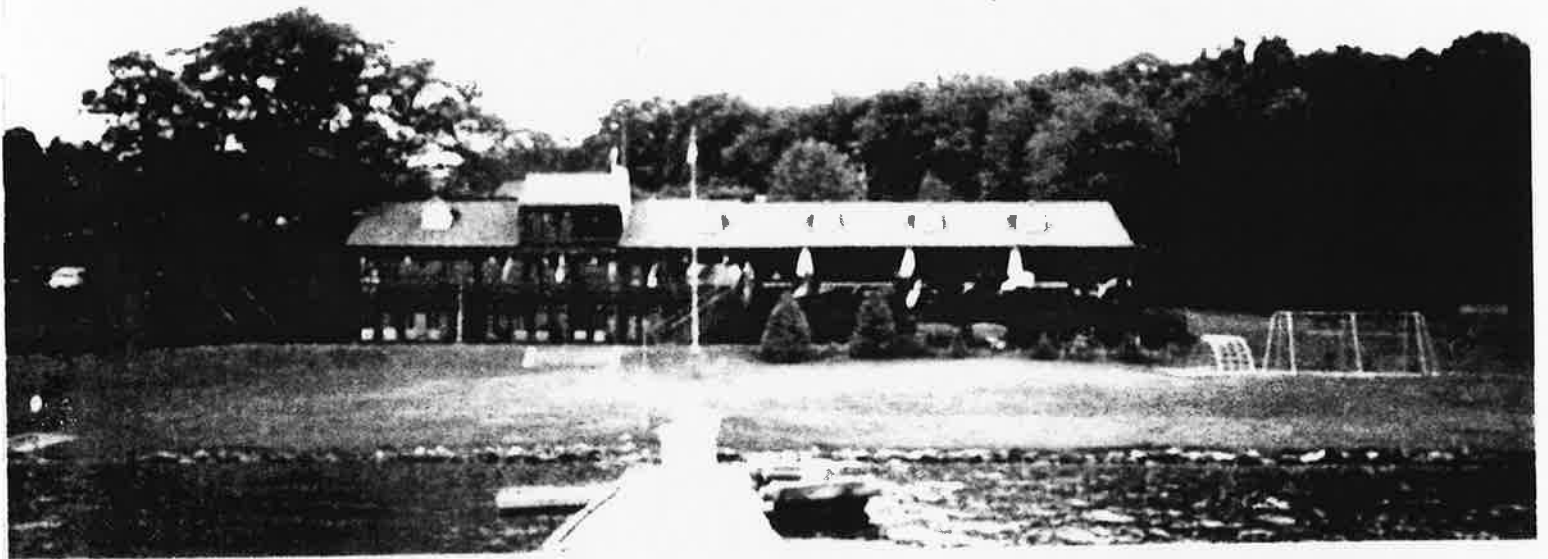


Deep Creek Yacht Club at Turkey Neck



2000

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INTRODUCTION

Any history of the Deep Creek Yacht Club begins with the wonderful piece John Grant wrote for the fiftieth anniversary which Cindy Stacy and I helped to edit and which details those early years of Deep Creek Lake, then, as John wrote, often referred to as a "lake in the wilderness." In that first history we read of early "lake marks"-- the Rainbow Inn that was replaced by the Glenn Haven Pizza Pub, Cabin Lodge that burned to the ground in the late fifties, and Thayer's Barn where canoes and other boats were stored and where we danced to the jukebox many a Saturday night. Those early structures are now gone, replaced by Pizzeria Uno's, Arrowhead, and the Lakeside Creamery, and around them the "wilderness" has been shaped to make room for new homes, condominiums, a modern bank, and an eight-theatre Cinema.

John's history chronicles the beginnings of sailing on the lake, using canoes rigged with sails and leeboards, then the first genuine sailboat owned by Carlos Mirick, father of Alice "Rustie" Mirick of Briar Patch. It tells how John Schaidt and John Mordock formed a group that sailed from the dock at the old Will O' Wisp every weekend. Then one day they met Harry Muma who invited them to see the property he and Cy Bowers and just purchased south of the Glendale Bridge at a place called Turkey Neck. Muma promised to build a yacht club if they would bring their group to that location to sail. That was the beginning.

Since that time the yacht club, like Deep Creek Lake, has grown and evolved into the facility we have today. From the "lake in the wilderness" with a few cabins and two small motels, the lake has burgeoned into a thriving four-season resort with many motels, restaurants, marinas, and two yacht clubs. The first yacht club was a Sears Roebuck cabin bought by Mordock, the first commodore, for members to use while Muma remodeled an old farmhouse foundation on the present site. The resulting clubhouse, owned and managed by Muma, had two second floor dormitories for sailors, most of them from the Cumberland area. When conflicts arose over use of the building in the mid 60's, the local sailors led by Don Hott, John Schaidt, Fred Steiding, Howard Buchanan, and Ken Farrell designed and built their own facility on Thousand Acres and became the Deep Creek Yacht Club at Deerhaven. In 1967, members at Turkey Neck formed a new organization called the Deep Creek Lake Sailing Association..

During the two years of hiatus at Turkey Neck, Bill and I were social chairmen for the summer seasons--an interesting challenge considering the limited facilities at the club. I remember that we planned mostly outdoor activities--picnics on the lawn with water balloon games, a pirate party, scavenger hunts by sailboat, and moonlight sails. During one of those summers, we had the first yacht club crab feast, a tradition that has endured. Long before we could get fresh seafood in Garrett County, our friends the Morans had one of their truck drivers pick up three bushels of crabs at the docks in Baltimore and bring them up the mountain. We

kept them in our small outdoor cellar overnight, then transported them to the yacht club on our float boat.

That same float boat served as the yacht club ferry for the Regatta that summer, shuttling between the two clubs. On one trip to Deerhaven with Bill at the helm and Jim Wallace playing bos'n, the boat had so many passengers that the outboard motor was under water, but no one got their feet wet.

The year we joined the club and bought our Scot from Sandy (1964) our daughters learned to race by copying the tacks and moves of Ed Gibbs, then one of the most enthusiastic sailors in the club. "Just follow me," Ed told them, "and do what I do." They were probably the first teenagers to race a Scot without an adult on board, and they would take turns skippering and crewing. After one particular race, Ed told us that he had never heard so much thunder coming out of one sailboat.

Our Scot (593) was sailed more for family outings than for racing, but it made the local news one night in July 1976 when it was struck by lightning on its mooring and burned to the waterline. The sailbag was stowed in the bow and Sandy maintained that the canvas bag and dacron sails were the cause of the fire. We had known of another Scot that had been struck by lightning on Deep Creek Lake several years before ours while moored in a very similar area, with a grassy slope to the beach and no trees or other high structures near the shore. At that time there was no record of a Scot's being struck by lightning anywhere in the world, except on Deep Creek Lake.

The following history of the yacht club has been written by Willie Rissell who has gathered information and remembrances from many members and has written her commentary. We owe Willie a huge debt of thanks for her time and efforts in preserving these wonderful memories for us.

Joan B. Crawford
March 2001

Sailing and sailboat racing

Sailing and sailboat racing has always been a primary purpose of this club, and for many years races were superbly managed by Joe and Gerrie Becker, who took over that task from Fred Steiding and Jim Wallace. With the resignation of the Beckers in 1988 as permanent race commanders, race management was more directly handled by the Interclub Racing Association. Separate races now were handled by a rotating schedule of experienced skippers. After a few years it became apparent that a race committee boat was necessary, rather than members' private boats, and so the two clubs contributed to the purchase of a pontoon boat which was outfitted and maintained as a permanent committee boat.

In the earlier years of racing, four classes of boats competed: Snipes, Rebels, FlyingScots and Jet 14's. Gradually the older classes dwindled 'til just Scots were left. A laser fleet was started in the 70's but did not last.

At some point in our history Fleet Six left the Flying Scot Capitol District which seemed to look at us as "county cousins", and joined the Ohio District which welcomed us with open arms. The Sandy Douglass Invitational Regatta which draws competitors from several states is a traditional event in the Ohio District calendar. In 1992, this club hosted the Wife-Husband regatta, an annual Flying Scot race series in which the wife skippers and the husband crews. It will long be remembered as one of the coldest and wettest weekends of racing in our history, with local families supplying winter jackets and gloves to those visitors who came expecting a balmy June weekend.

The racing schedule fell into a pattern: The usual Memorial Day weekend regatta was changed slightly when Fred Steiding instituted the award bearing his name which goes to the winner of the first, all-class race of the season. The remainder of the weekend races became the Becker Cup Regatta. Then follows the June series, the 4th of July Regatta, and the July-August series. The latter is interrupted by the Sandy Douglass Invitational Regatta. In 1992, a Women's Regatta was instituted under the leadership of Gerry Meehan. Then a Laser Regatta was added in 1997, with both regattas sailed on the same day. The season ends with the Commodores' Cup Regatta on Labor Day weekend with the commodores of both clubs in command.

Racing on Deep Creek traditionally carries some stories with it, and it's a favorite activity of many to gather on the deck after the races, beer in hand to hash over the facts and foibles of the day's races. Sometimes, too, the fireside room is the site of some fiercely fought protests. Some of the present older members well remember a particular Memorial weekend race when it was so foggy that we could not see the end of the dock from the clubhouse, but a number of gallant sailors set out to race anyway. The story goes that at some point during the race a lost sailor happened upon a fisherman and asked where they were. The reply was "on Deep Creek Lake!" Not all the skippers made it back to the clubhouse in a timely fashion that day, nor was it ever verified that the "winner" of the race had properly rounded all the marks, but it's a tale that never ceases to amuse. Other remarkable events include the time when the MacMillans capsized directly in front of the clubhouse while racing to the finish line off the big dock; not to be vanquished, they managed to right the boat and sail on to the finish, losing only one place in the race. During another race, a boat was rounding mark 3 for the finish in front of the club when suddenly the tiller broke and the skipper was dumped into the water. The crew managed to finish the race, but the boat was disqualified as the skipper was left behind and still in the water. Other tales are told of some fierce gales and sudden thunderstorms that bent masts, capsized boats, and tore the docks from their moorings. Sailboat racing is not a sport for the meek!

