

The JibSheet

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Official Newsletter of the Corinthian Sailing Association of Lake Pontchartrain



2017 Board of Directors

From left: Louise Bienvenu, Rear Commodore; Albert Bacque, at large; Mike Floberg, Secretary; Gerald Kuehler, Commodore; Dieter Hugel, Vice Commodore; Debbie David, Treasurer; Skipper Chenault and Don Levy, at large.



COMMODORE'S CORNER

I sincerely hope all our members had a wonderful Christmas and New Year as well as a wonderful time at our annual January "Birthday Party" at NOYC! We had a fabulous turn-out with 88 attendees and I hope everyone enjoyed the fabulous food provided by Chef Katheryn and the music provided by the Shriner Band.

In addition to distributing past event racing awards, two special awards were presented to our North and South Shore volunteer photographers:

Gordon Green (North Shore), and
Curtis Christensen (South Shore)

It's always exciting to check our emails after the races to discover great photos of us racing! Thanks again Gordon and Curtis.

MEMBERSHIP

Our club ended 2016 with about 85 members, but we are a little short so far this year with only 60 paid members. If you haven't yet rejoined please consider renewing your memberships for 2017 by sending a \$125 check to :

Corinthian Sailing Association
141 Robert E lee Blvd, # 259

I would also like to recognize and congratulate our newest members that have joined us this year:

Hans Albert*Intrepid*.....Catalina 27
Russell Bernard.....Instan Karma.....J-70
Doug Gulley.....Buralavia.....Ranger 29
Mat Jordan.....Racine.....J-22
Dwight LeBlanc.....Wavemaker.....J-22
John Ricci.....
Ligi Sullivan.....We'll SeaCatalina 27
Glen TonguisKryptoniteMelges 24

RACING

Racing has already begun in a big way on both the North and South shore fleets. The North Shore has completed both the Frost Bite Race and the Winter Series (with 25 boats participating). The winners are listed later. The Spring Series begins soon and will be raced in conjunction with PYC, who has graciously agreed to provide a committee boat and PRO for the races.

The South Shore has also completed their Winter Series races and their results are also shown later.

Revisions are being made to the Boat of the Year qualifying criteria. For the North Shore there are now 19 races that qualify (the 12 series races and the 7 special races). To qualify for BOY a boat must race in at least 10 of these 19 races and all in the same class. The South Shore BOY criteria are still being developed.

I would also like to give a special thanks to David Bolyard of Ullman Sails for his very informative presentation on rigging adjustments for achieving maximum performance that he reviewed with us at the February 15th General Meeting at PYC. Thanks so much Dave!

SOCIAL

Our next social event will be our "Summer Party" which will again be held at PYC, probably in July. Last years' event was a big success with about 70 attendees participating in the Dickey's BBQ catered luncheon followed by door prizes and trophies for the best Hawaiian attire. We will do something similar this year.

Gerald



Commodore Gerald Kuehler
Presents the South Shore Boat of the Year
Non- Spinnaker
To Rudy Brunken, of Koala



Commodore Gerald Kuehler
Presents the South Shore Boat of the Year
Spinnaker A
To Ralph Junius, of Madame X



Commodore Gerald Kuehler
Presents the South Shore Boat of the Year
Spinnaker B
To Don Levy, of Trout

On the North Shore, only one boat qualified for Boat of the Year. Winning in Spinnaker Class was *The Bear*. Captain Steve Choate was not present at the CSA Birthday Party to receive the award.



2017 South Shore Race Results



WINTER SERIES

[1 Spinnaker A](#) (7 boats)

Series Standing - 3 races scored

Pos,Sail, Boat, Skipper, Yacht Club, Results, Total Points

1. 12241, Madam J, Ralph W Junius Jr, CSA, 1-[2]-2- ; 3
2. 234, Zombie Apocalypse, Slavich/ Rynning, NOYC, [8/DNC]-3-1- ; 4
3. 32353, big j, rick berry, csa, [8/DNC]-5-3- ; 8
4. 420, Kryptonite, Glen Tonguis, NOYC, [8/DNC]-1-8/DNC- ; 9
5. 525, Clubs Viper, Jason Byl, NOYC, [8/DNC]-4-8/DNC- ; 12
6. 83141, Rambunctious, Joel Berry, SYC, [8/DNC]-8/DNC-8/DNC- ; 16T
7. 63063, Whiskers, Gerald Kuehler, CSA, [8/DNC]-8/DNC-8/DNC- ; 16T

