



Hurley Owners Association

President: Ian Anderson M.R.I.N.A.

Affiliated to the RYA

www.hurleyownersassociation.co.uk

NEWSLETTER DECEMBER 2009

FROM THE EDITOR

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A Christmas edition, the first in my time at the helm.

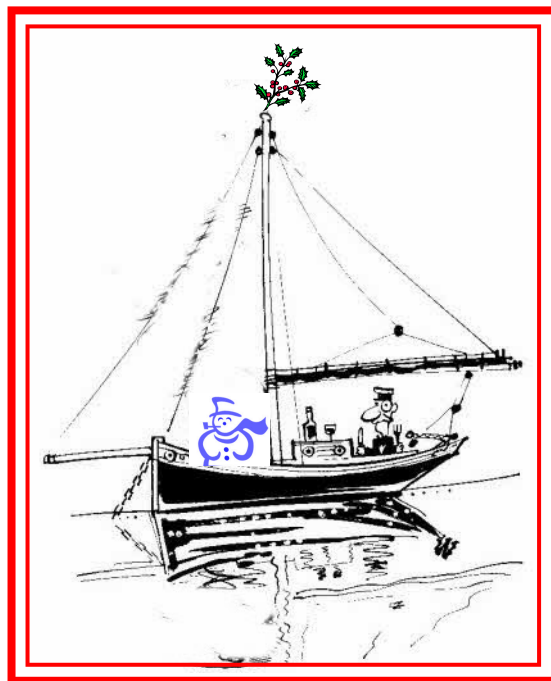
A very warm welcome to the thirteen members who have joined since the September Directory was issued. Names and locations below.

I am grateful to the members who have responded to my plea for articles. Do please keep writing.

Opposite you will see an early warning for the AGM. A notice will be sent in the New Year with full details.

What I find impressive about HOA is the amount of help and information which passes between members. This is not apparent to everyone as the enquiries are usually made via a committee member. Of course much can be gleaned from the Google website.

*A Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
Mike*



Diary Date

AGM

Saturday, 6th March 2010

11 am (provisional) at the

Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club

The Hoe, Plymouth





SCARING YOURSELF IN A FAIRLY SMALL BOAT

Dave Selby, the proud owner of a Sailfish 18, has a regular piece in PBO. His “Sailing in the Land of Lilliput” (PBO November 2009), together with its illustration, touched a nerve for this Hurley 22 owner. I am certainly ready to agree that in a small boat: “Waves aren’t any smaller, but that just makes your adventures on the water bigger, richer , more intense and more terrifying”.

To begin with some relevant background: our bilge keel Hurley *Moonwind*, when stationary, rolls very readily in any swell. It can keep you awake half the night when moored in Studland Bay, for example. She also has a normal shaft 6 hp O/B which has advantages, but which provides poor thrust in any serious sea state. The importance of these two qualities will become apparent.

Our short mid-day trip from Fareham to Bembridge was likely to be our last of the season. We were keen to go and the wind direction E or NE was friendly. The strength at F4/5 occasionally F6 at first was less so, but it was due to decrease F3/4 later. Sea state - slight or moderate. I was conscious that the almanac warns that the entry can be difficult in strong N/NE winds but I didn’t expect a F4/5 to be a problem even for us. We decided to go, and to check as we left Portsmouth harbour entrance; an alternate destination could have been Ryde.

Leaving the harbour with one reef in the main and a working jib the wind was F3 at most. It seemed the risk of a F6 was no longer significant. We set out for Bembridge. The wind and sea state got up en route but not worryingly so. My wife and I were enjoying steady speeds of 4.5 to 5.0 knots, and more from time to time. After negotiating some chop around No Man’s Land Fort I went below to check our progress on the GPS. With about a mile to go to the Bembridge tide gauge I went back up to find the beam seas had got steeper but we were handling them well enough with our speed through the water. Eventually, with about half a mile to go, I put the engine on, we furled the jib, and turning into the wind and sea we dropped the main.

Coming back on course with just the engine our speed dropped significantly, and the beam seas started to give us an uncomfortable ride. My wife was on the lee side of the boat, I was on the port weather side with the furling lanyard behind my back. I decided to run some jib out to steady the ride and give us a bit more speed. Working by feel I paid out jib with my wife sheeting in on the starboard side. I was just making the lanyard off and feeling the boat starting to respond when I saw the wave approaching. Distracted by what I had been doing it was nearly on us before I saw this sharp-edged wall of water up above me. The next thing we had rolled further over than I can ever remember. It’s impossible to say how far, but it felt like 60/70 degrees. The only parallel in my experience was the moment some years ago, in a dinghy in Falmouth harbour, just before we were totally capsized by a sudden gust of wind.

