



FROM THE CBYC ARCHIVES



Yacht Yak Release #5 By Leigh Lyon, Charter Member February 24, 1981

VENI, VIDI, VICI!

Caesar said it best over two thousand years ago. It was in the summer of 1956 that the Yacht Club came to Ten Mile Lake, liked what it saw and by November of 1957 possessed a recorded warranty deed for the greater part of 160 acres of South Ten Mile lakefront property.

The mid-fifties saw a growing restlessness in the club's membership. The rising economy of this period was creating major changes on the Bay. Industrial growth was crowding our activities both on the shoreline and the waterways. Dodging deep draft ship traffic on our race courses was commonplace. Limited moorage and parking facilities were inhibiting membership growth. Clearly the time had come to plan a new location for the club. Some members urged a move to the lower bay, some were campaigning for a lake site, and, of course, we had plenty of "undecideds".

It was while we were in this state of flux that the Kelly's (former members and, by his own job definition, Joe was chief stamp licker at the Coos Bay Post Office) talked us into taking a cruise to their summer home on DeVore Arm. If any one single thing could be credited as having the most to do with the move to Ten Mile Lake, I would be quick to say that Joe and Ellen Kelly's invitation to visit their lake home was the catalyst that set this important event in motion.

Subsequent to our Kelly cruise, we made many trips to Ten Mile Lake looking for prospective locations. We ruled out North Lake because of the overhead obstruction on the canal. We found and rejected several sites on South Lake that failed to meet our tough criteria – good sailing winds, room for adequate moorage and clubhouse, road access, power and water availability, etc., etc. Site searching on the weekends, cold sailing back to Lakeside at dusk, pulling the boats out on the Ten Mile Creek launchway and finally heading back home, all became a way of life for this period.

Obviously we had a pretty tough shopping list to fill and at times felt quite discouraged in our search. But we knew we had finally found a winner in an old logging site which guarded the eastern shore of Schooland Bay. The property was owned by the widow of one of the logging partners who had logged the site years before.

The property had no roads or trails and was covered with a quarter century growth of dense brush, alder, fir and a few madrona trees, all of which had obscured the old logging wounds. An old deserted two-story frame house stood on the spot our clubhouse stands today. This lonely, time ravaged building, covered with brush and berry vines had long ago lost its doors, windows and nameless tenants.

From the lakefront, the only access was a narrow thirty-foot strip of muddy beach that slanted sharply down into the water. This area is just below our flagpole on the point and is the old log dump site where the logs were rolled over the bank into the lake below. This tiny open spot is where we first tied up our boats and changed this old log dump into our first lake moorage.

But I'm getting ahead of myself again. After finding what we thought to be a super location, we still had a monumental task ahead. We had to sell the club's membership on the gigantic undertaking of not only buying and selling properties but pioneering development of a completely new moorage in an area that was remotely located and initially only accessible by water.

Signed, Leigh Lyon, 2/24/1981