



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's Comments

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What's the next best day to a beautiful day on the water? Planfest, and a snowy one at that! The weather outside was frightful but inside of Gecko's the plans continued for the year 2002. Thanks to our entire volunteer's the club has a full agenda for the year.

In February we have our annual brunch at Ft. Belvoir Officers Club which is awesome. We are offering our usual fair—food and drink. There isn't one thing on the buffet that I didn't like and somewhere (I think) there is champagne. If nothing else the fellowship and the chocolate covered strawberries are worth the money. If you're watching your carbs you can still eat at this buffet. Thanks go to Susan Brown for coordinating this event.

Next we have our annual trip to Ocean City on President's weekend. This year Immediate Past Commodore Candy Clevenger is coordinating this big event; hopefully this will be an annual event for her. Candy has taken special care to make sure our four legged friends are allowed in the hotel. Ocean City is hosting a boat show that weekend so if you weren't in time to sign up for the entire weekend maybe you can catch up with the yacht club

for part of the day. Vice Commodore Rick Sorrenti let us in on a secret. Evidently this is the weekend for Fawcett's big store-wide sell [when the prices are marked all the way down to retail]. So if you don't want to go all the way to Ocean City stop by Fawcett's in Annapolis and shop.

Unfortunately the Snowman's will be missing both of the events. We will be joining the Meginleys in Maui, Hawaii. Which reminds me. The Meginleys clued me in to a bit of information. Seems that your club membership card can get you into some other yacht club bars. Not sure exactly how it works but I'm going to go to Maui and see if I can find out. Thanks for the tip, Phyllis, and enjoy your stay.

If you haven't paid your dues you are past due. If there is an asterisk on your mailing label, you are past due. So please pay up soon else you will stop receiving the Daymarker and emails about club events.

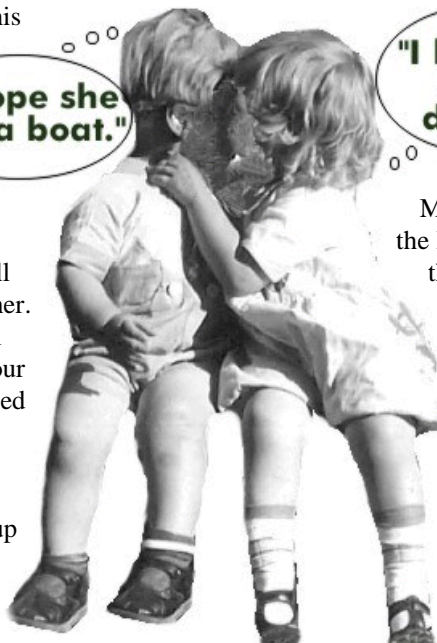
Membership cards will be available at the March membership meeting and at the Flag Raising ceremony. (Please see the schedule for dates and watch your Daymarker for more detailed information.) If you need your membership cards sooner please contact either Randy or me and we'll make arrangements to get it to you.

Be sure and check your Daymarker for information regarding upcoming events. Events are summarized on the

Happy Valentines

"I hope she has a boat."

"I hope he has a dinghy."



outside of the Daymarker, and detailed articles are usually inside.

Can't find your Daymarker and or didn't get it because your dues weren't paid? Another way to check what's going on with the club is our web site. Ned Rhodes keep up-to-date Daymarkers posted AND there is a quick link to our current yearly events. Thank you, Ned, for your continuing hosting of our web site.

As you can see our club is quite busy and none of it would be possible if we didn't have volunteers. We still have some events needing coordinators. If you would be interested in helping in an event but are afraid to coordinate because lack of experience, please call a board member. "Experience needed or preferred" is not in our "wanted" ad.

See you next time we "eat and drink!"

The Datemarkers

Birthdays

Nabil Dubraque 2/1	Cindy Hollingsworth 2/3
Heidi Shapiro 2/4	Barbara Swengel 2/7
Rick Sorrenti 2/9	James P. Tierney 2/9
Candy Clevenger 2/11	Becky Wellhouse 2/11
Paul Koenig 2/15	Denise Michael 2/15
Sabine Grant 2/18	Rudy Noori 2/21
David Hodge 2/22	Bill Sholar 2/23
Jack Striker 2/28	Greg Wilson 2/28

Anniversaries

Marge Shaffer & Leo Smith 2/3
Bob & Betty Zaegel 2/5
Steven & Susan Thompson 2/16
Jerry & Judie Thompson 2/18
George & Ginny Frank 2/22
Rudy & Cookie Zimpel 2/24
James & Carol Henry 2/27

Welcome, New Member!

Bob Cohencious of Leesburg. He keeps his 26 foot Wellcraft at Time 'n Tide.

On the Web . . .

Occoquan Yacht Club: <http://www.OccoquanYachtClub.org>

Potomac River Yacht Clubs Association:

<http://www.PotomacRiverYachtClubs.org>

Occoquan River Maritime Association:

<http://www.ormaweb.org>

and Chesapeake Bay Yacht Clubs Association:

<http://www.cbyca.org>

The Daymarker

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

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tcoldwell@cox.rr.com

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



Vice Commodore

Rick Sorrenti

The Plan's the thing

Some may call it boring, this planning stuff, but anyone who has been in any type of organization, much less a volunteer one, knows that without a plan you are up that creek without the well known paddle. Now at this time of year being on the water may sound inviting to a boater, but I do not think the creek is what you had in mind!

Your board is in full swing planning the 2002 cruising calendar. Hopefully those of you who missed the Planfest have studied the 2002 list of events and thought about which of them you want to attend. All of the Cruise Coordinators now have copies of the sign-up sheets from the Planfest so they can begin any preliminary calls to book slips, etc. The sign-up sheets will make another appearance at the membership meeting in March for any others to enlist. Many of these events have a record number of boats already signed up, so if you missed the Planfest (free food, how could you?) and will not be at March meeting either (potluck from the OYC chefs is always memorable), it would be wise to call the listed Cruise Coordinator as early as possible. The "sign-up sheets" are just an indication of interest and will *NOT* reserve anyone a slip for an event. Reservations are accepted after the article and reservation form appear in the Daymarker, and in the order the deposit checks are received. We had some bad feelings at some marinas on the river last year when we arrived with less than we booked, and we also had bad feelings in the club when folks thought they were reserved when they weren't. Hopefully, in 2002 we won't repeat these experiences.

