



# The Daymarker

## OCOQUAN YACHT CLUB

P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

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

Web site: [www.OccoquanYachtClub.org](http://www.OccoquanYachtClub.org)

### Commodore

Mary Lynn Snowman  
301 869-2885

### Vice Commodore

Rick Sorrenti  
703 590-6724

### Rear Commodore

Ann Shipley  
703 425-6053

### Secretary

Eugene Brown  
703 815-5891

### Treasurer

Steve Thompson  
703 440-8114

### Quartermaster

Susan Thompson  
703 440-8114

### Membership

Randy Snowman  
301 869-2885

### Historian

Susan Von Schaack  
703 815-5891

### PRYCA Delegate

Joe Livingston  
703 250 8765.

### THE DAYMARKER Editor

Tom Coldwell  
703 323-1675



## Commodore's Comments

### Mary Lynn Snowman

It is hard for me to believe that this summer is almost gone. Thank goodness I still have a lot of boating season to look forward to. The one thing I don't have to look forward to is moving on the boat this year. It's just not the time for it to happen. My daughter Meagan says that it can happen in three years. Three years seems like such a long time away (actually two years and 10 months). Now, I don't want to hurry the time because in three years Meagan will be going off to college. Therefore, I'm going to have to be patient a little while longer and just wait until it's time to move on the boat.

Since we didn't go to Annapolis this year I have had more time to walk the docks at Hoffmaster's this summer. Walking the docks at a marina can be a pleasant and soothing experience. Not to mention an educational experience as well. Sometimes I learned more than I wanted to. Like the time a gentleman shared with me how he used to worry about having friends when he died. He used to worry about having at least six friends so that when he died there would be someone to carry his casket. He has now decided to be cremated so he only has to have one friend. (I can't remember how we got on that subject. But nevertheless it was something to think about.)

Then there was the day that I was talking to two gentlemen on B Dock and we just happened to be strolling by the [boat name deleted]. It was late afternoon about happy hour time. Just a bit of advice here, don't look inside a boat unless you're willing to really see what's inside. [The Commodore goes on to describe and speculate on her unwitting discovery of a boater of her acquaintance in a state of moderate *dishabile*.]

As well as interesting and exciting, things on the docks at Hoffmaster's often get hot. Randy will give you a different story I'm sure but for my view please go to the article on Hot Docks.

I would be remiss if I didn't pass on to you the information that one hears at a board meeting. When we were discussing plans for the Shrimp Feast at Fairview Beach, I overheard Randy saying that his dinghy gets around. If you want more information please talk to Sue Thompson, Ann Shipley or Eugene Brown, they were more involved in the conversation and could possibly give you more details. We were not drunk, but needless to say...our board meetings are quite interesting. Now, if you would like to be a part of these exciting board



# I WANT YOU

...to run for office in OYC, or volunteer to coordinate a cruise or club event.

meetings by serving on the board for 2003 please contact Candy Clevenger or any of the other nominating committee members. They will be glad to hear of any nominations (or volunteers). You can find more information in Candy's article.

Even though summer is almost over, there is still plenty to do with your fellow OYCers. Check out the upcoming events and see if you can't find something, somewhere, that you want to do. We've carefully planned the fall season around football (no Sunday afternoon activities). A couple of new activities are in the works.

### Silent Auction in November

I've been looking over the calendar and November seems to have a gap in it. Since it has come up several times that some people have several boating items that they would like to see go somewhere else, how about a Silent Auction the weekend of November 16th? (I need to get rid of some of my STUFF!)

There are some basic rules: All items must have something to do with boating and be useable for something, e.g., an old bent anchor can be auctioned as a decoration in someone's yard or for a dinghy. However, a torn life jacket needs to be thrown away. Extra tools put in tool kits and marked for boating will be allowed. Items for scavenger hunt kits will be allowed as well. The point is, we aren't here for someone's yard sale.

More details will follow next month but we wanted you to be sure and put this on your calendar and have plenty of time to get your stuff together. Please e-mail me with your item(s) that you will have to auction [snowmm@co.mo.md.us](mailto:snowmm@co.mo.md.us).

And as always, see you on the water (not *in* the water, Ann).

## The Datemarkers

### BIRTHDAYS

Rob Grant 9/5

Anna Burner 9/10

Betty Zaegel 9/26

Joan Hicks 9/11

Shahin Hodge 9/17

Johnny Martin 9/7

Barb Egmore 9/13

Mary Jo Webster 9/6

Anne Gorenstein 9/12

Margaret Grant 9/18

### ANNIVERSARIES

Allen & Lynanne Jorsey 9/5

Bob & Betsey Nalevanko 9/11

Hattie Hall & Bill Walker 9/11

Jim & Brenda Johnson 9/16

Martin & Rosie Betts 9/28

## The Daymarker

Published monthly by the Occoquan Yacht Club  
Tom Coldwell, PC, Editor; Mary Ann Coldwell, Editor's Editor  
Randy Snowman, Circulation

The deadline for submission of materials to **THE DAYMARKER** is the 20<sup>th</sup> of each month.. If possible, please submit copy by e-mail to:

[tcoldwell@cox.net](mailto:tcoldwell@cox.net)

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

## Date Change, to October 5<sup>th</sup>, for General Membership Meeting, Election of Officers, Chili and Dessert Contests, Fam for the Whole Funly

The Annual OYC General Membership Meeting and Chili and Dessert Contest will be held this year at the Occoquan Harbor Marina picnic deck, from 2 – 5 pm on Saturday, October 5<sup>th</sup>. This is a change from the originally scheduled date of October 26th.

The theme is still Oktoberfest. And guess what? Although your current board is still more than willing to serve, it's time to elect your officers for 2003.