It was all over in an instant. The wave passed. The boat came up. We had shipped not a drop of water on either side. And as we built up speed, and the helmsman his concentration, there was no repetition. Shortly after, we turned downwind into the Bembridge channel and, despite my fears, the last leg, parallel to the shore was not subject to any significant sea. Fifteen minutes later we were tied up at the Duver with time to reflect on our survival. .

What could we learn from this event? Notwithstanding the limitations of our Hurley and from what I knew at the time, I’m sure it was reasonable to aim for Bembridge once we had cleared Portsmouth. I was right in my expectation that the wind would not exceed F5 . What I did not expect was that, from the NE, this would produce such a steep sea off Bembridge. The rogue wave hit us around highwater as we were running roughly along the 2m contour, i.e. in about 5 - 7 m of water. Presumably, even in that depth, the shelving sea bed was enough to trigger steeper waves. So for a strong wind read F4/5 (it was not more than a low five I reckon)

A confession: though wearing life jackets and harnesses we were not hanked on; obviously we should have been. The good news ? Had we not heeled so sharply we might well have shipped water and, as a fellow club member observed on our return, “Think of it this way. You can tip a Hurley a long way and still survive !”

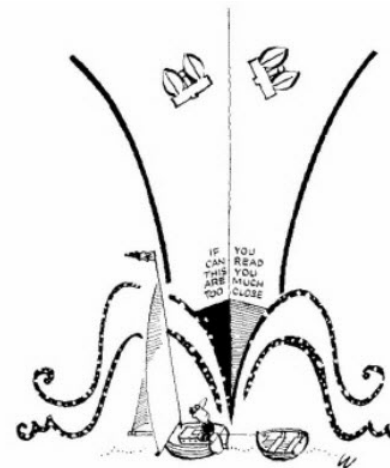
MICHAEL BENOY



In nearly 30 years of unadventurous pottering around the Solent we haven't, thank Heavens, encountered many emergency situations. We did get caught out in the famous hailstorm of June 1982 (well it's famous to those who were in it!) when small boats were capsized and dis-masted all over the Solent. Once we had stopped being frightened on our own account, we towed a dis-masted Laser and crew back to Stokes Bay. Since then nothing until this September.

We spent the night of 12 September in the marina at Bembridge, having sailed over from Gosport (very) quickly with nothing more than a reefed headsail. The north/north easterly wind was gusting 5 or 6 on the Sunday so, when we were able to leave at around 3:30 we, like all our neighbours, switched on the engine and pointed straight at Portsmouth.

It wasn't very pleasant – the sea was very bumpy and we were getting very wet because of spray coming over the bow, but we were making good progress until, just past No Mans Land Fort, we noticed an inverted Hobie Cat 18 someway off our port bow. From previous experience I expected the crew to right her quickly and sail away. However, as we got closer, we could see a man waving his arms according to the international distress signal. There was an angling boat close to the fort but they didn't seem to have noticed anything, so we turned towards the Hobie. Our original plan was to pass close, slowly to windward and find out the situation, was anyone missing perhaps? One of my major concerns was that there was a large container ship approaching from the east which would eventually pass quite close to us. Anyway we got a line ready to pass to them just in case. As we got close we saw that there was also a woman in the water. Imagine our surprise when the woman passed to us a small dog in a lifejacket, and asked us if we could come back for the labrador! They did not grab the line. The dog was cold, wet, frightened and desperate to reach her people. Every time we popped her down into the cabin she scrambled back up the companion-way ladder and started dashing around the cockpit - which did not make life any easier. Donia had to hold her and calm her as they were on their way back to Hayling Island. I think they hoped that without the dogs to worry about they would find it easier to right the Hobie.



We made a number of attempts to get close again, without a great deal of joy. Eventually the crew of the angling boat joined in the game – without much greater success, though they, eventually and with benefit of more people, managed to pick up the labrador! At around the same time a larger yacht (ca 35ft) arrived on the scene and, listening to our VHF, we realised that they had contacted Solent Coastguard (as we perhaps should have done) and were asked to standby and report how the situation developed. The Coastguard also spoke to the approaching container ship. The dinghy crew then started to try to right it – not easy in those seas and with no mast-head float. By now the girl on the Hobie was getting seriously cold and asked us to pull her on to Gandalf. She swam to us, got hold of our line and then our lower guardrail and we tried to get her on board – at least we had hold of her - but we could not manage it. The other yacht saw what the problem was and came past us, trailing a fender on a line, and was able to get her aboard via their sugar scoop stern.

So there we were, three boats each with a rescued passenger/dog and the man on the Hobie still trying to right her and all drifting slowly towards Ryde Sands. Eventually the fishing boat got a line to the upper hull and, at the third or fourth attempt, succeeded. However by then the Ryde Inshore Lifeboat, summoned by the Coastguard, had arrived as well and took control of the situation. I think that the Hobie's crew seriously thought they were going to continue sailing back to Hayling Island. However the lifeboat put a stop to all that. They tidied up the Hobie and lashed it alongside and then went around collecting dogs and the rescued woman from the assembled boats and headed off towards Ryde leaving us to ponder on what we had learnt from the experience.

