

Newsletters 1998 to 2011



Hurley Owners Association

Affiliated to the RYA

www.hurleyownersassociation.co.uk

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EDITORIAL

I know, I know you are wondering what on earth the front cover is all about. Well you may remember receiving an email from Tim seeking a replacement for yours truly as editor. More on that anon.

The AGM. You will probably have read the minutes and seen the photos on the website. A short report is included here with some pics for those without web access. Also a report on the Countess Owners Association AGM by Shona Fairchild, HOA member, who took up the offer from the COA to attend their AGM. The offer applies to their 2012 rallies whose dates are shown with other rally dates.

An item in the editorial of a non sailing journal I have been receiving for over 60 years caught my eye. A remark in the previous months edition was open to misinterpretation. He was saying how he and two assistants were now able to produce a publication which in the past required many hands. Of course he pointed out that they could do this because of the huge progress in word processing and DTP. In the early days it was text based produced on a manual type writer, proof read, corrected, passed to the typesetters, more proof reading and finally sent to the printer. Not sure I got that all right but the staff of 60

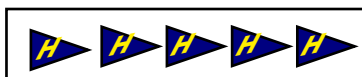
years ago would be amazed to see the glossy, photo filled publication of today

Looking at my back copies of PBO (from 1978) and HOA NL's (from 1998) I see the same progress here. The HOA NL was started by John Udy in the year he set up the association. A one or two page affair initially produced on John's PC and in the main distributed by post. The content covered contacts and meets but by far the most popular, I suspect were all the items about "*how I did this; or overcame that*".

After a year or so Nick Vass took over editorship until 2005 when he handed over to me. Roger Kynaston had a year in the seat in 2007 then it came back to me. In those 14 years publication has become both easier and more sophisticated. Whether you use a WP or DTP program a template will be there to help you and inserting pictures or other objects is just a click of the mouse.

It has been lots of fun and I have learned a lot and made contacts around the globe but you get stale and the NL deserves an input of new ideas. So please get in touch with the committee or me if you would like to learn more.

MIKE



AGM 2012 - PLYMOUTH

We had a relaxed AGM at the RPCYC which was efficiently chaired by Tim Sharman and well hosted by the club, with coffee and very notable chocolate brownies. Some interesting discussion arose from some of the agenda and it is clear that the HOA is alive and well!

It was a great pleasure to have Ian Anderson and his wife Moley with us for lunch too and the large round tables enabled a very sociable atmosphere.

The SW area meeting took place after this, and the aim was to produce the programme for the season. This has not yet been fully resolved but will be published as soon as all the dates are known. However, in addition to the programme we all recognise that spontaneous rallies can occur if we email when we are going out for a sail. If any Hurley owners are likely to find themselves between Torbay and Lands End, please send details a little in advance on the Yahoo site and we'll try to meet up.

TONY LITTLEWOOD

H24 Gallivanti
Tamar River



Steven Dart (just joined), Ian Sinclair,
Kevin Mitchell, Roger Edgington



Moley Anderson, Ian Anderson, John Roberts



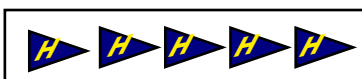
Members gathered on the terrace of the RPCYC



Tim Sharman, Ian Calderhead
and the Andersons



Lunch in the R.P.C..Y.C.



COUNTESS OWNERS' ASSOCIATION AGM AND DRY MEET, MARCH 2012

The COA extended an invitation to HOA members in the eastern area to attend their dry meet near Chelmsford and having just purchased my first boat, a H22, last summer and with everything to learn, I went along to listen to the seminars and meet some other sailors from my area. As a bonus, Ian Anderson was there and I got to shake the hand of the designer of my yacht!

The COA people were very friendly and welcoming and pleased to have an HOA person in attendance. The day was very well organised by Peter Coy, the chairman. Peter had arranged for some COA members and a couple of people from the marine trade to give short talks.



Shona on her H22 Guileen

The RNLI did two, the first on lifejackets and the second on personal locator beacons, EPIRBs and more. John Simpson who designs and markets Echomax radar detectors brought along a variety of detectors, both passive and active. This turned out to be a subject which was much more involved than I could have imagined. Echomax also provide the radar detectors atop some of the buoyage on our seas.

