



Chesapeake Catboat Association

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Editor: Craig Ligibel. tcligibel@vml.com. All the catboat news that's fit to print. All information deemed to be reliable.

*Racing, Cruising, Food and Fellowship. And a fond farewell.
This issue has all the ingredients of a Best Seller!*

Annapolis Short Cruise: Great food, Great cruising, Great fun.



More than a dozen catboaters and their significant others braved some significant wind to enjoy three days of cruising in the Annapolis Area this past August. Iron Man Phil Livingston aboard *Patriot* and Butch “ I never met an oyster I didn’t like” Miller aboard *Lark* sailed into Harris Creek for a dockside dinner at Cantler’s with Short Cruise Host Craig Ligibel and Paul and Dominic Cammarato, who made the voyage via land yacht. Then, it was a harrowing romp down the Bay to the South River’s Harness Creek for an overnight, where they were joined by Jim

Ohlmacher and David Bleil aboard *Gull* and the Cammarato’s aboard *Frances B*. Ligibel shuttled the hungry crowd to his Crab Creek eatery for an evening of roasted oysters, BBQ’d ribs, Dark and Stormies and good times. The cruise concluded with participants making their way home Sunday. Livingston is believed to have set a new Marshall 18 speed record as he claims to have hit 7.3 knots running downwind with one reef in, the sail scandalized...all the while towing a dink. What a guy will do for a good time. Phil, a former military and Fed X pilot, says he’s “experienced some hairy moments in the air, but this trip down the Bay ranks right up there with them.” For more pictures, see page 2.

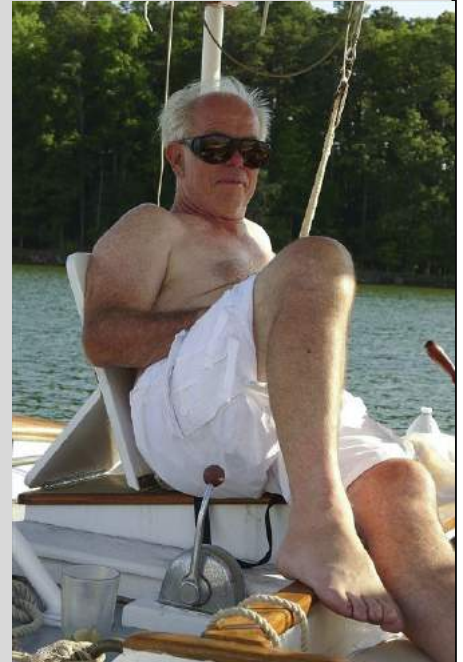
More Short Cruise Pix



Commodore's Notes Oct 2017

It is with a heavy heart that I inform the CCBA crew of the passing of Don Dunn's wife, Mary Dunn and John Brown aka Mr. Brown, Ordinary Seaman. The Dunn's go back to the beginning of the CCBA. They sailed an Atlantic City 21, famous for barging at the line!!! Mary always had a smile and a kind word and was a great hostess. She is remembered for her "shrimp soppers"! CCBA made a donation on her behalf to the Kent County Public Library. She was an avid reader and volunteer at the Rock Hall Branch.

Mr. Brown was anything but ordinary, just ask those of us who sailed with him. He joined CCBA back in the 90's when he was sailing an Atlantic City 24 with Liz and Danny, his son. Over the years, after being put ashore, things changed and John moved up to *Traveler*, a 48 ft. Atkins ketch that we are only just beginning to learn how famous she was. Earl Flynn and Jack Parr sailed on her and Winston Churchill once played poker all night while he was aboard...rumor has it he lost more than just his shirt...John would have gotten a chuckle out of that one! Mr. Brown became a fixture on Marc Cruder's *Wanderer* for races and cruises. He knew the ways of the water having been brought up on steamships that his father ran out of Baltimore. Mr. Brown also insisted that a proper restaurant would serve sherry with their cr me of crab soup without having to request it! On the cruise over to Smith Island, John got off the boat and headed straight to the crab shack that a watermen's wife was tending. He came back with a mess of soft shelled crabs which resulted in most of us moving onboard *Traveler* for a feast not to be forgotten. A group of us went up to Gettysburg for his memorial service and after the service went out to the farm. Danny planted John's favorite tree on top of his ashes. Following the CCBA tradition, we gathered with a dark and stormy while Marc Cruder offered a toast that summed it up, "It's my ship and I'll do as I damn well please"! We also donated our time cleaning, painting and doing the brightwork on *Traveler* before Ken Spring listed her for sale.



