



1965
2015

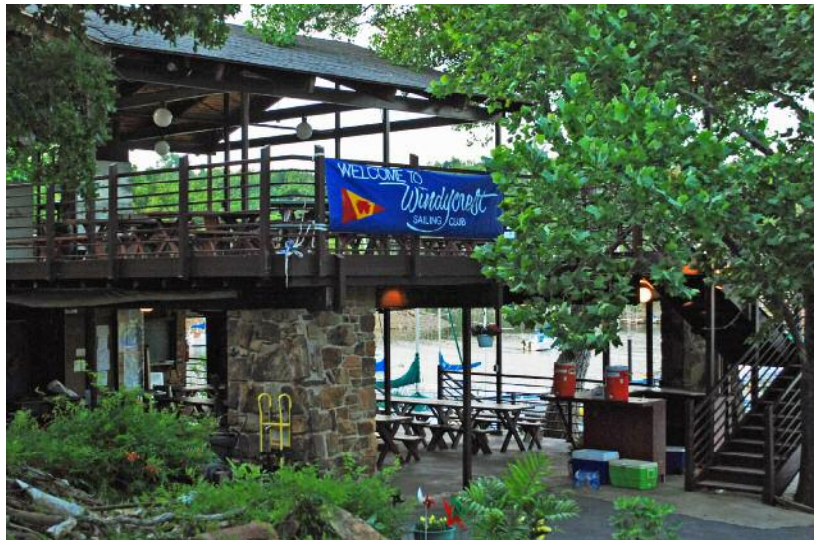
50TH

WINDYCREST SAILING CLUB

Windycrest Sailing Club



**The Second Twenty-Five Years
1990 – 2015**



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Our Commodores for the second 25 years

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1991 - Tom Ostrye | 2004 - Blake Kelso |
| 1992 - Darline Hobock | 2005 - Britt Williams |
| 1993 - Joe Perrault | 2006 - Steve Snider |
| 1994 - Bruce Taylor | 2007 - Ray Adams |
| 1995 - Rick Martin | 2008 - Terry Dannar |
| 1996 - Steve Horn | 2009 - Jo Ann Chandler |
| 1997 - John Kerr Jr. | 2010 - Steve Elliott |
| 1998 - Daniel E. Ziegler Jr. | 2011 - David Briggs |
| 1999 - Grant Gerondale | 2012 - Doug Lewis |
| 2000 - Bill Gent III | 2013 - Daniel E. Ziegler Jr. |
| 2001 - Mike Brannan | 2014 - Terry Rainey |
| 2002 - Al Williams | 2015 - Darrel Daniel |
| 2003 - Skeeter Chilton | |

Introduction
by Richard Ferguson

I'm a relative new comer to Windycrest; I've only been a member for twenty years. However, that's long enough to enjoy what members before me labored long and hard to create.

Reading the Silver Anniversary book of Windycrest history has given me an appreciation for the traditions of this club. It's structure and reputation were built and maintained rock-by-rock, race-by-race and member-by-member over the past fifty years. It wasn't just one or two individuals that made it what it is, but more the idea of a few and the hard work and vigilance of many.

This golden anniversary effort combines a reprint of the Silver Jubilee book published in 1990 with a new 50th year effort by various members who have added individual memories and pictures of their years as members or visiting sailors.

By the time the 100th anniversary rolls around a lot of the electronic media we utilize today may be so far out of date that the only early historical record of Windycrest will be this written hard copy and or the usual folk lore told at an event or a rehash.

As the chairman of the 50th Anniversary Committee it has been my pleasure to work with the committee members to gather and preserve some of the rich history of our club, so future generations of Windycrest sailors can appreciate and hopefully carry on the traditions and improvements of Windycrest. The dynamics of our changing world will evolve and new members and ideas steer the club in new directions it should be an interesting and exciting time.

The 50th Anniversary Committee hopes that you enjoy reading this effort and that you keep it on your bookshelf, so it can be passed down to the next generation of Windycrest sailors.

Anniversary Committee Members

Barbara Becker Meehan
Skeeter Chilton
Sandye Taylor
Betty Hobson
Ruth Horn
Elaine Rainey
Jo Ann Chandler
Richard Ferguson
Mark Lobo

Windycrest – The Second 25 Years by Terry Rainey

The last 25 years at Windycrest has seen a dramatic physical change in the club but the club has been surprisingly stable in membership over these many years. We seem to have remained in the 225 to 250 members and our 125 slips have stayed full as we flourished, always seeming to have room for more keelboat and centerboard sailors. Below I will attempt to highlight many of the physical additions and improvements to our club while showing an ongoing change in the make-up of its members. Here we go!

By 1990 our club had matured to a solid sailing organization with a continued full membership with solid support for a busy social and sailing schedule year after year.



However, we were in need of some improvements to the facility that needed to happen incrementally, in order to be affordable. The first of these was an improvement to our water pressure issues. In 1993 a large water tank was added next to the road above the gate. At about this same time, we procured an additional 17 acres to the east, allowing us some room to grow. Then, with Bruce Taylor at the helm, we embarked on expanding the pavilion by adding a second story. This took most of the year to accomplish but was finished in

fine style, topped off with a good bar on the lower level. Bruce and his team also initiated the north sunfish lot, and the move of the keelboat trailers to their new location onto the newly acquired 17 acres, to make room for a keelboat dry storage area. He also hired Windycrest first full time manager, Rob Stout. The following year, 1995, with Rick Martin leading the club, we rededicated the new pavilion and installed the powered gate with a numeric keypad. What a wonderful addition. There was a lot of second-guessing, concerning the cost, but all of that ceased the first time any of us used this marvelous new contraption. The ease of use and the improved security of the facility were immeasurable.



In 1997 Grant Gerondale led the project to improve the kids play area and procure some modern play equipment that would be able to handle the periodic submersions of our flood control lake. A new play area was built with new safer play toys. In the next couple years, drop down weather protectors were added to the pavilion and an improved breakwater was installed with hanging panels to better protect our dock investment.

In 1998, under Danny Ziegler's leadership we expanded our slip capacity by adding 10 slips to "D" dock and replaced the junior dock with a new one on the water storage area for them. Then in 2002, with Al Williams as commodore, we built the maintenance building in the upper lot. Also during that year, Mike Lang was able to negotiate with the county to have our road, from 209th West Avenue to our property line, paved with chip and seal material, ending our 37 year battle with the one mile of gravel road to the facility. The following year we hired our second facility manager, Jack Stewart and the club continued to flourish. Physical improvements continued with safer GFI receptacles being added to our largest docks. Maintenance of the club took center stage during the mid-2000's as ice storms and other natural storms took their toll on our aging facility. We added winter windows to the west side of the pavilion in 2009 and then in 2010 we determined that our 25 year old "C" and "D" dock anchoring system had deteriorated to the point that the anchor chains had to be replaced. The cost to accomplish this was found to be unaffordable, due to the cost of hiring a diver and we continued to look for a solution.

In 2011, Yul Shaffer, a qualified diver, joined the club and volunteered to dive on all of the anchors, remove the chains from the anchors, allow a team to pull the chain and then reattach new anchor chains to the 31 anchors on the dock. This monumental project continued for the next three years, at a cost of about \$500 per chain, until all anchor chains on C and D dock were replaced. This has proved to be the most significant construction project in the history of the club. Had we not found a way to replace these anchor rods we definitely would have lost the docks in the storms of 2013 and 2014. We tip our hats to Yul and our beloved chain gang for tackling and completing this huge task. Then in 2013, during Danny Ziegler's 2nd term as Commodore, we paved the road from the entry gate to the lots, adding the classy entry to Windycrest that she deserves.



In 2007 our race committee pontoon boat had finally expired and required replacement. After much investigation we found that our current boat design was perfect for WSC so we updated the design, bought an assembly kit and built *RC II*. In 2013, the Predator chase boat expired and needed replacing. Again a team of members tackled the job and recommended that the club purchase an aluminum, commercial boat as a replacement. The Sea Ark was ordered in the fall of 2013 and put into service in the spring of 2014.

Racing has always been a staple of Windycrest and Darline Hobock was a prime mover retaining this legacy. Darline was responsible for initiating a women's sailing program (WOW, Women of Windycrest) and served as the Portsmouth Handicap committee chairperson for US Sailing for many years. In the last 25 years we have hosted five One design national championships; '93 Catalina 22, '93 MC scow, '99 Catalina 22, '07 Santana 20, and the '09 MC scow, winning the coveted St. Petersburg trophy in 1993 for hosting the Catalina 22 national championship regatta the previous year.

This award is emblematic of excellence in race management, awarded to a single yacht club annually, nationwide by US Sailing. We also hosted US Sailing's Ida Lewis championship in 2003.



During this past 25 years, another annual event that took center stage at Windycrest was the MS regatta. This fund raising regatta was the brainchild of Mike Lang, who chaired this regatta for 25 straight years. The final year for this event was 2012, a 33 year run, after raising more than \$1,000,000 for the fight against MS.

During this quarter century, we have seen a significant change in the racing scene. We initiated Wednesday night racing in 1995 and at times had 40 different boats participating. In the early 90's, our juniors were a force in CSSA, traveling to regatta's and representing us well. Many centerboard sailors and keelboaters traveled to away regattas bringing home hardware in the 90's and early 2000's. This type of travel has slowed but we still have members that represent Windycrest in regional and national regattas. The current trend seems to be less racing and less travel to other clubs but racing is a critical and viable element to our club. We will continue to encourage our members to race and develop their boat handling skills and we will be innovative and creative, encouraging our members in this critical area.



Where this trend goes, nobody knows but Windycrest remains vibrant and strong as we work through this transition. Each year we have a few loyal members that move on, either by nature's calling or by the call of job or family. However, there seems to be an endless stream of

folks from the Tulsa area that continue to recognize that Windycrest is very special, keeping our membership full and our social and racing programs flourishing.

WINDYCREST CHARITY REGATTAS *by Mike Lang*

In 1979, a bit of luck befell Windycrest Sailing Club. A WSC Board member was also on the local Multiple Sclerosis Board and after crewing at a now defunct charity regatta on Grand Lake he approached the Windycrest Board with the idea of starting a charity regatta at WSC. The WSC Board agreed as long as the proposing member would handle all Regatta details. From 1980 I chaired the Regatta for 25 years.

In the beginning two WSC families did the Regatta: planning, brochures, flags, boat sponsors/donations, all put together on kitchen tables. The Regatta grew, as more WSC members got involved. Soon the regatta committee was over ten members and it became the largest WSC event of the year.

A launch party was planned and a local boat dealer donated items from his inventory to be auctioned. Soon the launch party was taken over by the women of WSC and it grew to one of the premier charity auctions in Tulsa.



Jim Close, a local businessman/philanthropist whose wife had MS, offered to buy the barbeque for the Regatta lunch if we served the kind he liked. He was one of the main contributors and after his untimely death the Regatta was renamed the Close MS Regatta in 1999.

WSC has had a reputation for running National Award Winning Regattas, so the Regatta was always a success because of the depth of talent.

The ability to get contributions from foundations and corporations was mastered by a special part of the committee and the Regattas and Launch Parties raised over \$1.2 million during it's 33 year run.

Trophies were some of the more imaginative seen by the Club and became among the most prized by the members. Regatta t-shirts reflected the theme of the year and were provided by a local paint manufacturer.

Watching a sailboat race has always been a problem. This was solved when a local lake neighbor provided his 72', two-level, air-conditioned, houseboat as a viewing station and party boat for many years.

“The Spirit of the Regatta” trophy was first awarded to a family with small children, sailing the oldest Catalina 22 in Oklahoma that came in dead last. They said they had a great time. That was the “Spirit of the Regatta”. That same family in a different boat won a trophy in the 35th Annual Regatta.

Now the “rest of the story”: Windycrest, as in all sailing, has always attracted a wide variety of people. We have had surgeons to welders, teachers to CEO’s. In 1985, a centerboard family, she managed a local bar and he was an artist, put together a group of bars and raised over \$3,000.00. Even though sailing sometimes gets its participants wet, the national office of the charity decided not to accept the money raised because it included a contest where people get their apparel wet. We had already purchased a beautiful trophy and thus, “**The Spirit of the Regatta**” was born.



In 2013, the Regatta recipient was changed to “Sail For Steve” which benefited ALS (the Lou Gehrig’s Disease).

It continues to be the longest running Charity Sailing Regatta in the U.S.