By the late 80's, there were no more lasers, the jet fleet had gradually faded away, and there were no

small boats raced. Several of the younger spirited sailors encouraged formation of a new fleet of lasers--sporty little 14 foot boats to be raced singlehandedly. In 1989 this fleet was granted a charter and was recognized with a separate race start and trophies. The laser fleet has proved to very popular with teenagers and younger sailors who want to race without the obligation of getting a Flying Scot, or who want to sail singlehanded. By 1999 it was so popular with newer skippers that a "B" division was started for smaller or younger helmsmen who sail with a smaller sail, the so-called "short rig". At one point, a third fleet of Scots was formed. Charlie Williams remembers the "C" Fleet:

The C Fleet

One night during the summer of 1976, there was a dinner party going on, on Turkey Neck, not far from our Yacht Club. The hosts and their guests were all members of our Club. The conversation was brisk and bright. As usual, the talk switched to sailboat racing on Deep Creek Lake. Not surprisingly, the group was heavily sprinkled with Ex-Commodores and their wives; all were members of the Flying Scot "A" Fleet. The group agreed that racing was fun, but that the emotional and physical pressure of three races each weekend was a little wearing. The question arose "could we reduce the emotional stress of racing, and still enjoy it, but less frequently?" The answer sprang from multiple sources, almost at once.

For many years, racing among members of the Flying Scot Fleet had been organized into "A" and "B" Fleets, depending upon experience and familiarity with racing skills. Why not create a new fleet, within the Flying Scot group, made up of skippers above 50 years of age who, with their wives or other crew, would like to race, but only once, instead of the current three times each weekend. The idea was not only to limit the new fleet to skippers over 50, but also to limit the principal crew to persons whose age combined with the skipper's would exceed 100. It would be called the "C" (for Century) Fleet. There was no other group racing on Deep Creek Lake with the designation of "C" Fleet, so that there would be no infringement upon the rights of any others.

The next morning the Chairman of the Race Committee, Joe Becker, received multiple calls from dinner guests, asking him to "give us a start 10 minutes after the "B" Fleet". Joe obliged, and the first race of the "C" Fleet occurred on a sunny Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1976.

The idea of a less demanding racing schedule appealed to many aging skippers and their wives, so the "C" Fleet was an instant success. Most skippers raced with their wives as principal crew, although the rules that were adopted left skippers free to sail with any principal crew, as long as the combined age of skipper and principal crew was at least 100 years.

The rules were never adopted by any August body of racing commissioners. It is NOT true, as Dan Beggy once suggested, that the rules required the combined I.Q. of skipper and crew to exceed 100!! Age alone was the determinant.

Seasonal trophies were awarded to "C" Fleet skippers and crew on the same basis as awards were made to other fleets racing on the Lake.

For the benefit of those making a serious academic study of sailboat racing on Deep Creek Lake, there is appended a list of the members of the "C" Fleet in 1984, and a list of the winners of the annual competition from 1976 to 1984, after which the "C" Fleet dwindled and disappeared. At the time of its disappearance, it consisted of 15 aging but not aged couples, heavily weighted with ex-commodores and their wives.

Inevitably, the "C" Fleet spilled over into the social arena. Cocktail parties after the race on Sunday became

popular, and were generally organized with hosts in alphabetical order by first letter of last name. Thus the Bishops hosted before the Wooters. There were several member couples who refrained from participating in these events, either because they avoided alcoholic drinks, or because they also sailed in one or another of the other fleets, or because they had conflicting duties or roles.

On one occasion, the "C" Fleet was invited, and accepted to perform at one of the "talent nights" at the Yacht Club in the early 1980's. The members provided themselves with yellow sport shirts, each with the emblem "C Fleet" in large black letters on the chest. They performed a little left foot--right foot jig, singing a song to the tune of "Bell Bottom Trousers", the words composed by Art Nicholson.

There were some questions or problems that arose during the 9 years existence of the "C" Fleet. Chief among these was the curious fact that, in spite of efforts to recruit new members among those eligible because of age requirements, none joined after the early, organizing period. "C" Fleet members discussed this problem many times in formal and informal meetings of the group. but no conclusions were ever forthcoming. Perhaps the "C" Fleet was seen as an exclusive group, not desiring new members. Maybe possible recruits did not want to host periodic cocktail parties. Maybe this? maybe that?? "C" Fleet members never came to any useful conclusions.

One additional "tongue in cheek" story is a part of the "C" Fleet history. During World War II, Emmett Echols was presented with a startling "wild cat skull", mounted formally in a hardwood case, in return for a presentation to a community group while he was serving in Thailand. Emmett donated this wild cat entity to the "C" Fleet, designating it as the "long in the tooth" trophy. It was presented each year, not for performance on the race course, but for commission of a real or perceived "Boo-Boo". The "Boo-Boos" committed by them have disappeared into the mists of time, but the trophy still exists and is normally kept in the glass case at the east end of the Club's trophy room. It was presented to six of the "C" Fleet "seniors".

THE "C" FLEET LIST OF MEMBERS

Joe and Gerrie Becker- Honorary
Ed and Louise Bishop
George and Laura Cramer
Lewis and Polly Craven
Sandy and Mary Douglass
Emmett and Janet Echols
Clint and Ann Englander
Irvin and Audrey Feld
Ed and Penny Gibbs
Bill and Jeppa Kennicott
Art and Florence Nicholson
Dick and Phyll Peake
Jim and Mable Wallace
Charlie and Ellen Williams
Bob and Agnes Wooters

"C" FLEET RACING AWARDS

1976--Start
1977--Bishop
1978--Gibbs
1979--Gibbs
1980--Bishop
1981--Gibbs
1982--Echols
1983--Bishop
1984--Bishop

The Magellan Race

From time to time we hear requests to lengthen the racing season beyond Labor Day, but it has never happened. However, in September 1987, Harry Filemyr established a new tradition by starting the

Magellan Race, "sponsored by the Deep Creek Flat Earth Society". He postulated that all of the lake south of the Glendale Bridge was the "known world" for sailing, and anything beyond the bridge was "Terra Incognita". The rules stated that a boat would sail outside all of the racing marks, going either clockwise or counter clockwise as they chose. The Magellan Race continues each year on the Saturday following Labor Day, usually with each year's winner in charge of the next year's race.

Trophy Fun and Traditions

Much of the history (and fun) of the club is contained in the traditions, and particularly in trophies that have been presented over the years. One of the early trophies, aside from the race hardware was the "Captain Bligh" award. Each summer for many years as Labor Day and the awards presentation drew closer, the conversation frequently turned to speculation about deserving skippers, and suspense over who would receive it next. Charlie Williams give this account of how it happened to get started.

THE CAPTAIN BLIGH AWARD OR THE DISTAFF SIDE ASSERTS ITSELF

This very signal "honor", which has become a part of the Deep Creek Lake sailing lore, was conceived and crafted by the wives of several DCYC members and non-members, at a place named "Bethesda Trail", on Beckman's Peninsula. The time was summer, 1965. The crafters were Janet Echols, Ellen Williams, Jean Cowie, Miriam Arnold and Peg Osborne. The latter two were not YC wives, but were frequent crew members in sailboat races on the Lake.

This award was named for the famous captain of the "Bounty", a British nineteenth century warship. Captain Bligh was immortalized by author Charles Nordhoff who wrote "Mutiny on the Bounty". The mutiny was a real life event which occurred on the Pacific Ocean, on or near the Equator, about a thousand miles west of the coast of South America. The captain, of course, was famous for mistreating his crew.

The facts surrounding the creation of the Captain Bligh Award are largely lost in the mists of time and fading memories. It can be told, however, that the three "girls" and their two friends were whiling away their time one summer afternoon, while their husbands were looking for bacon to bring home from Washington. (Funny place to look for bacon, isn't it?). The conversation veered to Ed Gibbs, who was one of the most successful sailboat racing skippers on the Lake. Ed was also known for being "just a touch" demanding on his crew.

These several ladies conceived the idea of making a trophy, to be awarded annually at the Labor Day Awards Ceremonies to the skipper most resembling the famous Captain Bligh. They also had in mind that Ed Gibbs would be the most highly deserving to be the recipient of the first such award!

They put together a stick of wood cut from a broomstick, tied five or six short pieces of rope to one end, knotted the end of each rope, and dipped it in tomato ketchup to represent blood. They crafted a little "plaque" of paper, engraved it with Ed Gibbs' name, and the year, 1965. The edges of the paper were burnt by a match and it was fixed by two thumb tacks to the piece of broomstick.

The ladies created a set of rules. Ed would be the first recipient, and would keep the trophy for one year, then would have the privilege of naming his successor and presenting it to him the following year, and so on ---- forever!!!--- or until space on the trophy for more names ran out.

Ed was not daunted by his honor, and with a little speech and a flourish, presented the trophy in 1966 to "God damn it, Sweetie pie, pull in the jib" Charlie Williams. Charlie had made himself recognized by

uttering this imperishable phrase within the hearing of several Yacht Club members, who were not about to let him forget about it!!

So the chain started. Charlie gave it to Art Nicholson in 1967, and Art presented it to Janet Echols in 1968. She was the only crew member to whom the trophy was ever awarded, and one of only three ladies, the second being the penultimate recipient in 1980, Janet Bassie. Janet gave it back to Ed Gibbs in 1981, but without a public ceremony. The third lady was Sharon Wile in 1991.

Seventeen names had been affixed to the shaft of the original trophy by 1981. There was no more space for more names, so the trophy was retired. A new trophy was prepared in 1987 and the lucky first recipient of the honor was Harry Filemyr. The replacement trophy was awarded six more times, the last to Bruce Spinnenweber in 1997.

Both trophies are still in existence, and are hung in the Club's Fireplace Room. The awardees are a "Who's Who" of Deep Creek Lake sailing. The awardee's "placques" were all singed by fire, but the "blood" on the "cat-o-nine-tails" has long since worn off.

Appended to this document, for the interested, is a list of the names of the 24 winners, and the year of their honor.

Charles L. Williams, Jr.

