

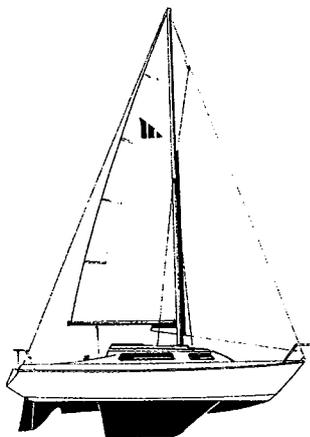
Tomahawk Owners Association Bulletin

November 2003

Editorial

Michael Juer
Warpath

Well a Happy Xmas and New Year to you all! I hope you had as good a sailing season as I did. From May to October I had no work. Not good from a financial or stress perspective but from the sailing perspective with the summer we had it was wonderful. I am pleased, and sad, that I am now gainfully working again! The season started properly in May with a sail across the North Sea in a Warrior from Lowestoft to Stavanger, a 10 day cruise to Bergen and then a Ryan Air £10 flight home! June and July spent sailing the south coast mainly in the Solent, (ok – every one else has been very kind not saying anything so I had better own up! I didn't finish the Round the Island Race – oh the shame! A bad spinnaker wrap going west down the Solent after the start followed by some bad decisions south of the Island meant I arrived at Bembridge Ledge buoy with no wind and a turned tide. I didn't get around it and eventually, after going backwards for a while, we retired. There, its out – I feel better now!) Then in July I took Warpath to Falmouth with a stop in Dartmouth. With the



family we had a 3 weeks cruise in the area in August and then a non stop trip back from Falmouth to Portsmouth. A bit more sailing in the Solent, a Rally in September, a final few stolen days between gales in October and Warpath is out of the water. She was due to stay in over winter this year but as every time we use the engine now the bilges fill up I thought it best to get her out and sort the problem! There wont be many words from me this Bulletin because it is already fairly substantial. Thanks to all those who returned the questionnaire. The outcome of that is that you all want to go on receiving the Bulletin twice a year on paper in

the existing format – we arent fully ready yet for email and on line Bulletins. Thanks also to those who have volunteered to contribute to the Bulletin – you will hear from us.

Finally after 4 years or more preparing the Bulletin (this is the 9th edition) I am announcing here formally that this is my last effort as Editor! At the AGM next year we will need to find someone else to take over so if anyone feels keen let us know!

Finally – our new Constitution was acceptable to the RYA and TOA is now shown on the RYA website - so we are known World Wide!

Some Words from our Commodore

I have just been looking at the article I prepared for the log this time last year. It only seems five minutes ago.

But so much has happened since then, We had a rally at Lymington in May as reported in the last log when we tried to create the record for the number of people on a Tomahawk. Perhaps that is why Bill and Gloria Garrod have acquired a larger boat and put Crystal up for sale!

The Round the Island Race was a most enjoyable event with Bumble B, Warpath and Incamoon taking part and representing the Association. Starfall a Tomahawk previously in the Association also took part. I will leave someone else to tell you of the event.

The cruise across the Channel did take place with Bumble B and Incamoon. Again this is another story for others to tell.

On Thursday the 31st July I set out from Portsmouth for Vannes in Brittany on the Scampi 30 Vilda that I helped crew back from Sweden last year, to join the rally for the combined clubs of Fareham. We had our share of electrical and engine problems solved in Brixham and Dartmouth which delayed us thirty six hours but we did arrive at the mouth of the Morbian the following Tuesday only about three hours after the combined fleet had set out for Vannes and had to wait for the tide the next morning. After a hectic session of events in nearly 40 degrees heat we set out on the journey home the next Monday August aiming to be home by the following Sunday. However the weather decided otherwise and we spent two very restful days holed up in Treguir. having to take an extra day holiday to complete the journey. I am putting together a powerpoint presentation which can be shown after the AGM in January if members are interested.

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Bill Garrod arranged another Rally in Chichester Harbour the second week in September which Jill and I had to miss . I understand that it was a great weekend . An account appears elsewhere in this newsletter.

I regret that we have not got much further with the new data base , but that is something to while away the long winter nights.

Please look at the article about Association clothing and let me have a response so that we can put in an order. It may be a bit late for Christmas presents, but why not treat yourselves with some new gear for the next season.

Peter Lewellyn
Inca Moon

“Wordrum” goes to the Air Show

How does a yacht go to an Air Show?
“Wordrum” my 1976 Tomahawk fin keeler is based in Hartlepool on the East Coast. We consider that the North East starts at Sunderland, not before. Each year Sunderland hosts a free Air Show on the front and this year I had planned to go as I have recently had to retire on ill health and previously I would have been either on days or nights for the event. After the good weather the forecast was for a mixed condition of sunny spells with occasional showers and variable winds. Together with the contrary tides this did not bode well for a good trip up to Sunderland from Hartlepool. Because of home conditions at the present I had ruled out an overnight stay at Sunderland.

