



TR Torque

TR Register Shropshire Group

Newsletter

(Edition 14—August 2025)



Summer Edition

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Two TRs to Spain



Photo Helen Critchley on The Dragon's Spine Run

Preface



As in previous years, the highlight of the year for many members has to be the annual Spring Tour. These tours have become increasingly popular to the point where we feared we may not be able to manage and organise a large number of cars. We need not have worried as this year 23 cars (not all TRs for very good reasons) and 46 people were comfortably accommodated in The Hundith Hill Hotel, Cocker-mouth, and no significant organisational problems were experienced with 23 cars enjoying drives along great roads in terrific landscapes finished off with a tasty meal and a social get together. Here is looking forward to 2026 in Pembrokeshire.



This year we journeyed up to the North Lakes and the west coast of Cumbria. Stunning scenery, great landscapes, seascapes and lakescapes. A perfect destination with relatively quiet roads as the following photos will show.

The runs were organised by Ray Heaton (Sunday—Day 1 route up to the Hotel), Greg Washington (Monday—Day 2) Gordon Grant (Tuesday—Day 3) and Roger Critchley (Wednesday—Day 4).



Roger's Ramblings

Roger Critchley



The early part of this year was overshadowed by the controversy around subscription prices. The AMM fell into disarray as the Management Team tried to force through a 38% increase.

Whilst the sums added up, it was felt that insufficient information and notice had been given to the members. The MT accepted this and apologised but a subsequent Extraordinary Members Meeting carried the increase.

The problem arose because earlier Management Teams had not increased subs with inflation - proudly announcing that subs would be held at the previous year's level. This was compounded by a large allowance for the restoration of TS2 - more about that later.

There have been threats from Members that they will cancel their membership, but you must remember that TR Register membership is more than just a glossy magazine.

Just consider the additional benefits you receive:

- ♦ A complete club structure to give you local, national and international events
- ♦ Discounts on goods and services
- ♦ A car insurance scheme which allowed me to save £800 in premiums this year.
- ♦ Public Liability Insurance for our events
- ♦ A lobbying platform, through the FBHVC, to support the interests of classic vehicle owners
- ♦ Technical support and assistance from fellow Group members
- ♦ Spares development
- ♦ TR car databases
- ♦ The Forum to seek help and advice
- ♦ Traces for early cars
- ♦ Help with registration issues and applications
- ♦ Complaints procedure against suppliers
- ♦ A great Social Life

All for less than £1.40 a week. So, do think carefully before deciding to discontinue your membership.

Group Leaders are being made responsible for ensuring that all people participating in our events are paid up members. I do chase up lapsed subs, but our current database situation makes it difficult to identify who has and who has not paid.

This will be sorted out soon. I really don't relish the idea of turning people away from events. So, please cough up!

Projected costs have been skewed by the high figures we have been quoted for the restoration of TS2. An allowance of £10k is being made each year over the next few years. I seem to recall that these are expected to total £40k. Whilst the TRR does not own TS2, we are contractually bound to maintain it. However, our new Technical Director feels that this can be done for a figure which is less than that we have been quoted by premium restorers, and this is being investigated further.

OK! That's enough of the tough stuff. Let's concentrate on what a great time we have had so far this year. Super runs, a fantastic tour, good company and great humour. This is what TR Register membership is all about.

What I really want to say is:

Thanks for your support and, above all, thank you for your friendship.

Roger

Forthcoming Events



Roger Critchley will have sent out a detailed diary of events but the following is a list of TR Shropshire Group related events which are coming up in the next few weeks.

AUGUST	
2/8	Equipe Race Series - Oulton Park
3/8	Dorothy Clive Garden - Joint Meeting with North West Region TR Register Groups
3/8	Shropshire Group's Summer Brunch & Flowers Run to the Open Garden at Moat Hall, Annscroft, Shrewsbury
6/8	Pride & Joy Vehicle Meet, High Ercall Village Hall, Park Lane, High Ercall, Telford, TF6 6BB- from 5:30pm
13/8	TR Shropshire's "Run to the Sun"
14/8	Classic Car Meet at Tern Hill Hall Hotel, Market Drayton. From 6pm. Entrance free. Food and drink available.
17/8	Classic Vehicle Day at Acton Scott. TR Shropshire Group Stand. For tickets see: www.eventbrite.co.uk/e/vehicle-registration-for-classic-vehicle-day-at-acton-scott-tickets-1372771870619?aff=oddtcreator
19/8	Club Night - The Fox & Hounds, Wytheford Road, Shawbury, SY4 4JG
22/8	RAF Shawbury Families' Day - NO Shropshire Group stand
31/8	TR Register National Concours D' Elegance and TR3/TR7 Anniversary Day. British Motor Museum, Gaydon. Pay on the gate
31/8	Cheshire Cat Pubs' Car Club Meet - Cholmondeley Arms, Cholmondeley, Malpas
SEPTEMBER	
3/9	Pride & Joy Vehicle Meet, High Ercall Village Hall, Park Lane, High Ercall, Telford, TF6 6BB- from 5:30pm
4/9	TR Shropshire's Black Rock Sands Run
7/9	Festival of Transport & Autojumble, Malvern
7/9	All Triumph Day @ Shuttleworth. Organised by Lea Valley Group. Pre-book only. trr.lvg@gmail.com
11/9	Classic Car Meet at Tern Hill Hall Hotel, Market Drayton. From 6pm. Entrance free. Food and drink available.
14/9	Trentham Park Classic Car Show - https://trentham.co.uk/events/classic-retro-car-show/
16/9	Club Night - The Fox & Hounds, Wytheford Road, Shawbury, SY4 4JG
21/9	Classic Car Show, Cholmondeley Castle, Malpas
28/9	Cheshire Cat Pubs' Car Club Meet - Mainwaring Arms, Whitmore, Newcastle-under-Lyme
28/9	TR Tours Portugal - to 7/10
TBA	Shropshire Group Run to Witley Court, Worcestershire
OCTOBER	
21/10	Club Night - The Fox & Hounds, Wytheford Road, Shawbury, SY4 4JG
26/10	Cheshire Cat Pubs' Car Club Meet - Cholmondeley Arms, Cholmondeley, Malpas
NOVEMBER	
TBA	Shropshire Group's Autumn Run
TBA	Classic Car Show, NEC
18/11	Club Night - The Fox & Hounds, Wytheford Road, Shawbury, SY4 4JG
DECEMBER	
6/12	Shropshire Group's Turkey Trot
16/12	NO CLUB NIGHT

Snowdrop Run Sat 15th February 2025

Peter Napier



Photo by Angela Boxall



Photo by Angela Boxall

The first run in 2025 was the Snowdrop Run and as in previous years the day was organised by Gordon and Sheena Grant where cars met at Stanton Long Church for tea, coffee and cakes before heading off for a run through the Shropshire and Herefordshire countryside to Croft Castle passing through Ludlow over Clee Hill to Tenbury Wells and Yarpole ending up at The Fighting Cocks at Stottesdon for lunch.



Photo by David Walker



Photo by Malcolm Lainsbury



Photo by Malcolm Lainsbury



Photo by Angela Boxall



Photo by Gordon and Sheena Grant

March Hare Run to Wightwick Manor

Wednesday 26th March 2025

Peter Napier



Nineteen cars took part in this run organised by Roger and Helen Critchley. The meeting place was



Photo by Helen Beresford

Salop Leisure and then a drive to Wightwick Manor.

Wightwick Manor is a superbly crafted manor house and was built in 1887 for Samuel Theodore Mander, a partner in the local varnish and paint-making firm of Mander Brothers,

and believe it or not he married a girl whose maiden name was Flora St Clair Paint.

The elaborate timber-framed exterior features tall chimneys, oriel windows and ranks of carved quatrefoils. In 1893 an east wing was added with help from the Pre-Raphaelite



glass-designer Charles Kempe, who produced some fine painted glass for the house as well as advising on its decoration. In

the grandest room, the great parlour, Kempe had a

hand in designing the decoration of the roof and the plaster frieze. Much of Wightwick's remarkable Pre-Raphaelite collections were assembled by Mander's son and daughter-in-law, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Mander, who carefully preserved the house after his death in 1900.