Almost certainly we, as first on the scene, should have contacted the Coastguard. But at the time there was a great temptation to try to do something quickly, rather than take time out to make a distress call (PAN PAN presumably). The presence of the dogs certainly affected our decision making and we weren't absolutely sure that the situation warranted a distress call. Why didn't we think of putting in one of the washboards to keep the dog in the cabin? It seems so obvious with hindsight!

Everything the textbooks say about the difficulties of getting a person out of the water and into a yacht is true. Gandalf has a fairly high freeboard and no stern ladder because of the steeply-raked transom. We shall have to give serious thought to finding a (reasonably cheap) solution. Finally, of course, we really did have to wonder about the wisdom of trying to sail a catamaran from the Solent to Hayling Island in a F5 north-easterly with two dogs and no means of attracting attention other than waving!



RUSSIAN ROULETTE WITH A HURLEY 20



Please bear with me as what I am going to rumble on about has to do with the whys of what went awry when I took my Hurley 20 for the last sail of the 2009 season... and broke her mast in an argument with a bridge.

If I was a glider pilot then I'd be the one who seeks the very last thermal and so fails to get back to the airfield. And I'd crash. Similarly, I go aground seeking a smidgin more water in the mudlarking shallows of the Thames estuary than there actually is. I've even put 80ft Thames Barges aground; I used to own and sail one. And it has only been by luck rather than judgment that my present sailing barge, a 50ft gaff-rigged, lee-boarded Dutchman with apple-cheeked bows and more curves than Ursula Andress (okay, so I am in my dotage), hasn't been sailed onto one or more of the rock-hard sandbanks that lurk in murky brown waters of the Thames estuary. Yet.

It was that self-same Russian-roulette, devil-may-care idiocy that broke the mast of my Hurley 20, 'Billy Ruffian'. Her name is more or less what Jolly Jacks on square riggers nicknamed the Nelson tall ship 'HMS Bellepheron' - "Billy Ruffian", a 74-gun ship of the line which fought at Trafalgar and brought Napoleon to England after his Waterloo. She was built on the Medway only a few miles upstream of Billy Ruffian's mooring.

My son bought 'Billy' for a lot less than a than a song at Heybridge Basin on the River Blackwater. She was sound but a mess of head-to-gunwales warship gray which, before drying, had had buckets of sand flung over it so that above decks she looked like a fatly battered flounder. Non-slip she was, the decks, the cockpit, the cabin top, sliding hatches, even the cabin comings. Pretty she wasn't. And down below things were, well, yuck. It took a winter's work to clean her, mend broken bits and pieces, pretty her, re-rig her and re-float her. When we launched her, my 15 year-old grandson Dylan and I, she looked again what a Hurley 20 should look like - a picture of shapely get-up-and-go.

I was chuffed with 'Billy's' first sail of the season. In recent years, what with my lungs near to a last gasp after too much smoke in too many news-rooms, not to mention my wife's disabling arthritis, we had not had a lot of fun sailing our 50-footer. But a handy, sea-kindly, slippy-handy 20-foot Hurley. Aah that is different.

Sailing up and down the Medway and out into the Thames estuary, Dylan and I got a lot of kicks out of 'Billy'. We enjoyed it so much that we decided it was time to take Dylan's dad for a bit of a sail as well. We picked him up from Queenborough after sailing 'Billy' from our mooring at the very head of Stangate Creek, out into the Medway and round into the Swale where we found a convenient, and free, visitors' buoy for the night. It had been one of those perfect sails, a gentle beam wind for much of the way and a soldier's wind the remainder, the better sort when the wind pushed gently at our starboard quarter with none of those will she? won't she? worries of a gybe. Under just a foresail we headed gently into the wind and picked up the buoy. Perfect! Dylan's dad, Mark, joined us that night, brought off in our 10-ft lug-sail tender by Dylan who is fast proving to be a natural-born east-coast sailorman.

I should explain something about The Swale because if you live in places far from the creeks and swathways of the east coast then you won't know much about The Swale. It's 13 miles of **drowned valley** (not a river) which divides the Isle of Sheppey from the mainland in north Kent. The western end of The Swale makes and ebbs tides in and out of the River Medway at Sheerness and Queenborough while, more or less the same time, an opposing tide slips in and out of the Thames estuary at the lovely anchorage of Harty Ferry at the eastern end of the Swale some three miles west of Whitstable.

