

The Tomahawk

The official bulletin of the TOA

Spring 2006

Steady as she goes!

**Full report on the AGM
Subscriptions to rise for
2007**

The AGM saw the current committee willing to stand for 2006. The subscriptions remain unchanged for 2006 but will increase to £12 for 2007.

Dates for TOA rallies this year are:

Solent

Weekend 24/25 June. Rally to Bembridge – Contact Mike Broughton

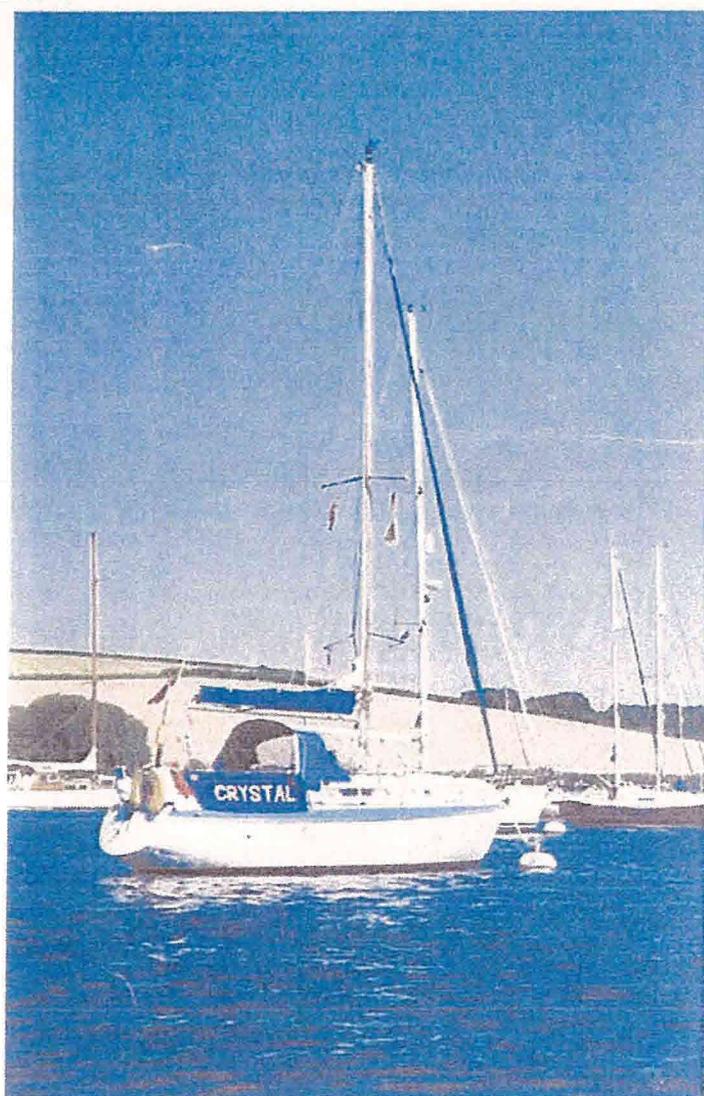
Weekend 29/30 July. Rally to St Vaast – Contact Bill Garrod

Weekend 9/10 September Rally to Marchwood. – Contact Peter Llewellyn

**North West
(TBA)**

**East Coast
15th July, to be confirmed.**

Please let your regional rep know if you will be able to attend.



Crystal in Salcombe July 2005

The Editorial

As we go to press Rob is about to set off again on his travels from Estepona making his way up the coast to Moraira and then across to the Balearics. We look forward to hearing about his exploits.

Many thanks to the contributors, keep those articles coming. You may also have read about TOA regalia. Please contact Absolute Clothing for your requirements.

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As for me, Crystal is out of the water for her winter lay-up, waiting a new mainsail and the usual running repairs. Looking forward to a new season and good sailing.

Good Sailing!

Richard Mayhew

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How we first met!

My Tomahawk and I are very close. Yes, I confess. But it seems that Tomahawk owners are renowned for their sentimentality. Some people become attached to their cars, while others don't understand how it is possible to become sentimental towards any inanimate object. But we know better, don't we? As many couples often get asked, "How did you two first meet?", I'm prompted to tell the story of how my Tomahawk and I first met.