Lunch was enjoyed at The Olde Punchbowl, Bridgnorth



Photo by David Walker



Photo by David Walker



Photo by Helen Beresford

Drive It Day to Gregynog Hall

Sunday 27th April 2025

Peter Napier



This year on Drive It Day we had a meandering drive through the roads of Shropshire and Powys to Gregynog Hall where we had a walk around the grounds followed by a picnic. Thanks to Roger and Helen for organising this sunny day out.

The group met at the Montford Bridge Café for a hearty breakfast for those that wanted it and a coffee and a natter.

Gregynog Hall is listed as a grade 1 for the historical significance of the building and for its association with the sisters of the industrialist, philanthropist, liberal politician and engineer David Davies of Llan-dinham.

In the 1840s Henry Hanbury Tracy pulled down the house that once stood here and rebuilt it in its present form, later adding the fake concrete 'half-timbering'.



Photo by Helen Beresford



Photo by Peter Napier

It was Davies' sisters Gwendoline and Margaret (Gwen and Daisy) who bought Gregynog in 1919 as an arts and crafts centre for Wales although in the end it became a centre for printing—The Gregynog Press.



Photo by Helen Beresford



Photo by Peter Napier



Photo by Helen Beresford



Photo by Peter Napier

Triumph TR5 Wedding

10th May 2025

Peter Napier



OK so it wasn't actually the wedding of a Triumph TR5. Rather it was the wedding of my daughter Emily to her fiancé David Allport and where my TR5 played ever such a minor role. However, it created plenty of interest from everyone at the wedding and both the photographer and the videographer were particularly excited by it (as a prop!).



Photos by Dean Jones Photography ,
Herefordshire



North Lakes Spring Tour

Sunday 18th June 2025

The Journey Up — Peter Napier



There isn't much to write about the journey up but thanks must go to Ray Heaton for putting together the route up to the hotel.

Most of the 23 cars that were going on this tour met at Prees Truck Stop car / lorry park where after a matter or two we set off up the A49 to the M54 then heading north up the M6.

The drive on the M6 wasn't too bad but the drive really started after leaving Carnforth and driving up through the Lake District and Kirkstone Pass to the Hundith Hill Hotel where we would be staying. Driving along good roads through spectacular scenery is always a joyful experience in a TR.

North Lakes Spring Tour

Monday 19th June 2025

Northern Lakes — Peter Napier



The run on the Monday was organised by Greg Washington. It was a drive of about 50 miles around the Northern Lakes area and for those that wanted to it included a stop to see one of the tallest waterfalls in the Lake District.

This was a wonderful drive along roads and lanes entering the Lake District National Park through Loweswater which is a small lake compared to others in the Lake District and it is the only lake draining into the centre of Lakes (into Crummock Water) rather than out.

The route plan was for a stop in Buttermere which proved a bit of a challenge for some as it was quite busy and there wasn't a great deal of parking. Some drivers opted to carry on with the run and during the course of the day the group fragmented into smaller groups.

After leaving Buttermere by the Newlands Pass some cars stopped to visit Moss Force waterfall which is a popular stopping off point for tourists.



Lunch stop was in Keswick which is the most northerly of the Lake District towns. The drive back to the hotel was via Derwent water and some but not all cars drove over Honister Pass passing old slate mines and then onto Buttermere and a drive alongside Crummockwater to the hotel.

It was a great start to the three full days of touring around the North Lakes and we were so lucky with the weather!

Ian and Sue ready for the off.

North Lakes Spring Tour

Tuesday 20th June — Solway Coast, Maryport,
Silloth, Whinlatter Forest — Peter Napier



Gordon Grant planned and organised this run of approximately 65 miles. North of Cockermouth along the Solway coast to the pretty town of Silloth, via Maryport, including the Roman Museum, returning via Bassenthwaite, Keswick and the Whinlatter Forest.

The day began by driving through the pretty town of Cockermouth to the coastal town of Maryport with its large harbour and the site of the Roman settlement of Alauna, which was the command and supply base for the western extremities of Hadrian's Wall.

Our first stop was for a very interesting visit to the Senhouse Roman Museum. It is called Senhouse because it contains many artifacts collected by the Senhouse family who were landowners in the area and the Mary in Maryport was a wife of the Humphrey Senhouse who developed the harbour.



Photo by Peter Napier

views over the site of the forts and across the Solway Firth towards Scotland.

The museum contains one



Photo by Peter Napier

We managed to park all of our cars within the museum confines under the watchful eye of the reconstruction of a typical Roman watch tower with



Photo by Alice Desborough

of the most important collection of Roman sculptures and altars in Britain. Here is one basking in the sunshine!



Photo by Gordon and Sheena

After leaving Maryport the group made its way along the coastal road to Silloth which owes its existence to the harbour which was built to serve nearby city of Carlisle as their main port, Port Carlisle on the Solway Firth coast, connected to Carlisle by a canal, was silting up

and ships couldn't navigate into it at low tides. So a new railway and harbour were built.

Following this the town began to be developed as a Victorian holiday destination resulting in the pleasant sea side town that we visited. Most of the cars parked by the sea front near the RNLI lifeboat station and members drifted into the town for lunch before setting off for the next part of the run back to the hotel via Bassenthwaite and Whinlatter Pass.



Photo by Gordon and Sheena



Photo by Peter Napier

North Lakes Spring Tour

Wednesday 21st June — Lowther Castle (and a diggers' graveyard) — Peter Napier



Roger Critchley led this day's run of around 70 miles passing through Whinlatter Pass to the Aira Waterfall (for some) by the banks of Lake Ullswater and on to Lowther Castle.

Greg, Debbie, Rosanne and I missed out on this first part of the run opting to visit a diggers' graveyard at Threlkeld Quarry and Mining Museum. Here there was a narrow gauge railway a geological and mining museum and an old quarry full of old, mainly rope operated, excavators. The collection includes a steam driven excavator which unfortunately wasn't working on the day of our visit.



Photo by Peter Napier



Photo by Peter Napier



Aira Force Waterfall

After a road legal fast drive along the A66 the route took a right onto the A5091 and down to a lovely drive along the shore of Lake Ullswater.

Lowther Hall is a privately owned ruin of a once magnificent stately home in the style of a sham castle and built between 1806 and 1814. During WWII it was requisitioned by the British Army for use as a tank training range after which it fell into disuse and eventually a ruin. It is presently being consolidated and repaired but maintained as a ruin.

The drive back to the hotel mirrored the drive in the morning (but missing out Threlkeld Quarry!).



Photo by Peter Napier



Photo by Jacqui Lains-



Photo by Jacqui Lainsbury



Photo by Jacqui Lainsbury

North Lakes Spring Tour

PHOTOS



Photo by Malcolm Lainsbury



Photo by Jeremy Charlton



Photo by Helen Beresford



Photo by Helen Critchley



Photo by Gordon and Sheena



Photo by Helen Ber-



Photo by Mark Ward



Photo by Helen Beresford

North Lakes Spring Tour

PHOTOS



Photo by Mark Ward



Photo by Mark Ward



Looking forward to The Spring Tour 2026 — Pembrokeshire — Peter Napier



Group members will by now have received an email from Roger Critchley confirming that the Spring 2026 Tour will be taking us to Pembrokeshire where we have been trying to organise a tour for the previous two if not three years but we have failed to find a suitable hotel in a suitable location.

We very nearly found a hotel for 2025 but unfortunately it didn't work out as the hotel refused to agree discounted group rates and would only allow dynamic booking.

In 2026 we will be staying at Lamphey Court Hotel situated 3 miles from the centre of Pembroke which is convenient for exploring Pembrokeshire. St David's to the west is a hour's drive away, Carmarthen to the east is 48 minutes and the Royal Botanical Gardens of Wales another 10 minutes further.

There are many places of interest to visit in the area and the drive down from Shropshire along A roads and through wonderful scenery will make a welcome change from driving on motorways.

The hotel that we have selected, from a number of others which for one reason and another proved to be unsuitable, is Lamphey Court Hotel, a privately owned establishment under the Best Western umbrella. The hotel is 4* and is a grade 2* listed early 19th century Georgian former country house built in the Greek revival style with a portico supported by four massive Doric columns.

With 39 bedrooms there will be more than enough room to cater for all of those members who wish to come. The rooms vary from Superior to Standard Doubles with some family rooms in the adjoining Coach House.