PC chartplotter programs were a popular theme for talks by members. Look at <http://opencpn.org> for free chart plotting software for your laptop.



Mike Norris, a Countess owner, who has sailed thousands and thousands of miles in his own boat and as a professional skipper, gave a very interesting and comprehensive seminar on heavy weather sailing, a subject of which he obviously has a lot of personal experience. Mike brought along some of the serious kit that he carries on board on his ocean voyages, several types of sea anchor or drogue and hundreds of metres of rope and chain to attach them. Mike's presentation gave plenty to think about although his first exhortation was to avoid this sort of weather, obviously it's best to have a strategy in mind if stormy weather arrives. Mike did say that



gear he had purchased for use in stormy weather on his ocean passages.

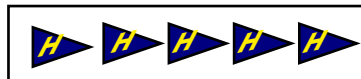
Ian Anderson showed us a slideshow of the sea cruise he and his wife Mo recently had on the Adriatic. The modern day clipper looked fabulous and came complete with a crew of 160 - glad the Hurley doesn't require as many.

Peter Coy extended an invitation to Hurley members to join COA rallies. I shall go along to their first to Titchmarsh marina near Walton-on-the-Naze in June and hopefully some other HOA folk may be encouraged to join us too.

running for the nearest port may not be the best plan but rather keeping away from the land and sitting it out may be the better option. If in the middle of the Atlantic with some hours notice of a storm there may be time to head out of the path of the storm thus averting trouble. As with everything, preparation is vital, and Mike had gone out to sea in foul weather with a group of sailors he had rounded up (advert not press ganging) to practice the strategies and use the

All in all this was a very useful and enjoyable day (and the catering was excellent!) Many thanks to Peter Coy for all his hard work. I understand that the HOA are considering following a similar format with their AGM in future and I can certainly recommend it.

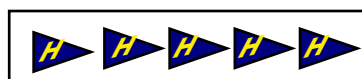
SHONA FAIRCHILD



For coastwise cruising you need very few navigating instruments as you are seldom out of sight of land. A sextant is quite unnecessary when you can see the ladies bathing on the beach with the naked eye, and if you see such an instrument in a little yacht that spends her time dodging round the coast from one river to the next in fine weather, you can safely attribute its presence to "swank". For cruising of this sort no extensive knowledge of navigation is required, and the aid of a compass, lead and line, and the charts of the district you should be able to find your way without difficulty.

FRANCIS B. COOKE

Coastwise Cruising: From Erith to Lowestoft, 1929



65

RALLIES

South West

5-7th May Fowey Rally. Contact Tony Littlewood

25-28th May The Fowey Rally. Contact Bruce Carter. (The West Cornwall Hurley group have used this weekend for the last 6 seasons for this rally but at the Plymouth social after the AGM The Tamar Valley Hurley group decided to use 5-7th, thus the two Fowey Rallies dates) June sometime, Isles of Scilly (weather dependent). Contact Bruce Carter.

July France, Channel Isles or extended cruise to the east from Plymouth, contact Tony Littlewood.

August sometime (21-27th?) The Fal Rally. Contact Bruce Carter.

September 28-29th Yealm/Tamar Rally. Contact Tony Littlewood.

November 23rd Shore meeting RPCYC. Contact Tony Littlewood

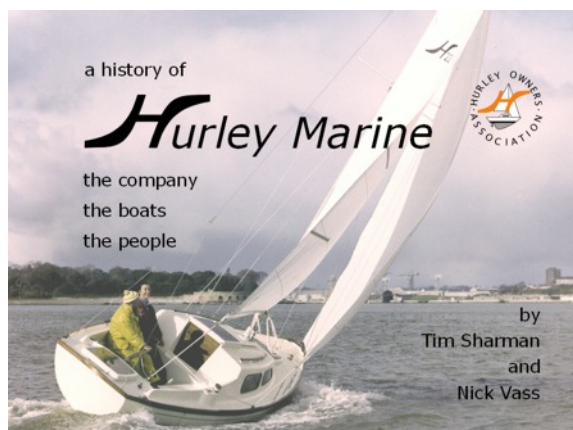
South

14th / 15th July, Poole Yacht Club . Mike Carter has booked us into Poole Yacht Club for the weekend of 14th / 15th July. The tides this weekend are almost negligible - ideal for exploring Poole harbour.

