



OCCOQUAN YACHT CLUB

P.O. Box 469, Occoquan, VA 22125

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

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Commodore's Comments

Peggy Ball

Okay, we came, we saw, we conquered. I won't let the cat (or bass) out of the bag, so check out Liz Kalweit's accounting of our weekend at the PRYCA End of Summer Party. All I can say is this has truly been a great year of fun with all our boating friends.

What I really want to know is who is going to spend the most money at the boat show? One never knows when the "fever" will catch you off guard. We plan to go over to Annapolis on Friday and spend the day. If you are interested in meeting for lunch, let me know. We usually go to Buddy's

Crabs for the buffet so we don't miss much of the show. Just enough of a break to compare purchases and rest our feet. A word of advice to the weak-willed: don't take a checkbook or credit

cards if you are in a weakened state or susceptible to sudden impulses to purchase large floating objects. All of your friends will be happy to remind you how you frothed at the mouth and insisted that your children would be happy that you are enjoying their inheritance. Just a friendly warning.

I hope everyone is enjoying this fall as much as I am. My captain and I have spent many a night sitting on the back of our boat relaxing in the cooler weather and commenting on the changing colors of the trees. So peaceful after a hectic summer boating schedule. The Labor Day trip down river was really a great way to end the regular season. Such a great group of OYC'ers. We didn't let anything like weather get in our way. The highlight was the

tour of boats. What great fun to see everyone's boat. It was like an open house event. This should happen more often!

Not that boating season is over, mind you. There are still some on our favorites coming up—starting with Columbus Day at Gangplank. If you missed this one, I would call the marina and try to fit in. History tells us we have a wonderful probability of great weather and endless fun. Of course, food is also involved—the Taste of DC is a treat for all your senses.

What more could you ask for? Funny you should ask. The General Membership Meeting/Chili contest/Dessert contest/Costume contest is Oct 28th. Something

for everyone—especially you wonderful cooks out there. Lots of details later in this issue; just be sure to mark your calendar so you don't miss out.

November brings us the Hardy Souls Cruise with our coordinator Mary Jo Worcester. This annual trek to Old Town Alexandria is always a real treat. Be sure to watch your e-mail for more information on this cruise.

Then, of course, we wrap up the year by escorting Santa to Occoquan for all the kiddies both on our boats and on land. This is as much fun for the adults, too; of course, once again food and boats are involved. Look for more in next month's Daymarker.

See you on the water. Cheers.

Time to get out the party clothes and make plans to celebrate the Holiday Season with your OYC friends. Mark the date, December 2, and book the baby sitter (or dog sitter if the term fits). Your Board is making plans to wrap up this year in style. Party site is the Ft. Belvoir Officer's Club. Details to follow, so don't miss out on this wonderful event and see if you recognize your friends cleaned up in fancy dress. The Club can accommodate at least 80 of us, so be prepared to make your reservation.



Vice Commodore's Comments

Debby Zimmerman

Where has the summer gone? I turned around and it is September already. But have no fear, that doesn't mean we can't boat any more. Actually the last couple of weekends have been the best so far this year. I hope it continues for a while, because I am not yet ready to stop.

Dave Moore and Bill and Bonnie Fulford were visitors at Spring Cove last weekend while participating in a Power Squadron function. It was bad enough that Bonnie and I had a "Dave" sandwich Friday night, but then from what I heard, the after party, party the following night on the *Evermoore* was an even bigger hit! (Just when A-dock was finally getting a little respect.) I had to leave early on Sunday for a business trip but rumor has it they were headed to Tide's to stir up a little more OYC shenanigans prior to returning home. There goes the neighborhood!

There are still several boating events planned for this year as well as land deals too. Check your calendars, watch the Daymarker and be sure to sign-up for some if not all of the following opportunities for a good time:

October 7-9, Columbus Day Cruise to Gangplank
October 12-15, The Annapolis Power Boat show
October 28th brings our General Membership Meeting, Chili and Desert Cook-off and Halloween Party (start testing those recipes now! Our famous "we still have money" treasurer won last year's chili contest and if I know him, he's already working on this year's submission.)

November 25th brings the Santa cruise to Occoquan and December 2 is the OYC Holiday Party and Change of Watch at Fort Belvoir Officer's Club. More info to come on these two events, but mark your calendars NOW!

Maryland Shore Update.....