Finally the morning of Saturday 26th July 2003 arrived. I looked out of the bedroom window, the sun was shining and the wind was from on shore. Right conditions as good as they were going to get, off down to the mooring after making the sandwiches etc. Arrived at my deep water mooring to find my neighbour the Hustler 30 had just arrived from Holland, a quick confab and confirmation that conditions were reasonable and the boat is made ready and away we go. Sunderland is only some 30 miles up the coast on a rough bearing of 350 degrees, and can be seen on most days as you round the “Hough” on the headland. I motored into the main basin of the harbour, raised the main, stowed the fenders then unfurled the Genoa. I motor sailed down the channel out beyond the second channel Starboard mark hung a left and proceeded to sail down wind to beyond the “Hough” and the offshore rocks. In 10.5 meters of water I turned to Port and set the self steering unit (an Autohelm) to the designated course and with a good offshore wind on a broad reach was soon doing an average of 4.5 knots plus the addition of the tide. I busied myself with cleaning some of the topsides of “Wordrum” and sorting some of those niggly jobs that you mean to get round

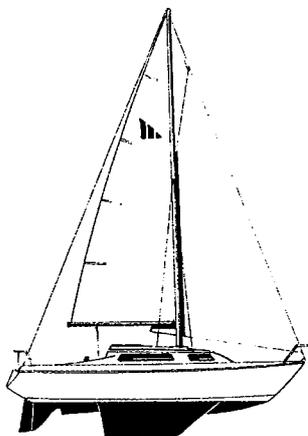
to but the club racing gets in the way. I had covered about 66% of the way and was just off Seaham when the tide slackened and the wind died to a mere whisper. This was no time to just hang on for the next wind to fill in I had a deadline to meet. On went the engine, up went the cone and I began to motorsail. I had better explain my engine is only an auxiliary not set up to be the main form of propulsion and consequently only pushes me along at about 2.8 knots. When the tide turned this slowed my speed down over the ground to an estimated 1.5 knots. Eventually I rounded the Amphibious Helicopter Carrier, H.M.S. Ocean, moored about a mile offshore and motored up to all the other boats close to the exclusion zone and dropped the hook. No sooner had I settled myself down and brought out the sandwiches and drinks than the Red Arrows flashed overhead at what seemed mast height. I was enthralled and the rest of the show was great. I looked through the binoculars and saw about fifty assorted craft moored off shore and the Sunderland and Roker front thronged with thousands of people. About 3 hours into the display the wind changed to an on shore wind and brought with it the rain. Looking up and down the coast it looked as if Sunderland had been extremely unlucky as there was blue skies beyond. I stayed for the Battle of Britain fly past, which was marred by the absence of the Lancaster with the substitution of a Dakota. Anyway following this I raised the hook set the sails and proceeded to sail back to Hartlepool. Five minutes into the passage and the wind died completely and so it was on with the motor and down with the sails as they were a hindrance with not the slightest breath of wind. A swell had begun to develop and I found myself battling against this for the rest of the passage. (Note for next lift out – get a better folding prop to give more drive). I finally got back to my berth just before dusk, made the boat secure and went home to nice hot bath and a few malts.

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Would I do it again – Yes! I still had a great time. Keith Barker

" Shovells and Spades"



For reasons which are unclear it transpired that at least three sailing clubs in the Bristol Channel had posted plans for cruises in company to the west country this summer. Since purchasing Squaw three years ago I have nurtured an ambition to sail the coasts of North Devon and Cornwall and this opportunity to sail with others saw us drawing up an outline passage plan in February with another Thornbury boat (Arcady, a Sadler 26 skippered by Sarah Brankin). We would join a Portishead C.C. yacht (Fifth, a Beneteau Symphony 32 and attempt a trip to St. Mary's in the Scilly Islands leaving in late June for about 14 days, weather permitting. (Members of this association may know sailing conditions in the Bristol Channel so skip the next few lines if you wish).

The outward leg from Thornbury Sailing Club to St. Mary's is about 130 NM. Passage making in the first 65 NM from TSC is severely constrained by strong tidal streams and prevailing winds "on the nose" which usually limit the duration to not more than 6 or 7 hours before foul tide reduces forward progress to one or two knots over the ground. For these reasons realistically any down channel trip of a distance will only be achieved under engine and sail together. On the plus side however by commencing just before the top of tide at Thornbury it is normal to average 7 NM over the ground per hour of motor sailing before encountering a negative tide. Although it is theoretically possible to sail over the ebb and flood, progress would become frustrating and crew's tiredness a potential risk in a busy waterway. We departed as planned just prior to

HW at 1850 on 27th. June, Squaw with a crew of two and our partner with 3 crew, the weather had been forecast as SE. Var. F4, Vis. Good; very favourable conditions for our trip but in reality it was Sunny, SW. F5/6, unfavourable for the planned run on that ebb to Barry (35NM) where we hoped to arrive by 0100 hrs. The Severn above Avonmouth varies in width between 3 and 1 NM's. In the narrower sections tidal speed rises to as much as 9kts. at springs on both flood and ebb in the deep water channels. Of these potential hazards the Shoots channel is the more severe and standing waves of up to 3m. height can occur on the ebb when strong wind over tide conditions develop. It was to be our luck that when we reached the Shoots at 2015 hrs. rain now blew into our faces and 2m. standing waves crossed our route. Squaw, under engine and previously running at 4kts. through the water into the wind, struggled to maintain 1.5kts. in these "steeple chase" conditions. Fortunately we had only to endure fifteen minutes of this but we still had 26 NM to cover. We were now wet and cold, the likelihood of reaching Barry in the conditions seemed fairly remote so we called Portishead marina just 3 NM ahead and spent a restful night there, our passage plan would be reviewed.