Rosanne and I spent two nights here in July and we found that it is comfortable, friendly and the food was very good. There is also a Spa which is free to use for guests staying in the hotel although any treatments will be charged for.

NEWS!!! Spring Tour 2026— Pembrokeshire PLACES OF INTEREST



The drive down along good roads through open countryside will take about four hours plus lunch stop and a couple of comfort/coffee stops. Members are free to make their own way there although there will be an organised run with coffee stops and a lunch destination.

There are many places of interest in and around Pembrokeshire. Beaches, gardens, castles, a cathedral and Bishops' Palaces, Royal Botanical Gardens of Wales is in Carmarthen, Tenby is a lovely historical town now a busy tourist centre and this is a stone's throw away. Fishguard and Cardigan are about an hour's drive from the hotel. The Gower is 1 hour 42 minutes. St David's is an hour's drive.



Bishop's Palace, Lamphey (adjacent to the hotel)



Carew Castle



Carew Tidal Mill



St Govan's Chapel



Tenby and castle



St Davids Cathedral, Bishops Palace and town

NEWS!!! Spring Tour 2026— Pembrokeshire PLACES OF INTEREST



Porthgain harbour and village. Cliff top walks (industrial archaeology). Good pub here for lunch!! Can get busy.



Pembroke Castle and town



Beaches



Picton Castle



Manorbier Castle

NEWS!!! Spring Tour 2026— Pembrokeshire PLACES OF INTEREST



St Catherine's Island and Fort, Tenby



Cilgerran Castle high above the River Teifi



Strumble Head and Lighthouse



Walk around Dinas Island and nab a pint at the Sailors Safety pub.



Coastal walks



National Botanical Garden of Wales

NEWS!!! Spring Tour 2026— Pembrokeshire PLACES OF INTEREST



Museum of Land Speed—Pendine Sands



Laugharne Castle



Dylan Thomas Boathouse and Cafe



Carrg Cennen Castle with
spectacular views.



The Gower Peninsula

Al's Tours—Ireland

5th June 2025 — Peter Napier



This year Alan Edwards organised a 7 night tour of Ireland. He and Nic Edwards took their TR5, Phil and Alice Desborough took their TR250, Dave Somerville took his TR4 and Peter and Rosanne Napier took their TR5 meeting up at Mile End Services on a rainy morning of 5th June at 7am.



At this time of the morning the run up to Holyhead on the A5 was enjoyable despite the wet conditions taking a stop for breakfast at the roadside café in Capel Curig.

The route in Ireland would see us visiting Tullamore, Galway, Westport, Castlebar, Hobbit Land, Belmullet (unplanned!), Down Patrick Head and Sligo. After Sligo the plan was to visit Newgrange but as they say the best laid plans etc this didn't happen because unbeknown to us a visit here has to be booked weeks in advance. After Sligo we drove to the Boyne valley and then on to Dublin to the ferry.



Once off the ferry we made haste to get out of Dublin and head off to Tullamore where we would be staying on the first night. Alan took the opportunity to stop at a layby fruit stall to buy fresh strawberries.



On the second day we drove to Galway avoiding the motorway and the first thing that we observed was how few potholes there are on Irish roads. This is not how I remember them from 30—40 years ago. Oh how things change? Compare their roads then to ours now!

On the road to Galway we stopped for a break at Birr Castle where, in the grounds, there is what was between 1845-1914 the largest telescope in the world. Built in the castle workshops by the 3rd Earl of Rosse, William Parsons, and standing at an impressive 72 feet long with a mirror measuring 6 feet in diameter, the telescope was not just a scientific instrument, but a symbol of human curiosity and innovation, built using cutting-edge engineering techniques of its time.

The son of William Parsons was Sir Charles Algernon Parsons who invented the multi stage steam turbine.

Al's Tours—Ireland—continued



The weather during our visit to Birr Castle was such that it wasn't conducive to visiting the telescope but here it is in the above photo taken from the internet. Despite the weather this proved to be an interesting visit.

The people of Ireland are easy going and welcoming. The bars and restaurants are usually full and people are out enjoying themselves. It isn't difficult striking up a conversation in Ireland! The Irish love to socialise and they enjoy the Craic in the bars with traditional Irish music and plenty of Guinness or eating in the many excellent restaurants one of which we ended up in in Galway where I had possibly the most expensive bread and butter pudding on the planet!



Quay Street, Galway—Google



Dave and Alice enjoying one of the many coffees that we had on this trip. Two minutes later it was tipping it down—again!

Undeterred by the triviality of getting wet we enjoyed our stay in Galway and will forever remember the Salthill Hotel where we stayed for the amazing and delicious Danish Pastries. Nic and Alan will remember it for the band that struck up beneath their room at about the same time as they went to bed!!



The next day we set off for Westport but didn't get very far before we were stopped by a random person at a T junction and it soon became obvious why. Cyclists streamed out of the side road and onto the quite narrow A road that we were heading towards, Hundreds of them. I think we were told 600. on a charity bike ride. "Lucky it wasn't t'other year" we were informed. "There were 1,500 cyclists that day!!"

Once we were free to proceed it took us miles, and miles and miles before we eventually managed to get in front of them. as the road was narrow and with many bends.

Al's Tours—Ireland—continued



We stopped for a breather in a little town called Clifden before heading off for Westport along the glorious, quite pot hole free coast road. This is what

driving in Ireland is all about. Unadulterated TR joy!

Along the route we stopped for a fill up at a garage which we later discovered Roger Boxall has also used on a run along the very same road.



Photo by Peter Napier

It was here that Dave's TR decided to play up as with a problem with starting his car.!



Photo by Peter Napier

Westport, in Mayo, is a pretty town although a bit of a tourist honey trap. The original town was located in front of the front of West-

port House and the then owner decided that they didn't much like the village there so they demolished it and moved it to where it is now!

Needless to say, it rained! In between showers we managed to have a walk around the town and in the evening we had another lovely meal in an Irish restaurant.

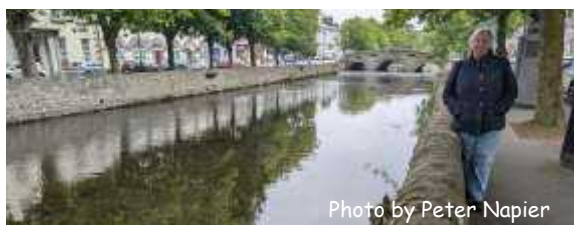


Photo by Peter Napier

The next day we departed from Westport but stopped off in Westport harbour and then a visit to Westport House. After enjoying another coffee by the harbour green, Dave's car developed a rather more serious problem than poor starting. The car would not start at all. The problem appeared to lie in the starter motor not engaging with the fly wheel for more than a moment so the engine would not turn over for long enough to start.

So from that point on until the penultimate day when the car gave up the ghost altogether push

starting was the order of the day.

Westport House was the family home of the Marquess of Sligo but now owned by the



Photo by Peter Napier

family that owns the global manufacturing company, Portwest (I had never heard of them but apparently they are very big in hi vis workwear).

From Westport we headed east for the short journey to Castlebar in atrocious weather for our next night's stay at Mayo Glamping otherwise known as Hobbit Land for obvious reasons.

These hobbit houses were very comfy (and very warm!) but lacked amenities and so washing and toileting was like on a camp site. IE



Photo by Peter Napier

leaving the hobbit house at horrible hour in the pouring rain in driving wind to the toilet block.

Had it been glorious weather this place would have been quite fun really. The owner of the site who built everything himself to diversify an area of unproductive land on his farm, had provided communal dining area, kitchen, pizza oven and log fire.

Al's Tours—Ireland—continued



Photo by Peter Napier

That evening we drove into Castlebar for a Thai meal where we had to buy a takeaway because Dave couldn't join us as a consequence of his starter motor issues. Earlier in the afternoon when the weather improved, Phil thought that he had sorted Dave's car problem by doing whatever it was that he did but sadly that was not to be the case. To make matters worse the surface of the driveways in front of the hobbit houses was loose gravel—not good for bump starting cars!

Next day we were heading for Sligo via a not very direct scenic route and fortunately we did manage to get Dave's car running relatively easily and we set off for what would turn out to be a full day's driving. Having got lines crossed as to our first stop we ended up in Belmullet instead of Downpatrick Head but no problem as the roads were terrific to drive along.

