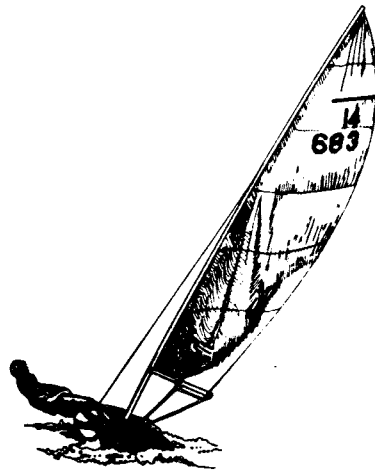


History
of the
DEEP CREEK
YACHT CLUB
1937 - 1987



HISTORY OF THE DEEP CREEK YACHT CLUB
FIRST FIFTY YEARS
1937 - 1987

Written by the Rev. John Grant
Edited by Cindy Stacy and Joan Crawford
Published by Garrett Community College

Commodores 1937 - 1964

1937 John B. Mordock (First Commodor of D.C.Y.C.)
1938 John B. Mordock
1939 Dr. Frank M. Wildon
1940 Henry K. Duke
1941 Dr. Donald Grove
1942

During World War II the Club was leased to the Sea Scouts.

Harold Muma
1948 John Schaidt
1949 Henry K. Duke
1950 David Davis
1951 Robert Knipe
1952 Dr. C.S. Mahan
1953 John Schaidt
1954 Fred. Steiding
1955 Stewart Brown
1956 John Stark
1957 Oakley Hopkins
1958 Ken Farrell
1959 Robert Lane
1960 Don Hott
1961 John McClure
1962 John Geare
1963 Ken Farrell
1964 Howard Buchanan

Commodors (Cont.)

(In 1964 the formal name was changed to Deep Creek Yacht Club
Turkey Neck)

1965, 1966, 1967 Arthur J. Nicholson
1968 E.M. Pusey, Jr.
1969 Emmett D. Echols
1970 Edward H.D. Gibbs
1971 Charles L. Williams, Jr.
1972 William L. Kennicott
1973 Robert B. Wooters
1974 Edward C. Bishop
1975 Robert R. Bower
1976 James H. Davis
1977 James B. Gehr
1978 Ted C. Rissell
1979 Douglas MacMillan
1980 Michael F. Belmonte
1981 William L. Lovett
1982 Owen A. Graham
1983 Terry L. Bell
1984 Richard Gregory
1985 Audrey MacMillan
1986 Morgan France
1987 John Meredith

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PREFACE

Sailing is the ultimate use of water for recreation; it unites the sheer joy of being on, in, or about the water. It carries with it a sense of adventure, the thrill of competition, or the artistic response to the blending of sky and land and water. Some of our most intriguing novels are about sailing; many of the most beautiful poems ever written are about sailing.

Members of the Deep Creek Yacht Club are in the unique position of having the pre-history and the current history of the Club well documented. There are numerous newspaper and magazine accounts of the activities of the Club. Likewise, since sail boats make such fascinating subjects, there are hundreds of photographs, slides, and rolls of movie film of the different classes of boats which have been owned by club members.

However, among the various slogans coined about the Deep Creek Yacht Club by its members, one stands out more clearly than all the rest. This is the slogan, "We are a sailing/social club" a phrase which puts sailing first, to be followed by all the social activities of the Club. With this emphasis on sailing, the members join with the world-wide fraternity of sailors who sail for the sheer enjoyment of the union of wind and water.

John Grant

Pre-Organization History

When Deep Creek Lake first came into existence, its shoreline presented quite a different appearance than it does now. To prepare for the inundation of the various areas that comprised the lake bottom, all trees and buildings had to be removed. The high water line was marked by tree stumps where there had been forests and by grass right down to the water's edge, where there had been open fields. Paved and un-paved roads ran directly into the water. During the first few years, when the water level would be dropped as much as twenty feet, several small concrete bridges would always re-appear.

Deep Creek Lake at that time had the appearance of a body of water in a wilderness. The first water craft on the lake were row boats and canoes. Most of the row boats were kept at Rainbow Inn, one of the first eating places on Deep Creek. (The Pizza Pub now occupies the site where Rainbow Inn stood.) The canoes were kept in the bottom of Thayer's barn, half a mile up the shoreline, which became a popular spot for boating.

An early Commodore John Schaidt recalls combining sails and canoes as early as 1926, and probably can be classed as the first person to hoist a sail on Deep Creek Lake. In his "Remembrances of Early Days on Deep Creek Lake", he describes the sailing and some of the boating hazards:

I started sailing on Deep Creek Lake in the summer of 1926. My companion was Dick Holben of Frostburg, and our craft was a canoe equipped with a sailing rig. We kept our boat in a large barn near the present Will O' the Wisp and found the sport exciting, but dangerous because of partly submerged stumps and logs floating sometimes just below the surface of the newly-filled lake. There were a few motor boats and fishermen, but we did not see another sail in the area.

At that time, canoes were equipped with lee boards to give them stability when a sail was used. As time went by during those early days on Deep Creek, it was not unusual to see more and more canoes with lee boards and home made sails. Often the mast and boom were simply heavy pieces of bamboo poles. Later, row boats came in for this adaption with lee boards and home made sails.

The first genuine sailboat on Deep Creek Lake was owned by Mr. Carlos Mirick, father of Alice "Rustie" Mirick. They lived in a cottage known as Briar Patch on the Turkey Neck inlet of the lake. She describes this boat and its

origin as follows:

... ... The lake was big and the land wild looking. Father designed an 18 foot, flat bottom, cat-rig sailboat. ... The sail was heavy canvas with 2 sets of reef points ... loose footed at the boom. It had a center board, a 5 foot beam, floor slats, and was as steady as any craft going. We named her "Plover". We learned to sail and would go from Glen Dale Bridge into each inlet and arm on the lake.

Alice also describes subsequent sail boats that began to appear on the upper end of the Lake. The Lake was becoming known, and soon there was the Holy Cross Camp with Camp Gary directly across from it. We sailed over to greet the newcomers at Holy Cross ... they were building a sailboat and soon we had races. The trophy was usually an apple or a piece of candy. The year was 1930 and more people had discovered the lake. Father sold land to Gordon Sprague from Washington. They built a sailboat on the same plan as ours, and we would race and chase all over the lake.

Meanwhile, down on the part of the lake between the two bridges, John Schaidt and his friends were also doing quite a bit of sailing. His story continues and tells of the first "class" boats on the lake.