Even with the snow forecast, it is definitely time to start thinking about boating. Teresa and I are already looking forward to the annual storewide clearance sale at Fawcetts of Annapolis over the Ocean City Getaway Weekend. If you have never been to Fawcetts for the annual sale you had better plan on it. Absolutely one of the best!

For those of you who missed the potluck dinner hosted by Rob and Margaret Grant, I'm sorry for you. Over 30 people were in attendance and in the OYC tradition; tons of food and all enjoyed a great time. We even had video games and a pool table; granted, the adults had to be ushered away for the kids to play at one point. Our special thanks go to the Grants for opening their home to a group with such a notorious reputation.

Winter reading...

Teresa brought me a copy of Motor Boats Monthly, a British publication that to my surprise is very similar to American boating mags in virtually every respect except for the true British spirit and traditions surrounding their naval heritage. Of particular interest was a small article involving flag etiquette missing on what appears to be a large number of recreational boats on the inland waterways of Great Britain. Maybe this quote is will get your attention. "In utilizing our waters there is absolutely no excuse for not

observing proper and fitting flag etiquette. You are effectively an ambassador to our country, and you should behave as such. If you openly ignore the law and scoff at correct and internationally accepted standards you risk prosecution and, I suggest, you do not deserve to hold a British passport.” So to deal with such a national event the inland waterway patrol has begun issuing fines in the amount of £2000. That comes to about \$3,500! To date over 500 tickets have been issued. Talk about draconian behavior! Hopefully when you cruise the British waters you will remember proper flag etiquette.

Upcoming events in February (be sure to check other articles or call the coordinator for details):

February 3, Brunch at Ft. Belvoir (Susan Von Schaak)

February 10-18, Fawcetts Clearance Sale (Annapolis)

February 16-18, Ocean City Get Away (Candy

Clevenger) and Ocean City Boat Show (Convention Center)

February 21-24, National Capital Boatshow (Chantilly)

See you there (any of the above)!



Rear Commodore

Becky Wellhouse

Mark your calendars and plan ahead for the March General Membership meeting and potluck dinner, scheduled for Saturday, March 23rd from 4:00 PM to 7:00 PM. This year's festivities will be held at the Fairfax Yacht Club. Please note that there is a slight chance that the date may change. If it does, we'll let you know immediately. Please bring a potluck goodie to share and be prepared to enjoy this year's festivities and photo contest. If you have any questions or need additional information, please contact me at bwellhouse@myrealbox.com.

Do you do the dues?

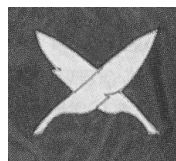
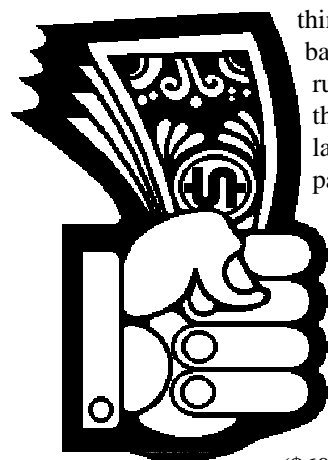
by Randy Snowman, Membership Chairman

Well, with the weather outside being a wet wintry mess, I

miss boating so much that I am thinking about filling up the bathtub and playing with my rubber ducky! Oops, can I say that? Boating is so fun that the last thing you think about is paying measly, meager, paltry yet immensely valuable OYC membership dues. I mean, think about it, where else can you pay virtually peanuts to have such a great time with friends and boating family? So c'mon, people, DO THE DUES! Please give your dues

(\$60) to Steve Thompson, Randy

Snowman or send in your membership dues to P.O. 469 Occoquan, Va. 22125. All checks should be made out to OYC. Any checks that are made out to Randy Snowman will mysteriously disappear....



Secretary's Comments

Eugene Brown

New Members, OYC Needs You!

As I reached deep into the recesses of my mind for an appropriate article to write, I thought back to when I was a new member to OYC and attended my first Planfest in the winter of 1997. I was overwhelmed with the rows of clipboards and potential cruise activities I could attend. However, *Alexander's Dream* could be found on almost every event. As the meeting started, the Commodore began to introduce each cruise and the cruise coordinator, that's if there was one. However, I soon found out the true purpose of the Planfest. It was to get an unsuspecting member to raise their hand to ask a question, and thus become the cruise coordinator. Yes, that tradition still applies to all events where the club is looking for a volunteer. Raise your hand and you are it. So what are you saying Eugene? Get to the point!

The point I will make is that as a new member you should try to get involved by volunteering to coordinate an event. Until that happens, it tends to be the same people every year, and if the year before was boring do you think there will be any change? Fortunately, the cruise coordinators do a great job. However, it is refreshing when we get a new perspective on a cruise. Whether it is a different marina, fun activities planned, or a prettier face than Ned Rhodes to look at; change is welcomed. But you ask yourself, why would I want to coordinate a cruise when I have never done one before? I'll tell you why!

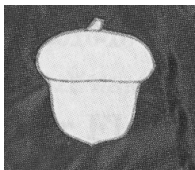
Coordinating a cruise is really not that difficult. As a person who has watched my wife coordinate everything from the dinghy regatta to a two-week cruise, I believe that the new and inexperienced member can do it. You are not alone, there is always a know-it-all member ready to help with misguided advice or the statement, "When I coordinated the cruise...." Beware! Before you take their advice you must ask yourself, did this person try to volunteer this year at the Planfest? Were they jumping up and down with their hand in the air yelling, "Pick me, pick me!" If they were ignored, pass on any advice. I refer you to paragraph #1 and the OYC tradition. But on a serious note, you are not alone and as a new coordinator can call upon previous coordinators or any board member if you are stuck and need help.

