

Tomahawk Owners Association Bulletin

April 2002

Happy New Year to you all! I am of course talking about the new sailing year and with Warpath in the water and our first sailing weekend behind us it is, as far as I am concerned, well and truly started. What a weekend it was – sunshine, clear skies balmy breezes and hardly anyone on the water. We reached Cowes on only one tack from Gilkicker and had a broad reach all the way home the next day. The children enjoyed themselves and caught crabs, everything on the boat worked and I am sure she went faster as a consequence of me taking off 10 years antifouling!

However I am aware that this bulletin is rather later than planned and if any of you were waiting with bated breath (!) I apologise. My excuse is too much work and too many children one that I am sure either is or was familiar to some of you readers.

Once again this year let me draw the attention of south coast sailors to the delights of the Round the Island Race that I shall again enter and for which there is a cup. Hopefully this year the weather will be a little kinder and more of us will complete (and start!) the race.

I am planning a trip to Cherbourg on 24 to 27 May and if anyone wants to join me they would be most welcome. There are some rallies planned on the South Coast also – see details in the "Commodore Writes" and the Irish Sea area will be holding a rally on/near the Menai Straits over the weekend of 27/28 July - anyone interested should contact Geoff Hilditch on 0151 322172.

We have some excellent sailing stories in this Bulletin but as ever I am thinking of the next and when I consider how many thousands of miles we all collectively sail and how many stories we tell in the bar (none exaggerated of course!) I am reminded to ask you to tell me some – in writing please!

We have included in this bulletin the members list and also a members application form – if you see a Tomahawk anywhere drop one in the cockpit!

There was a suggestion at the AGM of us producing a list of repairs, engine and fitting out tips etc. etc. We have in previous bulletins published stories about rudders, replacing the fore hatch and other problems. I know of members who have replaced engines, dealt with wobbly keels, (!) and carried out refits. I think this is an excellent idea but it needs some support and most importantly material. I won't ask you all to

write your maintenance stories yet but perhaps if you think this is worth pursuing and you have some contribution then tell me what it is (01235 769068, mejuer@dial.pipex.com - don't write it up yet) and I will prepare a list. If it looks worthwhile then I will get back to you and we will pursue the idea. It could prove invaluable to all of us and whilst on the subject, from our Commodore via email – *there is a mould available for the main hatch garage & breakwater*

(currently in use!) – thanks to James Barnes – also there appears to be a design fault in the stemhead fitting - the holes in both the upright parts of the stemhead fitting are too close to the top of the fitting. There should be a minimum distance between the centre of the holes and the top of the fitting of one and a half times the diameter of the holes. The pull of the forestay can elongate the hole creating a lump in the top edge of the fitting. I have been advised that it is not a good idea to bolt a plate on as a "fix" as the bolts were designed to take a straight pull and might fail or bend with the shear loading and it would therefore be better to weld a new section on to the fitting. Any other suggestions or comments?

Brian Gurry recently emailed me – "we are reluctantly putting our Tomahawk, "AMY" up for sale down here in Plymouth. If you know of anyone who might be interested, I would be happy to supply details. Any help would be appreciated" – so if you know anyone who is thinking of buying let them know.

A big thanks to contributors – we have some excellent stories in this bulletin.

Michael Juer
Warpath



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Our New Commodore Writes

As I drove my wife Jill and James Barnes to the TOA AGM there were times when we thought that Incamoon with a storm jib would have been a more appropriate form of transport than the car! Despite the foul weather thirteen people attended the meeting followed by a pleasant lunch. Now that I have been elected commodore of the Association I am keen to continue the good work that Bill Garrod and the committee have done since the Association was formed and increase the membership still further. I have asked Mike Juer to enclose with this bulletin a membership application form for you to go out and give to another Tomahawk owner. If each member boat can aim to recruit at least one more Tomahawk this season, it would really boost our membership and the impact of the Association. There are approximately 46 member Tomahawks at present ; as there were some two or three hundred built, there should be plenty of candidates!

At the AGM members were keen to act as hosts and offer members from other areas a chance to sail in their locality. If you have a spare berth you can offer someone or you are short of crew for a particular cruise, a weekend, or even a race then please contact Mike Broughton who has kindly offered to operate a crew register which will hopefully help all these ideas become a reality. Mike can be contacted at home on 01825 766227 on his mobile 07771 947468 email mikebroughton@owenwilliams.co.uk If you are organising a rally in your cruising area please give details to David Collinson(or myself if he is unavailable) as far ahead as possible and circulate the yachting press as well.

During my term as commodore both Jill and I wish to visit as many Tomahawk Owners outside our normal sailing area of the Solent as possible. Please let me know of any rallies, as the more members we can meet the better. Even if there are no spare berths we can always join you at your destination and pitch a tent or book in to some local accommodation!

This coming season three rallies are proposed for Solent area members and anyone else who can join them.