1965--Ed Gibbs
1966--Charlie Williams
1967--Art Nicholson
1968--Janet Echols
1969--J.J.Becker
1970--Tom Selck
1971--Ed Bishop
1972--Doug MacMillan
1973--Fred Griffin
1974--Gary Slay
1975--Ted Rissell
1976--Bill Lovett
1977--Jack Rickman
1978--Charles Demere
1979--Bob Bowers
1980--Janet Bassie
1981--Ed Gibbs

REPLACEMENT TROPHY

1987--Harry Filemyr
1988--John Meredith
1990--Bill Lovett
1991--Sharon Wile
1992--Marty Nahemow

1995--Dan Rubel
1997--Bruce Spinnenweber
1999--Frank Vandall

Without noticing the esteemed company she was entered into, Janet felt that receiving the award was something of an insult, and so she decided to return it to Ed Gibbs so it could be retired. For the next six years there was no award given, but in 1987, someone felt that another deserving person had appeared, so it was revived and presented that year to Harry Filemyr. Again in 1992, the award went dormant for several years before a suitable recipient could be found. In 1995, Dan Rubel was assigned to a weekend as race committee. Being a novice in that role, he was uncertain how to shorten course when the race turned into a terrible drifter, and many a sailor berated him when the time limit was finally up and dedicated racers could return to port. That year the award was presented to the race commander who

had subjected the entire fleet to such misery. Although Dan was the only race commander who received the award, there were many others who were just as deserving, but managed to go unscathed. The award now resides at the TN club, hanging on the wall in the Fireside room

From time to time other awards are created for special needs. Joan Bishop Coraor remembers one such award:

“Apparently back at the end of my high school days, when I owned and raced a Snipe, I spent more time one summer IN the water than on top! Not only did I go over, but I was often turtled! At the end of one racing season during which Abby Griffin was my crew, I was presented with the "Yellow Submarine Award". The submarine, which someone had painstakingly numbered 15320 (the number of my Snipe) and painted yellow (the color of my Snipe), was a toy which could be propelled in water by inserting a tablet in the belly of the boat. I actually took it in the bathtub with me a few times to "test it out". I no longer have the tablets, but I still have the submarine. No one else has ever received this award, presumably because no one since then has gone over as many times as I did that summer!”

Even the Sandy Douglass Regatta has a special trophy. Barbara Griffin tells its history.

“The Monkey is an award given to the first boat in the "A" fleet that does not qualify for a trophy. This stuffed monkey was first awarded at the Sandy Douglas Regatta in Jacksonville, FL, in the early 1980's. It was an inspiration of Dave Mayfield's. It was awarded annually, and each recipient had to add some item to the monkey before it was passed on. One of the first additions was the equipment necessary to make the monkey an anatomically correct male. After a few years, the Jacksonville Sandy Douglas Regatta was abandoned. At that time, Lake Norman, NC, took over the Regatta and the monkey. When they no longer wanted to do the Regatta, as it conflicted with their own Great 48 Regatta, Deep Creek inherited the monkey, and has awarded it since the early 1990s at our annual Invitational Regatta, now FSSA sanctioned as the Sandy Douglas Memorial Regatta. The tradition that each recipient adds an item, usually something identifiable with the recipient, continues. Approaching its 20th birthday the monkey is well adorned”.

In 1994, Bill Kennicott, always a great supporter of the club and of racing, inaugurated a trophy for participation in the most races in a season. A Sportsman of the Year award was inaugurated in 1987 to be presented to an individual who contributed greatly to the sportsmanship of racing.

The facilities

Just as the sailing races have changed, so has the club itself and social schedules have expanded. One feature of the club has continued to this day--we take pride that we are a do-it-yourself club. Each year docks are launched and removed by the members; usually the first Saturday of May is a busy day with dock launching, house cleaning and sprucing up inside and out. It also is the first opportunity for many members to greet each other and catch up on the winter's news. Although labor saving devices have aided in some of the heavier work, the management and labor still comes from the members. Ray Thayer gets credit and many thanks for conceiving the idea and building the dock lifter which he had built at his Pittsburgh business, and which has spared many a back during the springtime chore.

The clubhouse has seen several reincarnations. An early one is described by Charlie Williams:

RAISING THE ROOF, AND THE FLOOR, AND THE FIREPLACE AND CHIMNEY TOO

The first renovation of the Yacht Club, after the creation of the Deep Creek Lake Sailing Association, began in the spring of 1968. The Commodore then was Elmer M.(Mack) Pusey, succeeding Arthur Nicholson, who

served in that capacity in 1966 and '67.

Current members may be familiar with the appearance of the original Club, built in 1937, from the enlarged photos, courtesy of Bill Savage and *The Republican*, hanging on the south wall of the present clubhouse, near the new east door, and dedicated to Bill's father.

Financing for the construction is a story in its own right. When the old Club split into two parts by the departure of a substantial number of its members to Deerhaven in 1966, there were only 35-40 members left to form a new club on Turkey Neck. Art Nicholson was elected Commodore and served for two seasons, 1966 and 1967. Under Art's leadership, the Club survived and began to plan for the future.

The exact timing of the various steps is a bit dim in the memory of those involved. Probably on Labor Day of 1967, an intense discussion held under the apple tree on the Yacht Club lawn ended with a decision to build a new club, or to renovate and modernize the existing one. Mack Pusey was elected to succeed Art Nicholson as Commodore. Financing was an obvious problem, but several of those present expressed a willingness to lend the Club as much as \$1,000 each, with no interest, to achieve the goal of a usable clubhouse. Ultimately 25 members wrote checks for \$1,000 each, on the understanding that the Club would repay them when possible. As simple and as informally as that, we had \$25,000 with which to make specific plans. It took quite a few years to do it, but every cent was repaid to those trusting donors.

In the fall of 1967, Commodore Pusey appointed Charlie Williams to be Chairman of a Building Committee. Also named to the committee were Joe Becker and Tom Selck, both architects. Commodore Pusey suggested to Charlie that he might consult with Earl Zepp, a member of the Club who had been owner and proprietor of the Oakland Lumber Co., and a prominent Garrett County builder. Charlie did so, two or three times, by telephone, during the fall of 1967. Earl had already left Garrett County and was living in Florida. (Unfortunately he died on Jan. 20, 1968). Earl counseled Charlie to "keep the old building and renovate it" as being far more economical than tearing down the old one and replacing it. Getting all of the members of the Committee together proved difficult to the point of impracticability, so the decision to stay with the old building was made "by guess and by gosh", after discussion with both Mack and Art, as well as with Joe and Tom.

Current members of the Club may still see a small plaque on the North aspect of the present flagpole, dedicated to Earl. On it are engraved the words "We remember Earl Zepp", and the year--1968.

The club contracted with Debbie Bittinger, a local builder who had served for many years with Earl Zepp, as his chief assistant at the Oakland Lumber Co., and who had been recommended by Earl. Debbie was the only builder in Garrett County who possessed the equipment necessary to raise the Yacht Club building, including the heavy fireplace and chimney, about two and a half feet, which was clearly necessary. The equipment consisted of a half dozen or so long telephone poles and a dozen or so huge building jacks, plus accompanying gear.

At that time, the bar and mens and ladies locker rooms were all on the ground floor. The floors were of earth, no more, and standing room was notable for its absence. Worse, they sloped upwards from the lakefront doors. In the men's room, the toilet room ceiling in the back was so low that a normal man had to bend down to back in, in order to use the toilet!!! OK for kids and midgets, though. So---we concluded, of necessity---that raising the whole building, and the chimney, was unavoidable!! The chimney, of course, had to be raised at EXACTLY the same rate as the building. This was done successfully. After the job was finished, there was no noticeable separation or cracking of plaster or of framing, between the chimney and surrounding

walls or floors!

The weather was terrible!! Spring of 1968 was cold, windy and rainy. The job site became a quagmire within days of beginning construction. The building would commonly be raised five or six inches during a hard day's work. The next morning, it was common to find that the whole building had sunk two to four inches. Who could blame the workers for being frustrated? And Debbie reported that they had identified at least six or seven springs under the building. That meant, of course, that extra precautions must be taken to provide adequate drainage facilities, or the whole building would sink slowly, and unevenly, into the mud !!.

After a great amount of hard work and anxiety, the building and the chimney, were raised three inches above the required level, in order to provide space for the workmen to install the top level of cement blocks. Then building and chimney were lowered three inches to rest upon their foundations.

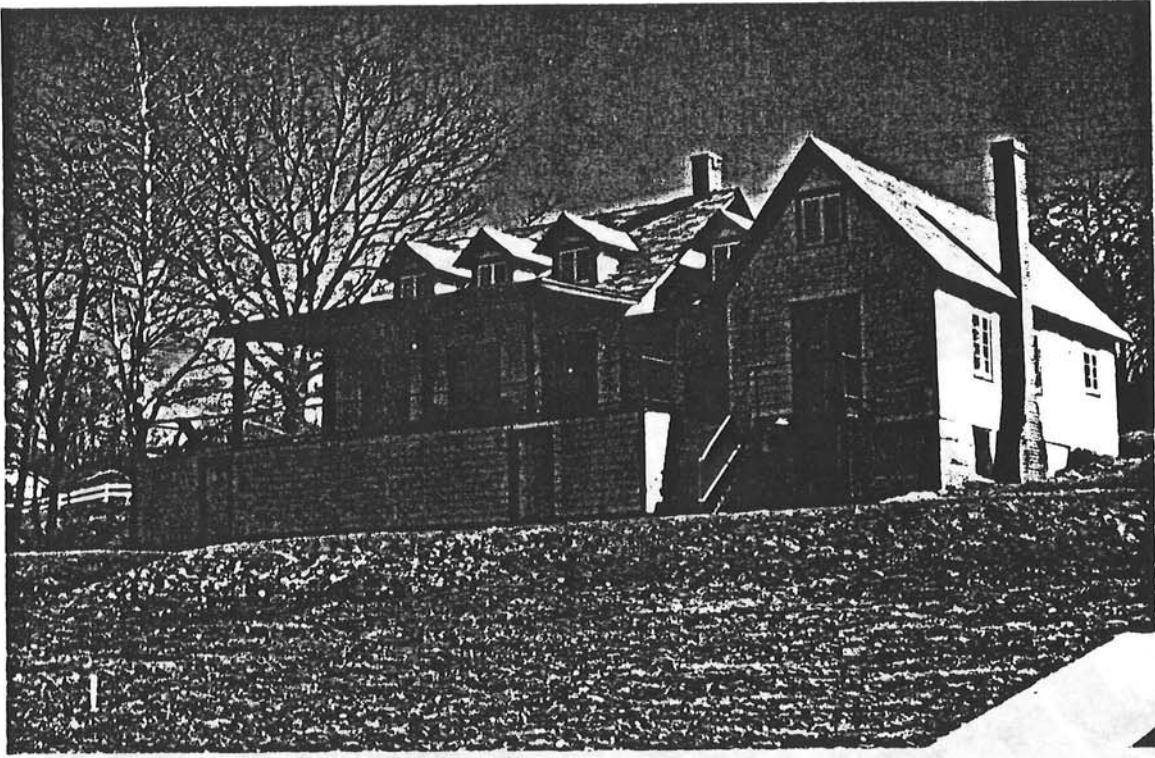
When the lifting and lowering was complete, our \$25,000 was gone!!! We were all devastated. Debbie was sensitive about having accomplished so little with so much, even though everyone understood that the weather was much to blame. He offered to accept a fixed price contract, almost unheard of at that time in Garrett County, at his estimated cost of \$15,000. His original contract had been written on a "cost plus" basis.

