

## 2013 Texas 200

This year's Texas 200 was sailed from Port Isabel to Magnolia Beach, Texas on Matagorda Bay (Magnolia Beach is near Port Lavaca, Texas) for a total distance of about 220 miles on the water. We would camp four nights and sail for five days. All camps were advertised as primitive.

I would have a new crew this year for Texas 200. I met him for the first time when I picked him up at the airport the afternoon before our drive to Port Isabel; however, since February I had been sending him information on how to prepare for this event. After he checked into his motel in Dripping Springs (near where I live), we headed for dinner to the "Salt Lick BBQ" in Driftwood, Texas, my tradition before heading to the coast. We had to wait to get seated, but that gave us time to talk. After an excellent dinner, well worth the wait, I took him back to the motel for a good night's sleep.

On Friday morning we had breakfast and went to the grocery store to stock up on food for the week. We bought food that wouldn't need to be refrigerated so we weren't dependent on ice. I had already purchased all the water, PowerAde, juice, some beer, Clif bars, and some dry snacks. That left the meals for breakfast and dinner. I'm a big man, but I don't consume much compared to others, so I'm not good at determining what others will need. My crew found several things to make with my one-burner propane stove. He bought his coffee and cereal for his breakfast, together with milk that didn't need to be kept cold (a Clif bar works for me) and items to prepare for dinner. I just needed 4 little beef stew meals that I could eat without heating. We also got some apples, bananas, oranges, and trail mix. He thought it might not be enough for both of us for the week, but with as little as I eat, we actually had food left over.

We headed for my house to hook up the boat and finish packing my stuff into the Jeep. We were delayed by a problem with the trailer lights and then spent nearly 45 minutes until we finally got both sets working. About 1:45 pm we headed for the coast.

From Dripping Springs we traveled the back roads to get to IH-35 to head for San Antonio. Heading southeast on IH-37 we were slowed down by rainstorms south of San Antonio, something I have not encountered in the past for this event. On the highway, a

truck hauling a sailboat went flying by us. I recognized it as one of the other Texas 200 boats. At one point we ran into a traffic jam caused by an accident ahead, so we decided to pull off at a wayside to use the facilities. No facilities there, but the detour to the wayside allowed us to get around the accident. We later found another wayside (with facilities) where we checked the boat and trailer to make sure everything was secure. I found that my windex had come off. We had both tried to remove it before leaving and just couldn't get it off, so we left it on. Now it was gone. We continued to Hwy 77, turned south to head to Brownsville and Port Isabel. As we got into south Texas, I was expecting the sign warning that there were no more services for "x" number of miles. I wanted to get gas at that point. The sign was no longer there. We began to run low on gas and the map showed over 30 miles till we might find a gas station. We got well into the reserve part of the tank before we found a station. When we filled up we had a little less than a gallon of gas left.

We reached our destination in Port Isabel about 9:30 pm and got our room at the White Sands Motel and Marina which served as the starting point for the 2013 Texas 200. Unlike last year, several other sailors were also arriving Friday evening. After we got our personal bags into the room, we parked the trailer and unhooked it. We then headed over to South Padre Island to find some dinner.

Saturday was the day to ready the boat. In the morning we took the boat to the car wash for a thorough cleaning inside and out, installed the barber hauler hardware, and loaded the boat with supplies, taking advantage of a covered area at the car wash to keep out of the sun. On the way back to the motel we stopped



at a marine store and my crew bought a new windex. Back at the motel, more participants had arrived and boats had started rigging and launching. We got in line for launching, got the new windex on and set up the mast. While we were getting the boat ready, a woman (who was not part of our group), approached my crew and said they had passed us on the highway on Friday.