Just a note that the annual CBA meeting will again be held in Groton, CT over the last weekend in January at the Marriott Hotel and Spa...yes ladies, you can luxuriate while the guys do all that is catboat!!! It's a fun time for all and makes a great winter get away!

Summer's gone, or has it...can't tell by the weather we have been having! Corsica, Whitehall and the Long Cruise are in the rear view mirror, next up is the Downrigging at Chestertown over the weekend of the 28th. So, keep that in mind. We will be planning the CCBA annual meeting at the Kentmorr Restaurant and Crab House on Kent Island toward the end of February, details to follow.

The Great Whitehall Bay Regatta 2017

David Morrow

This past Labor Day weekend marked the 27th sailing of the Great Whitehall Bay Regatta. The weekend long event was started by Chesapeake catboat sailing legend Captain William "Bill" Hoover sailing his



custom Mystic 20 *Gull*. Participants usually arrive at the Providence community marina on Saturday, race on Sunday, competing for the coveted Capt.

Bill Hoover Perpetual Trophy, and then meet at the community clubhouse for food, drink, awards and stories after the race(s). Everyone then heads home Monday.

The weekend started with small craft warnings and buckets of rain on Saturday forcing 2 participants to stay at their docks instead of trekking to Whitehall Bay. In years past we have experienced the full spectrum of sailing conditions from "millpond-like" wind-free days to full on screamers. So, Saturday's deluge was not a big surprise!!

Luckily, Sunday's weather really cooperated! The skipper's meeting, complete with the Hoover tradition of doughnuts and coffee, was held at 10:00 under crystal clear skies and a building Westerly breeze. Five

boats were in attendance, three Marshall Sanderlings, a Mystic 20 and an Americat 22. Lacking a race committee and RC boat, we set an inflatable mark off of a government buoy as square to the wind as we could get.



Using a five-minute starting sequence and sailing the Hoover course

(Continued Page 5)

Corsica River Yacht Club Regatta 2017

Butch Miller

Once again the CCBA was invited to participate in the annual Corsica River Yacht Club Regatta, a two day event that is made up mostly of various dinghy classes and beach cats. Although this year's catboat contingent was small, only two boats, it was double the attendance of last year! *Pride* and *Lark* sailed in on Friday afternoon in the usual 90 degree plus heat and predicted thunder storms.

While *Pride's* crew chose to spend the night on board, *Lark's* crew went home to the A/C! This year the race committee decided to separate the catboats completely from the rest of the fleet sending us on a course straight out the Corsica into the Chester river and back. Dead upwind and downwind, along the narrow and shallow river. We ran two races on Saturday and one on Sunday; all, where the winner was determined by the skipper's light air upwind sailing ability and prowess at staying out of the mud. *Pride* won all races on both accounts but *Lark* only needed another mile or so on the downwind legs to make up for a few too-long tacks into the mud...ugh!

(Continued on page 6)

around the government marks we were off with a good clean start. Conditions were fickle approaching the windward mark, and the water was a bit skinny, forcing a course change after everyone battled around the first buoy. The wind continued to build so that we all had a very nice sail, with no one complaining about the usual Whitehall windless holes!!



We were all so excited by the conditions that we agreed to an informal "race back to the barn" -- one long weather leg back to the Mill Creek channel entrance.

All sailors and non-sailors retired to the Providence Club House for great food, drink and some fine stories. A toast was raised to honor Bill Hoover and we were delighted to have Bill's wife Carolyn and sons John and Howard join us for the festivities.



