



Hurley Owners Association

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

Affiliated to the RYA

www.hurleyownersassociation.co.uk

NEWSLETTER NOVEMBER 2006

FROM THE EDITOR

As I write this I am having to face up to the fact that Christmas is a' coming and yet outside the weather has been better than some days when I was supposed to be enjoying time afloat! Be that as it may I hope you have all had some good sailing and are now no doubt making plans for next season's daring do.

As you read this edition you will be able to share in several cruises and the good news is that they range from Finland to the east coast of America. Many thanks to the contributors. It is in many ways what HOA is all about – sharing our experiences be they afloat or carrying out repairs/modifications etc. Which leads me to a request from Nick Vass. If you have carried out any modifications, installations or repairs please forward to him the details plus photo's if possible. These can then be added to the archive so that we have to hand a practical response to a request "How do I.....". Nick is also hoping to add a FAQ section to the website.

You will see from the Directory that comes with this newsletter that our numbers have swelled considerably this year. A very warm welcome to all. Can I ask you all to check your entry in the Directory. It may have been correct the last time you looked but I seem to have a knack for unknowingly transposing items.

The AGM is when you have the opportunity to have your say on Association matters. The very nature of the organisation makes it difficult or impossible for many, indeed the majority, of members to attend. But you may submit items for the agenda and a statement of your view on the subject to the Secretary by mid January. The date for your diary is Saturday, **3rd March 2007** at the Hornet Sailing Club, Gosport.

HURLEY BURLEY

(From Sally Taylor, Baltimore, USA)

About three years ago, after a major flood in Baltimore, I finally adopted a very small boat that had been abandoned in the backwater of Baltimore Harbor where I have an apartment. She was partially submerged, as scroungers had left her hatch open and snow and rain had put about a foot of water in her interior. I bailed her out and rowed her to a nearby yard where she was lifted out and examined. Seeing she was still sound, I proceeded to replace much of the missing furniture interior with Lexan, a strong, lightweight plastic material used in making greenhouses. Some hardware was missing, and of course the old mainsail was shot.



At the sail loft, as I looked over used sail options, I learned she was a Hurley 20, built in England. Hull number 3452. I named her Hurley Burley. Eventually I had a new main built in Hong Kong, and found numerous usable head sails.

After quite a bit of solo sailing around the Chesapeake Bay, I decided last summer to sail her to

Maine, or as close as I could get. About 500 miles up the east coast of the USA. I began in early May, stopping each night either at anchor or in a harbor. I kept everything minimal on the boat: No battery system, but a small solar charger for the cell phone and VHF radio; a solar powered radio; a solar powered white light and battery-powered removable lights for the stern/anchor and bow, as needed (which wasn't much).

A single propane powered stove for hot water sufficed for tea and hot food. A plastic milk jug for elimination issues. A two horsepower Honda 4-stroke engine for power which will move Hurley Burley at nearly 5 knots, if there is no current or wake.

In many of the passages, the current and wind together were greater than that against me. So I would just wait for conditions to change. Working with winds and tides, I could get anywhere I needed to go. I spent 10 weeks, altogether, and had a blast. Everyone LOVED the fact that I was travelling so far in such a small boat. People made a huge fuss over me. I felt like Ellen Macarthur. Usually a mooring or a slip was available for HB when none were left for bigger boats. If nothing else, I could just nuzzle into



the dinghy dock with everyone else's dinghies. The longest open water passage was 35 miles out to Nantucket Island off Cape Cod. I stayed there for six days, waiting for the current to once again favor me for an early morning return. Only once did the Honda 2 fail me. I hit some thick seaweed in the Cape Cod Canal that snapped the already weakened sheer pin. With current and wind in my favor, I could have made it through without the engine, but the Coast Guard doesn't allow un motorized boats in the Canal, there is a great deal of barge traffic. I was towed, free of charge, through the last 3 miles, by the Army Corps of Engineers. At the dock where they deposited me, I switched out a new sheer pin and

was off again. (The Honda 2 is so small, I managed to wedge a second engine into the lazarette on the port side, for emergencies, but I never needed it.) I did worry about hitting something at sea that might hole the boat, so I bought a short styrofoam surfboard, just in case. And I did carry a GPS, but I didn't use it much. I consider it cheating, when you have land nearby from which to assess your position. While I was a "tiller slave", without an auto-pilot, it didn't really cause trouble. With the engine on, and a bungee cord across the cockpit holding the tiller in position, she would keep her course long enough for me to go below for something, or hank on a headsail. In a good breeze, close hauled, she would sail herself. Off wind, as I often was, my asymmetrical spinnaker (really a genniker) flew us along at better than 5 knots most of the time, though I had to stay with the tiller.