In 1934, John Mordock arrived in Cumberland from Chicago, where he had been a member of a Yacht Club active in sailing on Lake Michigan. The first thing John asked me when we had lunch together was, "Where is the nearest lake which is suitable for sailing?" From that day on we became a sailing group! Mordock shipped in a Bell Class Swallow, a 15 ½-foot keel boat, and soon the group had a Snipe, Penguin, and a Cape Cod Mercury. The old Will O' The Wisp became our Yacht Club, and we sailed off their dock every weekend. John Mordock was leader of this group that consisted of Tau Rowe, Westernport; Dick Holben, Frostburg; and Susan Farris, Nancy James, John Murrie, and John Schaidt of Cumberland.

Organization (1937) to World War II

During the 1930's, Deep Creek Lake gradually became popular as a recreation area. People from Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Washington, and Baltimore were building cottages on the lake, clustered in certain areas where friends or relatives had first built their cottages. The result was that although there were many cottages on the lake, there were still large areas of the shoreline undeveloped. The upper parts of the lake, where there had been farms at one time, had large open fields which came down to the water's edge.

It took a man who was a combination salt water sailor and real estate salesman to begin a development in which the purchasers had a common purpose in recreation. This man was the late Harry Muma. He and his partner, Cy Bowers, put together a large tract of land on the Turkey Neck inlet of the lake. His common purpose in recreation was to bring people who loved sailing together into an organized group.

John Schaidt tells what happened on a Sunday afternoon while the group was still sailing from the dock at Will O' The Wisp:

One Sunday afternoon we were approached by a short man wearing leather boots and a wide-brimmed hat. He said his name was Harry Muma, and that he and a partner, Cy Bowers, had just bought a piece of land south of the Glendale Bridge. He called it Turkey Neck and said if we would bring our group and boats down and sail off his property that he would build us a Yacht Club.

We looked at each other in amazement, and Mordock said, "Let's go -- What have we got to lose!" I got in the car with Muma, and the fleet headed south under Glendale Bridge. After opening and closing several farm gates, Muma and I arrived at the crumbling foundation of a one-time farmhouse. Soon we saw our sailboats passing the Holy Cross point and heading for Turkey Neck shore. We all gathered in the foundation; Muma cracked a bottle of Gilbey's gin and said, "This will be your Yacht Club." Mordock asked Muma how long it would take him to build the clubhouse; and upon hearing that it would take at least a year and maybe longer, he agreed to buy a lot and build a cabin, which would be the first building on Turkey Neck to serve as a temporary Yacht Club.

The following weekend the log cabin arrived on a truck from Sears-Roebuck and in two more weeks our gang had put it

together, dug a well, put in a septic tank, cleared an entrance roadway, built a dock, and were ready for sailing."

Muma's Yacht Club was completed and dedicated in the spring of 1937 with our leader John B. Mordock serving as the first Commodore.

Although their enthusiasm for sailing was high, the group that formed the nucleus of the 1937 organization were also practical business men. On June 9, 1937, they were officially recognized as an incorporated body chartered by the State of Maryland. The original directors of the Deep Creek Yacht Club, Inc., were Richard Hoben, David T. Davis, John Schaidt, Carl Schmutz and Henry K. Duke.

Yet there was never any doubt about the position of sailing in the minds of this group. The beginning of the Articles of Incorporation set this forth very clearly:

To promote the development and use of small boats and small boat racing on Deep Creek Lake in Garrett County, Maryland, and to provide facilities therefore.

John Schaidt continues his story as follows:

Muma's Yacht Club was completed and dedicated in the spring of 1937 with our leader, John B. Mordock serving as the first Commodore.

From 1937 to 1942, the Club was operated by the Mumas. Bunk space in the two dormitories upstairs was available at a nominal fee, and Mrs. Muma (Elsie) ran the kitchen and served meals in the dining room. The sailing and social activities resulted in the sale of lots and building of summer homes, and Turkey Neck became populated.

When we first arrived on Turkey Neck, there were no buildings. The only activity we saw was Mr. Carlos Mirick, who sailed a dinghy with red sails from his home at "Briar Patch" across the lake; Camp Gary, a boy's camp on Thousand Acres; and of course, Holy Cross. The Snipe Fleet grew in size and dominated the racing program, although other sailboats --- Penguins, Sea Gulls, Cape Cod Mercury, Bell Class Swallow --- joined in handicap races.

Alice Mirick gives somewhat the same view of sailing on the lake in those days from the perspective of a teen-aged girl. She recalls:

In 1937 a group out of the town of Cumberland built a yacht

club on the ruins of an old barn and field of thistles where we used to have picnics.

Father bought a 16 ft. Snipe (#2083) with main sail and jib, reef points, canvas sail, from Dumphy Boat Co. through H.K. Duke. It was delivered on the lake for \$350.00. So we sailed it and soon more boats appeared on the lake. Then, we had real sailing races and only a few rules to follow. More cottages appeared and more interest in sailing developed, mostly Snipe class, but we had a few Sea Gulls, International One Designs, Cape Cod Terns.

The Club provided much social life and water activity, and more motor boats began to appear. People came from Washington, Baltimore, Grafton (W.V.), Pittsburgh, and Cumberland. The Will O' The Wisp would hold a regatta on July 4th. This meant tipping the boats on their sides to get them under the bridge, then hoisting sail and holding the race. In the twilight, we then lowered sail, tipped the boats on their side, back under the bridge, hoisted sail and drifted happily home again.

Deep Creek Yacht Club had good public relations from the beginning of its life on Turkey Neck. Each week, the results of week-end races were published in the Cumberland daily papers. In 1938 and 1939 the Baltimore and Washington papers began to pick up items about sailing on Deep Creek, probably because Henry K. Duke pressed for the chartering of the Snipe fleet at the Club. A newspaper clipping then gives news about the chartering and the names of some of the early owners of these fast little sailboats.

Local Snipe Fleet Gets Charter No. 71 ... Deep Creek Yacht Club Is Recognized By International Racing Assn.

Fleet Captain Henry K. Duke, Jr., of the Deep Creek Yacht Club, announced yesterday that the Fleet Charter No. 71 had been granted to the Garrett County Club by the International Sailing Association.

The racing number 1704 has been given to Captain Duke's "Albatross", 2085 to Caleb B. Winslow's "Sea Gull", 1848 to H.W. Muma's "Sea Hag", and the numbers 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, to Dr. Donald Grove's "Holiday", Miss Charlotte B. Mirick's "Charlotte B", John B. Mordock's "Catalog", John B. Steiding's "Princess V" and Lawrence C. Holt's "Alice H".

The same series of newspaper clippings tells of races and the hazards of racing on Deep Creek Lake.