First a cruise to Cherbourg over the Jubilee bank holiday weekend.; followed by the weekend of the 6th and 7th July at the Royal Southampton Yacht Club's summer headquarters at Gins Farm on the Beaulieu River and the third is at Marchwood SC in Southampton Water on the 21st and 22nd September. Anyone who wants to come to Warsash SC on the Friday night can call me and I will book them in on the Jetty if there is space available.

There are also Tomahawks taking part in The Round The Island Race on the 22nd June run by the Island SC. There are normally something like 16 to 17 hundred boats taking part and it is an experience not to be missed. Bill Garrod has donated a cup for the winning Tomahawk.

One other topic discussed at the AGM was the creation of a register of suppliers of materials equipment and services, which will be of use to members generally. For example there is a firm in Bromsgrove in the West Midlands who supply standing rigging at a very reasonable price. If any of you have any information of this nature you feel would be of use please pass it to David Collinson or myself.

I wish you fair winds, good weather and excellent sailing for the coming season.

Peter Llewellyn.
Incamoon

Dear Member,

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWAL

1st April 2002 to 31 March 2003

£10.00

Subscriptions as above are now due and it would be appreciated if you would pay these to as soon as possible. Cheques should be made payable to **TOMAHAWK OWNERS ASSOCIATION**. May we remind you that stocks of Club Burgees are available to

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members at the lost price of £15 each, hoist 12" fly 18", Black lettering on Red background.

Geoff Hilditch, (Hon. Treasurer)
48 Dovedale Road, Hoylake, Wirral CH47
3AW,

A tale of Two Chimos!

The 1st Chimo

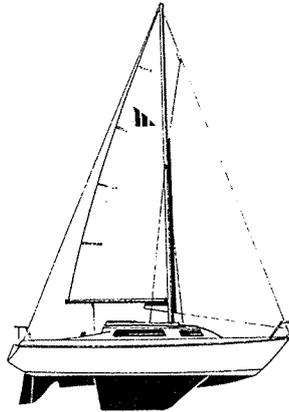
Sense and Ineptibility

Chimo had spent the greater part of the last two seasons on moorings in Beaumaris, having failed to make it back to her normal winter berth at Glasson S C's boat park, at Fishnet Point, on the River Lune below Lancaster, on the last available weekend in October 2000, due to my having written off my wife Jen's car when rushing up from home in Cardiff to Beaumaris to catch the Saturday morning tide.

There was no excuse for the accident, I hit a milk van on a twisty country road near Bedgellert about 20 minutes after a police patrol had stopped me for speeding and warned me that I was going to have an accident if I carried on driving like that in the wet. The only good thing about the accident was that I had passed from one police area to another and a different pair of policemen turned up at the accident spot who were oblivious of my previous run in with the law. No one was hurt, fortunately, but Jen's pride and joy was a proper mess, having come off much worse in the encounter than the milk van. So, rushing to make the tide cost me dear and Chimo spent the winter laid up in A B C Marine's yard at Gallows Point, being launched back into Beaumaris Bay in April.

Following a pleasant, though relatively unadventurous, season weekend sailing in the Menai and around Anglesey, mostly in company with the stalwarts of the North

West Venturers Yacht Club but which had also included the highly enjoyable Tomahawks Meet at Caernarvon, all too soon it was time to think about taking Chimo back north to her mooring at Knott End on the River Wyre in anticipation of craning out at Glasson a few weeks later. So it was that one dark Saturday night early in September, brother in law Barry, son Richard and I were to be found charging across Liverpool Bay in Chimo, under no.2 genny and single reefed main, port tack, first with a beam wind which gradually went forward and increased.



As the wind veered and the apparent wind strengthened, we hauled in the main and genny until we were sailing close-hauled. The tension on the jib sheet seemed greater than usual but we hauled in an inch or two more until, suddenly, the boom dropped and the mainsail started to flog. We then saw that the

main had torn from leach almost to luff along the seam immediately above the second reefing cringle, the cause having been the tail of a reefing line wrapping itself around the leeward jib sheet unnoticed in the dark. As we had tightened up the sheet, the errant reefing line had become tighter and tighter until, finally, something had to give, namely the mainsail seam.

After heaving-to, we pulled down the third reef in the main and sailed on, under somewhat better control, and no less speed, and arrived back on Chimo's mooring on the Wyre at Knott End by about 0530 hours. The boat not having been at Knott End for about 16 months, we had prudently checked out it's mooring the previous weekend, untangled the riser chain and noted that the bridle chain from the mooring buoy to the boat was badly worn. We had therefore bought a new length of chain and new shackles before sailing from Beaumaris and once the boat dried out on Knott End's mud, we replaced the worn chain, made the boat fast to it and left. It was to be three weeks before we would see Chimo again, our late summer holiday, flotilla sailing amongst the Greek, Ionian islands intervening, but we had never had any trouble with the Knott

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End mooring over the previous 10 years, so we had no qualms about leaving her.