But why should I volunteer? you ask.

A wise man, my dad, used to say: "Do I look like the fun police. Son, the only one in control of your fun or boredom is yourself." So if you want to take control of the fun, volunteer. The club wants and needs your participation. It is what has made us and continues to make us the premier (fun) yacht club on the Potomac.

Eugene's Excellent Grammar Primer

In keeping with my grammar lessons, here is a short one you can give to your kids to help identify adjectives, if they're doing that anymore in school. They will be correct at least 90% of the time. (Hey, people get paid a lot of money to hit a baseball fewer times.) In most cases any number or hyphenated word in a sentence is an adjective form.



Treasurer's Comments

Steve Thompson

At this time of year you yearn for a repeat of those wonderful days spent on your boat having a grand old time. You can hardly wait for the sun to spend more time above the horizon than below. As for me, well I just count my blessings that I made it thru last year in one piece.

It all started with a smile on my, and my First Mate's, face as the new arrival, all 28 feet of her, was put into the water in mid February. We decided to bring some blankets and an electric heater (that arm-strong heater just can't keep the heat up like it used to), and spend the night. It was a restful night; that is until there was a banging on the hull. With a start I jumped up to see what foul thing was smashing into us. Could it be that we were sinking? Did the boat in the next slip come loose from its mooring? Maybe, if we were lucky, it was just an errant log in the marina? Mysteriously it turned out to be just the waves kicked up by a change in tide and an increase in the wind. (Self-learned lesson one, the hull may seem strong and solid but it sure does resonate well.)

The next morning, all wide eyed and bushy tailed (yeah, right) we anxiously awaited the arrival of the dealer's rep who was going to show us everything there was that we needed to know about our new boat. They (there were two of them) arrived and proceeded to show us around. Now, if you ask the First Mate, she'll tell you that the Captain never reads instructions for anything. But for this new toy the Captain read everything....word for word....twice. He had so many questions that he used up two packages of "post-its" tabbing pages. (First Mate's self-learned lesson, when a book with "post-it" tabs appears, it's time to go for coffee.)

Quite some time later the reps said it was time to take her out for a familiarization cruise on the Potomac. Oh, by the way, did I forget to mention that there was a small craft advisory that day? This was of a little more concern to the First Mate than the Captain. But after questioning the reps they assured us it was nothing to worry about. After all, one of them had taken another new owner out earlier that day in a 19 foot craft. Since he was totally dry how bad could the river be. So, off we went. They skillfully maneuvered out of the slip, down the channel, and out into the river. They put the boat in neutral and said, "Okay, it's your turn." No problem says I. I've driven boats before. And the trip so far hadn't seemed too bumpy. So off we go. After a few minutes one of them said the ride would be smoother if I slowed down just a little; and there would be less of a chance of stress cracks forming in the hull.

Now the fun really begins. Up until now we had been travelling more or less into the wind. It was time to turn around and head back. Not a tricky maneuver, unless there just so happens to be a small craft advisory in effect. As I started to turn the boat became a little unstable (imagine that). Up until this point the First Mate sat semi-content enjoying the ride. But now, only able to see the river out the window to her side, she turned and looked up at me. I'm not sure if it was a look of sheer panic or one of "what the heck

do you think you're doing"? I was a little too busy at the moment to care as the more seasoned of the two reps, I'm sure, was yelling in my ear, "TRIM IT!!!" It didn't appear to me that we were in any dire need. The boat was only at about a 90-degree angle and we were making some, albeit slight, headway. (Okay, so I exaggerate a little.) Besides, the other rep was calmly standing near the windshield periodically wiping it as it fogged up. Maybe he saw the veteran of the river that I was or maybe he just didn't care, having recently increased his life insurance. By the way, it is interesting to note that the reps on this trip did not recommend PFD's.

Well, to make a long story short, we made it. As one of the reps pulled it into the slip he showed me why they have pilings at the front of each. (Boy those things sure are strong.) We tied her up and the First Mate and I decided it was time to head home to a nice, secure, solid home to figure out what to do next. If you've been on the river much you will have seen that we did make it back out. And we lived to tell about it. Another lesson the Captain learned was that it's really hard to sink a boat as long as you keep the deck above water. He also knows when to turn around and head back to port; all of this in just a half-hour. It was definitely a learning experience.

Calendar Clue for March....

The 2002 General Membership Meeting, Potluck Dinner and Photo Contest

Fairfax Yacht Club

Saturday, March 23rd
4:00 PM to 7:00 PM.

But be flexible, y'heah? There is a chance that the date may change. Watch your e-mails and next month's Daymarker.

There'll be a short business meeting, more information on cruises planned for 2002, opportunities to sign up for cruises and the annual photo contest.

Plan to bring a potluck entree, side dish, salad or dessert to share; beer and soft drinks will be provided. If you have any questions or need additional information, please contact Rear Commodore Becky Wellhouse, bwellhouse@myrealbox.com.

Participation: It might be, like... *fun* !

by Steve Thompson

At the pre-planfest there was some discussion as to how we, as a club, might get members to attend functions and activities, especially new members which have joined but who we don't see very much. Well, to contribute to the effort I'd like to add my two cents (something that doesn't happen too often).

First let me say that, as your treasurer, you have entrusted me with keeping track of the finances of your club. Yet many of you don't know me, and those of you that do would probably say that you don't really know me that well.

My wife and I met a couple while serving overseas. One of them told my wife, after we knew them for a while, that when she first met me I never said a word but that later on she couldn't shut me up. In short, I'm a little cautious in new environments but when I start to feel comfortable, watch out. Part of the reason is my inability to remember names; those of you who were at the Grant's party on the 12th might have seen me walking around talking to myself. Well don't worry, I'm not going crazy, I was just trying to get the right names with the right faces.