East Coast (South)

COA rallies at Titmarsh Marina, 9th June & Bradwell Marina, 8th September. HOA members welcome

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BOATS, CANALS AND TRAINS.

There are many interesting ways to take a holiday. Recently my son Wes visited Morocco with friends



could go wind surfing and skiing on the same day. It seemed an exciting thing to do but wasn't cheap! Quite a while ago my cousin Chris and I had an interesting if less expensive couple of weeks break, partially using my little 22 ft. Hurley. Our plan gambled that the weather gods were on our side, to allow it to work...

We departed about lunch time from a pile mooring on the Hamble. About as early as we could manage after travelling to the boat, rowing out and stowing up.

(See photo 1).

It was a fine Saturday in August with not much wind. We'd catch some of the flood tide, unfortunately though the stream turns west early in the Eastern Solent but 'Miss Content' had a reliable 7 ½ HP Honda four stroke outboard to help her along. Given time our constraints, we decided to press on as far as was possible. Foul tide through the Looe Channel rounding Selsey Bill slowed us down, so Littlehampton harbour looked a sensible bet. Our time of arrival that evening was late and just after low water. Rather to Chris's horror we managed to bump in across the bar in smooth water, tying up in time to find a pub before last orders.

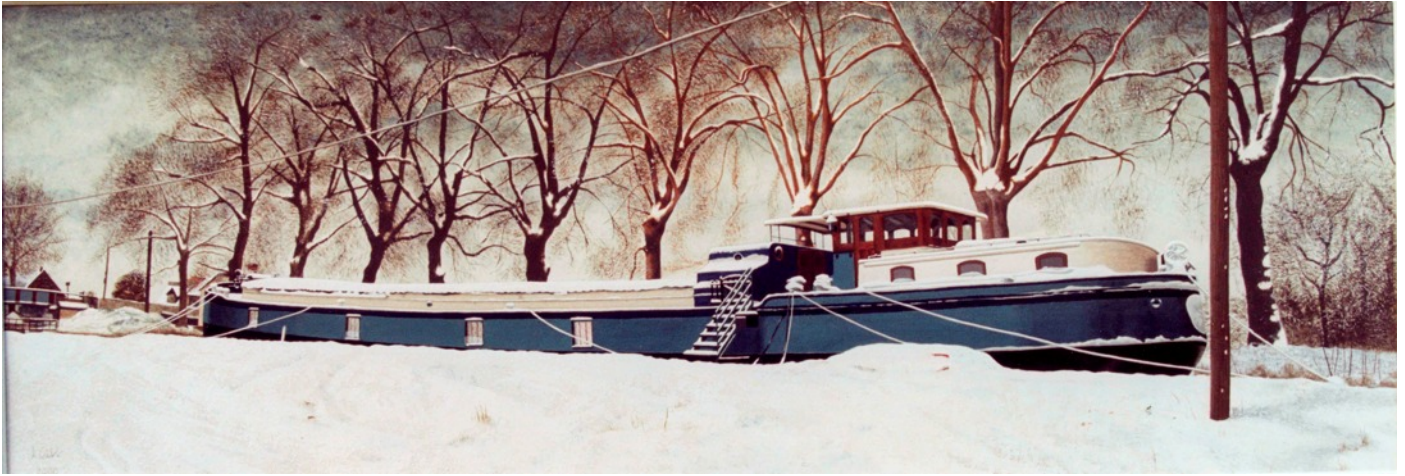
Leaving earlier the next morning with enough rising water to clear the bar, it was surprising how quickly the tidal stream was rushing into the River Arun. We had a pleasant light spinnaker run in a gentle SW'ly enhanced by an afternoon sea breeze to Brighton. On Monday taking full advantage of a brisker westerly winds and twelve hours fair tide given by an Atlantic flood and the North Sea ebb, we anchored that evening in the

s o Outer harbour at Dover. After a wonderful sixty miles sail, we were hoping the weather would be fair enough to cross to Calais the next day. Luck h e was with us bringing a moderate NW'ly airstream that wafted the little boat rapidly across Channel playing dodgems with the big ship traffic. Here we joined a queue of French boats all madly circling round in the outer harbour. They were trying to agitate the bridge/loch gate operator and arouse him into opening for them!