When we got to Belmullet we stopped to take stock of where we were and where we should be. We had parked next to a brick wall where we could hear children playing on the other side. Soon little five year old heads began popping up to see what all the noise was about. Imagine the excitement of seeing four strange cars (at least strange to them) all chugging away. Some of the children were too small to see over the wall so their teachers had to lift them up to see over.

I remarked that teachers have a great job to which they replied, the best thing about being a teacher is — holidays!!!

We turned around and took the road to Downpatrick Head 32 miles back on ourselves along an altogether different road. Very bumpy, pot holey, bendy narrow road made worse by the fact that my exhaust silencer kept bottoming on all the bumps in the road. This went on for some time getting worse as we drove until Phil who was behind me blasted his horn and flashed his lights shouting PUNCTURE!!!



Photo by Alice Desborough

Not a bad place to have a puncture not that we took any time to enjoy the scenery. Whilst we there a strange old man came out of his garden to see what the drama was all about. He must have spoken a local dialect as we struggled to understand a word he said.

We ended up where we wanted to be—Downpatrick Head so called because the legend says that when a pagan chieftain refused to convert to Christianity, St Patrick struck the ground with his crozier, splitting a chunk of the headland off into the ocean, with the chieftain on top.



Photo by Alice Desborough

Al's Tours—Ireland—continued



After visiting Downpatrick Head we set off for Sligo a drive of about 60 miles. This was along a very good A road not unlike the A49 but without heavy and slow traffic, no roundabouts, very few if any villages and towns and with Irish drivers taking full advantage of the 60mph speed limit. It was a great drive.



Dramatic cliffs



To provide scale—that is Phil Desborough not contemplating taking a leap.

Before that though we had to get Dave started.



We didn't see much of any old parts of Sligo and it all seemed rather new. It is probably a very nice place but all we did here was eat, sleep and get up the next day.

Again the weather too bad for the penultimate day of the tour and for only the 2nd or 3rd day it was roofs off.



Al's Tours—Ireland Continued



The next day was to be a our penultimate day heading for a hotel in the Boyne Valley. Enroute we stopped off at Belvidere House near Mullingar.

The gardens are well worth a visit. These are situated in a Victorian walled garden which is huge. It was built not as a vegetable and fruit garden but as a luxury for the unmarried Lard Marley in 1850.

"This is a garden hand-fashioned in a different



Photo by Peter Napier

time: old roses offer their delicate scent, and Hydrangeas bring a blaze of colour, while the garden also has a nod to the exotic, with two orchid houses.

Belvidere
House

was built in 1740 by the side of Lough Ennell by Robert Rochford and it has the largest folly on the island of Ireland. It is said that Robert fell out with his brother who lived on the adjacent Tudenham Park estate so he built a wall (the folly) to screen his brother's house from view.



When we were in the car park we were approached by a journalist who works for the Westmeath Examiner. He was out test driving some sort of family car but he was immediately attracted to our cars and asked if he could take a photo and asked Alan to speak into his phone recorder so that he could write a piece about us and our trip. Which he did and some time later this article appeared.

Westmeath Examiner



Peter Napier, Triumph TR5 (blue), David Somerville, TR4 (blue, rally car), Phil Desborough, TR250 (green), Alan Edwards, TR5 (red), and 'also the blue rally car pusher' (because its starter motor wasn't working), Nicola Edwards, Alice Desborough and Roseann Napier.

TR club on tour from UK

Members of the Shropshire group of the TR Register stopped for a break at Belvedere House and Gardens during their tour of Ireland last week.

Alan Edwards, speaking to the Westmeath Examiner on behalf of the group, said: "We try to have a foreign holiday each year. Two years ago, we were in Ireland, but we were in the south, last year we went to Scotland, we have done France. In the past we've done the Alps, including Switzerland.

"This year, unfortunately, there's only four cars because some of our members



Photo by Peter Napier



Al's Tours—Ireland—continued



The next day we would be heading for the ferry and wondering how we would deal with Dave's car. Getting it onto the ferry would not be an issue but bump starting it on the ferry might be. Could we just leave it to the ferry deck hands? We will never know how we would have managed because events were about to play a part that meant we didn't need to worry about this.

After leaving Belvidere House we were driving along thankfully not in driving rain when we approached the roundabout that connects with the M3. Half way across the roundabout, straddling two lanes, Dave's car stopped. Of course Dave couldn't start the car so Phil and I (Alan had already crossed the roundabout and was heading for Navan), pushed the car around the roundabout and back on to the hard shoulder of the other carriageway of the road we had come from because it was down hill and we thought it would be easier to push start than trying to bump start on a busy roundabout.

A very helpful van driver stopped to help out but we couldn't get the car started. We opened the bonnet and by this time Alan had come back and joined us and we found that there was no spark at the points. A quick clean up with a nail file and there was spark but another attempt at push starting the car was unsuccessful.



To make matters worse there was a broken down van ahead of us on the hard shoulder so we could not push any further. Dave decided to call for assistance and we headed off the hotel and Dave went with his car on an Irish AA transporter to Dublin some time later.



During the time we were parked up on the hard shoulder two men in a non-descript car stopped to ask if they could help us. The man in red in the above photo is called Mike Armstrong and it turns out he has been in the motor trade for 50 years and is a member of the Celtic Old Car Owners' Club (COCOC),

The next day the weather was truly dreadful. Phil and Alice got separated from Alan and I on the way to the ferry and in a car park in the Dublin suburbs Alan's ignition switch gave up the ghost and Alan had to hard wire the ignition to get the car started. Thankfully he succeeded and we made it to the ferry.

The drive home along the A55 was terrible. Never seen rain like it but the car remained dry and we eventually got home. Despite the rain, Ireland never fails to deliver an enjoyable drive and stay.

I would very much like to organise another run to drive the roads and see the sights of which there are a great many. Anyone interested?

The Dragon's Spine 24th–26th June 2025

Peter Napier



For a while now, Roger Critchley has been talking about wanting to drive "The Dragon's Spine". This route involves the A470 more or less from Cardiff Castle to Conway Castle a distance of almost 200 miles. The idea was mentioned at a Club Night and a number of members indicated an interest in this idea. A date was agreed and Roger set about organising the run. Ray and Gordon agreed to arrange the hotels at each end of the run.

Cars were due to meet at The Ludlow Food Centre on Tuesday 17th June 2025 but Peter and Rosanne were unable to do so due to what they thought was a braking problem on the TR5. Turns out it was a track rod end not fully tightened after changing the rubber dust covers. Simple fix. For once!

The route was fairly simple. Follow the A470!



In the end ten cars booked for the drive - Roger and Helen Critchley (TR6), Phil and Alice Desborough (TR4a), Ray Heaton and Anne Taylor (TR6), Helen Beresford and Ann Hazeldine (TR4), Ian and Sue Wilde (TR6), Malcolm and Caroline Ling (TR6), Gordon and Sheena Grant (TR6), Malcolm and Jacqui Lainsbury (TR6), Richard and Hazel Humphreys (TR4a), Peter and Rosanne Napier (Triumph Stag).



The Dragon's Spine—continued



Having missed the departure time, Peter and Rosanne followed the group south in their Stag and met up at the lunch stop at the Brecon Beacons (Bannau Brycheiniog) National Park Visitor Centre.



The group arrived in Cardiff later in the afternoon and briefly visited Cardiff Castle before heading off to their hotel for the night - The Llechwen Hall Hotel in Pontypridd.

After what most members agreed was an excellent meal in a private dining room, and after breakfasting the next morning, the group set off on the drive to Conway.

First stop was at Builth Wells.



Here in the car park some of our members got into conversation with a lady and her husband who disclosed that they are the owners of a Triumph Dolomite and that they thought our cars were wonderful. In fact they went further, they left the following message on Shropshire Group's Facebook Page via Messenger:-

"Hello! I've just seen some members of your group and their beautiful cars in Builth Wells. Your members are very lovely and friendly, as someone who has many years experience in the world of car clubs, can I just say that it was very refreshing to speak to such welcoming people! ". - Lucy Ellen.