WINNERS OF THE SPIRIT OF REGATTA AWARD

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1986 – Barend Meiling | 2002 – Richard Ferguson |
| 1901 – James Close | 2003 – Jim & Sherry Stinson |
| 1988 – Frances Rowland | 2004 – Allene Donley |
| 1989 – Mike Love | 2005 – Blake Kelso |
| 1990 – Terry Rainey | 2006 – Marisha Moore |
| 1991 – Steve Sembritzky | 2007 – Betty Hobson |
| 1992 – Elaine Rainey | 2008 – Terry & Elaine Rainey |
| 1993 – Bryan Close | 2009 – Terry & Elaine Rainey |
| 1994 – Leaj Le;sp | 2010 – Mike Lang |
| 1995 – Betty Hobson | 2011 – Mary Snider |
| 1996 – Darline Hobock | 2012 – Barbara Montabano |
| 1997 – Cindy Fuller | 2013 – Danny Ziegler |
| 1998 – Blake Kelso | 2014 – Charlie Keithline |
| 1999 – Wanda Fowler | 2015 – Barend Meiling |
| 2001 – Betty Hobson | |



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2011

2012

2013

2014

2015

Windycrest Charity Regatta
Trophies 1980 - 2015



1990



1991



1992



1993



1994



1995



1996



1997



1998



1999



2000



2001



2002



2003



2004



2005



2006



2007



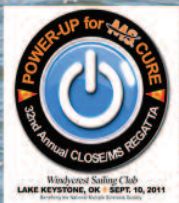
2008



2009



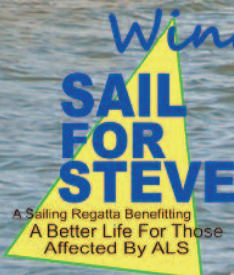
2010



2011



2012



2013 - 2015

Windycrest Charity
Regatta Logos
1990 - 2015

**Windycrest Sailing Club Hosts National Sailing Regattas
by: Steve Snider**

- 1981 USYRU O'Day Finals
- 1989 Coronado 15 North Americans
- 1993 MC Scow Nationals
- 1993 Catalina 22 Nationals
- 1993 St Petersburg Yacht Club Trophy
- 1999 Catalina 22 Nationals
- 2003 Ida Lewis Championships
- 2007 Santana 20 Nationals
- 2009 MC Scow Nationals
- 2012 Women's Sunfish North Americans

For Windycrest to be chosen for a national regatta site, it needs to exhibit a great facility, an involved membership, a supportive BOG, a leader to manage the regatta and participation of the sponsoring one-design boat class. In return WSC and its members learn from the high level of sailing competition.

The first national regatta hosted by WSC was the 1981 USYRU O'Day Finals. Twenty sailors from all over the U.S. attended. For the regatta twenty new Lasers were shipped in from Ireland and assembled at WSC so that all the boats would be equal. The sailors received great hospitality as all were housed on keelboats at the club. Several of the notable sailors attending were Dave Perry and Betsy Allison. The weather was beautiful and Dave Perry remembers this event as one of the best of his sailing career.



In the mid seventies Joe Becker participated in a Catalina 22 International Championship at WSC. Mr. A. Chatfield, the British National Champion, came to WSC and sailed the best of seven races against Joe. After winning the first four races Joe Becker was named International C-22 Champion.

For the 1989 Coronado 15 North Americans we had a very distinguished guest. It was Allison Jolley who won the regatta and then went on to represent and win a Gold Medal in the Seoul, Korea Olympics. One evening the competitors were treated to a pot luck dinner put on by the WSC members. This was a real treat as some competitors had never experienced a club membership so involved in a national regatta.

Windycrest hosted its first MC Scow Nationals in 1993. This was the year that the Corp of Engineers retained the lake level at an uncomfortably high level which made boat launching and retrieval difficult at best. With upwards of 70 boats sailing and the lower



turn under water, the boats had to be backed down the ramp for launching and retrieval. To make the task run smoothly, a group of volunteers started with a spotter in the cove to radio the number on the incoming boats to on shore drivers. The drivers hitched up the correct trailer and backed down the ramp for loading. Once loaded, the boat and crew were driven back up the hill to their rigging place. This was done for each of the 70 boats every day. WSC first used this system with the 1989 Coronado 15 NA.

During the same summer but with a normal water level, the 1993 Catalina 22 Nationals was hosted. Joe Becker, WSC member, local sailboat retailer, avid C-22 sailor and two-time National C-22 champion headed up the regatta. Great weather conditions made for good sailing. Our own WSC member, Roger Kerr, was the winning skipper. A memorable dinner was held at the Jack Zinc ranch in his private museum, which included much memorabilia of his winning years at the Indianapolis 500. Also at the dinner a C-22 history of past nationals was shown.

1993 turned out to be a very special year for racing at the club. In addition to hosting two national regattas, it was the management of the C-22 Nationals that resulted in the awarding of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club Trophy to WSC. Nationally only one trophy is awarded each year and it is emblematic of excellence in race management. It is awarded to recognize the club that ran the best regatta for the year. The committee reviews Skipper Ballots, Notice of Race, Sailing Instructions with Amendments, Regatta Results and Club Entry Form. Mark Lobo had gathered and submitted the papers needed for the application. Also recognized was the work of Gil Greenwood, Principal Race Officer, and Joe Becker, Regatta Chair. Many members at WSC helped execute the regatta plan superbly. Pictured with the trophy left to right are Gil Greenwood, Bill Bond, Bruce Taylor, Joe Becker and Joe Perrault.



Windycrest again hosted the Catalina 22 Nationals in 1999. The weather was good and 10 WSC skippers were part of the 44 boats registered for the regatta. There were three groups for the C-22 class races, the Gold fleet, the Silver fleet and the Spinnaker fleet. This worked the race committee quite hard. This year another WSC C-22 skipper, Harvey Baker, was the champion. Over the years WSC has produced four national C-22 champions: Joe Becker twice, Steve Snider, Roger Kerr and Harvey Baker.

The 2003 US Junior Women's Double Handed Championship for the Ida Lewis Trophy, which is for girls aged 13-18, was sailed in 420s at WSC. Skeeter Chilton, Commodore, had bid for the regatta site at WSC and ran the regatta. Caitlin Dailey and crew were from WSC and were among the 20 boats competing. Teams representing all parts of the USA were housed in WSC member homes and transported to and from the club each day.

In 2007 the club hosted the Santana 20 Nationals. That summer the city of Sand Springs was promoting itself with grants to sponsor events. One of those grants was awarded to WSC for the Santana 20 regatta. The regatta theme celebrated the Oklahoma Centennial with wooden trophies cut in the shape of the state of Oklahoma. In a regatta report by Andrew Kerr he said "Steve and Mary Snider never stopped working all week and they led a band of excellent volunteers who were gracious and friendly and made all the out of town boats feel at home. The race committee and the volunteers on the water were excellent and combined made this an excellent championship."



The MC Scow Nationals returned to WSC in 2009. Fifty-one boats raced. Outstanding WSC sailors were Kenny Baggett 5th overall and Harvey Baker top Grand Master. Wonderful weather, PRO Gil Greenwood and meals headed by JoAnn Chandler were cited in addition to 50 WSC members who helped. Pictures from the regatta were posted on the WSC web site.

2012 Women's Sunfish North Americans came to WSC as a new venue for their regatta. Again the guest sailors were impressed with the facility and race management. A total of 15 women sailors from New York, Rhode Island, Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, Louisiana and Florida sailed in the championship. All had a tough time in the light wind in which only four races were sailed. Many of the competitors said they would like to come back when 'the wind comes sweeping down the plain.'

It is hoped that the WSC BOG and club members will continue to be active in their boat classes and support national events at WSC, thus showcasing our Windycrest Sailing Club.



***“Codger-tations” From a Member as Both a Junior and Adult Sailor
by Gil Greenwood***

I am in the unique position of being a founding member of Windycrest and watching our club grow into a nationally recognized sailing center. The following are a few thoughts and fond memories.....



My summer job during the sixties was to be the caretaker of Windycrest. That meant cleaning up the trash on Mondays, restocking the pop machine in the clubhouse (yes we had a big, old pop machine that sat in our original clubhouse) and other projects such as replacing gravel on the pathways, building stone walls and continuously replacing sand in the beach area. My colleague in this work was Jim Hobson, an engineer and sailor I met when

we were members at Sequoyah Yacht Club on Lake Yahola. Jim was a fantastic sailor and way ahead of his time in his innovative approaches to all facets of the sport. He owned a 505, which was a high tech, cutting edge monohull. While we were working at Windycrest we could easily pass the hours discussing the many points of sailing. Jim was a hands-on teacher, a brilliant engineer and a true friend.

One of our favorite projects was how we burned the trash. Since we had to start the fire with gasoline, we would douse down the trash pile and make a very long fuse trail. About the time it was lit we would place bets on how high in the air the watermelon rinds and chicken bones would fly when the pile became consumed in a massive fireball.

One of our favorite toys was an old 1947 Willys GI-type Jeep. The starter was a push mechanism in the floor above the accelerator. I had to learn how to start it by pushing the accelerator and starter at the same time while pressing the brake with my other foot. Ahhhh the skills I learned at that job.

The original Associate Membership was conceived for my buddies on the Edison swim team to join the club for social and swimming privileges only, no sailing. They were hired by dad for big, dirty jobs like hauling cement with clunky wheelbarrows down the hill to pour the pavilion footings. Not all the cement made it but it's still there if you look around. All of my swim buddies left for school and this type of membership languished.

Since I swam with Bill and David Bond in high school, I would like to feel that our early work at Windycrest introduced them to sailing.

During those early years we had no formal junior program. I was very much involved in sailing our family Thistle and anything else I could get into the lake. A major mentor was a gentleman by the name of Stan Davis who was an east coast Star boat sailor recently transferred to Oklahoma. Stan was kind enough to drive me to sailing venues when he and I competed for the O'Day single-handed trophy. One year I won the Area F championship against several very strong Texas competitors in cat rigged 420's, Stan offered to drive me to Racine, WI for the finals which were in Finns. It was an Olympic year meaning that winning this event was a way to be invited to the Olympic trials. Top seeded competitors at the event included Peter Barrett, Bruce Goldsmith, Argyl Campbell and Gordy Bowers, these guys are ones you would read about in all the sailing magazines. Since I only weighed 160 pounds and was sailing a Finn in winds of over 20 knots, I bulked-up by wearing a lot of sweatshirt vests. I nearly drowned once when the soggy heavy shirts nearly drug me under. Peter and Gordy took special care of me at that regatta even when I destroyed one of their boats. Though I was youngest sailor there, I was struck by how strong the traditions and values are within the sailing community.



Gill on his Finn during the Olympic final trials at Newport Beach, CA

When I reflect over my 50 plus years of being involved with our sport, I focus on the intertwining of friends, sailing and adventures. I married my friend Meg who sailed with her dad, Gene Kehr, on his M-20. Friends like Marty and Harriet Ottenheimer, Bill Bond, Steve Snider and Gary Sander have helped with many high mileage road trip adventures sailing on the East Coast, West Coast, Gulf Coast, Great Lakes and a whole lot of states in between. I've even sailed to Easter Island and in Kirkwall, Scotland.

As we celebrate this 50th anniversary of Windycrest, it's more than the years it's the heritage. It is always about the people and the lives we touch through our sport. I hope your memories will be as rich as mine.

***The Women of Windycrest
by Jo Ann Chandler***

As we celebrate our 50th anniversary it's important to remember parts of our journey.

Darline Hobock loved sailboat racing and wanted to see more women participating in the sport. She envisioned a training program taught by women for women. In 1981, Darline and Skeeter Chilton, with help from Kathy Morgan and Jacquie McClaskey, founded the "Women of Windycrest, better known as the WOW. Jack Marsee also assisted the women instructors.



The program shifted into high gear when Darlene became the first female Rear Commodore. Now that she was overseeing all of the training programs, WOW took on new life with thirty-three participants; Pat Brown joined Darlene and Skeeter to teach the Sunfist class. In turn, Dave Dolcater, Jim Esposito, and Charlie Nelson joined Jack. Each Saturday the women would meet at the club pavilion for classes in boat handling, rules, and tactics. Out on the lake, participants learned first hand about the variety of boats they were sailing.

Since the club boats were designated for the juniors the women sailed whatever could be borrowed from club members. This created quite a challenge as each boat had different rigging. The same women seldom used the same boat two Saturdays in a row!

The club soon saw the need for the women to have their own boats and purchased three international 420's. The group was now ready to participate in away regattas.

Their first away regatta was a CSSA Women's Regatta in Norman, Oklahoma and the event was a learning experience for all who attended. Three skippers made the trip: Lisa Weatherholt with Karla Barrow, Julie Ziegler with Jan Martin and Barbara Montalbano with Jo Ann Chandler as crew. With Darlene leading the way the group became hopelessly lost. Stopping at a gas station near Lake Thunderbird, it was learned that scouts had been sent out to look for the missing women and would arrive soon to lead the way.



The women had never stepped a mast or trailered a boat. All went well and WOW participation in the CSSA Women's Regatta became an annual event.

Several years later the group traveled to the Jacomo Sailing Club in Kansas to again sail in a CSSA Woman's Regatta. Darlene, who was well into her 60's, joined the group sailing in a Sunfish. She instructed the Race Committee to deliver her a snack of cheese and crackers between races and that if she capsized they were to right her boat and place her back on it. Darlene went on to win first place in the Sunfish fleet.