I had little sailing experience. Just a few courses in the Solent. Later I would spend some months on a 91ft. ketch in the South Pacific (diving on wrecks, exploring reefs, feeding sharks, hiking steep jungle trails to visit tribes on remote islands, and committing it all to film for the Discovery Channel). But that was ten years ago. And another story....

Well, experience or no, I promised myself a yacht for my fiftieth birthday - the day when I would stop doing what I *had* to do and begin doing what I *wanted* to do. It would be my first boat. With only a few months to go it was now or never, so I began touring the boatyards of my local Solent area. My search seemed to be in vain. Nothing I saw appealed to my tastes or my wallet (which was slim), and my birthday was looming on the horizon.

The boat had to be small. My previous experience with expensive refits and running costs of larger yachts had taught me valuable lessons. Lin and Larry Parry's motto of "Go Small, Go Simple, Go Now" was sound advice and my only option. I wanted a small boat I could handle on my own (both physically and financially); a live-aboard on which I could escape the madness, that would take me anywhere and share my romantic visions of freedom, independence and exploration. I was looking for a yacht with the living-space of a Jaguar 25/27, but with seagoing capabilities of a Contessa 26. I hoped to sail this boat to the Mediterranean, so both qualities would be essential. And I wanted to be able to stand up! It was a tall order and I prepared myself for compromises. My budget was £10,000; perhaps £12,000 for a fully-equipped boat. I began to lose hope. All suitable boats were outside my price range. After another fruitless exploration of the boatyards at Hamble Point, I was on the point of giving up. Feeling tired and depressed, I almost bypassed SD Marine yacht brokers. It was a last resort. I was greeted warmly and politely by Roger Moon. I felt self-conscious, aware of my inexperience; afraid he would think I was an idiot.

"I have the perfect boat!" he said cheerfully, pointing through the open door. "That'll get you to Spain safely." He guided me to the doorway for a closer look. "The red Tomahawk. Very seaworthy. She's built stronger than a Jaguar, so is more suitable for what you want. Sails beautifully, too. More fun than a Contessa 26. I'll give you the keys. Go and look her over."

I'd not noticed her before; perhaps because she was wedged between other boats on the gravel yard, or perhaps because red was not my favourite colour. I prefer understatement. I was hoping for white. But I was impressed by her underwater lines; the fin and skeg shape reminded me of a baby Contessa 32. I felt at home as soon as I climbed into the cockpit, and by the time I had walked around the deck she had my heart. The white, perfect shape of the moulded deck and coachroof more than compensated for the red hull. She was well-equipped, too: Roller furling headsail, sprayhood, lines aft to the cockpit for solo sailing, essentials such as VHF, compass, log and depth sounder, autopilot and even a GPS. With her CQR, fenders and warps, she was practically ready to go.

Inside I was confronted by green upholstery and yellow work tops. Oh dear! Again not my favourites. It was dowdy. Colours are personal and of more significance than we give credit. Our environment, especially our home, is important to our well-being. When all is said and done, looks are everything. But, colours aside, I liked the interior. I was surprised at how much space there was! Standing headroom, five berths, a gimbaled cooker with oven and grill, fire extinguishers, double batteries, folding dining table, custom-built navigation table. I especially liked the wide "windows" admitting plenty of light. I was dealing with conflicting emotions; I loved the boat but not the colours, and I was a little concerned that the head was a little too "cosy". Also, the price was a little high.

Roger was helpful, friendly and attentive, answering all my questions without disdain for my inexperience. I told him this would be my first boat. Though free with advice, never once was he pushy. I took photographs, thanked him, and went on my way. During the next week or so I continued my search. I saw other boats and took more photos home for review, but there was something about this Tomahawk that called out to me. She had sown a seed in my heart, and I kept thinking of her. I returned a couple of times. Roger understood, and smiled. "That's how it always is. She calls to you." "Don't forget," he added, "the boat chooses you, not the other way round!" Superstitious? Me? No! But perhaps fate was taking a hand. I considered the possibilities: She was named *Many Moons*. Well, I consider myself something of a moonchild; my childhood in the New Forest initiated a deep love of nature and the outdoors, shared by a fascination for the mysteries of the night sky. How strange that the broker's name was Roger Moon. And his business associate even shared my surname! Thoughts of tomahawks recalled my long-time interest in the American Indians, Aztecs, Mayans and Incas, and of one memorable experience I had of flying a small plane; also a Tomahawk. Strange coincidences. It had certainly taken me many moons to earn the cash. If I needed signs they were all pointing to this boat...