On the Wednesday evening immediately following our return from Greece, I returned home from work to a message that I should ring Knott End Coastguard. Barry had also received a similar message and already knew that Chimo had gone walkabout and was standing amongst the rocks immediately beneath the sea wall at Knott End, within spitting distance of the coastguard station. The coastguard said she was only slightly damaged at that time but, with the next high tide that night, she was likely to be driven onto the wall and we would probably lose her.

Being in Cardiff, there was no possibility of my getting up to Knott End but Barry managed to get home from work in Manchester somewhat earlier than usual, get his sailing gear together, co-opt a friend, Brian, and set off for Knott End with wife,

Jonquil, in support. Arriving at Knott End, they soon discovered that the coastguard had not been exaggerating. Chimo stood with her stem just inches from the seawall, so at least boarding was no bother; they just stepped straight from wall to boat.

The auxiliary coastguards had earlier taken Chimo's bower anchor and chain and deployed it from the stern in the hope that it might keep her off the wall as the tide returned, but Barry and Brian also deployed the kedge from the other stern quarter, carrying it out over the mud to set it, the idea being to haul in on both cables as the boat lifted off to first keep her off the wall and then drag her back into deep water.

It was, of course, dark whilst all the preparations were being made, but the lights of the Coastguard Station, the car park and Knott End Golf Club illuminated the scene nicely for the two on board and Jonquil and the auxiliary coastguards watching from the promenade behind the sea wall.

As the tide returned, together with an onshore wind, Chimo began to pound her keel amongst the rocks. Barry and Brian hauled in on the anchor cables using the jib sheet winches, the bower

anchor chain being secured by a rolling hitch to a rope for winching purposes, and once there was adequate water to immerse the raw water inlet, the engine was started but kept out of gear. It soon became obvious that the two anchors would not keep Chimo off the wall long enough for her to float fully clear of the rocks and so Barry decided they would have to try and haul her off immediately, which they did to the accompanying, disconcerting, noise of the keels bouncing on and over the boulders.

Once clear of the rocks, the noise abated and with a tangle of cable and rope in the cockpit, the engine was put cautiously into gear whilst the two anchors were fully recovered. A quick check of the bilges showed that Chimo was taking in no water so Barry decided to put Chimo back on her mooring, at least for the night. Barry and Brian then slept, or at least tried to sleep, on board for a few hours until the boat dried out and they could walk ashore, whilst Jonquil spent a more uncomfortable night in the car.

Before walking ashore before dawn, Barry and Brian re-attached the chain bridle between mooring buoy and boat which had been found to be still firmly attached to the foredeck cleat when she went astray, the shackle pin at the buoy end unscrewing itself evidently having been the cause of the whole traumatic business.

In the ensuing post mortem, we concluded that the cause of the shackle pin unscrewing was that it was tight in the chain link and that whilst we had seized the pin with stainless wire, we had not done it properly. Arriving at Knott End from Beaumaris, we had found ourselves without stainless wire on board and so had re-used a length from the old shackle we had just removed from the buoy. This length of wire was short, having been broken where the ends had originally been twisted together, and we had been unable to loop it around the shank of the new shackle more than once before twisting it together, whilst the old wire was probably also weak from having previously been twisted up. Despite having been very well tightened, using pliers, the pin was able to start unscrewing itself under the influence of wave action and the short, or weakened,

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seizing wire proved inadequate to prevent it. Once started, the end result was inevitable.

Apart from the severe dent to our own pride, damage was confined to battered gel coat on Chimo's keels, on her bottom between the keels, and on and around her stem. The bilge pump in the cockpit also had its handle broken when it got stepped on whilst the anchor cables were being recovered during the salvage operation and the cooker door jumped off under the shock of the boat's pounding amongst the rocks. All in all, not too bad an outcome having regard to the fact that we came so close to losing her completely! It must say a lot about the strength of the Tomahawk's construction.

Any lessons learned? I like to think so, but we shall see! Clearly, whilst trying to do 'the right thing' we had failed in small ways which, later, were to prove potentially disastrous, if not just costly.

When setting off across Liverpool Bay we had been aware of the forecast wind strength and done 'the right thing' by prudently putting in a reef in the mainsail. We had then hanked up the lengthened tails of the reefing lines and attached the hanks to the stubby horns of the jamming cleats on the boom but failed to notice when one of them fell off and insinuated itself around the jib sheet, despite this having happened before, in daylight, when we had promised ourselves that we would make up some bags to stow the ends in securely, which bags would themselves be securely attached to the boom or mast. We had never got round to doing it, though!

We had also done 'the right thing' in checking out our Knott End mooring, before contemplating bringing Chimo back to it, and had provided for attaching a new bridle chain with new shackles.

However, we had overlooked the fact that we had run out of seizing wire, and tried to make do with used wire. For the sake of a few pence, we nearly lost the boat!