On Wednesday morning after visiting the harbour master and obtaining permission to leave 'Miss Content' for a while in the inner harbour; we hopped on a train to Strasbourg. Here we joined my parents and sister on their old 36 ft. wooden motor boat 'Ronjo II'. We enjoyed a lovely quietly contrasting and mellow time gently exploring the French countryside by canal. Blessed with much warmer Continental weather and some wonderful local food and wine, occasionally rousing ourselves enough to try our hand at wind surfing, without much success!



Being so far from the sea it's amazing to think of Strasbourg classed as a medium sized French port. The cathedral spire is visible for miles on the flat land surrounding the city, a medieval skyscraper when it was built and the tallest in the world between the 11th and 14th centuries. French canals are still used for trade and much wider than those in UK. My sister Pat had recently bought a barge 'Audace' to live aboard. A standard 123 ft length Peniche that made a wonderful sized living space moored close to the city in a pleasant spot. (See Janet's painting of 'Audace' in winter).



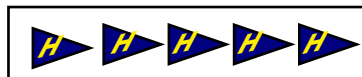
the headland at Dungeness. Here we anchored off Rye in the pitch dark in smooth water as the wind collapsed. Spending a few hours watching a magnificent Perseids meteor shower in the dark, which we'd noted would occur from the almanac. Chris managing to count well over a hundred shooting stars!

Light variable winds then plagued us all the way back via Newhaven and Chichester, but the outboard kept us plodding along.

Our train journey to Calais late the following Wednesday soon returned us back to Miss C, allowing time to prepare for departure early in the morning for the leg home. Re-crossing the Channel in a moderate SE'ly breeze felt quite lively, after the gentle week pottering in the canals. But it gave more time to push on west and round

Finally returning the boat to her Hamble berth on Sunday lunchtime, after enjoying a couple of weeks with two varied types of boating.

JOHN SIMPSON.



BOOKCORNER THAT NEVER WAS

A few years back I tried to start a book corner (how could I forget that this was all about sailing the only interest in reading being pilot books and compass points!) This Christmas I was given a book that all South West members should definitely read (and perhaps other members, maybe not ex-colonials!):

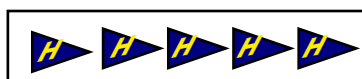
"During the 1560sand 1570s, a maritime revolution took place in England that would contribute more than anything to the transformation of a small rebel state on the fringes of Europe into an imperial power. Until then, it was said that only one man in the country was capable of sailing a ship across the Equator. Within ten years an English ship with an English crew was circumnavigating the globe.

At the same time in Cornwall, in the Fal estuary, just a single building - a lime kiln - existed where the port of Falmouth would emerge. Yet by the end of the eighteenth century, Falmouth would be one of the busiest harbours in the world"

The Levelling Sea.

The Story of a Cornish Haven in the Age of Sail.

By Philip Marsden



CONTINUATION OF THE VOYAGES OF VIXEN - THE 2011 CHRONICLE

For the winter newsletter I was going to write about my seventeen day passage to Helford and back in 2011 but when I drafted it out it was twelve pages long and I feel sure it would have made a good winter's tale but was a bit too long so I have decided to write a foreshortened account of that seasons passages and hope you find it interesting.

My year started when I was looking forward to the first rally so much that I inadvertently left my home port of Torquay a week too early! I was half way across Torbay when I decided to just check my dates and horror of horrors twas then I realised my error. However, not one to turn back too quickly I decided to have two days shakedown up the Dart which was most enjoyable, spent on anchor in the creek above Dittisham. I decided it would be a good idea to leave the boat in Dartmouth for the rest of that week and return home as it would save me three hours at the end of the following week.

Herin lies another story, I am not used to leaving my boat in another port and going home like many folk and I found a mooring with the help of the harbour patrol against a motor sailer on a pontoon, called the water taxi and locked up. It was not till I reached shore that I found I had left my keys on board, hopefully in the cockpit so I went back again to Vixen and found they were not there, presumably on the seat inside. The taxi guy had a pair of stilsons and we broke the padlock, retrieved the keys and put another rather flimsy one in its place and finally went ashore relatively satisfied but a little worried about the rather poor substitute lock. One does not need to have things to worry about when leaving a boat somewhere other than the home port!

