

**Mulligan Stew Remembrances**  
**By Susie Crawford**  
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Sometime in the early to mid-1960's my parents Joan and Bill Crawford attended a Mulligan Stew party with friends in the George's Creek area of Allegany County, MD. My mother told me it was a cold and clear winter night with stars shining and a portion of the creek frozen solidly enough for a small area of ice skating. They had a wonderful time with friends and gathered around the pot to eat delicious stew called Mulligan Stew. My mother thought to herself, wouldn't it be fun to have a pot like this for events at the yacht club. To their delight and surprise, the owner of the pot and tripod was willing to sell it to them.

My parents brought the "witch's brew" pot with its tripod and chain to the next dock pull. They arrived early in the morning to set up the pot and start a wood fire underneath. My mother added and simmered stew meat in its broth and kept the fire going. As other club members arrived, they brought vegetables, potatoes, or whatever to add to the stew which simmered for several hours while work parties pulled the docks out of the lake and put club items away for the winter. When the work was done all gathered around the pot for a bowl of delicious stew (and probably some other liquid refreshments as well!). And thus began the early tradition of Mulligan Stew at our club.

While the pot setup was used mainly to make stew, it was from time to time put to summer use for boiling corn on the cob from Ronnie Bowers' farm for the club or for our home use. When our daughter Kelley played on the Frostburg University women's soccer team in the early 2000's, the team would make an annual trip to our place on the lake in the late summer for a day of water sports and a picnic, and we would set up the pot on the beach to cook corn on the cob. Over the years the Mulligan Stew pot fell into disuse as it became a bit heavy for my father to lift, transport and set up, so it sat disassembled outside of their home. When I suggested this past year that we might want to give it to the club to restart its tradition, I was delighted when Charles jumped on the idea and came with Quoc to pick up the pot and tripod.

There was no set recipe for Mulligan Stew as it differed from time to time depending upon the ingredients added by club members. To me it has always been symbolic of the communal spirit of our do-it-yourself club. While we did not have a DN ice boat fleet back in those days, I am sure my mother, who was an avid ice skater and cross-country skier, could envision setting up the Mulligan Stew pot today to make stew on winter weekends when the ice boaters set sail. I am also very certain that my parents are looking down on us with big smiles because we are re-kindling the warm tradition of Mulligan Stew at this very special place that is our club!