She remembered the boat name "Ranger". We launched around noon after securing a slip to put the boat in. Open slips were in short supply since the marina at the White Sands normally deals with fishing boats and don't have many open slips for sailboats. I had reserved one, but it turned out to be a covered one. The only open slip left came with a floating chunk of concrete so it had been ignored by others. The marina manager moved the concrete block to the end and secured it so we could have the slip. Since many of the sailboats will double up in the slips, we ended up sharing the slip with another boat and the concrete block. There were about 22 boats in the fleet this year ranging in size from a Mirror Dinghy at 10'-10" to the Bolger Folding Schooner at 31' (5' beam).



After the boat was ready and secure in the slip, we unhooked the trailer from my Jeep and headed off to explore Port Isabel. My crew had never been down that way before so we went over the bridge to South Padre Island for an excursion of the sand dunes on the barrier island and a view of the Gulf of Mexico. My crew wanted to find a Starbucks for coffee. We searched and found a small coffee shop within walking distance of the motel. He had a coffee and I had some tea. The place was run by a very talkative coffee lover, named the "artiste" by my crew for his obvious delight in his craft. Afterwards he walked across the street for some ice cream and to get pictures of the Laguna Madre while I drove over to favor my bad knees. We then headed back to the motel.



Sunday morning at 7:00 am was the skippers' meeting. After being advised of all the dangers of the Texas 200 and several ways that we could die during the event, we turned in our release forms, received emergency numbers and were given some general information for the event. As soon as the meeting was over I drove the Jeep and the empty trailer to our end point in Magnolia Beach where the vehicles would be waiting for us. The store at the parking area had a grill to make hamburgers so several of us had lunch while we waited until 2:00 pm for the bus back to Port Isabel. Since only one person per boat makes the drive and gets on the bus, my crew got to stay at the motel in Port Isabel, finish getting the boat ready and hang out with the other sailors at the White Sands.

When I got back, we went to the bar around the corner from the motel for some dinner. Then we checked on the boat. We talked to a retired Corps of Engineers biologist who lived on a 43 foot sailboat docked near my boat. He had a laptop and looked up wind predictions for Monday for us. He commented that all the predictions showed east to northeast winds. This is considered very unusual for this area this time of the year. Also, there were some scattered showers in the area, also not normal for this time of the year.

Monday morning, the 10<sup>th</sup>, was our first day of sailing. We got a later start than I wanted and were the third to the last boat out. My crew had walked with the catamaran guys to the coffee shop at 7:00 am (he needed his coffee), but the shop was closed. Unlike in the past, the winds were light so we started out under full sail. Having a crew familiar with centerboard boats this year made a big difference. We cleared the harbor and headed out into the Laguna Madre. The weather was overcast with towering cloud formations all around. As predicted, the winds were from the east instead of from the south to southeast that are normal for this area. A few boats opted to take the Gulf route, going around the outside of South Padre Island. Following most of the fleet we chose the inside route through the Laguna Madre. My Day Sailer II under full sail was making good speed with my crew at the helm.

As we headed north and started to pick up speed, my crew noticed some water collecting in the cockpit. He couldn't figure out

where it was coming from. I knew exactly what the source. Day Sailer II owners may be familiar with the source of the leak. I explained that the water was coming from the hole in front of the centerboard trunk where the up-haul line is located. As the boat picks up speed, water shoots through the hole and enters the cockpit through the drain holes in the cuddy cabin bulkhead. With the boat heavily loaded, I had expected this to happen. I knew we would be bailing from time to time for the whole trip. In the coming days when my crew was at the helm I would hear "my feet are getting wet" and knew it was time to bail. The water did not get back to the stern due to the cargo weight in the boat, and if it had, my self-bailer, in need of replacement, would not have helped.