Another memorial event that occurred at Lake Jacomo that year was several contestants sailing a C-Scow who tried to enter the race. It was soon discovered that the contestants were actually men dressed as women and were disqualified.

The Windycrest men soon realized how much fun the women were having and formed their own program. The Sailing Order of Boys (SOB's), which only lasted a couple of years. Both programs

were eventually combined into what is now the Sailing Education for Adults (SEA).



It was truly a great time to be a "Woman of Windycrest!"

Top: Class of 2000
Above: Racing the Sunfish
Right: Class of 1996



The Junior Program by Anonymous

You can't tell the story of Windycrest without talking about the Junior Program. The juniors or, if you prefer, young people of Windycrest have been around this club longer than most of the older adults. Windycrest is above all a family club where the adults from yesterday came to sail and socialize. Many of today's adults started out as the very young offspring of those adult members and are now enrolling their kids in these programs.

Early in the club's history the parents started teaching their kids how to sail, mostly by having them crew on their boats and later in the newly organized Junior Program. Investing in the youth of the club means that some of them will move on and sail for the rest of their lives, while others like Gil Greenwood, Skeeter Chilton, Steve Elliot, Kenny Baggett, Steven and Michael Gent grew up and are teaching the very classes they once participated in.

The club invested heavily in centerboard boats such as Sunfish, Opties and 420's to ensure the young people could gain a solid foundation and compete with the best of their peers. Competing is exactly what they have been doing for the past 50 years, in area regattas both at home and away.



Around 1990 Windycrest bought a fleet of Optis for the Junior program. Prior to that time participants sailed their own boats or found a boat to borrow. Throughout the years Optimists, Sunfish, Lasers, and 420s have been sailed by the youth sailors.

Windycrest has hosted several national and regional junior events. The Ida Lewis and Great Plains Opti Regatta was a couple of the largest. Hosting CSSA Junior Regattas was an annual event for many years.

Throughout the years Windycrest junior sailors have traveled to US Sailing Youth Championships. In the late 1990s, Jennifer Ziegler sailed a Laser in the Leiter Cup. In 2008 Daniel Weatherholt, Ian Jones (both from WSC) and Matt Graham (from NSA , Kansas) sailed in the 2008 Sears Cup, which was a triple handed Youth Championship, sailed in Lightning class boats.

In 2007 an opportunity to partner with two other clubs presented itself. Windycrest Sailing Club, Oklahoma City Sailing Club and Ninnescah Sailing Association joined together to form GUST (Growing Up Sailing Together). The three clubs pooled their resources to hire Steve Rickerby, a professional coach from New Zealand. Steve spent two months, teaching and coaching, with his time divided among the three clubs. Each club would hold a two-week camp

inviting juniors from any of the three clubs to attend. The host club would provide housing, which provided an opportunity for close friendships to form.



Since none of the juniors were old enough to drive mothers and fathers were pressed into service. One mother who had never towed a boat before rose to the occasion by putting a Laser on the roof of her car and towing a 420 to Kansas. All went well as long as she only had to drive forward.

Mathias Laugesen from Denmark followed Steve Rickerby. He continued to build on Steve's foundation of teaching the juniors racing strategy and tactics. By providing a coach at the CSSA Regattas the junior's sailing skills advanced rapidly. Unfortunately GUST only lasted three years, but junior participation in the CSSA Junior regattas continued.

Throughout the years Windycrest Juniors have distinguished themselves. Many have gone on to sail on college teams returning to Windycrest as adults to sail and help with the Junior Program. As long as Windycrest remains a family oriented club the Junior Program should continue to thrive.



Windycrest – A New Member’s Perspective by Jon Crump

What is the first thing a person should do when looking for a job in a new town? Check out the sailing clubs of course!

In 2012 I began a national job search for a job that would refocus my career back toward the design aspects of architecture. My typical job search pattern started with a job lead, researching the city demographics and then Googling the local sailing scene. Imagine my surprise when I found an active and competitive sailing community in Tulsa Oklahoma.

Further research indicated that Windycrest Sailing Club was less than 20 minutes from downtown, hosted regular social events, a one-design fleet of MC Scows and regular regattas. There was even a campground to give us an excuse to buy the camper we have been looking at.

It seemed the stars were aligning, with a great sailing club, more days a year on the water with the warmer climate and a job offer from Dewberry Architecture as a Design Director. I moved to Tulsa to begin my job while my wife stayed in Minnesota waiting for our Minnesota home to sell. This left me with plenty of spare time to focus on my hobbies, including sailing, so I headed out to Windycrest to check out the club.

The locked gate had me puzzled as most yacht clubs I have been to are within staffed marinas or open to the public during daylight hours. Don't tell anyone but I parked my car and walked around the gate to see the club. The number of sailboats on trailers and in the water was astonishing, I did not imagine that Tulsa and Lake Keystone would attract this many sailors.



Speaking of Lake Keystone, I cannot say how many times I would mention the lake to people at my new office and they would say, “oh, that muddy dirty lake, you should check out Grand Lake.” So I did, along with other regional lakes. On a couple occasions, I took a motorcycle ride to check out Keystone, Lake Oologah and Grand Lake. I hate to tell everyone but compared to Minnesota Lakes they are all muddy and I saw very little difference in water quality between the three lakes. Perhaps we should keep this perception of Lake Keystone intact so we can keep this treasure to ourselves.

Traditionally, I have gotten to know a new sailing club by walking the docks before a race to find someone who needs crew. I found this to be difficult as the race schedule was online, but race start times were not (race start times are now posted this year). There was information on the website about how to become a member; however I was not sure if I wanted to become a member yet. This left

me waiting at the club gate on a Sunday morning to follow someone in so I could walk the docks looking for a ride. As I found out, Windycrest is a tight knit community where strangers are noticed. I was approached several times with “are you a member” questions. The follow-up answer about being new in town led to more and more information about the club and the racing programs. I eventually ran into Terry Rainey who is always ready and willing to take on a new crewmember. By the end of the day at Rehash, I had also met Roger Adams and no longer felt like a stranger. I was ‘Minnesota Jon’.



I found out soon after joining Windycrest that an acquaintance from Minnesota was already a member. Bryan Wutzke had his “J24 *Maybe*” at the club and this has become my Keelboat ride since I sold my J24 when I left Minnesota. Our first race together at the club was an adventure, Bryan was driving and I was trimming. We introduced ourselves to Harvey Baker on crossing tacks before the race, taking

his backstay out along the way. We withdrew from that race to take the full penalty and Harvey went on to win the race with a jury-rigged backstay. I have had a great time driving *Maybe* ever since. Bryan is a fantastic trimmer and tactician and often the fore-decker too when we are double-handing the 24.

Oh, by the way, did I mention that I sold my sailboat when I left Minnesota? We had seven boats that we left in Minnesota; a sailboat, pontoon boat, ski boat, two kayaks, a canoe and a duck boat. I felt lost without a boat of my own and re-entered the boat ownership program on the “you-break-it... you-buy-it” program. At Windycrest everyone wants everyone to race, the MC fleet is always finding someone a boat to borrow if they want to race. In my case, I broke Harvey’s boat (again) when the dagger board was stuck and I broke some fiberglass getting it back into position. I was now hooked on the MC and Harvey put together a generous offer for sale of MC 2230 and I was in the MC fleet, and back in the boat ownership program. Now if I can just get over my two left feet and 10 thumbs, I will be competitive in the fleet.

My wife Jennifer is not a sailor, or at least not a racing sailor. The campground at Windycrest has us spending much more “sailing” time together. Or at least I am sailing and Jen and the dogs are sending us off to the races or waiting when we return. This has been a fantastic unforeseen benefit of becoming a member at Windycrest Sailing Club.



As I enter my third year of membership and new position as the club Fleet Captain I am looking forward to many more years of great times at Windycrest.

Jon Crump, (aka Minnesota Jon)

An Outsiders View of Windycrest Sailing Club by Brad Wieland

No doubt I was flattered to be asked to write an "outsider's" view of Windycrest Sailing Club, which in turn would be a part of the 50th Anniversary Book. Hopefully the following will provide some observations that WSC members will be proud of as they reflect on the past 50 years.

I will digress early here so that you will understand some possible relevant personal experience that somehow molded many of the views I have of sailors/racers, sailing clubs/yacht clubs, and elite/privileged club cultures. I raced sailboats competitively since I was 10 years old with the truly formative years spent at the Fort Worth Boat Club on Eagle Mountain Lake just north of Fort Worth, Texas. (need I say more)? I was exposed to great sailors, great arrogance, and excessive wealth, and I was not enamored with much of any of this except those exceptional racers that I learned so much from in Rhodes 19's. As an adult I continued sailing for about 20 years at the Arlington Yacht Club in Arlington, Texas. It was in C-22's that we competed all over the country for many years...and my first friendships with racers from WSC were formed at the nationals in Wichita in 1989... Steve Snider and Mike Choquette (the champions that year).



My first visit to WSC was in the early fall of 1992. Steve Snider was the national measurer and Joe Becker was vice commodore of the Catalina 22's...so the planning of the national regatta in June of 1993 pretty much fell into their hands as I was left to my own low-tech world. I can still remember how surprised I was to see a very functional "participatory" type club with lots of members smiling, laughing, and just generally going about their sailing fun.

Over the following years we continued to sail at clubs from California to New York with many spots in between with several more visits to WSC. WSC hosted the C-22 national regatta in both 1993 and 1999 with a couple of region 8 events as well. During this span of years I was so lucky to have formed some really great friendships.....and at some point in the late 1990's it was pointed out to me at a Texas C-22 party that I had way more friends in Oklahoma that I did in Texas. (Maybe that was due to competitive and often petty local rivalries...not sure on that). After giving this comment some serious thought (scary I know) for many years, I have concluded that our friends at WSC are truly special in their own unique way, and that translates directly to the culture of the

larger group. At risk of leaving a name or two out, I must thank the Sniders, Choquettes, Horns, Taylors, Beckers, Kerrs, Lobos, Greenwoods, Hursts, Stinsons, Bakers, Meehans, R. Kerr, K. Baggett, and D. Ziegler for their wonderful friendships that continue to the present time.

Most clubs have an "attitude" when it comes to race management. WSC has always displayed an attitude of safe, fair, and challenging racing. I cannot think of one instance where I felt something was lacking, and you as members should never take this for granted. It doesn't just happen that way...good thoughtful leadership is by design...not left up to luck.

As for racing at WSC I was most often humbled by better sailors, but I never went home to Texas feeling that I was discarded as just more cannon fodder for the winners. The WSC racers were always helpful, gracious, and truly sincere in their competitive demeanor...thank you Roger Kerr and Harvey Baker for being who you are. Also, thanks to Mike Choquette and Steve Snider for listening to my wine induced stories of past racing history!!

Finally, my most recent observation of WSC at its greatest was the 35th Annual Charity Regatta known as SAIL FOR STEVE benefiting the local ALS group in the greater Tulsa area this past September 6th. I was amazed once again seeing how much fun everyone had in participating in this most important event. I was on a "high" for days as I reflected on what a tremendous membership WSC has. All of you are the best.