Finally, one thing we had almost got right. We had sent Liverpool Coastguard a CG66 form with our boat and contact details a year or two ago, so we did get to hear from them that Chimo was in trouble just about in time to do something about it. My business phone number had not been updated though, and Barry was away from his office when the coastguard first tried contacting him. Thankfully, the coastguard persevered and finally contacted us both via our home numbers, but if my office number had been up to date we might have been able to have to have done more, earlier. As it was, we almost heard from the coastguard too late to do anything!

I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions as to lessons to be learned. I know we've learned some, for the moment, (which, in truth, we already knew) but complacency does have a habit of setting in imperceptibly and who knows when we'll get things

wrong again, perhaps with more dire consequences!

We're now having a plaque made to hang in Chimo's saloon echoing the immortal words of a telegram to the children in Arthur Ransome's 'Swallows and Amazons'. The plaque will read "If not duffers, won't drown!" but whether it will do any good remains to be seen!

Paul Mountford
Chimo

The 2nd Chimo!

My boat, Chimo, was built in 1974, first launched in 1976 and purchased by me in 1982. Having listened to and read the opinions and advice of experts I decided to keep her permanently afloat until such time as signs of the dreaded pox would appear, but it never has and I've had great pleasure from winter sailing, which would otherwise have been denied to me. I was therefore particularly interested when my son recently

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had to decide whether to strip and epoxy his own boat. Every opportunity was taken to obtain quotations and opinions from companies and individuals at boat shows and in various boatyards on the south coast and the opinions ranged from removing the blisters, filling them, but otherwise retaining the gel coat, to stripping, blasting, abrading, washing and epoxying to well above the waterline.

It became clear that the only thing that buyers want is to know that "she's been epoxied", whereas the life expectancy of an epoxied hull is greatly dependant on how well the job is done -- and proof of that comes from the fact that most companies who offer epoxy treatment have reduced their guaranties on the work from around 10 years to 5 years or less and I believe some make a hefty charge for any guarantee at all.

Having sounded out a fair number of experts we made our choice of one person who has treated more than 200 boats and could show us several examples of his work - out of the water of course. Having reached an agreement we stood with him in a boatyard in company with a chap who does all the osmosis work for that yard, and they discussed various makes of boats and their susceptibility to osmosis.

Several large companies and popular boats came in for mild or severe criticism so, taking a deep breath, I ventured, "and what do you think of Marcon Tomahawks?" "Oh", he replied, "now you're talking of some really well layed-up boats. We hardly ever see osmosis in Tomahawks, Sabres or any of the other hulls that Marcon layed-up for other builders". The chap from the yard agreed.

Can I also refer to the report by Brian Wheaton in the March 2001 Bulletin in which he tells us of sailing Macaw through heavy weather in the Irish Sea without knowing that his rudder was on the point of parting company with his rudder stock. This also happened to me 10 years after Chimo was first launched.

As luck would have it the problem climaxed on a day sail in the Solent. How much worse

if it had happened mid-channel as I was told it did to another owner and his wife. I've had Chimo for 20 years in March and this is really the only major complaint I can make of her build. I can confirm Brian's statement that the weakness is caused by using soft iron tangs inside the rudder to secure it to the stainless steel rudder stock. The soft iron welds slowly rust through until all three break away from the stock.

The process is quite slow and should give an owner time to recognise its happening by the growing looseness of the helm. To repair it I removed the rudder and stock, cut it open like a sandwich and had the tangs remade in stainless steel before rewelding them and "glassing" it all together again. Getting the rudder off on a concrete scrubbing berth was difficult but it would be easy enough if the boat was on soft ground and you could dig a hole!

The "new" rudder has lasted 13 years but I will still continue to watch for that first sign of looseness between rudder and stock!

Dick Rochfort,
Chimo



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Tales of the HAIDA

"LIVING THE RIDDLE "

I am referring, of course, to the book "*The Riddle of the Sands*" by Erskine Childers. I can recommend the unique edition published by Bowker and Bertram Ltd as it contains a historical postscript by R M Bowker, a lifelong sailor and self confessed '*Riddle* maniac. This term was coined by J "Des" Sleightholme, (for many years editor of *Yachting Monthly*), to describe those enthusiasts who read the book again and Somerset on the River Parret, between Burnham on Sea and Bridgwater. No greater contrast can be imagined than between Wareham and Combswich. Wareham, soft and gentle with its modest tidal range and double high waters; Combswich, harsh and elemental with a mean spring tide range of over 12 metres (the second highest in the world) and tidal stream rates to match. The creek, or pill, as muddy creeks are called in the Bristol Channel, dries at half tide and is very, very muddy. About twice the width of the Frome and some 6 metres deep, it is a steep-sided ravine of mud. On a spring the tidal access gate is about HW +/- 1½ hours - rather less on a neap. Fortunately the pill is bordered on one side by level saltings, which are just accessible to boats of modest draft, during the more extreme spring tides. It is an ideal place to lay up provided you are equipped with good boots, sound overalls, lots of planks, sheets of heavy gauge polythene and containers of fresh water.