Tantallon Yacht Club's PRYCA End of Summer Party at Fort Washington Marina was another historical event last weekend, and fortunately, our amiable, loving editor extended the deadline for this month so that you can have up-to-the-minute reporting on all the tug o' war and watermelon seed spitting contests. Check out articles elsewhere in this edition.

RAZADAZ II standing by on 16, 68 and 72

The Daymarker

Published monthly by the Occoquan Yacht Club

Tom Coldwell, PC, Editor

Mary Ann Coldwell, Editor's Editor

Jim Ball, Circulation

News and other materials for publication are welcome from any member of OYC. The deadline for submission of materials to **THE DAYMARKER** is the 20th of each month.

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

coldwell@erols.com.

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

The Datemarkers

Birthdays

Marilynn Dalgetty, 10/2

Stephen West, 10/6

Beth Chaffin, 10/24

Herb Saunders, 10/27

Bob Wilcox, 10/2

Anna Burner, 10/11

Robert Miller, 10/26

Becky Heinze, 10/31

Anniversaries

Sandy & John Ludwig, 10/1

David & Sandra Rolston, 10/3

Rick & Teresa Sorrenti, 10/6

Rick & Debbie Zimmerman, 10/10

Peter & Lisa Kuzma, 10/20

Michael & Stephanie Troup, 10/30

Welcome new members

Joan R. White of Fairfax, VA, an associate member with no boat (yet).

Alan & Cynthia Shams of McLean, VA, who keep their Chapparral, *CYROC* (named for son Cyrus and daughter Rochelle) at Hoffmasters.



Rear Commodore' Comments

Candy Clevenger

Its hard to believe, Fall is really here. We spent Labor Day at Olverson's Marina in Callao, Va., with about a dozen other OYC boats and while it was wet we did have fun. Olverson's goes above and beyond to make transient boaters feel welcome. We ate some of the best meals we've had all summer. Friday night we dined at Nick's and Sunday night we all piled into loaner vehicles and went to The Bambers on the Green, excellent food.

Since my last article, our daughter Nicole has become Mrs. Robert Cavaleri. The wedding and reception went off without a hitch [*Without a hitch? They're not married?—Ed.*], although we had probably one of the coldest September nights on record. No kidding, you could see your own breath.

Last weekend Allen and I attended the 2000 Tantallon Yacht Club End-of-Summer Party held this year at Fort Washington Marina. Although the weather man was calling for a rainy weekend we ended up having pretty good weather. The weekend was a lot of fun especially since OYC won most of the competitions. Now where is our trophy? Just ask Tom or Tony to see the official OYC singing fish.

While it may be fall there are still lots of great OYC events planned for the remainder of the year, like our annual Halloween and Chili Cookoff meeting this month. This is always a fun event so dust off those Chili receipts and plan to attend. We always manage to use minimal time for a meeting and allow maximum time for socializing, eating and having fun.

And finally our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Paul and Martha Hoffmaster and their family in the recent loss of their daughter. May God be with you and give you strength during this time of great sorrow.

Teresa Got the Boat ...



And Rick got the.... —Sea Duck Too captain Rick Sorrenti proudly displays his vessel's severed shaft, a grievous injury sustained as Rick and Teresa reached the power lines near Quantico at the beginning of Labor Day weekend. They limped back to Occoquan Harbor Marina, where John Olsen and his crack crew replaced the cracked shaft and sent the boat on its way the next morning.

It isn't just a General Membership Meeting—it's more.

What? OYC General Membership Meeting, Election of Officers, Chili and Dessert Contests, Halloween Mayhem

When? Saturday, October 28, 12 noon to 4:00 pm

Where? Kingstowne Community Center (directions at right)

Why? Election of 2001 OYC Board and another reason to eat and party

Yes, it's that time again. While your current board is still having lots of fun, it is time to elect your officers for next year. But that's just the excuse for this party, uh, meeting. The real occasion is our annual host of contests. Bring your entry for the Dessert and/ or Chili contests. Come in costume if you choose—prizes for best couple, scariest, most original. Great event for the kids and a chance for them to try out their Halloween identities. No entry? Not to worry. Bring a side dish to accompany our chilis and desserts and join in the fun.

Questions? Email me, Peggy Ball—jball@erols.com., the best way to get me since I have no idea where I am—ever.