Smartly handled by their owners in a stiff breeze, the two

scratch boats of the Deep Creek Yacht Club and the center-board leg o'mutton sloop of the Holy Cross camp sailed a closely-contested race over the two and one-half mile course off Turkey Neck peninsula ... yesterday afternoon. The winner was John B. Mordock's Bell Swallow, which negotiated the course in 23 minutes and 45 seconds. The second boat to finish the race was ... Henry K. Duke, Jr. ... Third to finish was the Holy Cross craft.

Another race in the same season has the following list of finishes.

Swallow, sailed by Richard C. Hoben of Frostburg and Mrs. John Schaidt were first ... 29 minutes flat ... Half-a-minute behind came Henry K. Duke and Dr. Royce Hodges in their Crosby Snipe. Third boat, twenty seconds later, was Hobens sailing canoe, ably sailed by Miss Charlotte Mirick ... and Robert Muma. Fourth was H.H. Muma ... and Martin Muma in another Snipe ... Fifth place went to Miss Alice Mirick also of Washington in her cat-boat.

This same series of clippings tells of heavy winds causing a boat to capsize and Dr. Howard Tolson picking up the crew in his cat-boat. Another item tells of the withdrawal of the Holy Cross leg o'mutton sloop from the particular Sunday race due to the drowning of two seminarians during the week. They had tipped over a canoe within a hundred feet of the Holy Cross dock.

The newspaper clippings of this period also carried some interesting news of the opening of the Yacht Club in 1937. Under the headline "Yacht Club Opening At Deep Creek Monday" the story follows:

Five hundred invitations were issued today by the Deep Creek Yacht Club to the placing in commission of their new \$10,000 club house on Deep Creek Lake, Monday, May 31 ... Two races, an open event and one confined to the Snipe class sloops, have been carded by the racing committee, with the first starting gun scheduled for 3 p.m. Following the ceremonies and preceeding the racing, a buffet luncheon will be served.

Nine entries have been received by the racing committee for the snipe class race, which will be over a seven mile leeward-windward course. ... The open race is expected to attract all of the Snipes and about seven other craft of various rig.

Commander P.V.H. Weems, U.S.N. retired, head of the Weems School of Navigation of Annapolis, inventor of a number of navigation instruments and intimate friend and instructor of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, will act as chairman of the racing

committee and will be assisted by Major Enoch B. Garey, former head of the Maryland State Police.

Flag officers of the club are, besides Commodore Mordock and Fleet Captain Hoben; Dr. Frank M. Wilson, vice Commodore; William J. Torrington, rear commodore; H.H. Muma, secretary; C.V. Bowers, treasurer; Dr. W. Royce Hodges, fleet surgeon; and Henry K. Duke, Jr., sailing master.

The newspaper columns in the following years indicated that sailors from Green Glade, and other locations on the lake sailed in competition with the Yacht Club members.

World War II Years

At the outbreak of World War II, the sailors of Deep Creek Yacht Club went into the armed services. For all practical purposes, the Club was shut down. However, Harry Muma and Cy Bowers leased the property to the Sea Scouts who occupied it during the summer months until the war ended.

Post-War Years To Re-Organization (1965)

With the end of World War II, activity was resumed again at the Yacht Club. Although there was some activity in 1946, really organized sailing did not get underway again until the summer of 1947. That year, Harry Muma had his son Harold managing the club.

The War years had developed a sense of leadership and responsibility among many of the members of the Club. Previously, many of the physical details of the property were handled by Harry Muma and Cy Bowers. After the War, a number of the members were not happy with the initial post-war arrangement of Harold operating the Club. So, in 1948 the members, under their 1937 incorporation charter, leased the club from Muma and Bowers on an annual basis. Under this arrangement, the membership grew. Regularly scheduled weekend races were held and an Invitational Regatta was established.

Although the emphasis was still on sailing, the social life of the Club was not ignored. An active program was begun, including a formal (black tie) dinner-dance each year at the Mt. Lake Park Hotel.

Prior to World War II, sailing at the Yacht Club was dominated by members from the Cumberland, Westernport, Keyser areas who had summer properties in the Turkey Neck - Green Glade sections of Deep Creek. However, in the years following the War, more and more Pennsylvania residents "found" this end of the Lake. Within ten years there was a noticeable increase in the number of summer residents from the Pittsburgh area. They brought with them a keen sense of competition in sailing and newer, larger sailboats.

These new people were welcomed by the older members of the Club; they brought with them changes in the Yacht Club structure and in sailing on the Lake. Certain member's names tend to stand out for their particular contributions during the Post-War Years; they were Earl Zepp, John McClintock, Gordon "Sandy" Douglass, Arthur Nicholson, and Edward Gibbs. Present and past members, on reflection, will understand why these particular names were chosen; to write of them honors the efforts of the total membership during this era of the Club's history.

Earl Zepp came to Oakland following World War II when he and Perry Smith purchased the Oakland Lumber Company. Earl was a builder of houses and boats,

and lent an air of craftsmanship to each enterprise.

Under the competent design and supply of materials from his lumber company, Earl Zepp began to alter the perception of houses on Deep Creek Lake. Previously, most of them had been "summer cabins", adequate but limited. Earl, who was enchanted with Garrett County, pushed the idea of the "year 'round" home on Deep Creek Lake. His designs were practical, and within the economic reach of the average person who enjoyed sailing. The result was a sense of permanence to the Club. The members became residents instead of just summer visitors.

It had long been recognized that under certain weather conditions, sailing on Deep Creek could be rather precarious. Earl Zepp introduced the wooden hull Thistle to members of the Club. Built from a kit, this larger and beautiful sailboat could face the strongest winds on the Lake without endangering its crew.

In addition to all this, Earl Zepp lent his tremendous personality to many aspects of the Club's racing and social life. He served on committees and gave much physical work until stricken with a heart condition. The simple memorial phrase on the flag pole, "We Remember Earl Zepp", is a tribute to his contributions to the Club.

Although the Thistle was a beautiful sailboat, the day of wooden hulls was quickly passing because of the general use of fiberglass. With this new product, hulls could follow better configurations and were easier to maintain. The names of John McClintock and Sandy Douglass are synonymous with two distinct fiberglass sailboats, the Jet 14 and the Flying Scot.

The Jet 14 was, and still is, the small "adventure" boat for those who like to sail on the edge of a gale. Begun with wood, it was re-designed to a fiberglass hull and became an almost un-sinkable boat. In the late 1950's and early 1960's, John was the agent who sold Jet 14's "all over the place". The Jet 14 is almost indestructible; many a Jet sailor will capsize in a race, right his boat again, and only lose one place in race position.

However, it was Sandy Douglass who changed the whole complexion of sailing and racing on Deep Creek Lake. Having previously designed and built the Highlander and the Thistle, he turned his talents to a new and larger sailboat. This was the Flying Scot, which he began to build in Cleveland in 1957. Later, in

1963 he came to Oakland and opened a boat factory for the production of the Flying Scots. He also franchised the manufacture of Scots in other places.