The choice for the first Tamar Valley Rally was to go out to the Eddystone and back from either Plymouth or Newton Ferrers and I knew I would be sailing in that direction at the time of the Royal wedding when Kate and Will would be getting married. As they said their vows I was five miles off Burgh Island in Bigbury bay, the weather was sunny with a little cloud and I had a steady NE force 3, so Vixen was sailing smoothly and all was well. There was one fly in the ointment though, the forecast for the meet was not good and whilst I was in Newton Ferrers it deteriorated dramatically, the rally was called off and I ended up being marooned for four days and although on board for that time I found plenty to do, mending things, reading, listening to plays on the radio and music and writing my special journal, in fact I wrote a short story which may or may not get published sometime. I was visited by two HOA members, Bryan and Mike who were brought by the water taxi and we spent a great afternoon together and on another day John Summers came past in a friend's dinghy, they were on their way to his boat moored further down the Yealm.

When I finally ventured to sail back to Salcombe it was still windy and on reefing my old mainsail I managed to rip an eight inch long vertical tear down from one of the cringles which caused me to say some unrepeatable words. Still I was on my way and although it was very turbulent I was soon back in Salcombe where I was able to buy some sail repair tape. The next day once I was back on board I had to put a boom tent over as it started to rain and worked under this. The previous day I had washed the area with fresh water and before fixing the tape decided to try to dry the sail using a finished wine bottle with hot water in. This is a method which was recommended to me by someone to try to dry the sail but I can assure anyone trying to fill a wine bottle with near boiling water without a funnel that it is very difficult indeed, in the end necessity being the mother of invention I poured the water gently down a fid! Mind you, the overall outcome was a bit unsuccessful as the new tape still did not adhere and I ended up painstakingly sewing carefully all around the tape and of course through the sail and the result was very passable if I say so myself. On my return to Torquay I ordered a new main from Crusader sails in Poole and was confident that I would have it in time for any more rallies later on.



St Mawes Castle

Our son was getting married on June the 4th the week after the Fowey rally so I didn't go just in case there was a repeat of my earlier debacle. With two important weddings and a number of non boaty family activities I was well and truly ready for the Falmouth rally scheduled for the 19th/20th August but as usual I knew I would have to leave four days before and to call into my usual places of Salcombe, Newton Ferrers, Fowey and finally Falmouth. This time from Fowey I was accompanied by Phil Kirby in his recently finished Hurley 30/90 which has been a two year project but well worth the effort as the boat not only looks superb, it also sails beautifully, she is called Magatha. Phil was accompanied by his older brother Peter who was



"Place" SE of Amsterdam Pt, Percuil River

a dab hand at cooking some pretty good food as I found out when invited on board.

Our passage from Fowey to the Fal was under motor all the way during which time I caught three mackerel, two for my supper as they were small and one for Peter for bait and the first night we anchored in near perfect conditions right up the Percuil river in the pool beyond the last moorings, good advice from another yachtsman I had met off St Mawes. This mooring for anyone going there is free, which is a rarity in an otherwise expensive area. The following morning we went over to Falmouth and bought food for the bar-b-q on Saturday evening and having separated from each

Phil Biggs another of our members who moors over at St Just had very kindly offered to buy some petrol for my outboard at a garage near where he lives and had suggested I deliver my cans to his dinghy on his mooring so I left Phil and Pete and sailed over, found the drop off dinghy and then went for a really cracking sail in the Carrick Roads before making my way up to Turnaware where members had gathered. A little later I picked my wife up from the National Trust pontoon below Trelissick and we all enjoyed a superb party that evening.

The next day dawned sunny with just a gentle wind, great for photographing each other under sail before



Linda and Kevin



Trelissick House

other I pootled off to get a few things I wanted and ended up buying a Western Morning news and going down onto the jetty with a takeaway coffee with whipped cream on top, a straw to suck noisily through and a goodly sized piece of fresh Tiramisu, yum yum!! Sitting there in the sun listening to the idle chatter of holidaymakers and locals alike I just let the atmosphere wash over me before making my way back to the ferry and a very interesting boatman who told me a bit of the history of the area before the others returned.

we made our way down to St Mawes where we, five boats in all rafted to each other on one mooring. It was not long before the harbour rep came to tell us this was not allowed so we finished our lunch, said our goodbyes and made a spectacular departure, some bound for Helford, others Falmouth and Linda and I went back to the Percuil river for that night and then the next day moseyed over to Helford. Hurrah I had finally made this lovely destination, tried last year but had to abort owing to a strong easterly but this year Vixen entered the river and made her way to Penarvon cove, an anchorage recommended by Bruce Carter who moors his boat nearby. Bilge keeled boats can anchor in quite shallow water here and pay nothing, another benefit not to be sniffed at!