The roads before Builth Wells were reasonably good if a little busy but after Builth Wells the roads became much quieter and much more fun to drive.

We were not the only TR in the car park! There was also this TR ailer!!



The route from Builth took us on a wonderful drive along the A470 passing through Llangurig, Llanidloes, Llanbrynmair, Caersws, Dinas Mawddwy amongst other places with a lunch and fuel stop at Starbucks in Dolgellau.

This would have been a relatively routine but for one thing - Roger mistakenly filled up with diesel! (We have all done it!! I know I have!). Roger soon found that although the TR insurance covered this there were no specialists in the area to help.

Roger then called an independent specialist who quoted £220 to sort out the problem. This triggered a group response and everyone who had a can of fuel emptied these into their tanks and Roger bought all four empty 5 litre fuel cans from the garage shop.



The group pulled together to help Roger remove the diesel from his petrol tank.

The Dragon's Spine—continued



Helen Beresford approached some builders who drove into the garage and worked her magic and the builders gave us one empty 5 litre can.

This meant we now had nine 5 litre cans and Phil (who else!?) had a length of $\frac{1}{2}$ " hose long enough transfer to fuel into the cans. He also had the unenviable job of sucking on the pipe to get the gravity flow.

At this stage Malcolm would be a bit miffed if his important role in this endeavour - holding the hose so it didn't slip out and was positioned just above the bottom of the tank—didn't get a mention.



Once the tank was almost empty, the fuel pump power supply was removed and the steering lock released and Roger's car was pushed to the fuel pump and the tank filled with E5.



After vigorously rocking the car to ensure the residual diesel and petrol in the tank was mixed with the fresh E5 Roger turned the ignition key and the engine fired into life followed by an enormous group sigh of relief!

After this, everyone readied themselves for the off and the group set sail for the final leg to Conway.

This last leg was a really great drive with fair weather and largely quiet roads with fast roads and sweeping bends. Free and easy - except for the roadworks on the A470 where we stood in a queue at traffic lights for at least half an hour whilst the workers tar sprayed and chipped the surface of the road ahead.



We had planned to visit the castle when we arrived in Conway but the various delays prevented us from doing this so we settled in to our rooms before meeting in the bar where Roger showed his gratitude for the group helping him earlier in the day by buying everyone a drink!!

The Castle Hotel proved to be a really great place to stay with comfortable rooms with King sized beds and the evening meal was really good (with a few minor exceptions).

After another good breakfast the group separated and went their own ways with a few opting to visit the castle in the pouring rain!

This was an exceptionally good event and thanks have to go to Roger and Helen for organising the event and the route guidance, Ray and Anne for organising the first night's hotel and Gordon and Sheena for organising the 2nd night's hotel.

TR4A and TR4a to the Iberian Peninsular

Jeremy Charlton



On Sunday 1 June 2025, Greg and Debbie Washington and Lizzie and I set off from Church Stretton for a month's holiday touring around northern Spain and Portugal in a 1965 TR4A and a 1958 TR3A respectively. We were booked with Brittany Ferries to catch the Plymouth- Santander car ferry later that afternoon.



The Journey Begins
trip to go ahead this year.

This trip had originally been planned for April 2024, but had been postponed for health reasons, but ultimately Lizzie was well enough for the

The ferry docked in Santander late afternoon on Monday 2 June. On our way down to Llanes (a delightful tourist spot on the coast for a 3 night stay), we were overtaken by the 5 colourful Porsches we'd noticed as we disembarked and who we would see again in the coming week and three open top Panthers, who didn't seem to mind the rain!



The plan had been to spend a few days exploring Los Picos Europas, but the mountains were shrouded in cloud. So we decided to head inland for some warmth and then revisit Los Picos towards the end of our holiday.

Accordingly, we enjoyed our first couple of days in Spain, soaking up the atmosphere in the lively local port town of Llanes. On our second day, we motored along the coast road to Ribadesella, another coastal town, where amongst other things we enjoyed a leisurely lunch of squid and other local Spanish delicacies.

My TR3A rattles and squeaks at the best of times, but it was extra squeaky due to a shock absorber issue which I had a go at remedying in the Hotel underground car park, using a Jack I had bought only days before our departure, on Greg's advice.

We had no fixed itinerary, but had decided instead to find accommodation, using the internet, as we travelled around.



On our 4th day, we drove a couple of hours before arriving at the university town of Oviedo, the capital city of the Asturias region in northern Spain. It is known for its rich history, pre-Romanesque architecture, and is on the Camino pilgrimage route. We spent the morning

wandering around the many squares, absorbing the splendour of the many palaces, medieval university buildings and religious building including the Cathedral.

After lunch, we headed further inland, where it immediately became significantly warmer and enjoyed a fabulous overnight stay at Hotel Rural Alesga, a rural hotel in the southern Asturias. The setting was blissful, with the sounds of cowbells and a babbling brook, running past the hotel. Swallows, swifts and Housemartins were in abundance



TR4A and TAa to the Iberian Peninsular

CONTINUED



The following morning we set off and drove through a series of steep limestone gorges in the Teverga National Park. Called the "Valles del OSO", which translated means, the valley of the bears, the area is renowned for its stunning scenery, caves and bears. At a view point, we saw what we were later told was an Egyptian vulture that was perched



high above the car park where we had stopped.

Further on after rising to a height of roughly 1500m, we were rewarded with

the most marvellous views, with mountains and valleys stretching for miles (or should I say kilometres) and in every direction. The purple Heather was in full bloom and this was only in the first week of June!

Further on, we stopped for a late morning coffee in a town situated just beyond the National Park. Afterwards, as we carried on our way, we were overtaken by 5 McClarens. We learned later when we were in Portugal, that one of the McClarens had been involved in an accident and had been written off as a result, which came as no surprise to any of us, given the speed at which they had overtaken us.

Towards lunchtime Greg and Debbie identified a Google rated restaurant in a nearby hamlet. The restaurant had a large party that afternoon and service was super-fast and my main course arrived whilst I was still eating my starter! For dessert, we all chose the egg custard,



(or at least that is what the pudding turned out to be). Not for the first time where we bewildered and confused by some of the Spanish food, but the staff were entertaining.

Then onto our next three night destination at Congosto, a small village in the region of Castile and Leon.

As we were getting near, we took a wrong turn courtesy of Google Maps and we grounded down a rough track which dislodged part of the exhaust and our TR did now sound just like a Ferguson tractor, which is how we arrived at our hilltop destination.

Our Airbnb apartment was in part of a former monastery perched high up on a hill overlooking the old coal mining and steel town of Ponferrada (which takes its name from the iron bridge over the river Sil).



We had called in at a garage but they were unable to help - we could see vehicles on all four of the lifts.

A delightful old retainer by the name of Lucio arranged for me to take the car down to a local garage the following morning, but Greg was having none of it and by 9 o'clock in the morning the car was up on jacks, and between us, we managed to put the exhaust back together and then have breakfast.

Following this, we took a run out to see the site of Roman Gold mining in the Hills above Ponferrada. It was extremely hot. My personal memory is of a late lunch in a delightful shaded restaurant and manfully making my way through a dish of black pudding, a delicacy from Castille de Leon.

The next day was a rest day which gave me the opportunity of spending further time on my car. Firstly adjusting the clutch, and secondly, tightening my rear off-side shock absorber, which was squeaking again. In the evening we drove down the hill to the local village and had a most enjoyable meal. Lizzie was particularly taken with the local olive oil.

TR4A and TR3A to the Iberian Peninsular

CONTINUED



Our accommodation in the former monastery was by far the most luxurious of the trip. The apartment was part of a massive modern complex including a pool, spa and sauna and all manner of modern facilities. We later discovered that the development was previously owned by the Bayer Corporation, a German enterprise involved in the iron and steel history of the area.

The following day, Monday 9 June, we headed further south in the direction of Portugal. We had a one night stop at Vilaza, where everywhere was shut so there was no where to eat that evening, but fortunately before we had arrived, we had stopped en route and had a wonderful lunch (the massive salads lunch it was to become known as). By this time the heat was taking its toll on us as we were driving in the mid 30s.

The following day we drove into Portugal. And put our clocks back one hour!

After driving past a sign announcing the frontier in 1 km, we passed a deserted checkpoint and found ourselves in a uninspiring landscape, with deserted villages and many unoccupied houses.