Sheppey is linked to the rest of Kent by a pair of bridges, one next to the other, over The Swale, one a new road bridge with masses of headroom for ships and the masts of sail boats, the other a rail bridge which needs to be raised on request by just about anything taller than a Topper. It was the rail bridge I walloped. We could have taken the estuary-passage route round Sheppey to Harty Ferry where we intended to spend the next night. But, because it gave us a better opportunity for a bit of bird watching (Mark is one of RSPB's bosses), I decided we'd take the inland route through The Swale. The wind was perfect, meaning, if it held, a few tacks out of Queenborough, then a beam wind for the rest of the way. There was a problem, though: rousing the guys responsible for lifting Kingsferry rail bridge on demand; my VHF wasn't working, you see. But not to worry, I'd succeeded before by hanging the obligatory bucket from the cross trees and intended to do it again.



Mark hoisted the bucket aloft when we got within a cable and a bit of the bridge, dropped the foresail so that the bridge people could see the bucket, while Dylan started Billy's outboard Seagull to compensate for loss of foresail drive. We thus proceeded to motor-sail downstream towards the bridge for five minutes of so on the morning flood, then "Ready About! Lee oh!" and upstream for, say, ten minutes bucking the tide. We motor-sailed like that for three-quarters of an hour, perhaps more, and still there was no sign of anything or anyone stirring at the bridge; there's a squint of a window in one of the piers behind which, sometimes and only very occasionally in times past, I had seen the heads of bridge workers.

Each time we headed towards the bridge I edged closer and closer to it before coming about. It was a silly, self-imposed challenge.





Finally I went a bridge too far. We were no more than twenty feet or so from the looming iron bridge girders when I put the helm over. Billy began to respond until the tide took charge of our ten foot tender, hauled it towards and – I can see it now in dreadful slow motion – under the bridge. It was like being grabbed by the jaws of a ravenous and magnetically-jawed rottweiler. Neither the mainsail, now in the lee of the bridge pier, nor Billy's puny outboard, were able to cope with the strength of the tide which, now near its peak, fairly wooshes through this reach of The Swale. The port edge of the bows hit the concrete pier with a heart-tearing crash. Billy's stern, clutched in a ghastly slow waltz by the dinghy, swept round and under the bridge until we were brought to a grinding, scraping halt by the mast, now wedged and bowed like a scimitar into the bridge girders overhead.

I'm not sure how long it took for the incoming tide to lift Billy sufficiently for the mast to break. Not long, but long enough for me to ring the coastguard by mobile phone, explain our plight and be assured by the jolly chap at the other end that he would be in touch with the bridge people in the wag of a puppy dog's tail, and, “Bingo!”, we'd be free. I don't know if he ever did. I do know that one moment Billy was all of a cant with the three of us tottering on the heeled port side deck staring up at the mast. Funny, now I look back. One minute the mast was there and we three were wondering what would go first... the mast or us, abandoning ship. In the event it was the mast, not with an explosive “Bang!”, just an almost imperceptible “snap” about six feet beneath the cross trees. It fell onto the deck, the boat righted and we floated out from the clutches of Kingsferry Road Bridge, almost serenely it must have appeared to the man spinning for whatever on the downstream bank..



In the bustle of getting the remaining stub of mast down, and sorting out the broken bit with its associated tangle of rigging... in the puff-and-pull of urging the outboard to start... in the relief of escaping the bridge's grip... I'm not sure, but I think I saw a bridge worker wander to the edge of the pier's maintenance veranda, peer into the watery cavern beneath, and, satisfied that all was as it should be, stroll back to his den without a glance in our direction. I telephoned the jolly coastguard man and gave him the news. “Right oh!” he said, “Cheerio”, and with me huddled over the tiller lest anybody we knew should see, we motored the way we'd come and back home to base.

The wife was not pleased. Heigh ho!

PAUL GOLDSACK



Lifebelts: A very simple one. Keep all the beer and other corks which may be drawn in the house, and get a friend or two to do the same, until you have a sufficient number; then thread them lengthwise on stout spunyarn and weave an oblong mat with them, taking care that the intersections of the yarn come between the corks. A double web of these with strings at the ends to tie, or straps to buckle would do capitally. To make it look neater it might be covered with canvas and painted.

G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES
Practical Boat Sailing for
Amateurs, [1922]





With the refurbishment of my Hurley 27 taking longer than I had anticipated it was evident that my sailing during 2009 was going to be somewhat curtailed so it seemed like a good idea to join crew seekers (www.crewseekers.com) and see what I could come up with. Apart from a couple of chaps sailing out of Portishead, my home port for the time being, I was taken by an ad from a certain Ray Oliver who was sailing around the U.K. for charity [Rethink (mental health); Marie Curie (cancer); RNLI] and was “stuck” in Dublin awaiting crew.