Linda enjoyed rowing about in the dinghy here and especially going to the village shop the next day on her own and said she felt like she was really on holiday and free to explore on her own, not that we don't get on together but I know sometimes it is really nice to have a bit of time to oneself, in fact I am doing it all the time as I mostly sail single handedly. We left to return to the Fal the next morning after just motoring up to Frenchman's creek for a look see and could both

understand how a smuggling tale could have been told about such a wooded place.

I have been looking after my father for the past eight years and his health had recently deteriorated further, he had been blind for six years and had leaned heavily for everything on me but in the last couple of years I had set up a very good care team so there was no



Start Point

time when he was alone and what I didn't realise when in Falmouth was that he was finally getting near the end which actually came when I was on anchorage in Frogmore creek in Salcombe. My sister had told me on the morning of the 29th August that there was no change, he had not spoken for a week, was on a pain relieving pump and was not eating. I asked her to put the phone to his ear and told him I was sorry I could not be with him and that I loved him and I said "Peace be with you dad", goodbye for now inferring I would see him on the other side and my sister phoned me back about ten minutes later to tell me it was as if he had been waiting for my call and had just slipped quietly away after I had spoken to him. Perhaps my readers will think this was a sad ending to this passage but we have been expecting dad to go for some months now and at last he is at peace and reunited with mum who passed away eight years ago. Within those ten minutes a V formation of Canada Geese flew right over the boat and that was my sign, dad loved birds and all wild life.

The 29th August was a beautiful sunny day and I didn't have to leave Salcombe till the afternoon so went and anchored off Sunny Cove just down from the town in fantastically clear water. I had just settled down to read my book when there was a cheery haloo and it was Geoff Cave who has Shelduck an H22 who with his wife Liz anchored right nearby and invited me for coffee and a chat and when I explained what had occurred they were most sympathetic and were just what I needed that day. It was as if our chance meeting was not chance at all but destiny and I will never forget their kindness.

When I left at 1500 hours for Start and Dartmouth I found myself talking to dad most of the way, he was an outdoor person who liked his own company especially when out riding horses on Dartmoor.

My final short passage from Dartmouth to Torquay should not have been attempted because the easterly winds had whipped up very stormy conditions but it is surprising what you do when you think you have to get home to sort things out like funerals, in fact it could very well have been another, mine, but I would have been lost at sea. In all my years of sailing I have never experienced conditions such as they were that day and I can hear you all saying, why did you go, well when I realised just how bad it was I was already a few miles out from Dartmouth, and to turn could have left me open to broaching so I made sure I was well attached and with the 'spring' tide drawing me toward Berry Head I was able to point the boat into the sea and go up up up and down down down into the troughs before rising up again and twisting this way and that. The bow was often right up above me but Vixen rode it all out and when I was a half mile past Berry Head I chose the perfect moment to turn for Torquay and was in fact in the harbour within 2 ½ hours, a passage which on good days takes three, I really had my god, my dad and the tide helping me but the adrenalin was pumping so hard my home port did not seem real and it took a good few hours before I felt back in the land of the living.

There was one more rally to attend, Saturday the 24th September, at Plymouth and to get there the only time to leave Torquay with favourable tide was at 02.30 hours and this time Phil Kirby was with me for the duration. We must have made quite a sight to the trawlers out in the bay, two yachts motor sailing, nav lights on, side by side steaming at around 6 knots for Berry head in pitch blackness. I quite enjoy going off at night now I'm used to it and make sure I have fail safe notes for navigation in case the electronic aids go down. I know what courses to steer and for how long before turning onto the next one and so on and with the tiller pilot working can make a fresh hot drink if I need one and just pop below for the time needed and back up on deck to ensure nothing untoward is happening.