Soon, the Flying Scot was the dominant sailboat on Deep Creek Lake. The Scot became popular because of its ease of handling, speed, eye appeal, safety and need for very little maintenance. Yet, it is difficult to separate the sailboat from the personality of the designer. Visitors were always welcome at the Oakland plant to see the Flying Scots made; Sandy himself would explain the fiberglass process and its advantages in a sailboat.

In addition, Sandy was a championship sailor, and was never too busy to pass along tips on boat handling "to win". He had one sage piece of advice that applied to sailing and life in general. "Boats that start out at the same time, should all finish at the same time; yet, this never happens. Why? The answer is 'mistakes, he said. The sailor who makes the least number of mistakes in a race is the one who becomes a winner."

Fortunately, after Sandy retired from business and the manufacturing plant was moved to Deer Park, Eric Ammann, the present manufacturer of the Scots, has continued the business in the same helpful tradition.

Someone described the Yacht Club as "bursting at the seams" when the mid-1960's arrived. The Turkey Neck area was becoming increasingly popular, and more and more vacation homes were being built on the Lake. Two things happened in the same general time frame; a second Yacht Club was formed and the existing Turkey Neck club house was renovated and enlarged.

Without strong leadership at this point, the Club could have floundered. It didn't, thanks to Arthur Nicholson who provided the leadership it needed.

The first step in this leadership was to acquire title to the Club property. Muma and Bowers were reluctant to sell, because the Club was an important link in their real estate development. Eventually, in 1965, Arthur Nicholson and the other property owners formed the Deep Creek Lake Sailing Association, Inc., and negotiated a new lease for the Club property. Art Nicholson was chosen as the new commodore and served in that position for three seasons. Under his supervision and perseverance, the old building was re-designed and enlarged, the actual physical work being completed in a little over four months.

Art would be the first one to minimize his role in the re-organization and re-vamping of the Club. He would be quick to name half-a-dozen members who gave him vital assistance in what was accomplished. Included in this group would be the name of the late Edward Gibbs.

Ed Gibbs more or less epitomized the Deep Creek Yacht Club member of that period. He was an avid sailor and gave freely of his time at the Club. His interest was not limited to local matters, for his horizon also included national sailing as well. In 1964 he won the Maryland State championship, the Middle-Atlantic District championship, and took second place in the President's Cup race in Washington, D.C.

Ed raced for the pure enjoyment of sailing. He constantly vied with other members for "first in the water" each Spring. One year, when it was evident that he had acquired more points than his nearest competition, someone stuck a "plumber's helper" on his hull. Ed sailed a miserable final race; and when the plumber's helper was pulled off and presented to him, he laughed as hard as anyone else.

1968 - 1977

Events which took place at the Yacht Club in the 1970's were similar to those of the previous decades in that they marked both change and growth. There was a change in the dominant type of sail boat, and also a change in the social activities of the Club.

During the initial years of the Club's existence, a whole variety of sailing craft could be seen in the weekend races. They ranged all the way from sailing canoes to "factory built" Snipes. Very gradually, the Snipe became the favorite sailboat for the majority of the Club members. Much the same thing happened in the 1970's with the Flying Scot.

Two unrelated facts probably contributed to the popularity of the Flying Scot by the majority of the Club members. First was the fact that Sandy Douglass, designer and builder of the craft, was a member of the Club. A championship sailor, he was always available to answer sailing questions.

The second fact was that the buyer could see his sailboat being made. Because the factory was in Oakland, the buyer could see how the boat was assembled. This contact with the factory gave the new owner a detailed knowledge of his own sailboat. From this knowledge came a deeper faith in the reliability of the craft itself.

Here should be noted an item that has worried some sailors during the years -- the metal sail mast. Although this type of mast has proven to be the best for sailboats, the question of lightning in an electrical storm has always arisen.

Fortunately, there are only two or three recorded instances of this happening on Deep Creek Lake. One example was Bill Crawford's Flying Scot which was struck by lightning while it was moored in front of his house in 1976. It caught fire and burned to the water line; fortunately, no was near the boat when it was hit.

Another danger is the "sail eating tree" that stands on the Thousand Acre shoreline. Extending out over the water, it usually catches one or two un-wary racing skippers each year when the water level is high.

"Week of Weekends" probably had its origin back in the early days of the Club's history. However, during the mid-1970's it came into full bloom as a time of "joyful sailing". The name itself speaks of fun, and for those members

who could manage a vacation at that time it was most enjoyable.

The fun of sailing, restricted to weekends was continued through the week as the "Week of Weekends." During that week not all of the activity was confined to daytime sailing. Each evening there was a gathering at the Club. Some of these gatherings were planned; others were informal. The 1972 "Week" was a memorable and enjoyable one; there was good weather, congenial fellowship, and even some night sailing. It was a time when Dr. Bill Savage brought over his guitar and everyone sang on and off key. It was a time when the late Jim Wallace played the club piano until the wee hours of the morning.

It was during this period that a typical night sound disappeared from the Lake for ever. This was the late evening "bonk" of oil drums under the boat docks. Styro-foam was introduced on the market in large quantities, and the Yacht Club docks were soon floating on big blocks of the white substance. The result was lighter weight docks to be hauled in and out at the beginning and end of the season.

In 1975, the season for docks had a double beginning. There was the regular launching of the docks in May, when they were secured in place with the anchors. That year racing began with the usual alternating good and bad weather, which in June settled down to give some good sailing days. However, the third Saturday in June turned out to be one of those days that older members like to recall with their feet propped up and a refreshing drink in their hand.

The first race of the afternoon had light winds that gradually decreased to almost nothing. The failing winds were probably due to the storm that was coming, but no one realized it at the time. Someone insisted that the Rev. John Grant say a prayer for wind. He did, and before the second race half-hour gun could be fired, a squall came up that blew the big dock loose from its anchors. It drifted into the smaller dock, broke it loose, and the tangled mass of docks, motor boats, and sailboats started drifting eastward. Two hundred feet away were the east moorings with more sailboats on them, and the whole conglomeration was being blown in that direction.

Naturally, the second race was cancelled. It took the members about two hours, working in a downpour of rain, to restore things to normal again. Since that time, whenever anyone has asked John to pray for wind, his response has

been, "You don't tamper with that sort of thing."

In the early 1970's it was evident that the previous renovations of the club house still didn't meet the needs of the expanding membership of the Yacht Club. It was too small for all of the activities taking place there. Plans were made for something "big" to be done in the way of changing the situation. The new pavilion was the result, and as often happens, its reality was due to the hard work and perseverance of a small number of people. Architect Tom Selck, Bill Crawford and other members of the committee gave much of their time working with the contractor to insure that the work was done properly, and completed on time. In the end, the building of the pavilion was one of the wisest decisions ever made by the general membership.

