

Leicestershire TR Group
TRipe
May 2008

Being useless I have not yet found out how to create TRipe as a pdf so no picture this month. David Guzzetta has volunteered to help me out with this one but as I was short of suitable photos anyway I did not trouble him this month. Of course any photos welcome (the more embarrassing the better) but can you please send them electronically as my scanner is playing up at the moment.

Meeting Thursday 16th May 2008

Present

Phil, Rachael & Hannah Gunn	
Derek & Dani Bramford	TR6
Colin & Ann Skinner	MX5
Kathryn & Tim Sharp	TR6
Terry & Sue Pruce	Petal
Martin & Jenny Ward	TR6
John & Margaret Martin	
Mick & Linda Forey	TR6
Tony & Ruth Richards	TR6
Roger Guy	TR6
John Day	
Andy & Jennie Holyoak	
Trish Draycott	
Martin & James Faulkner	TR6
Reg & Irene Bowler	
Ben, Lisa and Bump Ward	Stag
Allan Westbury	Chauffeured
Dick Goodey	TR4

So many TRs put us to shame!!

Martin thanked both Sue F and myself for taking the mantle of TR Action and tripe scribe, although Sue was not able to make the meeting I am sure Martin would have passed on the thanks, just in case thanks again Sue.

Great to see Mick home from Canada, we'd like to think it was for us but it was the twin's 18th birthday. Happy belated birthday to them.

Allan was dropped off by Gail who did not stay for the meeting as they had a busy weekend ahead. Sporting a plaster cast and crutches he got sympathy and ridicule in equal measure. He has had an operation on his ankle, I did not ask too many details but he was in good spirit.

Colin and Ann won the award for most miles in their TR for 2007 at just over 6000, well done to them.

Last month out and about

Indian meal at Swatlands

Great evening, thanks to Martin W for organising, it would seem however that the men's table were a little short changed on the food front, the chaps that decided to sit with the ladies had made the right choice. Other than that, a great social evening was had.

Coventry Raid

Phil, Dick, Rog, Ben & David made the first trip out of the year, a report from Dick is also attached.

Derby Dales Raid

Phil & Martin F set off in the TR7 aiming to pick up Mick & Linda on the motorway slip road. All went to plan although we are a little worried about Linda who questioned whether they knew anybody with a TR7 but still set off in convoy behind them. So it was a good job that was Phil or they could have ended up anywhere. Terry Puce met them at the pub as it's closer to home.

Wales

Many people journeyed to Wales and everyone seems to have had a good time, a report to follow next month.

Other discussions

8 people are planning to take part in this years Borders Weekend, Make sure someone sends in a report.

It has been decided to have a vote on the awards for this years Christmas Party so that there can be no bias. It also gives us the chance to award it to Martin W if we feel he is daft enough.

Did anyone else want to organise said party. Reg and Irene are happy to do it again but if anyone else was keen to have a go they can. There were no volunteers at the meeting so we have asked them to carry on. This year's colour scheme will be Red White & Blue and they are looking into A live band. Sounds great!!

That's all Folks, Rachael

The Pickled Cabbage Challenge!

Friday

Shortly after dawn on Friday 2nd May, alarm clocks were going off in bedrooms all over the county. A large LTRG contingent was off to Welsh Wales to the Traws Cambria Weekend. The bedrooms in question belonged to Andy & Jennie, Colin &



Ann, Roger & Gill, Reg & Irene and guests from up tut north, Terry & Sue.

After us ladies squeezing in *just a little more* luggage into the TRs, and some final checks by the chaps, we all made our way to the Antiques Emporium in

Coventry to meet up and agree a game plan over a cuppa. It wasn't looking good for Andy though, Jennie had already found some "essential" items to purchase and they'd only left home 40 minutes ago. (*Well, what's a girl supposed to do when faced with lots of "buy me, buy me" things set out so temptingly in front of her?*)

It was decided that although the weather wasn't brilliant, it wasn't too bad, so most of the roofs were left down. After fuelling up down the road, the next stop was at The Royal Oak in Bromyard Downs where we've had some excellent service and food in the past. Ann decided to warn the poor landlord this time that we would be descending en masse at lunchtime so he'd bolted the door. No!! He was pleased to see us and, yet again, we had delicious food and great service. The next stop was Morrison's in Leominster to refuel again.

Martin & Jenny and David & Dawn were both travelling down under their own steam and arrived a short while after the rest of us.