Pictured are Brad with Steve & Mary Snider





1973 Richard Albright



1972 Tom Birmingham



1971 John Kerr



1970 Richard S. Neal



1969 Paul McBride



1968 William R. Shaw



1967 Charles Froeb



1966 Ken Greenwood



1980 Doug Byfield



1979 Jack Barcus



1978 Craig Blackstock



1977 Richard Bartlett



1976 Joe McDonald



1975 James L. Sullivan



1974 Williams H. Bond Jr.



1981 Mike Lang



1987 Terry Rainey



1988 Rod Tillolson



1986 Gil Greenwood



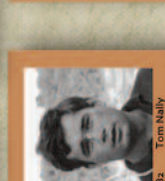
1985 Curt Long



1984 Tom Handgrave



1983 Bill Bond



1982 Tom Nally



1981 Mike Lang



1995 Rick Martin



1994 Bruce Taylor



1993 Joe Perrault



1992 Darline Hobock



1991 Tom Ostrye



1990 Jim Stinson



1989 Karey Low



1996 Steve Horn



2003 Skeeter Chilton



2002 Al Williams



2001 Mike Braman



2000 Bill Gerst III



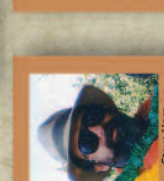
1999 Grant Gerondale



1998 Danny Ziegler



1997 John Kerr Jr.



1996 Steve Horn



2001 David Briggs



2000 Steve Elliott



2009 Jo Ann Chandler



2003 Danny Ziegler



2006 Steve Snider



2005 Brett Williams



2004 Blake Kelso



2007 Ray Adams



2005 Darrell Daniel



2004 Terry Rainey



2003 Danny Ziegler



2002 Doug Lewis



2008 Terry Danner



2008 Terry Danner



2008 Terry Danner



2008 Terry Danner

Old Hulks of Windycrest



1965 - 2015

Windycrest Sailing Club Events		
Commodore	Year	Significant Event(s)
Ken Greenwood	1965	Army Corps of Engineers formed Keystone Lake. Windycrest was incorporated on November 17th, 1965.
	1966	Road into property and down to water. First parking lot (March) and pathways to water constructed. The "Biffy" or outhouse was built. The club officially opened for business in May. Purchased pontoon boat to serve as Race Committee Central (RC I). Darlene Hobock launched the first boat at Windycrest in a fierce wind.
Charles H Froeb	1967	First Clubhouse was constructed. The boat ramp was surfaced. First IHBG Regatta on New Year's Day. Established the first Junior Program.
William R. Shaw	1968	First dock was built and first Keelboats were brought in. First monthly newsletter was published and called the " Wayward Word of Windycrest ". The Thistle Fleet was the largest centerboard fleet. Built small playground with slide, swings and a horse tub as a swimming pool.
Paul McBride	1969	The clubhouse burned to the ground.
Richard S. Neal	1970	
John Kerr	1971	
Thomas Birmingham	1972	A breakwater made of flotation tubes installed to protect the docks.
Richard Albright	1973	The new pavilion made of native stone and steel was erected. The bath house (with showers) was erected at the top of the hill. High water threatened the pavilion; sandbags and rocks were put on roof to hold it down.
William H. Bond Jr.	1974	
James L Sullivan	1975	Joe Becker won the Catalina 22 National Championship. Joe Becker & Jim Sullivan won a Catalina 22 international race against a crew from England. Built lower parking lot in one day.
Joseph L. McDonald	1976	Joe Becker won the Catalina 22 National Championship for a second time.
Richard Bartlett	1977	Declared a "no frills" yacht club in an special boating edition of Life Magazine.
Craig Blackstock	1978	The first Beach Party was held, hosted by the Catalina 22 Fleet.
Jack Barcus	1979	
Doug Byfield	1980	First Multiple Sclerosis Charity regatta (only known charity sailing regatta in US).
R. Michael Lang	1981	Established the first Woman of Windycrest (WOW) Sailing Class.
Tom Nally	1982	April 2nd saw 60 MPH wind, which destroyed B, C and D Docks.
Bill J. Bond	1983	Bill, son of Bill Bond Jr. made the first father/son to hold office of commodore. WSC hosted it's first intercollegiate championship regatta.
Tom Hardgrave	1984	April 28th - Wind destroyed C dock and damaged B dock. Replaced the breakwater with one made of laced together tires.
Curt Long	1985	B & C Dock were rebuilt with stronger docks & anchors. November - 20th Anniversary party at the Mariott.
Gil Greenwood	1986	Gil was son of first commodore Ken Greenwood. Second set of father/son commodores.
Terry Rainey	1987	Built flower garden wall next to pavilion with a time capsule wine bottle (Ron Gates project). Addition of work pad in Thistle lot.
Rod Tilliotson	1988	Rod Tilliotson passed away while serving as past commodore. Terry Rainey finished his term.
Karey Low	1989	Steve Snider won the Catalina 22 National Championship. Addition of New D-Dock. Hosted Coronado 15 North American Championship.
Jim Stinson	1990	Windycrest celebrates twenty-five (25) years of sailing. Under direction of Darlene Hobock WOW was improved to be a real sailing school.
Tom Ostrye	1991	Hosted Mid America Thistle Regatta.
Darline Hobock	1992	Darline becomes the first woman commodore. Highest water level ever recorded on Keystone Lake.
Joe Perrault	1993	Windycrest hosted the MC & Catalina 22 Nationals. Awarded the US SAILING St. Petersburg Yacht Club Trophy for Excellence in Race Management. Built H2O tank on Windycrest road. Procured an additional 17 acres of land to the east, allowing us some room to grow.

Windycrest Sailing Club Events		
Commodore	Year	Significant Event(s)
Bruce Taylor	1994	Pavilion received top floor. Club hired Rob Stout as the first full time facilities manager. WSC hosted US Sailing Champion of Champions Regatta. Built first bar on the lower level of pavilion. Newly acquired 17 acres, to make room for a keelboat dry storage area.
Rick Martin	1995	Dedicated upper level pavilion and the new bar on the lower level. Initiated Wednesday Night Racing. Added automatic entrance gate to Windycrest property for better security.
Steve Horn	1996	Increased dues to pay for continued club improvements. Poured concrete to improve foundation for C-Dock porch.
John Kerr Jr.	1997	Club volunteers rebuilt the kid's playground.
Danny Ziegler	1998	Hosted Ida Lewis Woman's Regatta. Added 10 slips to "D" dock. Installed drop down weather protectors in pavilion. Replaced the junior dock with a new on the water storage area for them. First Cajun Fried Turkey party was hosted by KBRF Ken and Libby Brooks initiated.
Grant Gerondale	1999	Hosted Catalina 22 Nationals, Harvey Baker won the Championship.
Bill Gent III	2000	CR 914 radio controlled fleet was started. Wednesday night racing hit its peak with 40 boats participating.
Mike Brannan	2001	A third version of the breakwater with hanging panels was installed. Halloween Haunted Forrest organized by Ray Adams.
Al Williams	2002	MS Charity Regatta renamed Close MS Regatta in memory of Rose Mary Close. Mike Lang got WSC road paved with chip and seal. Built the maintenance building in upper lot. Club purchased 6 new 420's.
Skeeter Chilton	2003	Jack Stewart was hired as the second full time facilities manager. Hosted Ida Lewis double hand nationals. Tire breakwater was removed and new breakwater installed. Upgraded "C" dock electrical outlets with all GFI receptacles.
Blake Kelso	2004	Purchased " <i>Predator</i> " after the Whaler burned up. Added new Sunfish lot by the camping area.
Britt Williams	2005	SEA (Sailing Education for adults) initiated. Celebrated the 40th WSC anniversary.
Steve Snider	2006	Moonlight sail for MS initiated. Club is hit by massive ice storm that covered the whole cove.
Ray Adams	2007	The Close MS Regatta surpassed \$1 million in donations to Multiple Sclerosis. Approved purchased on new RC boat kit, which will be assembled by volunteers.
Terry Dannar	2008	New "RCII" is pressed into service for the first race. Treasurer Earl Stroud passed away in office.
Jo Ann Chandler	2009	New walkway added to center board tie up dock. WSC had display at Tulsa boat show. Hosted MC National Championship Regatta. Winter Windows added to Pavilion.
Steve Elliott	2010	Change from hard copy to electronic Windword.
David Briggs	2011	Aggressive and costly chain replacement of aging C-Dock was approved.
Doug Lewis	2012	The last Close MS Charity Regatta was held. "The Chain Gang" (volunteers) started replacing the 31 chains on C-Dock.
Danny Ziegler	2013	The Charity Regatta was continued benefiting ALS - Sail for Steve Regatta was formed. The Sea Ark chase boat was purchased, replacing the Predator. Paved road from gate to boat lots.
Terry Rainey	2014	C-Dock anchor replacement was completed. D-dock anchor replacements began. Terry Rainey became commodore for the 2nd time. The Chain Gang began replacing lost anchors on the breakwater.
Darrell Daniel	2015	Windycrest celebrates fifty (50) years of sailing. Dramatic land lease increases from the Corps required an increase of dues. Another year of high water covering the upper pavilion deck. New Roof on the pavilion. Year End Holiday Party /50th Anniversary Celebration ends the year in style.

The Tulsa
Historical Society
featured
Windycrest with a
50th anniversary
exhibit in 2015.

Windycrest
SAILING CLUB, INC.



Article IV

The purposes for which the corporation is formed are:

A. Educational, Scientific and recreational

B. The purposes of this corporation are to encourage the pursuit of sailing as a recreational

activity and competitive sport;

to teach the art of sailing;

and rules to engender a spirit of sportsmanship among its members,

and within their families and within the community;

to promote the teaching of the methods, techniques and sciences of sailing to both adults and young people;

to develop new methods, techniques and ideas for improvement and aerodynamics of sailing and sailing craft;

and to handle and promote regattas on a local, district, regional and national basis for the racing and competition of sailing craft.



Windycrest

SAILING CLUB, INC.

P.O. Box 7431
Tulsa, Ok 74159



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1966 Ken Greenwood	1979 Jack Barcus
1967 Charles H Froeb	1980 Doug Byfield
1668 William R. Shaw	1981 R. Micheal Lang
1969 Paul McBride	1982 Tom Nally
1970 Richard S. Neal	1983 Bill J. Bond
1971 John Kerr	1984 Tom Hardgrave
1972 Thomas Birmingham	1985 Curt Long
1973 Richard Albright	1986 Gil Greenwood
1974 William H. Bond Jr.	1987 Terry Rainey
1975 James L Sullivan	1988 Rod Tilliotson
1976 Joseph L. McDonald	1989 Karey Low
1977 Richard Bartlett	1990 Jim Stinson
1978 Craig Blackstock	

History of Windycrest By Ken Greenwood

In the beginning, as I remember it, there were mostly lawyers. They argued a lot. Some wanted a club on Gibson, some on Keystone, but mostly on big water. They were big thinkers. There was Charley Froeb, Ton Galey, Dan Toll and Tom Hammermeister. There may have been others but memory fades. Oh yes, and Doug Wixson. Doug's father-in-law had a piece of land in Osage County. One day we went out to look at it.



Fred Kirschner, part architect, part Oklahoman and part Billy Goat, set off across the hills with Froeb following. It was a sunny morning. Briskness and heavy breathing was in the air and on the far shore was the land. Not exactly promised, but land, rather well endowed with scrub oak and rocks. Much later, after much discussion and a generous amount of legal analyzation, the statement was made that if a club was to be formed they could have first option and had until February 1st to act. Otherwise, the Greenwoods would build a club because it would be "something of an adventure." Which it was!

The first trip walking into the land from the road, everybody got blisters on their feet and while the rail of a Thistle does marvelous things for your fanny, it does little to condition your feet!

So, Wixson became a topographical designer; Froeb became an easement lawyer. Bob Hobock and Rod Hall became land surveyors and Greenwood became an expert on moving big rocks with a crowbar. The long wait began for the formalities and negotiations with the Corps of Engineers to bear fruit. Finally the document arrived that enabled the club to begin work on the Corps' land... signed by the Secretary of the Army, no less!

The hill looked like a clothesline as torn sheets marked where parking lots would be. The biffy was put on the lake line because the Corps wouldn't let plumbing go below 753. Hubert Miller, hired as a contractor, provided a bulldozer operator named "Andy," and work began. Meantime, there was organization. A club charter was drawn and memberships outlined (in the beginning there were just a few). The Hobocks, the McClellands, Gene Kehr, Joe Kerr, Rod Hall, Charlie Froeb, Dan Toll and Joe Becker.

Gil Greenwood enlisted the Edison swimming team to wheel cement down the hill from the present biffy site to construct footings for the original pavillion which is still holding the main dock to the shore. Bob Formell of Patterson Steel designed the docks to last for five years but they lasted much longer. Picnic sites were planned. The loading ramp was laid out.

Joe Becker became an expert on pouring concrete as did the Boydston family, Jim Hobson, Gil Greenwood and any of Gil's high school buddies who could be shanghaied.



By April the site was a busy place. Interested but still doubtful sailors came out to visit. The membership had grown to about 20. It was announced the club would open May 21, the anniversary date of the long distance race on Keystone Lake. It would take a miracle to get it done. But work progressed in rain, sleet and mud. Joe Anderson became an expert in getting cars out of the mud. Stan Davis, an expert in many things, laid out lake maps, built marks and found new members. Bob Runge helped build pathways. Hoyt Purcell became a crescent wrench expert.

One blustery early April day, Darlene Hobock decided hers would be the first boat launched at Windycrest. The Osage Wind Gods didn't like it, but when Darlene decides she will sail, she will sail! She will sail!

Memories get hazy, but somehow Public Service showed up to put in the electricity . . . huge concrete pipes were delivered over muddy roads, so a biffy could be built. A drunken truck driver showed up with a clubhouse, which was dropped into place and since it was a 10-foot drop, it broke most of the windows and the side of the building. A carpenter came wandering out of Arkansas announcing, "he had been sent by an insurance company", and he got the clubhouse repaired. (It burned down later!) Gravel for roads was delivered at all hours of the day and Marian wrote her name on so many trip tickets they offered her a full-time job with Standard Industries.



Jim Hobson and Gil hauled rocks most of the summer to rip-rap the hills of the parking lots. They built the drainage around the club. Hobson had a unique skill with tools: he could break them faster than they could be replaced. He is the only human who ever destroyed a crowbar.

By this time a serious development occurred in the Greenwood family. Sharon decided she was a lady and not a nail driver. Jody decided there were lot better things to do than spend Friday afternoon and all day Saturday and Sunday at a foster sailing club. She was in love with Hoyt Purcell, but not that deeply. Gil had decided the whole thing was "a bloody poor idea and when would we go sailing?" . . . and Marian was wondering how many people would notice her name in the divorce column.