Here are directions provided by the Kingstowne web page. Please check your map to adjust if you coming from another direction—no, your charts will not work on this OYC trip. See you there!

Directions to Kingstowne's Thompson Community Center, from the Capital Beltway:

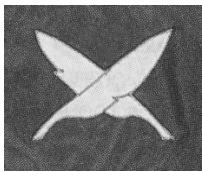
Exit the Beltway at the South Van Dorn exit and proceed south on South Van Dorn Street.

Follow South Van Dorn across Franconia Road where you will enter Kingstowne (you will see the Kingstowne brick wall on your right).

Continue on South Van Dorn, passing a Giant Food Store on your right, and turn right onto Kingstowne Boulevard.

You will pass a Kohl's Department Store and a Wal*Mart on your left. Turn left onto Kingstowne Village Parkway, and follow it for about a mile and a half, through the traffic light at Hayfield Road.

Continue on Kingstowne Village Parkway, turning right into the parking lot of Kingstowne's Thompson Center at 6090 Kingstowne Village Parkway.



Secretary's Comments

Mary Lynn Snowman

It was another beautiful day on the Occoquan. The air was cool, the sun was warm, and we wanted to go for a boat ride. It was just Randy and me, so in our moment of freedom with no one to answer to, we went.

Randy was giving me a lesson on how to start an engine. Everything went great. (I learn real fast.) So I started the engine put it in reverse and backed out of the slip. Not a problem.

I headed the boat in the direction of choice and we took off. It was awesome. Reared that baby back and nearly lost my passenger in the process. Okay, so I got things back under control and Randy and I continued our ride.

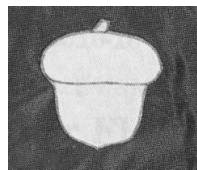
Things are different when you aren't sitting behind the helm. You aren't necessarily able to control what happens with the boat when you don't have the wheel. Sometimes I think the captains need to be reminded of this. Thus, a boat ride with me behind the wheel.

We took it slow. Went down the Occoquan River towards the Potomac River and checked out the marinas and the boats. Noticed the newly added slips to Occoquan Harbor Marina. Made note of the new retaining wall going up on the other side of the railway bridge. Made comment on the new docks, electrical, water and new gas dock at Captain John's (as I know it). Took a close look at our old boat, waved to the policemen and moseyed on down to Fairfax Yacht Club.

Nothing new at FYC that I could tell (and I looked real close). But by this time I was ready to check out the NEW marina. The one where it says "No Trespassing." The one that can hold up to 120 boats (give or take a few). The one that will accommodate some very large boats. The one that has attracted more seagulls than I care to count. The one that has this BIG red sign that reminds you that you are responsible for your own wake! And of course the one that is so close to the end of the "NO Wake" zone it just makes you sick. But it's real pretty!

After checking them all out I was ready to go back to the dock. And since I was the captain we turned around and went back. The ride was nice. Breakfast of crackers, peanut butter,

and diet coke (please don't tell my kids) just topped the morning. We were in no hurry to get anywhere. As we approached our dock Randy asked me if I was comfortable docking the boat. I assured him I was but he still gave me some much needed instructions. Not I problem. I headed towards the dock, was ready to put her in reverse if necessary and we just coasted in. Perfecto! We tied her up. Hopped on the dock and I was feeling quite proud. I had just docked our dinghy!



Treasurer's Comments

Nabil Dubraque

Autumn Breezes

Truth be known, this is one of my favorite times of year. My only complaint is that it doesn't last long enough. The steady enervating humidity which accompanies Washington summer is being replaced with crisp morning and dry breezes and the choices for smaller boaters without underway air conditioning become much more inviting. The still, sultry air of August freshens and livens into cooler September and October breezes, inviting the spread of sail and quiet reverie with hot chocolate and rum grogs replacing margaritas. Early fall is also great powerboat weather, and we plan a few nights in Alexandria and maybe some overnights on the hook at Mattawoman where summer traffic logjams rivaling the beltway have dissipated with the traditional post-Labor Day waning of the boating season. But fall is also our season for sailing, for quiet sojourns on the water where the hiss and tremble of the water against the hull counterpoints the sighing breeze in the rigging and, with nowhere special to go, we find ourselves delightedly in a very special place.