Our first day's sail was about 42 miles with Port Mansfield for our destination. As we headed north we could see the rest of the fleet a few miles ahead. Within a couple of hours we caught up and started passing some of the fleet. As the day wore on the wind shifted to the northeast and strengthened. As we passed one of the event organizers, his only

comment was "What's with this northeast wind, we never have a



northeast wind". Even the local people told us they have never had a northeast wind this time of year. Some of the boats ahead of us went through some light rain storms; the rain missed us, however. By mid-



afternoon we decided to put a reef in the sail as the wind continued to strengthen and we were surfing down the building chop. Approaching Port Mansfield, we faced a choice for our first night's camp. We could go out to the Port Mansfield Jetties or dock at the Port Mansfield Chamber of Commerce. Like most of the fleet, we opted for the Chamber of Commerce dock. While entering the harbor we heard the Coast

Guard on the VHF radio trying to respond to a call for help. We



Photo By Stan Roberts

found out the next night that one of the boats had capsized in the Gulf. The boat was lost, but the crew and skipper made it safely to shore. From the reports the damaged boat washed up in the surf about an hour after they made it to shore.

We motored up to the dock which was already full of boats and had some trouble finding a place to tie up. One of the smaller boats made room and we tied up. A few boats had to find other locations. A catboat rented a slip at a nearby restaurant/bar where we would

later eat dinner; a few boats found slips across the harbor from the Chamber dock. The Chamber left their building open for us to use the restrooms. There was a place to set up tents, and a hose

to rinse off with. A large part of the group headed for a restaurant within walking distance. We went with a few other sailors to another restaurant/bar for dinner. We didn't



Photo By Stan Roberts

know about the other place. Port Mansfield would be our

only "modern" facilities along the way.

Tuesday morning we prepared for the 50 mile sail to Camp 2. My crew used the small stove to make coffee and his breakfast. He said it had been a while since his last camping trip and he was slow in getting packed; as a result, we were last to leave the docks at Port Mansfield.



Heading north up the Laguna Madre we could see three boats on the horizon behind us coming out from the Port Mansfield Jetties. They were barely visible through the haze in the air.

The sky was a little overcast with the wind once again light and out of the east. We moved along at about 3 to 4 knots, not as fast as we would have liked.

Outside the land cut (where the ICW cuts through the land like a canal) we encountered our first barge. We gave them plenty of room as we were still in open water. By the time we were in the land cut, the wind had increased and our speed picked up.



As we sailed through, we noted several fishing houses built on stilts and lots of wildlife. Dolphins surfaced alongside the boat. Just when you got ready to take a picture they would disappear. We saw a baby dolphin that was about 4 feet long in the company of two adults. Sometimes they would surface within a foot of the boat.

As we came near the end of the land cut and out into Baffin Bay, one of the boats behind us was starting to close in. I could see by the symbol on the sail that it was an O'Day Mariner. They had an inflatable Orca on their bow. We were later told it was their mascot. We were in sight of camp 2 when they finally passed us. We, in turn, passed a few boats before reaching camp 2.



Camp 2 was a small sand island. As we approached, we passed the deeper draft boats that were anchored out and people were walking in the water or pulling their boats closer to shore. We pulled up to shore, beached the boat, unloaded our camping gear, set up camp and had dinner.



Photo By Stan Roberts

We heard at camp that three boats had dropped out after the first day. One boat had some kind of rig failure. After the event we found out their rudder broke. The Texas 200 is hard on rudders and tillers. We were also told about *Laguna Uno* capsizing out in the Gulf and the boat was damaged so it couldn't continue. The Laguna class boats were actually designed for this event. We were told that the only catamaran was out as well since the father of the catamaran skipper was on the boat that capsized.

There was a glorious sunset, with the last few boats coming in. Just as it was getting dark, the channel marker lights came on. Shortly after 9:00 pm we saw what looked like a light on a sail heading towards camp. We thought it might be the folding schooner since they were trying to sail from Port Isabel to Camp 2 in one day. They hadn't been able to leave until Tuesday morning. To our surprise it was the catamaran. When they beached they told us the schooner was camped at Hap's Cut (also spelled as Happ's Cut on maps), about 10 miles south.