Don't forget that the fall membership meeting is really for the contest. You know, the one for chili and/or dessert (I still like chocolate). You don't have to compete but since you will probably want to eat, please be sure to bring a side dish to share. Bring the family and join in on the fun.

## OYC Wants You

Looking for a way to get more involved? The 2003 OYC Nominating Committee has the opportunity you've been looking for. Nominating Committee Chair Candy Clevenger, 703 273-3073, and committee members Arlene Rhodes, 703 741-0861, Becky Heinze, 703 924-9365, are looking for Board volunteers to support OYC in the upcoming year.

Offices open for nomination are Commodore, Vice Commodore, Rear Commodore, Secretary and Treasurer. If you are interested in participating as an OYC Board Member please call one of the committee members, who will be happy to explain the responsibilities of each of these positions. Oh yeah, along with the opportunity to make things work in the club, Board members get cool officer flags to carry on their boats.

The 2003 OYC Board will be voted into office at the October General Membership meeting which will be held this year at OHM on the deck, October 5, 2000 2-5 p.m.

If you can't serve on the Board in 2003, then please mark your calendar now and plan to attend the January Planfest, January 18, 2003 where you will have lots of opportunities to volunteer to support one of the many events sponsored by OYC each year.

## More New Members

OYC welcomes **Bill and Marri Jo Gamble** of Fairfax Station. They keep their Gibson, *Marri Sea*, berthed at OHM.

—Randy Snowman  
OYC Membership Chairman



Vice Commodore

Rick Sorrenti

### The Ship Breakers

(portions excerpted from the ATLANTIC MONTHLY)

“Okay, *Pioneer One*, heave up your anchor, heave up your anchor.”

The *Pioneer's* captain acknowledged the order in thickly accented English, “Roger. Heave up anchor.”

“You make one-six-zero degrees, full ahead. Let me know your course every ten degrees. One-eight-zero, *Pioneer One*.” I (author William Langewiesche writing in the August 2000 ATLANTIC MONTHLY) got the impression he had not done this before. “One-nine-zero... two-zero-zero ... two-one-zero...two-two-zero.”

The lights of the ship grew closer.

“Two-three-zero. Okay, Captain, you are ballasting, no?”

“Yes, sir, we are ballasting. Ballasting is going on.”

“Very good, please continue.”

At three-one-zero, with the *Pioneer* now close offshore, emotion was flowing.

“Okay, Captain make three-two-zero, steady her... Okay, now you give maximum revolution, Captain! Give maximum revolution!”

I went down to the water's edge. The *Pioneer* came looming out of the darkness, thrashing the ocean's surface with its single screw, raising a large white bow wake as it rushed toward the beach. I could make out the figures of men peering forward from the bridge and the bow. Now the sound of the bow wave, like that of a waterfall, drowned the drumming of the engine. A group of workers who had been standing nearby scattered to safety. The *Pioneer* kept coming. An inshore current that carried it briefly to the side caught it. Then the keel hit the bottom, and the ship drove hard onto the flooded beach, carried by its weight, slowing under full forward power until the rudder no longer functioned and the hull veered out of control and slid to a halt not a hundred yards from where we stood. Anchors the size of cars rattled down the sides and splashed into the shallows. The engine stopped, the lights switched off in succession from bow to stern, and abruptly the *Pioneer* lay dark and still.

At Alang, in India, on a six-mile stretch of oily, smoky beach, 40,000 men tear apart half of the world's discarded ships, each one a sump of toxic waste. Environmentalists in the West are outraged. The ship breakers, of course, want to be left alone—and maybe they should be.

Ever wondered just where do all the old ships go? You can finish reading this astonishing story at: <http://www.theatlantic.com/issues/2000/08/langewiesche.htm>.

**But don't go there yet;** you need to finish reading my article. Our trip to Olverson's was wonderful. Unlike the last trip I coordinated...boats really showed! The river was almost like glass going and coming. All arrived Friday including *Day Dreamer*, *Three G's*, *Kitt 2*, *No Name* (Gorensteins), *Plane to Sea* and *Sea Duck Too*.

We had two cancellations (one excuse, was “her bottom

needed cleaning,” go figure). The heated swimming pool was one of the main attractions, coupled with the OYC's favorite pastimes of drinking and eating.

Fred Olverson was a wonderful host; providing coffee, newspapers, fresh vegetables and each boat received the biggest cantaloupe I had ever seen, of course, all grown in Fred's garden. Saturday night we were driven to dinner at the newly renovated 17<sup>th</sup> century carriage house called The Tavern. All agreed that it was one of the best meals we have had on the Potomac. Fred provided courtesy vehicles for our use all weekend, for the ice cream trips downtown. One of the vehicles was a “brand-new” 1964 Lincoln Continental convertible with suicide doors. It looked just like the President Kennedy Dallas motorcade car. The story is that it has been in storage for 25 years in Fred's barn.

*Sea Duck Too* back to 16

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### Upcoming events:

**End of Summer Party** at Tantallon/Ft Washington, Sept 13-15, contact Susan Brown, 703 815-5891

**Shrimp Feast**, Sept 20-22, contact Ann Shipley, 703 425-6053

**Membership Meeting** at OHM “Party Deck”, Oct 5, contact Rick Sorrenti, 703 590-6724

**Columbus Day Weekend** at Gangplank, Oct 11-14, contact Tony Mirando or Tom Shank, 202488-1545

**Hardy Souls Cruise** at Old Town, Nov 1-3, very limited number of slips, contact Ned Rhodes, 703 7410861

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Rear Commodore

Ann Shipley

No way can this be the end of August as I sit down to write this! Where did my summer go? Well, considering that *Nextasea* has been up on blocks since the Fourth of July, my summer has been high and dry! Do I miss the water? Would you miss breathing? Hopefully, I will be back among the living by the time this Daymarker lands in your mailbox.