Normally I plan to float *Haida* off the saltings on the penultimate acceptable high spring. This leaves the last one in reserve in case tidal heights do not come up to predictions. At the top end of the Bristol Channel weather has a significant effect on tidal heights; for *Haida* to float it is vital that the final one-twelfth of the spring rise gives a depth of one metre or more. With a full work programme outstanding I decided to gamble on the higher spring tide in May coming up to the predicted height. If it did not *Haida* would be neaped until August.

Four days before the scheduled "launch" date actual tidal heights were significantly

again. R M Bowker wrote:- "*It is surely inevitable that a book which can mean so much to so many people simply has to be backed by real history; and so it is.*"

He goes on to observe that the book's most illustrious reader, Sir Winston Churchill, was very definitely influenced by it. As a confirmed "*Riddle*" maniac I became convinced that visiting the waters described in the book was an absolute must the ideal retirement cruise.

During the winter of '94 - '95 *Haida* was laid up at Combswich, a small village in North

down on predicted heights. Atmospheric pressure was high and the wind was in the East. Gradually, however, the situation improved; the elements co-operated on the day, *Haida* floated and was warped clear. Three hours later she was settled into the mud at the bottom of the pill.

Less than two weeks now remained until our planned departure during the Spring Bank Holiday weekend when my son Richard would be available. He knows the boat well, helped to build her in his early teens, is very experienced and a very competent co-skipper. He usually accompanies me on the longer trips. Our usual routine at this time of the year would be down channel to Lands End, turn to port and return to Wareham where *Haida* would remain for two summers and one winter afloat before returning to Combswich for a dry lay up near my home. Our plan this time was to sail from Combswich to Milford Haven, northwards up the Irish Sea, through the Caledonian Canal, across the North Sea to Norway, southwards into the Baltic by way of Denmark, Germany, the Kiel Canal, German Frisians, Holland, Belgium and back to Wareham.

Richard joined on the Friday of the holiday weekend, but strong westerly delayed our departure until Monday 29th May. We slipped quietly out of Combswich on a bright fine morning and the strengthening ebb swept us quickly past Burnham on Sea and by late morning we were moored in Barry across the Bristol Channel. I say "moored" stopped would be a better term because, although Barry can be entered at any state

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of the tide, I was incautious and *Haida* grounded. Richard had to return to work in Bristol so a rapid evacuation was organised and by dint of some mud sliding in the inflatable we just made the steps on the quay. Getting back on board was another story!

The following day dawned fine and quiet with a forecast of light westerlies. I slipped into single-handed mode and hitched a ride on the ebb down channel to Ilfracombe - a distance of 35 NM, but very satisfying to only have to sail about 20 NM.

Sunday 4th. June found us (*Haida* and me) in Port St Mary in the Isle of Man by way of Milford Haven, Arklow and Howth. Winds had been generally light and the weather good so I had been able to leave *Haida* and 'Herbie' (the autohelm) to their own devices while I busied myself about the boat. My next crew, Iain, a member of the Combwich Cruising Club, had agreed to join at Kippford, near Dumfries, on Saturday 10th. June so, with time in hand, I spent a lay day in Port St Mary. It is a pleasant and very welcoming port. Life is lived at a relaxed pace and mooring charges of £5 per night were most acceptable.

Iain had recommended an anchorage on the east coast of the island, near Ronaldsway airport, called Bear Haven. En route from Port St Mary to Kippford I put into Bear Haven and anchored for the night. The wind steadily increased and I was awakened at 0300 by the noise and violent motion. It was blowing 5-6 gusting 7 and although *Haida* seemed determined to "slip the leash" the anchor was holding. I kept anchor watch until I saw the occupant of a neighbouring boat, which was slowly dragging, appear and take appropriate action. I find being at anchor in these conditions exhausting to say the least and was glad that evening brought quieter conditions. Next day the weather, a generous F4 from the NW produced a lively sail to Kippford where an old friend, Peter King, who for the next few days kindly provided welcome shore comforts and transport, met me.

Kippford is a small drying marina in a tidal, unspoilt and beautiful estuary. The approach channel is tortuous but well buoyed and the marina is administered in a relaxed and friendly manner from the local pub. Iain was collected from Carlisle and after a very enjoyable stay we cast off on a glorious Sunday morning, bound for the Caledonian Canal. It was ironic that I had enlisted Iain's help for this stage of the trip to ensure that we were adequately crewed in the event of inclement weather. For the next three weeks, almost without exception, the sky was blue, the sun shone, the winds were light and the sea was like a mill pond!