Soon leaves will turn and fall and toying zephyrs will chase and tease them into a *danse macabre* befitting Halloween, and heralding, for us, the end of the season. *Meri Lucy* will be winterized and up on blocks, but *Canvasback*, on a trailer, will still be ready to venture on those rare days of comfortable breezes into early December. Life is good.

And the club is still solvent.

Columbus Discovers Gangplank Marina, Part 2

by Barb Egmire, Cruise Coordinator

Yes, the trip is still on to Gangplank Marina for Saturday and Sunday nights, October 7-8. The marina has our list of boats. They were able to accommodate boats over 40 feet.

That same time (Saturday through Monday) is the "Taste of DC" where you can buy tickets and taste all types of fantastic food. Per The Washington Post, one million people flock to this yearly. Sara and I walked Pennsylvania Avenue a couple of years back to take part in this. It was good for her to expand her tastes beyond McDonald's and Taco Bell. It was a bit of a push for me, since I'm not one of Paula's "march" crowd. I'm much better at bike riding—Jim and Carol Henry can attest to that (although last year's bike ride was my first in at least 10 years; my bike is gathering dust in the attic).

The hike didn't affect Sara one bit. Isn't youth grand?

Don't forget Saturday night. We're booked at Capital Yacht Club for our 6 p.m. happy hour. Bring an hors d'oeuvre to share. (Purchase beverages there.) A few members who aren't able to make the cruise do plan to join us for the happy hour.

Unfortunately, theater night was cancelled due to lack of interest. Guess some members got spoiled by fireworks on the 4th!

The dock master advises there is a party barge available with grills should you chose to stay at the marina for dinner. Haven't seen it personally, but resident slip holders, Tom and Tony, could probably attest to it one way or the other.

See you there Saturday night, October 7th.

A True Account of What Happened at the Tantallon YC End of Summer Party

by Liz and Andrew Kalweit

Tantallon Yacht Club did it again. They hosted another great End-of-Summer Party, September 22-24. And OYC did it again, too! We keep the Warped-Oar Award (and a talking fish) for another year. The weather behaved, and for some reason, so did we. OYC was a well-rested-looking group at Sunday brunch, with most of us having nodded off fairly early Saturday evening.

Friday afternoon Andrew, Abbey (First Place in the Barking Competition), and I were the first to arrive from OYC aboard *Lizzie Bitz*, followed by Tom and Mary Ann Coldwell in *Shalimar*. OYC had 12 boats participating: Jim and Peggy Ball in *Cheers*; Tom and Barb Egmore in *Morning Mist*; Allen and Lynanne Jorsey in *False Alarm*; Tom Shank and Tony Mirando on their new, beautifully decked-out *Miss Vivian* (and they brought all four of their dogs!); Randy and Mary Lynn Snowman on the *Abominable Snowman III*; Rudy and Cookie Zimpel on *Cocolobo*; Al and Candy Clevenger on *Oasis*; Gary, Nicky and Dani Linck on the original *Lovin' Life!*; and last-minute signups Scott and Ann ("If found, please return to *NextaSea*") Shipley. The Corleys were also there on *The Golden Rule*, flying under the National Potomac flag this time. Barb Swengel (*T&T*) drove down on Saturday. All tolled, about 40 boats and 135 people from six clubs arrived for the weekend. Those of us who arrived Friday evening enjoyed the potluck dinner, and visiting with our fellow boaters.

Tantallon's Commodore Tom Andrews opened the



OYC Tug Warriors —Al Clevenger (r.) stands by as the team of (l. to r.) Shank, Coldwell, Kalweit and Snowman pulled their way to glory.

games on Saturday afternoon. The first event, the tug-of-war, was close. OYC just met the minimum number of four people required to field a team, thanks to Tom ("I'm officially exempt from this") Coldwell stepping up to tug for the club. Anchor Randy, with Tom C., Andrew, and Tom Shank, won the event handily, after several heats.

Ladies tug of war: After sizing up the opposition (Tantallon) in the first heat, Candy Clevenger, Della Fleury Mary Lynn Snowman and I hatched a plan that once they started tugging, we'd let go of the rope. Enough said.

The next event was watermelon-seed spitting, and things started heating up! Tantallon's Steve Buda tried to psych out the competition by pouring tabasco sauce on his watermelon wedges, but OYC was undeterred. Jim Ball, Al Clevenger,

and Tom Shank stood up for OYC, and after several close heats, Tom won, and possibly set a new PRYCA record by [s]lobbing a watermelon seed 26 feet, four inches.