Sooo—anticipating a boat recovery, let me invite you ALL to the best get together of the year-SHRIMPFEEST 2002. This year's festivities will take place September 21-22 at Fairview Beach. For those of you who have yet to discover the delights of this wonderful destination, this is a must-go. The water should still be warm enough to enjoy, the bottom is delightfully sandy, and the trip is an easy cruise.

We will plan to raft up by mid-afternoon and assemble on the beach to party as folks arrive. La Cuisine will include shrimp and lobsters, cooked on the beach, along with corn on the cob and whatever dishes to share y'all boat along. Shrimp will be \$?? per pound and lobsters, \$?? per pound—okay, I'll have to let you know. The club will supply the corn, dinnerware, and condiments. Y'all will BYOB, a dish to share, chairs to recline in, and some firewood for a nighttime bond fire (we are still clearing this last one so watch for an update—including prices—by e-mail).

All you need to do is e-mail me at [teacherstressed@hotmail.com](mailto:teacherstressed@hotmail.com) and let me know how many little shrimpies you can eat and how many lobsters you want to play with. I will need this information no later than September 13 so I can let our hunter/gatherers know how much to order.

Fall is truly the best time for boating and we can console/entertain each other with our best sea stories.

So here now is this month's entry for how to stuff yourself silly: Grilled Shrimp (what else?)  
 ½ cup butter or margarine, melted  
 ¼ cup lemon juice  
 1+ tablespoon Worcestershire sauce (I like about 3 tbsps)  
 1+ teaspoon Dijon mustard (but don't over do this one)  
 ½ teaspoon salt  
 1/8 teaspoon pepper

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to a boil; cover, reduce heat, and simmer 5 minutes. Use to baste peeled shrimp on the grill. Also terrific on grilled veggies or just about anything else you can think up to throw on the fire!



### Treasurer's Comments

**Stephen Bruce Thompson**

What do you do for fun on a hot and humid summer day? If you own a boat the answer may be that you go down to the river, where it may be a little cooler. And if it isn't much cooler at the dock you might put a little more gas in the tank and (mind you, this is for those smaller boats in the club) put a tube in the water and get a little wet. Of course, if you own one of those boats that displaces a little more water than can normally fit in an Olympic sized swimming pool you probably know of a couple places to drop the hook and enjoy a nice cool breeze. That sounds rather refreshing considering the spate of high temperatures and humidity that has besieged the D.C. area this summer.



Then there are the crazies, like me, whose motto is "neither heat, nor rain, nor gloom of

night ..." (well, what do you expect from someone whose brain has been heat damaged?), it's time to hit the pavement and RUN BUBBA, RUN. What better way is there to celebrate a day when the temperatures pass the 90 degree mark, and the humidity is following close behind, then to go for a 4, 5, 6 mile, or longer, run. Ahh, the warmth of the sun emanating from the road and the salty sweat pouring from your head blinding you as it passes by your eyes on its trip further down to totally soak your running attire. The solitude. Nobody saying, "Are we there yet?" except for maybe your legs. Sounds fun, right?

Well, look around you. Maybe it's your coworker, your local grocer, or even your neighbor. There are thousands of them out there, as many as 15,000 in the D.C. area alone. How do I know? Because they, like myself, are preparing to run the Marine Corps Marathon. (Two years ago the marathon had over 25,000 participants.) So, like lemmings running to the sea,

our instinct is forever telling us to get out there and run; run like never before; run til you get to the sea. But, here reality sets in and, for the most part, we tend to remain on terra-firma.

But the race isn't just for runners. Those who come out to cheer on their friends, and even strangers, actually outnumber those that are running. It is a great chance to come out and cheer on us crazies and enjoy the surroundings. So come on down. The race starts at 8:30 a.m. on Sunday, October 27<sup>th</sup>. If you know what is good for you, you'll take the Metro. Check out [www.marinemarathon.com](http://www.marinemarathon.com) for the course the runners will follow. And, who knows, you might catch a glimpse of a friend or two. Hope to see you there.



### Quartermaster Comments

**Sue Thompson**

### OYC's Summer Blowout Sale

That's right, shoppers, the Occoquan Yacht Club is having a summer blowout sale (not to be confused with a blowboat from the PRYCA Float In). Ever vigilant searching for bargains for OYC members, your Quartermaster has taken inventory and found some extra boxes of goodies down in the quartermaster's gear locker (in her basement). So, for a limited time only, heavily discounted prices have been placed on several items (noting the number in sizes available).

Gray Polo Shirts: 2 x M; 5 x L; 2 x XL; 7 x 2XL – regularly \$25, now \$10

OYC Sweat Shirts: 1 x L; 2 x XL; 8 x 2XL – regularly \$40, now \$15

OYC T-Shirts (screen print): 1 x M; 5 x L; 6 x XL; 7 x 2XL – regularly \$12, now \$5

OYC Hats (adjustable): 9 x Navy Blue; 15 x Royal Blue; 8 x White – regularly \$12, now \$5

Take advantage of this sale, now until October 30<sup>th</sup> (okay, maybe it's not such a limited time). It's first come—first served, so act now. You can call me at 703-440-8114 or send an email to [opsco@earthlink.net](mailto:opsco@earthlink.net) to place your order. Orders filled upon receipt of payment.