Thirty hours out of Kippford we moored at ARDMINISH in the island of GIGHA. Breathtakingly beautiful, in the prevailing weather, it was like being on a tropical island, (but with Scotland's scenery as a bonus). We continued to work our way northwards towards Fort William in tropical conditions amidst spectacular scenery. Progress was mainly under engine although we did enjoy brief spells of sailing. The tidal stream in the Sound of Luing was too much for us so we back-tracked a little and anchored for a very peaceful night just north of the Gulf of Corryvreckan. Following a brief stop at Oban to uplift diesel and other supplies we threaded our way through the Lynn of Lorn, Loch Linnhe and the Corran

Narrows. The evening of the 14th found us moored to the pontoon at Corpach near Fort William and in sight of Ben Nevis, ready to lock into the Caledonian Canal. The Canal consists of three lochs, Lochs Lochy, Oich and Ness, 38NM, connected by canals with 29 locks and eight swing bridges (22NM).

From Corpach to Inverness took two days, with one night stop at Invergarry Castle, one of the places where mooring pontoons are provided. The whole journey was a surfeit of scenery and made very pleasurable by helpful and courteous lock keepers.

Inverness and Iain's departure came all too quickly and after topping up with all the essential liquids I locked out through the sea



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lock at Clachnaharry in company with *Be Happy*, from the Royal Findhorn Y.C. Now "all at sea" again, I enjoyed the company of dolphins as I passed under the A9 road bridge, which spans the Moray Firth. A visit to Cromarty was not a success. The wind had freshened from the west, I did not have a detailed chart, The Cromarty Firth was dominated by enormous rusty, laid up oil rigs and it drizzled briefly. Next morning the weather had reverted to fine and sunny and I took advantage of a SW 4-5 to enjoy a good sail to Findhorn in Findhorn Bay to the east of Inverness. Here I enjoyed five-star assistance and hospitality from the Royal Findhorn Yacht Club for eight days while waiting for Richard to rejoin for the leg across the North Sea to Norway and Denmark. Moored alongside a jetty close to the club, where *Haida* took the ground on each low, I was able to check her over from "truck to keelson", including replacement of a slack Cutlass bearing.

Richard rejoined on the 24th. June but persistent radiation fog precluded a departure until mid-day two days later. Evening found us plugging into an Easterly in thickening fog and a short sea. Buckie harbourmaster assured us that they were bathed in sunshine and it was very satisfying to burst out of the fog two miles from Buckie and head for the entrance. We accepted the invitation to stay for the night and a very small boat enjoyed a very big welcome. The fishermen's' showers were magnificent. The fuel tanker insisted on delivering our top up of two gallons of diesel, (50p), as if it were two hundred; and the stay cost £3.50. As a bonus, due to the height of the quay walls, it was possible to cure "droopy spreader syndrome" in comfort. This was our last port of call in Scotland and during our stay in Scottish waters we had experienced exceptional levels of cheerful hospitality and assistance everywhere. Buckie was no exception. It would seem that those environments, which are most demanding, in some way, bring out the more desirable qualities in people.

The 27th dawned misty but thinning and we cleared Buckie and set heading for Norway. There was little wind but the weather was settled, which was comforting, as once we

had cleared the land we would not see any for at least three days and possibly four. I had never cruised non stop before for more than two days and I was interested to see how it would work out. The short answer, in retrospect, is "very well".

We settled into our watch system of one "six on" and "six off" in the day; otherwise "three on" and "three off" with a "flexi social" time in the evening. This routine suits Richard and me very well when sailing in reasonable" weather but I have to say that Richard's equable temperament and ability to go to sleep and wake up instantly is a great boon when on passage.

The crossing to Norway was, on the whole, uneventful. Apart from a brief spell of NW 5-6 about 30 NM from the coast of Norway, winds were generally N'ly 2-4 or less and we were obliged to motor for about 30% of the time. During our "mini gale", however, the motion was such that a pyrex plate launched itself across the cabin with such force that it shattered into a great many very small pieces. It took weeks to get rid of them all.

Our required track was just south of 58 N and we were usually able to take a noon sight. It was an interesting and traditional way of checking our cross track error. Fortunately one of the well-heads was almost on track about half way across and we were pleased with our landfall on the southern tip of Norway, after 87 hours of sailing, at midnight on the 30th. June. The remaining 20 NM to Mandal had a quite magical quality as we sailed along the south coast of Norway. There was no moon, the wind was light N'ly, the sea state was smooth and above the mountains etched in matt black, like a stage set, was a most impressive display of the Northern Lights; a combination of a firework display and a laser light show - only better.

On arrival in Mandal we had logged 390 NM in the 92 hours since leaving Buckie. Richard's time, however, was limited and next day we left this very picturesque town, set in an enormous rockery, for Skagen, the most northerly port in Denmark. The Skagerrak treated us kindly and we spoke with a passing tanker flying the red ensign who kindly gave us an up-to-date weather

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forecast. Skagen is a windy place and, with Richard's time running out and little prospect of any immediate progress, he left for home. I sailed southwards to Hals and Aalborg too soon (and in too much wind), to meet my third, and last, crewmember, George, who had traveled from the USA to share the trip. George had gallantly lugged a new alternator from London to rectify a voltage regulation problem.