I made enquiries. All reports were positive, and they reiterated that she was strong and capable of taking me to Spain via Biscay. Among the printed matter that Roger gave me was a favourable review from one of the sailing magazines; a sea test following her appearance at the 1978 London Boat Show. She passed with flying colours; having found her "a joy to sail", the reviewer was reluctant to return her to her berth! And there were mentions in *Sailing Today* magazine of Tomahawks crossing the Atlantic! That was enough for me.

A final look at her graceful underwater shape convinced me. She was beautiful. Fun to sail, and safe. I easily imagined her becoming my home. The survey was reassuring; she was sound. Apart from price, everything was right: her size, the equipment. The signs were there. It was meant to be. At £11,500 she was over my budget, but my offer of £10,000 was accepted.

My first boat! The day I bought her, 10th March 2001, was probably the most satisfying and memorable moment in my life.

The next stage was to get her ready. I planned to put her in the water on April Fools Day, thinking the date quite fitting. The boatyard changed it to the 3rd. Were they too busy, or just wiser than me?

It was to be my first attempt at single-handed sailing. None of my friends were sailors, and I knew of no one able to assist. (To be fair, I didn't ask. Perhaps I just wanted the satisfaction of doing it all myself.) To make the task more daunting I was unfamiliar with the boat. I welcomed the challenge, though I was a little nervous to say the least. I'd not set foot on a sailing boat in ten years, so my humble skills were wreathed in cobwebs. I studied my sailing books to refresh my knowledge. For three full weeks I

worked on the boat during daylight hours and brushed up my chart work in the evenings. I put a lot of time into planning and preparing for that first passage to Portsmouth, when I would deliver her to her mooring. I won't bother documenting the job list I completed, though I can't forget the look on my mother's face when I turned up at her house with my eyes and face covered in blue antifouling (to avoid embarrassment I'll say no more...).

On the morning of the 3 April I arrived at Hamble Point Marina with a heap of clothing, a bag of groceries and a case bulging with books, charts, instruments and my copious notes. My nervousness was exhilarating; once again the small boy was stepping into his first adventure. With that first night on the pontoon already paid for, I was going to settle in and leave the next day on a fair tide. But the inflatable dinghy I ordered had not arrived. As I had no liferaft, it seemed unwise to sail without it, so with delivery postponed until tomorrow I re-planned my passage, using the extra day to double-check the gear and familiarise myself with the instruments and ropes. It was a steep learning curve. I recalibrated the depth sounder so that it concurred with the lead line - that is, depth from the water line.

After a stormy night the winds were F6/7, so delay was unavoidable. The dinghy arrived in the morning as promised so I inflated it and tied it at the stern. So far so good. We were ready. Then, while testing the manual bilge pumps, a diaphragm split! It was already evening. First thing next morning I paid a visit to Aladdin's Cave, but the Chimp diaphragm was not in stock. It would have to be ordered from a nearby branch, but delivery would take an extra day. Without a vehicle I had little choice. On top of the price of the part, I didn't relish having to pay a further £16 for another night at the marina. The assistant at Aladdin's didn't appear too concerned and made no attempt to arrange an earlier delivery. I made a tour of every store, boat builder and repair facility at Hamble Point, but to no avail.

The morning of the 6th dawned with rain and F5/6/7 winds. I collected and fitted the new pump diaphragm. Reluctant to spend yet another £16 I decided I would cast off in spite of the weather, and motor if necessary. With an unfamiliar, gnawing feeling in my stomach I slipped the lines. Aside from my untested single-handed abilities, this was my new baby and I was worried about damaging her. Reversing out of the berth was difficult owing to a strong side wind. Luckily, I just managed to swing the bow out without hitting the neighbouring boat. Immediately I regretted my decision, but the weather made it inadvisable to attempt to regain the berth. With draining confidence I thought it unwise to attempt the passage. My nerves were telling me I'd bitten off more than I could chew, but with the boat now underway I had no option but to see it through. After a couple of practice runs, in high winds and driving rain, I tied up at a pontoon in the centre of the river. The swell didn't help, causing the boat to bob dramatically against the pontoon. I scratched the hull and chipped the stern, but the damage was slight and, after all, I was still learning! To make matters worse, the harbour master pointed out that I had tied up at the wrong place; I would have to move to a visitors' pontoon. I had more excitement as I danced to and from the helm while slipping and recoiling warps, then making the boat fast to another berth. All previous experience had involved a crew member assigned to each task; I was quickly learning to appreciate the skill of the single-handed sailor. Especially in this weather. My clothes were drenched and icy rain filled my eyes. I shivered in the biting wind, a wind which seemed to twist its way along the river. Those shifts made things worse; a selected weather berth became a lee berth during the manoeuvre. But it was an interesting - if taxing - experience. I paid the harbour master £8. It made the effort

worth the savings, for I resented being held prisoner in a £16.75 per night marina berth!