The morning brought clear skies but only a whisper of wind. We locked out at 0610 destination Ilfracombe (55NM) and motored close (20m.) to the shore of Portishead in a back eddy against the last hour of the flood tide making a good 4NM in the first hour. At 1020 Yanmar stopped, out of diesel. (Squaw is equipped with a YSE8, probably original and a 1 gallon fuel tank which sits above the engine). Re-fuelling is not satisfactory in a seaway and we use sheets of kitchen roll to wipe up drips and spills (All this will change during the next winter refit). Having been running for a little over 4 hours non stop Yan was rather warm as we drifted between Flatholm and Steepholm and refused to restart! Could it be an airlock? Well it had stopped on empty on previous occasions before I had been able to refuel but restarted without protest then. In such light airs boat speed is only just sufficient to allow steerage but it was all we had, we changed course for Minehead where we could anchor off and be clear of other shipping should restarting take a lot of time. At 1050 we tried the starter again with a little more

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throttle than usual and hey presto Yan started up. Relief returned, tempered by concern that Yan might stop again but it popped steadily on. We had not bled the fuel line so why did it restart? (Any suggestions from members as to cause will be v.welcome) Having lost half an hour of passage we radioed Arcady advising our delay and offering them the option to proceed alone to Ilfracombe where we would r.v.the next day. They opted to remain "in company" and although by now some three NM ahead agreed to await us in Porlock bay where we anchored for a couple of hours waiting for the worst of the new flood to pass before making a close inshore run to Ilfracombe.

Porlock bay and its little harbour Porlock Weir is one of the jewels of the north Somerset coast. Nestling under Exmoor some five miles west of Minehead it was historically a Roman port from whence metal ores particularly lead were transhipped by galley to Bristol for smelting and transmission back to Rome. Later oak timber for ship building and bark for tanning was shipped out while coal from south Wales and the Forest of Dean were imports. The harbour lies at the end of a narrow cut through a shingle bar and marked with withies, accessible to boats of moderate draught -2+2HW, and accommodating no more than a dozen small craft most of which must dry on the shingle bank above a tiny pool some 4 ft. in depth. There is a nice hotel behind the pool which provides yachties with shower facilities for about £1 and serves good meals at reasonable prices. A couple of crab and lobster fishing boats use it as a base from which to service their pots "sewn" in line with the shore to Foreland and 20m to 40m off. These need to be carefully watched when making inshore passage but at least the water is muchclearer here than east of Minehead and upchannel where it is the colour of Windsor soup!

The coastline between Porlock Weir and Foreland Point is steeply sloping and covered in ancient semi natural oak woodland from shore to shoulder. On a warm sunny day such as we had the appearance is as a wild subtropical forest and quite breathtaking. We weighed anchor at 1610 and motor sailed close to the shore benefiting from a positive back eddy at times adding 1kt.over the ground to our speed for 6NM until we rounded Foreland Point where we had to punch the flood until we arrived in Ilfracombe at HW 2030.Under its alternative energy programme the Government is funding a water turbine experiment just off Foreland Point. This is a hazard to shipping and has an exclusion zone

for protection. During this passage we monitored a Pan Pan call from Swansea coastguard advising of another exclusion zone some half of one NM in diameter at about 4 NM north west of Ilfracombe. It later transpired that a Harrier jet had ditched in early June and naval recovery operations were still in progress. We heard this transmission throughout our voyage and saw a number of RN mine sweepers on passage from Plymouth(?) to the Exc.Zone.

Having briefly looked in at Combe Martin , a small inlet to a tiny seaside town east of Ilfracombe, and deciding that the swell would make the anchorage uncomfortable, we pushed on the last 2 NM and anchored in the outer harbour at Ilfracombe by 2030.Being a fin keeler we needed a minimum depth of 2m of calm water in which to anchor drying out was not an option if we were to leave on the next ebb for Padstow. This outer anchorage is best in E through to S winds provided that there have been no strong winds out at sea which creates a continuous chop and swell. We had an uncomfortable night and rose early to prepare for the next leg to Padstow(52NM)at 0500 we watched the sun rise out of the sea as a huge orange ball. Both boats departed at 0600 with the benefit of a freshening SE F3/4 which carried us across Bideford Bay to Hartland Point which we reached by 1030 without use of the engine! A small school of dolphins played around our bows for 15 minutes, a welcome sight. The wind was noticeably stronger now even 3NM off Hartland and we had an exhilarating hour until we shortened sail at F6.When the sun shines a strong wind and green sea hold no qualms but with thick cloud and grey sea, oppression sets in after a time . As it was we had fine conditions and glad hearts for the remainder of the cruise.

A little after 1500 our progress slowed to a crawl as the wind died, time for the iron sail to complete our run, but what a great sail we had enjoyed for 9 hours. Arriving from the north the entrance into the Camel estuary is way marked by a small islet, Newland Rock, which shows for 15NM and never seems to get closer. There is a passage between Newland and the Moules (more on these later) which reduces distance by a useful mile or so, it is strewn with crab and lobster pot floats which require careful navigation. They are characterised by a flagged float itself attached to a smaller unflagged float some 5m distant and providing a prop snagging cable between. The flagged float is always down wind or down tide from the unmarked float. Incidentally on this part of the coast pot flags are

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usually black in colour and found up to 15 NM out to sea! Proper Job!