Then we found out about the catamaran crew's adventure: they had pitch-poled in the land cut going about 15 knots. The crew was catapulted about 15 feet in the air from their tramp when the accident happened. They lost their GPS and VHF radio and most of their fresh water. They also had a two foot gash in one of their hulls. They pulled the boat up on the beach and started to make repairs. The sailor of the shortest boat, a 10'-10" Mirror Dinghy had carbon fiber strips and other boats had marine epoxy. The repairs held and the catamaran sailed the rest of the trip.

Wednesday morning was another late start. The catamaran was the only boat left on the beach. As we started out the centerboard couldn't be lowered. With the help of the catamaran crew pulling on the jib halyard, we quickly careened the boat. The board seemed to be free. As the boat was righted the board fell back out. Acting quickly we pulled the boat back over to prevent damage, tucked the board back in and righted the boat. Perhaps the water was really shallow where we were and made it appear that the centerboard was stuck due to it hitting bottom. Everything worked as we got





into deeper water. We started the day with one reef in the main since we were going to be crossing Corpus Christi Bay that day. That can be a hard crossing and wind forecasts were for stronger winds than the day before. This was going to be another 50 mile sail. The catamaran passed us about an hour or so after we started sailing that morning.

As we approached the bridge connecting the mainland to Padre Island, moving along the marked channel, we encountered a slow moving barge moving in the same direction that we were, and we passed on their starboard side. As we got near the bridge just before Corpus Christi Bay we saw about 8 to 10 boats from the fleet were tied up at the dock of a place called Snoopy's. They had



stopped for ice and lunch. No room at the dock, and no need for ice, so we continued on towards the bay. Just before we entered the bay, a keel boat came up from behind. She wasn't part of our group. The boat's skipper called out to us that he knew who I was. He was from Arlington, Texas and knew the guys in the Day Sailer fleet there. He had read my article from the DS Quarterly last year. We talked for a while, then he headed down the channel across the bay. We headed across the bay on our course closer to Mustang Island, to protect us from the chop a little. This was the second boat on this trip that knew the sailors of the Arlington DS fleet.



We crossed the bay without any problems, passing one of the fleet, and in the distance we could make out a large complex of machinery and storage tanks in the bay. Once across the bay, we prepared to enter Stingray Hole which leads into Corpus Christi Channel. About that time the catamaran caught up to us and passed us yet again. We entered the channel and headed for the ferry crossing at the state highway. The wind was nearly out of the east causing us to be close hauled on our run up the

channel. With the reef in the sail, the sail shape was very poor making it difficult to point. The problem appeared to be that the reef line didn't pull back enough to stretch the bottom of the sail when reefed. My crew was at the helm and I was navigating. We made it through the ferries, holding a tight



course to get to the point where we had to turn north into Lydia Ann Channel to get to our next camp. We couldn't get any closer into the wind than we were moving. Then a large tourist fishing boat stopped and anchored right in our line. We couldn't get around their bow without tacking. We saw we had about 20 to 30 feet between their stern and a dock. The charts said the water was deep enough, and we felt we could get through. We changed course and passed close astern. We called out our apologies. Most people waved and were friendly, but one guy cursed at us. Fortunately no one had a line in the water; otherwise it might have caught on our centerboard.

We passed by and made our turn north. A couple of hours later we were coming up on camp 3 at the Quarantine Shore. As we neared, we saw many boats beached already and several folks out swimming. We picked a spot next to the catamaran and beached the boat. It had been a long day; it was good to get into camp. As is my custom, I took a nap on the foredeck for awhile. Camp 3 was a narrow oyster shell beach bordered by cactus. The catamaran guys were building a fire pit. It turns out that while they lost some important stuff during the pitch-pole event, they didn't lose their grill and icebox. They were soon cooking shrimp wrapped in bacon and steak wrapped in bacon. The folding schooner did catch up with the fleet and was beached here. Another boat that had originally planned to start with the fleet at Port Isabel also joined us. He had built a boat for the event but hadn't finished in time to start with the fleet, so he sailed out of Ingleside to get to camp 3. Soon all of the fleet had arrived at camp. Some boats were beached, others were

anchored out. This camp had some dry wood around so there were several small campfires. One boat offered peach cobbler to any who wanted it. One thing this camp also had was cactus. When setting up tents and wandering around afterward we had to watch out for cactus. My crew found out about the cactus the hard way.