Finally, the summer came to an end and rather than leave my little boat up in Maine through a long, cold winter, I had her trucked back to Baltimore. The distance I spent 10 glorious weeks making north took just 14 hours to recover in an 18-wheel rig on the highway, proving once again it is time not speed that counts most in this life.

My next plan is to sail her south in the Spring, and explore the Gulf Coast from Pensacola FL to New Orleans LA. I've heard all the marinas have been rebuilt since Hurricane Katrina, but much of the interior is only accessible to shallow draft boats.

Sally Adamson Taylor

*The following invitation has been received.
Please contact Neil Coventry direct to accept
or for more details.*

*Silhouette Owners International Association,
South West Group,*

*cordially invite Hurley Owners Association
members to attend a talk by Len Copley on
the River Dart, from source to sea at
RPCYC, Thursday 1st March 2007 at
8.00pm.*

*If you are interested in attending please
contact the SW Commodore:*

Neil Coventry on 01752 785179

RALLIES – 2006

The Far South West Rally, (Carrick Roads, Falmouth Area) September 2006

The seeds for this rally came from me contacting Phil Briggs about the Isles of Scilly Rally. Having had engine problems I could not go and suggested to Phil that a more local rally might be worth organising. Using the membership list I phoned eleven members on it and had a positive response from seven. The weekend 2nd to 3rd September was suggested and six of the boats could come. This proved to be a very stormy weekend as a result it was postponed until 9th to 10th September. The plan was to meet on the Visitor Pontoon north of Turnaware on the Fal River, Saturday evening or Sunday morning.



Michael Wills, Esmeralda with Gypsy along side

After half an hour, not wishing to get stuck in a falling tide, we left Esmeralda and sailed down Carrick Roads. Just south of St Just un-forecasted FOG rolled in. Visibility was down to 150 yards. Jim lowered his sails and motored into Falmouth using his radar. Phil turned for St Just and we headed for Helford River. Using GPS. 'go to' mode and compass, with Vicki keeping watch we came out of the fog just before we got into the river and we were moored up by 1430. I phoned around to check that all had arrived back safely. Phil suggested a Hurley owners social meeting in the winter months, with partners etc. We all agreed it was good to meet and would do so again next season.

Bruce Carter



Veronica on Gypsy

We left our mooring in Helford River about 1600 against an Easterly Force 4 and incoming Spring tide. It took us an hour to cover 1.5 nm, but when we got out of the river the wind increased to E Force 5. We reefed in the main and the genny and covered the next 7.5 nm in 90 minutes (good sail). On the pontoon we met Phil Briggs ("Gypsy" 22) and crewing for him was Veronica Donaghue ("Jo Dee" 22) non member.

After we had fed ourselves Phil and Veronica joined Vicki and myself for a drink and chat on "Gala" 22. In the morning Michael Wills ("Esmeralda" 24/70) contacted me on VHF, saying that he had had engine trouble and had returned to his mooring. Jim Lloyd-Davies ("Katie V" 24/70) arrived about 1000 and we had a chat and a coffee. At 1100 we three Hurley's set off to motor down to Looe Beach to meet Michael & Jackie Wills.

RALLIES 2007

Plans are afoot for getting together in 2007. At present the following are proposed:

South West - Dartmouth in June organised by Roger Kynaston.

Plymouth - Join with the Silhouette Association again in August organised by Nick Vass.

Solent - Organiser sought; mid to late May.

East Coast - Organiser sought; date to be set.

It would be great to have rallies in other areas. If any member would like to organise one please contact a committee member

SAILING ON THE GULF OF BOTHNIA

From Risto Torkkeli sailing on the Nordic waters in Finland.

The island of Reposaari (Fox Island) is located on the west coast of Finland, some 150 km north of Turku. Reposaari is part of the City of Pori, which lies 30 km inland. There are 1,000 permanent inhabitants on this idyllic island, and lots of tourists visit it in the summer. My dream had always been to live by the sea, and it came true in 2001 when we built our house just 30 metres from the waterfront. The following links contain some material in English, if anybody is interested: www.reposaari.net ; www.pori.fi



Gulf of Bothnia



Map of Reposaari

Purchase

In August 2005 I saw a for sale advertisement for a Hurley 18. It turned out that the boat was in Vaasa, some 170 km to the north. We drove there to see it and made the deal, although I had no idea whether it was a sensible thing to do. The owner, Mats a professional sailor in the merchant marine, delivered the boat to Reposaari on a windy day in September. Now my only problem was to learn to sail! I practically started with an instruction book in my left hand and the tiller in the right hand. No problemo!