Ray was 18 months (yes - months) into his trip having started from Lymington in April 2008 and having traversed the south and east coasts of England, the Caledonian canal (twice) and a clockwise loop around the northern part of Scotland. Well on the way we decided, to gaining a place in the Guinness Book of Records for the longest duration and the highest mileage for a UK circumnavigation. His yacht “Christine Marie” a 31 ft Westerly Tempest was just too much to manage single handed and he had relied on family and friends to crew for the first part of his adventure but eventually had to rely on crew seekers website.

At the beginning of August, having researched the cheapest flights to Dublin (Not Ryanair) I met Ray at Howth marina and we were joined by Tim, a pleasant 30 year old day skipper. The weather forecast was for F4 - 5 deteriorating later so we made the most of it by leaving early on Sunday with a 41nm trip ahead of us. The gales of the previous days had left the sea state fairly choppy with a good 2+mts swell. During the day the wind backed and the trip eventually turned out at 52 nm the end of our day spent fighting foul tide and wind on the nose. However, we beat the worst of it but were then holed up in Arklow for the next 24hrs while it blew itself out.

This proved to be the pattern for the rest of our trip down the east coast of Ireland with the exception of a very pleasant evening moored to a club buoy at Dunmore where I spotted a nice late example of a H22 “Ice and Lemon” although I had no opportunity to find out who she belonged to. We arrived in Cork (Crosshaven Marina) on the Thursday where we rested up for a couple of days and awaited a crew change. The Irish being a gregarious race and the Guinness readily on tap this was no hard task although the cost of re-provisioning was staggering – 24 euro for a bottle of gin!

Tim having gone home and being replaced by Audrey, again a 30's day skipper and Noel, a mature Yachtmaster instructor and mentor of Ray, we set out on the most demanding leg of our trip – 140 Nm and 30 hrs est. crossing of the Celtic Sea to the Scilly Isles.

We left Cork early on a misty Sunday morning, only picking out the channel buoys with some difficulty, and soon leaving the off shore gas fields behind us we were on our own. We were to see no more signs of life for almost the entire trip. We settled down to a four hour watch cycle with a rather uncomfortable swell and rain forecast which proved to be the case for most of the afternoon and night.



Monday morning dawned much the same as when we left Ireland with light rain and mist, Noel and I having the 4 am – 8 am watch saw a fairly dreary dawn which was brightened by the first sighting of land. The rain had stopped but there was still a fair amount of mist and as we approached New Grimsby Sound it was evident that we could not pick out the leading line so we were committed to an approach on compass bearing. Our first sign of life was a small fishing boat laying lobster pots across the line of our approach. A cheery wave to the fisherman solicited a similar response and we continued on our approach keeping a wary eye out for his pots. There was one - and there another so we aimed well between them only to suddenly discover after the hiss of a line through water that they were bridled together just under the surface! After the initial jarring and the sickening thud thud as the rope hit the prop we were fast on the line.

Our first reaction was to ensure that we really were stationary as there was a 5kt cross current and a heavy swell breaking on the rocky headlands nearby. We were definitely stationary according to the GPS and a steady cross bearing on the rocks. A quick call to the harbourmaster explaining our position secured the response that the fisherman would return and was prepared to tow us in to harbour if necessary. Within a very short time the fishing boat returned and circling uncomfortably close the walnut coloured (and textured) fisherman advised us to cut the rope. We were somewhat reluctant to do this without assessing the situation first - did we have propulsion and would we have steering? We could hear his conversation with the harbourmaster on the radio “I’ve told them to cut the rope but they look an elderly crew and I’m not sure they are coping” well, this was the last straw - and from a fisherman who looked every bit of a hundred years old! We decided to run the engine for a couple of turns in reverse on the starter motor in the hope that this might clear any possible jamming and everything seemed free so we took the plunge and cut the rope. Nothing! We were still caught fast but now with a





large buoy aboard . After some further conversation with the fisherman he started to lift his pots and when eventually he got to our end of the line we could see another rope. On cutting this we were finally free, complete with propulsion and rather stiff steering so it was with some relief that we followed him in to New Grimsby Sound and tied up to a visitors buoy. We got out and inflated the dinghy but we were unable to shift the rope which seemed to be fouled around the rudder. So, everything else being safe and sound we poured ourselves a G & T and relaxed for the rest of the day after arranging with the harbourmaster to tie up alongside the quay the following day to dry out.