Photo By Stan Roberts



Photo By Stan Roberts



Photo By Studio Corliss

### *Camp 3 Photos*

Thursday morning, my crew was got his stuff together faster. It looked like we might be able to leave ahead of three or four other boats. The wind was almost non-existent. All the boats that had left early were strung out in a line, barely moving. My crew decided to go swimming and then he sewed telltales on the trailing edge of the main. When we left, only the catamaran was still on the beach. Last again, but at least by then the wind had started to come up.



Photo By Studio Corliss

We headed out across Aransas Bay. The course took us past Paul's Mott, where I had capsized the year before, and then through several reefs. There are small narrow channels through these reefs which make for navigational

challenges. The deep draft boats have to follow the ICW, which is the long way to get to camp 4 at Army Hole. The wind was getting stronger and it was nearly becoming a head wind.

After a while the catamaran caught up to us and passed us. We caught up to some of the other boats that had left a bit before us. As we came to Paul's Mott, two of the boats



Photo By Stan Roberts

that had been a short distance ahead of us turned to the east and beached there. We passed another small boat and continued on toward the reefs. We bumped bottom on a narrow reef coming out from Paul's Mott. As we approached our first reef at Cape Carlos Dugout, we saw what looked like a boat aground ahead of us with two other small boats assisting. Since the boat had assistance we proceeded on. We found poles, serving as channel markers through the reefs, which were only shown as pipe on the charts. My GPS appeared to be off by about 40 feet in this area. I compensated for the apparent error and any markers we could find. We got through the channels in the reefs. We barely bumped bottom a couple times. As we cleared the first reef we could see that four boats behind us were having grounding problems. I had not taken this route before, so it was new to me. We passed through two more reefs, Cedar Dugout and Belden Dugout, then headed for Ayers Dugout, a reef that was known to be difficult and had caused several problems for 2009 Texas 200 sailors. As we approached, we suddenly spotted a reef in our path and quickly tacked to the east. We got around it after locating the correct entrance closer to shore, and passed easily through the dugout and into San Antonio Bay. Our only other navigational challenge before camp was South Pass, another reef. On our approach to South Pass, the main halyard let loose, pinning my head between the boom and the cuddy cabin top. My crew, at the helm, heaved to and parked the boat on the water to get things straightened out. I hadn't performed this maneuver before, something I need to practice. Interesting procedure. I had panicked a bit when my head was pinned. My crew this year was a better sailor than I am. We got the sail back up and I calmed down. Not a good feeling having your head pinned. After the event, I realized that the boom vang can interfere with the halyard. On my boat halyard is lead back from the mast along the cuddy top to a cam cleat rather than the horn cleat. Where the halyard comes off the mast cheek block is not low enough to let the vang pass over it at all angles.



We proceeded on through South Pass past a work barge moving so slowly it appeared to be parked in the center of the channel.

Trying to get around it we bumped the edge of the channel. We continued on for a few more hours. We could see a couple of sails in the distance behind us. We thought we could see a set of sails to the west, which might be the folding schooner, and there were a couple sails a few miles ahead of us. About 7:30 pm we finally approached camp 4 at Army Hole. As we made our approach, another boat was coming down the channel from the west that connects Army Hole to the ICW. We would be sailing along that channel the next morning. There were several shallow draft boats beached in an area marked as very shallow on the charts. Our plan was to head for the docks, which was surrounded by a protective breakwater, where most of the other boats had tied up. We found a place open and with the help of others on the dock, we got the boat tied up. It had been a very long day, the longest day of the trip; we had been sailing for about 11 hours.