Enter Emmett Echols, at one time a CPA. Betcha very few Club members knew that!! He led a discussion with all club members present. How to raise \$15 000 to finish the job?? He suggested 30 debenture bonds, to be sold to Club members, for \$500 each, at 0% interest, to be amortized by discounting \$100 per year off of the purchaser's yearly dues to the Club. The members bought in, and the bonds were sold very rapidly!! The debt was paid off as scheduled, in five years.

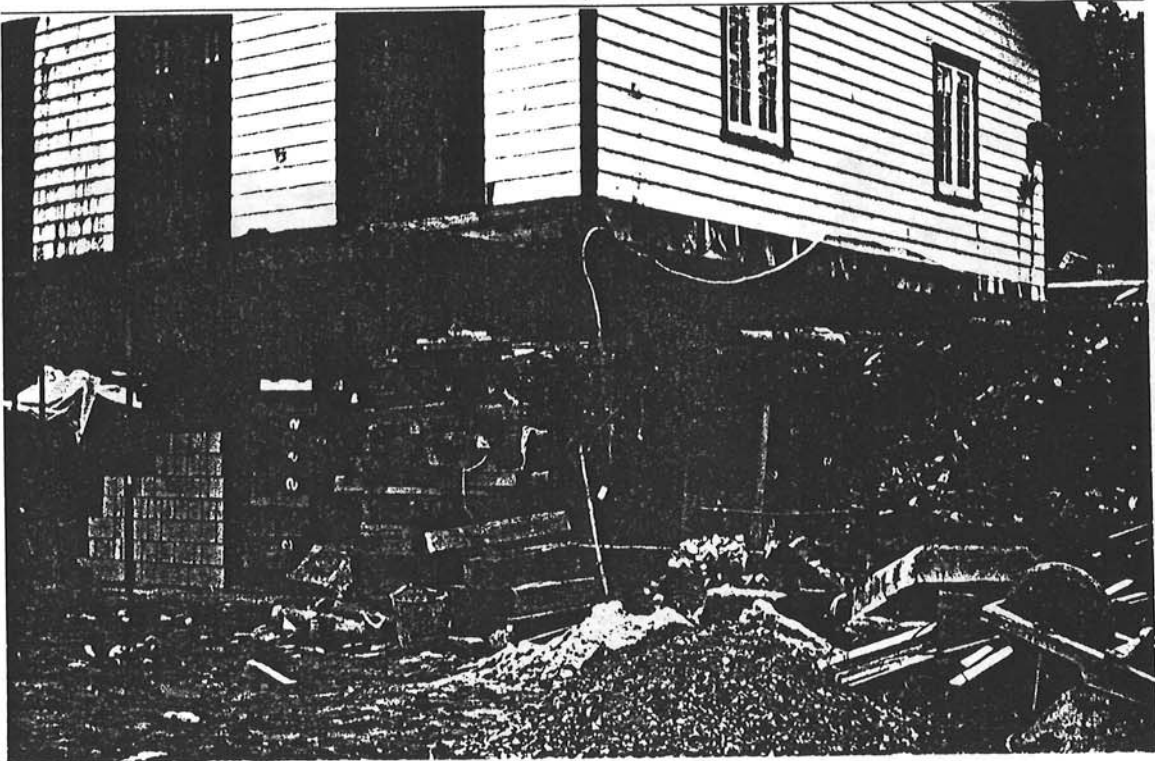
Remembering our evident need for adequate drainage, as demonstrated in the very wet spring of Garrett County, our builder, Debbie Bittinger, egged on by the Building Committee, very carefully parged the outside of all of the new foundation walls. He also installed two carefully prepared drainage "trees", using terra cotta pipe, laid on rock base, and covered by rocks, on both the east and west sides of the soon to be built stairway to the floor above. Then two foundation drains were put in, one below the level at the bottom, and one about two feet below ground level, around the outside of the new foundation. Then the concrete floors were poured, and we had a completely new ground floor.

From that point on, everything proceeded quite smoothly, and the job was complete by early summer. And thus began the modern history of the fine facility of the D.C.L.S.A., whose founding legal documents were conceived and written by yet another of our outstanding members of the Club, Mr. Don Beelar, who retired and left Deep Creek for Hilton Head before we could elect him to serve as Commodore. What we have described here was just the beginning!! Subsequent Club leaders have lent their not inconsiderable talents to complete at least three or four subsequent additions to our Yacht Club: Ted Rissell, Harry Filemyr, Ray Thayer, and many, many more!!

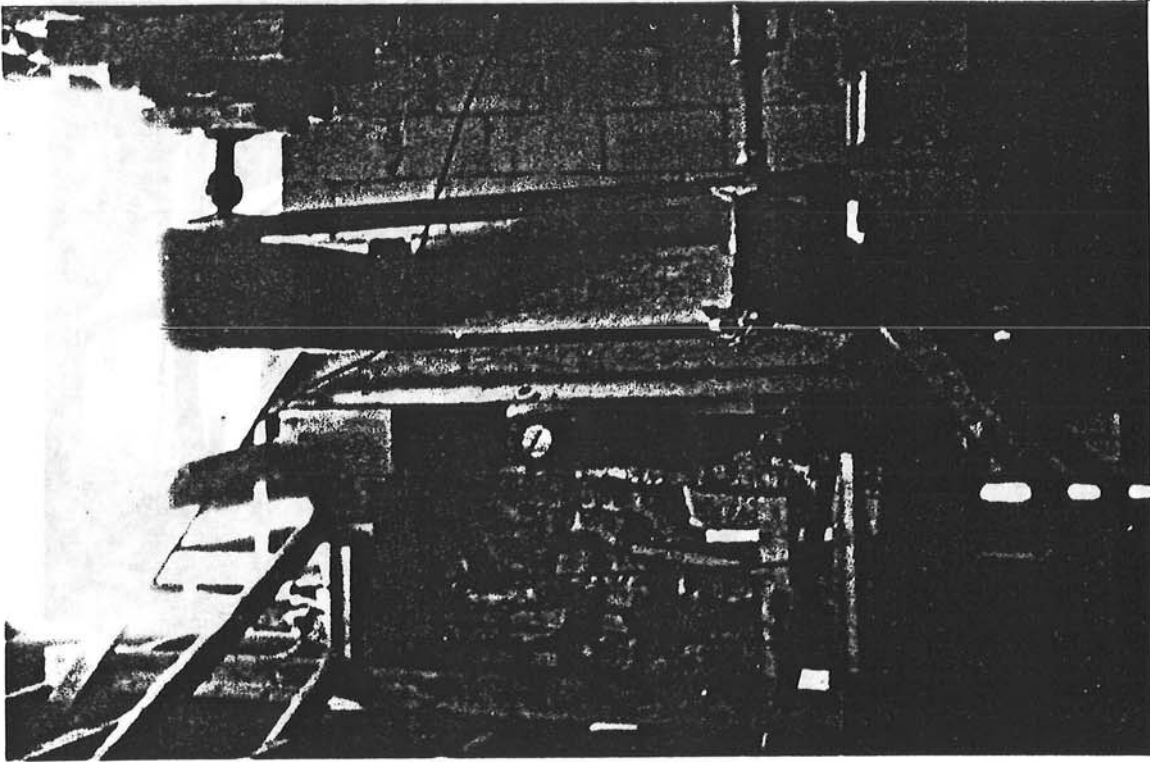
Charles L. Williams Jr
September 9, 2000



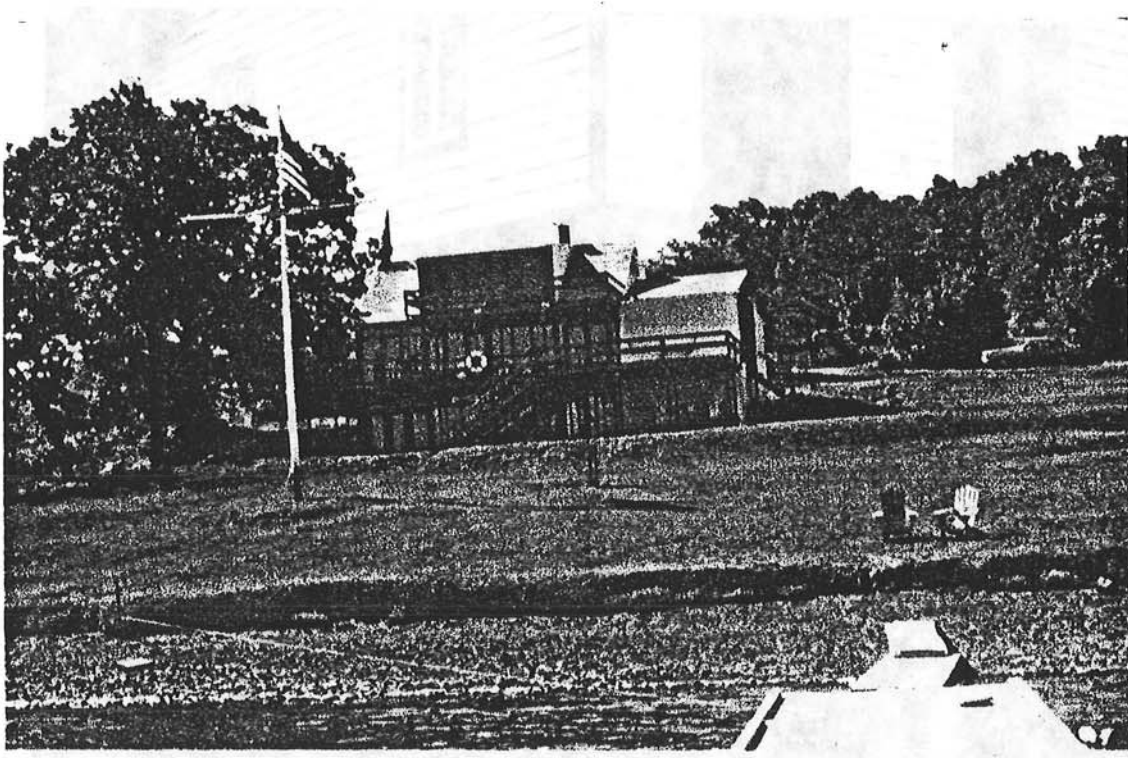
The Original Yacht Club before the 1968 Renovation