I was exhausted after all the challenges. I relaxed in my new cosy cabin with a Murphy's while recalculating tidal times and heights. Being close to the river entrance, there was a lot of movement from swell and passing vessels, but the bright, almost full moon reflecting across the shimmering water made the experience magical.

The early radio forecast of the 7 April predicted diminished winds of F4-6, so I decided to make the passage to Portsmouth while the weather was clear. I slipped my lines at 0730 and motored out of the Hamble. There were two other yachts ahead of me going in my direction, which provided a semblance of moral support. In the Solent it was soon blowing hard and raining heavily. I thought it wise to concentrate on the navigation, so I didn't raise the mainsail. As it was an unfamiliar passage, I buoy-hopped. After a while I noticed I was making the classic mistake of following the others. I had been too busy with the boat-handling and had become disorientated; I realised they were heading for Cowes and I was heading for the wrong buoy. A quick change of course away from North Thorn conical buoy brought relief when I sighted my Hill Head red dead ahead. It was an early reminder of how easily we can become disorientated, especially in low visibility, and of the need to stay vigilant. In a strong SW wind I sailed the 16 miles to Portsmouth under power and half-rolled jib. It was exhilarating! My first solo passage! My first boat! Rain lashed my face and water broke over the sprayhood as my little boat dipped her bow into the grey-green waves, racing impatiently through the confused waters toward her new home. She was like a racehorse that knew exactly where she was going, and I'd better hold on tight. I felt both elated and anxious as we steered through unfamiliar waters, matching objects and land features to the chart, checking off each buoy and landmark as the miles passed beneath us. I was now aware of the volume of water below us and the consequences of any blunders - something rarely considered when sailing in company and with someone else in charge.

I furled the headsail as we approached the harbour entrance. Though now closer to home my nervousness increased, wondering what mistakes lay ahead of me within the busy harbour. But it was unwarranted; there were no collisions, no yelled insults, and I didn't get lost. Each navigation mark we easily passed matched the list I had so carefully prepared. My sailing courses, though taken many years ago, had shown their worth. I mentally thanked my instructors.

But, things were going too smoothly. I arrived at my mooring in Spider Lake around 1000, only to find that mine was the only one without a pick-up buoy. I plunged the boathook beneath the large buoy in the hope of retrieving the mooring line, but became hooked fast as the flood tide swept us away. Foolishly I attempted to fight it, but the current was too strong for me. To prevent my arm being wrenched off I released the boat hook, only to watch it drift swiftly away as I ran back to the helm. I circled three times before I managed, precariously, to retrieve it. I hoped nobody was watching. No doubt it was an entertaining - and foolhardy - manoeuvre; I had to lean head-down over the cockpit guardrails, with at least one foot in the air, before I managed to grab it on the third swipe. John Goode would not have been impressed. I was aware of the consequences of losing my balance and falling in the water. What would have happened to my little boat? But I'd just bought that boathook and I wasn't going to let it get away that easily. Once again, my guardian angel was at hand. Perhaps I would have done better trying to lasso a warp around the buoy, as I had been taught in my sailing courses, but it's easy to be wise after the event. One lesson I

did learn that day was the value of a spare boathook, which I purchased at the first opportunity!

After the drama I motored *Many Moons* a mile back to Sultan Landing, where a ferry service is provided for our moorings. I informed the ferry operator of my predicament. "Oh, just pick up another buoy," Jackie told me. "That's what everyone else does!" I returned with an assistant from a neighbouring boat, who - in the driving rain - helped me pick up an adjacent mooring. I felt tired but satisfied that we were safely at our destination. After Jackie had ferried my kind assistant to his boat and me to the shore, I took the Gosport ferry to Portsmouth and caught a train home to Eastleigh. As I soaked my split, sore fingers and thumbs in a hot bath, I relaxed in the warm glow and pondered the events of the day. I don't think I'll ever be able to match the satisfaction I felt when I sailed alone, for the first time, in my first boat. It is true; the first passage is the most memorable. The most satisfying. The most rewarding. The classroom studies, the self-study, the practical courses - they all came together to make it happen. I think of it often. But what comes most to mind, with a chuckle, is the picture of myself hanging over the rails with legs in the air. And the picture always appears as one of those cartoons in our sailing magazines.

