has lived in Northern Virginia since 1962. He taught me the word "ignosecond." He learned it from a recurring column in the Washington Post about "sniglets," words you make up to describe things for which there are no words.

During the drive to my house to pick up my spare set of car keys, and the return trip to the shopping center, we chatted amiably. Then, as we drove up to my car, I thanked him a final time for being such a good Samaritan. Suddenly, we both found ourselves at a loss for words. He tried. "You know, with so much going on in the world right now, I just don't... I think... we're all in this together. It just seems like we ought to take better care of each other." and his voice trailed off. The lump in my throat was too big to even try to reply. I shook his hand.

Sometimes there are no words. For those times, we can act, and we can make a difference. Take care.



Treasurer's Comments

Nabil Dubraque

A war or three ago American ingenuity and will power produced cargo vessels by the thousands, often taking less than three months to build and deliver. Of the thousands of Liberty Ships built only two remain operational, one on the west coast and the S.S. *John W. Brown* berthed at the Dundalk Marine Terminal in Baltimore. A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of being on her as she fired up her twin Babcock and Wilcox boilers, engaged her triple-expansion steam engine producing her maximum 76 rpm, and cruised down the bay and back.

The Maritime Commission Emergency Cargo Ship EC2-S-C—her formal name—was one of a number built in Baltimore. She was launched on September 7th 1942, 441 feet

long with a 57 foot beam and almost 28 feet of draft. Her engine, of a type first developed in 1876 and weighing 140 tons, is coupled directly to her single screw, and capable of pushing her to 11 knots. This Liberty Ship version was designed to carry some troops as well as cargo, and was accordingly fitted out with additional armament for troop protection, including a 5 inch gun, three 3 inch guns, and eight Oerlikon anti-aircraft guns. The vessel survived transporting troops and cargo to Europe and North Africa to become a schoolship in New York for 36 years.

Today she has been meticulously restored by volunteers, some of whom served in her during the war. She has a free berth at Dundalk, and harbor pilots and tugs assisting in her few yearly cruises donate their time and effort as do the players aboard impersonating notables of the day. The cruise starts with boarding at 0830 followed by a light breakfast below decks to the sights and sounds of 40's bands and steam donkey engines hauling cargo while soldiers and sailors

prepared, stowed and demonstrated gear. Tugs helped us out of the Patapsco while an Army Air Corps band played swing music. Rousing speeches were made by politicians and generals, Abbot and Costello did several routines to boost morale, and a serious note was struck when a wreath was laid in memory of lost shipmates. Then all hell broke loose!

The air was suddenly filled with Japanese Vals and Kates and German Messerschmidts (courtesy the Confederate Air Force) and the Oerlikons let loose a deadly chatter. I am happy to tell you we survived unscathed, to the wonderment of a couple of friendly B-25s, a Wildcat, and a Mustang which buzzed us repeatedly. Happy to have survived, we lunched mightily and traipsed over every foot of the vessel. The day ended around 1630 when, pilot embarked and tugs maneuvering us, we returned to the dock. Absolutely fantastic day.

More information, including schedules and cost, can be obtained on the web at www.Liberty-Ship.com.

Come help your club elect Officers, Chili and Desserts

General Membership Meeting, October 27, Fairfax Yacht Club, 2:00-5:00 p.m.

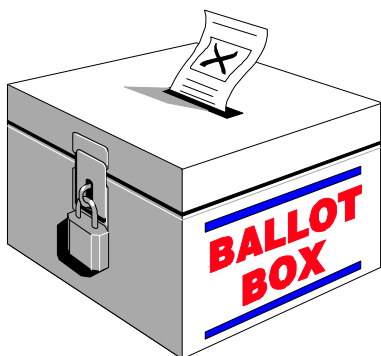
The Annual OYC General Membership Meeting and Chili and Dessert Contest will be held this year at Fairfax Yacht Club, 2:00-5:00 pm on Saturday October 27th.