The whole building got raised.....



no. 1500000.....including the fireplace



The final result, Spring 1968

As the club became more of a family oriented group, with an increasing number of young children, still more space was needed for our growing membership so a second renovation was undertaken over the winter of 1974, putting in a glass wall at the south end of the bar and adding a pavilion area. This construction was done by Wilmer Friend and supervised by Ted Rissell

During the winter of 1994-1995 an extension was added to the pavilion area, raising the roof, giving it an attractive design, providing more space, an entry from Yacht Club Road and a lower deck area. Several attempts had been made to get a satisfactory plan from a local architect but nothing seemed right. A planning and design committee composed of Joe Becker, Harry Filemyr, Morgan France, Larry Perez, Ted Rissell and Ray Thayer put their heads together and created a perfect design. Ray Thayer and Harry Filemyr supervised the project, but special recognition must go to Harry Filemyr who was self-employed at that time. For that entire winter Harry devoted full time and attention to the project. The beautiful beams were his design, as were the chandeliers and lights in the pavilion. After designing the pieces, Harry supervised the members in their construction. This was the only renovation in which so many members took an active part in the actual construction. Being very frugal himself, Harry designed the central copper fixture from old water pipes that had been replaced with better plumbing. He also requested a large stained glass compassrose which Willie Rissell made to his specifications, and which was later installed by Ray Thayer. Besides much additional work done by the planning committee, and much physical and moral support from Harry's wife Marilyn, these members helped with various parts of the construction:

A note from Marilyn Filemyr:

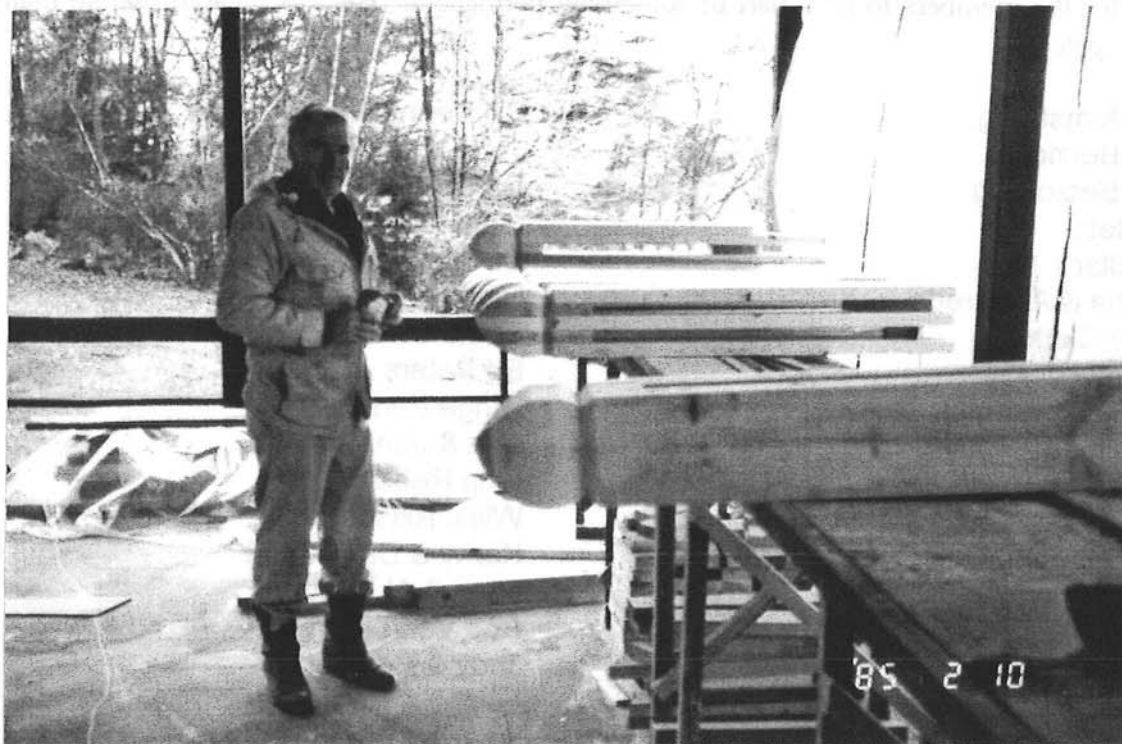
"I think that the unique character and origin of the copper chandelier needed to be mentioned--thanks for doing that as well as including all the names of the those who helped with the construction in one way or another. I know those people will be happy for the recognition considering what a tough "task master" Harry was!!! Harry always felt that, given the nature of our "do it yourself" club, this was a very good way for the members to be a part of something permanent. He was pleased that so many did indeed participate".

Alan Armstrong
Mike Belmonte
Chet Berschling
Jim Betz
Gail Black
Virginia & Al Caretto
Gordy Cleifton
Jim Davis
Joe DeGiovanni
Chip Dodd
Marge and Ralph Feick
Bob Givan
Anne (Brooke) and Charles Graham
Dick Gregory
Bob Hacker
Gordon Hanson
Charity and Jan Janssen
Kathy & Tom Johnson
Ted Kemp

Bill Kennicott
John Meredith
Dan Muss
Marty Nahemow
Christy Nill
Ralph Nill
Ferris Owen
Ed Peters
Ginge Peddle
Ann & John Rayne
Skip Rebele
Willie Rissell
Karhy & Dan Rubel
Jean & Al Thagard
Bob Verkouteren
Judy & Ed Wetzell
Lucille & Henry Wick
Joan & Frank Wolffe
Jane & Lynn Workmeister



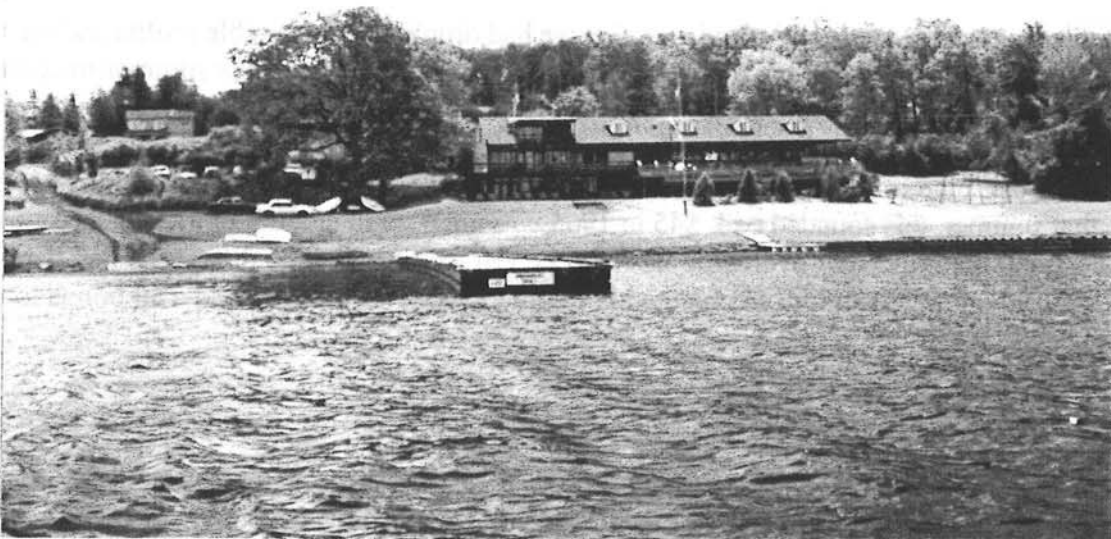
No kitchen? How will we party?



Harry designed and built the lovely acorn trusses



Adding the new entrance



We enjoyed larger quarters in 1995

Sadly, Harry did not live long to enjoy the final results of his endeavors, for he died of cancer the following spring, but the beautiful pavilion, and especially the rafters, is still thought of as "Harry's Pavilion".

Still feeling the need for more space, the club once more undertook a remodeling, starting in fall of 1997. This major project added the Trophy Room and an additional bedroom in the upstairs managers' quarters as well as more deck space and better access. A lower level room was planned for a kids' play area. The additional area inside permits the club to extend events beyond the original Memorial Day to Labor Day season when the weather may not be conducive to outdoor activities.

The Managers

Management of the club has changed considerably also. Club managers now provide a "Friday Night Grill" which has become very popular, particularly among those arriving for the weekend and not wanting to prepare a meal immediately. Originally started as a summertime event, in recent years the "Grill" has extended to May and September dates.

Tom Johnson remembers being one of the first club managers.

"As an illustration of just how far the Club has come, I enjoy thinking back to the summers of '65 and '66 when Morgan France and I were the Club Managers! It does seem a stretch to have called us managers, but we were the ones who lived there, which was the main attraction for us. We did have actual duties and responsibilities, but this was just prior to the first renovations of the club so there really wasn't that much to do. Primarily we had to haul the trash, clean the restrooms and keep the Coke machine full. The trash and the restrooms could always wait until Mondays, but of course the Coke machine required frequent filling, especially on the weekends. Also consider the fact that the 8oz bottles were a mere 5 cents to members. What a deal. And since we were in charge (more or less) and had been offered the "profits" from the sale of the Cokes as part of our compensation (essentially all of our compensation except for living there), we helped our selves to plenty of Coke throughout the season. What ever popularity we had with the other kids (that's what we were then) probably in large part had to do with the fact that we gave away a lot of Cokes to our friends as well.

By the end of the season we were pretty convinced that we had drunk up any possible profits and then some. So it was with much foreboding that we met the Coke man for the last time of the summer to settle up. It had been a running account and we had no idea where we were. After gathering up all the empties (remember deposits?) and the wooden crates they came in (bigger deposits), and some long moments of deliberation, the Coke man informed us that \$45 was the difference. Since Morg and I didn't have much other income that summer, this sounded bad. \$45 in 1965 was not a small amount of money. The Coke man never did understand the relief that overcame us when he GAVE us \$45. The difference had been in our favor and we certainly didn't want him to change his calculations. It seemed a wonderful bonus to us".

