



# The Daymarker

## OCCOQUAN YACHT CLUB

P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

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

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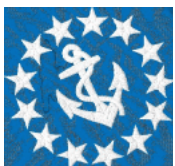
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## COMMODORE'S COMMENTS

Tom Plewes

### ALEXANDRIA, A DESTINATION AGAIN!

Over the past few years, it had become harder and harder to think of the marina at Alexandria as a destination. Sure, there is the allure of Old Town and the ease of enjoying some of the very best dining and shopping in the country a few short steps from your boat. There was also the proximity – just a little more than an hour from the Occoquan for most of the OYC members.

But the negatives just kept mounting. For one thing, the marina is owned and managed by the city; and for a while, it became a bureaucratic nightmare to register, much less reserve a transient slip... not to speak of several slips at the same time for a yacht club cruise. For another, the service in Alexandria paled in comparison with National Harbor, with its new docks, sense of vibrant excitement, and comparative ease of reserving a slip for a bunch of boats at the same time. And finally, it looked for a while like Alexandria just didn't want boats on its waterfront -- Exhibit A being its well-publicized effort to steal property from the historic Old Dominion Yacht Club.

Well, we can report with certainty and celebration that things have changed. Yes, it is still a little hard to make a group reservation; but the marina's Dockmaster, Wade Weeks, has made the process as friendly and easy as possible. He is a joy to

do business with, from the first phone call to letting you know about the status of your reservation, to greeting you warmly when you arrive at your assigned slip. But other things have changed as well. National Harbor has gotten very popular; and, as a result, it has been very difficult to reserve a transient slip except "out of season", i.e. for our Early Bird and Hardy Souls cruises. And finally, the open warfare between the city and the boat lovers seems to have calmed down for a while, maybe because the city found it was tough to take waterfront property through eminent domain.

All this transpired to make the weekend of August 4-5 a very special one for OYC and some friends of our members. The cruise was organized by Don and Anne Bennett, who coordinated the cruise to perfection for four OYC boats, *Déjà Vu* (Pam & Kevin Bell), *Jus Chill-in* (Jim & Judy Dooley), *Heart of the Sun* (Don & Anne Bennett) and a special visitor craft, *Knotugal*, a 42' Nordic Tug captained by Wendy & John Ellor, friends of Don and Anne visiting from Texas.



Tom Plewes and Jim Dooley celebrate OYC  
on the dock at Alexandria

The cruise was just part of the weekend. Don and Anne, with the complicity of Vice Commodore Jim and Judy Dooley arranged for a happy hour and dinner extravaganza

that will be talked about for years. Joining the cruising members for the Saturday Happy Hour and Dinner were Commodore Tom & Liz Plewes, Susan & Randy Willetts, Past Commodores Pat & Harry Croft, Secretary Jill & Steve Stanley, Treasurer and CBYCA Delegate Joe & Gail Livingston, and some friends -- Debbie & Dan Kent (friends of the Bennetts and past Hoffmaster's acquaintances of Livingstons) and the Dooley's neighbors Roy & Teresa Perkins, and friends Tim & Lidia Edwards.



Happy Hour on the dock

Happy hour was highlighted by a bountiful table of snacks and treats provided by the guests, including scrumptious German delicacies provided by Lidia Edwards, and a never ending flow of Margaritas and other drinks spun out of Jim Dooley's industrial strength mixer. With great effort, the assembled cruisers and hangers-on arranged to walk a couple of blocks to the Union Street Public House Restaurant, where reservations had been successfully made on a busy Saturday night for the crowd. The Public House is an institution in Historic Old Town, Alexandria, Virginia. It is one of the more traditional Old Town venues, having been around since 1986 in a renovated Colonial warehouse next to the waterfront. The OYC crowd enjoyed seafood, steaks and chops with very attentive service. Not to be forgotten was a special pricing of the wine – the second bottle could be gotten for just \$3.00. This special turned out to be very popular with the OYC crowd.



One of our three tables at Union Street Public House

OYC can mark down the weekend as not only a winner for the cruisers and land partiers, but a return to an Alexandria that used to be for boaters. It is clear that Alexandria is a destination again.

Tom Plewes, *Double Eagle*



**Vice Commodore**

**Jim Dooley**

## CELEBRATE the CUP!



(Dan Carr was the man behind the camera)

August 11, 2012 proved to be a celebration of what the OYC is made of... Tom & Donna Lensis graciously opened up their house to the club for a day of reflection on our team effort in bringing home the PRYCA CUP, for a second straight year. While Tom fired up the grill with tasty Bubba Burgers and Hot Dawgs, Donna made sure that the dishes brought to share were place out for everyone to enjoy. Don Bennett kept the toasts going by opening up his private stock of tasty "grape juices".