The approach to Padstow is quite charming, low hills and headlands with sandy beaches are straight out of the old British Rail holiday posters for the west country. We were by now relaxed and anticipating showers and a hot meal. As we were a little early and the inner dock gate still closed we began tidying away extraneous matter which always seems to clutter cockpits. Overhead and without warning a massive explosion occurred! The laundry would be extra busy tonight! It was one of two maroons still used to summon the crew of the Padstow lifeboat, which set to sea moments later, we were ready for the second, just! Two hours later the lifeboat returned with a yacht in tow, it had suffered an engine failure around 1500 but could sail v. slowly and notified Falmouth coastguard who decided it prudent to avoid the possibility of a lee shore incident in the vicinity of the Moules. Padstow is an excellent destination for yachtsmen. It offers a base for numerous day sailing options, has a helpful harbour master and staff, first class showers and laundering facilities, safe berthing in the floating harbour, restaurants, cycle hire and more pubs than you can shake a stick at. Many are the yachtsmen who make the Mayday pilgrimage to Padstow to start their sailing season. Harbour dues are also good value, I left Squaw there for 8 days at a total cost of £63, includes shower and laundry use.

In truth and with the exception of Padstow and Ilfracombe the ports and harbours of the north Devon/Cornwall coast are not regarded as safe havens for yachtsmen as they are virtually all rock strewn, lee shored and drying. In settled summer weather with light onshore winds it is feasible to anchor off or in the case of bilge keelers dry out alongside harbour walls if space and local boatmen allow. In any swell none is safe even with heavy ground tackle, which leaves the option either to risk dragging ashore or embark on longer passages to better protected havens of the south coast.

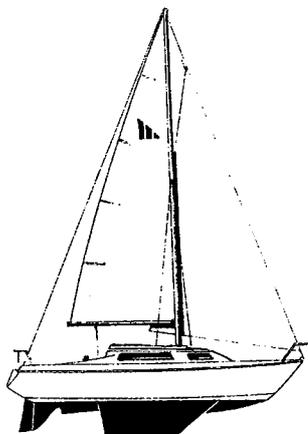
This dilemma figured in our passage planning from the outset. Both yachts had minimum crews, Arcady would lose her third man at Padstow due to him running out of holidays, whilst the skippers had longer distance sailing experience remaining crews were novices. I had planned shorter day sailing legs and Squaw's next leg from Padstow to St. Ives would be subject to wind direction and strength. We did not want another night like Ilfracombe nor anything with west to north east in it. The

weather outlook for the passage to St. Mary's (70NM) was inconclusive and St. Ives was ruled out for the short term as an overnight anchorage. We could go around Lands End to Newlyn (65NM) and wait for a weather window or face a 17 hour sail to the Scillies. The solution chosen was to double up on the larger boat (Arcady). This would allow a watch system to be adopted with everyone having reasonable rest (4hrs. on 4hrs. off) able to handle the boat in most weather as opposed to 2 man crewing and single man watches, one of whom a novice. It was with some disappointment that I left Squaw on a mooring at Padstow but there would be another occasion with a bigger crew next time. We replenished Arcady with food, water and fuel and a pasty each from Choughs bakery by the west quay. Departure was planned for 2000, one hour before HW. We left in a golden sunset without the maroons or any wind; well you can't have everything! Watches were instigated from the start with 2 crew on and 2 off watch at any one time. With nightfall the coastline was awash with light from street lamps with unlit sections being the exception. Fortunately lighthouses were dominant and the steaming lights of Fifth held steady off the starboard bow until he switched off his engine and went onto tri-colour masthead! There was little wind and we soon came abreast of him under engine only. The complement of Fifth included two little boys aged 2 and 4, They couldn't sleep with the engine throbbing away! We continued on engine for a total of 12 hours until off Cape Cornwall when the wind strengthened to SE F3 and we could sail in peace! We had by now picked up the new ebb running north to south around the cape at 3 kts, speed over the ground was 7kts. passing within half a mile of the Long Ships to port and on towards Wolf Rock. At 5 NM distant from Wolf Rock we altered course westward to cross the offshore traffic separation zone at right angles. On this leg we encountered few ships over the 10NM of the separation zones but became aware of aerial traffic on their flight path to St. Mary's. Our track was now 240C and we could see clearly the horizontal red and white daymark of St. Martins just as the pilot described it. We also encountered a moderate swell into which Fifth's hull would disappear at regular intervals until we were within 5NM of St. Mary's when the sea flattened. Close to our destination we decided to anchor in Porthcressa on the south of the island rather than St. Mary's Pool to the north. The wind had backed to SSW and was forecast to become SW later.

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Porthcressa is sheltered from the west by Garrison Hill and from the north by the structures of Hugh Town the capital of the Islands. It is open to anything from the south. We anchored at 1310 in 5m over fine sand, setting bow anchors to port and starboard in flat calm. Over the duration of our stay we had the company of up to 14 yachts. The other advantage of this anchorage is that it is free, but a 600m dinghy paddle! We enjoyed fine weather and light winds during our 5 day visit but were mindful of a sudden change which is common in the Scillies. Of note are the abbey gardens of Tresco which host a wide variety of temperate to subtropical plants thanks to the shelter provided by glades of conifers resistant to salt laden air planted by the owner designer. There is also a maritime museum exhibiting many ships figureheads recovered from the wrecks around the coast. The most well known of these is possibly the Association, flagship to admiral of the fleet Sir Clowdisley Shovell who in 1707 when returning with fleet was wrecked on the Gilstone Ledge off the south coast of St. Mary's in a fog. Many tales have been spun at Shovell's expense, if you want more info on this why not check his website via Google.com; thank goodness for GPS. Today St. Mary's is the commercial hub of the islands with tourism the dominant industry, accommodation is very expensive. Take a walk inland and bulb fields can be seen behind hedgerow windbreaks, a reminder of the exposure endured there for much of the year. At low water many rocks appear giving the aura of moonscape, it is not a place to be taken lightly but with careful planning and above all a smile from the weather Gods, well worth a visit.