When my wife and I bought our boat early last year we knew we were going to enjoy it. But, having never been out on the Potomac, we asked ourselves what exactly were we going to do to bring about that enjoyment. Leafing through the pages of a local boating magazine I noticed that there was going to be a blessing of the fleet on the Occoquan. Calling the phone number in the add for more info I was told that I might want to inquire about joining the Occoquan Yacht Club. I quickly got on the web and found out that they were having a flag raising ceremony the day before the blessing. So out we went to see what this club was about. When we got there we found ourselves among a group of total strangers. Me being my normal cautious self, we talked to several people and began to feel a little comfortable. And everyone we talked to was always smiling. Many asked if we would join the club. Well, we said "What the heck," and wrote them a check right then and there.

But from there, we were wondering what to do next. Still strangers we decided we would sign up for the now infamous Memorial Day weekend cruise. Well sitting in our boat that Saturday morning we tried in vain to raise someone on the radio so we could marry up with someone for the ride down the river. I even had the engines warming up before we managed to get someone on the phone only to find out that nobody was going. But, to make up for the cancellation, everyone was going to one of the members' houses the next day and guess what; we were invited. When we got there we saw some of the same smiling faces we saw before. Although a little apprehensive at being the new kids on the block we were made to feel at home and even managed to enjoy ourselves a little.

Our next trip was to Cobb Island. After a couple helpful tips for the trip down we managed to make it there on our own. Upon arriving at the marina I was surprised to see people standing there ready to help when we docked. Not only were there local folks but our Rear Commodore (at the time)

Andrew Kalweit was there to make sure everything was okay. Again, feeling almost like fish out of water, we wandered around and latched on to someone we knew, slightly, from OYC. During the next couple days we were introduced to more and more OYC members. We sat with them during the pig roast and, although new to the crowd, were invited to their spur of the moment decision to creatively share in some ice cream.

Our next big decision was whether or not to go on the Chesapeake Bay cruise over the July 4th holiday. We knew we wanted to go, it was bound to be fun. But the Chesapeake is big and could prove too much. Well, there we were in our 28-foot miniature boat bouncing around the bay with, as I say it, the Big Boys. On that trip we learned an important lesson about boating; size does NOT matter, at least as far as personalities go. There was one major theme that everyone in the group seemed determine to bring about; we were there to have fun, and we were having fun as a group. We also found out that while everyone else was raving about how calm the water was, we had to resolve ourselves to the bump, bump, bump of our bow as we plowed through the water.

I hope that, after reading this article, I have alleviated some of the hesitation that might exist in members of our club about joining in on the fun. One of the things that the board would like to see this year is more spontaneous get-togethers such as raft-ups over on the Mattawoman. If you are out on a weekend, try hailing "OYC" on the VHF to see if there is something going on. If there is, you can bet that there is some fun associated with it.

A Note of Interest:

For those of you who took part in the 2001 Occoquan Blessing of the Fleet; you may have been caught on camera. The Occoquan River Maritime Association has posted pictures of the event on their web site (don't really know how long they have been there so this may be old news). To see if you were one of those caught on camera go to www.ormaweb.org. Select "Projects" on the left side of the screen, then select "Blessing of the Fleet". Finally, select "Pictures from 2001" which is located towards the bottom of the page. There are quite a few and they are small so you may have to browse several to see if you're there. Just click on a picture and it will enlarge the picture. Good luck.

New York, New York?

As Tony Mirando mentioned at the Planfest, he and Tom Shank are planning to cruise their *Miss Vivian* on a three (3) week summer cruise to New York. They would love to have a couple of other boats join them for what should be a memorable boating experience.

We plan to leave on Saturday, July 20th and return on August 11th. Laslo and Linda Bozoky and Scott and Ann Shipley said they will go—but only on Tony and Tom's boat! Tony graciously declined the offer. However, if anyone is interested in making this cruise—in *their own boat*—please advise Tony as soon as possible, 202 488-1545.

Tony needs to start lining up the marinas along the route.

Washington / Alexandria Parade of Lights

by Tony Miranda

The Parade of Lights this year was a wonderful boating event. Although it was a dark and rainy night in Old Town, several hearty souls turned out on a wet and cold December 8 to enjoy the second annual Festival of Lights and Parade of Boats. There were at least 50 boats in the parade—up from 20 last year—each decorated with a variety of lights and decorations. The event started at Old Town Alexandria Town Docks with the vessels grouped behind the former presidential yacht *Sequoia* and eventually ended up along the Washington Channel..

Miss Vivian was decorated and ready for anything, and she was accompanied by 25 sea-going friends from our dock. We even had the pleasure of having aboard two of our former OYC members, Dick and Audrey Puckett. Thanks, Dick, for being my second mate while First Mate Tom was busy entertaining.

[Gordon and Dodie Cawelti's *Class Act* was already winterized, and they report that because there was a light rain, they watched from the Chart House restaurant during this "three martini event of the season." Many hardier and boatless pedestrians gathered to watch on the docks of the City Marina and the Old Dominion Yacht Club.]

The parade trip was exciting and our passengers were wild and crazy; we even made everybody wear Santa hats. It was very festive with many of us singing and waving at the pedestrians that looked on from the docks. There were a couple of other boats from OYC, our twin sister, Rudy and



Miss Vivian—Tony and Tom decorated their boat for the Festival of Lights.

Cookie Zimpel's beautiful *Cocolobo* and Allen and Lynanne Jorsey's wonderful *Plain-to-Sea*. There were prizes given to a variety of vessels; *Miss Vivian* received the "The boat most likely to win next year" award, two \$50 gift certificates to the Dandy dinner boat. I would say this was one of the best events on the river this year, it was an event for all to see.