The next event was absolutely fierce. The balloon toss lasted four heats, including one do-over. Al Clevenger and Tom Shank won the first heat. However, the finish was deemed questionable by the judge, and a do-over was inevitable. This time, National Potomac claimed the win with an 18-foot toss. They also won the second heat with a 20-foot, 8-inch toss. Al and Tom came back in the third heat with a 29-foot toss, which seemed impossible to beat. But National Potomac was unstoppable. They rose to the challenge with an amazing 30-foot, 10-inch toss in the fourth round.

The next event, the sack race, lasted just two heats. In a stunning display of agility, Dani Linck hopped across the field in the blink of an eye. National Potomac hopped in second and third behind her. In the second heat, the guys hopped, and Tom Shank won handily (or is that hoppily?), followed by Tantallon and National Potomac.

OYC capped off the day's games by placing first, second, third, fourth, and fifth in kayaking. Andrew placed first in the first heat against Tantallon's Tabasco Man Steve Buda, Tom Shank placed first in the second heat against National Potomac, Scott Shipley rowed unopposed in the third heat. In the fourth and fifth races, OYC's Dani rowed against Hannah



Starting Line —Andrew "Don't call me Andy" Kalweit (right, back to camera) limbers up for the kayak race.

from National Potomac and was the clear winner both times. Once again, Tom Shank was the man, with Scott rowing in a mere five seconds off Tom's time, and Andrew five seconds behind Scott.

After a brief rest for visiting and cocktail hour, the day was

capped off with the hat-decorating contest, dinner, dancing, raffle prizes, door prizes, awards, and more dancing.

Because Ann and Jay Wilmeth were unable to attend, the hog-calling contest was cancelled and a moment of silence was observed in its place (I'm kidding, but we missed them all the same). Jim Ball won the 50/50 raffle [and immediately reported same to the IRS].

Tom Shank accepted the grand prize award for OYC, a Big Mouth Billy Bass, which will enjoy either a place of honor or an uneasy existence (remember: they have four dogs!) aboard *Miss Vivian* until next year's Party.

Sunday morning brunch was light and refreshing – heaping platters of fresh fruit, alongside bagels, cereal, pastries, juice, and coffee.

Special thanks to Tantallon's Energizer Bunnies Dee Dee Dorsey and Della Fleury for not only organizing the event, but also for pitching in to help to keep OYC organized as well!

Board Slate for 2001

by Teresa Sorrenti, PC

As Chairman of the Nominating Committee, I am pleased to announce that although we may not be able to enjoy election controversy, campaign contribution allegations, acrimonious debates and subliminal advertising, we DO have a full slate of volunteers willing to ensure that your 2001 boating season is just as full and interesting as years past. So, for 2001, “an OYC (Space) Odyssey” we have

Commodore	Candy Clevenger
Vice Commodore	Mary Lynn Snowman
Rear Commodore	Andrew Kalweit
Secretary	Liz Kalweit
Treasurer	Nabil Dubraque

Survival 2000! at The Dunes

by Max

“And an ocean tumbled by with a private boat for Max and he sailed off through night and day”—Maurice Sendak

As I claw this letter, the Mattawoman mirrors a deep morning fog. Geese break through the mists in formation, waiting for the Sun to end the interminable night. Cool waters soothe my legs, still aching from the contest. Who would know that only a few hours before, the *Wild Things* were awake and having a great rumpus? Who could have known that I would become the lone Survivor?

Late afternoon tides brought us swiftly across the Potomac and in and out of weeks and almost over a year to where the wild things are. *Lovin’ Life!* arrived at low tide because they could. And one by one OYC boats, kids, dogs including Corky (accompanied by the Sorrentis in his dinghy) and the Henry’s PWC joined the congregation. I said, “Let the wild rumpus start!”

The rumpus got into full swing when *Kitt II* finally arrived. A contest was underway to determine who among the *Wild Things* would be the Dunes 2000 Survivor. The red team struck first when the green team lost their grip and sploosh!, *Co-Motion* goes down, down into the Mattawoman. Petie (*Kitt II*’s puppy) almost buys the farm trying to swim with his following end up out of the water. *Via Con Dios* (with *Morning Mist*) DQ’d for substituting real for gummi in 3G’s worm pie (the *Who Wants to be a Survivor?* eating contest). We were all getting very hungry.