Roland Liddell

Squaw

CHICHESTER RALLY – 13/14 SEPTEMBER 2003

Our Editor, Mike, has cajoled/insisted that I submit an account from a female perspective and crew member of Moonmaiden about our Rally at Chichester, (*thanks Claire – Ed*). It was a good turnout and the following tribe of the mighty Tomahawks and a-n.other made their way to Chichester Marina:

Douglas and Joan and Bruce Allum

Hoka Hey

Iain and Claire Fairgrieve

Moonmaiden

Bill and Gloria Garrod

Benita

Gill, Richard, Cathy, Chris Harcourt-Brown,

Moccasin

Tony and Ruth Hepworth

Bumble Bee

Clive Hookham

Megiala

Mike, Melanie, Henry and Amy Juer

Warpath

Our Commodore, Peter Llewellyn, sent his apologies but, understandably, were otherwise engaged with preparations for his daughter's wedding in two weeks time.

The morning of 13 September dawned yet another beautiful day after, what has been for the UK, an incredibly warm and dry summer. The fair weather sailors amongst us have been out and about all season and not a word has been spoken about the justification or not of having a boat in this country!

Moonmaiden and crew laid off the Warsash Club Jetty for the Friday night to enable a get away by 7.30am. Sailing east, in itself, was quite a challenge for us – the only and last time we had sailed in this direction was in August 1998. We anchored in Bosham for the night after a sunny, happy passage. The Harbour Master alerted us in the evening to the prospect of a full, quite unexpected, gale in the morning. Sadly we had to leave our forlorn little lady on a mooring and go home by land.

Megiala silently passed us by at 6.30 am so it was deemed time to roll out of bunk and embark on another adventure with an excellent forecast in prospect. We motor sailed to the north

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channel against the tide and then picked up an E4 to the forts. Why is it that wherever we go it is 'on the nose'? Gilkicker brought its own hazards, as usual – this time two Isle of Wight car ferries; one hovercraft; one large dredger out of Southampton and a somewhat threatening container vessel bearing down out of the wings! We were a sandwich but survived, as you do! We were very interested to see the spinnaker tower in Portsmouth Harbour having heard much about it on Radio Solent – we wait the raising of the spinnaker, which I understand is going to be quite a daunting technical project. They could always leave it in the loft like we do!! Another summer like this and the Fairgrieves might even give Moonmaiden's red spinnaker an outing! The forts always impress me – they look so foreboding and powerful but it is a good feeling to nip in between Horse Sand and No Mans Land and be out in the open sea leaving the Solent chop behind as the waves become more regular and there is room to play. Moonmaiden loves picking up her petticoats and flying through real seas. We made leisurely progress as we tacked towards the bar at Chichester. The entrance was identified successfully, mainsail down and into the channel which was a maelstrom of all sizes of boats coming out in a cheerful, chaotic way with a big tide running. We quickly remembered that Chichester meant dinghy racing which seem to have right of way whatever the reason – and memories of the narrow channels between acres of mud came to mind rapidly! It is also such a beautiful estuary and river and well worth a visit particularly on a sparkly, sunny day preferably on a rising tide!

We slowly picked our way through the posts, which were more clearly marked than we remembered, and then to our next challenge – entering a lock! This really was a first and one viewed with anticipation and a little anxiety! We tied up on the holding pontoon, as requested. Megjala and Warpath were just ahead of us and we realised that the marina was a very professional, slickly run operation. Then we proceeded through free flow which was another new term to me – this means that we just motored through the lock as the level of water both sides was the same – bit of a disappointment really although we would learn about actual locking out in the morning. Armed with official looking papers and information about Chichester Marina we found our way to our finger point mooring E14 – there were hundred of boats in the Marina and for a moment we wondered whether we would ever

see another Tomahawk again! We visited the Chandlery, yet another new boathook was purchased and a brightly coloured fish with long, trailing tails to fly off the stays to announce when we are on holiday! We met up with Warpath's crew over a drink at the café, swapped passage stories and walked to the office together. The office proved to be very helpful once again and identified where our friends were and it was good for our health to walk around the marina – Bumble Bee was over the other side from the other Tomahawks but soon learnt the shortcut across the lock wall.

We found Bill and Gloria on a truly elegant and very large Beneteau over 30 ft including bowsprit, named Benita. Well, we had envied their covered in cockpit on Crystal in Lymington at the beginning of the season but this was something else!

Being French built there was a tall cupboard for the French bread sticks, three levels downstairs to bunk and a table on each of the other levels. Bill and Gloria certainly looked very happy owners and are thoroughly enjoying their new love. Tea and a conducted tour of Benita was in order and she was unanimously voted the Mother Ship. Bumble Bee is still without dodgers and sprayhood and proud of it – we await the next meet up with interest.