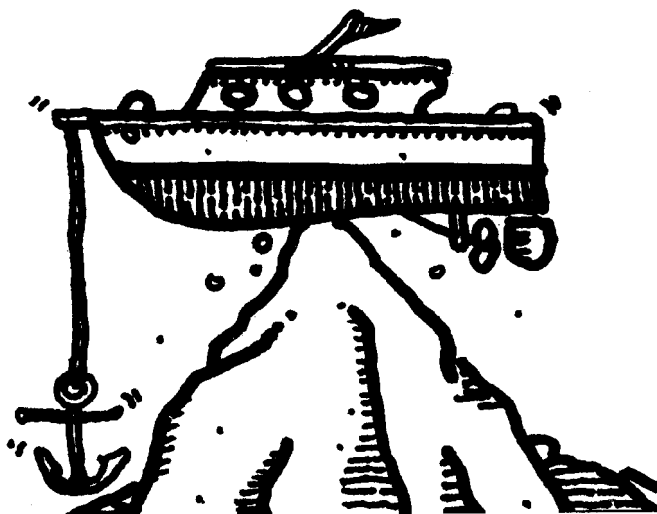
If you missed it this year, be sure you make plans to take part next year.

A Cape Fear Winter's Night on *Southern Nites*,

by Ron Tilmon, PC

My first mate Jean wanted to go exploring in our newest *Southern Nites*. Since we owed the Worcesters a cruise or two, we decided to invite them along for a 2-3 hour cruise on a semi-nice day on the 30th day of December.

It was a very delightful cruise up the Cape Fear River to beautiful downtown Wilmington, NC. Was that good enough? No, *someone* wanted to go exploring in the (uncharted) Northeast Cape Fear river! So, off we went with our new GPS plotter and depth sounder hard at work. Soon, the GPS ran out of anything to plot so it just chose to show us cruising overland. It did plot a very nice course through the nearby woods and trees. Despite all of this, the depth sounder was still showing 20-60 feet so, we forged onward for several more miles until we reached the Interstate-40 Bridge. After lunch on our trip back, the sun was getting very low in the sky and was really screwing up the captain's



ability to re-navigate (follow the GPS-plot) his course back though the woods to Wilmington.

At some point known only to a good GPS, The captain spotted a floating object in the water and made a quick query to the co-captain who responded with his typical "I have no opinion on the subject—don't hit anything!" So, since he was still in the "middle of the river" as all of the cruising guides recommend, he chose to go around to the left—in

spite of the fact that later analysis would show his original course to have been to the right—damn sun-glare!! Suddenly, the water level changed from 11 feet to 1.5 feet and *Southern Nites* came to a quite rapid halt. First mate Jean (who was going down the steps to the cabin below) did not! and wound up looking like some sort of missile as she took out the

dinette table and other objects below. She got knocked out and was assisted into a berth with an ice bag.

Meanwhile, the Captain was called Sea\Tow for assistance. They advised that it would take an hour-plus for them to arrive; so, we settled back to wait as night (and cold) rapidly approached. Sea\Tow finally arrived right before dark and succeeded in washing *Southern Nites* afloat for a very dark cruise back to Wilmington.

This time, the captain did NOT deviate from the GPS

track and successfully made it to the Wilmington City Dock (and bar) where a good time was had by all and Captain Steven of Sea\Tow even admitted he had never been up the Northeast Cape Fear River.

It's now 2002, all is well (Jean's CAT scan came out Okay) [they checked her head and didn't find anything—haw-haw-haw!] and we're now planning our next cruise. I think it will be to charted waters.

Thank the Lord and Sea\Tow!

Eating Our Way Across the Bay

by Ned W. Rhodes, PC

It started out as a vacation, but turned into an adventure with food. And mostly that food had to do with crab cakes. Let me explain. For the past two years, Arleen, Abby and I have taken the week after Labor Day off as our summer vacation. This year, we added a different twist to the mixture. Instead of coming home after our week's vacation, we rented a slip for six weeks and left the boat on the Bay until the Annapolis boat show in October.

The first weekend of the eat-fest starts at Port Kinsale with the Club for Labor Day weekend. Little Neddy has already written about the weekend, but he did not discuss the food aspects of that weekend. The first meal out consisted of flat, filled and almost tasteless crab cakes at the restaurant there. This was not a good start. Our second cooked-out meal with the club was grilled chicken and other than the smoke from the grill inside the screened-in porch, everything was great. During that weekend we discussed our upcoming trip with the Burners (Barf and Banana) and discovered that they had their boat at Solomons for a few months and so we made plans to hook up with them the next weekend. (Later we found out that they had taken their boat all the way from Fairfax Yacht Club to Solomons Island and the furthest trip they made was back to the Potomac to join the yacht club for Labor Day. Go figure.)

While all you slugs went back to work the day after Labor Day, *Impulse* and crew took off for Windmill Point on the Rappahannock. Bill Barnes (former mayor of Occoquan) was still there as Dock master and we wound up in slip #1 right in front of his office. Now, in years past, we have had good and bad meals at the restaurant there, but the one thing we could always count on was slow service. This year was no exception and our first meal there consisted of so-so crab cakes (better than at Port Kinsale), a pretty good filet and cobbettes (small ears of corn—more about that later), all washed down with a free margarita. Oh yeah, the Bay was calm all the way down.

We spent a relaxing four days there (third night free) riding bikes, reading (*Dream Catcher*), and walking the "championship" golf course. If you ride up far enough on the golf course, there is a great sandy beach that is on the Bay side and we spent time there throwing sticks in the water in

the hopes of tiring Abby out. This mostly worked.