Eugene Brown

Many of us have spent time in the military, so for those of you who wish you were in, or want to relive the good old days, follow the simple idea below. Although it pertains more to Marines and the lower form of Marine life, squids, it will make the worst OYC boating experience sound like the Ritz. It may even pertain to your OYC boating.

1. Buy a dumpster, paint it gray and live in it for six months straight.
2. Run all of the piping and wires inside your house on the outside of the walls.
3. Pump ten inches of nasty, crappy water into your basement, then pump it out, clean up, and paint the basement "deck gray."
4. Every couple of weeks, dress up in your best clothes and go the scummiest part of town, find the most run down, trashy bar you can, pay \$10 per beer until you're hammered, then walk home in the freezing cold. **Wait, that sounds like the hardy fools cruise.**
5. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays turn your water temperature up to 200 degrees, then on Tuesday and Thursday turn it down to 10 degrees. On Saturdays, and Sundays declare to your entire family that they used too much water during the week, so all showering is secured.
6. Raise your bed to within 6 inches of the ceiling. **Like sleeping in you V-berth.**
7. Invite 200 of your not-so-closest friends to come over, and then board up all the windows and doors to your house for six months. After the six months, take down the boards, wave at your friends and family through the front window of your home . . . you can't leave until the next day because you have the duty.
8. Shower with above-mentioned friends.
9. Spend \$20,000 on a satellite system for your TV, but only watch CNN and the Weather Channel. **Or spend just as much for electronics for the boat you use only on weekends.**
10. Have your wife give you a haircut with goat shears.
11. Spend two weeks in the red-light districts of Europe, and call it "world travel."

## Columbus Day cruise to Gangplank Marina, Oct. 11-14

by Tom Shank, Cruise Coordinator

Over the Columbus Day weekend, Tony and I are hosting an OYC cruise to the Gangplank Marina. If you are interested please email me at amirandoc@aol.com or call us at (202) 488-1545 and give us know your name, size of your vessel and how many nights you want. Please take note that this marina only has 50-amp service, so please bring your adapters if you need 30-amp service.

Also, if there is an interest, we can go to dinner Friday at 8:00 p.m. at La Rivage restaurant, and on Saturday at 8:00 p.m. we can see a show at Arena Stage, "The Misanthrope," a very funny love triangle play that takes place in the 17<sup>th</sup> century. So if you are interested in either of those events, let me know A.S.A.P. The deadline for this will be September 18<sup>th</sup>. However, please let me know sooner if you are interested in seeing the play at Arena Stage. If we get over 15 people we will get a 20% discount. The tickets are normally \$53.00 and seats are limited. I will need to pay for tickets in advance, so once you commit there are no refunds on the tickets.

Not that this should be a surprise to most, but the Gangplank marina is once again under new management, and so we are not sure how well they will receive us, but once I know the interest I will approach them. I don't expect any problems, but you never know!

## Hardy Souls Cruise to Alexandria, Nov. 1-3

by Ned W. Rhodes, Cruise Coordinator

In case you missed the announcement in the last newsletter, we have changed the dates of the Hardy Souls Cruise to the first weekend in November. I already have reservations from six boats, so if you are interested in going, you should email me, ned@softsysgrp.com, with your boat information. We never know exactly how many slips will be available until a week before the cruise. In years past we have somehow managed to fit in 12-14 boats.

A new an improved scavenger hunt is being planned and we may take the ghost tour again, but route A instead of B. Or was it B instead of A? As always, early morning dog walks to the Drooler and the first boundary stone are planned along with waiting in line for dinner and Ben and Jerry's ice cream.

Hope to see you there.



### Nice Day Trip

Washington Harbor in Georgetown collects boaters who are low enough to get under the 14<sup>th</sup> Street bridge. Tie up and join the party but you can't stay overnight.

# Remembering Sept. 11<sup>th</sup> 2001

...and then some.

by Steve Thompson

Everybody remembers September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2001. To say it was a tragedy no one will forget is probably the understatement of the decade. The loss of life was horrific. I remember the following weekend was the PRYCA sponsored End-of-Summer cruise. Dinner that Saturday evening was a solemn occasion. I heard from the many lives that were personally touched by this terrorist event; friends and acquaintances having lost their lives. Let's never forget them.



But let's not forget the others, too. Let me tell you about a few of them, the ones that I knew.

Colonel Charles R. Ray was the detachment commander of a small communications center in Alexandria. During my first assignment in the Army I worked under him for about two years. He was a good, family oriented man. He helped my wife pin my strips on during a promotion ceremony way back in 1976. There was also the time he had the entire office at his home to host a birthday party for me. Sue and I, much younger then, were impressed and influenced by the principles he emulated. Colonel Ray died from a terrorist's bullet, in January of 1984, while serving as an Army Attaché in Paris, France.

Chief Warrant Officer Kenneth D. Welch and Petty Officer Michael R. Wagner worked in the Defense Attaché Office in Beirut, Lebanon. I can't really say too much about these two individuals. I knew Ken only slightly and had never really met Mike. But they were comrades. We were united in one cause, to do our jobs the best we could, and we did this (the same job), just different locations. We enjoyed what we did. But it took me some time to recover from their deaths in September 1984, when a bomb exploded at the Embassy.

Sergeant Kenneth R. Hobson was young, energetic and smart. He was married and had a young daughter, about a year old. You could say I taught him everything he knew, at least about working in an Embassy. For over eight weeks he sat in front of me while I tried my best to impart my knowledge to him and a class of future Attaché Office staff personnel, and Ken was the honor grad. At the end of the class Sue and I were invited to the class graduation party. Everyone had a good time. What makes his death so hard for me is the fact that I saw much of myself in him when I was his age. He was definitely destined for bigger and better things in his military career. That is until a car bomb collapsed much of the Embassy in Nairobi, Kenya in August of 1998. Ken was killed standing in the same office that I had stood in several months earlier during an inspection trip.