Social Events

Although the first article of the club by-laws states that the purpose of the DCLSA is to promote sailing and competitive racing on Deep Creek Lake, there is no shortage of fun social events, some more memorable than others. The summer's social events are still planned, organized and carried out by

members themselves, and people still reminisce about some of the more spectacular events.

Perhaps the single event that is best remembered and most talked about was the first Pig Roast. Alan Douglass and Frank Wolffe were co-chairmen for that event which had a Hawaiian theme and was carefully planned even down to the ice cubes! Several days prior to the event, the Rissells received a call from Alan asking how big the icecubes at the club were, and he was told, "oh, they're pretty small". So Alan decided that there would be no need to make special preparations for crushed ice for the Mai tais, and planned for two drinks per person. However, the "small" ice cubes didn't fill the glasses as well as crushed ice, and especially did not dilute the rum before people drained their glasses. The result was that many attendees commented on how good the drinks were and kept returning for refills. It was noted that one lady in a grass skirt was busy collecting drink tickets, and was seen with quite a collection tucked in the waistband of her skirt. By the time Alan had made an emergency trip to town for more rum and everyone was ready to eat, the club was filled with the happiest group of people it has ever seen. Meanwhile, Frank Wolffe was busy with his own task, which was to make sure that the person hired to cook the pigs didn't get so drunk that he couldn't supervise the cooking. (The cook wasn't offered any of the Mai tais, but he had been at the club since early morning, and had come with his own supply of moonshine whiskey). When the pigs were finally done, they were carried ceremoniously through the pavilion before carving. It was later said that everyone was so inebriated that the pigs could just as well have been plastic and no one would have cared! It was later reported, and verified, that long after this writer went home, there was a skinny-dip party at the main dock.

The first pig roast was such a success that the event was repeated periodically. Another memorable one with a voo-doo theme was co-chaired by the DuBouys and Harry Filemyr. Among the "decorations" was a voo-doo tent set up at the volleyball court. At some point after dinner, incantations and other mysterious phenomenon took place around an elaborate alter within the tent. Everyone had a great time, but none more than Harry himself who was finally led inside the club from his resting place on the lawn by the manager at about 2am.

Among the other memorable social events have been Caribbean nights, German, French, Italian, Chinese and Spanish dinners, a Joe's Diner Party with skits and acts presented by club members, Mystery Nights and other outstanding events as well as the regular events of 4th of July Family Celebration and Corn & Crab feasts. The Sunday Brunches, instituted in the early '70s by Janet Echols, Ellen Williams and Penny Gibbs are still one of the most popular weekly events. The Opening Cocktail Party and the Commodores' Reception remain as the two traditional anchor events of the social calendar.

Deep Creek Sailing School

In 1992 Frank Wolfe asked Dan Muss and Ted Rissell to plan a sailing school. With a board composed of members from both clubs, a sailing school was started as a separate not-for-profit organization, with financial support from both yacht clubs and using Turkey Neck yacht club facilities. Iris Nahemow acted as fund-raise, and a treasury of \$10,000 was soon accumulated. In the summer of 1993 the school started operation with 6 Optimist Prams, 5 Lasers, and a Flying Scot for instruction. There was one certified instructor, and 42 students over 6 weeks of classes. Students, both young and older, left with glowing accounts of their sailing experience and the word spread. Younger students were delighted when they completed the week by sailing the Optimists to Uno's and back as the culmination of their learning experience. Over the years the popularity grew and the latest season included seven classes for youngsters and adults, for both beginners and advanced sailors with 7 instructors. Some of the best instructors were recruited from the early graduates of the school. Much credit and many thanks go to Harry Carpenter of Flying Scots, Inc. for great support, particularly when spare parts are needed, and

for refurbishing Scots donated to the school. At first regarded as a nuisance, the sailing school now has the full support of both clubs, and has been the source of many eager sailors and enthusiastic new members.

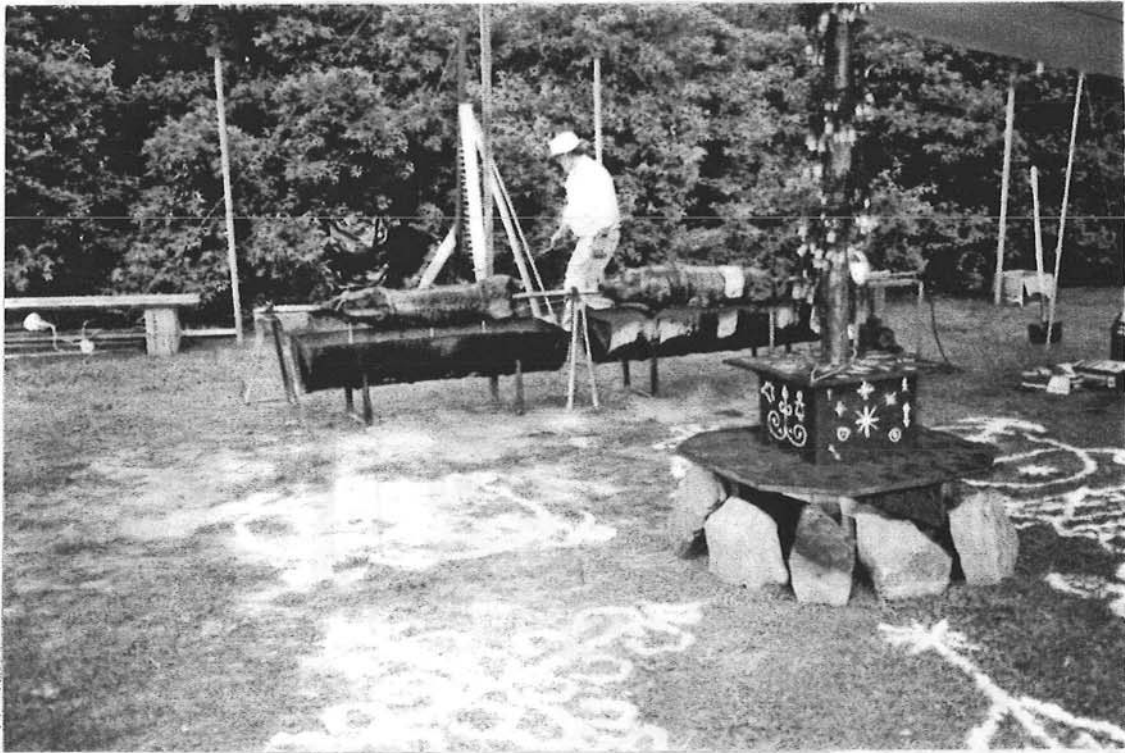
In Conclusion

The Yacht Club has played a central role in various ways in the lives of so many members. For some, it is simply a social club, a place to have good times and to entertain friends. But to others it has had a very significant impact on whole lives--a multi-generational institution where children have grown up learning the values of good sportsmanship and of working together. It is the place where good friends have bonded together for lifetimes, sharing the joys of raising families and the grief from loss of loved ones. Somehow, for many of us, our Deep Creek Yacht Club has been more than an institution; it has been a way of life. We can all be grateful for the spirit that has grown here and that will live for future generations.



**A kazoo band, a lion hunt
and an original song—
Talent Night 1989**

1992



Harry Filemyr supervises the VooDoo Feast

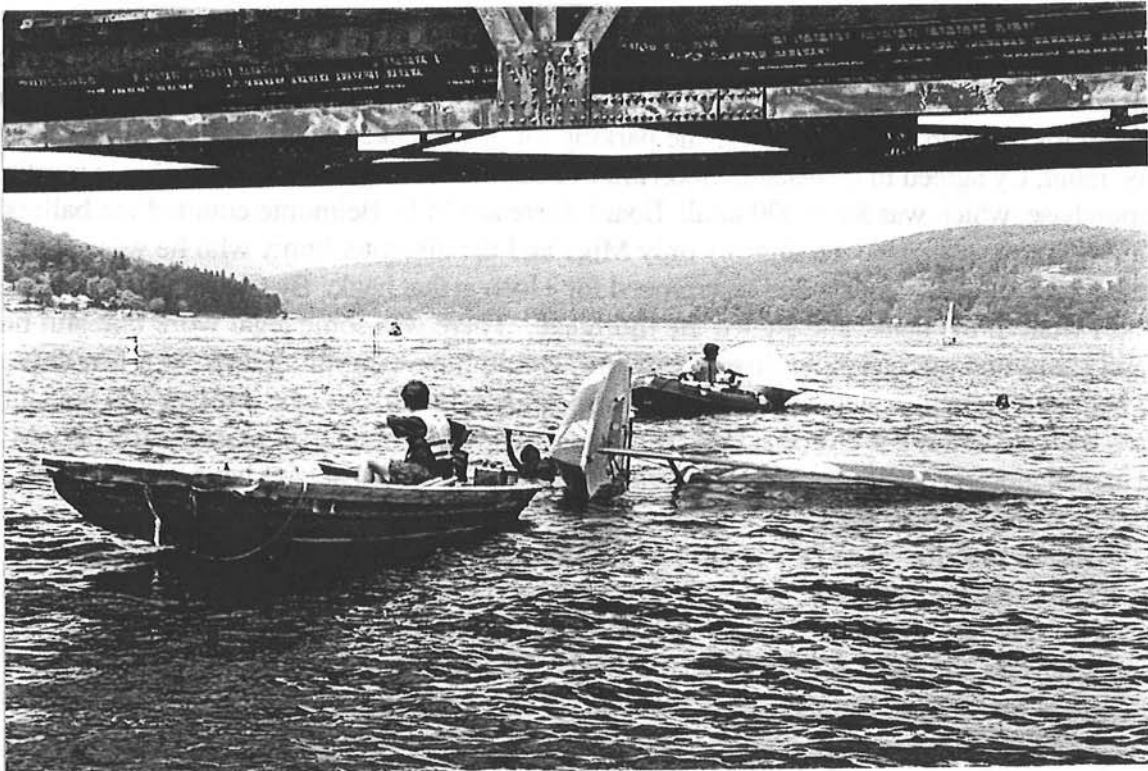


The Dances worked--we had great winds that year!