Race results:

1 – Anna, David Morrow, Marshall Sanderling

2 – Patriot, Phil Livingston, Marshall Sanderling

3 – Bubbly, Paul & Dominic Cammaroto, Marshall Sanderling

4 – Mystic Wind, Craig Ligibel, Mystic 20

5 – Lark, Butch Miller, Americat 22

Some lessons learned from the race: It's very difficult to simultaneously run the starting sequence and be on the line at the starting gun. AND, those little air horns are only good for one sequence.



After the race trophies were given out, the annual Washington Irving Tuttle Memorial Trophy was presented. The award is based on participation at the CCBA races...in other word, how many did you attend, plus race placement. Commodore Flesner presented the award to Butch Miller followed by a dark and stormy!! All in all, it was another very successful Whitehall weekend. We are all grateful to Bill Hoover for his initiative 27 years ago to get this event started!

(Corsica continued)



Typically, in mid-July, the summer celebrates the beginning of its end with record heat and at least one thunder storm. Although just a “smidgen” cooler this weekend, the party was still on. After racing on Saturday, the edge of the storm just to the south caught us, but it didn’t interrupt the country chicken dinner with all the fixin’s or the bluegrass band. Usually, after the Sunday morning races, most of the catboats head home prior to the awards ceremony to avoid

the ever present threatening thunder storms. This year, we unwisely decided to stay and collect our trophies. Later, Lark didn’t get two miles down the river before anchoring in the lee of the Russian compound (the one the US closed earlier this summer!), to ride out the first storm. After going another ten miles, we got nailed again. We should have gotten used to this weather pattern by now given all the years we have raced at the Corsica event! As if the thunder storms weren’t enough, later that night after we arrived home, a tornado danced across Kent Island not far from us causing a lot of damage. I wonder how many reefs we would have needed for that one?!!

Race Results

Pride Marshall 22 Fred Sherriff

Lark Americat 22 Butch & Denise Miller

“Labor of Love” keeps CCBA member Robert Luckraft busy.

Bob isn’t much for writing stories...he’s too busy restoring his



90-year-old Herbert Crosby “barn door party boat” *Genevieve*.

The following dispatch sums it up:

All free time is dedicated to the project at hand. I'll try to send you something

when I complete the work. Working now through brutally hot and humid conditions. My carpentry work is on hold and my customers are beginning to pound on the front door --if you get my drift.

-BOB

Good luck, Bob. Looking forward to more updates!



Long Cruise lives up to its name with plenty of sailing, tall tales and fun.

Almost a dozen catboats of various shapes and sizes enjoyed a great Fall Cruise this past September.

Centered on the Eastern Shore, the cruise took in both the Wye and Miles Rivers with a stopover in historic St. Michaels. Says cruise coordinator Marc Cruder: "After the rousing success of the first fall and extended duration "bucket list" cruise to the Potomac River last year, we'll dial it back this year for a leisurely and easy 6 day romp closer to home. We last saw the Miles River via Eastern Bay and the Wye River in 2001, so it will be nice to return to some favorite creeks, anchor in some new spots and put a day aside to see what is new at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum.



With plenty of launching sites and the promise of seasonal fall wind and weather, we hope it will motivate and facilitate participation by catboaters beyond the Chesapeake Bay. Low mileage legs ensure a "sail everywhere" itinerary."



A partial list of participants included:

- GULL – Bleil/Olmacher - M20
- LARK – Miller – Americat 22
- PRIDE – Sherriff – M22
- WINTERS DREAM – Smith - M18
- MYSTIC WIND – Ligibel - M20
- PLANET – Gardner - W25
- HOMER – Crawford – H17
- WANDERER – Cruder - W25
- FRANCES B- Paul Cammarato



Marc promises more details in a future issue. Suffice it to say the group performed admirably as they battled some significant wind as a result of Hurricane Nate's influence on the Bay.

More Long Cruise photos...



***“Flycatcher”* takes flight in the United Kingdom**

You never know what might show up in our Commodore’s inbox. James Stock , a fellow catboater from West Sussex, England, sent a link to his build. Pretty impressive.