Perhaps the person Sue and I will miss the most is Molly Hardy. We knew her when we were assigned to Brasilia, Brazil. Both Sue and I worked at the Embassy and we saw Molly every day. We lived close to each other. When one was at a party the other was inevitably there also. As part of a larger group, we did all kinds of weird and wonderful things together to keep from getting bored. Among some of the things we did,

Molly taught Sue how to dance Country Western (I just couldn't be convinced). But where we really worked close together was in the Embassy's unofficial theatre group (more for morale than for a desire to act) where we put on Christmas specials and even put on a production of Casablanca. We separated company but the ties were still there. Molly died in the same terrorist attack in Nairobi, Kenya that took the life of Ken in August of 1998.

It is truly appalling that an incident such as what took place on September 11<sup>th</sup> occurred. The loss of life was unimaginable. This date, justly, should be remembered; as a way to honor those that were victims, as well as those that gave their lives trying to help. But it would be a mistake to think that they were the only ones who have lost their lives at the hands of terrorists. There are many others that I have not mentioned, too many to list here. Let's remember them all.



**Walking the Gangplank, walking the dog—Beckie and John Heinze, Margaret and Rob Grant cheer the Fourth at Gangplank Marina.**

# Liz and Andrew's Excellent Adventure

by Liz Kalweit

Last month, my husband Andrew and I took a vacation aboard *Lizzie Bitz II*. We headed out on his birthday, August 7, and planned to return home to celebrate my birthday on August 16. We had been cruising around the Lower Potomac, and were headed back up the river on the afternoon of the 11th when we broke down two miles south of the 301 bridge. We were towed back to our marina, Hampton's Landing, later on that evening. It took the mechanics several days to repair *LBII*

When *LBII* started acting up, I was really worried at first. I kept asking Andrew, "What's going on? What's wrong?" and he didn't answer right away because he was concentrating on exactly that—figuring out what was wrong. The sparkplugs hammered away, and the engine smoked, sputtered, stalled and died roughly every fifteen to thirty minutes. Each time that happened, we'd shut down for a little while, and then try to make a little headway again. She'd perk right up at first, but then the problem would get even worse. Not knowing what was wrong really scared me.



**Lizzie Bitz II taken under tow**—and Captain Andrew doesn't look too happy about it.

I'm really impressed by what went right, though: Our problems started as we were passing Cobb Island. Andrew quickly turned in, docked at Shymansky's and did some troubleshooting (Bad fuel? Clogged filter? And so on.). The boat responded well, so we went on our way—for another fifteen to thirty minutes. We reluctantly admitted to ourselves that continuing on was not a very good idea, so we dropped anchor, called Towboat U.S. and gave them our location. From then on, everything went just like it was supposed to. The towboat captains were prompt, sympathetic and very professional. We were handed off twice on the trip home—once at Mathias Point and once at Maryland Light—and delivered right into our slip. We'd been paying for unlimited towing insurance for exactly four years and four days, and that was the first time we ever needed to use it. Thank goodness for unlimited towing insurance!

I'm so glad that it wasn't worse. We were completely prepared for an engine failure: Drop anchor, Call for a tow, Fire up the generator and crank the A/C, Prepare lunch, Take pictures.

We've always joked about breaking down: "Oh, no! *Lizzie Bitz*! The dust! Call the towboat

and pass me a margarita!" But what if Andrew had turned to me and said, "I think we are taking on water," or "I think there is a fire in the engine compartment." We weren't prepared for anything like that. We had just about everything we needed—handheld VHF, cell phone, flares, fire extinguishers, PFDs, life jackets, etc., but most of it wasn't readily accessible (or, for that matter, waterproof.). I also realized how little time we'd have to prepare ourselves, and Abbey, our 85-pound Retriever, to leave the ship if we had to.

We were under tow for four hours, which was more than enough time to scare myself silly with "what-if" scenarios. I did spend a little time reflecting on "what-if" and scouting out the "what I'd need if," and I think I'm better prepared to react to an emergency competently, if the time ever comes. But mostly, we just relaxed and enjoyed our impromptu twilight cruise up the river. When life gives you lemons ...

*Lizzie Bitz II* was out of commission from Sunday night through Wednesday afternoon. The mechanics suspected a clogged filter or bad fuel, but the real problem was finally detected and quickly repaired—a bad ignition-control.

It felt great to be back on the water, but you'll never guess how we rang in my 40<sup>th</sup> birthday—with a sunrise flight in a hot air balloon!



Liz celebrates the big 4-0 with a lot of hot air.



**The view aloft**—What Liz Kalweit saw on her birthday balloon flight.

# Miss Vivian's Three Week Cruise to New York—Almost

by Tony Mirando

The summer cruise of '02 will be a trip that Tom and I will never forget.

After spending an exorbitant amount of time and money getting *Miss Vivian* and its crew ready for a three-week cruise, the day finally was upon us. It was a wonderful clear Saturday morning, seas were calm and all were ready for an adventure to New York.

*Miss Vivian* had a crew of four, Tom, Tony and two of our friends Bob and Ron. Many people had reservations about four people spending three weeks on a boat and not killing each other. Well, to

all those pessimistic people, we got along great! OK, so there were some moments, but overall we all enjoyed the time together, but then who wouldn't on a boat for three weeks.