In his wisdom, Greg had decided on a "green route" and for half an hour we barely moved out of third gear. But then the road improved and we were travelling through vast expanses of fruit trees which we believe were mainly cherry or apricot trees, and nut trees, before the landscape changed again

as we began our descent into the upper Douro valley.

I am a big fan of the middle Rhine in Germany, with its textbook terraced vineyards on both sides of the river. Here in the Douro Valley you have the same but the terracing and patchwork patterns are far more beautiful. The vines at this time of year are a verdant green. And everywhere there are Olive trees, either in the vineyards, or separately in Olive groves.

After dropping our luggage off at the hotel where we had booked in to stay for three nights, we drove down to Pinhho (on the river Douro) for lunch. The place was heaving and only then realise that we had arrived in Portugal on the day of their national holiday which celebrates the end of the fascist regime in 1974.



The River

Douro at this point is certainly as big as the Rhine and there were cruise ships arriving all the time bringing their passengers who would then disappear into the various bars restaurants near the quayside.

Back in the day, the local Vineyards used boats to ferry either wine or grape juice down the river to Porto. Some of these boats which have a particular "Dow like" shape have been converted to take tourists on local river trips.

After lunch, we drove back up the winding road to our hotel at Vilarino de Cotas, where upon arrival I plunged into the small swimming pool which was a total godsend, as the temperature was still in the mid 30s.

This is wonderful walking country and you can wander along at your own pace at your heart's content through the vineyards in the hills all around.



TR4A and TR3A to the Iberian Peninsular

CONTINUED



There are wine estates everywhere - wonderful white properties perched up in the hills but it was far too hot even to think about a wine tour and quaffing wine never mind port!



On one day, we took a local train ride down the river to Peso de Régua where, after wandering around, we had the most wonderful menu of the day with a glass of wine and coffee for about €15 each in the wine Museum Restaurant.

North of Porto is the mediaeval city of Braga, which has more churches than you can shake a stick at! After staying at the station Hotel, the following morning we drove from the city and up into the hills to visit the Cathedral.

Then, following a drive that took most of the morning, we had lunch just over the border, back into Spain where we ate calamari and prawns.

The weather had cooled down a bit and for a while Lizzie and I even put our hood back up, but by the time we arrived at our destination on the coast, it was once again gloriously hot and the apartment was on the coast.

A few miles south of our destination, we crossed the river at Vigo travelling along the most amazing suspension bridge followed by a wonderful drive along the coast road, which took us past a number of most fabulous bays.



Upon our arrival we were greeted by our host Tino who arrived in a left-hand drive TR 250 which he told us he had bought about 20 years previously as a US import and a vehicle have been fully restored by a firm in Madrid, I seem to remember?

Tino left and we unpacked. Greg and Debbie went off to explore and Lizzie and I went off to the local supermarket for provisions. When we arrived back, Greg and Debbie were sitting on the stairs pondering how we were going to get back into the apartment, as the key didn't seem to work. Eventually the ever resourceful Washingtons secured Tino's return and he explained that this particular lock required a certain knack to open it (something that he had omitted to tell us!)

After two nights in Beue, we moved north into Galicia but before doing so we called in at Santiago de Compostela, the final destination for Pilgrims travelling along the Camino Way. Unsurprisingly, the place was absolutely heaving with many walkers with backpacks, cyclists, and tourists of all ages and nationalities.

Greg and Debbie went on ahead. Lizzie and I had the most wonderful paella, as a consolation for being unable to get into the cathedral itself. Santiago is not just about one building. There are many fabulous places to visit and the streets leading to the cathedral.



TR4A and TR3A to the Iberian Peninsular

CONTINUED



are full of the most interesting food shops cafés and restaurants - a place well worth the visit for those who have no interest either in the Camino or who do not have a religious faith although the place does have a wonderful atmosphere.



After finding it difficult to exit Santiago in the right direction, on the second attempt, we found ourselves heading out of the city in the right direction -

using good old paper map navigation (by then my phone had pretty much lost any battery charge). After a long and hot run, we arrived for a further three night stay at the coastal town of Camarinas (north west Galicia)

By this time Greg's clutch which had previously begun to develop a worrying noise was not improving so he decided to order a clutch release bearing from Moss Europe. After telephoning the Paris office the part was dispatched with next day delivery.

Camarinas is on the north coast of Galicia about 50 km north of cap Finisterra. There is a marina and fishing Harbour. It boasts a surprising number of good restaurants, and on the first evening we met an English couple who had sailed their yacht from La Rochelle down through the Bay of Biscay and across to Galicia. The port is popular with yacht people and folk with money which explained the eateries and apparent wealth bestowed on the town.



Separately, we explored the coast. Greg and Debbie drove up to the local Lighthouse and travelled 12 miles along an unmettled road and visited the English cemetery.

The coast is strewn with wrecks in the vicinity and there are any number of statues and plaques around the town, reminders of the lives lost - many of the sailors British but there were also German Dutch and French.

Lizzie and I went in search of a quiet bay, to relax swim and sketch. One afternoon we intended to drive to Cap Finisterra, (as a family we visited Brit-



tany for very many years and have been to Cap Finisterre on the furthest tip of the west Brittany Coast), but in the event we found the most wonderful bay and spent the afternoon there instead.

The release bearing ordered by Greg from Moss Europe duly arrived by carrier within 24 hours of the order being placed. It's journey had included a flight from Paris to Cologne, then on to Porto and then by road or rail made its way north to where we were staying all for the price of the part €36 plus €12 carriage!

On Thursday 19th June we travelled east along the coast - most of it pretty much for the first time during the trip by motorway arriving in Tapia de Caseriego, near Ribadeo where we spent one night in a cheap and cheerful hotel. We arrived in time for a late lunch after which we wandered around the local port for awhile.

On the following morning, we parted company, Greg and Debbie were keen to head off to Los Picos. Lizzie and I were anxious to find a quiet place on the coast for the weekend. We had booked our hideaway on Airbnb but when we arrived, there were issues! The first of which was the property (when we eventually found it) was located up a steep track suitable for use by 4x4 only. Secondly, the property was still being decorated and the owner's mother came out and explained apologetically that we would have to stay in her house at least the first night, but there was an offer of a free meal as compensation!

TR4A and TR3A to the Iberian Peninsular

CONTINUED



We retired to a local bar for some lunch and to contact the owner. There followed an increasingly acrimonious exchange with the Airbnb owner which culminated in our booking being cancelled -however



Airbnb offered to step in and find us alternative accommodation. All this took a stressful couple of hours but in the end they came up with a small one bedroom property in the coastal village of Lastres.

Lastres is a maze of tiny streets and alleyways. Most of the town is inaccessible to vehicles.

After spending an hour or so on foot with Google Maps, we finally located the property but there was no one there.

The property was owned by a Company. There was no phone number. We were in contact through the company website and eventually established that following a registration process, that the door would be opened electronically. By about 8 o'clock that evening we gained access, only to find no running water! Further correspondence by through the company's website



established there was a tap in a box near the front door and hey presto we had running water.



Just nearby and above the property is the hotel Palacio de los Vallados to which we retired for a much deserved and what turned out to be the most memorable meal of the trip so far

a charcuterie platter followed by a fabulous paella. Our waiter was a young man by the unlikely name of Vladimir who spoke quite good English and who had been tremendously helpful earlier that evening in helping us to charge phones use the Internet and sort out issues concerning the accommodation.

I am pleased to say that the rest of the weekend passed without further trauma and we had the most delightful weekend in Lastres, mostly spent gazing out to sea from the first floor windows at the property or in my case tramping up and down to and from the port harbour.

Sunday morning saw us once more packing up and moving on. The closest I could park the car was about 150 yards up the hill. Loading the TR involved an ascent up the hill from the property, steps along the side of the hotel and then more steps! Four journeys and we were packed and good to go

After an hour or so on the motorway, we came off and descended slowly through Los Picos, towards our destination for the following three nights at Potes. For much of the route we followed the river Deva, through the most dramatic gorges. As the river wound its way through the mountains it was a Sunday and the roads were busy mostly with Spanish but there were a huge number of motorcycles - mostly British



There was a massive program of road repairs on the way and we must have driven through 5 or 6 temporary roadworks each some quarter - half mile in length involving in some impressive stretches of completely new road construction in progress. Lizzie and I had a most agreeable lunch en route, before descending into Potes to be reunited with Greg and Debbie.