Then terror strikes! The shrimps had it easy—my friends and I were being boiled alive! It all happened so fast—our vessel tipped over, we scuttled in every direction. Only I, Max, was able to escape into the swamp and hide. The *Wild Things* roared their terrible roars and gnashed their terrible teeth. I was all alone.

The nights are getting shorter now, the air a little colder. The OYC *Wild Things* and their friends are gone now. The Dunes are quiet. I dream of my cold salty home so far away. The *Wild Things* will probably be coming back, so I’m outta here. [editor’s note: Max made it to his very own room where he found his supper waiting for him, and it was still hot.]

Hot Stuff on These Cool Websites

Occoquan Yacht Club:

<http://www.OccoquanYachtClub.org>

Ned Rhodes and Liz Kalweit, Webmasters

Potomac River Yacht Clubs Association:

<http://www.PotomacRiverYachtClubs.org>

Ned Rhodes, Webmaster

Occoquan River Maritime Association::

<http://www.ormaweb.org>

Jim Ball, Webmaster

Chesapeake Bay Yacht Clubs Association:

<http://www.cbyca.org>

How I Spent My Summer Vacation—Day Two, Beaufort to Norfolk

by Little Neddy Rhodes

(Continuing the saga from last month’s Daymarker)

Field Marshall Miranda gets us all out of bed at 6:30 so that we can be on the fuel dock at 7:00 when they open. To protect his hands, Dr. Tony dons rubber gloves (note the tie-in from last month’s teaser). The gas guy remarks, “Are you a Doctor or do you like to wear rubber gloves?” The response is, “Well, actually both.” Dad cringes and later suggests that “I wear them to protect my delicate hands as I am an unemployed watch repairman” would have been a better response, in light of the fact that the price of fuel seemed to jump after that remark. Two pair of gloves, 300 gallons and one fuel-soaked fender later and we are off for our first perfectly timed 8:20 bridge opening.

Tom goes below to create Killer Breakfast II and misses the dolphins that swim next to the boat. Tom has heard a vibration in the starboard rudder post and dives over the side to check it out (we stop first). All seems in order, but the bedding seems to be leaking and we agree to watch it during the trip.

A philosophy discussion breaks out as to whether we follow the ICW north or opt for the Pamlico Sound route that is possibly faster and would get us set up for a visit to Oregon Inlet and an ocean cruise north to the Chesapeake Bay. The ICW wins out and it’s full speed ahead via the Neuse River.

We motor up the Alligator River dodging tree stumps. The water is the color of tea as you can see from the black and white picture, which the editor probably cut. There is very little stop-and-go today as we are in long stretches of swamp and very little civilization. We approach a trawler and attempt to raise him on the radio before we smoke him, but have no success. Our only option is to pass him and give a hearty wave.

Dad regales us with ancient history when he first (and last) ran the ICW and how it was hot and how Bill Petrey didn’t wait for them at one of the bridges, but the Worcesters did and made them blender drinks while they fueled at the scuzziest gas place on the ICW (Mom was afraid to get off the boat). Oh, the adventure! Well, the scuzzy gas place is still there, but the bridge has been replaced. A few of the bridges along the ICW have either been replaced or are under construction, which should make for a better (and faster) ride.

We smoke by three sailbotes, then under the Alligator River bridge (does not open in high wind) and find ourselves at Albermarle Sound. The literature is filled with stories about this body of water and how it can be bad. In fact, Mr.

Worcester once crossed this body of water and broke the glass tray of his microwave when the door opened and it crashed to the floor. For weeks he talked about how someone obviously did not know how to shut a door. And this someone had a few choice words about how long it was taking to install the cabinet door latches that he had laying around for the past two years. Our passage was not as stormy as that exchange—a flat, calm and relaxing ride.

Due to the number of bridges coming up, advancing darkness and the approaching thunderstorms, we will not be able to make Norfolk this day. We consider stopping at Coinjock (nice docks and new pool), but decide to press on to Pungo Ferry.

We call on the radio and ask for 50-amp power and there is a long pause (ah, man, I don't want to run the generator all night). They finally find one and we tie up at the gas dock. We take on fuel and they run out as we finish filling the port side. This leaves the boat with a slight list. We take a quick walk over to George's Seafood Buffet that is wonderful. They have everything and we eat like we have been without food for days and drink our eight glasses of water at one sitting.