Down the Potomac River, we decided to spend our first evening at Cole's Point Plantation Marina, and as usual it was a great time. Jim and Carol Henry, and Laslo and Linda Bozoky, and Ned and Arleen Rhodes met us at Cole's Saturday afternoon. After we fueled the boat for the next day's trip, we went to the pool. We all decided to have an old fashioned



**High Seas Adventurers**—Tony Mirando and Tom Shank aboard their 50' ChrisCraft *Miss Vivian*.

barbecue, with Ned of course causing trouble and being his normal irritating self, but that's why we all love ya, Ned.

On Sunday, *Miss Vivian* and her crew were up and ready to leave at 6:30a.m. With the help of Ned (thanks) and Carol (no, I think she was still sleeping), we left Cole's and set out for our trip down the rest of the Potomac River and start our trip up the Chesapeake Bay. The weather was sunny with calm seas, and with no interruptions or problems we made our way into Herrington Harbor South. What a wonderful

facility, we need to have an OYC function there. Again, after fueling up and settling in for the night, we went to the pool and relaxed and then to dinner at the marina—without a doubt, the best-tasting prime rib.

Monday we were cruised out to a beautiful sunrise on the Chesapeake Bay. The skies were clear and the seas were calm as we set out for Baltimore's inner harbor. We stayed at Harbor View Marina, which had a wonderful floating pool on a barge. After getting a few sun rays, we were off to go house and condo shopping. The marina was part of a larger community that had beautiful condos and townhouses for sale right on the water. Of course Tom wanted one of each and a 70-foot Hatteras docked right in front, I slapped him and told him to snap out of it.

Shopping done, we went to the gym for a slow and painful workout. With the weather sunny and hot, temperatures around 95, who felt like working out? But we did work out. Later we walked into town and found a quaint Italian restaurant. Picture this—four guys walking into an Italian restaurant and telling the waitress “what do you have that doesn't have a lot of carbohydrates in them?” Her response was “you guys are on the Atkins diet.” I quickly said “I am not and so bring me a bowl of pasta.” It was a great restaurant; everyone found something good to eat.



**New York skyline**—No, wait, that's Philadelphia, as seen from the decks of *Miss Vivian*.



Baltimore is a great place to visit, but Washington is prettier.

Tuesday 6:00 a.m. came fast and the captain of *Miss Vivian* was up and doing his pre-cruising checks. I don't know how I got that job, but then Tom wasn't about to get his hands dirty, especially when I needed him to make his special breakfast every morning. Ned, you really missed out again. The weather was sunny but breezy, seas were slightly sporty, but nothing to worry about. But little did we know what was a head of us. Once we entered into the river above the Chesapeake Bay the seas calmed down and then it was really beautiful, especially once we entered the C&D Canal. The Canal was very interesting, it wasn't much wider than the Washington Beltway, and it even had lights along both sides.

When we entered the Delaware River the seas picked up again, and as we progressed down the river the waves really began to smack up against the boat, especially once we hit the Delaware Bay. I was warned about the bay and I now understand why. We were originally planning to stay at a small marina half-way down the river, but they did not answer our hail, so I decided with the weather changing that pushing on to Cape May, NJ might be a better place to stay the night.

The trip into the Cape May area will be one that our guests will remember. We were hitting six footers on the bow at the bottom of the bay and then once we turned toward Cape May, we were taking six to seven footers on the beam, this was not fun! Water was splashing everywhere, and everyone was soaked, and even our plants on top were burned by the sun and salt water, (they all got a major hair-cut.)

After we were all tied up and hooked up to power, I made an executive decision that we would stay in Cape May for at least two nights. Well, little did we know that the weather front coming into the area was a very strong high-pressure system. Winds associated with this system were 25-35 mph with higher gusts, and it stayed this way for four days, with the Atlantic Ocean waves reaching seven to eight feet with occasional nine and ten footers. Needless to say, we were not going anywhere, especially when experienced captains in 70-80 foot vessels were staying put. I am cocky, but I'm not stupid.

With the extended forecast not looking any better, and now having been in Cape May for three days, I made another executive decision to cancel the trip to New York. You can only imagine how we all felt, especially since I had been planning this trip for a year. But, being smart about the weather was more prudent and so I decided we would turn around and head back up the Delaware Bay and go to Philadelphia.

On Friday morning, with the crew excited to finally get on the way to somewhere, we headed back into the Delaware Bay. The bay that day was choppy, but nothing to worry about. The skies were clear with moderate winds, but they were behind us.

The cruise was eventful, we were following a fellow boater who we had met previously at the PRYCA Float-In and then again in Cape May who was heading up the bay as well. So we decided to go together, since we had some extra time to waste not going to New York.

Both boats cruised to this small marina called Schaefers on the C&D Canal to stay for the night before heading to Philly. On the way to Schaefers, I was talking to our fellow boater on and off, and the last time I talked I left us on Channel 68. At this point a US Coast Guard in their chopper was cruising up and down the Delaware Bay and River, probably checking out boats and shipping coming up from the Atlantic Ocean. Well, they got over *Miss Vivian* and they circled and then got lower and circled again and then got even closer and

circled again. Tom was so intrigued by this that he blew them a big kiss! I immediately hit him again on the head and said, "what are you crazy?" After Tom's sign of affection, the chopper quickly flew off to the other boat we were following and then they flew off.

Later, we were told by the other boater that the helo was trying to hail us and find out who we were and where we were coming from and heading for. The other boater told them we were with them, and that we were heading for the marina in the C&D Canal



Georgetown, MD—Another overnight stop on the way home.

and they were satisfied. After telling them to remind us to always stay on Channel 16 when traveling, the helo left. Oh well, you live and learn, and I bet the pilot will always remember Tom's kiss.

