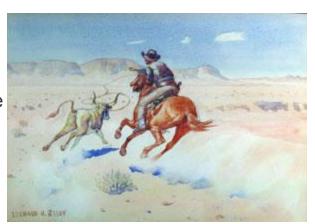# Tom Shildhouse MPHS Jan 1966

Went to rodeo school. Always been a dream of mine since early childhood. Never saw myself as popular or charismatic. Wanted to stand out and be something special. And in my mind, in those days, rodeo cowboys were special, still are.

Found a school in Prairie Du Chein, WI run by world champion cowboy Larry Mahan, paid my $200 bucks, got told by Larry after a few days, that I belonged here, the rest is history. When Larry told me that, my already inflated ego kinda made the decision for me. Never regretted my mis-spent youth or the occasional body ache that reminds me that I was, and still am, somebody special. Did things most folks are scared s***less to do and enjoyed it, survived it and was part of the sports community in a great way.

Interviewed by WGN tv and written about in a magazine called Fans, local sports rag. I also have a well-deserved sense of immortality, motor bike crashes, diving mishaps, and a few other malady's couldn't kill me so I figured I was pretty immortal. Don't know how true that is but I am sticking to that approach to life, as it suits me perfectly.

Competed in the International Amphitheater Stockyards rodeo and several other big time events. Then I decided to do the Jimmy Buffett thing and go on to being the cowboy sailor. Now I sail, play tennis and wonder why the hell everyone else I know spends most of their time telling everybody else who will listen how sick, uncomfortable, in various forms and degrees of pain they are. As I said in the sail update, gosh I love my life.

I am looking forward now, finally getting PADI (scuba diving) certificate, which, although I have dived most of my life, never went through the process of certifying. Also, gonna do it a few years ago but the weather got crappy, next year I will learn to surf on Lake Michigan. My wife keeps trying to remind me of how old I am, I tell her that when I get, I will gladly pass from this mortal realm, but that won't ever happen 'cuz I ain't never gettin' old.

And, if I am lucky, I ain't ever gettin' bored, either.

ROCK ON!!!

Tom Schildhouse

We retired from the race last night at 11:30 p.m. With seas building and rogue waves topping 6+ feet, we gave it up. We were rounded up by the wind, pouring water into the cockpit, over the gunwale and almost capsizing the boat on several occasions. We were about 20 miles behind Wing Nuts, which capsized and lost 2 crew members, who were trapped under the boat and were discovered by Coast Guard divers when the weather permitted them to dive into the overturned vessel. Six others were rescued by fellow racers who abandoned their own chances to win by veering off course and participating in the rescue efforts.

We spent the night in Muskegon MI with another racing boat, a New York 36 who had also abandon the race after two crew members were injured during a rounding up, such as we experienced. One was knocked unconscious and was still hospitalized and the other suffered painful lacerations to his face when thrown around the cabin below decks. Their skipper has 21 Macs under his racing keel and told us that he has NEVER, in 21 years of Mac racing, ever seen a storm of such intensity and duration.

It was a baptism by fire and, while a little disappointed, after hearing the tales of other racers, we do not regret our decision to drop out and live to sail another day.

I think this is proof-positive that some are never too old or too (fill in this space kindly) to live the life and grasp the moment.

Gosh, I REALLY LOVE MY LIFE.

Downside, my wife informed that she spent VERY unpleasant night scared to death and following the race by Internet and transponders that are installed on all Mac boats. She is not all that happy with me at the moment. I told her my solution was, she's welcome to join us next year, no need to wait at home. Since some of you may share these thoughts with grandchildren, I will spare you the nature and content of her response..

Tom Schildhouse