Ray had only dried out once before and the rest of us had only read about the process in magazines so it was with some



trepidation that we tied up alongside with plenty of fenders out and the mainsail halyard firmly attached to an enormous ring on the quay. As the tide ebbed away it was clear that the bottom shelved away to our stern quite steeply and we were going to tilt back onto the rudder so the anchor was deployed as far forward as we could get it and we took up as much tension as possible to relieve the load on the rudder. All went well and with the water gone it was clear to see the entangled rope which only took minutes to clear. All of this time there was quite a bit of activity with the inter island ferries landing at the quay so we made the best of the situation by putting out our banner and collecting tins. By this time I think most of the Island had heard of these crazy geriatrics who had got stuck on a lobster pot and were now sitting out of the water at an impossible angle. This did wonders for our charity collection and we soon had our collecting boxes almost full. We took turns at staying with the boat to make sure everything

was ok whilst the others had a chance to walk around Tresco, a very attractive island. By mid afternoon the tide had returned and we were back on our mooring buoy. That evening we treated ourselves to a pub meal and again collected quite a bit for our charities from folks who wanted to hear all about our trip - we returned to Christine Marie well fed and watered!

The following day saw us making a quick dash through the shallows for Hugh Town on St Marys while we had the tide in our favour. A restful day wandering around the town prepared us for our final day of this leg of the trip, our return to blighty.

The following morning dawned bright and clear with almost no wind. We set off for Falmouth under engine and main and immediately realised that this was to be the busiest day of the trip. We were never out of sight of at least one other craft from huge transporters to small sailing boats after spending two weeks hardly seeing a soul. We were favoured with a slight breeze later in the day and we flew our cruising chute for a couple of hours - a welcome change from two reefs in the main and a part rolled jib which characterised the rest of the trip. A phone call to the marina informed us that we had arrived towards the end of Falmouth week and we were lucky to get a berth rafted up to a very classy looking racer. That evening was reluctantly spent on the internet trying to arrange transport home, finishing the last of our very expensive gin and promising each other that we'd sail again sometime.

IAN CALDERHEAD



Daily routine: Make it rule with your crew be they many or few, when lying in harbour to be out of their hammocks at an early hour. Let the decks be washed down first thing, the grating scrubbed, the bulwarks washed, the copper scoured, brasses cleaned and polished, running gear overhauled and made hard taut; ropes all coiled away in their proper places, water and coke or other fuel got on board, hammocks and bedding stowed away, the forecastle scoured and cleaned out, and the galley fire lit, the boats washed out and overhauled, their oars, thole pins and crutches, rudders, yokes and lines, and respective boat hooks laid ready for use; these duties should be completed by 8 o'clock at which hour punctually you should display your burgee and ensign; afterwards the crew will cleanse themselves and get their breakfasts.

"VANDERDECKEN" [William Cooper]

The Yacht Sailor, 1862





RENOVATION OF A HURLEY 22 PART 1



Hi to all of you, my name is Marcel Mattheijer and a few weeks ago I bought a Dutch Hurley 700 (Hurley 22) from a very nice lady who sailed her for a few years. After she got a boyfriend sailing was off and they only used the inboard SABB engine. They decided to remove all plywood and make a 'lounge' boat of it. So what happened?

- All plywood in the interior was removed
- The windows were removed

Then they bought a house and the boat was in the harbour lying around. They reinstalled the windows to get the boat watertight again. But since they didn't use special glue this wasn't watertight so they used Duct-tape to seal it.

After 2 years the owner of the harbour called her and asked her to sell the boat because this was a Hurley and unworthy to be left so sad. So I bought her for a very low price. I called my wife and told her she was a boat owner from now on. Perhaps I could have put this more discretely!



This is how I found her (the inboard is damaged due to frost last winter so now there is an outboard which I borrowed from a friend of mine to get the boat to her new place approx 80 miles away). The guy on the picture isn't me.



At home I was installing a complete new toilet, some wood was left over and I made a new 'stairs' out of it (okay, I bought some extra after finishing one step). My wife really loves this wood so I decided to use it for the complete interior. Hope

you like it! (I made the holes in the old stairs. They were approx 15mm deep to get parts of the engine in the wood)

Next thing to do: Change the windows:

I ordered some Plexiglas at the local fabric, and since I know a person there I could look for a nice sheet myself. A 6mm plate with a very light grey colour was selected together with a 10mm part for the escape hatch.

Now only thing to get were some new U-profile rubbers. I found a webshop in the Netherlands who could deliver this rubber for a decent price. Ordering took 2 minutes, waiting for an email reply regarding the total amount and payment instructions took 2 days. After I paid, goods were delivered next business day!



Before:



After:

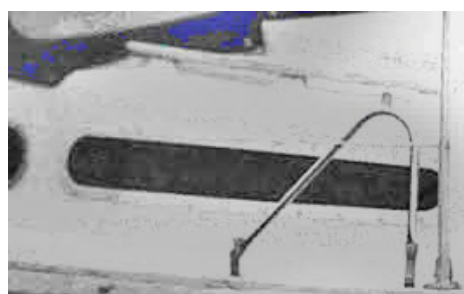
It took me 4 hours per side of the boat to get all duct-tape off the polyester and approx 2 hours to install the new Plexiglas into the aluminium frame. The escape hatch was much more easy, this was done in 2 hours total.