Siri

The first thing was to name the boat; my wife Sirpa suggested "Siri" (*Sirpa & Risto*), which seemed appropriate. Siri (sail no. 148) went to Sweden in 1968 and Mats bought her a couple of years ago. He sailed it many times to Sweden and along the Finnish coast to the south, so I thought that was a proof of the seaworthiness of the Hurley 18.

Remodelling

In the past, somebody had fancied white, and had thus painted the inside woodwork and the mast. It took me an entire day to remove the paint from the mast which in my opinion looks much better as it is, anodised. A lot of sanding and new paint here and there was required, too, but I liked that kind of work. The wooden sliding roof looked miserable, so I made a new one using the original wooden parts as a model and acrylic plastic instead of plywood with aluminium frames in the corners. The windows were worn and gloomy, and I made new ones, except for the front window (it is still there), during the winter.



Ready for sailing

Mats had not liked the original heating system so he had replaced it with an iron stove where he burned wood. To me this seemed a bit awkward as well as dangerous so I removed the stove, thinking that if it is too cold, I will rather stay ashore. I had a Johnson outboard motor and the local handyman welded a

trailer for Siri. Thus, she can be launched with a tractor, which is very handy and saves money, too. So, in the spring of 2006 Siri was all set for the new season.



First outing in the Spring

The sails were worn out, so I ordered new ones in August as I wanted to test them before the winter. They should have arrived here within a month, but for some reason I am still waiting for them in November... The Finnish dealer seems to be a bit inefficient, so if nothing happens, I am afraid I will have to start looking for another sail factory. If anybody knows a reliable and customer-friendly sail maker, please inform me. The speedometer wire was broken, but I managed to fix it. Siri had over 3000 miles in the log (I wonder what places she has been to over the years), and we added 300 miles to it during the summer, sailing in the nearby waters.



Nice sailing in Finland

Our season starts in early May and ends in October. We have no tide, but occasionally the sea can be very choppy. The waters to the west of Reposaari have no sheltering islands, and thus the west winds can bring a big swell from Sweden. If the wind is not too strong, this is just great fun. There are hundreds, actually thousands of islands of various sizes to the north and the south.

In Finland we have the so-called “Everyman’s Right”, meaning that you may enter other people’s land to camp, pick berries, mushrooms etc. so there is no fear of trespassing, but you may not cause any harm and must stay away from the owner’s yard. However, many islands are difficult to approach as there may be underwater rocks. There are some islands around here where the city of Pori has constructed a jetty. The island of Outoori, located some 8 miles from our home is one of these places, and we have sailed there several times. If the sun is shining, it will be warm there.



The islands of Outoori.



Visiting Outoori.

If anybody is interested to get more information on sailing in the Finnish waters, do not hesitate to contact me. I will be glad to be of assistance. We have a well-furnished guest marina here. Any HOA members finding their way here are guaranteed to get at least one beer!

Risto Torkkeli
risto.torkkeli@kolumbus.fi

OLGA - A RE-BIRTH

(From Bill Neate, Co.Cork, Ireland)

After acquiring Olga, a Hurley 20, Sail No.52 this time last year I spent the winter giving her a bit of a birthday. Dating back apparently to 1967 she was showing some signs of obvious wear and once work commenced, less obvious wear came to light. However after many learning curves she was floated minus mast in early summer after trailing her round the narrow roads of West Cork to Union Hall adjacent to the probably better known Glandore. Efforts to raise the mast at Union Hall with the boat still on the cradle proved beyond us and with the mast lashed to the deck she was moored off the pier to await the journey to a mooring at Castletownsend to the west some one and a half to two hours easy cruise away. Here it was hoped that a low tide and a high pier would permit the un-initiated to get the, by now, accursed mast up.



Olga

With a promising morning and an unsuspecting friend we started the sparkling new Mercury 4 and cruised away from the mooring somewhat cluttered by mast, halyards, sheets and rigging which threatened to lynch one of us long before we passed the twin islands of Adam and Eve - sailing directions, 'hug Eve but avoid Adam.' Outside Adam a following swell from the east had not moderated overnight as expected and it would be interesting to

see how the Hurley coped. Better than us it might be proved.