A committee boat arrived from Wichita, a bit bent from having been driven in winds of 50-miles-per-hour. Jack Campbell became a racing chairman and pontoon boats expert. (By now there were so many experts in the club on various things, it was hard to find a straight man er, straight person.) Saturday was the long distance race.

Friday night, by auto headlights, the last path gravel was spread, sand put on the beach, gravel leveled on the turning area. Picnic tables were in place, electricity was run to the dock and the biffy was Spartan, but ready.

Windycrest was ready . . . not done . . . but ready. What had been an idea had been chipped out of the side of an Osage Hill mostly by hand, mostly by a few people, some kids and some friends of sailing. It was built, not as a yacht club, but as a sailing place . . . or a place to be. It was a place commodores had first chance to carry away the garbage, and often did.



Oh yes, up on the side of the hill is a sort of chapel place for Jim Hindman and others like him: who are quiet, gentle, love sailing, and get a special gleam in their eyes when the wind blows clean. I think there is also a tree there now for Wade James.

I hope that there will always be a humility about Windycrest and that there will also be a quiet gentleness about it people will enjoy. I hope the spirits Father Daniels spoke of so many years ago when he christened the club will always be there.

WINDYCREST VIGNETTES

By Charles H. Froeb

In September 1964, Kenneth Greenwood and myself, Tom Galey and Rod Hall walked from Fred Kirschner's house on the point, back east on the ridge, down into the draw opposite the present breakwater, across a beautiful pasture, the present location of Barker Creek, and picked out the site



where the main pavilion now stands as the best location for a sailing club. There was considerable agitation to locate at the end of Barker Creek, in front of Kirschner's house, where the dirt road still goes. The Corps indicated a fish trap would be located on one side of Kirschner's point and there wouldn't be much water available for a harbor, but this location would give us a harbor on each side of the point. This exposure from the northwest is considerable, and the hill and slope are so steep at that location that it is almost unusable.

During that expedition along the ridge, I got lost and on the flat part of Barker Creek was confronted by a bull that proceeded to chase me

back up the hill towards Kirschner's. I finally scrambled up on a big rock where the bull couldn't get at me. Then I had to walk down the ridge all the way back to the back of the cove where the present moorings are, and around the edge to the spot where the pavilion now stands. I was an hour late showing up. This trip was the first actual walking to the property from the lakeside, and it took from 9:30 in the morning until 3:30 in the afternoon, believe it or not.

There was a lot of talk of locating on some property owned by Stanley Brander up in Cowskin Bay, but Brander never got the pizzazz to have the present harbor bulldozed, and that's why it's impossible to use at the present time.

We held a party at the Press Club in the late fall of '64 to get people to sign pledges and raise money. After an outlay of some \$150 for the party, we had some 50 people attend and three pledges signed. The Tulsa Lightning Club first indicated it might join us, then decided to put in its own sailing club on Keystone Lake, but never made it a reality.

We started work in late summer of 1965, after a purchase contract was negotiated with Mr. Kirschner and the funds borrowed from NBT. The three original incorporators were Greenwood, Froeb and Rodney Hall. During May 1965, the dam was finally closed and the Corps predicted the lake would be pretty much up to power pool level of 711 feet by the end of November. Two weeks later a flash flood from Kansas filled the whole lake to brim capacity with a tremendous amount of logs, brush, dead cows and other debris that came roaring down from the Cimarron River.

I recall launching the M-20 at the public ramp, sailing up Barker Creek, tying up to the woods where the present platform dock is located and starting to cut trees and trim back. All during the fall of '65, we took our cars in on the oilfield's roads, which were almost impassable. We'd get as far as the present main gate, then have to start walking and dragging equipment with us. By spring, we had the paths hacked out that are the present paths. They had to be done in a slow, laborious fashion by pick and mattock because of the many rocks that had to be removed. Most of the rocks were rolled down to what is now the waterside of the turn-around, then stacked by hand by Greenwood, Hobson, young Greenwood, Froeb and occasional volunteer help. The bulldozers came through with the present road- site about March '66, making it possible to drive to what is now the upper parking lot. By late April, the upper and

lower parking lots were built. The old two-stall privy was put in simply by taking concrete culverts, standing them on edge, packing dirt around them with a bulldozer and building a floor with cutouts for the necessary appearance. This then was cemented over, and voila!-there was the john.



The first clubhouse skidded in later in 1966 and was built by apprentice carpenters. Six of us actually pushed it off the truck bed and got it onto the cement foundation blocks, with Greenwood almost getting crushed in the process. That March I recall Kenneth Greenwood trying to get the Jeep back up from the original earth ramp by pushing it with his Oldsmobile station wagon. He broke all the lights, grill work and fenders in his desperate urgency to get the Jeep back up the hill.

The first election of officers was held in spring of 1966, at a meeting in Furr's Cafeteria in Utica Square. We couldn't even get a room to ourselves so had to congregate in the passageway from the

chow line to the tables. Some of the subsequent board meetings would go from 7 in the evening until 1:30 or 2:00 in the morning because Stan Davis and Tom Galey constantly had opposite opinions from the other board members.

There actually was a long distance race before Windycrest was formed. In the last summer of 1965, we raced from the Cleveland Sunray DX Marina down to the dam, some 23 miles. The winner of the race, Stan Davis, in a Phoenix Catamaran, beat out Kenneth Damon's Flying Dutchman, and Charlie Froeb's M-20 by some 15 minutes. Fourth place winner, Stanley A. Brander, in a Lightning was followed by Rod Hall in a Thistle. This was one of the finest long distance races I have ever seen on Keystone Lake. There was a perfect 15 mile-an-hour wind, with a steady beat to windward all the way from Cleveland up to the dam. Many people got sick on this trip. Phil Campbell got a roaring case of the trots and caused considerable confusion in his reworked Snipe because his wife had to sail him back to Cleveland to get him to the hospital. It was on this race that Jim Hindman, then about 52 years old, stayed out in the hiking wire, or trapeze, on Kenneth Damon's boat for the full 23-mile haul upwind, over a four-hour period.

After the club opened in late May 1966, (with six members) the applications started coming in. By the end of August, there were 35 members, and by the end of the year, about 42. The money from these memberships paid the lease rent, which the club owned to Greenwood on an option to purchase contained in the lease agreement. The committee boat, with the surrey on top, was purchased by Greenwood in the summer of '66. After it arrived in Tulsa I took it to Cleveland and had the engine put on, with the controls, just in time for the running the aforementioned long distance race.

When the first trucks hauled rock out to the old breakwater at least four of them had breakage in the bed of the special truck, and the cursing could be heard for miles. As the old breakwater progressed out into the creek, the amount of clay and rock needed seemed to triple every couple of feet. Finally an exhaustion point was reached. The Corps allowed that we were decimating the hillside for clay and made us stop. The back road that goes to the ten acres where the breakwater is located is still there. We put a culvert at the bottom of the creek but it is impossible to get a normal car over it at the pre-sent time.



When the first docks were built, we had them set on Styrofoam blocks at the edge of the ramp, I still remember Gill Greenwood taking a 15-foot 2 x 12 and pushing it as hard as he could to get it into position to bolt onto the steel frame . . . just at the time his father's hands were at the joints. Kenneth had a set of crushed hands for about two weeks. The only thing he said to his son was "Did you have to push that hard?"

The year the clubhouse burned up, 1969, was the year Richard Neil was commodore. Since he was the last person seen lighting a hibachi fire that day, we all wondered if the commodore had burned up his own clubhouse. Poor Richard still carries this blight around.

“The Middle Years” By Bill Bond

In trying to allude to the subject, a small problem arose... normally you would expect the middle years to encompass the time between the beginning and the end. It is difficult to ascertain whether we are at the beginning or in the middle, but we are certainly not at the end, so I shall merely try to relate many of the things, which in my memory have gone to make the present Windycrest.

I know this is not supposed to be a biography, but I must tell of the incident, which introduced me to sailing. Bill and David were in high school at the time and being on the swimming team, they developed a friendship with Randy Hensley. Janet and I became friends with Randy's parents, Tom and Betty who were ardent Thistle sailors. An invitation was extended by them to crew for Tom in one of the Sunday races and it was enthusiastically accepted. We arrived at what I later got to know as the "lower" parking lot (since changed), and were introduced to a multitude of people who were friendly and exuberant about their common interest. That interest was boats that without the benefit of a particular color or a particular number would appear to be identical.

After a launch and the raising of more cloth than my mother 's Monday morning clothesline contained, all of which was attached to a mast and hull that had to be the most precarious piece of equipment ever placed in a body of water, we departed for the course. It was noted as we neared the starting line that my smile and friendly wave to newly found friends was largely ignored and as the race began, a hostile attitude developed aboard each and every boat; not only among the boats, but also among the crew. Never had such intensity been witnessed unless something akin might have been experienced during a dogfight in the South Pacific while in the sights of an enemy plane.



The first race was completed. The participants reverted to the normal friendly human beings that they had been in the parking lot prior to our departure. This lasted until another gun signaled the beginning of another race and we were off again on a trip which went nowhere, but which in turn was pursued as though our very existence depended on the outcome. To illustrate just how intense the following is offered: At a point on the course with some illogical name like "JIBE" we capsized. After much wallowing and screaming, etc., the boat was righted and placed back under sail. This was accomplished without yours truly on board. In Tom 's haste to maintain his position he just went on his merry way and left me floating in the middle of Lake Keystone, returning to pick me up after the race when he realized his guest was no longer on board. Needless to say, I was hooked.

Thistle Fleet No. 108 just happened to have a boat No. 1450 which we purchased and in which the boys and myself spent many happy hours. This occurred in the fall of 1968. The club in those days was what would seem Spartan to today's membership, but to those of us who were joining at that time it was fantastic and offered the opportunity to make it even more so. The club membership was built by the introduction of non-sailing friends to sailing friends.



Hardly a Sunday went by without the appearance of a new face in the company of a sailing member. This, more times than not, precipitated a new boat in one of the fleets which would join the bedlam of the Sunday afternoon therapy. After their initial attempt they would return to the dock sunburned, soaked and humble, determined to return the next week and beat the fleet.

At this time in our existence the club was primarily a centerboard club. The Thistle Fleet was the predominant fleet with possibly 25 to 30 boats. M-20's, Dolphins, Flying Scots, Lightnings and other varieties were also much in evidence with participating fleets. Keelboats were confined to a victory or two while Dr. Fanning and Wade James had a Cal 25 and Columbia 26 respectively which they sailed with more determination than there are adjectives to describe. The dock facilities consisted of the platform, which leads to "C" slips and was covered at the time. A ramp led to a "T" dock, which accommodated the centerboarders as they prepared for their Sunday afternoon tiff. You would be hard put to find a boat in any of the lots on those Sunday afternoons. Picnic baskets and ice chests were the order of the day. These were attacked ravenously after the races and a camaraderie existed with all fleets which has since been segmented into groups and given a name of "rehash".

Some people who should be mentioned below are no doubt omitted, but believe me it is unintentional. Darlene and Bob Hobock, John Kerr, Tom Birmingham, Jackie and Les McClaskey, Dick Albright, Jim Sullivan, Gene Colclasure, Bill Gent, Hollis Eskridge, George Rose, Ken Greenwood, Charles Froeb, The Overalls, Charlie Nelson, Bruce Taylor, Wade and Pony James are only a few of many diligent individuals who devoted their weekends to the "cause". All of the families, particularly the "flat-bellies" who were the offspring of the membership, did more hard labor than a Georgia convict and most of it resembled the same kind of effort.

The current facilities began to come into being when John Kerr referred one day to the "The Camper Fleet" which was becoming a large part of Windycrest. John was Commodore or Vice Commodore at the time and expressed a concern for accommodations for the onslaught of Keelboats, which as he put it "seemed to be breeding in the upper lot." Joe Becker's smile in those days was so wide it reminded one of an ad for dental floss or toothpaste as seen on television. The capabilities of John Kerr and Tom Birmingham began to surface and after many board meetings, lunches, cussings and whatnots "A" slips were designed and built. Would you believe they had difficulty getting people to avail themselves of their use? It will be recalled that several were occupied by Thistles and Flying Scots during the early stages.



We now had more toilet facilities on the water than we had up the hill and it fell in line that better accommodations on the water would not be tolerated by those with the smaller boats, so during Dick Albright's turn in the barrel it was decided that a building and shower would be added. The old clubhouse had long since been disposed of during Richard Neal's tenure (leave it to an architect-if you don't like it, burn it) so the way was cleared. That sounds simple. It wasn't. During all the construction there was the ongoing maintenance of the in-place facilities. It was during these middle years that "B" and "C" slips came into being. Paths of asphalt were laid and in the end a very tired club sat down and observed what they had wrought. What they had wrought was an impossible parking problem.