[2 Spinnaker B](#) (3 boats)

Series Standing - 3 races scored

Pos,Sail, Boat, Skipper, Yacht Club, Results, Total Points

1. 09, Good Intentions, Gilbert Maclachlan, none, 1-1-[4/DNC]- ; 2
2. 311, TROUT, Don Levy, CSA, [2]-2-1- ; 3
3. 9, Cloud 9, Lisa Johnson, SYC, [4/DNC]-3-2- ; 5

[Non-Spinnaker](#) (3 boats)

Series Standing - 3 races scored

Pos,Sail, Boat, Skipper, Yacht Club, Results, Total Points

1. 69812, Paloma, Mike Bryce, CSA, 1-[2]-1- ; 2
2. 48, Koala, Lou Lambou, CSA, 2-1-[3/DNF]- ; 3
3. 174, Muse, ellie mcculloch, CSA, 3-3-[4/DNC]- ; 6





2017 South Shore Race Results



CSA Single-Handed Race

September 10, 2016

Spinnaker

1	Bad Dog	Macho Slavich	17:15:20
2	Lola	Louise Bienvenu	17:17:00
DNF	Good Intentions	Gilbert Maclachlan	

Non Spinnaker

1	Madam J	Ralph Junius	17:10:00
2	Paloma	Mike Bryce	17:13:13
3	Bourre	Mark Arnold	17:15:24
3	Joe Bleaux	Jason Byl	17:15:24
DNF	MoonRaker	Jean Paul LaGraize	





2017 North Shore Race Results



WINTER SERIES

Spinnaker: (5 boats participated; 2 qualified)

- 1. The Bear
- 2. Whiskers

Non-Spinnaker "A" (8 boats participated; 5 qualified)

- 1. Aqua Mystic
- 2. Knot Normal II
- 3. Good Stuff II
- 4. Desire
- 5. Charlotte's Web

Non-Spinnaker "B" (9 boats participated; 5 qualified)

- 1. Summer Wind
- 2. Joie de Vivre
- 3. Sea Fever
- 4. Reivers
- 5. Janet's Pearl

FROSTBITE RACE

January 14

Spinnaker:

- 1st: Whiskers
- 2nd: The Bear
- 3rd: Good Stuff II

Non-Spinnaker "A"

- 1st: Aqua Mystic
- 2nd: Charlotte's Web
- 3rd: Risky business
- 4th: Cookie Monster

Non-Spinnaker "B"

- 1st: Summer wind
- 2nd: Reivers



Corinthian Sailing Association General Membership meeting minutes

Held: February 15, 2017

Present: *Commodore* **Gerald Kuehler**
 Vice Commodore **Dieter Hugel**
 Rear Commodore **Louise Bienvenu**
 Treasurer **Debbie David**
 Secretary **Mike Floberg**
 At Large **John David**
 At Large **Skipper Chenault**
 At Large **Albert Bacque**
 At Large **Don Levy**

1. Call to Order Meeting called to order at 7:00pm at PYC.

2. Previous Minutes: Motion and seconded to waive reading of the minutes.

3 Treasurer's Report: \$11,242.56
plus 7 new members and 1 associate.

CSA Birthday Party Income \$2310.00

Expenses NOYC Rental \$475.00 NOYC bar \$436.25 Floberg Catering \$2025.00 Shriners Orchestra \$750.00 loss of \$1376.25

4. Committee Reports:

South shore: the race calendar is on the CSA website. 2 winter races have been complete.

North shore: completed frostbite race and first 2 winter series. Races with 18 boats.

Membership: new members:

Hans Albert	Dwight LeBlanc	Russel Bernard	Doug Gulley
Mat Jordan	Ligi Sullivan	Glen Tonguis	John Ricci

Social committee: Party was a big success with 88 attendees.

5. Old Business Status of By-Law review - still in progress
the discussion of the BOTY continues for N.S and S.S.

6. Dave Bolyard gave a very informative presentation on the basics of mast tuning for better performance.

7. Next Board Meeting March 14, 2017 6:00 pm

8. Adjournment. 7:05 February 15, 2017

By Wm Mike Floberg, Secretary

Editor's note: The following essay was originally published in the September, 1990 issue of *Mid Gulf Sailing* magazine.