In the shelter of High and Low Islands we made good if wet progress. The towed dinghy never seemed happy on a long or short tow but it was our contact with the outside world however full of water. An hour into the trip found us in a quite unsuspected thick fog. It was so thick that we could not see across the narrow inlet of well named Blind Harbour. By keeping a weather eye on the breaking surf on the rocks close to our right we found our way blocked by surf across our course luckily just about when and where I expected it, demanding a ninety degree turn to round the island guarding the entrance into Castlehaven. It was here that the engine ran out of fuel. After pouring more petrol outside than in, we were off again and ran out of the fog into sun and the run up to Castletownsend and our mooring beyond Reen pier.

The plan to raise the mast at the pier had its moments but all was saved by a returning fishing party when many hands made light work. The next few weeks were spent sorting the rig out and the two sails. The furling jib worked beautifully on the new Plastimo furling system until it was found that the temporarily fitted forestay was unfurling with the sail. Whoops! Having re sewn what was a very suspect genoa many times, a new one was ordered from Christoffe at Fastnet Sails, Goleen. It is fantastic and sets well, was produced within a week and several hundred euro cheaper than the next quote. The roller boom which as far as I could see had not rolled for many seasons was finally un jammed and we were away. It was now the end of the summer but Olga has been left on the mooring with the hopes of some winter sailing. A temporary (hopefully) illness has kept me from Olga but at least we will be ready early in the spring. Graduating from a Contessa 32 I still have a lot to learn about Hurley's but I am sure I will enjoy trying.

Bill Neate (and Olga)

"No will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail, for being in a ship is being in a jail with the chance of being drowned."

SAMUEL JOHNSON
The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 1786
by James Boswell

Jigger Too, a “tale” from Holland

To introduce myself, Willem Scheppers (male, Dutch and 51) and explain my passion for sailing I've got to go back to the early 70's .

In 1970 I attended a sailing school and learnt to sail a dingy. Two years later I became a (summer holiday) sailing instructor in the Dutch province of Friesland. After having done this for three years I started my study of architecture and ended up being a Cobol-pilot (programmer) marrying, buying a house, raising 4 kids, taking over the family business (machine builders), buying a bigger house with a large garden etc etc. With all this there was hardly time left for sailing.

At a Christmas family gathering in 2000 I sat back with my laptop wandering around a website called Marktplaats (marketplace). On this site was a large section with yachts and secretly (with the family around me!) I latched on to an advertisement offering a Hurley 22. Strengthened by the thought “and NOW it's MY turn” I bought it!.

Our Hurley (suffering from osmosis but successfully treated!) was called Jigger and served us for 3 years. My wife (length 1.85 m; me 1.75 m) finally decided that Jigger's cabin height (1.55m) was too much for our (ageing) backs. So I started to look around. I found a Hurley 30/90 made an offer and bought her. We renamed her “Jigger Too”

There was one downside to this deal. The previous owner started to renovate her but only the hull and engine were treated leaving the interior untreated!. After having her sailed from Hellevoetsluis (near Rotterdam) to her home port Van Ewijksluis (near Den Helder) and finally driving her by trailer to the back of our garden in Bergen NH (near Alkmaar (40 km north of Amsterdam)) we started to renovate her.



Jigger Too

At this stage we also started our website (www.hurleysailing.nl) on which we place images and comments. Please feel free to visit the site, follow our progress and mail us your comments!



The bare bone !

You will notice that there is a gap from September 2005 until now. This is because business and family took so much time that there was hardly anything left for our Jigger Too.

But the intention is to spend more time and means to get her afloat somewhere in the second half of 2007!

I'm very glad that the HOA exists because the member list offered me the opportunity to get in contact with Hurley 30/90 owners (all over the world) and exchange useful information! Maybe in the near future we'll meet somewhere on the water, so look out for Jigger Too!! .

Willem Scheppers

(Ed: Do visit the website where there where there are lots more pictures.)

“How many times when worried with business, or stifled by fogs, shall we see white cliffs, sparkling seas, dainty sails, and trim craft, grand headlands, and sunny bays with marvellously gleaming sands, while the very thought brings whiffs of barmy air redolent of ozone and brimful of health. The deeds of the summer will be the delightful companion of the winter”

FRANK COWPER

Sailing Tours: Part II: The Nore to the Scilly Isles, 1893

TONGA – GOING HOME

(From John Britland, Derby)

Part 1 Exmouth to River Dee

Tonga, a bilge keeled Hurley 24 was purchased in Exmouth. This is the narrative log of our trip from Exmouth to our mooring on the Dee. Do not expect an epic sailing adventure as the need to get from A to B in a reasonable time meant going as quickly as possible, no matter which way the wind blew.