Many Moons has since earned her place in my heart and I will always think of her as my cosy home. She always looks after me, forgiving of my fumbling inexperience, and never fails to bring me safely into port. My confidence in her abilities grew stronger during our frequent explorations of the Solent, and stronger still as she took me safely to Poole, Weymouth, then Torquay, Dartmouth and Plymouth. I made a few modifications and changed her upholstery to a beautiful "powder" blue, but I soon came to accept - even grew fond of - her red hull. Those who are close learn to overlook flaws, and after a while not just cease to notice them, but become endeared to them.

It's five years now since we met. She is no longer red. During the summer of 2005 - when she again demonstrated how capable she is of taking care of me - we sailed to the Mediterranean. Before we left, in anticipation of our new climate, I painted her topsides white. She looks lovelier than ever!

Yes, I love my little boat, and I'm grateful that she made the right choice.

Rob Haines

TOMAHAWK OWNERS MEETING

MINUTES OF THE 8th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Held at the Barn Hockley Heath on Saturday 21st January 2006 at 14.00hrs.

Present: Commodore Roland Liddell (Chair)
Treasurer Dr Gordon Keyte
Secretary Mike Broughton
Editor Richard Mayhew
Rowena Mayhew
Jenny Keyte
David Collinson
Alison Collinson
Tony Hepworth
Ruth Hepworth
Bill Garrod
Peter Llewellyn
Douglas Baynton
Graham Farley
Ian Bremner

1. Apologies

Apologies were received from: Keith Barker, Iain and Claire Fairgrieve, Patrick Hill, David Pugh, Geoff Hilditch, Harry Henderson, Keith Mann, Donald and Penny Baines, Paul Stobbs, Mike and Pauline Cox, Alan Hill, Gordon Knight.

2. Minutes of last AGM held 22nd January 2005

The Minutes were read, approved and signed.

3. Matters Arising

- 3.1 Membership List: The Secretary agreed to issue an updated membership list to members.
- 3.2 The Officer's Reports will be published on the TOA website
- 3.3 The Bulletin will be published on the TOA website
- 3.4 New members will be noted in the Bulletin in order that they can be contacted by members in their local area.

4. Commodore's Report

It is hard to believe that another year has passed so quickly and once again members will be gathering for our annual meeting and to exchange news of their activities during the past sailing season. We had an extraordinarily long spell of sunny weather in the south and west from July through to September when high pressure and light northerly winds dominated the charts. Just the right conditions for gentle afternoon trips but rather less good for passage making as I found out in early July when bringing "Squaw" from Oldbury on Severn to Marchwood in Southampton Water.

Now for a confession, and sincere apology to those members in all regions who organised sailing events at which I was unable to attend ; other than re-locating my boat following our move from Gloucestershire in March of '05 , I have not set foot on "Squaw" since, except taking her for her winter lift-out at Calshot in November. In my defence I have to admit that the renovations found necessary upon moving in were greater than anticipated . It did not seem prudent despite the attractiveness of the prospect to absent myself for a weekend "jolly" whilst the bungalow remained a building site. Gladly that particular D.I.Y. chore is over and I look forward to an unconstrained sailing season in 2006.

Elsewhere in the Association, members have enjoyed their individual season`s from the conversations and e-mails that I have had. Of particular interest has been the passage undertaken by Rob Haines, formerly resident in Eastleigh, Hants. and now overwintering in Spain. Rob and his crew in "Many Moons" set out from the Solent in June '05 for the Mediterranean planning to sail to the Greek islands. By October after three and a half months and 2000 NM he "moored up" at Estepona after a testing and eventful trip during which, following the Biscay and Atlantic coastlines, he visited 40 ports! We wish him well on the remaining leg (a doddle really at 1500NM) and await with interest further news of his journey.