This year's theme will be Oktoberfest. Yes, it's that time again. While your current board is still having fun, it's time to elect your officers for 2002—plus wordsmith the Bylaws. Of course, these are just sideline events. The real reason for this get-together is our annual culinary competition among OYC's finest, hottest, sweetest chefs.

Bring your entry for the Chili and/or Dessert contest. If you'd rather not compete but just want to eat, please bring a side dish to accompany our chilis and desserts and join in the fun. Questions? Call or email an OYC Board member. Most importantly, bring the whole family. This will be one of our year's best events.

Board Proposing Changes to Bylaws

The 2001 OYC Board has reviewed our current Bylaws and is recommending a few changes. They are primarily verbiage changes which are minor in nature. The types of memberships have been clarified and the Junior Membership, of which we don't have any, has been eliminated. The proposed Bylaws are posted on OYC's website, www.occoquanyachtclub.org, for your review prior to the October 27th meeting. We will also hand out copies of the proposed Bylaws at that meeting. If you have any questions or wish to discuss the Board's recommendations prior to the October meeting, please call or email Commodore Candy Clevenger, 273-3073, alclev@hotmail.com.



End of Summer Float-In a Healing Event

by Tony Miranda

Life will never be the same in America, so many lives and hearts were lost or broken. This was so ingrained in all the hearts of the boaters that attended the Tantallon End of Summer Party. Many thought it wasn't appropriate to have a party so close to this devastating event in our country's history. But you know, those who did go to the party spent a lot of time talking and spending quality time with each other. It was good for many to be with one another in this time of sorrow. We offered a time of silence to all those families who lost loved ones and to those who lost their lives. We also had an opportunity to hear from individuals who needed to say something to the group. It was very touching and therapeutic to many.

I know that different people handle grieving in different ways, those who attended the gathering needed to be with each other. Americans are strong and sensitive people, and this was definitely the case at that End Of The Summer Party. Thank you, Tantallon, for hosting this event.

The event itself was fantastic, even though it was a smaller than usual turnout. Many of the Northern Potomac River boaters weren't able to take their boats out into the water. The Coast Guard put a lock on use of the boats between the Key and Wilson bridges. Some boaters like Tom and me did drive down and so did a few others.

The competitive events were funny and challenging as usual. We had the tug-of-war, canoeing, hula hoop, and a few other events and I am happy to say that OYC came in first for the 4th year in a row. We should be proud of our members who attended and even made fools of themselves. Ann Shipley and her daughter Myan proved that women's hips are not just for looks, they surely know how to use a hula hoop. Our first canoeing crew included Tom Shank and Scott Shipley, but unfortunately right at the end of the course they fell in and we



OYC's EOS Delegation—Don't these guys look like fun in the making? Well, they did.

all had a good laugh. Fortunately, our second canoeing crew won that event for us.

All in all, the party was eventful, we had the dinner and dancing Saturday evening, this included the DJ. Then Sunday morning as usual we had the breakfast. It all went well, no problems, but then after the past week's events, who can complain about anything else.

God Bless OYC, but more importantly God Bless America and all those who lost their lives for our freedom. But let's not forget those who have had to suffer over the past few weeks either because of their loss of a loved one or friend or for their help in the rescue and cleanup.

Hearty Hardy Souls, Let's Hear From You!

Ned W. Rhodes, Cruise Coordinator

Hey, I wasn't kidding. I need your reservation *now* if you are planning to take part in the November 9-12 Hardy Souls Cruise to Old Town Alexandria. Thus far, *four* boats have been deemed Hardy enough to attend. Please email me your reservation (rhodesn@softsysgrp.com) or leave me a message at 703-812-5072 x100.

I need to know the standard things—length, beam, draft, arrival date, number of nights, net worth and boxers or briefs. The events of September 11 may make this cruise an

especially hardy one since there are currently restrictions on boat traffic north of the Wilson Bridge. Before, all we had nailed down for sure was the location and now that may be in jeopardy. Rest assured that your friendly Hardy Souls Cruise Coordinator is monitoring the situation and looking for someone to blame in the event things go south (see, Steve W., I *did* learn something from you).