Where the boat lots had accommodated the cars while the smaller boats were in the water, we now had boats in the water (as a permanent fixture) and each one came complete with an automobile. For those of you who don't remember, or who never experienced it, the trip up and down cardiac hill was memorable. Cars were being parked in the area where the caretaker's trailer now stands and in any other nook or cranny we could find. It was due to this inconvenience that the lower lot as dozed out of the side of the hill and provides the convenience now enjoyed by one and all. Another major problem solved. Maybe we'll have a respite; not so.

Section 3, Article III of the bylaws stated simply that: "A sailboat in excess of 26.0' in overall length may not be kept or maintained on club facilities." Some of the membership decided that this was inadequate. A proposed amendment stated, "A sailboat in excess of 6000 pounds displacement may not be kept or maintained on club facilities." Many others decided it was fine the way it was. What ensued was an accumulation of information both pro and con that probably exceeded anything of its kind considered by the club. Mailings and meetings were a way of life for both proponents and opponents. If you could avail yourself of the information compiled you would find, that, indeed, each had valid points. Article V and Article VI were initiated. The ensuing meeting was probably attended by a greater number of the membership than any other meeting either prior or since.



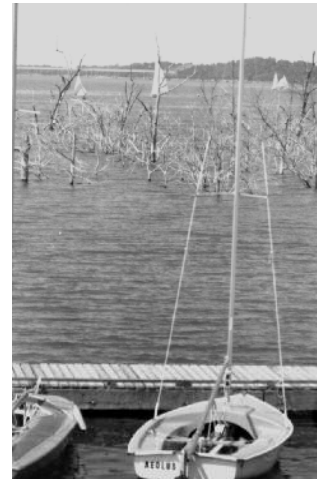
The amendment was adopted; 171 votes, 86 pro., 85 con. Not really a victory for either side, but it did change the silhouettes at sundown.

Amidst all of the extracurricular activities a Yellow Cab arrived one afternoon on the turnaround and a very disgruntled individual with numerous straps and bags extracted himself, shook his head, and sought the first individual within hailing distance to announce his mission.

The result of his efforts appeared in Life Magazines' book on 'Boating' as the "no frills" yacht club. We probably could have qualified for Playboy had they elected to avail themselves of the pulchritude of the club, but under the circumstances this was, no doubt, more appropriate. In any event we appear in the book with good company. The Good Lord had his play in all this in that twice during 1973 all that could be seen of the pavilion was about three feet of the fireplace flue as He did His best to repeat His 40 day and 40 night stint he accomplished for Noah's benefit. The floating breakwater was another accomplishment of those years and what you see today is not what we started with. "Tin Whistles" were weighted with concrete in the upper lot, hauled to the ramp, floated to the current breakwater sight, lashed together and anchored in place. We soon found that solids and fluids don't mix well in that kind of an environment. The present breakwater can for the most part be attributed to Jim Sullivan and a crew of many who obtained the data and supplied the labor that has served so well for so long. The fun and games of the middle years will long live in all the membership who participated.



Tom Birmingham conceived an impossible dream for many of us when he arranged a bear-boat tour to the Virgin Islands. To many of us who heard of it for the first time it was like hearing about Pearl Harbor. Where the hell was it? Speak to anyone who went and they will say that it was one of the greatest experiences of their lives! Okies in the Caribbean with their introduction to blue water and Pina Coladas will not soon be forgotten. The pavilion gave us the latitude to sponsor the good things like Luaus, Octoberfests, Labor Day brunches and what not; plus a place to sit and await the return of the fleet.

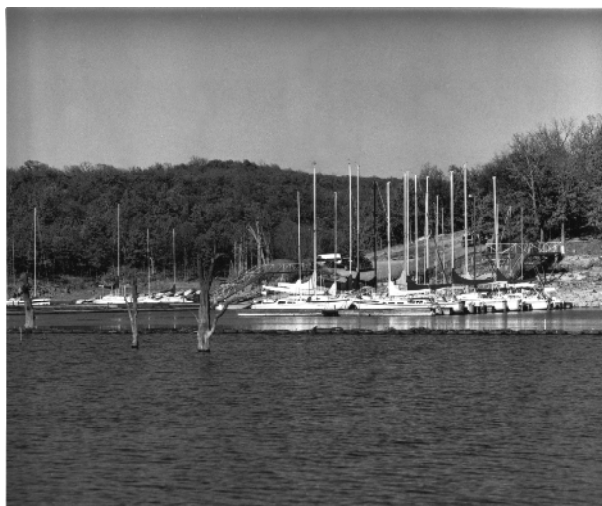


All in all a calm seems to be settling in at Windycrest. The storms and the floods have subsided. The smiles are quicker. The facilities are beginning to become a matter of concern for those in command. An appreciation for the knowledge of the experienced seems just around the corner. The use of the club is on the verge of being expanded to accommodate, even more, the less adventuresome. The wisdom the founders of our club showed in the formation of the by-laws, which have served so well for so many years is a marvel. The founders must have been guided by the ghost of Benjamin Franklin. What has been covered is very minute compared to all the happenings, but from this reminiscing we are reminded of just how much is available for so little. All things have a beginning, middle and an end. My hope is that Windycrest will have no end and that it will continue to serve the generations of sailing enthusiasts of the future as adequately as it has those of the past.

WINDYCREST LOG: "Sixteenth year, toward **by Jack Barcus**

It is perhaps best that the authorship of the following story is obscure at this point. Suffice it to say that it is from an early copy of the Windword (then known as the "Wayward Word of Windycrest"). If perchance the responsible party has the courage to step forward and admit the work, I will personally and publicly acclaim him/ her on the very steps of our pavilion. The story unfolds thusly:

In the year 1863, the lighthouse in San Francisco Bay suddenly stopped functioning. Efforts to repair the light on the part of resident plumbers, electricians and lighthouse keepers all proved fruitless. Then a young Indian brave, known to the girls of the tribe as "Many Hands," stepped forth and Many Hands quickly and miraculously repaired the malfunctioning lighthouse. It was from this historic event that there came the still familiar saying, "Many Hands make light work."



Indeed, it's a groaner . . . but it's a truth as well. It was so in the beginning, it is now and it will always be at Windycrest. Many hands do in fact make light work of all that is to do.

Entities such as our club do not just suddenly appear. Rather they come to life like worms, spiders and lizards. There is conception, birth and growth. Our club was once an idea conceived by a few, given birth by these and more, and given growth by these and still others. Among the early dreamers of our club were some names you will know . . . Becker, Froeb, Greenwood, Hobock, Kerr, Gent and others too who were significant in their contribution.

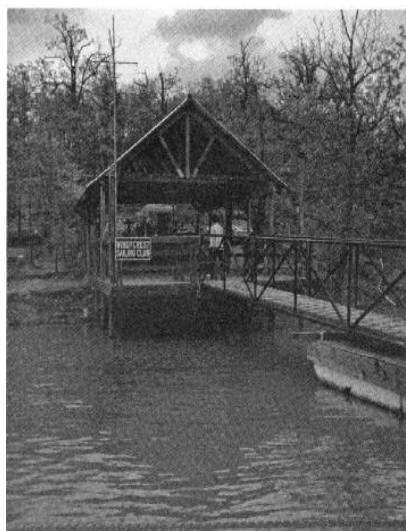
The first meeting of our club was April 13, 1966 at Borden's Cafeteria (can anything good come out of . . .

7). Not long hence there was a road, a parking lot, a ramp, moorings and a dock. Then there was a clubhouse. It didn't just happen; it was the beginning of Windycrest carved out of the natural beauty of Lake Keystone by a hardy group of our forbearers . . . a group pursuant of the sport of sailing.

On the day of his departure for the Antarctic in Ice Bird, David Lewis writes, ". . . the log opens 'Toward,' never 'To.' No sailor would ever dream of so tempting providence." Obvious, surely, at Windycrest these first years was that we were moving toward our certain but as yet undefined future. Hardly could we predict a sure arrival at a particular state of being. Never the less the commitment was toward a definite goal.

From an early Windward: "We set a goal to build one of the finest sailing clubs in the Southwest. Not elegant or posh; but basic soundly planned and taking advantage of our potential." Commodore Greenwood predicted, "an exciting future in Oklahoma sailing and . . . Windycrest very much at the center of it."

In the early days the sailboat inventory was as varied, if not more so, as it is today. Lightings, Scots, Thistles and Snipes graced our premises. There were also Tempos, Dabchicks (not to be confused with the baby bald eagle), Snarks, Sabots and a Unicorn. And if you still can't understand the rationale behind the now amended three boat rule-the two boats that by name at least are most intriguing were the Picnic 17 and the McVay Cruisette (would I make up something like that?). Mostly there were centerboards. Keelboats in those days were thought by some to be sort of a plague. There was mention that keelboats would be the ruination of the club.



Moving toward . . . we confronted our share of growing pains. We learned (sometimes) from experience. Race committees were reportedly going to be picked on the basis of who griped and complained most. (Perhaps promising a congenial club that runs lousy races). It was not all work; we had fun too. There was the now infamous 6,000-pound controversy. Or, was it the 27-foot rule? Or, maybe the 25-foot rule? Whatever it or they were, we grew our way through these years in the spirited manner one would expect of so keen a bunch of competitors. Much of it was unpleasant at the time, but then evolution is not always painless. We were becoming . . . moving toward . . .

Again quoting a quote from "Ice Bird:"

*The glass is falling hour by hour;
the glass will fall forever,
But if you break the bloody glass,
You won't hold back the weather.*

Always dominant in the sailor's life-the weather. So too the tides of ten control the lives of the seagoing. It was so in those early days or yesteryear in the cove at the mouth of Barker Creek. The weather brought drought and flood . . . too much or too little. And the annual "tide" rose and fell in spite of all the Corps of Engineers could do. At low tide, water below normal-high tide brought a rise of thirty or so feet. Commodore Albright termed it "the year of the Ark." If you've only just arrived into membership you could easily lack a true appreciation of Kaw Dam and the work of the Corps in our now *relatively stable lake level*. Check some of the pictures from that era. The first time I saw Windycrest I thought it odd to dock all those boats around a flagpole that protruded from the water.



There was much ado about the "design the club burgee" contest in '67. Don't know who won, but knowing this group you can bet it wasn't unanimous. This was also the year of the first I.H.B.G. Regatta on New Years Day (I Hate Bowl Games has naught to do with your feelings toward the Board of Governors). The name of our newsletter changed in '68. This was also the year of the first annual Memorial Day Corn Roast and Fourth of July Brunch. (A couple of years later it was suddenly discovered that corn doesn't really get ready to eat by Memorial Day, and brunch tends to wither in the summer heat-so these two celebrations were reversed). Darlene continued placing high in the Adam's Cup finals.



Things really got hot in '69. The clubhouse caught fire and burned up . . . or down, depending on your perspective. And that year John Kerr won the "Old Goats Sunfish Series" followed by Gid Greenwood and Bill Gent. Can you fathom (to use a nautical term) that? If those were "old goats" then . . . ? It was also a big year for ticks. So, onward ever, backward never, we moved toward . . . Commodore Kerr evidenced that Windycrest spirit: " . . . as much a feeling as a place . . . a place to enjoy and to enjoy being.

Indeed we had logged a few years behind us. We were "a unique blend of physical facilities and dedicated people . . . young enough to have ideas and old enough to enjoy traditions . . . the magic mix called Windycrest." (Commodore Birmingham). It was time for a floating breakwater, and the second time it worked. It was made of "tired tires" by George Disdier and (you guessed it) Many Hands.

Year by year our traditions grew . . . our spirit became stronger. Pride in our club increased. Men and women of vision had launched us, and that same visionary spirit kept propelling us. Of our club Commodore Bond wrote:



Thousands of miles have been sailed around her race courses . . . loads of trophies sit in homes around this country and her burgee proudly adorns yacht clubs from the Virgin Islands to Victoria, B.C. Someday a member will make a blue water passage. It is my fervent wish that the pride of being a member of this great Oklahoma Prairie yacht club goes with them, and that the memories they have will embellish the stories that might be exchanged on some South Sea atoll.

The club grew in wisdom and in stature (to coin a phrase). Members actively competed against each other week after week (sometimes even on the race course). And they journeyed afar in quest of gold, silver and honor in regattas of the surrounding area. Many conquests too numerous to name belonged to Windycrest. Darlene placed third in the Adam's Cup finals in Rochester, N.Y. sailing an Ensign (and third out of eight nationally ain't bad). Gil Greenwood won the Dabchick Nationals sailing the original wooden Dabchick built in this country. Joe Becker has brought home a couple of national and one international first places in the Catalina 22. These are a few of our winners, examples of our tradition of "sailing around."

We got to the lake faster in '73 with the opening of Keystone Expressway. And we stayed here more comfortably as our pavilion was completed that same year. We even began to park "down the hill." And that was the year of the two-day-long-distance-race-camp-out.

By the time Commodore Sullivan described Windycrest as "a love affair," that simple phrase had come to have profound meaning to most of us who belonged. Membership had reached the limit in keelboats. And a key word, which would live to haunt us, was "participation." Commodore McDonald, observing the club on his "rare" days off, wrote of "Halyards clanking, the rustle of wind in the trees, slapping waves against the shore . . . docks swaying in rippled water. During the week the club in its natural splendor . . . awaits the fun and boisterous coming of her members. Will you be there?"