Click here to see more: https://www.facebook.com/pg/catboatpoole/photos/?ref=page_internal



CCBA Member Morrow heads south for a Classic time in Savannah

By David Morrow

Sometime during the Fall of 2016, I was reading through a national sailing publication and came across an article on a classic boat rally. The course was from Savannah, GA to Beaufort, SC via Hilton Head navigating the Inter Coastal Waterway. The course looked fascinating, and best of all, the majority of participants were sailing catboats.

A little research got me to the founder, Sam "Woody" Norwood. We exchanged emails and I committed to attend. Let me say this right from the beginning, I have never participated in a better-organized event in all my years of sailing. Woody sent out regular emails updating all of us on what to expect, courses, gear needed and final last minute details. As a newbie, his communications took care of most of the pre-rally planning anxiety.

Perhaps the greatest challenge of the entire rally was at the beginning – driving from Maryland to Savannah, GA via Route 95! Between the constant road construction delays and semi's passing at supersonic speeds, the drive was anything but relaxing. That said, ANNA and I reached the Savannah Yacht Club unscathed, launched at a beautiful public ramp near the club and tied up at the SYC floating docks without incident!

The next day the rest of the boats arrived. Our fleet included 2 Marshall 22's, 3 Marshall Sanderlings, 2 Menger 19's and a Bristol Channel Cutter. Most of them had cruised down from Beaufort taking a couple of days to enjoy the amazing scenery that I would soon experience.

We were given a private room at the Savannah Yacht Club where we were served drinks and then a sumptuous dinner. No matter where you sail, when cat-boaters are involved, great stories follow. Two small-world stories came to light shortly after cocktail hour began. The first was that one of the participant's first catboat was purchased from a good buddy on the Chesapeake. Dave Bleil's Melville's Mouser went from the Chesapeake to the Charleston, SC area and was enjoyed for several more years before being traded in on a new Menger 19. The second story was that one of the Marshall 22 owners had his first sail on a catboat on the Toms River with a life long friend. That sail instilled in him a love of catboats that continues to this day! (Continued on Page 10)



The morning skipper's meeting with traditional doughnuts, was held at the dock and it was quickly apparent that there was going to be breeze. Lots of breeze – not what a single-handed sailor in new waters wants to see. Anyway, we left the docks together and motored past Thunderbolt Marine, then under the highway bridge to the starting area. And that's where the wheels fell off the bus!

Now I knew the breeze was going to build and a reef was necessary. No problem. But then I needed to tie in the reef points. I found a little creek, headed up and went to tie them in when the first gust hit me broadside and blew me up on the marsh! No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't power off with the gusts fighting against me. So I jumped in, sunk to my knees in muck and oyster shells and pushed ANNA back into the middle of the creek. It took all of my strength to leap back aboard dragging pounds of gooey muck into the cockpit.

I had barely caught my breath when another, bigger gust, blew me onto the other shore. I repeated the process and darn near couldn't get back aboard. As I sat there panting in the cockpit, I noticed both shins were bleeding and the cockpit and mainsheet were covered in muck and some blood. Now with less than 5 minutes to go before the start, I scrambled to clean out the muck and rinse my wounds. The thought of trying to tie in the reef points never entered my mind again and I sailed the entire race with the ugliest reef you've ever seen.

But that was the worst of it. The scenery was amazing and within an hour I had seen bald eagles, brown pelicans, dolphins, herons and egrets. The waters narrowed, widened and turned, making navigation very important. Also, there wasn't a large margin of error in the channel. Even with a catboat, a couple of feet past a mark and you were aground!

The race was a pursuit race with the starts staggered according to the boat's handicap. The Marshall 22's started well behind the rest of us, but with the big breeze and broad reaches, they charged up on us and past us well before we arrived at the entrance to Windmill Harbor Marina. It was a beautiful sight seeing these Marshall 22's come tearing up from behind with a large bow wave and smiles on the faces of skipper and crew.