For all you dogs reading this article, let me tell you of Abby's culinary adventure. Dog food. Well and a treat here and there, except for one morning. Since there was no one at the marina, we were in the habit of letting Abby off the boat and she would then proceed down to the launch ramp and swim and swim until our next adventure. This one morning we let her out and after unlocking the bikes, we could not find her at the launch ramp. We then spent the next 15 minutes riding around looking for her only to finally find her behind the restaurant eating the garbage. It was not until six days later that we were able to figure out what she had been snacking on when she presented us (orally—yuck!) with a few corn cobbettes. And who says that dogs don't enjoy a nice meal every once in a while?



The second night we were there, three boats arrived and the next day two left. The boat that was left became our new best friends the Raineses from Baltimore. We had a wonderful meal with them that night, sitting out in the chairs in front of the Dock master's office grilling pork tenderloin (ours) and hot dogs (theirs). So far, culinarily speaking, the meals we brought to grill have been better than the meals we have purchased.

On our way north to Solomons, we decided to take a detour to Urbanna, which is way up the Rappahannock, past Carter Creek and the Tides. We had been there one time before with the Worcesters and the Petreys and so we decided to have another go at it. This trip was starting to become the trip where we tried to do things we had never done before (although this was not one of them). I believe we stayed at Port Urbanna for a few hours and Abby thought this was great because she got a treat from the Dock master.

After a marathon shopping adventure, we wound up at Jimmy's for a grilled Angus beef burger and grilled shrimp sandwich. Good stuff and the cheapest thing we purchased that day. Soon it was time to head north and we once again fought the Bay north (dead-ass calm) and arrived at Spring Cove Marina one hour after closing. We spent a delightful night at the gas dock and then impressed the dock boy by actually being able to back into our slip without touching the

poles. This, apparently, was not something he saw very often.

Solomons is fun and I won't bore you with all the places we shopped and took Abby swimming. Let's just discuss the food. We had wonderful carryout meatball subs from Bowens situated at the south end of town and recommended by our new best friends the Raineses (remember Windmill Point). Crab Norfolk at the NautiGull was also quite good so as we moved north, the crab was getting better.

Since our new best friends the Burners were at Solomons Yacht Club, we arranged to get together with them one night and grill out at Spring Cove. They picked us up and we went and had a few good, cheap drinks at the Yacht Club and then went back to grill our steaks from the gourmet meat market. Great meal, good company and a few glasses of wine. Definitely a do-over.

Now, one of the things I had done before this trip was to do a little research on the Internet. This research consisted of me visiting every web site for every marina or town we thought we might want to visit during our time on the bay and printing the pages and binding them in a book. In addition, I had collected a few articles from Chesapeake Bay Magazine and the Washington Post. One of the places reviewed was Stoney's Crab House on Broome Island up the Patuxent River. As we ate our steaks at Spring Cove, we made plans for lunch the next day with the Burners. I think this is when it dawned on us that we were going to do new things on the Bay and that most of them would involve food.

So, at the crack of noon, we are off on Sunday for a trip up the Patuxent to find Broome Island. Neither of us had been there, but with a GPS, newspaper article and charts we can find anything. In order to impress the locals we put the boat into a slip that was too small just so we could ask if we could use the bigger slips. Once situated, we were seated on the floating dock portion of the restaurant where we all ordered the softball-sized crab cakes and washed it down with strawberry daiquiris (with real whipped cream), bloody marys (with three crab claws), margaritas (glass rimmed with blue salt) and Coronas. Man-o-man that was a good crab cake and earned the "best of the breed" award from Arleen.

With our one-week vacation coming to a close, we left Solomons for Chesapeake Beach and the Rod 'n Reel Marina where we had rented a slip for six weeks. Arleen's friend Mattie picked us up in our van and conveniently forgot to tell us about how she had baked the rear-view mirror all week such that the glue melted away so that the mirror fell off. Welcome home.

Weekend One – Tilghman Island

After a few short days of working for the man (wait, we are self-employed), we were back once again to the boat for our first trip. We decided that we would traverse the 10 miles to Tilghman Island and stay at the Tilghman Island Marina. Our new best friends the Burners were scheduled to join us, but wimped out due to conditions on the Bay. We had a slight chop on the way over and it was useful in washing away all

the bird poo-poo that we had accumulated after one week at Rod 'n Reel. Tilghman Island Marina is the first marina you come to on the west side (going east) and our slip looked out over the Bay. We had a kick-ass view of the sunset (see this year's photo contest winner at the March meeting for all the details). Since we were only there one night, we ate at the Bridge where I had the best crab cakes of the trip. (Arleen does not agree but hey, I'm writing the article) They were so big that I took one home and had it for lunch during the week. Good meal and a nice setting. If we had more space I would tell you about our bike ride to Crawford's Nautical book bank and attempt to explain why we felt the need to purchase two more folding bikes. This would make a good stopover for the Club on one of their trips to the Bay.

Weekend Two – Oxford

My father and his wife were in town for some sailbote race in Annapolis and so we dragged them along on our next trip to Oxford. We had been there before, but decided to stay at a different place, which turned out to be Crockett Brothers Boat Yard. Since there was some sailbote thingy going on, they were pretty full but I am not sure this is a do-over place. They are very strict on how long you can stay the next day, saying that we would have to vacate the slip by noon or pay for another day. While I can understand this policy during the middle of the summer, I had a hard time with it on a fall weekend.

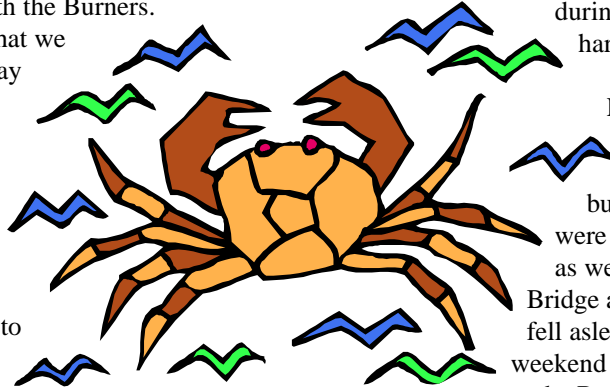
Let's see what I remember. Mary Lou left her purse in the bathroom and Dad talked to one of the crew from a sailbote who was from Minnesota, but not really. Crab cakes at Schooners were very good and I recall a good dessert as well. I think I voted them #3 behind the Bridge and Stoneys. Bay calm both ways, Dad fell asleep on the way home. We finished the weekend with crab imperial and clam appetizer at the Rod 'n Reel restaurant at a great table by the window. Dad and MLou won two dollars at the slot machines after wagering six.