The following day the two cars travelled up to Fuente de, for a cable car ride. The scenery up there is stupendously splendid. The area has a distinct Alpine feel both as regards the mountain

TR4A and TR3A to the Iberian Peninsular

CONTINUED



scenery but also the design of the houses and the use of a great deal of wood as well as stone. The wood and Meadows with the local Alpine looking cattle add to the slightly Austrian feel of the place.



lightning strike followed by clap of thunder that sounded more like a cannon going off. There was a restaurant down the road close enough for us to make a dash to and from - the cars were tucked away warm and dry at the hotel car park

I had fully expected that Greg and I would be replacing his clutch release bearing using the facilities of a local garage in Potes, but in the end Greg felt that the car was managing and the condition was getting no worse. Although Greg did casually remark to me at one point that if anyone had asked him for advice, he would've replied without a qualification, do not drive it until the problem had been remedied

On our last day, we drove north again through the most fabulous scenery. Greg and Debbie visited a cave system en route and Lizzie and I drove north to the coastal town of San Vicente. The intention had been to have lunch there but there was nowhere to park so we drove on into Comillas, our final destination of the trip.

Once again, the town has more palaces and fine buildings than you can shake a proverbial stick at. This was largely due to the fact that the area used to be a summer base for the Spanish aristocracy who would decamp and leave Madrid during the summer months when it is too hot rather like the English used to leave Calcutta/ Delhi and spend some months in the cooler climbs of Simla, in northern India during the days of the Raj.

In addition, the 19th century Catalan avant-garde architect Antoni Gaudi, renowned for his cathedral in Barcelona built a summer residence here, El Capricho de Gaudi.



After spending our last evening enjoying a Tapas meal at the Taverna just near Hotel, we retired to bed.

We never did quite get the hang of the Spanish daily routine which is breakfast anywhere between 8 30 to 11 o'clock in the morning, lunch mid to late afternoon and supper somewhere between nine and 10 o'clock in the evening.

Potes is in the heart of the Eastern part of the Picos mountain range. There is a nearby monastery and the town is a mix of walkers bikers and pilgrims walking the local Camino Way. The town itself is the most wonderful mix of stone and pantile buildings nestled between the mountains on all three sides.



On the second day of our stay in Potes, Lizzie and I spent the morning sight seeing in the town and then having a Paella for lunch. By early afternoon it was pushing 40° and it was really too hot for any of us to do much although I found time to do a few running repairs on the TR including tightening up the shock absorber (again!) and adjusting the fan belt which I realised had become rather too loose. Late afternoon Lizzie and I drove up to the nearby monastery.

It was interesting to learn about the extent to which the Moors had occupied Spain. The Moors had conquered most of the Iberian Peninsula, as far north as the mountain range Los Picos de Europas. The Spanish monarchy and government had taken refuge in the North. In due course, the Spanish forces had time to regroup and successfully defend the remaining territory they occupied in the North, after which the Spanish begun the slow process of regaining control of Spain - ultimately expelling the Moors by early on in the 17th century

On our last evening after the hot weather there was the most terrific thunderstorm. It started with a

TR4A and TR3 to the Iberian Peninsular

CONTINUED



On our last evening, we could still hear people coming home from an evening out the noise continued sometime around one or 2 o'clock in the morning.



The hotel had been recommended to Greg and Debbie by a friend. It is a three star establishment with a touch of faded splendour about it. It was just unlucky that there were builders renovating a building next door to the hotel!

On Thursday 26th June we made our way along the coast

Road back in the direction of Santander and the car ferry terminal. But only after enjoying a farewell delight of Churros and hot chocolate washed down with café con leche.

On the ferry back, there was a small group of TRs who had been on an organised tour of the Pyrenees and Northern Spain. Among them Steve Buxton and his wife Julie in their black Triumph Stag. Steve said they'd had a wonderful trip, but his alternator had given up and he was obliged to charge his battery every morning!

By 7 o'clock the following evening, 27 June, both cars were safely back home. I had recorded 1957 miles for the trip and our TR was running much better than it had for a long time.

In conclusion, this had been a wonderful experience, with good friends. Greg and Debbie are great planners and they worked out the routes and sourced many of the places where we stayed and ate.

Ultimately, we lived the dream for a short while, cruising through marvellous and at times breathtaking scenery, as well as enjoying some fabulous Spanish and Portuguese hospitality and would heartily recommend this kind of trip to anyone who might be tempted. In short, a well worth while trip and a big fat box ticked.



TR Fest—North West Regional Meeting —12th July 2025

Ian Wilde



As there was no national event arranged this year, the plan was to have regional events and TR Fest was arranged by the five groups in the Northwest region.

Key facts

- * Total number of cars on site - 98.
- * 185 people.
- * Over 50 volunteers on the day.
- * Car displays.
- * Runs to and back from three different venues.
- * Cake competition.
- * Hog roast, cake and ice cream, live music and awards for cake and cars.

Tea, coffee and biscuits were provided on arrival at Antrobus village hall.

Car parking was organised so that departure times for the morning runs was by row of cars, although not all cars in that row were going to the same place.



People had a choice of local venue to attend on the day. Norton Priory, Lion Salt Works and the



Anderton Boat Lift. Personalised individual route books were issued with staggered departure times.

books were issued with staggered departure times.

A hog roast was laid on for people arriving back from the morning runs. More tea and coffee and copious quantities of cake

An entry fee of £10 per head and contributions from the TR Register and TR Bitz, raffle tickets and tombola prizes all helped to make the event break even.

During the day the cars were judged and awards were made for all the different categories. The "Le Mans" peerless won car of the show as it was the one car that drew the most attention.

The cake competition was difficult to judge and some re-thinking was needed to arrive at the three finalists.

The whole event seemed to run seamlessly on the day but a lot of work over the last few months was put in behind the scenes. A good opportunity to meet up with people from other groups.

A big thank you to the Group Leaders and volunteers.

Overall, I think everybody enjoyed the day!

TR Fest—A Participant's View

Gordon and Sheena Grant



A wonderful TR event on a gorgeous day in July. Living in South Shropshire meant an early start to the day for Sheena and I if we were to reach Antrobus Village Hall by our target time of 9:45. The previous few days had been hot, but the forecast for the 12th July was even hotter (31C) with sunshine and clear blue skies. Perfect we thought – for sunburn, engine overheating or even the dreaded fuel cavitation. So taking plenty of sun-screen, insect bite cream, many bottles of water, a floppy hat and a full tank of nice cool petrol we set off from home (Stanton Long near Much Wenlock) at 7:45. Our route would take us to Shrewsbury then straight up the A49 most of the way before striking off via Lower and Higher Whitley to Antrobus.

Arriving at the event we were warmly welcomed by marshals helping us to park in the correct spot, and by other volunteers guiding us through the easy registration process and our first cup of tea and biscuits of the day. This is a good point to congratulate the organisers and the many volunteers for how smoothly everything went with good humour and the feeling of being amongst good friends. I particularly liked the welcome pack which also contained our food tokens for the day (hog roast, cake and ice cream).



Photo by Simon Medlicott

After about an hours chatting with familiar faces in the shade of the veranda, the sound of an old fashioned car horn alerted to us that its was time to get back to the cars for the first run of the day. Group



Photo by Helen Beresford

There were three short runs to choose from: Anderton Boat Lift and River Boat Ride, Lion Salt Works and Norton Priory. Sheena and I chose the Boat Ride and after about a 10 minute journey we were parked up at the Anderton Boat Lift site and enjoying a well earned ice cream. Did I mention it was very HOT?

The boat lift itself was very impressive and had been recently restored, but sadly not operating this summer. The 56 seater boat took us up and down the River Weaver and we all enjoyed a very informative and amusing talk by the boat cap-



Photo by Mark Ward

tain – telling all about the industry and geology of the area, and the impact of salt mining since very early Roman times. I believe the whole party enjoyed the trip despite the relentless sun.