Contact me now so that I can work the details with the marina in early October.

How I Spent My Labor Day Weekend

by Little Neddy Rhodes

With the sound of Mom doing the “We-are-on-vacation dance,” we pulled out of OHM at the crack of noon. Other than Kelsey's dad [Duane Jeirles] stopping off to visit the boat repair people at Port Tobacco, there were no problems on the way down. Apparently Dad and Commodore Candy had been bad and so our boats were put on the “time out” docks at Port Kinsale, miles away from the main group.

At the cocktail party before dinner we learned of the funny Mr. Zimpel's dinghy experience. It was the first time that all the members of the Zimpel clan were united to the fact that it was all Mrs. Rudy's fault. Apparently she wanted to stop for dinner and she tied the dinghy off the back of the boat and then she backed up over the rope and cut it and then she did not notice it was gone. It was a very complicated story and it was not until the next day that the police found the dinghy so the story has a happy ending.

The next day, Mom had to apologize to Mrs. Wellhouse for the hijinks and capers that Dad and that funny Mr. Coldwell performed at the salad bar. I especially liked the crushed crackers and the testing of the “sneeze guard.” Mrs. Wellhouse's boy and I were perfectly behaved. Everyone just smiled.

After dinner Mr. Laslo and Little Stevie gave gardening lessons at the bar by showing how warm beer dumped into the potted plants seems to improve their growth. Apparently the bouncer did not have house plants.

The first order of the day on Sunday was the memorial forced march to the town of Kinsale to verify that the museum

was not open (it wasn't). Abby and Ginger had a good time on the walk. That funny Mrs. Burner mentioned to her husband that we should get a long thing just like Dad's. There was much laughter. I thought she meant the leash, but why is that funny?

That funny Mr. Coldwell led us on a hysterical tour of Colonial Kinsale, including a hike to the Grape House. The guy there even gave us a tour of the old cooking building complete with its old fireplace and antique Coors Lite cans. Wrinkles was amused. Our tour was complete when we visited the grave of Seaman Sigourney who defended the town of Kinsale from “alien attack” during one of those “dust ups” as that funny Mr. Coldwell calls them.

A five o'clock cocktail cruise was next. We all admired the view of the river and that funny Mr. Cheatham told jokes such as, “The answer is: 6 weeks in an incubator. The question is: Where did I live in Richmond?” Mom thinks Mrs. Cheatham is a saint.

The group cookout was great fun and Mom made Dad bring the 100-pound grill all the way over from the boat and then decided to use the charcoal grill instead. When Mr. Bruce asked Mom if Mrs. Wellhouse had “drunk the Kool-aid” yet, I wanted to get in line, but Mom said, no dear, Commodore Candy is just having a little chat with Mrs. Wellhouse about the joys of becoming an OYC Board member.

Monday morning, everyone left for school and work, while we fought the Bay and the Bay lost (not sporty) as we started on a week's vacation.



Nabil Dubraque's new boat—It is a rare OYC treasurer who does not complete his term without acquiring, from unspecified fund sources, a new boat. Treasurer Nabil, who prefers sailboats, is no exception, though out of respect for OYC's majority of powerboaters, our money-changer extraordinaire chose this “motorsailer.” “She's a beauty,” says Nabil.

Inside...

**Old Glory in black and white, but Old Glory
still,**

It's October, and great boating continues,

**What happened at the End of Summer Party
and why it was important,**

Love your club? Run for office,

**Chilis and desserts compete at the October
27 general membership meeting,
Fairfax Yacht Club, 2:00-5:00 p.m.**

**October 6-8
Columbus Day
Weekend Cruise to
Gangplank Marina
John & Kathy
Corley
532-5429**

**October 11-14
Power Boat Show
at Annapolis
(Invest in a new
boat. What have
stocks done for you
lately?)**

**October 27
General
Membership
Meeting, Chili and
Dessert Contests
Fairfax Yacht Club
2:00-5:00 p.m.
(Be there or you will
get appointed to
something.)**



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