Weekend Three – Baltimore

As we drove down into Chesapeake Beach and had our first look at the Bay, all we could see was waves, waves, and waves. This was going to be a sporty trip. And what about the Burners? There is no way they were going to fight the Bay from Solomons all the way to Baltimore. Oh well, we would have fun anyway.

As predicted, the ride up the Bay was sporty. Things calmed down as we came by Annapolis and then under the Bay Bridge but then things picked up as we threaded our way through the channel to Baltimore. After docking at Henderson's Wharf in Fells Point we called the Burners on the phone to rag them about not coming. Turns out they were about an hour behind us and after docking and pulling Ginger out of the water, we were ready for dinner.

I recall crab cakes (what else?) at J. Steven. Not good enough to make the top three, but quite tasty. On our walk home we passed the back of bakery and drooled over the strawberry shortcake they were trimming for their display case. Since Ralph was dressed shabbily, the baker took pity on us homeless people and passed the cutting out the back door.





Chestertown sunset—sailboat approaching the bridge.

Good stuff!

The next day was Maryland Science Museum time. We took the water taxi over and spend the day with the Titanic—first the Imax movie and then the exhibit. I even piloted the Titanic on the simulator and smacked the iceberg the first time and then missed it the second time. We then visited the Titanic “dead wall” and read about the exploits of Commander “First to the Lifeboats” Coldwell. Lunch at Friendlys Express in the museum was highly nominal and the least expensive thing we would do in Baltimore. Our trip ended with the planetarium show where we saw Uranus (my favorite planet).

Dinner that night was at Rocco’s. Cab ride over was \$6. Cab ride back was \$12 because the driver did not know where Fells Point was. Guess who paid the \$12. Dinner was great and expensive. I had seafood over pasta, others had veal. After this dinner we vowed to *always* ask the price of the specials before ordering.

We were going to try the local place for breakfast the next day, but did not want to wait in line. We wound up at the Southern Comfort Tea Room for eggs Savannah (\$19) and soap you cut from a loaf. All in all this was the most expensive weekend, except maybe for St. Michaels, but the food was good and the friends were great.

Weekend Four – Chestertown

The Bay is kicking up three footers and the wind is gusting 25-35. What the hell were we thinking? Hey, we had to use the boat. It was either that or bum around Chesapeake Beach. So off we go up Eastern Bay and through Kent Narrows. There was too much wind in their slip so the Hobsons can’t join us. Maybe they sold their boat? As we exit Kent Narrows into the Chester, we are into some pretty good waves. Luckily we only have a short distance to go and then we can turn away and surf down them and finally to some cover as we go up the Chester River. You know, Chestertown is really a long way up the Chester River so I would recommend that you do this as a three-day weekend rather than just an overnight stop.

The town was better than we remembered. Shopping was great and Abby made a new friend at one of the stores. We toured George College there (named after George Washington) on bikes and had Rockfish and Crab Remick at



Impulse at a Chestertown marina

the Wharf Inn. Abby “fought” the local goose there and lost. According to our dock neighbors, the goose has never lost a fight with a dog.

The weekend was over way to soon and guess what? The wind was a steady 30 gusting to 35. Big waves at the mouth of the Chester, calm as we go through Kent Narrows and more big waves as we head down Eastern Bay and across the Bay. Very sporty!

Weekend Five – St. Michaels

This is our final weekend on the Bay, so let’s make it a good one. Instead of going to the Annapolis boat show on Friday, we opt instead to move the boat from Chesapeake Beach to St. Michaels Marina where we will be meeting the Worcester clan the next day. My notes say the crab cakes at the Cracked Claw were good, meaty and spicy and the steamed clams were also good. Arleen enjoyed picking crabs. A note to the wise: they don’t take credit cards there. I know, as I left Arleen as collateral while I went back to the boat for the checkbook.

It turns out this was an expensive weekend as well due to all the shopping and the \$200 I paid to dock my boat there for two nights. And I didn’t even get a kiss! Since Steve did not make a reservation at the Town Dock restaurant, we had to settle for the one in the red building next door and for the life of me, I cannot remember what I ate, but it must have been crab cakes.

The next day Steve, bother-in-law Bruce, Abby and I made the trip back down the Bay with a stop at Port Kinsale to pick up Ralph. I think much has already been written about this trip. I recall getting Steve out on the bow numerous times to take off the burgee covers and then to put them back on and then to snap the canvas. I recall lots of water and waves, 10-knot speed and smacking him in the face. All I know is I had been counting on a good northerly wind so that we could surf down the Bay and instead we were looking at 3 to 4s on the nose for a good four hours. Suffice it to say our final meal on the boat was cold cut sandwiches, and later a stop at a Chinese restaurant in Woodbridge for an evening meal ashore.

So, we ate our way across the Bay and did a little boating in between. Next year I think it is Windmill Point again with a side trip to Onancock. I wonder how the food is over there?

Where's Waldo... uh, make that Steve and Susan Thompson's *Day Dreamer* ?

The Thompson's boat *Day Dreamer* is in both of these photos, which were taken while the Thompson's cruised with OYCers on the Bay last summer. Guess which boat.. Give up? Call Steve for the answer, and while you're at it, promise to send in your check renewing your OYC membership for 2002.



Update on the Dredging of the Occoquan

As a follow-up on the report in last month's Daymarker, here is a summary provided by Congressman Tom Davis' staff on the latest actions on the Occoquan Dredging Project:

Congressman Davis was able to get the dredging language approved in both the House and the Senate as part of this year's Department of Defense Appropriations Bill, which the President has now signed into law.