The conditions took their toll on all of us. I was particularly exhausted and wasn't sure I could make day 2, especially since the winds were expected to build a bit. But the meal and camaraderie at the South Carolina Yacht Club rejuvenated us all. The next morning we were all raring to go!

On day two, with winds expected to build, I tied in the 2nd reef AND ALL REEF POINTS at the dock. There was no way I could handle another day of sailing with 1 poorly executed reef. I didn't care how slow I would be. Navigating and sailing in those conditions were still challenging with 2 reefs. However, I never felt like I was out of control and easily avoided large fixed objects such as a bridge. (More than I could say for at least one of the Sanderling sailors!) The wind did lessen a bit as we headed up river to the Beaufort Yacht & Sailing Club. But the lull didn't last long and just after finishing, it built right back up making docking alone a chore!

That afternoon I made the decision to haul ANNA and head back to Maryland the next day instead of staying for the inaugural Low Country Catboat Gathering. Winds were predicted to be strong all weekend and without a crew, I knew it would be more than I could handle. I would leave the two days of racing and fun to the locals. But before heading out for the night, Woody Norwood organized a post race awards ceremony. Trophies were given for race results, race committee, most Bristol boat, most helpful sailor AND a crab pot buoy signed by all participants for the most inept occurrence during the races. You'll have to ask Woody who "won" the crab pot award!

I can't say often enough what an amazing job Woody Norwood did organizing this event. Not only is this rally a logistical challenge, but the timing of the races is critical as well. The current, which can be 4+ knots or more, was with us the majority of each day. The clubs welcomed us with open arms, the meals were amazing and the friendship never to be forgotten. I'm also delighted to see a fleet of Sanderlings forming in Beaufort and Charleston. Catboats are an excellent design for the shallow waters and fickle winds of the area.

I hope to participate again. However, I will certainly bring a crew and remember to always tie the reef in at the dock!!

Thank you Woody Norwood!



Morrow and Norwood

OOOps! We've all been there!

By Paul Cammaroto

Like the Song Says

"That Good Advice You Just Didn't Take"

We've all been there! Wondering why we didn't listen when Good Advice was being given. Like APPLE is about to make a Huge comeback or Get In on NetFlix when people were still wondering what the heck it was. Ok so not all advice can reap such rewards. Some advice arrives to help you avoid some real unpleasant moments or pain. Like... Don't stand-up in a Catboats Cockpit during a Gybe, Always drink upstream of the Herd, Always Cleat the Bitter End of your Anchor Line and Never Do Snow Angles in a Dog Park.

Well now it's time to spread some advice. For a few years now I've remarked to myself that that Green Hulled Catboat has really overkilled his Dinghy Painter with all those Floats he's added. Well, I said to myself, I'll just use a Polypropylene Line, which floats, for my Dinghy's Painter and its worked, for years, without a problem. Until It Doesn't...

While backing down to set my anchor in a quite cove on our "Long Cruise" I heard a 'CRASH' and felt the 'IMPACT' from my Dinghy being slammed into the stern quarter of my boat and immediately dragging the dink underwater. My Shock was luckily coupled with my reaction to put the engine in neutral as my Not-So Floating Painter was sucked into my prop dragging my dinghy down with it.

Luckily, I had a scuba mask on the boat which made it a little easier to clear the line from the prop shaft but it still took many dives to accomplish as I was accompanied by dozens of Jelly-fish who stung me on all exposed skin, including my face. I felt a bit like Humphry Bogart, in the African Queen, as I had to once again and many times get back in that not so friendly water, until the job was done.

FLOATS.... NOW I get It

Using Amazon I was able to acquire a Floated Poly Line that would normally be used to section off the deep end of a swimming pool. It works great. Good Advice, Like Advil, Useless unless Taken.



To be featured in the next
OOOps Column, send your story
and pictures to

tcligibel@vml.com.

Prizes will be awarded!