1995



The club is busy on weekdays with sailing school



The last day's excursion to Uno's teaches some new "skills"

In their own words

All of the Past Commodores or their surviving spouses were invited to contribute a brief report describing the outstanding event or events of their year as Commodore. These are presented here. If there is some discrepancy in details, just attribute it to the effect of "time passed".

1969--Emmett Echols, sent by Janet Echols

Unfortunately, Emmett is in no position to be of any help in recalling too many details of his year as Commodore, so I will do the best that I can. First and foremost, you have not included Mac Pusey in your list of Commodores. I am sure you have already had that brought to your attention, but if it weren't for Betty and Mac we never would have been able to get a lease from Harry Muma. Mac was the one who talked to the members that Labor Day (1967) and presented the lease and convinced some members to invest in bonds to comply with Harry's demand that we spend \$20,000 on the Club immediately .

When Emmett was Commodore-1969--the second year of the Turkey Neck Club's existence renting from Harry--we were still very much involved in recruiting new members and in healing some hard feelings on the part of some who were forming the new club. As I recall, we did a pretty good job of both. Emmett had had a parathyroid operation in May which affected his vocal chords. Consequently, he was very silent Commodore until almost Labor Day. The sailing was very active. We had some trouble with our Club Managers whose names I can't remember at the moment. I think his name was Buz. He was a ham radio buff and would stay up all night. His wife was going to summer school so had to leave early in the morning. She wouldn't return until early afternoon, to find Buz still in bed. She didn't appreciate that too much and there was quite a bit of tension between the two of them.

All in all, it was a busy year trying to get our feet on the ground. It is amazing to me how much has been accomplished over the years. Everyone involved should feel very proud.

1978--Ted Rissell

I was commodore for 1978. As I remember, Jim Gehr was commodore the summer of 1977, and plans were underway to purchase the club from Harry Muma. The club house and lake front grounds were owned jointly by Harry and his old partner Cy Bowers. Harry alone owned the parking lot across the road. Irvin Feld and Emmet Echols were negotiating with old Harry and settled on a price. I'm not positive of the split, but I think it was \$60,000 to be paid for the club and \$40,000 for the parking lot. I was asked to get Harry's partner, Cy to agree to the deal. To my relief, Cy agreed in an instant. Soon after I became Commodore on Labor Day, a meeting was held to vote on the purchase, which was \$100,000 total. Board Secretary Mike Belmonte counted the ballots. The vote was 70 + in favor and one opposed. To this day only Mike and the dissenter know who he was. Irvin Feld was a board member at Garrett National Bank, and he arranged for a loan at that bank. By Christmas everything was ready to go. Mike and I went to the bank, and signed the mortgage. There was some legal work that still needed to be done. Mike and I said that our attorney, Susie Crawford, would have everything done in a few days. The bank officials didn't believe a Garrett County attorney could work so fast, but Susie came through and the club was ours. As I recall, since we were to buy the club that year, we had not made the annual rent payment to Harry Muma. Mike and I arranged annual mortgage payments, in such a way, that the club would always have \$10,000 cash in the bank. However, after a few years it was spent.

The Mid-winter meeting of 1978 was held at The Upper Saint Clair Country Club as guests of Owen and Carolyn Graham. The weather had been terrible for several recent Mid-winter gatherings so the date was moved, for the first time, from the last Saturday in January to the last Saturday in February,

That summer, Tim and Laura Krause returned for the third year as managers. They sailed a Jet 14 with the fleet. The club hosted the El Toro Nationals that summer. During early negotiations with the Mumas, we had told Harry's son Hank (aka PeeWee) Muma that the club would host the Nationals the following summer. They all showed up on a Sunday afternoon, and were gone by Friday evening.. There were about 70 of the little eight foot

dinghies from all over the US, sailed by skippers from age 7 to 70. Tim and Laura served lunch every day of the regatta, and were allowed to keep any profits for the extra work. Most members never even knew it happened.

In those days, the Commodore's wife was in charge of the Sunday Brunches. The money was kept separate and profits used for a special project selected by the Commodore's wife. Since the ladies room had been decorated the year before by Ginger Gehr, Willie chose to spruce up the men's room and the kids' playroom, thus finishing up the lower level. That was the first year we had soft drinks on tap in the bar. We tried to direct the kids to the coke machine outside, which was still only a nickel, but with limited success. Some things never change.

1979-- Douglas L. MacMillan

As Commodore during 1979, I appointed nine senior members to form a committee to develop the Constitution and By Laws to govern the Yacht Club. I lead this August committee in developing the guidelines to operate the club, from how officers are elected to financial management and control of the club facilities. The fundamental objective was to develop rules to ensure the membership would retain control of the club's direction. This was a necessary step forward since the club had changed the previous season from an annual leased facility to full ownership of the building and grounds. The proposed bylaws were reviewed and adopted by the full membership. They have proven the test of 20 years time to have positively guided the Club and its membership with only a few minor modifications.

The membership enjoyed the activities organized by all of the appointed chairmen of the many club events during the Club's summer season. This included my four children's "usual creative performance" for their part in the annual "home grown" talent show.

I am also proud to note that during my tenure as Commodore I won the season championship in Flying Scot A fleet (with considerable assistance of my family as crew). I believe this helped to emphasize that the fundamental purpose of the Deep Creek Lake Sailing Association is to promote sailing on Deep Creek Lake.

1980--Mike Belmonte

Mine was the year that we had REAL problems with club managers. After a wonderful year in 1979 with the Fines, House manager Barbara Hollander had trouble finding managers, especially after some members insisted, *"yes, they have to be married, and what's more, they have to be married to each other"*. Barbara finally came up with a pair that claimed to be married, and experienced, but they were neither. The girl did all the work while the guy sunned on the dock, and after a month, they quit! Then followed another set of managers, a retired couple, who stayed for about another month and then abruptly left. We ended the season with the daughter of a member and her friend managing to prepare a very limited menu of hamburgers and hot dogs. But like other times in our history, we muddled through.

New by-laws were written that year. Among the changes I hoped to make was creating some equality for wives, by allowing two votes per membership. We held a general meeting and among other comments were these from the men: "we appreciate what the little ladies do in the kitchen and that is the place for them", and "we can't do that--my wife might disagree with me and cancel my vote". Others objected because they were single members whose vote would be diminished, and so women's lib at the yacht club was voted down. However, some of the changes were really necessary, and in the end we did have a new set of by-laws.

1983--Terry Bell

We had a huge Yacht Club Garage Sale which was held in Oakland at my residence. When I got there at 8am there must have been 200 people waiting for the sale to begin. We made enough money to build an extension to the deck and an overhang for the pavilion. A great many members participated in the garage sale and the building of the deck. I really enjoyed being the Commodore of the Turkey Neck Yacht Club; it was a great year.

1984--Richard Gregory

1984 was a year of crisis and controversy. The yacht club was threatened by the development of the woods across the lake (now known as "Blakeslee") and the cutting down of trees that disturbed the view of property owners on the hill,

In regards to "Blakeslee", the owner of GNC wanted to buy that section of the lake for development; some members visualized high-rise apartment buildings and busy water front marinas with docks protruding into the lake, somewhat like Annapolis during a boat show. I had a well attended and informative meeting in which the representatives of the "Blakeslee" development were able to quiet the worst fears of our membership. Today, it's hard to understand those fears when we know that we have good neighbors there and that area has been developed in good taste. It couldn't have been done any better and we now have some members from that area.

During the tree crisis and controversy, some members believed the solution for a better view of the lake was to cut down the nuisance trees and that was done arbitrarily, after much discussion. Some called them "junk trees". Some other members wanted to redesign our burgee so that it would show a stump with a tree lying on its side instead of the present evergreen standing in the middle. One member felt so strongly opposed to cutting any trees that he stopped it when he said he would resort to help from his shot gun, if need be. At that point, a compromise was reached; no more trees would be cut and the club would try landscaping that would keep our neighbors' concerns in mind. Bob Verkouteren has almost single handily created a beautiful garden, full of flowers and shrubs around the club, where things just grew uncultivated back in 1984.

1985--M. Audrey MacMillan

1985, now that was a good year! I was nominated to the Board of Governors, according to the by-laws, in a letter to the membership from Charlie Williams. A few weeks later I was elected to the Board of Governors by the membership and became the first woman Commodore in the history of the Yacht Club. It was an honor and a responsibility that I was proud to accept.

I inherited a minimal bank account (we were flat broke) since a building project had taken place the previous year and used the funds. Therefore, my goal was to build up the bank account as painlessly as possible by not spending for a "project" while I was Commodore. I believe my greatest legacy was to emphasize that the club was for the "family" by initiating a family gathering at the Yacht Club on July 4th . I encouraged people to have family reunions, and a professional photographer was there to offer the opportunity to have a formal family portrait.

There was still some unrest that year concerning the Yacht Club and the trees on the Yacht Club property. I facilitated numerous meetings and negotiations, calming ruffled feathers. A long-term landscape plan was developed and presented to the membership by Bob Verkouteren. I conducted several membership meetings during which the plan was adopted.

1987--John Meredith, sent by Barbara Meredith

John Robert Meredith had the privilege to be the Commodore during our 50th Anniversary Celebration. The opening event was held at the Winter Meeting on Saturday, February 28, 1987 at the Will O' the Wisp against a large banner backdrop, which was later displayed on the yacht Club deck throughout the summer. Dick Peake chaired the 50th Anniversary celebration, got the huge banner as well as commemorative gold embossed mugs, and napkins and stationery.

All the available Past Commodores got together at the Meredith's cottage to honor our first Commodore, John Mordock, on July 3. Twenty past Commodores and their spouses attended.

SAILING was fun that year. There were three classes of boats: Scots A and B, Lasers, and Rebels. Our son, John Meredith, had moved up to A fleet, sailing with mother, Barbara, and won the June Series. Brian and April Davis won the Firecracker and Invitational Regattas. Peter Salmon-Cox won the Steiding Cup and was Season Champion. The first Sportsman of the Year Award was presented to Terry Bell.

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The SOCIAL Calendar was full as always: Art Nicholson sang Irish songs for us on Irish Night with the Beggy's. Young John Meredith won a "set of sails" during the Week of Weekends under the leadership of Mike and Ferne Belmonte. His "prize" included the original jib of FS #11. Brian and April Davis chaired a Pig Roast, Al and Jean Thagard, a Monte Carlo Night, Carol and Dan Muss, a folk dance, and Riebels did the Corn and Crab.