There it was, the same ol' Barker Creek Cove . . . yet not the same. "Many hands" had marked the landscape with the beauty of Windycrest; a facility designed by sailors for sailors as rustic and functional that blended in with the natural beauty of the cove. "Many hands" had accomplished much. But of

course not without appropriate encouragement, such as the words of Commodore Barlett (who had a habit of not saying what was on his mind and whose meaning was often unclear): "It's our club... if you don't do it, it won't get done!" And then, "Windycrest is a tribute to those who have served the club with, and most importantly, without an official office.

Windycrest! Beginning with a beautiful cove in '66, year by year shooting up sprouts of growth. Always with one design (no pun) we have moved . . . toward . . .

"It is," Commodore Blackstock pointed out, "the visible result of much work and effort . . . the association of people with a common purpose . . . a manifestation of the many forms of sailing . . . a sport which raises men above the ordinary.

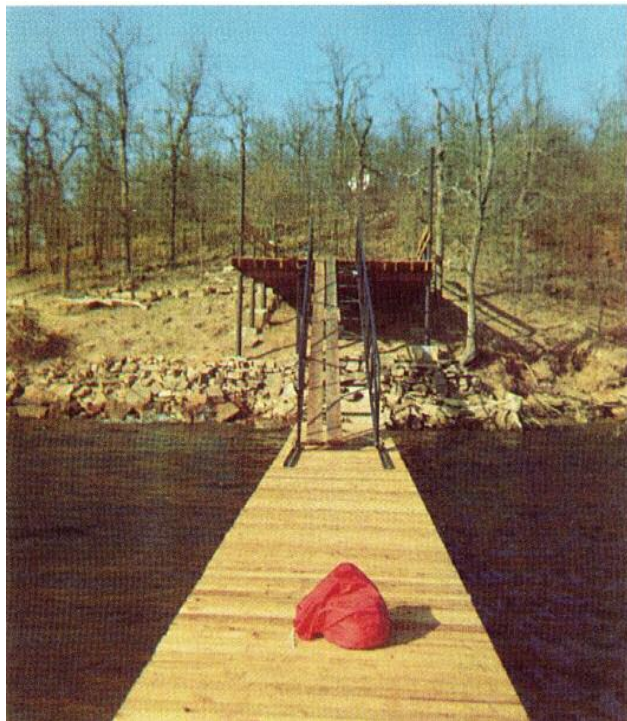
Extraordinary people - that's it! That's Windycrest over the years. Conceived, born and growing . . . people who are sailing folk. "Going to sea," Commodore Byfield called it. "Going to sea while within reach of home. Forgetting for awhile the skyline over the hill."



"The Windycrest Experience," Barcus groped for the meaning of the club to those who belonged. A club, an organization, a place, a people . . . an experience, the product of dreams and dreamers. "All men dream, but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find that it was vanity. But dreamers of the day . . . they may act their dreams with open eyes to make it possible." (T. E. Lawrence).

The dreams, and the dreamers of the day are not vanished. They steadily ply the waters of our cove and our lake. They still move us . . . toward . . . "Could it happen again," Commodore Lang queries, "or have times changed to drastically?" Hardly a valid question,

so obvious is the answer. For in our moving toward our future, Lang affirms, "Windycrest does happen again. and again every year."



**TOWARD OUR TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY
A TIME OF TESTING
by Tom Birmingham**

Old timers in the Florida Keys have a basic outlook on survival which simply stated is:

When Mother Nature makes up her mind to do something, all you can do about it is get out of the way.

In 1982 and again in 1984, Windycrest members "got out of the way" of two vicious wind/wave storms which turned our cove into the North Atlantic and the slips into kindling.

But we tried. On April 2, 1982, the wood decked slips B-C & D were pounded by 60 mph winds, which whipped in from the Southwest for more than 24 hours. A Tulsa radio station atop a downtown building recorded winds in excess of 100 mph.

As waves built into huge rollers on Sunday, members struggled to lash the cracking slips together but the anchors on C slip let go carrying it into D) and both docks broke in to pieces.

We pulled boats out of the trees, off the: bottom and mopped up the mess. Three docks and 55 slips were history.

I remember John Kerr standing on the shore surveying the carnage and saying: "*This could be the best thing that has happened lo this place.*"



Initially, I thought John had been hit in the head by flying debris, but time proved him to be a prophet.

Without slips for the 1982 season, some members left the club to sail elsewhere and others who had been using the club for inexpensive boat storage dropped out. The physical disaster welded members closer together as minor differences of opinion were forgotten and members from all fleets rolled up their sleeves to clean up the mess and rebuild.

The "Spirit of Windycrest" was renewed and John's insight became apparent with increased participation in the social and

racing programs. An influx of new members took the place of the departing; coupled with the efforts of the remaining members this created a great mix of new ideas and enthusiasm.

Suddenly, the two-year waiting period for slips had been eliminated and some very active people were joining the Windycrest community.

Commodore Tom Nally, in 1982, spent hundreds of hours, along with countless other members, putting the pieces back together.

Then Mother Nature again took it all apart on April 28, 1984.

The southwest wind blew strong. The steel and concrete replacement slips the Oklahoma City builder had guaranteed to survive in our cove in up to 80 mph winds cracked and came apart after a few hours of southwest winds of less than 50 mph.

We totaled C and D slips again and B slip had taken a bad pounding. Commodore Tom Hardgrave rallied the troops into an all familiar clean up detail.

In the year between the two slip wipeouts, we had suffered periods of high water, which flooded the lower parking lot and the turn around.

"When are the locusts coming?" one member wondered aloud.

Again, we arose from the wreckage. Curt Long provided the rebuilding effort. The club retained a civil engineer with a background in offshore oil platform design to plan specifically for new docks and an anchoring system.

In 1985 Dudley Gibbs headed a committee of many volunteers to oversee the construction and installation of the new slips, which replaced the destroyed C and D slips.

Many members volunteered more than 1,000 hours of time and backbreaking labor to precisely rig and drop the 26 anchors (410 lbs. each) and chain network needed to secure the new slip system.

In previous years, Peter Vogel had led another volunteer effort to rig and install a 300 ft. tire break water which served to give some added protection to the slip area.

While the years leading up to the club's 20th anniversary in November of 1985 were filled with physical destruction and reconstruction, the most important object of our efforts - the sailing programs - were never slighted.

In 1981, Windycrest held its first national sailing championship with the United States Racing Union finals in the O'Day National Single Hand Championship. This regatta brought sailors from Hawaii to Florida to Windycrest to sail Lasers for the national title. These competitors had survived local and regional competition to qualify for the National Championship in single hand boats at Windycrest.

Coordinated by Bill Bond, the regatta was run by John McGinnis and Jim Lange with food and entertainment provided by the organizational wizardry of Sandye Taylor and Frances Rowland.

A first for Windycrest occurred in 1983 and was a reminder that we are a club with a tradition as well as a future.

That year saw the first time a father and son combination became Windycrest's Commodores. Bill J. Bond (the guy with the Finn) became the 1983 Commodore and his father, William H. Bond, Jr., had served in that position in 1974.

And 20 years after his father, Ken, became the first Commodore of Windycrest Gil Greenwood was elected the club's Commodore in 1985.

In 1981, Darlene Hobock and Skeeter Morris with help from Kathy Morgan and Jacquie McClaskey founded the WOW Club (Women of Windycrest) a program that brought more of the female members into the club's racing activities. Women of Windycrest classes in boat handling and rules and tactics were conducted in the club's pavilion while on the water training followed up in boats.



1983 Windycrest hosted its first intercollegiate championship regatta with 16 university racers from Oklahoma State University, the University of Texas, Texas Christian University, Baylor and Lamar at the regatta.

Over the years, Windycrest has always featured the strongest junior sailing program in the State of Oklahoma and that program continued to grow under the guidance of Bill Bond, Curt Long, Gil Greenwood and Terry Rainey.

The junior dock was expanded to more than double boat storage space and Lasers were recognized as the official boat for the upper classmen in the junior program.

Bill Bond and Jim Stinson encouraged and helped our kids to head for regattas in Wichita, Kansas City, Dallas and Houston in order for our juniors to compete in ever-higher levels of competition.

In 1980 through the efforts of Mike Lang, later joined by Mike Love and Terry Rainey, Windycrest sponsored the annual Multiple Sclerosis Regatta. The Windycrest MS Regatta through 1985 had raised more than \$50,000 to go into the fight against MS, all through the efforts of members of Windycrest, their guests and sponsors.

The heart of the Windycrest racing program – the club series - was guided successfully every year despite flood or destruction by Fleet Captains, Darline Hobock, Jim Lange, Fred Morgan and Bruce Hurst.

The fleets of Windycrest continued to make the racing and social program roll on. Whether it was running races, cooking corn and hot dogs on July 4th, scrambling for the Memorial Day brunch or serving up those great Luaus and Octoberfests and Beach Parties, lots of people pitched in so all of us could enjoy racing and the parties at the club.

Throughout the years when other clubs in the area were changing from centerboards to all keelboats, Windycrest kept its approximately 50-50 mix of centerboards to keelboats.

Many members, including Larry Sexton, Peter Vogel, Rod Tillotson, Nancy and Madeline McGinnis, Don Bradshaw, Joe McDonald, Jim Sullivan and countless others continued to serve the club through participation on the Board, publication of the Newsletter and generally aiding and assisting the program and physical expansion of the club.

Commodore Curt Long noted that Windycrest's appeal and excitement can be attributed to continually asking the question, when faced with a decision in program or facilities, "How does it improve the sailing?"

The passage of Windycrest's first twenty years was remembered with a spectacular Twentieth Anniversary Party, November 23, 1985, in the Grand Ballroom of the Marriott Hotel in Tulsa. Photographs of twenty years of Windycrest's history and activities were pulled together for the hundreds of members, former members and friends who gathered to celebrate the event.

Many members dug through their old photographs and slides and Allen Kelso, along with Sharon, donated countless hours to put together an audio-visual slide show covering the twenty years of club history as seen through the cameras of its members and guests.

The slide show was scripted by Curt Long who, as Commodore, coordinated the Twentieth Anniversary celebration. Many members also donated time and talent, including Don Bradshaw, who made the physical arrangements for food and beverage service for the party, Frances Rowland, who coordinated setup, Louis Jarrett, who printed and originated the display of photographs and John Redding who assisted Alan Kelso with the slide show and equipment and did graphics for the announcements.

Along with the slide show, a highlight of the Twentieth Anniversary Party was a "roast" of the past Commodores by our resident philosopher and comedian, John Kerr. Aside from a fabulous evening of friends and shipmates, the Twentieth Anniversary party gave old members and new a fresh look at the Windycrest concept and the history on which it is based.

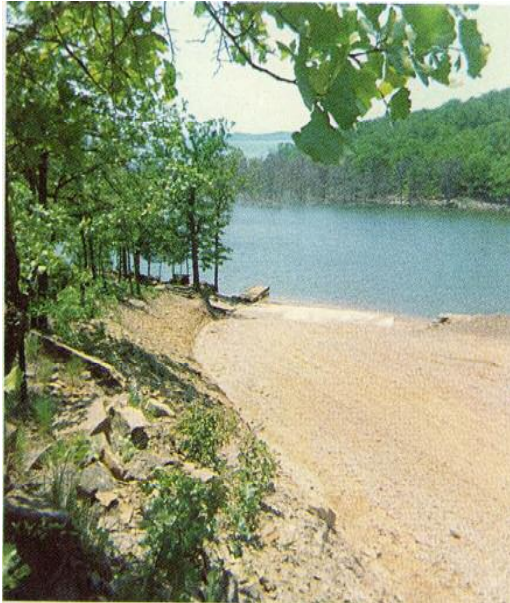
Windycrest at age twenty still is a no-frills, all fun sailing organization.

*...and let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing.
Kahlil Gibran ...*



OUR SILVER JUBILEE
25 Years of Building
By Jean King, Terry Rainey and Karey Low

Twenty-five years after a handful of Thistle sailors from Lake Yahola decided that, despite appearances, a rocky hillside in Osage County was, in fact, a good place to build a sailing club; Windycrest stands as a



testimony to the original premise that a first class sailing club can be the product of the blood, sweat and tears of its members (just ask any- one who helped with the rip-rap at the last Work Party)! Windycrest has matured and grown but not changed. It is still a family organization dedicated to promoting sailing as a competitive and recreational sport and still able to sponsor a Fishing Derby for the kids or a National Championship with equal ease and ability.

Due to the floods in October of 1986, Windycrest got off to a tough start in 1987 and Terry Rainey became yet another Commodore who wished for an Ark.