We all agreed to meet in the well-appointed and friendly bar of the Yacht Club at 1900 hrs. Here we enjoyed an excellent meal together – the conversation was lively and fun and it is indeed good to chat about our boats and glean ideas from other like minded sailors.

It was so very nice to meet the young - Henry and Amy and Kathy and Chris – making our TOA rallies family occasions and sharing their delight when they caught a huge eel which was proudly shown to us all!

Back along the lit, well manicured towpaths to our respective boats before a mid morning departure to try our hand at locking out! I happened to mention to a land based friend on our return that we had locked in and out for the first time – 'oh', was the stunned reply – 'how long did you go on drinking then?' She thought I had meant a lock-in at a pub like the young!

In the morning we called up the harbor office who gave us a number and we were asked to stay on our mooring until we were called. We were number 16 but very soon this shot up to 38, 39

We, along with Warpath who seemed to have found her way to the lock a little early as she wanted fuel, edged our way cautiously into the

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lock very ably helped by the guys peering over the edge – ropes to hang on to were permanently fixed over the side of the lock so all in all it was a good experience as the level slowly went down and hey presto out we all popped into the narrowest channel ever seen at low water!

Another spectacular, bright day greeted us and we followed Warpath through the twists and turns of the channel. The mainsail was hoisted and we sailed between the moored boats, racing boats and many people just messing about on the water!

We found Hoka Hey nearing the Emsworth passage and took photos of her and Warpath side by side. Game little gaggle of Tomahawks as they all left for their various gunk holes around the area.

The harbour entrance, against a strong flood and crowded as ever, made a final excitement as we left Chichester. The remainder of our journey home was uneventful although the wind died by mid afternoon and it was increasingly behind us making it a lollopy passage so the engine was put on once again. We caught two mackerel for supper just outside the forts – they are truly beautiful to look at and delicious to eat!

We had our own personal nightmare on arrival at the mooring – as Iain had suspected we had sheered off one of our mooring lines as we departed on Friday. However he had worked out just how we would retrieve it and make good the situation – thank goodness the tide was slack and wind non existent so by the time Moccasin chuntered by, all was resolved and we left Moonmaiden in good condition having had a memorable weekend.

Our thanks to Bill and Gloria for organising such a lovely venue and meal, despite Gill's main course disappearing; for the excellent company and memories of a very happy rally at the end of the 2003 season and, for making us go east again!

Claire Fairgrieve
Moonmaiden

Round the Island Race 2003

" It was at the T.O.A. Annual General Meeting of 2003 that Commodore Peter Llewellyn first announced his intension to enter "Incamoon" in the Round the Island race the following June and "courageously" invited members present to crew for him. This opportunity was very appealing but before offering myself as a volunteer, prudence was observed (yes I put it to the "house committee" for formal approval), followed by an

e-mail the next day to Peter. Months passed and other business pushed the matter to the back of my mind until in late May I received the "call", with news that Doug Baynton and Graham Farley, members from the east coast, were to crew for Peter and would I like to be the fourth crewman? Is the pope Catholic?

We gathered at Warsash Sailing Club located close to the mouth of the Hamble river on the late morning of Friday 20th. June, a warm sunny day with a light SE breeze. The scene was idyllic, with a little activity from commercial and leisure boat movement on the river and out in the shipping lanes of Southampton Water, time to gaze in enjoyment and wind down from our recent jounies. Peter had been on the move since the early hours having taken Jill to Heathrow for a flight to "Ozz", brought Incamoon down river from her mooring and finally done a "trolley run" to provision for the weekend. After moving our kit on board and an excellent lunch, courtesy of WSC, we embarked and headed for East Cowes. Incamoon, a fin keeler, is very well equipped as a sailer and Peter soon had us breaking out the spinnaker, although I have to admit that this was entirely achieved by Doug and Graham ("Big strong Boys") who showed their competence in sail handling. Cowes marinas were as expected full but we found a berth on pontoon "G" at East Cowes alongside Mike Juer in Warpath. Mike entertained us with a mast climbing display whilst we organised the boat for overnight accommodation.

Exhausted from this endeavour (Us not Mike) we went ashore to West Cowes for a bite to eat and some liquid "medication". The place was buzzing with activity and the water taxis kept busy until 0030hrs. The morning of the race dawned clear and bright and at 0530hrs. we motored to the entrance of the Medina to watch the various class starts. Fortunately we moored to a recently vacated buoy and Graham was able to photograph many interesting vessels and "sailing manouevers" as competitors vied for starting positions and to avoid the Red Funnel ferries. The race officials maintain radio contact with each competitor to facilitate each class start, this makes life much easier for helms and ensures that they can keep a good lookout in very congested waters. The fastest yachts were "off" at 0600hrs. and the Tomahawks at 0830hrs. Winds were F2SE and south was the favoured end of the start line. We began well crossing the line seconds after the gun on a course close to the island for the run to the Needles. With spinnaker deployed smartly

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we made the best of the last of the westerly ebb able to hold a good line and boatspeed through the water of 5 knots in the light winds. As we approached Hurst Point the tide slackened but we were able to reach the turn for the seaward leg before encountering a negative current.