The passing thunderstorm pops all the breakers and we wind up running the generator all night (after checking and installing batteries in all the CO detectors). Dr. Tony never did get his refund for the power charge that night. Rather than dragging this out another month, let's just immediately go to:

Day Three - Pungo Ferry to Windmill Point

Up at 7:00 for the expected arrival of the fuel truck, who "just can't get there that early," and so we decide to press on. We miss the first bridge by five minutes and so have to wait 30 minutes for the next opening.

The next bridge at Mile 15.2 was reported as damaged (in the Notice to Mariners) and was on a four hour opening schedule. Oh crap! Well, we had discovered from our new best friends at Pungo Ferry that they had actually locked the bridge open, so that we would have no delay. All right, all we need to do is a no wake transit. Great Bridge bridge and lock is next on the hour, so KBIII is created and we pass the wait time eating eggs Italian style. We have time for a quick stop at Atlantic Yacht Basin for a rebalancing intake of fuel and get to see the *Sequoia* (Presidential Yacht, now at Gangplank).

Once through the lock, we speed up, slow down, call the bridge and repeat twice. Again we see dolphins as they jump our wake and guess where Tom is? He can catch them on Animal Planet. We cruise past submarines, cruisers, frigates

and two ships both named #55. What's up with that?

We put away all the North Carolina and ICW charts and break out the Chesapeake Bay charts.



High Tech —The boat's array of naviguencing equipment

We discover that while the Nobeltec software was very useful in the ICW, the handheld GPS is slightly better on the Bay due to the distances we will be traveling and all the open water. The Bay is calm with 1-footers on the nose and we enjoy the ride and the good weather.

Our predicted (by Dad) three-hour run from Pungo Ferry to Norfolk was on the money and we figure we will join the Club at Windmill Point by 3:00 pm. Our cell phone rang as we entered Norfolk and Mr. Henry informed us that Mr. Egmore had discovered that the third night was free at Windmill Point and so the Club was going to stay an extra night. This delayed our reunion with Mom at Coles Point by a day as she was going with the Worcesters to meet us there on Friday.

We make the obligatory stop for award winning pictures at Wolf Trap light and once again see dolphins as we enter the Rappahanock River. Once again, Tom "happens" to be below. Maybe he doesn't like Flipper? The Club meets us at the docks and Dad lassos two pilings the first time (although no one saw him do it so it doesn't count) and boat tours are given to finish the evening. The biggest concern was whether "Dad's room" was presentable.

Day Four - Windmill Point to Coles Point

Much has already been written in last month's Daymarker about this "sporty" trip up the Bay to the Potomac and so there is no need to repeat it here. But, there is a confession to make. As we made the turn around Windmill Point into 4-5 foot seas (with a rogue 5-6 thrown in), Dr. Tony expressed some concern about the conditions and whether we should press on. Dad suggested that we just needed more time to get the boat in the right position to handle the waves and to stop the patio furniture from cart-wheeling on the fly bridge. It turns out that after about 30 minutes, they were able to find the proper way to hit the waves and keep going. But, Dad confessed that since Mom was at Coles Point, there was no way they were turning back.

After Tom and Tony kicked us off the boat, they proceeded to wash it down and to conduct additional tours. It is reported that their trip from Coles Point to Gangplank was without

incident even given the rain and broken windshield wipers. And the offer still stands—Dad and I love to go on boat rides, so if you need an experienced crew to move your boat, give us a call.



New boat owners —Tony Mirando and Tom Shank aboard Miss Vivian pause for a photo-op at Wolf Trap Light on the Chesapeake.

Inside . . .

**Glory (some) and Honor (a little) at
Tantallon's End of Summer
Party,**

Wild Things at the Dunes,

**Last call for the Columbus Day
Weekend at the Gangplank
Marina,**

**and... Slate for 2001 Board
announced; General membership
meeting this month at a brand
new location.**

**October 7-8
Columbus Day
weekend at the
Gangplank
Barb Egmore
256-8442**

**October 12-15
Annapolis
Power Boat
Show
(For help call Bill
Gates, Warren
Buffet or Regis.)**

**October 28
General
Membership
Meeting,
Election of
Officers, Chili
and Dessert
Contest,
Halloween
Haunting.
Peggy Ball
499-8081**



**Occoquan Yacht
Club**

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

Change Service Requested