Once at the marina we all got together and had a barbecue on top of *Miss Vivian* and then some of us went up to the outside bar and band and had some drinks. Some had more to drink than others, Tom got up and danced by himself for a few songs, and so I guess he had one too many drinks. But then he was on vacation and didn't care much about what people thought, but then he wasn't drinking when he blew a kiss at the Coast Guard pilot, so what was that all about!

Saturday morning on the C&D canal was absolutely beautiful, and so it was a great day to cruise slowly up to Philly. The C&D canal current was so strong that we were hitting twelve knots when we should have been going about nine knots—now that's a strong current. The cruise up to Philly was peaceful but not awfully pretty. There are a lot of

factories along this part of the Delaware River, but bad scenery is still better than working.

Philly was a strange marina; it had no amenities to speak of. With that said, we rented a car and drove to my sister Mary's house for two days. She had an old fashioned Italian back-yard family party. She even had homemade pie, which *Miss Vivian* crew quickly took part in helping to eat. I guess the carb diet was off that day!

On Monday morning we drove back to Philly, and spent the rest of the day sight seeing and enjoying the city. On Tuesday morning we once again got up early and headed out. Our goal was set for heading back into the Chesapeake Bay and going to Georgetown, MD. The weather was sunny and the seas were calm.

Once we made it to the Sassafra River we were in heaven. This river by far was the prettiest. To anyone who wants a quiet and relaxing and picturesque cruise, the Sassafra River is that cruise. We stayed at the Georgetown Cove Marina, it was cute and it even had a pool, but way too many children at the pool. After spent two days of relaxing and bike riding, we were off again. *Miss Vivian* and her crew were now set for Annapolis, MD for three days, and the weather had changed again, but this time for the better. We had cool weather and calm seas; it was perfect cruising weather. Needless to say our trip to Annapolis was uneventful, at least other than perfect weather and relaxation.

In Annapolis, Tom went crazy again looking at all the future boats he wanted, and our friends liked going into town shopping. I, on the other hand, decided to get artistic and add teak to the ladder (stairway) to the topside helm station. I found some teak boards and had them cut to my specification. I then spent days sanding and varnishing, and when it met my satisfaction I installed them. It came out beautiful.

Time to move on to our next marina to finish out our last week of vacation, we were now heading to St. Michael's for

three days. What can I say about St. Michael's other than it was fun! St. Michael's is a place to rest and shop and, boy, did we all do just that. This place is a must for all to do, put it on your to-do list.

The final week was going fast, it seemed we just arrived and the crew again was up and ready to leave for Solomon's Island. Unfortunately on our way to Solomon's Island Bob, one of our guests, received a call from his family that his father passed away. This was a sad event for anyone, even though it was somewhat expected. Needless to say the trip to Solomon's was quiet and sad. Once we arrived to Solomon's Bob and Ron called a friend and they were picked up so that they could fly to Boston. Both Tom and I were also friends with Bob's father and so after spending a day at Solomon's Island we too headed back to home port two days early. We did, however, have Dick and Audrey and family on our boat in Solomon's to help them celebrate the passing of one of their dear friends as well. It was somewhat of a memorial, we cruised a long the river and sprinkled some ashes.

Our trip home was long and sad, but probably was the nicest weather-wise of the whole three weeks. The whole eight-hour ride was very pleasant. With Tom quietly steering *Miss Vivian*, I finally for the first time had a chance to relax while underway. It was great! After slowing down many times to stall the inevitable, which was getting back to the Gangplank Marina, we arrived. It seemed so weird pulling into our own marina after so many others. It was almost a good feeling to finally get home, safe and sound. I must say that we were blessed with a wonderful three week cruise with good weather, good friends, and most of all no problems with *Miss Vivian*. *Miss Vivian* ran flawlessly, I couldn't have been more pleased with her performance.

Hope to see others in the OYC club at the End of the Summer party! Happy boating!

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## Hot Docks!

by Mary Lynn Snowman

Lately it seems that every time Randy Snowman leaves his boat something shuts down (or get shuts down). The man is afraid to leave it alone (sounds to me like it's "time" to move on the boat). After he goes home, in less than twenty-four hours he has thought of a reason to go back to the boat. (Who am I kidding – he is living on the boat!)

A few weeks ago Rudy Zimpel knocked on our door and said, "Hey, Mary Lynn, we need to shut the electric down on your boat." Of course my answer was, "Oookaaay." Now there were many thoughts going through my head but the main feeling going through me was of panic. Randy had left for the airport several hours ago and his plane should be taking off...just about now. The forecast for the temperature for that day was 105 degrees. It was approximately 9 o'clock in the morning – I had the cat and the dog to keep cool and I was not going to have electricity! AND I was supposed to go to work. Okay, things were not looking good.

In addition to the feeling of panic there were a lot of questions like – why, do we need to shut the electricity down

and why my boat? What was going on? Sounded like easy questions to me but of course there were no simple answers. Basically it seemed that there were just too many big boats (two) running on too small of electrical amp age (or whatever). The Zimpels and the Snowmans together had fried the electrical meter and the old wiring. The glass dome cover to the electrical meter was black. The pipes and box were too hot to touch. The electric needed to be turned off. The boat needed to go on generator power and Randy was the only living soul who knew how to turn the big generator on. Rudy couldn't go on generator power because his generator was out of service at that time. This time the Zimpels and the Snowmans managed to over load a circuit (or two maybe three) and something had to be done – quick. Panic and excitement all at one time. Yee-ha! My kind of day.

Whenever Randy goes out of town he has this uncanny way of always calling me when something is going wrong. Usually I try to skirt around the problem and hold off telling him anything went wrong until he gets back to town. My thought in that is why bother him with something he can't do anything about anyway. But this time he needed to know. We needed his help in getting the generator started. About the

time Randy should have been boarding the plane he called me with his usual, "What's up?"