Thursday May 4th. Motored out of Exmouth into quite a swell that had me a little uncomfortable but my wife, Georgie (Georgina) and son Jonathan quite queasy as they had not been sailing recently. It got worse as we left the last buoy and turned parallel to the swell, where Georgie soon took to a bucket. Our first day was a motoring trip to get us into the feel of our new (first) boat. We made Dartmouth and refuelled. Soon after leaving the fuelling barge, our low water alarm sounded. I quickly stopped the engine and dropped the hook as the tide was still rising. I tried the strainer but with no luck. The harbour master towed me alongside to the town quay and I spent a happy hour or two fitting a new impeller and gasket. We finally showered and ate a fish supper at 21:30 hrs. a delightful end to our first day!

Friday May 5th. Hot and flat calm passage to the Yealm. Anchored in the Yealm. entrance watching a beautiful sunset. p.s. Recommend using a good quality paraffin lamp as a riding light. No drain on the battery.



Pendennis Marina



A steady hand

Saturday May 6th. Managed a little sailing next day but ended up motoring again for half the trip to Falmouth. At Pendennis marina, I found out that Tonga does not like stopping. Most of my experience is in chartering modern boats that stop at will and spin on a sixpence, not Tonga! I gave her a burst of reverse after minimum revs. in forward and I was informed that I was going too fast. I gave her a prolonged blast of reverse only to hear my wife shouting that we were going to hit the pontoon. I put her in full reverse and left it there but there was still an almighty bang as we hit the pontoon! When we were safely tied up I went to inspect the damage. Tonga had a small scuff but the pontoon had a dent 1" deep and 2" wide. Thank goodness for the GRP thickness on old boats.

Had a day off due to fog next day, Sunday 7th May and was later told that it was only on the river. Visited the maritime museum, well worth the delay, but went to Helford during the afternoon.

Monday May 8th. Left Helford and cleared the Manacles before making course for the Lizard on jib alone. The wind soon headed us and we were back on engine. The Lizard was reasonable so we went through the race. By now Georgie had got her sea legs and volunteered to make drinks but I got her to wait until clear of the overfalls as making a good speed had Tonga dancing about quite lively. Wind then in-

creased to 4/5 on the nose. We went into Newlyn and tied up outside 4 trawlers. We had to climb over these boats and scale an iron ladder to get ashore. We reversed the trip in the dark and at low water with a long flight of rungs to negotiate. Georgie does very well at 65 years young.

Tuesday May 9th. Our son left at Penzance, holiday time expired. He had been a great support for my wife as she has very little experience and now the pressure was on her to help.

Wednesday May 10th We had anchored outside Penzance over night. Today was one my wife was dreading. Everyone at Exmouth asked her, with some astonishment, if we were rounding Land's End until it took on the proportions of Cape Horn! As it turned out, we had the tide down to Land's End, slack water as we rounded it (under engine) and the tide then helping us North. We made Newquay that day, sometimes in a quarter mile visibility. Thank goodness for sat. nav. I only wish that I had not told Georgie that once round Land's End that the west wind would be favourable for sailing from now on. It went into the north!

Thursday May 11th . We made Boscastle, the wind flukey and often heading us. We needed to try and sail as we constantly had trouble getting diesel but the wind seldom obliged. Boscastle is a nightmare for a stranger to enter. We were fortunate as the sea was calm. I studied the pilot and almanac and was sure we had the right place but all we could see was cliffs. We entered a depression in the cliff as far as we dared and saw a "lead" to the left but there was little room to turn round if it was wrong so we went out and looked at the directions again. Sure that I was right, I tentatively re-entered the cove. I turned left and crept along the lead until at last I could see that it did indeed turn right into the harbour. It never quite gave up on me as I managed to ground her before we tied up. We spent the rest of the evening trying to get derv with no luck. In the pub that night, I found that the nearest derv was at the main road filling station at the top of a long hill out of the village. We had mixed luck the next day. A local lad turned up in the morning on a trail type motor bike with 6 litres of red tied on the back. His celebrating the previous night meant he had missed the tide! He made up some of his losses by selling me the derv which I graciously paid over the odds for. After filling the tank, I used a cooking oil tin from the pub to carry the rest. This tin stayed with us until we reached Holyhead! The down side was that we had run out of Calor and unable to get any. This meant