"Spirited" would be a nice way to describe the growing competition among the Flying Scot sailors. Some of the skippers were even foolish enough to crash their boats into other boats because they insisted on maintaining their course. The result was that some members felt that the fun of sailing was being lost by association with such "intense" sailors. About this time, the Captain Bligh Award was inaugurated during awards ceremony at the end of the season.

Through successive racing seasons, it was evident that some skippers in the B Fleet were regularly outsailing a few members of the A Fleet. They started later and finished sooner than parts of the A Fleet. Added to this observation was the fact that there was a growing number of boats in both fleets. Finally, the A and B Fleets were re-shuffled and the C Fleet was formed. The result was a more equitable sailing competition for all skippers involved.

Some new members have been doubtful about entering competitive sailing. The value of racing is determined by each sailor, but it seems that a person learns more about boat handling in one season of racing than in several years of "just sailing around."

In August, 1977, a dinner was held at the Wisp ski lodge to honor Sandy Douglass. One hundred and fifty friends and business associates from all parts of the country attended this dinner. It was a time when champions mixed with fledgling skippers; when the talk was of sailing yarns and good sound advice. Charles Morris was banquet chairman, and kept things moving at a good pace.

The best moment of the banquet came when the curtain covering the window

at the back of the room was pulled aside. The ownership of the boat company had previously passed to Eric Ammann who had done a splendid job of preparing Flying Scot #3000. When the curtain was pulled aside, just outside the window stood the #3000, fully rigged, a gift to Sandy Douglass in honor of the occasion.

Last Ten Years

One of the most outstanding events in the Club's history during the last ten years was the purchase of the Club property. Up to the time of purchase, it had been used by the members under a lease plan from Harry Muma. However, Harry was in failing health, and the Board of Directors could foresee a time when the property would be in the hands of Harry's estate.

The "energy crunch" of the mid-seventies had caused a steady rise in land prices along Deep Creek Lake. The Board felt that if the Club was planning to purchase the property at some future date, it should be done while it was still within the financial price range of the members.

Accordingly, under Commodore Ted Rissell, the Club property and parking lot were purchased from Harry Muma for \$110,000.00. At the general membership meeting on Oct. 1, 1977, only one vote was cast against the purchase.

Harry Muma died in November of 1978.

With the purchase of the property, long needed changes could be undertaken at the Club House. Membership was steadily increasing and easier access to and from various parts of the building was necessary. In addition, water problems, ventilation, dry-rot, and foundation problems had to be addressed. Gradually, over a two year period, many of the problems were solved.

In the early days of the club, the Commodore, along with other members did the necessary work around the club and managed the various programs. However, by the 1980's, with a membership of 100, functioning committees were necessary to keep the club running smoothly. They came under the headings of Membership, Regatta, House, Docks and Moorings, Entertainment, and Buildings and Grounds.

The Club continued to be primarily a sailing club, and the number of sailboats steadily increased. Often, there were over 50 Flying Scots in the A,B, and C Fleets racing on the same day. In addition, there were races for the Lasers, Jets and Rebels.

Participation in club maintenance has always been on a volunteer basis, and over the years there have been a number of inducements for a big "turnout" on special days. Spring and Fall clean-up days are critical times, and the "pitch in" dinners have been memorable on these days.

Launching and pulling out the docks has always been a maximum effort for all the members. Beginning in 1982, Harry Filemyr came up with a unique innovation. He leased a crane to remove the docks; thus, the club moved into the mechanical age for dock removal.

In the early 1980's, the docks and moorings of the club came under the regulations of the Department of Natural Resources. When this happened it became more apparent how much activity was centered around the club. At that time, there were 42 moorings for sailboats and motorboats. Someone in the DNR decided that the Yacht Club was a marina, and it took the combined talent of several members to convince the DNR otherwise.

Back in the 1930's when the club first began at Turkey Neck, the Mumas undertook the management of the dining room and the club house. After World War II this arrangement changed, and the club members took over the management. Eventually it became necessary to hire managers for the club. So since the 1960's, the club managers have usually been a husband and wife team -- often school teachers off for the summer.

The last few years have seen some changes in ideas and activities that could not have been envisioned by the original members of the Deep Creek Yacht Club. When the club began, its sailing fleet had little contact with other fleets along the East Coast. Then, the Deep Creek Yacht Club was only a name; now, it is so well known that it can sponsor an Invitational Regatta. Membership in the club has changed in the same manner. When it first began, the club had only a few active members. Now, there is a waiting list because the membership has been limited to 100.

Men dominated the activities and management of the club for most of its history, but in 1984 the election of Audrey MacMillan as Commodore for the 1985 season marked the first time a woman assumed the club's leadership. The Baltimore Sun and other media noted this milestone.

In 1986, true to the adventure and love of sailing, Harry Filemyr did what most sailors only dream about. He took his Flying Scot to McKeesport, and put it in the Monogahela River. He sailed on down to the Ohio, to the Mississippi, and into the Gulf of Mexico. He ended his trip in Florida, having done more continuous sailing than any other owner ever did ... "just for the fun of it."

And so we come back to the beginning of this 50 Year History of the Deep Creek Yacht Club; "... sailing is the ultimate use of water for recreation."

Recollections of John Grant

Reading John Schaidt's description of sailing on Deep Creek brings back a whole series of memories. I clearly remember the sailing canoes that he described from about 1930 onward. I even remember that they were stored in the bottom of Thayer's Barn (before it was remodeled into a night club.) In 1933, my father built a kayak for my brothers and me, and the first thing we did was to put a sail on it; that's when the term "lee boards" came into my vocabulary. A whole group of us used to swim at Will O' The Wisp, and were intrigued by the "big" sailboats moored there. I eventually bummed a ride on one of them, but can't remember who owned the boat.

My first recollection of sailing in the Turkey Neck area was in the sailboat owned by the priests of the Holy Cross Camp. My father did some dental work for several of them, and we were invited down for a sailboat ride on a Sunday afternoon in 1934. The boat, as I recall, had been built in Washington the previous winter. It was a design similar to the Snipe. I clearly remember the home made rudder of boiler plate, because the priest who was skippering the boat described how one had been lost the previous week.

Here and there people have alluded to the 4th of July Regattas as a Lake celebration. This began as a festival kind of thing held in August during the very early 1930's, with speed boat races, canoe races, and swimming events. It failed, due to poor weather and lack of leadership, but was revived about 1938 and continued until World War II. Rainbow Inn was the focal point for early events, and Cabin Lodge for the later ones. One year, perhaps 1938 or 1939, the breezes were so light that Dr. Wilson and some others towed the Yacht Club fleet to and from the Regatta.