Our Commodore Tom Plewes and his first mate Liz toasted to the occasion. The event was attended by the full OYC Board that included Vice Commodore Jim Dooley & wife Judy; Rear Commodore John & wife Rebecca; Secretary Jill Stanley & husband Steve; Treasurer Joe Livingston & wife Gail; Quartermaster Heidi Bishop & Membership Bud Bishop; Webmaster/Historian Don Bennett and our outstanding Daymarker editor Anne Bennett.

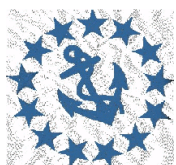
Club Members attending the Cup Celebration included Laslo & Linda Bozoky; Ilona Zsrai; Kenneth Harris; Carl & Patricia Maxwell; Goodwyn & Janice Morgan; Kevin & Pam Bell; Matt Lensis; and Dan & Donna Carr.





The weather was perfect, as was the sweet taste of Victory! As the evening came to a close, one could sense that plans were being made for next year's competition. Thanks to all who attended the weekend at Coles Point and made 2012 another memorable year!

Jim Dooley, *Jus Chill~N*



## Rear Commodore

**John Heinze**

## SHRIMP FEST at Hoffmaster's Marina, Saturday September 29, 2-5 pm

The Shrimp Fest is a fun event that OYC holds annually as an opportunity for OYCers to get together in the Fall and have a really enjoyable afternoon.

In previous year's we have held the Shrimp Fest at Hoffmaster's Marina. Last year's unseasonable cold and rainy weather forced us to reschedule the Shrimp Fest, which was combined with the General Membership meeting held at FYC.

I'm very pleased to announce that Hoffmaster's Marina will be hosting the Shrimp Fest again this year! I'm sure they will make us feel right at home – the sponsorship and cooperation offered by Joe Hoffmaster and his staff, the excellent facilities they offer, as well as the half-keg they always provide helps too!

The main feature at the Shrimp Fest will be our famous, top-secret (unless you know where to look on the Internet) "Low Country" SMRIMP BOIL, featuring shrimp (of course), red potatoes, sweet corn, and Kielbasa sausage, plus appetizers, salad and dessert.

That's right - there will no need to bring a dish. The cost will be an incredibly bargain-priced \$10 per person (OYC is definitely non-profit).

As usual, we will provide soft drinks and water. If you want something to drink besides what OYC and Hoffmaster's is providing, feel free to bring it.

A request for RSVPs will be sent out by email as we get closer to the date of the event.

See you at the Shrimp Fest at Hoffmaster's Marina, Saturday, September 29, 2-5 pm. We'll have a great time!

John Heinze, *Great Escape*



## Secretary

**Jill Stanley**

## NEW MEMBER INTRODUCTION

New member John Cornicelli is originally from Long Island, New York, where he acquired his love for sailing. In his college years he lived in Pittsburgh and worked on the riverboats. This is where he learned a lot about running and repairing boats and engines.

After college John joined the Air Force, which at one point took him to New Mexico where he was head of the Astronomical Solar Observatory. In 2008, he retired from the Air Force and now lives in Manassas. John presently works for Homeland Security. He has four children, three girls and one boy.

John slips his boat at OHM. She is a 50-foot junk-rigged, cruising sailboat with a pilot house. You can't miss her if you go to OHM. John gave one of his daughters the challenge of naming the boat; and because of the love she has for Greek mythology, she picked the name *Persephone*. Persephone was the Greek goddess of vegetation and was associated with spring.

John purchased *Persephone* in Galveston, Texas. She is a Gazelle steel hull designed by Tom Colvin. Tom Colvin is known for his steel hull, junk-rigged, cruising sailboats. He has designed about 300 sailing ships and boats over the past 70 years. The Gazelle hull is one John Colvin built and designed for his family to travel abroad. The Gazelle hull is designed as a shoal-draft coastal cruiser for sailing on the Chesapeake Bay and blue water.

*Persephone* is John's first boat. He wanted to have a boat so he could teach his children how to sail and take trips together as a family. John did some research on this type of boat and realized this was the design and style he wanted. He bought only the hull and is slowly bringing *Persephone* back to her former glory. It has become a family project. John, with one of his daughters' help, made the bimini that now covers the stern deck. The sails were put on the masts in August. By next summer John hopes she will be ready to go.

