



TEXAS DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP
DALLAS CORINTHIAN SAILING CLUB - FLEET 3
DALLAS, TEXAS
MAY 31 - JUNE 1, 2008



SKIPPER	CREW	CREW	SAIL NUMBER	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	TOTAL POINTS	FINISHING POSITION
Clarke Newman	Deanna Newman	Gavin Rudolph	15360	3	1	2	1	1	(3)	8*	1
Tommy Meric	Scotty Barrett	John O'Riordan	15329	1	2	1	2	2	(4)	8	2
John Womble	Amy Williams	Ginger Armstrong	14045	2	3	3	3	(3)	2	11	3
Ian Edwards	Lindy Edwards	Steve Davis	15362	4	4	4	4	(4)	1	17	4
Beth Richard	Teresa Richard	Dave Skinner	10275	5	(6)	5	5	5	5	25	5
Bill Biermann	Steven Hockett	Jeff Camiel	12132	6	5	6	(7) (DNS)	6	6	29	6

God does have a good sense of humor. While we were rolling the jib at the dock after the last race, my teen age flat-belly foredeck was giving me grief about throwing me in the lake for winning the regatta. I said, "Gavin, there is no *****ing way you're throwing me in this lake."

Now, one is supposed to be a homer about one's own body of water, but I am the first to admit that White Rock Lake after a couple of spring storms is not exactly the pristine, azure blue of the Pacific or Lake Erie during the 1960's even. When one goes in the drink at White Rock, certain vaccination records must be reviewed. Anyway, we set the jib down on the foredeck and began to roll the main when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the clew of my one-day-old JF-2 heading for the bottom of the lake like the stern of the Titanic.

Hey, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, so I threw myself into White Rock Lake and just managed to grab the Harken blocks. Maybe it's just me, but I think a sail should float for at least the first six months you have it. I mean, I know there are seventeen feet of metal wire and a bunch of cloth involved, but I think Ched, Greg, Skip, and Bill ought to get right to work on a floating jib.

Anyway, we decided to move the Texas Districts up a week in the hope that we might have a foreign substance called, "wind." You know, as a change of pace. There was some excitement building as we had a few out-of-towners coming, a couple of non-Lightning people jumping in, and some guy named Steve Davis coming down from Colorado to crew for the ever-popular Ian Edwards.

Well, a sudden hospital stay and graduation and work conflicts cut our numbers down from what we thought would be our first double digit attendance in years back down to six boats.

Saturday and Sunday featured clear skies, temperatures in the 90's and a south wind at 15-20 mph. It was a far cry from the raining, calm, 60's we had last year.

The first race was highlighted by a collision between yours truly and Tommy Meric of New Orleans. We were dead even up the first beat when I had to duck his stern. I just simply punched the bow back up too soon and brushed his transom. I say brushed, he says slammed. I think when two boats collide in 18 knots, and there isn't a mark on either boat, that it it's much ado about nothing. Besides, he's been hit a lot harder many times since he got his new boat. He's starting to take it personally.

We did our two circles, and clawed our way back to third. Tommy won in a walk, John Womble was second, and Ian Edwards was fourth.

The second race was a battle for the pressure and the shore effects up the left side. We did a pretty good job of getting to the new breeze first and won comfortably. Meric was second, Womble was third, and Edwards was fourth again.

The third race was much the same and we had the best of it until about fifty yards from the finish when Tommy got a private shift in pressure to sneak by us for the win. He looked over at us at the finish and said, "Sorry."

The fourth race was more about picking your way up the middle in the varying pressure. There were several lead changes in the third and the fourth races, which increased the stress and the fun had by all. The finish was very close. We shot the line from the right and Tommy shot the line from the left and we inched him out. The only extra fun to be had was that I put my hand down on the deck when we shot the line and missed entirely and all but fell out of the boat, nearly tipping the boat over in the process. It wasn't an oil painting but, hey, a win is a win is a win. John Womble was third and Ian Edwards was fourth.

We then, *en masse*, descended on this Mexican food restaurant. It was great. My plan was to foul Meric's system with too much Mexican food, but it failed miserably. Cajuns have cast iron stomachs. I should have known better. Next time, Chinese; maybe that will work.

The fifth race was very much like the second with us getting away a bit, which set up the show down for the title between us and Tommy—who ever beat the other would win. Also, we wanted to keep Tommy from finishing first, which would preserve our tie-breaker. We were overlapped down the last run until about four boat lengths from the mark. We pressed Tommy way left during a pretty good tacking duel which allowed Womble and Edwards to get away right. We had hoped to get one boat ahead of us and finish second, which would have had both Tommy and us throwing out a third, thus giving us a two point win. However, both Ian and John managed to get by us to finish first and second, respectively.

Now we had to beat Tommy just to get to a tie breaker. We were able to hold them off for the tie at eight points. Beth Richard and Bill Biermann both are making big strides towards getting really competitive, and we look forward to them being in the middle of the action more during next year's Districts. John qualified for his first North Americans, and we are proud to see it happen. Tommy brought everything from New Orleans but a foredeck. John O' Riordan from Fort Worth was a very able emergency stunt double, filling in at the last moment and doing a great job. Tommy's middle was his long-time friend, Scotty Barrett. They gave us all we could handle and then some.

My crew, Gavin Rudolph and my sister, Deanna Newman, did a great job of keeping their focus with all of the spastic shenanigans that I trotted out there this past weekend. We look forward to getting to Newport and seeing if we can improve on last year's performance. Blue Fleet, here we come again?

Clarke Newman