The language calls for a new federal designation of the Occoquan River (by federal mandate, it is no longer referred to as "Occoquan Creek"). The Corps of Engineers must now maintain a federally designated channel with a nine-foot depth throughout, and a two hundred-foot width up to the Route 1 Bridge. (After the Route 1 Bridge, the width requirements change to one hundred and fifty feet.).

The remaining money that was appropriated as part of the original project last year has been redirected to help pay for this project. The Corps of Engineers is now required by federal mandate to use this money for costs associated with dredging of the Occoquan only (including not only the dredging itself, but also associated studies and planning).

The Corps has been informed of these developments.

Within the next week, Congressman Davis will be sending the Corps a letter citing the new federal language and requesting a NEPA (Environmental Impact) study. He will also request that the Corps begin preliminary cost estimates of the project as soon as reasonably practicable (in light of War on Terror, the Corps has many other pressing assignments at present).

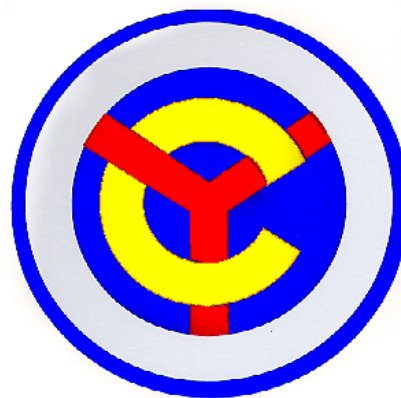
We are hopeful that the Corps can do the NEPA study before the next dredging cycle (Oct-Feb).

Once we get a rough estimate as to the costs, the localities should begin to discuss the local cost component of

the project. As mentioned in previous updates, this local requirement is twenty percent of the cost. As much as half of this local cost component (ten percent) may come from in-kind proffers (Please note that "local" in this case can be state, county, town or a combination thereof—essentially anything besides federal monies)

Once the Corps does a preliminary cost estimate (assuming there are no environmental problems), we will schedule an update meeting to begin to discuss the local side of the project.

Readers with questions on any of the above items may contact staff members Michael May at 703-590-4599 or Barnaby Harkins at 202-225-1492.



Occoquan Yacht Club's 2002 Schedule of Events

Including names and telephone number of volunteer coordinators
Events subject to change; watch for updates in The Daymarker

February 3	Brunch at Ft Belvoir	Susan Brown von Schaack, 703 815-5891
February 16-18	Ocean City Getaway	Candy Clevenger, 703 273-3073
March 23	General Membership Meeting	Board Event
March 30	April Fool's Party	Gary Linck, 703 494-7028
April 27-28	Early Bird Cruise	Tony Mirando, 202 488-1545
May 4	OYC Flag Raising at OHM	Board Event
May 5	Blessing of the Fleet	Bill Steele, 703 860-0455
May 18	Brunch with Dinghy Regatta at OHM	TBD
May 25-27	Memorial Day Cruise at Tall Timbers	Joe Livingston, 703 250-8765
June 1	Raft-up at Fairview Beach	Randy Snowman, 301 869-2885
June 15-16	PRYCA Cobb Island Days	Joe Livingston, 703 250-8765
June 22-30	OneWeek Lower Bay Cruise	Tom Coldwell, 703 323-1675
June 29	Fireworks at Tim's River Shore	
July 4-5	Fourth of July at Gangplank	Tony Mirando and Tom Shank, 202 488-1545
July 5-20	Two Week Upper Bay	Dani Linck, 703 494-7028
July 12-14	PRYCA Float-In	TBD
July 20-August 11	Three Week Cruise to New York	Tony Mirando and Tom Shank, 202 488-1545
July 27	Raft-up (TBD)	
August 2-4	Olverson's Marina/Yeocomico	January & Duane Jeirles, 804 559-6089
August 17-24	One Week Cruise	
August 21	OYC Official Holiday	Gary Linck, 703 494-7028
August 23-25	PRYCA Dog Days of Summer	Walt Cheatham, 703 243-2430
August 30-September 2	Labor Day Cruise to Coles Point	
September 14-15	Shrimpfest	Ann and Scott Shipley, 703 425-6053
September 20-22	PRYCA End of Summer Party	Susan Brown von Schaack, 703 815-5891
October 11-14	Columbus Day Cruise	Tony Mirando and Tom Shank, 202 488-1545
October 26	Membership Meeting and Election of Officers	Board Event
November 8-11	Hardy Souls Cruise	Ned Rhodes, 703 741-0861
November 30	Santa Cruise	Walt Cheatham, 703 243-2430
December 7	OYC Holiday Party Change of Watch	Board
January 18, 2003	Planfest	Board
February 2, 2003	Ft Belvoir Brunch	Susan Brown von Schaack, 703 815-5891

Save this schedule. Remember, these are just the *scheduled* events.
Raft-ups, cook-outs, spontaneous parties, renegade cruises—*anytime!*

Inside...

Happy Valentines Day,

2002 Schedule of Cruises and Events,

Impassioned (and fun-focused) appeals for
volunteering and participating,

A cruise to New York? It's a toddlin' town
—with Tony and Tom,

Cruise reports from the Cape Fear River
and the Chesapeake Bay,

Asterisk on your mailing label? Your dues
are OVER due, dude.

February 3
Brunch at Fort
Belvoir O'Club
(Too late to sign up.
Try again next year.)

February 14
Buy her a yacht.

February 16-18
Ocean City Getaway
Candy Clevernger
703 273-3073

March 23
General
Membership
Meeting, Potluck
Dinner, Photo
Contest
Fairfax Yacht Club
Becky Wellhouse
703 441-0008
(Hey, we finally got
Becky's name on
the front page
nameplate.)



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

Change Service Requested