MEMORIES

By Henry Barousse

The small sloop shuddered, bracing her shoulder against yet another of the deep swells that marched rhythmically to the steady, southeast wind. Sailing close hauled on the starboard tack, her momentum was repeatedly interrupted by the rollers, and it took all of my concentration to keep her as close as possible to the wind while maintaining enough speed to continue the uphill climb toward the island. If I could just keep from giving up too much leeway, I might still catch the eastern tip. It was hot, very hot. My wife, Shirley, lay curled in the tiny cabin, trying to hypnotize herself out of the misery she was feeling, enduring once again circumstances for which she would have never volunteered except to share with me in the pursuit of my own illusive dreams. It seemed that we had been out there forever. At least two hours had passed before the island was even visible, and then it seemed never to get any closer, as though the best course I could manage was parallel to its long, low silhouette. But, my compass assured me that there was enough southerly component to our progress, and we would reach the latitude of the island before passing it to the east.

The year was 1972; but for me, the voyage had originated in 1969 and on the opposite side of the globe. My imagination, having always tended toward things nautical, had been captured by a small ad in a tattered copy of **Boating** magazine, picked up at a USO club in Vietnam. The picture showed a shippy-looking little sailing yacht, driving through peaked and foaming seas as if she had been born to them. The salty looking gentleman at the tiller exuded an air of confidence, attesting to the sea worthiness of both him and his small craft. The brief text boasted of a 14-foot mini-cruiser with two six-foot bunks in a full cabin. "Extremely stiff", the ad said, "She goes to weather well." Damn! What salty, sea-going verbiage! And the name -- **West Wight Potter** -- had just the right connotation of stiff British tradition for me to be hopelessly hooked. I carried the magazine with me for weeks, re-studying the ad at every chance, and becoming in my reveries the man at the tiller, sailing to adventures unknown in my "stiff, capable little cruiser". Finally, I cut the ad from its worn page and mailed it home for safe keeping. I still have it, somewhere, complete with the note scrawled to Shirley to keep it until I returned home.

My love of boats was anything but new; but, although I had considerable experience with small craft, I had never sailed. Sailing had always fascinated me, but I had considered it intangible -- something done by wealthy people in the northeast. Now, somehow, this **West Wight Potter** seemed to offer a possible bridge between that world and mine. I was absolutely determined to acquire my own sailboat. So, when I finally returned home to freedom and a private life, I set in earnest to find one. Each morning I poured over the "Boats and Motors" column in the classified ads of the Baton Rouge **Morning Advocate**. Sailboats were not common in Baton Rouge in those days; so when an ad for a 12-foot sloop finally appeared, it stood out boldly from those for bass boats, bateaus, and pirogues. I made a bank loan for the \$250 asking price, and purchased my very first sailboat. She was a home built sailing pram, sloop rigged. I proudly brought her home, and practiced rigging her in my back yard while my next door neighbor wondered aloud whether I'd "be able to fish in that thing."

The pram allowed me to try in practice the wealth of material I had read in various books and "how to sail" magazine articles. Meanwhile, I had acquired more information on the **West Wight Potter**, using the address from the original magazine ad, thumb tacked to the bulletin board in our kitchen since my return. Now, with detailed brochures and promotional literature to fan my fantasies, and with the confidence gained from sailing the pram, I was more committed than ever to owning the Potter. Ready to make the plunge, I sold the pram for enough money for a 25% down payment, and made a bank loan for the balance. In the early spring of 1971, I placed an order with HMS Marine Corporation, of Inglewood, California, for **West Wight Potter** number 426.

The factory was behind schedule due to various supply problems, and an eternity passed during which I was “without boat.” I filled the time by reading my product brochures and studying coastal charts and maps, dreaming of voyages I would make. The one that captured my imagination was to Cat Island, in the Mississippi Sound. Just the thought of sailing to an actual island was as romantic an adventure as I could imagine. Studying coastal chart no. 11372, “Dog Keys Pass to Waveland”, I resolved upon the basin at Pass Christian as my favored point of departure. I had drawn numerous course lines between Pass Christian Harbor and Cat Island and penciled their magnetic bearings on the chart. So it was that now, approaching the island at last, with all the preceding events tumbling in my mind, I knew that my course was within a sector that would permit me a landfall.