Let me tell you, no captain wants to hear the words, "Tell me how to start the generator" when he asks "what's up." He truly is not expecting that kind of an answer. Neither was I expecting him to tell me that we couldn't start the generator. I needed POWER!! (I forgot to mention that when I said okay to Rudy he actually shut off the electricity to my boat.) It was getting hot and the temperature was going up. For the life of me I couldn't figure out how it is that when Randy is there he and I can start the generator but when he's gone Rudy and I couldn't. I tried explaining to him the situation but evidently it was more than he could handle. He said good-bye and that was the end of the conversation. I suppose that he needed a few minutes to get his thoughts together because it wasn't too long before the phone rang and again it was Randy. This time I let Rudy talk to him. I just amazes me how when men talk together they can do things that couldn't be done before. Nevertheless, Randy was able to give Rudy some instructions and together we were able to get the generator started.

I love being on generator power. I can do laundry, run the dish washer, watch television, get on the internet. I can do a lot of things and not have to worry about throwing a circuit. Power is wonderful!!!

Unfortunately getting on to generator power was not the end solution to the problem. The power at the dock was going to have to be cut off completely. Of course that only complicated things more. Randy wasn't going to be back until later that night so help from the Snowman's was pretty much

left up to me. Moving the boat was not an option at that time. I had already had the power turned off at the other dock. There was a disabled boat in the spot where our boat used to sit. And steering the boat out in open waters is a big difference from docking it. There was a boat in Rudy's winter slip. We needed to contact Dominion Power. Were we going to need a new plan for getting electric to the boats. What exactly had to be done? The list of questions and problems seemed endless to me. Added to all of this was the fact that Dominion Power was on strike and anything with the word "boat" on the bill is not considered an emergency. Our request for a new meter was cancelled but our request to have a hot meter shut off was answered within 2 hours.

Eventually things settled down. Other boats were moved out of the way. Power was turned back on at the other dock. Rudy moved his boat to his winter slip for power. The *Abominable Snowman* got moved late that evening. Power was restored to the hot dock later that week but not before many wires were replaced and new circuits were in place, and a bunch of other electrical things that I don't know about.

I'm not sure how much longer we could have gone on using the power without causing a fire at the marina. I don't question that someone was looking out and protecting us all. I'm thankful that I have a boss who understands that emergencies do happen and lying isn't necessary when I need the day off. Even though Randy hates it when his plane is delayed I'm thankful that on this day a delay happened. And once again I'm thankful for the Zimpels in my life who just keep life interesting and exciting.

Hurry! Sign up by September 3<sup>rd</sup>

## First (and last) call to End of Summer Party, Sept. 13-15

Those wild and crazy and ever-hospitable folks at Tantallon Yacht Club have cooked up another fine program for their annual PRYCA-blessed End of Summer Party at Fort Washington Marina. Here's the program and how to join it:  
**Friday 13<sup>th</sup>**

Early Arrivals: 7:00 PM Open Grill, Share a dish

**Saturday 14<sup>th</sup>**

12:00 noon "Let the Games Begin" Water balloon Sling Shot Contest, Horseshoes, Tug-of-War, Water Races, Watermelon Seed Spitting Contest, Scavenger Hunt, Pet Parade and for the first time ever a Talent Show. (Possible Dunk Tank)

6:00 PM Social/Happy Hour (TYC Specialty Drink, Beer and Wine)

7:00 PM Dinner—grilled steaks or chicken, with trimmings

8:30 PM "Let the Party Begin" Music, Dancing, Raffles, Door Prizes, Awards and a lot of FUN for *everyone*.

**Sunday 15<sup>th</sup>**

9:30 AM - 11:00 AM - Continental Breakfast Pastries, Cereals, Fresh Fruits, Coffee, Milk and Juices (Bloody Mary's - \$1.00 each)

BYOL. BYOL. BYOL. BYOL.

(Only a TYC's Specialty Drink, Beer, Wine, Sodas and Water will be sold)

To sign up for this fun event, please get the following information to Steve Thompson as soon as possible (**but no later than September 3<sup>rd</sup>**):

Names of Captain, First Mate, All Crew			
_____			
Phone _____	Boat Name _____		
Length/Beam,/_____/____ Arrive (Fri or Sat?) _____			
Power (please circle):	1/30	2/30	1/50
Slip Fees: \$1.00 per foot per night. Power: \$1.50 for 30 amps, \$3.00 for 50 amps per night			
No. of Guests: _____ X \$30.00 each.	= \$ _____		
Kids Under 12 _____ X \$15.00 each	= \$ _____		
Slip Fee \$ _____ & Power \$ _____	= \$ _____		
Total Enclosed: \$ _____			
Make checks payable to OYC and mail them to: Steve Thompson, 7908 Edinburgh Drive, Springfield VA 22153-2905			
Susan Brown is our cruise coordinator for this event. More information will be passed on to you as soon as it is available.			

*Inside . . .*

Sign up (Page 11) for the End of Summer Party  
at Fort Washington Marina,

Saga of the ship breakers,

Heads up alerts for Columbus Day weekend in  
D.C.,

Liz and Andrew get towed, the balloon goes  
up after 40 years, and

The almost-cruise to almost New York.

August 30  
Labor Day  
Weekend Cruise  
to Coles Point  
(no vacancy)  
Beckie Heinze  
703 924-9365

But there's still  
room at  
Olverson's  
Sue Thompson  
703 440-8114

September 13-15  
PRYCA End of  
Summer Party  
Susan Von  
Schaack  
703 815-5891  
(But hurry!)



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

**Change Service Requested**