We passed closer to the outer Needles rock than originally planned, 100 yds., but sea conditions were pretty good and we saw no sign of the notorious wreck. Having gone onto a port beat at the turn it became apparent that windspeed had strengthened and veered to F4 SSE. The protected waters of the west Solent behind us we now enjoyed small but boisterous waves and settled down to a series of tacks taking us at first into Freshwater Bay then back on port out to sea until we could lay a starboard tack passing St. Catherine's Point. We observed that those yachts which had opted for a series of short inshore tacks to round St. Catherine's were encountering light winds and were losing ground on those electing for the offshore route. Our progress continued well and the strategy seemed to be working. We could see none of the other three Tomahawks which had started but with hundreds of boats from horizon to horizon they could be ahead and we wouldn't know. The next turning mark at Bembridge ledge came into sight and the flood tide under us continued until we had turned north west for the short leg and next turn at the stone island/fort, built as a defence against attack from the French, between Spit Head and Bembridge. Incidentally on approaching the fort, loud pop music could be heard coming from it! The second ebb of the day was by now well under way and with a lightening wind we again ran westward towards the finishing line under spinnaker. The racing fleet has two finishing lines and each class is designated its own line in the pre race instructions which must be followed to the letter!

We crossed at 1838hrs., taking our own time and noting the sail number of the boat immediately ahead and astern of us. This enables the race committee to confirm that we did take part and of our finishing position which would be confirmed by two other competing yachts. We were delighted to have completed the circumnavigation in a little over ten hours elapsed time for the 60 mile course. The next immediate task was to hand in our time to race HQ which was located on a motorbarge of about 120ft. length and anchored in the fairway just off the deep water channel at the entrance to the Medina. A long queue of yachts had formed and was passing outstretched Butterfly nets into

which a crewman had to place the time paper! This was quite tricky to achieve as the ebb was running at 3 1/2Kts. Manoeuvring Incamoon close enough to but not colliding with the barge whilst maintaining station for the hand over was accomplished with relief not only for the helm but for Peter who had suffered in silence throughout!

We returned to pontoon G but there was no sign of Warpath, could we be the first Tomahawk back? Graham took charge of the galley and produced a hot meal (another of his talents) topped off with a few beers. We played a few hands of cards and turned in for the night tired but elated. Next morning we caught a water taxi to West Cowes and proceeded to the Island Sailing Club's results marquee. Here a melee of crews jostled good naturedly for a view of the results. The results boards are displayed, to the uninitiated seemingly randomly, around the walls and it takes some time to establish which is the relevant one since a number of different yacht types form each class.

Our skipper, who has "been there" and got the "T" shirt soon had the answer! Incamoon had finished first of the Tomahawks and had been placed 340th. in the race out of 1568 starters!! Some result for a first try with a scratch crew. I would particularly like to thank Peter for the invitation to crew and for his generosity in allowing each of us substantial helming opportunity throughout the race. I can recommend the experience to those of the TOA who can get to the event, try to do it once at least if you can!. It is not about race sailing a boat to the exclusion of all else! Not on Incamoon anyway. I found the company was terrific both on and off the water, whilst the Isle of Wight is an island of great beauty and visual contrast. Would I do it again? Of course I would!

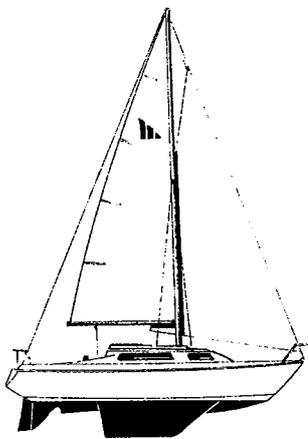
Finally there was some discussion at the last AGM with regard to the handicap rating for the Tomahawk which Roland Liddell undertook to follow up and report back. He writes that he has written to her designer, Alan Hill an honorary member of the Association, asking for any guidance that he may have but has, after 7 months, yet to receive a reply. In addition he has discussed the issue with the cruiser captain of his local club at Thornbury who has suggested that a provisional number should be allocated by the club handicap committee and based on the known rating of a vessel of similar length and displacement. This should be monitored for amendment as necessary

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at the end of the sail racing season. Whilst this is of no immediate help to members it is hoped that a realistic handicap rating will eventually be reached. It will progress our cause if Members can through their own sailing clubs arrange that their vessel does have a return submitted to the RYA by their individual sailing secretary. This process will take some time to come to fruition but if it does not start we can expect conclusion. Watch this space."

Roland Liddel



Tomahawk Irish Sea rally 2003

"Iola" was put on the market in April and, after a couple of false starts, the sale was completed in mid July and she was handed over to her new owners, Steve and Jeanette (and Skye the dog!) on the 19th of July, just 3 weeks before the planned rally date. Knowing what great occasions our rallies are I found my new boat, completed the purchase and took control of "Aslan" (An 89/90 Sadler 29) on the following Saturday so as not to be "boatless" on rally day ! (The fact that she was exactly what I was looking for and had just gone on the market 100 yards away from "Iola" in Caernarfon harbour certainly helped – thank you God !)

Saturday 9th August dawned flat calm and with clear blue skies with a forecast of light westerly winds and the risk of fog patches later in the day. Our secretary, David Collinson, arrived at 0800 to accompany me and my Godson Giles on the passage round to Holyhead where we had

planned to meet up with 3 Tomahawks for the night. Steve and Jeanette were also sailing in company with us in "Iola".