It had been at least three hours since the two separate gray blurs on the horizon revealed themselves to be in fact a single L-shaped mass with a discernible lower edge of white sand and an upper band of green trees. Now, at last in the relatively sheltered waters of a bay formed by the “L”, the small boat moved more comfortably, no longer struggling against the long, rolling swells of the open gulf. Features along the shore that had been indistinguishable, or the subjects of curiosity, fantasy, or conjecture began to reveal themselves in their true identity. The head of a dragon was now actually three rotting pilings and a bent pipe. A giant cowboy boot was actually a cluster of pine trees on a knoll that tapered to an elongated sand bar.

The boat glided more smoothly and quietly in the diminishing wind, shadowed now by the island and the trees. The water became shallower and clearer, the sandy bottom easily visible as it rose rapidly from below, the beach and the trees now rushing toward the bow of the tiny boat. The boat staggered momentarily as the centerboard found bottom, then resumed her smooth glide as the board was lifted into its trunk. Small clouds of disturbed sand lifted in the diminishing water beneath the white hull. The boat crunched to an abrupt stop in the wet sand, and a crab darted out of the way as the bow came to rest against the white beach.

We had departed the municipal harbor at Pass Christian at noon on this hot Saturday in July. It was now 6:00 p.m., and I had made the first landfall of my first cruise! The excitement of the moment was contrasted by the tranquility and beauty of the pristine beach on which our vessel had at last come to rest, and with the feeling of relief to be able to stand again and walk on firm ground. The mainland, though clearly visible on the northern horizon, seemed an eternity away -- not only in physical distance, but also in time and space. It was the world we'd left behind, like the earth when seen from the moon by the Apollo astronauts. Their umbilical cord had been the Apollo spaceship. Ours was a diminutive sailboat resting on the beach, and seeming now incredibly small in comparison to the expanse of water it had just crossed. In years to come, I would visit Cat Island (and the other barrier islands along the central gulf coast) many times in many boats, alone and with others. Like pages read and turned as one progresses through a thick novel, sailing experiences would accumulate in an ever-growing collection of memories. Though I could not know it then, none of the sailing adventures to come would ever overshadow this moment of satisfaction and fulfillment.

Later, we were treated to a magnificent crimson sunset over shimmering gulf waters. After a supper cooked over a campfire on the beach, we eased the Potter into the bay and set anchor as the full moon cast a soft light over the cove. Our rest was somewhat fitful, amidst the fragrance of Naugahyde and insect repellent and punctuated by the occasional hum of a mosquito and subsequent slap; but, what the hell? We were living aboard -- we were cruising sailors!

We waked to loud blowing sounds, and I stuck my head out of the companionway to see that porpoises surrounded us, lazily sounding and feeding in the shallows. Sunrise was a mirror image of the previous evening's panorama. Soon the morning breeze began to ripple the waters in the cove. Anxious to be underway again, I decided to sail on the morning wind, even though it meant another long beat. The anchor was lifted, the sails were raised, and soon the Potter was dancing again to the roll of the open waters. First the cove and then the island receded astern as the morning wore on and the sun climbed higher and higher in the sky.

Eventually, the concrete breakwaters of the harbor gave relief from the swells, as had the island on the previous day. Silently and unnoticed we ghosted between tethered yachts and shrimp boats in the deserted quietness of the basin, the relentless midday sun having driven virtually all forms of life to shelter. The heat was mirrored from the glassy calm water of the inner harbor as the Potter's cheek gently kissed the finger pier at the boat-launching ramp. It seemed that a lifetime of experiences had elapsed since we'd left our compact car and boat trailer, now waiting for us only yards away, familiar symbols of the land-based world to which we were returning. Quickly, I started the car; and, as Shirley rested gratefully in the blast of the air conditioner, I made the final checks to see that the boat was secure on the trailer. A fellow nautical walked up to admire the Potter's lines. "She sure looks stout for her size," he complimented, "Have you had her out on the Gulf?"

In a flash, my mind raced over the events of the past 24 hours -- the lump in my throat as we had cleared the breakwaters and confronted the infinity before us; the sense of doubt and vulnerability as the mainland slipped farther and farther astern; the hours in the sun while the island resisted our feeble attempts to approach her; and, finally, the tremendous sense of pride and contentment I felt at this moment for having finally answered the beckoning that had teased at my imagination for so long. I tried to camouflage my pride by appearing preoccupied with the buckle of the nylon tie-down strap. "Yeah," I answered. "We spent the night on Cat Island".



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The purpose of the Association is to promote the knowledge and expertise of its members in seamanship and sailing, and to promote and encourage racing of sailboats as a sport in the Gulf South, and particularly on Lake Pontchartrain.

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