Notwithstanding Rob Haines` impressive undertaking, we are very keen to hear from other members` on any aspects of sailing and ownership which you have encountered. It is ,after all, an objective of the Association to extend the undoubted pleasure of owning a Tomahawk . Unlike a traditional sailing club which offers a premises where its members can meet regularly in sailing and social activity, the TOA does rely on electronic and written communications between the membership. Through the sharing of experiences we will all be better able to enjoy our personal boating objectives. As a small illustration of the potential benefits of sharing information I draw on my summer passage down the Bristol Channel. Many of you may know that for a fin keel yacht the north Devon and Cornish coasts at present offer only one floating harbour, Padstow, The rest dry at low water, are normally lee shores and in westerly blows should be avoided. In planning a trip around Lands End, into the English Channel a pilot book is invaluable but is unable to cover all eventualities . In our case it was necessary due to the west to east tidal window at Lands End to wait for a period of three hours before starting the Padstow to Penzance leg. This meant that we had to vacate the floating harbour and our plan was to anchor off the new lifeboat station at Mother Ivy`s Cove under Trevoze Head out of the swell. This anchorage is marked on Admiralty Chart 3605-5. It soon became evident that this was untenable in the conditions. The north easterly wind although light had caused a very unpleasant cross swell around the point which made movement aboard very difficult due to the severe rolling under anchor. From this experience I would recommend that this anchorage be used only in a settled sea state and with no north in the wind.

Elsewhere on the passage we encountered other situations worthy of record for future reference . I am sure there are those who will say that the fun of discovery is lost if we know what to expect, well this may be so but I am equally sure that to be forwarned is to be forarmed. So let us hear about those dodgy/good facilities, departure/arrival times , and any other benefits of your hindsight be it north south east or west.

It is some six or so years since the TOA was first established and currently our membership is static at around fifty . We have lost some old friends and acquired new

ones along the way. Whilst new members can be canvassed through advertising in the boating media, individual members may encounter Tomahawk owners yet to join us. It is important that the Association grows and I know that you are all aware of this. We will be placing advertising material in the early months of this year but can I ask you all to keep a weather eye open when at your club moorings, marina or in passage for "unattached" owners and inform them of this great Association.

I do not wish to pre-empt the sailing activity reports of our regional members :- Doug Baynton , Bill Garrod and Geoff Hilditch, in this account since they will have the opportunity at the AGM ; these will appear in the next Bulletin. I would like to thank them for their hard work together with our Secretary Mike Broughton, our Treasurer Gordon Keyte and our Bulletin Editor Richard Mayhew for their valued contribution in helping to administer the Association.

I would like to thank everyone able to attend the Annual General Meeting, travelling does not get any easier and your company is much appreciated. I wish you and all our members the very best boating for 2006 .

Roland Liddell.

5. Secretary's Report

I am pleased to be able to say that I have successfully made it through my first year as TOA secretary, even though the prospect appeared a little daunting this time a year ago. In that year we have lost a small number of members through resignation or non-renewals, but have also gained new members. In fact there was a steady stream of enquiries through the year.

I also received several technical queries, mainly from prospective members, and a principle reason for joining the Association appears to be for technical support. I believe that it would be worth strengthening that aspect of TOA membership, and Gordon and I have already discussed collecting together information about improvements, maintenance and repairs that members have carried out on their Tomahawks. The vehicle for this could be a members area of the website, which would add another reason for joining. This idea is still under development, but we are likely to be asking members to assist us with their experiences.

It is encouraging to see how loyal members are to the Association and we have now had 2 reports from Robert Haines on his voyage to the Med in Many Moons the second instalment of which will appear in the next Bulletin. The loyalty extends particularly to ex-Tomahawk owners, and this was evident at the North-West rally, which was held over the May Bank Holiday, where of the 4 participating boats, one of them was actually a Tomahawk! They had a fairly lively circumnavigation of the Isle of Angelsey.

The 8th to 10th July on the East Coast saw 4 Tomahawks on passage to the Colne and Brightlingsea from Bradwell Marina in a gentle F3, followed by a BBQ on the beach and, after the BBQ, they motored in the dark up yo Pyefleet for the night.

In the Solent we had two rallies, the first being an increasingly lively trip to Gins Farm in July, which is a peaceful and enjoyable venue where we were well looked after. The Island Harbour Marina played host to our second Solent rally, in September. It is always a pleasure to visit this small marina as the people who run it are so very friendly and accommodating – and most appreciative of our visit. Penny and I stayed on for a couple of days as this was the first day of our 2-week cruise around the Solent, in truly magnificent weather.