One dream John has is to sail *Persephone* as far as Greenland some day. He is excited and proud of his

new boat and looks to the future for many adventures on her with his kids.

So to all OYC members... if you see a beautiful 50-foot junk-rig sailing up or down the Potomac, it is a sure bet that it is our man John. Give him a wave and enjoy the sight of *Persephone* sailing by.

Jill Stanley, *'bout Time*



**Treasurer**

**Joe Livingston**

### How well do you communicate?

The radio most of us have near the helm or the handheld radio that is sometimes in the cabin or carried on the dock is normally a VHF radio. The general problem is that many (this may be a majority) do not know or exercise proper use of this valuable communication device. My purpose here is to prompt interest and advance the proper use of the VHF aboard Club boats...that means both primary crew members. The VHF is a line-of-sight device (determined by the curvature of the earth's surface) with a range of approximately 24 nautical miles on High Power (HP) and significantly less on Low Power (LP). Think of a person standing on the earth's surface and looking to the horizon. You then might ask why can we hear radio calls in our local area from CG Station Baltimore; reason, the transmitters/receivers are on high towers. Atmosphere conditions such as fog or rain can limit effective range.

Ready to leave the dock? Turn on the VHF radio; adjust the "squench" (look up how and why); tune to channel 16; and key the power level to Low Power, which will improve close-in communications. Know, in our boating area, typically channel 16 or 9 are hailing channels and operations channels are 68, 69, 71 and 72. Coast Guard channel is 22A. In communicating on the VHF radio, brevity and clarity of speech is paramount...too fast or slurred words may not work. If the crew of the Gail Lynn II was on the water and wanted to contact Commodore Plewes, the transmissions might go: "Double Eagle, Double Eagle, Double Eagle this is the motor vessel Gail Lynn II"...Double Eagle responds, "Gail Lynn II, this is Double Eagle"...and the Gail Lynn II responds, "Switch and answer channel 72". At this point contact has been made on the hailing channel and moved to an operations channel, and the two vessels can communicate.

Have you seen or heard words like Alpha, Bravo, Charlie in our marina environment? These are words in the Phonetic Alphabet used in maritime communications for clarity in radio transmission. A equates to Alpha, B to

Bravo, and etc. On your next rainy day on the dock, learn this alphabet and then post adjacent to your VHF radio in case of an emergency or when the Coast Guard asks you to spell your boat name.

Respectively, I have a prepared standard available to assist you with radio procedures.

Cheers, Joe!

I spell: *Golf, Alpha, India, Lima... break... Lima, Yankee, November, November... break... Two*



### Rescue at Sea, or Snookered?

"Hey, that guy over there is waving his arms at us!" So began an event not uncommon when you spend a lot of time on the water. Returning from Coles Point and the wonderful win of the PRYCA Cup aboard *Hi-Jinx* (with Chris and Alison Rose aboard, from *La Dee Da*), I reduced power and notified the Coast Guard that I had spotted a vessel in distress. I asked them to stand by for notification of any emergencies aboard (sinking, medical, etc.) and then maneuvered to come alongside the drifting 23-foot powerboat. A man and woman were aboard and stated that their engine had died, that they had been drifting for more than an hour, and asked for a tow over to nearby Cobb Island marina (3-4 miles away). I notified the Coast Guard that there were no emergencies aboard and that I was going to take them under tow. For legal reasons included in the list below, I highly recommend keeping the USCG informed of each step you take. They keep a log of times and reports; and, if anything bad happens, this record will help protect you. You must analyze the following in such a case:

- 46 U.S.C. Sec. 2304. Duty to provide assistance at sea: (a) A master or individual in charge of a vessel shall render assistance to any individual found at sea in danger of being lost, so far as the master or individual in charge can do so without serious danger to the master's or individual's vessel or individuals on board. (b) A master or individual violating this section shall be fined not more than \$1,000, imprisoned for not more than 2 years, or both.
- The disabled boat was drifting towards the shore, and rocks were visible at the water's edge in the direction they were drifting.
- My boat is not a tow boat. But I did have Chris Rose, an experienced boater and Captain of *La Dee Da*, aboard.
- The minute I attach a tow line to the drifting boat, I become responsible for it and the people aboard as much as I am responsible for my boat and those

aboard it! If I damage it while towing, if I sink or swamp it while towing, if IT sinks while I'm towing, and/or if any medical emergencies occur—I'm liable.