The way to remove the old duct-tape was difficult to select, gasoline, white spirit and polish paste didn't work. Some extra force was needed so I used a wood chisel to scrape the duct-tape away. After that use some polish to get thing shining again.

Before:



After:





I also put some time in the overall looks of the boat, this is the result after a few hours of scrubbing, polishing etc..

The wood used to steer the boat was painted white (same as the rails on top of the deck) After 2 hours of sanding a very nice piece of wood came underneath this was the most beautiful teak I've had ever seen. I gave it some extra attention and 5 layers of transparent paint.

The aluminium bracket the teak is put in, is not anodised so I had to polish that to get the chrome effect. I used 'Belgom Alu' and this is a great product!

Part 2 will include:

- Getting the engine to run after being neglected for 3 years
- Repairing the frost damage on the engine
- A start with the interior rebuild

MARCEL MATTHEIJER



TAMAR HOA SHORE MEETING FRIDAY 27TH NOVEMBER 09 AT THE CHINA HOUSE

Hil and I thoroughly enjoyed the evening and were very heartened by the large turn out. We had 15 members representing 10 boats and a good gender balance too. The Tamar group currently comprises 19 boats, mainly H22's but now also including 4 H24/70's and 2 H20's. There are also quite a few vessels in the West Cornwall group with whom we share our events so if we could organise a full SW Hurley rally it could present an awesome sight! There are still some Hurleys on the Tamar that have yet to join!

The evening was mainly spent in small groups chatting and getting to know each other better. We were pleased to meet new members, Dave Spalding and Eddy and Liz Norris for whom we are indebted to Kevin Mitchell from Torbay, who must now be our best recruiter! The talk soon revealed the value of getting together – the shared interests and achievements, the common problems and the interesting ways owners have got round them. We have a wide range of sailing experience in the group including some who have done many challenging miles in all sorts of craft. It all made for good company and an absorbing evening.

We signed a card to Jerry and Jean who joined us with great enthusiasm at the beginning of the year but who have been unable to make any of the events due to problems beyond their control. Nonetheless, they have kept in touch throughout the year. We wish them better luck next season.

Wandering around, there was no difficulty in collecting ideas for 2010, adding to some mailed by those who couldn't make the evening. As a result, I have put them together below and they could represent a very varied and challenging programme for next year.

We can look back on a first year with the Tamar group, in which joining with West Cornwall members, we had floating events nearly once a month. They ranged from the Yealm twice, Fowey, Salcombe, Falmouth and the Scillies. Our best turn out was the Salcombe rally with 8 boats coming from as far as the Helford river on the West side (well done, Bruce and Vicky Carter – 12 hours direct to Salcombe) and Torbay on the East.

Our friends from West Cornwall very kindly shared their trophies with us; a fine cup to be engraved with names for the best Hurley achievement, (at any level) and an H22 half model on a timber backing, for photography. After some discussion, the cup was awarded to Gary Hoyle from St Marys for buying an H22 in Guernsey, sailing it early in the season back to Falmouth (it was to be Salcombe but the weather had other ideas) where he replaced his "brittle" sails with new and continued on to his home in the Scillies. Well done Gary – your name should soon appear on the cup. (We'll need another one for getting it to you!) We also acknowledged the achievements of Bruce and Vicky Carter in H22 Gala and Phil Biggs in H22 Gypsy, who sailed to the Scillies together from the Helford and the Fal, involving some pretty lively weather on the return journey!





The photography award went to Kevin Mitchell for his lovely pictures and superb log of his journeys and details of the work he has done to “Vixen”, his H22 . We also greatly appreciated the lovely enlargements he presented to those owners whose boats he had captured on the rallies. Many thanks, Kevin.

Just putting together the ideas proposed for next year, a programme might look like this –

- Initial round the Eddystone trip, photographing each other passing the lighthouse. A good 25 mile run from the breakwater.
- Long weekend to Falmouth, possibly visiting Polperro en route. This could also be a departure point for another Scillies trip
- Fowey seems a “must”! (Also potential for Polperro)
- Dartmouth – to give the Torbay contingent a closer meeting. This could also be a departure point for Guernsey.
- Then I’m sure, there will be some W. Cornwall events too, which might share some dates like the Falmouth trip.

Our next meeting will, we hope, be at the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club, to coincide with the HOA AGM on Saturday 6th March 2010. We might be able to meet committee members there and of course, our own James Hester is on the committee. They have good catering facilities.

TONY LITTLEWOOD



BOAT SHOW OFFER

We are pleased to pass on an offer from National Boat Shows to HOA members for discounted entry into the London Boat Show, plus a free drink.