We arrived in Llandoverly at just before 4 o'clock in the afternoon and registered with Traws Cambria. After a cuppa at The Castle Hotel (the main venue for the weekend), the girls had a bit of a wander round the shops. Half of us were staying at The Drovers B&B, just over the road from The Castle Hotel, and half were staying at a previously sourced B&B called Henllys, a couple of miles or so outside Llandoverly. Both establishments are absolutely fantastic and are highly recommended. There was one *slight* problem for Andy and Jennie – their room wasn't finished being built! Help!!!! Fortunately, the owners, Jill and Mike, had moved into the shed (according to Mike) and had given them their own sitting room with sofa bed and



adjoining rather splendid conservatory. Bliss. The only downside was that it was rather than like Clapham Junction on the Friday though because the conservatory door was the only one to the back garden that we could find at the time so everyone trooped through with their luggage, including Helene and John from the Red Rose Group (interesting way to meet new friends – in one's bedroom! 😊). It was a laugh though and turned out to be The Meeting Place of Choice for the weekend. Have to say Andy and Jennie were a little more relaxed when the proper back door was discovered or getting undressed could have been a challenge!

There was considerable confusion over G&Ts (in the conservatory of course) when Irene insisted the pub we were going to for dinner was completely on its own right away from anywhere else. Jill and Mike, the owners of the Drovers, were bemused because they'd organised the taxi to go to a pub that Reg had identified and that pub was in a village. We couldn't get hold of anyone at Henllys because the signal up there was pretty poor, and Reg was having a welcome snooze. Every single pub/restaurant within a five mile radius seemed to be suggested by Jill and Mike, but not one of them seemed to match Irene's description. There was nothing for it, we'd have to wake Reg 😊. Fortunately, before we took that highly risky step, Martin Ward checked his mobile and saw he had several missed calls. He managed to get a signal

(probably from the middle of a field as he was up at Henllys Farm) and called us back. Reg *had* been right. We *were* going to the pub which is in the middle of a village (not miles away from anywhere) – but Terry told us the *village* is miles from anywhere. Phew! Much laughter and mystery solved – and more G&T consumed ☺

After a refreshing shower (or posh bath in the case of Reg & Irene) and a quick change of clothes, the Drovers contingent jumped into a taxi and headed off for the pub (definitely smack in the middle of a village!! - Irene must have had more than one over the eight last year when she went there!). The Henllys lot were already



there so we got straight down to the serious business of ordering wine and food, as is our normal pursuit. There were 14 of us seated round the table and I think nearly all of us had the lamb shank cooked in orange and rosemary. Stunningly delicious. And at the end of the evening we were already looking forward to Sunday's offering. Taxi back and bed.

Saturday

The breakfasts at both the Drovers and at Henllys were fabulous. Don't you think that hotel breakfasts are just the best? The butter at the Drovers was locally sourced we were told so we nicknamed it Llurpak!

Everyone met over in the town car park behind the Castle Hotel ready to go on one of the convoys. The Traws Cambria group had two splendid convoys arranged for the two days and had arranged that three small groups would go out, each with an escort at the front and back, with half an hour between so they were more manageable.

LTRG joined in the first one and set off for some stunning driving. It must be said that Wales does scenery exceedingly well. Also, the weather was very kind to us and it was tops down all the way.



Unfortunately, Ann slipped on a step at the loo stop. Andy rushed over the road in the hopes of being the hero of the hour only to have his hopes dashed when Ann said she was absolutely fine and obviously didn't want any fuss. Back at the car, Martin got out his trusty first aid kit - use by date of 2004 (*use by date? Do they expect you to **eat** the bandages?*) and Ann's knee was cleaned up with a wet wipe and a plaster and we all set off again. (*Actually, this might have happened on Sunday, but I've been to bed several times since then and I really can't remember! ☺*)

Today's convoy took us up and up and up into the Brecon Beacons on some rather twisty roads. Great driving.



However, being TR drivers, no-one was going particularly slowly. In fact, Martin was going “TFF” (he didn’t expand but we think he meant too fast!) and ended up changing his route **EXTREMELY QUICKLY**. He tried to convince us he’d *intended* to drive straight on to the car park which was, more than extremely fortuitously, situated on that particularly tight hairpin bend, and Terry, immediately behind him, took the same route, saying he intended to park and he even had his 20p car park fee ready! Yeah. Right. We all believed both of them of course. Now then, what was I saying about that pickled cabbage?!!!

Andy was now in front of Martin (having been two cars behind him beforehand) and had seen what had happened. In fact, he’d only narrowly missed doing the same thing himself. He stopped in a panic rather quickly only just round the corner to check Martin and Terry were OK. David, who was directly behind Andy, ended up squealing to a halt almost at right angles because Andy’s chosen stopping place was pretty dumb – just round “that” hairpin bend. Oh dear. Fortunately, all concerned were fine and the convoy restarted – with people in a completely different order of course! MUCH laughter and leg pulling at Martin’s and Terry’s expense went on at the next loo stop - and for the rest of the weekend it has to be said!



The convoy ended up at the seaside – Aberaeron. A really pretty seaside town where every house is painted in a bright colour. Parking at the local high school had been arranged for us and we all walked into the town.



We were gasping for a drink by then and Jenny W thought the harbour would be the nicest place to sit so she set us on a path in the direction of some local seagulls! Unfortunately, the gulls weren't

playing the game, so we had to nobble a traffic warden who put us on the right path.