Speaking of Cabin Lodge and the center of the lake, I suppose this area is where I really learned about tacking and coming about, in a 14 foot Cape Cod class sailboat around 1938.

Over the years I've sailed in a whole variety of sailboats. They range from the Coast Guard's Eagle on the Chesapeake Bay to an Egyptian Felucca on the Nile River. I even own a wooden hull Lightning which has given me years of good service. However, the most consistent pleasure in sailing has to be in a Flying Scot on Deep Creek Lake.

My proudest moment probably came in 1978 when I won the B Fleet, single race, 4th of July Regatta. The whole race was sailed in a dense fog, but the Scot did so well that I even passed A Fleet boats.

Memories of Gerrie and Joe Becker

It all started one rainy Saturday when Fred Steiding called and asked if we would "play" Race Committee for one weekend, as Jim Wallace (the ordinary committee man) was out of town and no one else had an available boat. Being gullible souls, we said, "Sure!" We've been very wary of that word ever since, because it began our twenty year career as Race Committee on Deep Creek Lake.

There are some memorable moments during that period, however, which we feel are worth recording. These would include meeting many interesting people who came aboard from all over the world. Being the Race Committee also brought about the purchase of our 26 ft. Lyman cruiser, which we call "Infallible" and which we dearly adore.

Fred used to come with us in those early years, and we recall the time when we were setting marks for a race. He blithely threw anchor, line and flag overboard, and we all stood there watching the whole works sink out of sight. Fred uttered some expletives that we didn't know he had in his extensive vocabulary. We have since learned to use longer lines and to be sure to hit bottom before releasing the flag.

There was another rainy day when a motor boat evidently hit our mark and sank it. We sent Rustie Mirick (patrol at the time) in her boat to "play" flag. She was wearing a yellow rain jacket with a red lining and stood there flapping the jacket open and closed and screaming, "I am the mark!" It made quite an impression, and it worked. We now carry spare marks aboard.

We always love having visitors aboard, but one Sunday afternoon a doctor friend wished he had not come aboard. We dropped anchor off Thousand Acres and completed our duty of getting all fleets started. Then we began to take up anchor --- it was stuck fast! Our doctor friend and two strong armed men pulled and tugged to no avail. Finally, after about an hour's struggle, it broke loose and came with a huge railroad tie attached. We made it back to the dock just in time to call the lead sailboat over.

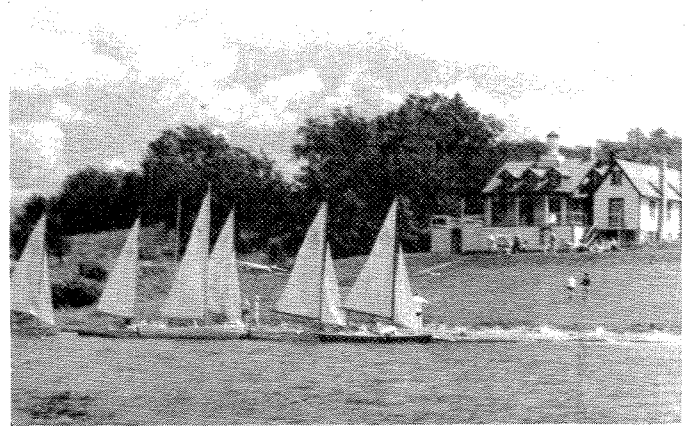
There was one afternoon we will never forget. When we were all comparing notes after a sudden violent thunderstorm, Janet Bassie became most incensed and said, "The first time I ever got that boat on a plane and no one took a picture!" It was raining too hard to even see the end of the dock, let alone to see Janet.

There were some frightening experiences, too. One happened on a very windy day when Ed McLellan capsized his Rebel and could not catch up with it in the rough water. He fell overboard without a life jacket and became exhausted trying to swim after the boat and fight the waves. Luckily we came along to offer rescue assistance and discovered him in the water. Many boats had come within five feet of him but hadn't seen him. Our daughter, Gretchen, grabbed two life jackets and jumped in, as he appeared to be going down for the third time.

"The Race Committee is never prejudiced", so they say; however when our kids were racing, did we ever root! What a thrill to see your children come in first in a race, first in a Regatta, and first in a season series! That makes it all worthwhile.