no hot food or drinks until Ilfracombe (2 days later). From now on we ate rather stale cheese and onion sandwiches and washed it down with water/squash! Saturday May 13th Left Boscastle at about 05:30 as our stern anchor had dragged and we were in danger of suffering damage against the wall. Hartland Point was rough and Georgie was afraid to look behind at the large breakers that swept past us. When the tide began to head us, we settled for Appledore rather than Ilfracombe. I wished that we had chosen Ilfracombe before the day had done with us. I could not make out the river entrance so carefully scanned the water between us and the shore and decided to get closer. We ran along parallel to the shore when we suddenly found ourselves among dangerous breakers! We were in shallow water at mid tide! I swung her out to sea and used full throttle for maximum steering effect as broaching would have possibly been fatal. We eventually cleared the ledges that caused the problem. A kindly yachtsman talked us in when we tried to get help on the radio. We "borrowed" a mooring hoping that the owner did not need it that night.

Sunday May 14th Made an easy exit from the river, no sign of those overfalls of the day before. We made Ilfracombe early and had to wait for the tide to get on a mooring. We asked directions of lots of village idiots when trying to find the garage that sold Calor gas but in spite of them we found it. Carrying an empty gas bottle on fruitless wanderings in (by then) warm weather is no joke but at least the thought of hot food and drink instead of stale sandwiches soon had us cheerful again. We ate out at the sailing club that night.

Monday May 15th We managed to sail most of the way across the Severn to Swansea but the visibility was not too good. We had to put the engine on yet again and eventually the fog closed in as we were watching a large ship that we appeared to be on a collision course with. We were not less than a half mile from her and the collision course was very shallow but it was enough to make me anxious. I stopped the engine and listened. The fog cleared within half an hour and the ship had changed direction and crossed behind us. We struggled to make Swansea as a cardinal was not in the position marked, on a new chart, according to my sat. nav. and I had to make quite some distance against a strong current to round it. I noted that we had had enough of being cold, damp and miserable.

Tuesday May 16th We took a long time from Swansea to making the river at Milford Haven. Only

having a passage chart that did not show all of the buoys meant we had to play safe, no short cuts. The weather was deteriorating and we were motoring again. We made Dale in daylight and tied up on the pontoon and spent a miserable noisy night as the wind had gone through 180 degrees and increased to about F6/7 with rain, blowing onto the main hatch and the boat snatching.

Wednesday May 17th To Milford Haven, raining by the bucketful, and as the forecast was bad for the rest of the week, decided to leave Tonga until we could make time to complete the trip. We tried to make Rudder's boatyard, 10 miles up river the next day, but they advised us to use Neyland Marina for the night as they couldn't launch their RIB in those conditions.. The next day moored up at Rudder's with the help of two employees working from the RIB alongside us. Our boathook got broken during the attempts to moor. I fastened the strongest ropes we had to the mooring strop and the jib winches as added security, taking the main and dodgers off to reduce windage.

John Britland

PUBLICITY

As stated in the editorial one of the main aims of the Association is the collection and dissemination of information about our boats. The more members we have the greater our database is likely to be. To help with this a flier is enclosed to pass on to Hurley owners near you, at home or when cruising, to encourage them to join. A second opportunity is through the website. Does your club have a website, if so does it include links to other sites. If yes then please ask your webmaster if he will include www.hurleyownersassociation.co.uk.

DIARY DATES

London Boat Show	5-14 Jan 2007
AGM, Gosport	3 Mar 2007
SW Rally	Jun 2007
Plymouth Rally	Aug 2007
Solent Rally	Mid-Late May
East Coast Rally	Jun 2007

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NEWSLETTER

Copy welcome any time. Send to:
Mike Sheridan, 152 Chesterfield Drive,
Sevenoaks, Kent TN13 2EH

Email - mike@sheridanfamily.me.uk

HOA COMMITTEE

Chairman	Tim Sharman	02392 580437
Vice Chairman	Nick Vass	01722 790173
Honorary Secretary	Audrey Kynaston	0208 405 3951
Membership Secretary }		
Treasurer }	Mike Sheridan	01732 453069
Newsletter Editor }		
Webmaster	Rod Coomber	01275 843910

“So beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past”

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
The Great Gatsby, 1926