Which brings me to the reason for this cruise, which was familiarisation with our new boat. As I think most of you know by now, we bought Bavaria 30 last August and, although we are still Tomahawk owners at present, we expect to be joining the ranks of ex-owners before too long.

We still wish to remain members of the TOA, attend the rallies, and really hope that nothing else changes. I am aware of the potential difficulty where the secretary of the Tomahawk Owners Association is not actually a member. The Association Constitution requires that Officers of the Association shall be Full Members, for which Tomahawk ownership is a requirement. At present I am still a Tomahawk owner, but that may not be the case this time next year.

A little later in this meeting we need to elect Officers for the coming year and so I will say at this point that, although I am quite happy to be considered for re-election, I will also quite understand if Members consider that election of an ongoing Tomahawk owner would be more appropriate.

Mike Broughton

6. Treasurer's Report

The balance sheet for 2005 is shown below:

Income:	Subscriptions, 37 @ £10	£370.00
	Burgee sales, 3 @ £15	£45.00
	Members donation	£5.00
	Total	£420.00
Expenditure:	RYA membership	£74.00
	AGM room hire	£60.00
	TOA Bulletin costs (two issues)	£107.13
	Total	£241.13
Excess income		£178.87
Balance at January 2005		£1127.22
Balance at January 2006		£1306.09

The main change from 2004 is the reduction in the number of paid up members, slightly offset by two new members joining in 2005. Of the unpaid members, at least two have formally resigned and a further two have moved to other craft.

Another change from 2004 is the absence of donations from Kemps and GJW but no advertisements for inclusion in the bulletin were received from either firm. Both firms will be contacted to see if they are interested in placing further advertisements with us in future.

The result is an excess of income of almost £180, raising our bank balance to £1306.09. Possible utilisation of this excess (e.g., increase in number of bulletin issues) will be suggested at the AGM.

Following my 'subscription reminder' letter, I was surprised and delighted by the numerous letters that accompanied the subs, describing member's cruises or boat refits. There was almost enough material for a further bulletin issue! I'm afraid I was not able to reply to you all but please accept my thanks – I will bring these letters to the AGM for those that are interested.

Finally, a reminder that subs for 2006 will become due on April 1st. Please note that my address is now:

Gordon Keyte
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Dippenhall Street,
Crandall,
Hants, GU10 5NZ
Tel: 01252 851346
Email: jengo@talk21.com

Best wishes for sailing in 2006!

Gordon

7. Election of Commodore

Roland Liddell indicated his willingness to remain in office. Roland was proposed by Ian Bremner, seconded by and carried unanimously.

8. Election of Treasurer

Gordon Keyte indicated his willingness to remain in office. Gordon was proposed by Roland Liddell, seconded by Bill Garrod and carried unanimously.

9. Election of Secretary

Mike Broughton indicated his willingness to remain in office. Mike was proposed by Roland Liddell, seconded by Bill Garrod and carried unanimously.

10. Election of Bulletin Editor

Richard Mayhew indicated his willingness to remain in office. Richard was proposed by Roland Liddell, seconded by Bill Garrod and carried unanimously.

11. Election of Committee

In addition to the Club Officers the following were elected to the Committee: Bill Garrod, Douglas Baynton & Graham Farley (shared role) and Geoff Hilditch (in his absence). Roland will speak to Geoff to ensure that this will be acceptable to him.

12. Any Other Business

- 12.1 The Treasurer proposed an increase to the Association subscription to £12.00, effective from 2007, which was seconded by Roland Liddell and carried. This will pay for an extra edition of the Bulletin, and some use of colour.
- 12.2 Provisional dates for Solent rallies are: 24/25th June and 9/10th September, with a voyage to St Vaast during July. East Coast rally provisional date 15th July, to be confirmed.
- 12.3 The Commodore's Cup for first Tomahawk home in the 2005 Round the Island Race was presented to Tony Hepworth.

13. Date of Next AGM

The next AGM will be held on 20th January 2007 at the Barn Travel Inn, Hockley Heath
(a provisional booking for the meeting room was made following this AGM)

The meeting closed at 16.15, following which a short video film of the 2005 East Coast rally was shown.