Now fully serviceable and fully crewed again we sailed on southwards for the next week, port-hopping to Flensburg. We were now in "Riddle of the Sands" country! It was here that Carruthers joined Davies in the *Dulcibella* and transited the mighty Kiel Canal en route to the German Frisian Islands. Nearly a century later *Haida* followed in *Dulcibella's* wake and we experienced our own more modest adventures. That story is deserving of its own space but sufficient to say that the high point for this "Riddle" maniac was walking on the sands near Borkum, laying out a kedge towards the channel. It was sunrise, a spectacular one, and a few hundred yards away a figure from a barge yacht was also laying out an anchor. *Haida* was sitting on her keels, her ensign board stiff in a fresh onshore breeze, in a small puddle of water, awaiting the flood.

"The yacht (Dulcibella) lay with a very slight heel thanks to a pair of small bilge keels on

her bottom in a sort of trough she had dug for herself, so that she was ringed with a few inches of water, as it were with a moat."

EPILOGUE

After performing faultlessly, (unlike her skipper and a voltage regulator), *Haida* was moored alongside at Redclyffe on the 12th. August, 1995 having logged 2275 nautical miles and visited some 50 ports and anchorages in the 74 days since leaving Combwich. In response to the usual enquiry asking, "Where have you been?" I answered "The Baltic." There was a definite pause before someone said, "Why didn't you tell us?" I had to admit that it had not occurred to me in the haste of preparation for departure, but then sailing boats do not have destinations, only *intended* destinations.

To Richard, Iain and George, my grateful appreciation for their assistance in *Living the Riddle*" and of course to R M Bowker and the late Erskine Childers for their inspiration.

Jim Barn
Haida

es



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TOMAHAWK OWNERS ASSOCIATION MINUTES OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING Held at the Plough Inn Shirley on Saturday 26th January 2002 at 12 noon

Present: Commodore Bill Garrod, Vice Commodore Peter Llewellyn, Treasurer Geoff Hilditch, Secretary David Collinson, Jill Llewellyn, Alison Collinson, James Barnes, Mike & Penny Broughton, Simon Garrod, Patrick and Lesley Hill, and Roland Liddell.

Apologies: Were received from, Mike Carey, David Else, Harry Henderson, Mike Warr, Roger Rochfort, Bill Forrest, Pauline & Mike Cox L.G. Hawkes, Gordon Knight, Phil Martin, Lynn Kenyon, Paul Mountford, and Mike Juer

Minutes of the third AGM held at the Toby Inn, Stonebridge on the 17th February 2001 were read and approved, having corrected the spelling Mike Waugh to Mike Warr.

Matters Arising. None.

Commodores Report This is my last AGM report as Commodore of the Tomahawk Owners Association. I have now completed my 3 years, during which time I have had the privilege of meeting many Tomahawk owners, and hope I can count many of them as new found friends. My successor will be taking over an association which is now up and running and looking for new courses to steer, and new ports to visit.

It is amazing how time flies, it only seems the other day when a few Tomahawk owners met at the Red Lion in Chieveley to see if there was enough interest to form an Association. This ground-breaking meeting and all subsequent happenings are down to our Secretary, David Collinson, who I would like to thank on behalf of all members for his vision and hard work.

This summer saw several rallies around the country. The Hamble river meet at Warsash was memorable for two reasons. Firstly we had the most Tomahawks (9) in one place at one time, and secondly Eric White, the former MD of Marcon Yachts was a guest who provided some very happy and interesting memoirs. Did you know that the first time the Tomahawk was shown at the London Boat Show, no orders were received. She was indeed ahead of her time!!! The following year they sold 20

The Bembridge rally suffered from a shortage of boats, and only 3 boats made the trip. The weather was not kind, and getting back on the Sunday was the only time I have put two reefs in the main, this together with a half furled No 2 Genoa. Perhaps the people who were on holiday had a foresight of what was to come.

As promised in my report last year, I have presented to the Association a cup to be awarded each year to the Tomahawk finishing highest on handicap in the

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annual Round The Island race. This obviously stimulated interest and five boats

entered and made for the start. The weather was not good and unfortunately only one boat finished the course. We all of us who own Tomahawks know them to be good fast sea boats, and I am sure you will all appreciate the fact that the winning Tomahawk beat on handicap Gartmore, Josh Hall's round the world race boat.

On this my retirement, as well as David Collinson, I would like to thank the following officers without whom the Association would not have become a reality. Geoff Hilditch, Treasurer. You will see from his report what a great job he is doing looking after our money. Mike Juer, Bulletin Editor. He bullies, cajoles and pushes us to write up our experiences. From this he manages to produce a magazine which I know all members look forward to receiving.

Lastly, can I say welcome Peter as the new Commodore. I hope you have as much fun as I have had.

Bill Garrod.

The adoption of the Commodores Report was proposed by Peter Llewellyn, seconded by James Barnes, and carried with thanks.