We left at 0900 and enjoyed a pleasant sail across the Caernarfon Bar (which was in a benign mood) and then a gentle reach up the West coast of Anglesey, rounding South Stack very close to at low water slack at 1500. As we approached the massive breakwater (1-1/2 miles long) I had phone calls from 2 other Tomahawk owners advising that, unfortunately, they were unable to make it so it looked like we were going to be thin on the ground ! We tied up on the inside of the "Marina breakwater" in the new marina within Holyhead harbour at 1610 after a passage of 26.7NM. Shortly afterwards "Iola" arrived followed by Paul, Barry, Jen and Jonquil in "Chimo" who had come anti-clockwise round Anglesey from Beaumaris and the fog closed in rapidly with visibility down to 100M.

We went to Holyhead Sailing Club for a meal and a few pints before crowding aboard "Aslan" for a night cap later after a very pleasant evening swapping yarns!

We all planned to return round the Stacks and over the Caernarfon Bar so this meant we had to be underway by 0900 in order to pass North Stack at high water slack – it was an overcast morning with a cool Northerly wind and a forecast of N or NW 4 occasionally 5. The 3 of us left at 0845 and set our mains in the lee of the breakwater and motor-sailed around the end of the breakwater into choppy seas. We unfurled ¾ of the genoa, stopped the engine and set off at a great pace for North Stack on a close reach – "Aslan" was hard pressed in the gusts and really could have done with a reef but I knew that this leg was only a couple of miles and, once round North Stack, we could free the sheets so things would soon quieten down (I also discovered that when she is over on her ear on a starboard tack water flows from the tank under the starboard forepeak berth, out of the tap in the sink in the heads and then over the floor ! – easily remedied – bung up the tap before sailing !!) We rounded North Stack at 0925 , South Stack at 0940 and then enjoyed a splendid and fast broad reach down to Llanddwyn Island with the wind fairly constant at around 15 knots from the North. We dropped sail and anchored off Mermaid's Cove at Llanddwyn at 1230 having covered the 20.9NM from Holyhead in just 3 ¾ hours. "Iola" and "Chimo" arrived 30 minutes later and we

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spent the afternoon in very pleasant surroundings, although my crew mutinied and refused to eat my special "boat Chili" – there's no accounting for taste ! We also enjoyed the spectacle of Steve going to the top of "Chimo's" mast to replace the spinnaker haliard which Paul and Barry had lost earlier in the season when they had to drop the kite in somewhat of a hurry ! Also watched with amazement and , I have to say some amusement, as a shiny new looking Moody S31 upped anchor and headed in the direction of a rock which is awash at LW Springs (it was neaps today) – does he know that there is a rock there I said just as, with a mast jarring crunch, he hit it and redesigned the leading edge of his keel. No lasting damage appeared to have been done apart than to the skipper's pride – the rock is clearly charted and shown in all the pilots but maybe you can't afford these after you've bought a shiny new Moody !

We all left at just after 1800 and sailed back over the Bar in the company of a school of dolphins for the first half mile. "Iola" and "Aslan" turned into the harbour at Caernarfon whilst "Chimo" carried on to complete their "circumnavigation" and return to Beaumaris through the Swellies.

A very pleasant couple of days with a variety of conditions which everyone who attended seemed to enjoy – even the "traitor" in the Sadler 29 !

Geoff Hilditch
"Aslan"

Help I need a Mast!

I am thinking the time is nigh for me to replace the mast of Chimo but have so far been unable to find a second hand mast available.

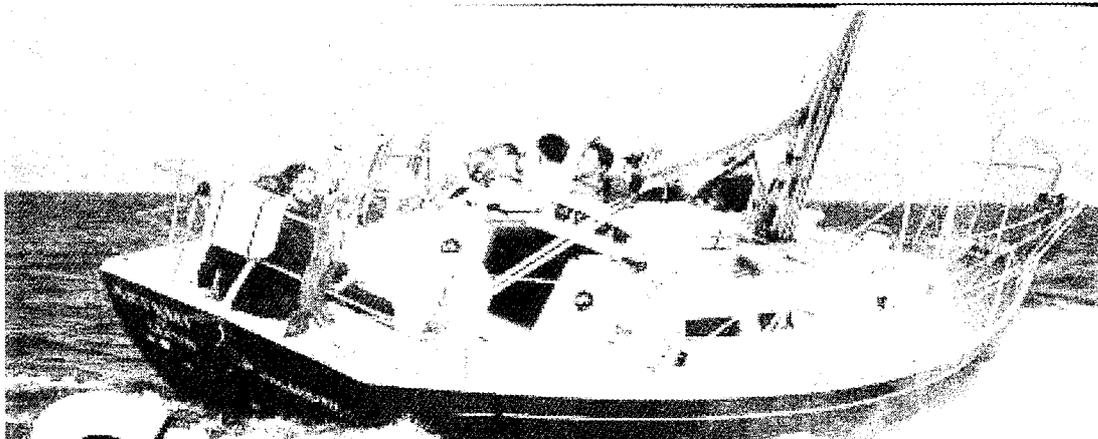
My present mast is a 1970's Kemp and I believe the section is E130 x 93 however I cant be sure because Kemps have long since changed hands and the new owners no longer have details on old masts.

If anyone can help or point me in the right direction I would be most grateful.

Dick Rochfort
Chimo
Lymington
(contact Dick direct or myself if you can help – Ed)

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