First sailboat - Carlos B. Mirick



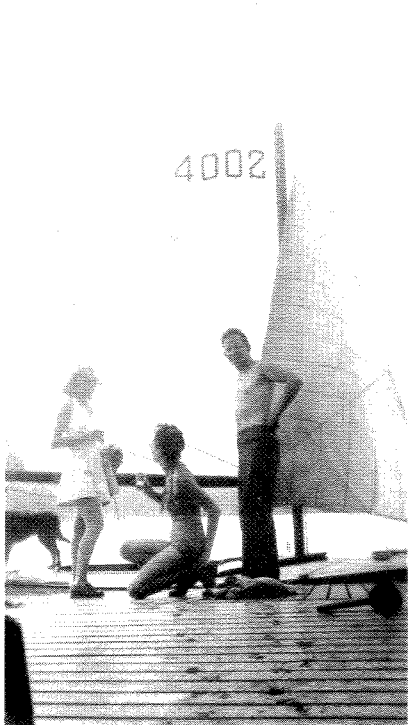
A sailing club



"Home" - 1937



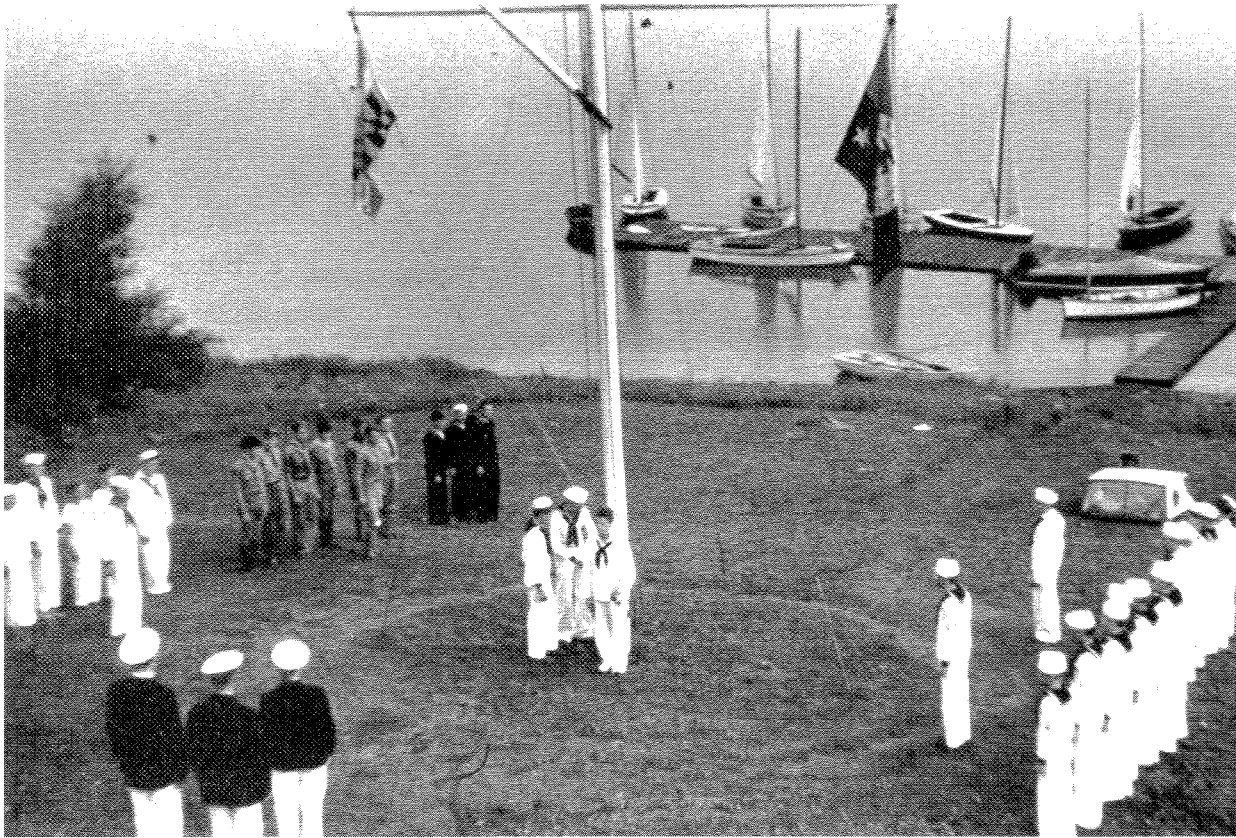
Rebel Fleet



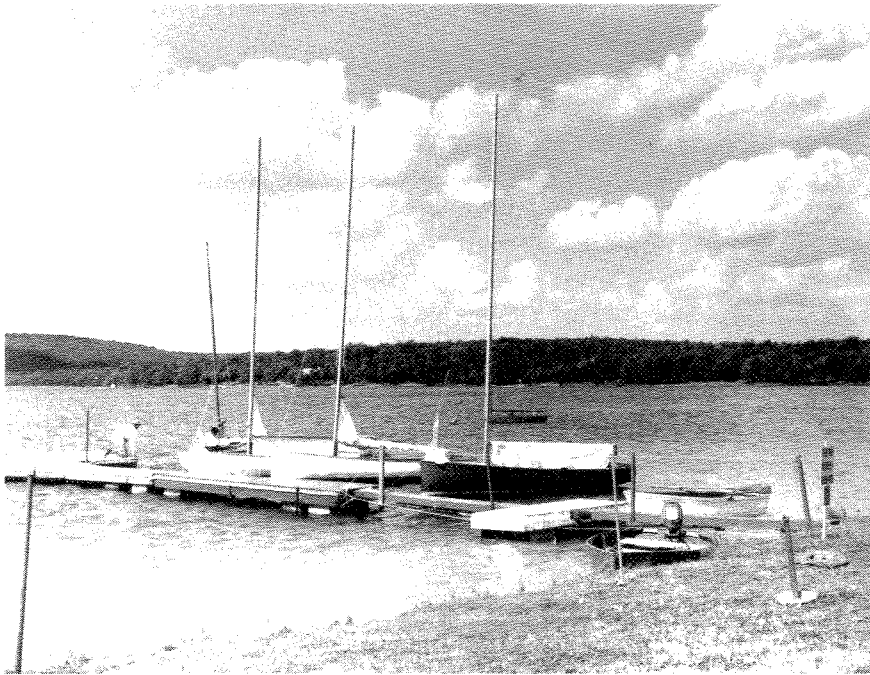
Between races



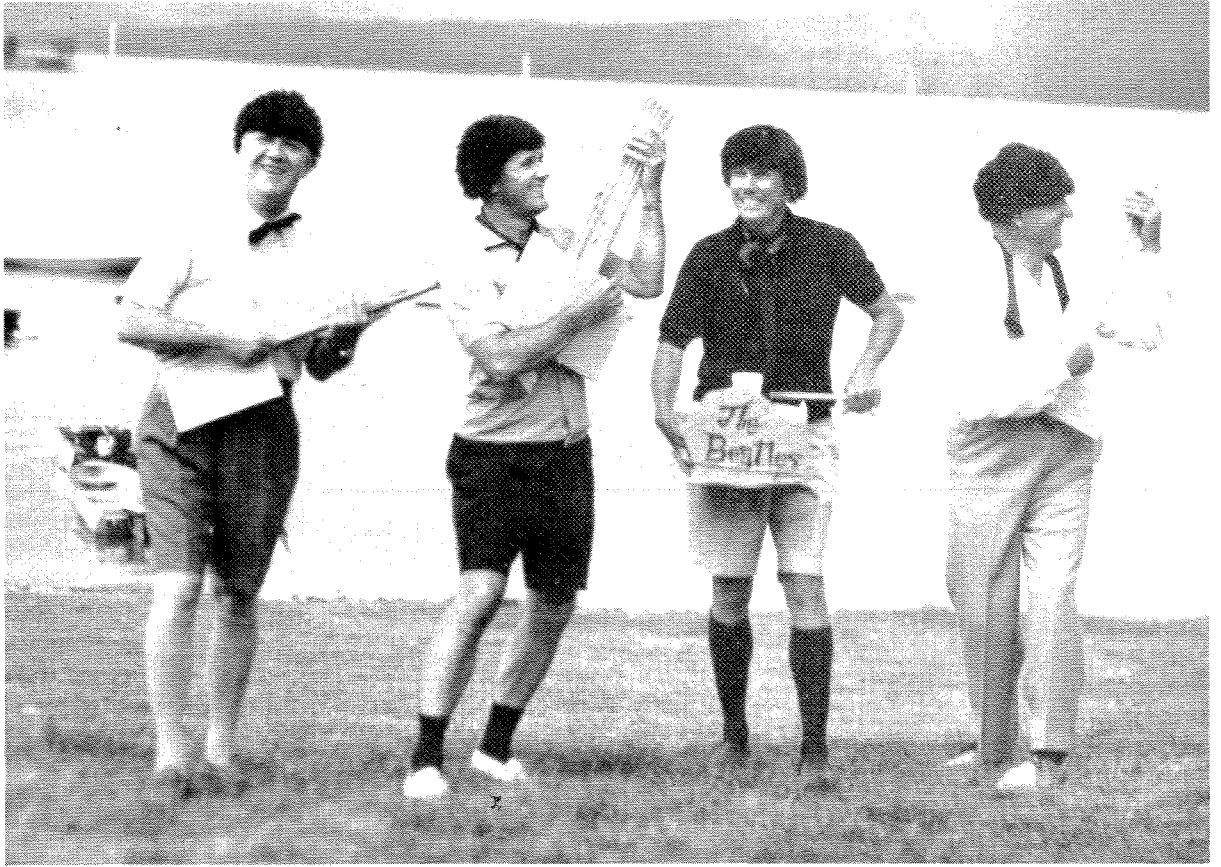
Picnic on the lawn



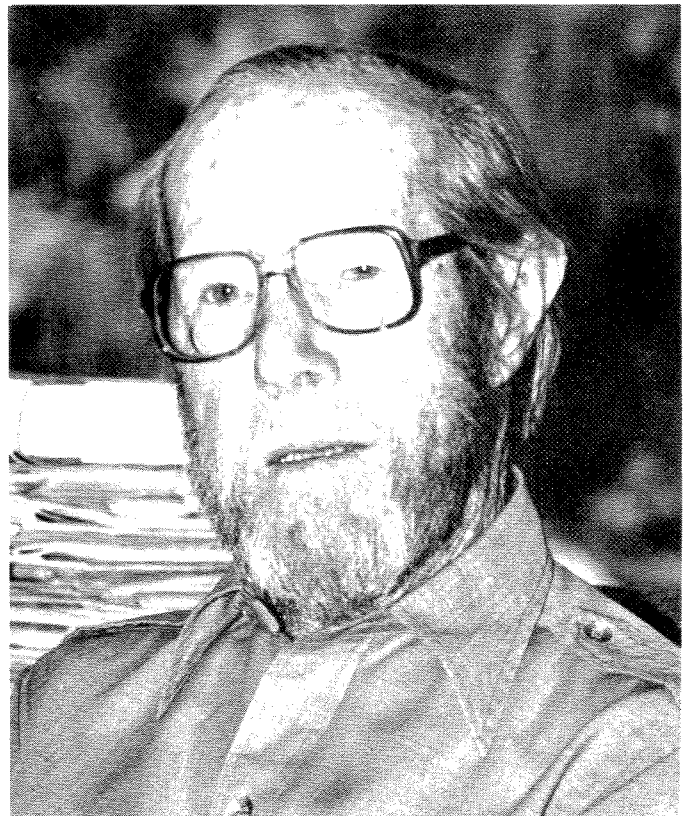
Sea Scouts and colors