"In a relatively new 'Clubs & Associations' initiative that National Boat Shows have readily agreed an initiative is needed to revitalise the traditional atmosphere at their shows with a greater core sailing-community presence, I'm delighted to invite your Hurley Owners Association membership, along with their families & friends, to take advantage of a discounted no-strings ticket offer that includes admittance on Preview Days at the London International Boat Show 2010. And, thanks to the support of International Paint, anyone who takes up this offer under your banner will also be entitled to a free pint of beer, glass of wine or a soft drink during their visit.

To avoid any cumbersome administration, these tickets could be ordered directly by individuals using a 'Hurley OA' booking Code right up until the last day of either show – via the official show website or telephone hotline (see below)."

John Goode Nautical adviser to National Boat Shows"

London International Boat Show (8th – 17th January 2010)

.Hurley Owners Association Booking Code: LJG84

.Tickets can be purchased right up until the last day of the Show

.Two types of ticket – After entering the above Booking Code on the LIBS official website, or when telephoning the LIBS ticket agency, you will have the following option:

£11.00 – Admission any day including Preview Day and a Free Drink

£10.00 – Admission any day including Preview Day

Website bookings – www.londonboatshow.com Telephone bookings – 0844 209 0333

IMPORTANT NOTES

Free Drink: A voucher will be sent with each purchased ticket which can be redeemed for a pint of beer or larger, a glass of house wine or soft drink at the Clubs & Associations Bar which is situated next to the Classic Boat Feature in the North Hall.

Group Bookings: The above telephone number and website are for orders of less than 10 tickets in any one transaction. Orders for 10 or more tickets (still at the same price & with the free drink option) can only be made by phoning National Boat Shows group booking ticketing agency on 0207 014 8444.

Under 16's go free: Up to two free child tickets can be ordered with each purchased ticket. Regrettably, the above drink offer does not apply to free child tickets.

Single transaction fee of £1.25: Applies whether ordering one or any greater number of tickets.

Postal Delays: Because it could take up to 7 days or so for them to arrive by post, any tickets purchased shortly before or during the show can be collected on arrival from the advance ticket box office at the main (DLR station) entrance.





MEMBERSHIP

An early reminder that the annual subscription of £10 falls due on 1st March unless you joined on or after 1st October 2009.

Standing Order forms for members with a UK bank account are available on request.

Payment by electronic transfer should be to:- HOA, A/C no.71155407, Sort Code 40-20-29

From overseas:- IBAN - GB52MIDIL40202971155407 BIC/Swift code - MIDLGB2130U

By PayPal to:- Hurley Owners Association

For the latter two please ensure that any charges are covered.

NEW MEMEBERS

<u>Area</u>	<u>Boat</u>	<u>Boat location</u>	<u>Home</u>
<u>South West</u>			
Mike Ash	27	Ashore	Saltasornwall
Dave Spalding	20	Paignton	Paignton, Devon
Alan Walsh	20	Ashore	Fiddington, Somerset
<u>South</u>			
Colin Burnell	22	Chichester	Andover, Hants
Keith Fisher	22	Chichester	Weyhill, Hants
<u>Thames & East Coast</u>			
Pete Hodgkins	24/70	Maldon	Benfleet, Essex
<u>Scotland</u>			
Scott Bennett	24/70	Connel	Isle of Harris
Gavin Campsie	22	Fortrose	Kiltarlity, Invernesshire
Neville Shenton	Alacrity	Garlieston	Garlieston, Wigtownshire
<u>North West</u>			
Roy Sweet	22	Barrow-in-Furness	Barrow-in-Furness
<u>Wales</u>			
Max Hyde	N/K	N/K	Newtown, Powys
<u>Europe</u>			
Geoff Drakeford	22	Cadiz	Cadiz, Spain
Marcel Mattheijer	22	Niftrik, Netherlands	Wijchen, Netherlands

No doubt the single handed cruiser and small boat sailor of today, had he been born some two or three hundred years ago, would have been a pirate instead of a member of a respectable yacht club.

"CLOVE HITCH" [Harry Robert], *editor*
A Handbook of Sailing, 1925



FOR SALE

Full details of For Sale and Wanted are on the website.

At present the following are on offer:

Felicity	-	two
Hurley 22	-	five
Hurley 24/70	-	one
Atlanta	-	one
Anderson 30	-	one



Burgees ** Burgees ** Burgees ** Burgees

Do not forget your Association burgee!!!!

Standard size £17.50 incl. p&p

Large size £16.00 incl. p&p

Available from Mike Sheridan at the address below

Newsletter

Copy welcome any time in any form to:

Mike Sheridan, 152 Chesterfield Drive, Sevenoaks TN13 2EH

Tel: 01732 453069, E-mail: mike@hurleyownersassociation.co.uk

HOA COMMITTEE

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