We had a good passage down and spent the night up in the bag then early next morning we met up with Geoff Cave in Salcombe and made our way to Newton Ferrers and the next day to Cawsand where we met our leader, Tony Littlewood and his wife, Hilary. Lunch in the pub on the beach was great fun and then a row back to our boats before moving to Barn Pool for the night. This turned out to be a bad move as the wind went round from SW to SE and we were on a lee shore and a bit close to it as Barn Pool is very deep and we had anchored close in so the sound of the surf and drumming of rain on the coach roof in the night kept most of us awake much of the time. We did however

manage to have a little get together on Magatha last evening which was a time of camaraderie.

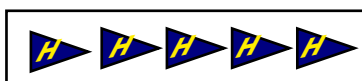
In the morning when I pulled my anchor up it felt extraordinarily heavy and when it finally emerged from the water there was another old iron four pronged one attached to mine, I would not have gone anywhere in the night!! Phil, Geoff and I left Tony and Hilary and had a sail in the sound before making our way at different times back to Newton Ferrers and I must say I had the time anchored in the sun in Cellars bay to really enjoy this place again and would like to share with you something I wrote which sums up this great place.

Whenever I visit Newton Ferrers it is like coming home, it is a truly lovely gem of a place, wooded slopes come down to the water all around and a natural bend in the river creates the pool where now there are many boats

moored, then the creek up to Noss Mayo leads off to the east which is quite tidal and has B moorings for locals.

When the sun is out which it mostly is all the colours intermingle, white boats, red boats, blue boats, green, yellow, the green of the trees, brown of the shore line, blue sky, white fluffy clouds and wind rippled surface of the water, old lichen covered tree roots gnarled with time, the mew of sea birds, cawing of rooks and crows, chatter of boaty people and the occasional slap and crack of sails being tacked and gybed, the slosh of oars, puttering of outboards and general business of a maritime leisure port gives just the right ambience to make a soul feel at peace.

KEVIN MITCHELL

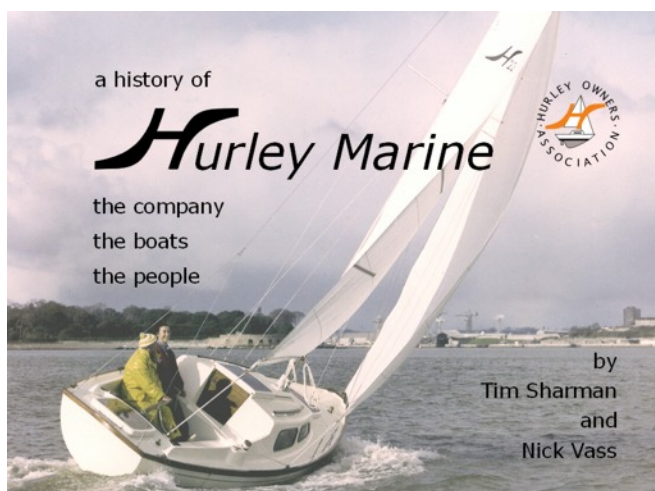


THE BOOK THAT VERY MUCH IS A GOOD READ IN THE OPINION OF THIS MEMBER

Being new to the HOA (about 3 weeks) and being unable to attend the AGM, I read with interest the chairmans report and glanced across the company accounts. It occurred to me that the HOA had invested fairly heavily in the publication of its history book of the company and, to date, its sales had been slower

than expected. I therefore decided to purchase a copy in order to support the association.

Firstly, I was pleasantly surprised by the quality of the book, it has a great finish and is a nice size. Secondly, I thoroughly enjoyed the read. the history, from George Hurleys decision to "go it alone" and the inception of his company up until the demise of the company was fascinating. Being



of an age to remember the seventies it was particularly interesting to me to see how the changes in society effected this company. Really, it is a great example reflecting the changing face of Britain as it moved from the 60's to the 70's. Thirdly, the book is full of great photographs (I've always gone straight for the pictures).

Finally, and most importantly, this is a first edition copy of a very limited run!! kerching!!

It is also a very nice, marque specific, addition to the boats inventory when coming to sell.

If anyone reading this has not yet acquired their copy I'd get a move on while stock still exists.

MARTIN WHITE

In surveying an old vessel, soft spots can be detected by thrusting a penknife into the wood: or better, with light blows from a hammer. If possible, remove some of the saloon panels, for the space between a vessel's skins is a favourite nest for dry rot.

E. F. KNIGHT
Sailing;

revised and brought up to date by J. Scott Hughes, 1938