Some re-decorating of the club was accomplished with the help of Ginger Gehr. The red wallpaper with sailboats in the halls still remains.

1991--Ed Wetzel

During my year we:

- 1) Drafted a request with Harry Carpenter and Don Hott to invite the Flying Scot Sailing Association to hold the wife-husband nationals at Deep Creek Lake.
- 2) Presented the preliminary design schemes for the renovation of the yacht club to the members
- 3) Enjoyed having the winter meeting at Nemaquin Resort for the first time.

Frank Wolffe--1992

There were a number of memorable and significant events during this year:

That was the year the club hosted the Flying Scot National Wife-Husband Regatta, which may go down in history as the coldest ever, with mid-June temperatures of 45 degrees and rain!

Membership was expanded primarily through the exemption of the initiation fee for progeny, and many of the younger members joined the club that year, bringing membership to its highest to date.

The sailing school was initiated, with the club committing both funds and facilities for the first classes. Members volunteered their boats for instruction, and assisted with some instruction. I remember perching on the bow of a small boat, teaching a kid to sail. (This activity is now actively supported by both clubs with a paid staff and its own fleet of Optimist Prams, Lasers and Flying Scots).

There was a very active social and brunch schedule, including Harry Filemyr's "VooDoo Pig Roast" with enough black magic provided by Harry to hold off a large storm threatening the entire area all day long. (It never came!).

The plan for expansion of the club facilities was substantially advanced, with efforts all summer to reach a suitable plan.

Last, but not least, there were *fantastic* sailing breezes, for which I took *full* credit.

1993--Ted Kemp

1993 was another good year at our yacht club. The Sailing School, which was supported by our members with both time and money, really got going! Don and Willie Clayton were the managers. The long-range planning committee, headed by Marty Nahemow, was active. The social schedule, Marlene Riebel, and the brunch program, Rita Verkouteren, were full and well attended. I'll never forget the Jimmy Buffett night!

1994--Chip Dodd, sent by Jeannette Dodd

Claude Swanson "Chip" Dodd, III's year as Commodore started out with the Winter Meeting on March 19 at the Will o' the Wisp, followed by a brunch in the snow at the Meredith's cottage.

Although Chip and Jeannette had won the first Becker Cup in 1988, this year's cup was a spinnaker duel between John Meredith and Jack Carpenter won by John by one point.

Sportsman of the Year was Ted Rissell, whose work to establish our Sailing School was recognized.

Social activities included a great Mystery Night performance hosted by the Rissell Family, a Big Band Party with the Wibles, Wolfes and Buffingtons, and a Family Fun Night with a magician planned by the Thagards and Yonkes.

Chip died two years later. We miss him!

1995--Paul Hill, sent by Joyce Hill

Paul Hill loved to play. He enjoyed many hobbies and reveled in his "work" as a musician. But there was no activity he loved as much as sailing. From the first moment he set foot on our sailboat, Encore, he knew sailing would be one of the highlights of his life. Just a few months later we were introduced to the Deep Creek Yacht Club, and again, Paul fell in love. This was a community of people we liked instantly and grew to love over the years.

Paul was happy to serve on the Board of Directors of the Yacht Club. He was delighted when Chip Dodd asked him to be Vice-Commodore. Getting the new addition finished before the sailing season began was his winter passion. Luckily his good friend, Harry Filemyr, shared his vision. They worked well together to enhance accomplish their goal. Paul was thrilled with the quality, the beauty and functionality of the new facility.

The summer of Paul's tenure as Commodore was blissful and sped by far too quickly for him. Sadly his amyotrophic lateral sclerosis had progressed to the point that he could no longer sail, but he never missed a race. He was always on the dock cheering. He was very touched by the efforts made to get him into the committee boat for the Commodore's Regatta. At his request, Paul's ashes were scattered in the lake in front of the Yacht Club. Still, he will never miss a race!

1996--Al Riebel

This was the summer between our last two building projects, which have transformed our club into its present excellent facility. The deck had been completed and was ready for use and the plans for the new building addition were being formulated. Our goal was to have a season of great racing and great parties so that we could enjoy the fruits of our efforts.

The board consisted of: Vice Commodore with the responsibility of membership, Ralph Nill; Treasurer: Tom Scannell; Secretary: Al Thagard; House: Fern Yonke; Buildings & Grounds: Karen Betz; and Docks and Moorings: Keith MacMillan. The responsibility for the parties were under the care of Marilyn and Harry Filemyr, and Barbara Wile arranged the brunches.

This group was able to arrange for excellent managers in Frank and Norma Lyman, institute the first stages of a computerized accounting system and introduce the system of being able to charge social events to members' yacht club accounts, redo the electrical system to maintain code conformance, stain the deck, waterproof the docks, build the sail lockers. We bought a new dinghy with the surround bumper system and the new 4 stroke cycle engine to power it, and experimented with the individual mooring system which we are presently using. The parties included an assortment of the big ones with the return of the pig roast, the com & crab, and fourth of July Family Picnic with a square dance; some new ones with the College Daze dinner and dance, the Political Party, Mystery Night, a 2nd Generation Party, and a Hat Party; as well as the pitch-ins and a night of table games and snacks which I believe was canceled due to one of the worst storms that the lake has seen in many years. The parties were extended into September this year with a Saturday Night Card Party. The brunches were again a highlight of the summer season.

Since I no longer remember protests, cold, rain, fog, light winds or very heavy winds, the season offered some great sailboat races and I for one had a great time. This was also the year that the "C" Fleet unveiled the 'Long Tooth Trophy'.

I would like to thank all the members of the club who chaired a club event, or participated on a committee for their time and effort. The club works because of the contributions made by each member and this membership comes with great enthusiasm, fantastic imagination and a great deal of experience and knowledge that is able to be

pulled together for the success of this club. I would also like to thank Marlene for her help and sense of humor when she wore the "Commodorable" sweatshirt. *Editor's note: In the early years of the club, the wife of the Commodore was called the "Commodoreable". In later years, this name was consider too cutesy, and was laid to rest.*

1997--Ralph Nill

Some members might remember the prevalent event of the year to be the planning and eventual membership vote regarding completing the remodeling of our club building. There certainly was a lot of intense emotion expressed both for and against the project.

While Harry Filemyr was constructing his magnificent beams, he told me several times that the club must address the danger presented by the sagging living room ceiling. When the Board of Governors brought in an architect to investigate the sagging ceiling in the fall of 1996, it also decided to consider the possibility of expanding the first floor indoor space, which would enable the managers quarters to be expanded and improved, as well as providing an additional youth room downstairs. The scope of the project was later expanded to include deck improvements, and renovating the downstairs rest rooms, which would complete the remodeling of the building. After much discussion, controversy, and numerous plan revisions, the membership approved the project.

What I recall to be most personally rewarding, was when a number of members made very generous financial donations in support of the project. I recall that the first members to step forward with donations were Bill Kennicott, Irving Feld, Henry Wick, Art Nicholson, Ted Kemp, and Tom Scannell. More donations followed and the planned project was able to become a reality.

I was blessed with an excellent Board of Governors, which did 95% of the work involved in running our club for the year. Tom Scannell was Vice Commodore and Karen Betz served as Treasurer. Our Secretary and publisher of the annual Directory was Dan Muss. Keith MacMillan was in charge of Docks and Moorings, and Fern Yonke was House Chairperson for the third straight year. Jane and Lynn Workmeister served as Social Chairmen and organized a great team of party chairmen, who in turn produced a fantastic social season. It seemed like Gail Given must have sold a Yacht Club shirt or jacket to almost everyone in the club. Barbara and Ed Peters organized a great Week of Weekends including a memorable tour of the Cranesville Swamp. Al Reibel as Rear Commodore provided a great deal of advice to the Board of Governors. Throughout the entire year the person who was constantly at my side during both the fun and controversy was my wife Carol.

1998--Tom Scannell

Following a contentious summer (under Commodore Ralph Nill) of petitions and member concern about the cost of the new addition, a consensus was finally reached and Tom Sines began construction of the east wing extension of the club. Additional money had to be found to complete the construction in view of several unforeseen issues. First the original estimates given were based on proceeding with the construction in the spring of 1997. Additionally, the members requested that the downstairs bathrooms be included in the project. Members were solicited and an additional \$25,000 was raised to keep the project within the original debt limit promised.

When Tom Sines tore the Living Room ceiling down he remarked as to what was keeping it up!! The old ceiling had developed a 4" or more sag that we were concerned about. The Chas. DeLisio design had Tom install two gluelam beams, which were slowly put into place to take the sag out of the ceiling. We knew we had raised the ceiling (managers quarters floor) enough when the dormers started to push through the roof!!

Midwinter meeting—on Friday night a bonfire and Hot Toddy party at the partially renovated clubhouse began the weekend. Saturday we had our usual Will'o the Wisp business meeting and dinner. On Sunday, Christian Bergheim prepared omelets for a DCYC private party of about 70 people at the Cornish Manor.

The Commodores reception was the dedication of the new wing. Everyone seemed happy with the new expanse of glass which enclosed the old and new inside rooms. The managers quarters were doubled in size and several new closets were provided, as well as a much needed outside stairway/fire escape.

The highlight of the summer social activities was The Yacht Club Ball held on July 11th. 120 people enjoyed a dinner dance at which the club managers catered a sumptuous dinner of veal and crabmeat. The Jack Purcell Orchestra from Pittsburgh provided music.

1999-Bill Savage

The summer of 1999, the last one of the century, sported sunny glorious weather that enhanced all of the activities at the Deep Creek Yacht Club. Sailing and racing events enjoyed superb conditions, as did a variety of other water sport activities. The newly enlarged and renovated club, completed just in time for the spring opening in May, was a wonderful welcome to the final season of the 1900s. Though the planning and preparation had been the subject of some earlier controversy, the finished product was acclaimed by all. The new trophy room will be a fitting setting for past accolades and future achievements for years to come. And the wormy chestnut trim in the room adds an additional sense of history and timelessness. New lighting made our parking lot safer for members and guests leaving evening socials. And we were even successful in combating the problem of bats in our belfry. In addition to our good luck with the weather and the success of all the sailing events, our social and dining programs were excellent. The managers and a general feeling of bon vivant contributed to one of the finest summers ever. The fact that we were able to extend the months of operation to include May and September gave us all the opportunity to use the facility far more completely and in short, the officers, board and members made summer 1999 a thorough success.