Army Hole is an old WWII Army Air Corps base that has been



Photo By Studio Corliss

abandoned since 1946. Some boats were beached on the south side; the majority of boats were at the facility docks. There were picnic tables there, but no facilities. The state maintains the area, but only minimally. The only way to get to Army Hole is by boat. The old runways are still all there

as are some of the structures from the old base. We had nice flat grassy areas to put up our tents.

We set up our camps. While we were sailing that day, my crew had suggested that he take some of the beer we had on board and try to barter it for some food at camp 4. Sounded like a good plan so I told him to go ahead and do it. At camp he made his coffee and was getting ready to try his barter plan, when the skipper of a boat that had joined the group at camp 4 came around to offer hot dogs, potato salad, beans, and beer up at one of the picnic tables for anyone who wanted it. He was a regular Texas 200 sailor who had wanted to do the whole trip, but couldn't manage it this year. He provided a meal instead. We headed right for the feast along with most of the other sailors. I had a chance to talk with some of the sailors that I hadn't had a

chance to speak with at the other camps and a few of those that had joined us at camp 4. I talked and socialized for a couple of hours and then went to my tent to try to get some sleep. Camp 4 was the first camp with mosquitoes, but not too many.

Friday was our last day and our shortest sail of the trip, only 24 miles to the finish at Magnolia Beach. There were two ways to go, the short way through some twisty shallow channels or the channels past Port O'Conner and then into Matagorda Bay where both routes come back together. In the morning my GPS would not power up so we decided to take the channel route.

When we got up in the morning, only a few boats were rushing to get sailing at first light as they had on previous mornings. With a short 24 mile sail ahead of us we, too took our time. Coming into Army Hole on Thursday evening we had tried to start the motor to get into the breakwater at the docks, but the pull cord was jammed. Before loading our gear, my crew disassembled the motor to attempt to repair the pull cord. He got the pull cord working, but something else kept the motor from starting. Looks like I broke my brand new motor. However the motor really wasn't needed for the day's sail.

We got the boat loaded and the sails up. Some sailors still on the docks took our line to turn us in the right direction. We got out past the breakwater and headed out of Army Hole.

The wind was out of the east and we headed northwest across Espiritu Santo Bay along the channel markers. About half way across in an area dotted with oil platforms, we made a turn in a more northerly direction. The platforms were full of equipment, making them look like strange sculptures. We saw a few sails in the distance, but, except for a passing commercial fishing boat, we were otherwise alone on the bay. We followed the markers up to where the channel cut between two small islands, made a turn to the northeast and entered the Intracoastal Waterway channel which we followed to Port O'Conner. There was boat traffic in the channel, mostly large and small power boats and a barge coming down the ICW. There were also several anchored small fishing boats to get around. The winds were light in the channel. As we approached Port O'Conner we could see some sails behind us entering the Intracoastal Waterway. Some of the houses that lined the channel were interesting.

At the northern end of Port O'Conner we could see the opening to Matagorda Bay. We passed some breakwaters and made a turn to port into the bay. After a short northerly course to avoid shallow areas we made another course adjustment to port and onto a northwesterly course to begin our final run to Magnolia Beach and the finish of the event. Ahead of us on the horizon we could see the blue sail of *Laguna Tres*, a boat in the fleet. After a half hour or so we could also see the sails of two boats appearing behind us. One of the boats came from the channel we had sailed through, the other appeared to have sailed through the alternate route we didn't attempt due to my GPS not working and my not being familiar with the area.



We continued our sail up the bay on a run. The sun seemed a bit hotter and brighter that day. We had been lucky this year with the skies somewhat overcast for a few days to provide some relief from the Texas sun.