USEPPA ISLAND, FLORIDA CATBOAT RENDEZVOUS/Sandpiper “Worlds” FEBRUARY 21 – 24, 2018:



Save the date for the Useppa Island Catboat Rendezvous/Sandpiper “Worlds”

Email useppacatboat@aol.com for further details, clarification, or questions.

The Useppa Island Club will once again have limited accommodations to rent; call the office at 239-283-1061 (Useppa Island Club, P.O. Box 640, Bokeelia, FL 33922) for specifics. Be sure to let them know you are part of the Catboat Rendezvous/Sandpiper ‘Worlds’. They will begin accepting reservations in September.

The dates for the Useppa Island Rendezvous/Sandpiper ‘Worlds’ are **Wednesday, February 21,**

2018 – Saturday, February 24, 2018.

The activities will include a Captains’ Meeting Welcome Party on the beach Wednesday evening the 21st. Racing off the beach will start on Thursday morning with lunch on the beach. Dinner will be in the Tarpon Thursday evening. Friday will be a lay day devoted to fun on Useppa – with an afternoon Bocce Tournament. Friday night will be a free night to enjoy on your own.

Racing will continue Saturday morning with lunch on the beach. The Banquet and Awards Ceremony will be at the Collier Inn Saturday evening February 24th.

Come early, stay late, and enjoy the beauty of Useppa Island and all it has to offer from the beach, pool, tennis courts, croquet lawn, and new bocce courts. And the camaraderie of fellow sailors.

There is a space limitation on the number of people who can participate.

See you **February 21st – 24th** on Useppa Island, Florida.

Nothing beats a dose of Florida Sunshine to chase away the Chesapeake Winter Blaaaahs!! Useppa Yacht Club Commodore Jim Doherty has issued a special invitation to us Bay catboaters...”Come on down...the water’s fine. Don’t mistake the porpoises for rockfish!! May the better sailors prevail!!”Commodore Doherty says all types of catboats are welcome...with a special race course for boats other than Sandpipers.



Sydney Flying Squadron 18ers make waves on Chesapeake Bay.

(A story about some cool wooden boats by your humble editor.)

“Ok lads. Get ready. Pressure in 5...4...3...2...1. Now get your bums over the side. Do it NOW. Whoever bloody hell taught you how to sail should be shot. That’s more like it. Shoulders in. Back and forth. Feel the wind. Get ready to tack. And get off that sheet or we’ll go over.”

Whew. And that’s the PG version of a dialogue between Sydney 18er skipper Woody (John) Winning and his crew of greenhorn Yanks...yours truly included... who had signed on to help him compete in the first-ever Aussie 18er vs. Sandbagger Regatta held in Annapolis in mid-September. A mild-mannered appliance mogul on land, Winning and his fellow 18er skippers take on an almost Jekyll and Hyde personality at sea as they cajole their crews...



both in the States and in Australia...to keep their over-canvassed charges in an upright and locked position. Run in conjunction with the National Sailing Hall of Fame, the event pitted three classically-designed 18-foot skiffs which had been shipped 12,000 miles from Australia against the home town favorite Sandbaggers, *Bear* and *Bull*, over a four-day period typified by fluky winds, blue language and plenty of beer and Maryland crabs.



The NSHOF’s Sandbaggers are replicas of America’s first racing sailboats. They were dubbed sandbaggers because of the 50-pound sandbags that were moved from side to side to counterbalance the boats’ huge sail plan. The Sandbaggers are 28-feet long with an 12-foot bowsprit. They carry around 1000 square feet of sail with main and jib.

The Regatta was the brainchild of Sydney Flying Squadron self-proclaimed historian and *Britannia* skipper Ian Smith. He had sailed aboard a Sandbagger seven years ago, and was stuck by how similar in feel the American boats were to his beloved 18ers. The National Sailing Hall

of Fame facilitated the Regatta.

Smith puts it this way: “Having been a student of maritime heritage, I was aware of some broad similarities between our 18’s and your Sandbaggers, big sails on beamy boats crewed by blue-collar water rats with huge prize money and a great deal of gambling. A challenge on the water seemed a logical thing to do.”