Thistles



The Beatles - Tom Evans, Don Hott, Ed Gibbs, Don Beelar



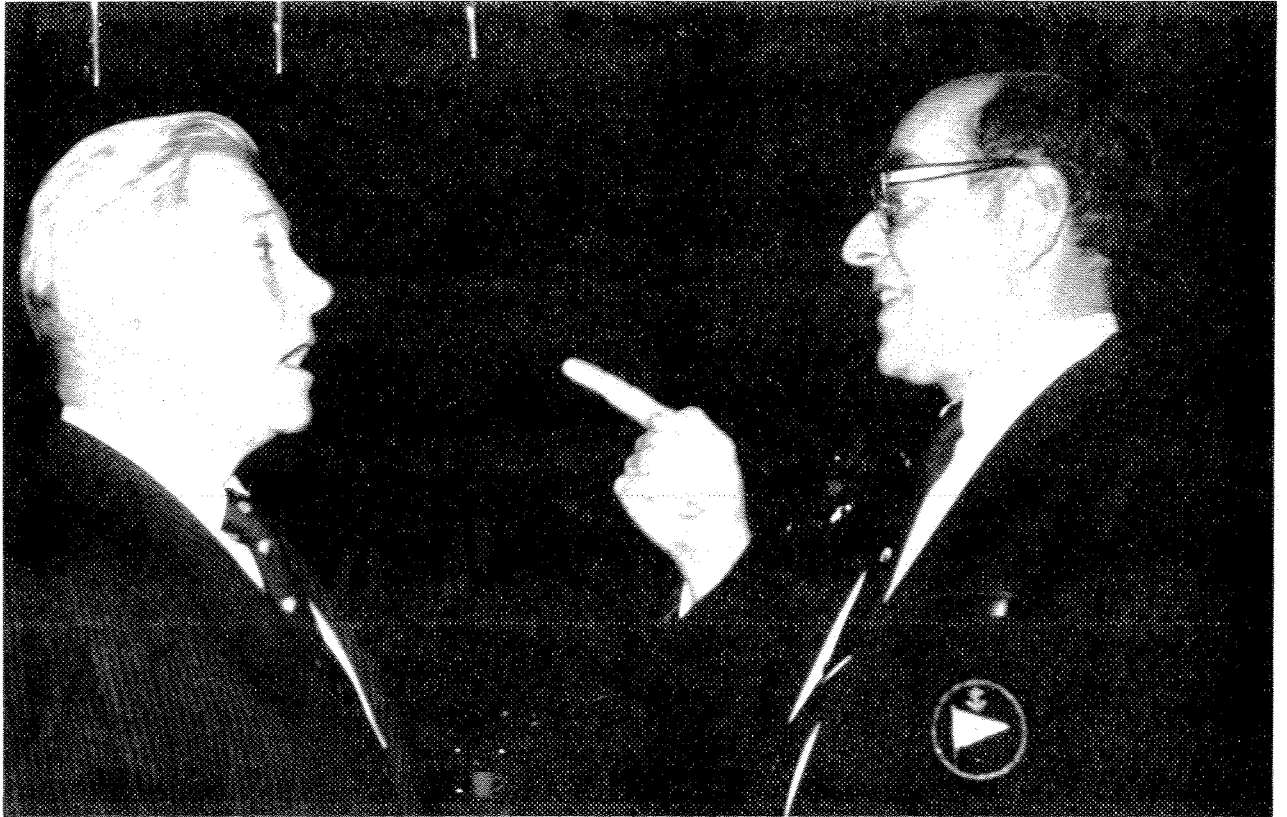
Sandy



Janet and Emmett Echols ready to go



Ed Gibbs



Finger art - Jim Wallace and Joe Becker at winter meeting 1976



The Fox on the Water

The Pittsburgh Press

Sunday ROTO

Sunday, June 19, 1966

The Fleet's Out At Deep Creek