After a photoshoot (hardly David Bailey if Jennie's camera is anything to go by!) we walked back to our cars on the school car park via a Village Hall sale at which both Jennie and Ann got some great bargains.



Next stop was just LTRG cars and we went to New Quay (no, not Newquay in Cornwall!!). Another pretty seaside town with a harbour. It was here that Reg and Martin decided to do what they thought was the *right* thing to do at the seaside on a sunny day – paddle in the sea.



Even though the air temperature was quite pleasant, the sea must have been like an ice box so goodness knows how they managed to walk back to their cars with icicles for toes!

On the way back from the seaside, we called into a garage to top up and two bikers came to the pumps. They were riding Triumphs – dad and son. Dad had a Bonneville T100, and son had a Speedfour. In fact, it was son's second day with the bike and he was having a great time.



It was Pimms in the conservatory today - very civilised – before getting ready for the official evening’s entertainment at The Castle. The food at The Castle was served buffet style and wasn’t too bad. Mind you, it would have had to be something really extra special to match up to the previous evening’s “remote pub” food. There were a couple of speeches and a disco after the dinner and a really friendly atmosphere. Traws Cambria certainly know how to put on a good weekend – thanks!! 😊

Sunday

Another delicious breakfast followed by a meet up on the town car park for convoy number two. Unfortunately, the weather wasn’t as kind this day but most roofs were down anyway and everyone was in the mood after such a great convoy the day before although, fortunately, it wasn’t quite as “eventful”.

Roger and Gill left us half way round as they were going back home that day.

The last stop of the convoy was Aberglasny Gardens – the oldest recorded in Britain – where they’d saved a section of their car park specially for us.

Most LTRGers were paying their whack and going in without batting an eye (the tearoom was smack in the middle of the complex so you had to pay before you could even get a cuppa).

David was now then, how shall I word this? hmmm? ah *glum* at the thought of going round the gardens – in the rain (although he did brighten up after a hot drink).

Andy, however, topped that and had such a miserable face on him that Irene told him to cheer up cos he was making her coffee curdle!!



As it happens, the gardens were delightful. Andy said his “concern” (??) was that there wouldn’t be anything to see in a garden at the beginning of May. How wrong he was. There were lots of flowers out and the bluebells were absolutely beautiful. Plus he really enjoyed it.



Maybe he will think twice in future before being “Face Ache” again (Irene’s nickname for him)?!!

On the way back from the gardens, Reg insisted he’d done his share of leading so Andy took the lead. We were on the A40 and it was a nice fast road - and Andy was in the mood for a lovely bit of fast driving. Unfortunately, in the exhilaration, he completely forgot to wait for the car behind and ended up in Llandovery with no other LTRG TRs in sight. Reg eventually came up behind him and said we were supposed to be going to Henllys for a cuppa two miles back and “if you hadn’t gone so flippin fast you would have known”! Ooops! (Apparently, it was only at Irene’s pleading that Reg came all the way to fetch us – *thanks Irene*). I think it could be said that Reg might well have been just a *tad* put out because he also said something to Andy about demonstrating poor convoy management. Actually, I think he was a little more eloquent than that but I couldn’t quite hear!!! Reg is organising a training course for Andy. I believe it’s to be held behind the bike sheds and involves a physical element, and useful management phrases like “what the heck do you think you were doing?”!!!

Anyway, after getting his feelings off his chest, he led us back to Henllys where we had a smashing cup of tea/coffee and biscuits provided by the LTRGers who were staying there.



After about an hour of sitting in the lovely Henllys courtyard area, the Drovers contingent went back to Llandovery to get washed and changed ready for dinner at our “remote pub”. It was roast lamb for most of us this time. Delicious.



Monday

Yet another great breakfast, although Dawn reduced her brekkie to scrambled eggs on toast because she said she simply couldn't face another Full English (Welsh?).

At the Drovers, we all paid our B&B dues, said our goodbyes to Jill and Mike (owners) and to Helene and John (Red Rose) and got in the cars to go to Henllys to meet up with the others.

We all had a wander round the Henllys picturesque woodland and lake in the rather pleasant Welsh sunshine.



Actually, there was a bit of a flurry half way round the lake because Martin spotted a newt. Such excitement!



Anyway, after our constitutionals were over, a small group of “those in the know” looked at route options and we got into the repacked TRs and headed home. On the journey, at one point we were all following a very large and stately (although seriously nippy!) cream vintage Bentley – we looked like a load of ducklings following Dad home!

Yet more route planning took place at a coffee stop on the way. It does seem to be a popular pastime on TR weekends!



Thanks to all those who researched and arranged everything beforehand, those who planned routes, and those who led during the weekend itself (including Andy cos I was in the car and it was *great fun* going fast!). Thanks to everyone for your company ... and here's to the next TR weekend.

DISCLAIMER: Article written by mad menopausal woman with virtually non-existent memory so events could well be in the wrong order and/or on the wrong day! Notes will be taken next time! 😊

Jennie Holyoak
14th May 2008