“When we set the boats in the waters of Annapolis’ Back Creek, that was the first time our style of 18ers ever had been in American waters,” Smith says. “It took a lot of doing to get them over here. But looking back at the event, it was all worth it.”

The Aussie 18ers are a breed onto their own. Their colorful sails...and even more colorful crews...have been a hall-mark of Sydney Harbor since the late 1890's. Legend has it that in the day, skippers would troll the Sydney bars for suitable rail meat...and then fill their tiny skiffs with rough and tumble footballers who would rather deal a roundhouse blow to a competitor than give him



room at the mark. Sailing in close quarters, some would even scale the mast of their boat, leap onto the mast of a competitor, and hack away at the halyards with a hatchet in order to slow down their arch rivals. Then, as now, betting was encouraged on the outcome of the races. And any advantage however ill-gotten was to be cherished.

A fleet of boats have been built over the last 20 years that are based on the designs of their famous predecessors that were constructed between 1900 and 1950. Each has been the subject of research through



drawings, photographs, and prodding the memory of the few remaining who sailed the original.

The three boats who journeyed to Annapolis were modeled after famous 18ers of the mid-1900's: Each boat carries a crew of 8-10. That's a lot of bodies to fit in a small space crammed with loose lines, blocks, spinnaker poles and sails. The replicas are sloop rigged, with a flying jib secured to the end of the 12-foot long bowsprit known as the bumpkin. There's no cleating for the jib. It, along with the main, is hand held...which provides for a delicate balancing act for both trimmers as

they attempt to control the heel of the boats by releasing tension on the big sails in anticipation of wind shifts. The # 1 main is around 450 square feet. A six-foot fin or dagger board can be raised or lowered or moved forward or aft depending on conditions.

Each of the boats is equipped with two masts: the big rig, measuring 28-feet, is for light wind (up to 15 knots) and a heavy weather rig that is slightly shorter. The crews can call upon a number of stepped down sail sizes to make the boats more manageable.

Sailing in one of the 18ers even in a moderate (10-12 knot) breeze is like riding a mechanical bull. Each movement creates a counter movement that must be anticipated. There's a constant backing and forthing of body parts as the skipper does all he can to keep the boats flat.



Smith says the boats are capable of speeds approaching the mid-teens when the wind is howling at 18-22 knots. "Above that, it's dangerous to be onboard," he says. "But we always manage to bring everybody back to the bar in time for a beer or two whatever the circumstances on the water."

So how did the Aussie 18ers do in the head-to-head pairings with the American Sandbaggers?

"We gave them a good run," says Ian. "Those 'baggers are beautiful boats to sail...not so tender as our 18ers... but when they get going, they can fly as well."

The format had Australians manning one of the Sandbaggers each race day with American pick-up crews filling out on the 18ers. On Day One, the Sandbaggers were given a 10-minute head start. And they needed every bit of it. On days when there was more wind, the 18ers took command, besting at least one of the Sandbaggers each subsequent race day.

Smith puts it diplomatically:

"Both the Sandbaggers and the 18ers have large sail areas relative to their lengths, so both have to have the main and jib balanced.

The 18ers were faster in the lighter breezes up to 10 knots, but there was not much difference upwind. Of course, we went with our bigger rigs and the Sandbaggers had their # 2 rigs.

Who knows what would happen in gustier conditions."

Will the 18ers ever sail in American waters again?

"Hard to say," says Smith.

"Maybe we'll see if we can get those Sandbaggers over to Sydney Harbor. Now that would be a show!"



In addition to the author, CCBA member Dave Morrow spent some time on the water on an 18er. Here are his observations: *"I sailed on **Australia**. Light breeze and we didn't capsize! Extremely tender and flying the "Kite" was an amazing ordeal. Nothing like a catboat as we all nearly sat on top of each other. Can't imagine the boats in a breeze. Plus, there's a big learning curve as they use different terms for many lines!! Great fun with nice guys! Hoping to sail on a Sandbagger in Tasmania on 2019!"*