Bottom line; towing brings great liability...yet you must act. Not only is it good seamanship, it is required. But how and what you do is your decision—and you have lots of options. Here were my choices:

- Drop anchor, put fenders out, and tie him alongside me. Call a tow-boat for him and await its arrival.
- Have him drop his anchor and anchor in his vicinity. Call a tow-boat for him and await its arrival.
- If the weather is BAD and anchoring isn't an option; have them put on PFDs and swim over to your boat while calling for professional help. If the derelict sinks, all are safe. Remember, you don't have to endanger your vessel or crew in trying to save the other boat.
- Or I could just tow him.

I assessed the wave action (none... nice, clear, calm day); I assessed the weight of the boat; I assessed the crew aboard; and I assessed the proximity of Cobb Island Marina. I decided to accept the liability and tow him. When I tow, I rig a bridle between the two after-cleats on my stern and tie the tow rope to the middle of the bridle. This lessens the load on one fitting. But every knot you tie will weaken the tow line. Also, I only use bowlines when tying a line that will have a strain on it. Square knots will have to be cut away after significant tension has been placed on them for an extended period.

On the towed vessel, I ask the captain to loop the tow line between two of his fittings as well. For smaller boats, I put a carabiner on the end of my tow line that can be readily hooked to the bow fitting (the one used to hook to the trailer winch). I also keep a sharp knife handy to cut the bridle should the boat behind me start sinking.

With the boat now attached to my tow line, and with the tow line attached to the bridle, I started towards Cobb Island at idle speed. If the boat you are towing is heavy, or if you are using a small line and it is stretching, ask your crew to stand clear of the tow line. If it parts, or if the cleat on the towed boat lets go, it could snap back and injure or kill your crew. Chances of this occurring increase with the speed you are towing. Given the nice weather, the small size of the boat I was towing, and the size of my tow line (1-1/4"), I felt that I could safely increase my speed to 7 knots. But remember, I am responsible for all damage or injury occurring to both boats. If the waves were higher and I risked swamping the boat behind me by going faster, then increasing speed would have been a bad move.

On the way to Cobb Island, I notified the Coast Guard that I had the vessel in tow and stated my destination

and estimated arrival time. (Again, for the record...) I also called a Cobb Island Marina (the actual one will remain unnamed) and notified them that I was going to be towing a disabled vessel to them, that I didn't think I could get it close enough to actually tie up to the dock without damaging either or both of the vessels, and asked if they had a skiff that could help move him to the dock. They said no and recommended I go elsewhere. At this time, the boat behind me came up on the radio for the FIRST TIME and stated that I could just let them loose in the vicinity and they could paddle to the dock. With this transmission, I realized I had been snookered:

- He had a working radio but hadn't used it after he had been 'drifting for an hour'.
- He had a radio and didn't hail TowBoat US...or any other passing vessel.

I immediately recalled a previous towing experience in Florida; my brother-in-law came across a drifting boat. He pulled alongside and said he would tow him in for \$200, but only if the folks aboard signed a contract that he would write out on a piece of paper. I was shocked that he would do that. But here are the legalities, and I found out later that he had been snookered before as well:

- *The admiralty law of the United States has long recognized that the law of salvage rewards the voluntary salvor for the successful rescue of life or property imperiled at sea. In order to have a valid claim for having rendered salvage services, the salvor must show that the property saved was imperiled, that his services were voluntarily rendered, and that he was successful in whole or in part to the saving of the property.*

My brother-in-law told me at the time that a signed contract protected him from any damages sought by the person towing as he could now prove that the event was voluntarily entered into. And, if he was taken to court by the other captain as a result of his towing actions, then he could counter-sue for the value of the salvage. In this case, he gave the captain of the drifting boat the option of having him stay alongside until a real tow boat could be summoned and that he could provide drinking water and rescue assistance if needed. The captain elected to sign the contract. But be careful about signing such a contract yourself; if the contract stands in a court of admiralty law, it is possible that the salvor could be entitled to compensation for the entire value of the material salvaged.

As W. J. (Bill) Laudeman states on BoatSafe.Com, "The bottom line is; you must determine if you want the potential liability of lending a hand. You must decide: How much is it worth to tow safely and effectively? For me, most important is the satisfaction of knowing that my boat and crew are prepared to help with good gear and some training. But, you could be looking at a rewarding half-hour job, or a day of disaster and expense; mostly depending on how well prepared you (and your crew and your boat) are for towing."