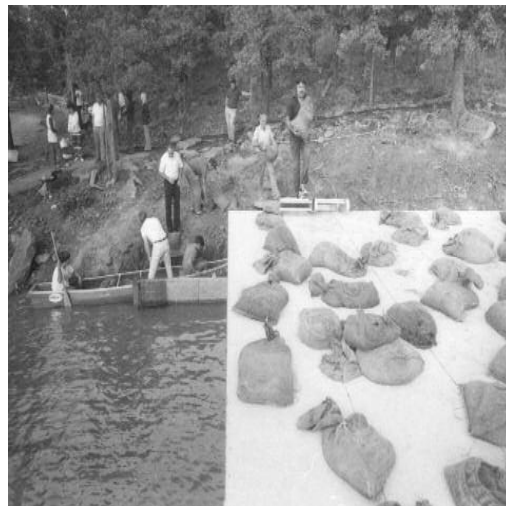
The fall floods floated the roof loose from the pavilion and imparted much damage to the club which needed to be cleaned up during the spring of 1987. After the kick-off at the club's first "Novemberfest" (due to the high water in October) major work parties were organized by Rod Tillotson to repair the damages. We had barely recovered from the flood when the curse of all curses attacked; the toilets stopped working! The fifteen-year-old septic system went belly up. After several

dry runs at getting the system repaired, Gene Hobson took on the challenge and quickly had Windycrest perking again.

Due to the high waters, "B" dock also suffered during this time. Severe cracking was taking place and we were fearful that with a good breeze from the southwest we could lose the docks. Tom Nally was called upon to contact the original contractor and builder of the docks and convinced him that he should reinforce these docks - free of charge. After the normal wrangling that lawyers are loved for, the dock received substantial reinforcement and should be here for years to come.

New activities that were initiated in 1987 by Jack Marsee and Dudley Gibbs included the first Windycrest Chili Cookoff, chaired by Chili Cooking champs Allen and Alice Ramseur, which was run in conjunction with the annual commodores' coming out party. America's Cup Watch Parties were initiated and coordinated by Dudley Gibbs at the Marriott. Tom Birmingham suggested that we should have a boat show to show Windycrest to the rest of the world and to attract centerboard sailors; we tried this in May. Again, due to the high water, we had problems but also a lot of fun.

Jack Marsee, fleet captain for the year, initiated the first Windycrest fishing derby. What a success it was. There were approaching a hundred kids involved and I think Jack figured a way to get a prize for each of them.



Fleet activity was on the rise during 1987. The Catalina 22's, the Coronado 15's, and the MC Scows were especially active on the water with exceptional fleet participation in the racing programs. Two fleets used their high level of activity to make major contributions to the club. The Catalina 27's built the wall and flowerbed; a project that was led by Allen Kelso and the MC's permanently anchored the centerboard tie-up dock and built the sea wall. This major undertaking was led by John Kerr.

Windycrest's new year of 1988 started out on the right foot in that there were no floods during the winter, no major repairs were required to the facilities. Two areas however were high on Rod's priority list as the year began. One was his insistence that an orientation committee be organized to assure that new members became active members of our club once they joined. He organized the committee and recruited Gene and Betty Hobson to be chairs of this committee. The other area of need that Rod focused on was the need for an additional breakwater to protect our docks. Charlie Nelson was tapped to lead this group. Both of these major projects required considerable coaching and leadership on Rod's part and both were quite successful. The orientation program is still in place and the new tire breakwater is working better than anticipated.



Another area of change that was initiated during 1988 was a radical change in the junior program. Jim Stinson as Rear Commodore initiated the use of Optimist Prams in our program. He investigated the different boats that could be effectively used in junior sailing and promoted the Optimist. The club invested \$5,000 in the boats in 1988 and again in 1989; a major step forward for Windycrest and junior sailing.

This was the second year of donations of boats to MS for the Junior Program. Mike Lang initiated this program in 1987 and it continued with strength in 1988. Eight boats were donated during the year and the proceeds from selling some

of these boats were used to outfit and improve the others, making several usable boats for the club's Junior sailors and at the same time benefiting MS.

Finally, this was the first year that the club benefited from the aluminum can collection project initiated by the Coronado 15's. The club received four Adirondack deck chairs from the fleet, which was under the able leadership of Bruce Downer. This was just one example of the strong fleet activity that exemplified itself in Rod's year of 1988.

Rod was a fine leader who loved our club and dedicated much effort on our behalf during his year as Commodore. We are thankful for all that he gave us before his death in January of 1989.

The month of January 1989 was a hard one for WSC. We lost Rod Tillotson and Bob Hobock, both distinguished members of our organization, to cancer. The BOG voted to approve the following resolution: "Whereas Robert Hobock was a past Commodore of CSSA and a founding member of Windycrest Sailing Club, and whereas Rod Tillotson was a past Commodore of Windycrest Sailing Club and served four years on the Board of Governors, and whereas both members were a vital part of the growth of this club and the CSSA and this Board desires that they be remembered, this year's CSSA Spring Regatta at Windycrest Sailing Club is renamed the 1989 Hobock-Tillotson Memorial Spring Regatta."

Karey Low's year as Commodore, 1989, was marked by a series of major events. Terry Rainey returned to the BOG to serve the remainder of Rod Tillotson's term as Past Commodore. Early in the year Scott Mitchell decided it was time to get married and move to Chicago so Bruce Downer stepped in to fill the remainder of Scott's term as Fleet Captain. Scott and Activities Captain Jay McCormick had put together a very busy schedule of racing and social activities for the year.

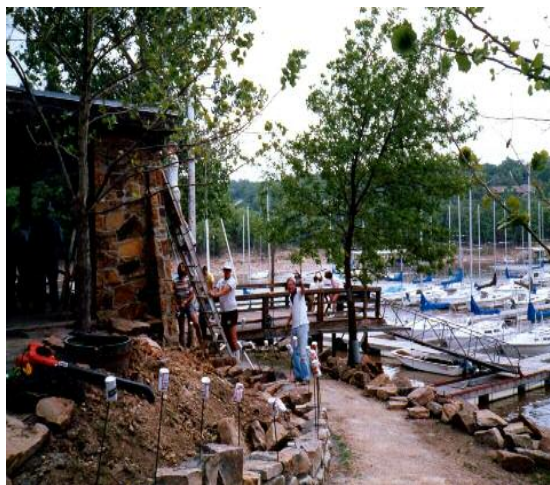
The highlight of the activities for the year was the Coronado 15 North American Championship, which we hosted in June. The C-15 Fleet worked hard to put together a high quality regatta and they received rave reviews all across the country.

In 1988 Olympic gold medal winner Allison Jolly, who won every race of the championship, reported that this was one of the best-run regattas with which she had ever been involved. The competitors were especially high on the "valet" launching and retrieval of their boats. Most of the credit for the event goes to the "Three Amigos," Kevin Meehan, Bruce Downer, and Joe Perrault, who planned the event from the word "go." The club rallied to help, with about one half of the membership involved in some phase of the activity.

One of the most satisfying aspects of the year was the way the individual fleets took on projects to improve the club. The Thistle Fleet, under the direction of Tom Birmingham and Bill Gent, built an elegant new bulletin board for the pavilion to post race results. Dick Harnett worked hard with the Keelboat Handicap Fleet to erect a mast hoist, something the club had needed for a long time. The Catalina 22 Fleet built some very attractive signs, which labeled the entrance to the club and the various lots, docks, and pathways. They also organized their state championship, which WSC hosted in September. The MC Scow Fleet (along with Rear Commodore Tom Ostrye) put in hundreds of man-hours refurbishing the club vessels. The Catalina 25 Fleet elected to completely renovate the chapel area. The C-15's, besides putting together their national championship, raised enough money on their aluminum cans recycling project to purchase four beautiful Adirondack chairs for the deck and an anchor hoist for the committee boat.

As Vice Commodore, Jim Stinson was involved in several major projects. The bathhouse received a new roof and John Smart helped him install new radiant heaters inside. Work party day was busy as another fifty tons of rocks were hauled to the shore for rip-rap. Jim also worked with Tom Ostrye on ordering three more Optimist prams to be used in our junior program. This brought our total in the club-owned fleet to six and provided Tom with one of the busiest years ever in the junior program.

The major building project for the year took place on the water. In the preceding years it was noted that the participation in the keelboat races was gradually declining and BOG felt that providing more slips that could accommodate hydro hoists might help promote the racing program. The Board voted to add additional slips to the "D" dock ramp and Dudley Gibbs agreed to come out of slip-building retirement to handle the project. Seventeen slips were added and the design will also allow another twenty-seven to be added at a later date if desired. The dock was completed in August and by the end of the year all but two of the slips were occupied.

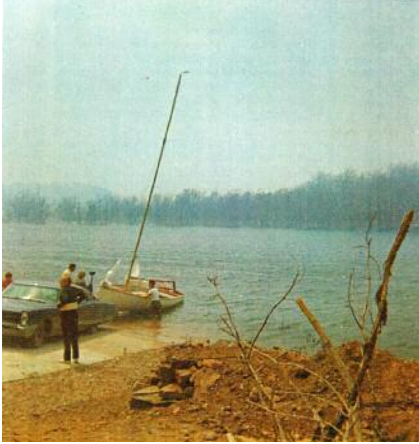


The year did not pass without controversy. In January Burdette Blue made application to bring an A Scow (a 36 foot centerboard boat) to Windycrest. Some members felt that its presence would be a detriment to our racing program due to its size and speed. Others felt that it would be an asset to the club because it is so unique and exciting. The BOG voted to allow the A Scow to be sailed at WSC with restrictions on its use in club events so that it would not interfere with the normal operation of club races.

Many other individuals were a vital part of the year 1989 at Windycrest. Julie Rowland did an outstanding job as secretary and Rex Allen kept us in the black as treasurer. Joan King always put together an excellent "Windward" and Dave Perkins worked hard to keep our electrical systems operating. Jim Esposito kept the motors running and Dave Dolcator was always there to help when needed. The SS Troops, led by Jack Marsee and Gene Kehr, could always be counted on for any project.

The racing season passed with high participation in the centerboard races and improved participation with the keelboats. Kevin Meehan won the fleet championship in the C-15, Bill Bond in the Finn, John Kerr in the MC Scow, Linda Cain in the Thistle and Bill Franklin in the centerboard handicap. Allen Ramseur won in the J-24 fleet, Karey Low in the keelboat handicap spinnaker fleet and Dean Volmer in the non-spinnaker fleet. Finally, Gil Greenwood put it all together again to win the Club Championship in a hard-fought battle, with the top four competitors sailing Coronado 15's in the final four race series.

The Windycrest Christmas party in December '89 wrapped up the year and gave us a chance to get our fix of sailing talk. However, none of us talked floods and they came sooner than sailing did! Early spring once again brought Lake Keystone to within three feet of the ceiling fans and Dave Dolcater was quite a picture rowing a Windycrest dinghy through the pavilion. This year it was Jim Stinson's turn in the barrel to cope with our quixotic waterline. An impromptu, but as always willing, work party was called to clean up and move back, but wait . . . Mother Nature wasn't finished with us. Once again the turnaround was under water, but sail we will and the centerboarders backed all the way down the hill and keelboaters rowed to their slips. Finally the water receded and the animals came out of the Ark.



The CSSA Spring Regatta also took a serious hit from the elements in the form of a fast moving thunderstorm which blew in suddenly from the north bringing the ping pong ball size hail lasting 45 minutes. Many of the 50 boats capsized and Dave Hyman's San Juan 21 became the second boat to sink at Windycrest, but no one was injured in the high winds, rain and hail and the San Juan was later rescued.

As the Club activities moved into high gear, it was evident that this would be a great year. Participation in series racing events was high for both centerboard and keelboat fleets. J-24s were now being scored as a fleet and the MCs averaged 12 boats on the line for each race. By the end of 1990 the MCs would number 30 boats the largest fleet ever at Windycrest.

The summer training programs both for juniors and Women of Windycrest set new standards for excellence under Rear Commodore Darline Hobock. She assembled a team of instructors to share the responsibility for the two programs with unprecedented success. Laura Barnes and Bob Glidewell headed up the Junior Program and Pat Brown, Sharon Cairns and Jack Marsee helped with the WOW group. The WOW program was especially successful, in all 33 women participated with 17 receiving Participation Certificates.

As 1990 winds down and we approach the Silver jubilee Christmas Party in December, the last slip on the new D Dock has been sold and we are nearing capacity in the centerboard lots for the first time as well. Windycrest continues to prosper because of the people. Windycrest is people, not docks that can blow away or a Clubhouse that can burn down. We have succeeded where others have not due to the vested interest we all have in our Club. It's hard not to care about something you worked to build. Windycrest is the product of twenty-five years of building.

*Oh we'll sail the big blue waters
And we'll be in ports galore
Each time we take the tiller
It will serve to remind us more*

*Of the first time that we ventured forth
To the waters from the shore
Under sunlit skies in gusty winds
Where the hawks and eagles soar.*

*While going forth to the many places
We have never been before
Then Windycrest and its adventures
Serves up the memories we adore.*