Treasurer's Report. Geoff Hilditch presented the accounts showing a credit balance of £842.59, which was in accordance with our Bank Statement. Since the object to have sufficient funds in the bank to meet the immediate needs of running the Association had been attained. David Collinson proposed that the subscriptions be reduced to £10 this was seconded by Bill Garrod and carried.

The Commodore, on behalf of the meeting, expressed his thanks to Geoff for his continued careful husbandry of the Association financial affairs, and the obtaining of financial support from both Kemp's Sails and GJW insurance.

The adoption of the accounts was proposed by Bill Garrod and seconded by Patrick Hill and carried with thanks.

Secretary's Report. We accepted 10 new members during the year, and 6 members failed to renew their subscriptions so the membership now stands at 46 paying members plus two honorary.

I have recorded 12 enquiries from people interested in purchasing Tomahawks and some of those were interested in joining and having found a Tomahawk subsequently joined, there were other enquiries by phone for information of one sort or another that has not been noted.

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I am very grateful to the Officers who have helped with the organisation of our Club it has been a learning curve for most of us. I am sure I speak for all us when I say thank you to Bill Garrod for his stewardship of the Club, and for being willing to stand as our first Commodore when we met for the first time four years ago.

Simon Trigwell who looks after our web site for us is in the Navy and following 11th September was told to clear his diary for two years. Therefore his time has been restricted so far as the web is concerned, in fact he thought he might have to sell his Tomahawk while still remaining a member.

The Secretary then read a synopsis of the replies he had received following the notice of the meeting.

Roland Liddell had suggested that more information might be recorded on our web site for repairs, fitting-out, engines and Portsmouth yardstick. This was agreed, and while a great amount of information was now available within the TOA, it was hoped that this could be carried on our web site in the future. Suggestions have been made from Scotland that the AGM might be held in the North sometime.

Mike Broughton made a plea for the future AGM's to be held maybe in the Thames Valley nearer to the majority who attended the meetings, and advised his preference for the Rallies held within the Solent area.

Mike Carey had noted the concern at last years AGM over our increasing Bank Balance, and suggested that the TOA make an annual donation to the R.N.L.I., and then to advise the yachting press of this, in order to encourage other Owner Associations to do likewise. Consideration might also be given to making a donation to the RYA, but not necessarily annually. These suggestions were sympathetically received by the meeting. On a show of hands it was found that the majority of those members present were already supporting the R.N.L.I., directly, by their own membership, and encouraging more of our members to join the R.N.L.I. might be of more benefit to them. The TOA had previously enquired about becoming associated to the RYA and at that time the cost was way beyond our resources, however the Secretary would enquire from the RYA if there had been any change. Again, many of our members are known to be individual members of the RYA, a fact supported by the very good response when our letter proposing the formation of our Association was published in the RYA magazine.

The Secretary, on behalf of the members, thanked Bill Garrod for presenting a cup to the Association for the winning Tomahawk in the "Round the Island Race"

Bill Garrod proposed the adoption of the secretary's report, which was seconded by Roland Liddell and carried.

Election of Commodore. Peter Llewellyn being willing to stand was proposed by Bill Garrod, seconded by David Collinson, and carried. With a vote of thanks to Bill Garrod for his years of stewardship to the Club.

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Election of Treasurer. Geoff Hilditch being willing to continue in office longer than the original term was proposed by Bill Garrod, seconded by David Collinson, and carried.

Election of Secretary. David Collinson being willing to continue in office longer than the original term was proposed by Bill Garrod, seconded by Roland Liddell, and carried.

Election of Bulletin Editor. Mike Juer who was unable to be present owing to unforeseen domestic problems was willing to continue in office longer than the original term, was proposed by Bill Garrod, seconded by Geoff Hilditch, and carried. The meetings thanks was expressed to Mike Juer for the excellent standard of our Bulletin, and for continuing to produce this most important communication for our members.

Election of Committee. The following members being willing to stand were unanimously elected. Peter Llewellyn, Bill Garrod, Mike Juer, Mike Broughton, and James Barnes.

AOB Bill Garrod mentioned that Mike Juer was hoping to sail to Cherbourg over the Jubilee Bank Holiday, and would be pleased to hear from any Tomahawk owners who would like to join him. Bill also mentioned that Mike was short of copy for the March Bulletin and would be pleased to receive some more interesting articles.

David Collinson had received an email from Douglas Baynton who hoped to run a Rally for East Coast members early in the Spring of 2002 with at least 6 yachts. It would be really good to have this region holding events, and we would give all the support we could.

Presentation Commodore Peter presented Past Commodore Bill with the new cup for being the winning Tomahawk in the 2001 "Round the Island Race". All the more deserved for being sailed in severe conditions, and the only Tomahawk from five starters to finish.

Date of Next Meeting. The next AGM was arranged for Saturday 26th January 2003 at the same venue, and the private room was pre booked.

The meeting closed at 13.15hrs

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