That said, I'd also point out that good seamanship and rules of the road state that you must render assistance to save life and limb—but you don't have to risk damage or injury to do it. I recommend getting professionals out to help (notify the USCG as well), considering having them sign a contract if you want to lessen your liability, and having a towing rig set up and stowed aboard before you have to figure it out in an emergency. You accept risk with just being a nice guy and doing the tow yourself...how lucky do you feel?

I didn't enter into a contract, but I protected myself (reduced the risk of liability) by keeping the USCG informed. How capable are you and the folks aboard? Having OYC member, Chris Rose, aboard for the day made my decision easy; he was a talented and experienced mate who could assist. But given that the derelict boat had a working radio (that he was not using), that he was not taking on water, that he had food and water aboard, and that he had an anchor... then he was not an "individual found at sea in danger of being lost". It would have been perfectly acceptable to stand by the vessel, have him set an anchor, and ask if he'd like me to call a towboat for him.

Bud Bishop, *Hi-Jinx*

## CRUISE NEWS...

### The Continuing Saga of our Bay Adventure

Last month's article reported on the first week of a month-long Bay cruise that began June 15 with the Cobb Island Summer Kick-Off and ended with the PRYCA Float-In at Cole's Point, July 15. As week one ended, *Bay Dreamer*, *'Bout Time*, and *Takin' It Easy* were about to leave Point Lookout Marina for the Eastern Shore, but *Déjà vu* was still back at Fairfax Yacht Club, delayed by electronic systems failure. Week two: We were three boats, hoping to soon be joined by a fourth, heading across Chesapeake Bay to the lower Delmarva Peninsula; Onancock was our destination. The night before had been stormy, so we were not sure what conditions we would encounter as we departed Point Lookout for the 3.5-hour crossing. We were delighted to find only smooth water, a slight wind on the stern, and clear blue skies – one of those days that connects so deeply with the soul of any boater lucky enough to be out on the Chesapeake.

When we arrived at the town dock at Onancock Wharf, the dockmaster was out to lunch. A couple of locals sitting on a bench labeled "The Liar's Bench" yelled for us to wait a minute, they would call him. Given the title of the bench, we were relieved when the dockmaster actually did arrive to assign our slips. We got settled quickly and set off across the parking lot to Mallards on the Bay for our own lunch. This restaurant provided

some of the most memorable highlights of the entire cruise.



OYC captains sitting on the Liar's Bench

Johnny Mo, the Musical Chef who owns the place, greeted us; and though he hadn't planned to perform that night, when we asked if he would sing for us, he said, "Come back for dinner and I'll sing." So we had lunch *and* dinner at Mallards that day, and Johnny Mo played his guitar and sang for us, non-stop, for five hours that night. It was great fun, and there is so much more to the story: ask Harry how he got the recipe for "the best mussels I ever ate!" and how he got a free t-shirt; ask 'Admiral Jill' how she became a rock star for her 15 seconds of fame; ask Susan how she managed to get an autographed copy of Johnny Mo's cookbook and meet his mom. Ask Steve how many times he went back to indulge in his all-time favorite dessert: Smith Island 7-layer blueberry cake.

Onancock definitely ranks high on the list of favorites for this cruise. It's a quaint, historic port with a lot of charm. Many of its shops and restaurants were closed while we were there, but the few we were able to patronize were delightful. The family owned, old-time hardware store that used to be a must-see has been replaced by an antiques store, which proved to be very interesting, with more collectibles than we had time to see.

The town wharf is the hub of activity, with local folks walking by, riding bicycles by, or driving by to check out the boats daily. Many stop to chat, and that is how we were reminded yet again of the validity of the 6 Degrees of Separation theory. We met Al Jorsey's son's father-in-law when he happened by (just making his daily rounds); and a business client of the Willetts' son not only stopped to visit, but took Susan and Jill on a tour of homes. Onancock is a friendly place – a throwback to a different time and pace.

And just to add to the good vibe we were getting about the weekend, Pam and Kevin Bell were finally able to join the cruise. Kevin had worked on *Déjà vu*'s electronic system all day Saturday, had solved the mysterious problem, and got everything up and running again. They arrived late Sunday morning, so they had a little time to enjoy Onancock, while the rest of us

bombarded them with stories of the fun we'd had so far. But it was time to move on; Monday morning we said goodbye to Onancock and headed back down the picturesque Onancock Creek to the Bay again. What would it have in store for us this time?

