

*Len Bose reporting:*

Saturday, March 15, 2025, White Rock Lake Dalles Texas, Corinthian Sailing Club DF 95 "Dalles Blowout". Friday's Practice and check-ins were just that a "Blowout" with a breeze between 17-23 knots with puffs touching 30 knots with HUGE waves. I spent my time putting my boat and A rigs together then headed outside the clubhouse. With ten boats on the water under C rigs rounding the weather mark. I sat down quickly flashing back to the 2013 America Cup in San Francisco when I first witnessed a 72' catamaran get up on its foils. "OH SHIT look at that thing go," I said laughing in a humbled tone. I was missing a part of my C rig which kept me from placing my boat in the water, or that's what I was telling everyone that was asking me why I had not jumped in.

Two years ago I attended the blowout with my write-up referring to Chuck LeMahieu as "Chuckles" the father of a gal I was dating and meeting for the first time, I also referred to meeting "Mr. Texas" Brig North and mentioned meeting Tony Gonzales for the first time, of course, the true gem of the family Carry "CJ" LeMahieu who always greets you with the warmest greeting that makes you feel right at home. This year walking into the Corinthian Sailing Club it felt more like returning home for the holidays and visiting the family. All my favorite relatives were there Chuckles, North, Gonzalves, Steve Landau, Dan Shier, Chris Collins, Russ Gardner, Joe Ruddy, Jon & Dennis Rogers, Jim Sears, James Stinson and a couple of relatives you hope don't drink too much over dinner. I say that jokingly because I am normally that relative who finishes off the bourbon bottle. Speaking of dinner, Chuckles serves up one hell of a Texas BBQ, this year was Bratwurst boiled with a favorite brew of Chuck's then grilled to perfection along with the tastiest Pork Chops I ever have had off the BBQ. Now blend in a couple of beers and the HUGE rum squall that came overhead of the club made for another memorable evening. Now I did happen to notice that "Rum Squalls" tend to form in the proximity of Gonzales. So there we were Gonzales, Sears and I with this huge squall approaching while I was trying to explain that it would be best to gybe onto port and exit the squall with the spinnaker pole on the port side. This will keep you in the squall longer and not fall into the back side of this squall, which is slow. Gybe back and forth in front of the squall for as long as you can. The gybes went perfectly and we did not round up or down when we exited the clubhouse that night.

Saturday racing was all about "Valor and Swagger" "Valor" refers to boldness or determination in facing danger, especially in battle, while "swagger" describes a confident, often arrogant, or boastful manner. The breeze was well into the 30 knots plus range and at the top end of the C rig, one cannot take their eye off the boat for a second. The boats appeared to be flying fish jumping out the the water. My sunglasses were continually blowing off my face, and after four races in the top of C rig conditions, I just could not find my mojo while making novice mistakes. The term novice is not in the playbook of competitors Landeau, Barr Batzer, and Brian Shores. Their valor was on their faces climbing a hilltop of stairs to get to the preferred ground of the yacht club's roof. Their swagger was to keep their awareness in these challenging conditions. To me, it was rather obvious how the South had come close to winning the Civil War.

That night Sears and I joined Landau and Gonsalves for dinner, and these get-togethers are almost as fun as sailing DF 95's in 35+ knots. All the sailer's stories come out on the table while there are always a couple of real "Whompers" that kick the fun meter into the red. The evening was almost a round down, somehow we kept the mast dry and broke the fun meter for the perfect day with the Texas Blowout family. While in Texas one must remember " Not to squat on your spurs"

Sunday was a bit of a struggle to come on watch and wrap this gathering up, deep breathing and lots of water got us to the starting line. Sears and I shared a rental car and only used hand signals to the clubhouse. Sears sailed well this

weekend finishing in sixth while I still struggling to meet my goals of finishing in the top half of the fleet, and Dan Shier beat me again. Shier and I have an ongoing rivalry and I am sure neither of us would care if we finished second to last as long as we finished in front of the other. You will get a better review of the weekend by watching Shier's video he took time into Olympia Model Sailing on YouTube.

Sunday sailing was a light breeze between 3-7 knots with long courses, as forecasted the breeze diminished as we approached high noon, and we only got in four more heats before calling it a regatta. I am much more comfortable sailing in lighter breezes coming from Southern California and let's just say "I will go to Texas".

Huge shout out to CJ and Chuck LeMahieu. After Saturday's racing "Chuckles" asked, "Who does not like sailing in 30+ knots or wind with huge surf then having cocktails with the DF95 family?". I would also like to shout out to James Stinson for coming up to me saying hello, and telling me he likes my stories.

I plan on making the "Blowout" an annual event on my calendar because life is too short not to take part in a good "Blowout"

Let's go sailing!