The sails behind us were a bit confusing. We could see a white sail and two red sails apparently sailing side by side. Finally ahead in the distance we could see our destination, Magnolia Beach. As we got closer we could see boats of the fleet already beached. As we got nearer where we needed to beach, we began looking for a good spot. It was a nice sand beach and we sailed right up to the shore bringing up the centerboard as we saw the water getting shallow. The boat beached we dropped the sails and set the anchor on the beach. We were greeted by other sailors. We had finished the Texas 200 and didn't destroy the boat or ourselves.



Once the boat was beached, I found my keys to my Jeep, then found a ride to my vehicle and trailer from one of the other sailors. My crew didn't need to go with me, so he headed for the picnic shelter marked by the Texas 200 banner with the cold beer and the gathering group. Smart move. I was told, while being

driven to the Jeep, that the ramp was a little hard to get boats out and that most of the boats were being retrieved right off the beach. Sounded good to me, I really didn't want to pull the boat a half mile to the ramp. When I got back to the beach, I backed the trailer up to the boat and with the help of my crew and a few bystanders we got the boat loaded on the trailer in no time. We decided to de-rig after the shrimp boil after temperatures cooled down a bit.



The last of the boats started to show up.



One by one they were beached or anchored just off the beach for the deeper draft boats. We got an answer to our question about the confusing red sails that had been behind us. They were from the large homebuilt catamaran that had provided

the meal at Army Hole. This boat had two masts, one on each hull, side by side, and was sailing wing and wing. The two sails were far enough apart to look like two boats.



After all the boats had come in, the shrimp boil began. Everyone gathered around the picnic shelter with the Texas 200 Finish Line banner. There was plenty of food and beer. Shiner Brewery is a sponsor of the event and provided several large coolers with different beers. There were soft drinks and water as well. Everybody had a generous portion of shrimp, potatoes, corn on the cob, and sausage and watermelon. It was a good feast to end a great week of sailing.

As the party wore down, sailors were tending to their boats and getting them secured on their trailers for the trip home. We visited with some of our fellow sailors before starting to de-rig the boat. We took our time de-rigging and securing the boat; the temperatures hadn't dropped as much as we had hoped. After



an hour or so we had the boat secured for the trip back to central Texas. Our plan, though, was to go to Port Lavaca, find a motel for the night, get a shower and a good nights' sleep before our three hour drive.



Photo By Studio Corliss



We got into Port Lavaca around 9:00 pm and found a motel with a vacancy. The only problem we had was to find a parking spot for both the Jeep and the trailer. My crew came up with the idea to unhook the trailer and park the trailer and the Jeep in separate spaces. We found two spaces side by side right near our entrance. It worked out well.

Saturday morning we had breakfast and then headed for home. Between Victoria and Port Lavaca we passed the O'Day Mariner heading towards Austin. At an intersection in Victoria, where our turn was, we saw two more of the boats at a store. We stopped to say hi. Before we left, the Mariner pulled in too. With coffee breaks in Luling and Buda, we finally made it to my house in the early afternoon. We unhooked the trailer and went on into Austin for the hotel where my crew had reserved a room. His flight wasn't until Sunday afternoon and he wanted to explore Austin a little. I dropped him off and went back home, picking up my dogs from the kennel along the way.

Sunday afternoon I drove into Austin again to pick up my crew, have lunch and get him to the airport. I asked him if he had done anything special Saturday evening. He told me he sorted out his clothes and slept. When I asked him what he did Sunday morning he said he rested. I had rested a lot myself, when I'd gotten to the house. We had lunch and I drove him around Austin for a while before we headed for the airport. This year's adventure was over. Now it was time to plan for next year.

The Texas 200 is held the 2<sup>nd</sup> week of June each year. For more information on the Texas 200 go to <http://www.texas200.com> or if you prefer Facebook look up the "Texas 200 Sailing Club". Most of the discussion and pictures this year have been posted on Facebook.

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