This time the Bay was quite a bit sportier as we turned north to Pocomoke Sound. As we reached the northern shore of Pocomoke Sound, the wind picked up, making it difficult to maintain adherence to the narrow channel. The trick here was to follow the markers faithfully. They appeared to be taking us right up on shore; close to shore is where the deep water is, but get too close and... (If any of our boats *had* run aground, I probably wouldn't write about it here!) But despite a strong wind abeam as we paralleled the shore, each of our four boats made it safely to The Cut, the man-made channel that leads directly into the Pocomoke River.

Once in the river, we could relax and enjoy the pastoral scenery as we slowly wound our way up the 27 miles to Shad Landing, Maryland State Park and Marina. At first, the Pocomoke River is full of wide S curves forming switchbacks. Further upriver, the waterway is narrow, but deep bank to bank. The water is the dark color of strong tea due to the influence of tannins from the baldy cypress trees lining the riverbanks. The bascule bridge at Pocomoke City opened for us; and as we motored on, it seemed as if a pair of Bald Eagles was flying directly ahead of us; but then we could see another, and to our surprise, another. Finally, we actually counted an amazing eight eagles escorting us up the river. After leading the way for a mile or more, they peeled off just before we reached Shad Landing.

Shad Landing State Park and Marina doesn't get many transient boats our size. As we arrived, *Deja Vu* pulled up to the fuel dock and had filled to only 2/3 capacity when the marina tanks were drained empty. The manager had to make a hurried call to order a tanker delivery so the other two boats could fuel up before we left a few days later. "That's more gas in one day than we sell all year!" she told us. A few of the 23 slips were occupied by pontoon boats, but otherwise we had the docks to ourselves.

Perhaps it was the solitude that made Shad Landing the unanimous choice for favorite destination of the cruise. We paddled kayaks through the cypress swamp and explored the extensive, forested campgrounds by bicycle. We sat on the dock after dark and searched the black sky (no city lights,) for planets and constellations, which we could identify thanks to smart phone apps. Kevin even taught us that the not-quite-full moon we were viewing is called a waxing gibbous moon - who knew? One day we loaded all the bicycles on one boat for the four mile run to the town of Snow Hill, and then rode the bikes seven miles each way to Chincoteague Bay and back. But it might have been the ice cream that made Shad Landing the winner. The camp store scooped up the biggest ice cream cones imaginable, so

for three nights in a row we indulged, choosing from a delectable assortment of flavors.



Pat, Pam & Kevin, and Susan at Snow Hill

We reluctantly left our new favorite place and made our way back down the scenic Pocomoke River; we didn't find any place on the rest of the itinerary that offered comparable star gazing or ice cream! *To be continued . . .*

Pat & Harry Croft, *Bay Dreamer*



## September DATEMARKERS

### BIRTHDAYS

Patricia Maxwell 9/6   Barbara Freedman 9/10  
William Akers 9/11   Mary Ann Schall 9/12  
Scott Miller 9/15   Tom Lensis 9/16  
Ginny Preda 9/16   Kris Butera 9/17  
Teri Miller 9/19   Bob Stegon 9/22  
Mike Crouch 9/27

### ANNIVERSARIES

John & Michelle DeDitius 9/1  
Joseph & Diane Ward 9/3  
Bud & Heidi Bishop 9/4  
Allen & Lynanne Jorsey 9/5  
Bob & Betsey Nalevanko 9/11  
Dick & Caroline Lynn 9/12  
Kevin & Mary Locklin 9/15  
Bud & Judi Jennison 9/20  
Bob & Nancy Stegon 9/20  
Patricia & Carl Maxwell 9/21  
Daniel & Donna Carr 9/25

**Mark these 2012 dates...**

**JAMES CREEK  
Nats vs. Marlins  
Sept 7-9**

**OKTOBERFEST  
National Harbor  
Sept 21-23**

**SHRIMP FEST  
Hoffmaster's  
Sept 29, 2-5pm**

**PRYCA, End of Summer  
Colonial Beach  
Oct 5-7**

**OYC Election Meeting  
Chili Cookoff  
FYC  
Oct 20**

**More info inside...**

***BOAT SAFELY!***

**Do you know the proper procedure for using the radio on your boat?**

**Are you aware of the possible risks of aiding a vessel in distress?**

**Find the answers inside this issue!**

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*The Daymarker* is published monthly by the Occoquan Yacht Club\*. Deadline for submission of articles is the 20<sup>th</sup> of each month. Please submit your copy by email to [oyceditor@gmail.com](mailto:oyceditor@gmail.com)

\*1992, 1993, 1997, 2009, 2011 & 2012 PRYCA Cup Champions



*The Daymarker*

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Requested**