Returning via a different route we arrived back at Antrobus Village Hall in good time for the hog roast. We met up with old friends under a huge oak tree which gave us all the shade we needed. A lovely band played while we ate and drank and at this point I must thank the hog roast, cake and

TR Fest—A Participant's View CONTINUED



ice cream servers who despite the ever-increasing temperatures still managed to serve everyone in good time. But having been well fed, it was now time to visit bring and buy stall to see if there were any TR parts of interest (sadly none for me). Well done to the volunteers who manned that stall all day!

At 4 pm it was time for the raffle to be drawn (Sheena won three prizes!), for thank you speeches to be made and last goodbyes.

It was a great day out, beautifully hosted and organised by Red Rose Group supported by Shropshire Group and Stoke Group. And just in case I didn't mention it - we left at probably the hottest time of the day. We arrived home in the early evening joyful that the car behaved itself (a 73 TR6) and feeling that we'd experienced a TR event which had a real intimate and friendly feel. Well done to all concerned!!



Post Script — Jane Lockley

Those attending were asked to bring along cakes, and that there would be a prize giving for the best ones. Happy to announce here that Jane Lockley won a well deserved second prize for her cake. Well done Jane!



Member's Woes—Roger Critchley's Clutch

Peter Napier (my photos)



The story starts with Roger Critchley asking me one day to drive his car and comment on the feel of the clutch. On all of my cars, the clutch is released within the top half of the pedal travel. When I drove Roger's car the clutch would not release until the pedal hit the floor. And it was quite stiff.

We brought the car to my Unit where we lifted the car and changed the fluid in the hydraulic system because the fluid in there was black! This improved the pedal travel slightly but not to any great extent.

We also noticed that the clutch release bearing lever arm was not sitting vertical but it was about 25mm towards the rear of the car,

The other significant thing was that the slave cylinder was sitting on a make shift cradle to bring it forward of the flange upon which it would normally be fixed by about 18—20mm. Later on, Alan Edwards confirmed that quite a few years ago when the gearbox had been rebuilt, it had been a struggle to get the clutch to disengage. He also confirmed that he thought he had fitted a Laycock clutch.

The general received opinion was that the pin bolt on the fork to clutch shaft may have sheared causing the operating lever to become out of vertical.

Fast forward to 7.45am on Monday 21st July when Phil Desborough, Roger and I met at my Unit to see

The first thing that Phil noticed was that the level on the clutch release bearing shaft was vertical. I thought maybe I am going do lally. It was definitely not vertical when we inspected it on that previous occasion. Roger agreed.

I had a spare new (old stock) Girling master cylinder and Roger had a new slave cylinder so we set about replacing the existing ones. When the slave cylinder came out we noted a severe kink in the braided hose connecting the slave cylinder to the copper hydraulic tubing at higher level.

It just so happened that Phil noticed a red hose nearby that I have had hanging around for what seems like years and I didn't know what it was. Phil did! it was a replacement for the kinked braided hose and so he fitted this. We filled the system with silicone hydraulic fluid and tried the clutch.

Sadly no improvement!

That was it. 11am by now and we decided to whip out the gear box and a very good job that we did! It was obvious that the pin bolt on the fork to clutch shaft had indeed sheared. We felt quite elated that effort was proving to be worthwhile and this would definitely fix Roger's clutch problem.

With the pin now removed we could see it was broken and after a great deal of further effort, elbow grease, WD40, gentle turning and tapping the shaft eventually parted company with the shaft to reveal the other half of the pin.



what could be done.



Member's Woes—Roger's Clutch

CONTINUED



It was apparent that the release bearing itself was not in the best of condition and one further issue we discovered was that the release bearing carrier which is connected to the fork within a groove in the carrier had two areas which had become worn



in two places widening the groove where the fork could get stuck and this explained why the operating lever was sometime vertical and sometimes not.

Roger hot footed it off to Fitchetts for new carrier and new bearing,



While the gearbox was out we removed the clutch to inspect the friction plate which we found to be sufficiently worn to justify fitting a new one.



Fortunately Roger had been thinking ahead and had already purchased one from Fitchetts.

This was duly fitted and the clutch replaced.

Although the pin bolt is probably strong enough to survive the amount of driving that these cars of ours get, we also decided to fit an additional 5mm roll pin in a new hole drilled though the fork and the shaft.



Roger's car now has a possible roadside breakdown averted but his clutch is still not releasing until further down the pedal travel than any of mine. We aim to sort this out in the next week or two.

Member's Woes—Peter's Stag

Peter Napier



For as long as I can remember I have had a tick, tick, ticking coming from the rear possibly rear near side of my Stag. I have investigated just about every possible cause from stone trapped in a tyre tread to a stick caught up inside the trailing arm (is it trailing arm or swinging arm?).

Eventually I just got used to it. Then came the Dragon's Spine Run. I carried out my usual pre trip inspections and anyway it passed its MOT on the Friday before we set off on the run.

I especially checked the rear wheel bearings for any signs of wobble or grating noise. Nothing.

Tick, tick all the way along the run. As soon as I got back the car was on the lift and I checked everything only this time I had a definite wobble on the nearside rear wheel and a lesser wobble on the off-side.

This confirmed the source of my tick, tick, ticking!

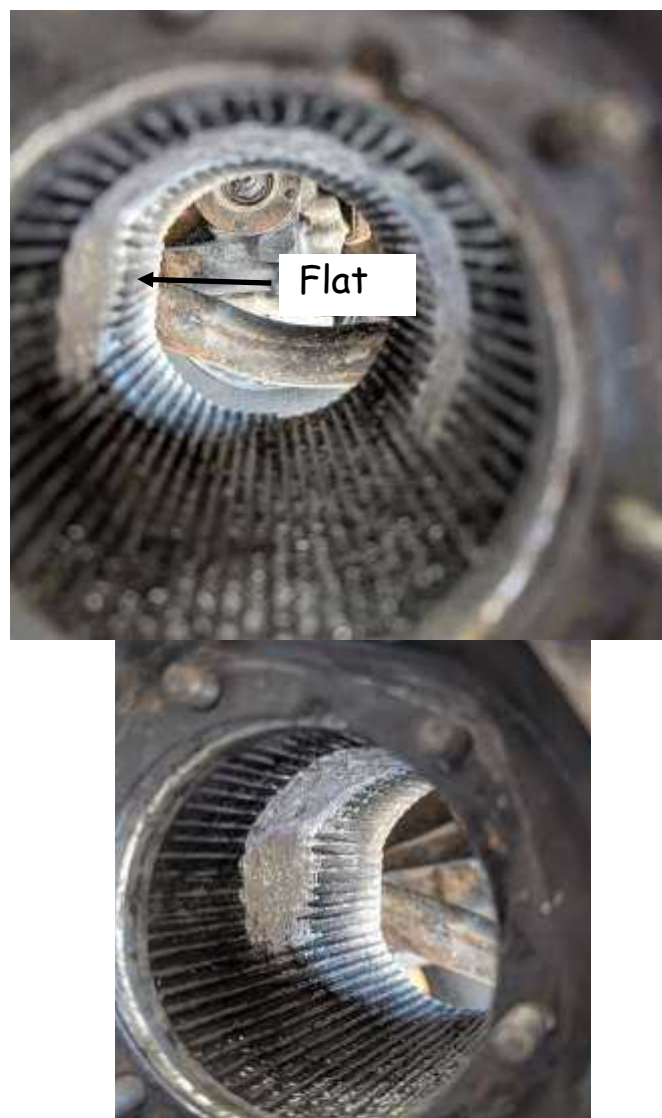
Although I had previously fitted uprated half shafts from Proptech in Kidderminster, I hadn't ever changed the hubs.

I had uprated half shafts on my TR5 and I have previously fitted uprated hubs from Classic Car Development (CDD). These are not cheap but as I would never entertain putting on refurbished hubs after reading several reports of these hubs failing (see TR Torque edition 13), I decided to fit new CDD CV shafts.

These duly arrived and I set about fitting them. It was supposed to be a doddle and so it should be had it not been for the inconsistencies either built in to the Stag or something that has developed subsequent to it being built.

The half shafts pass through the hollow centre of the trailing arm casting and I am not sure why but these are not perfectly cylindrical. They have a flat on one side and when rotating the clip that holds the rubber covers to the CV joint was catching ever

so slightly on this flat.



This required grinding which didn't prove easy as I didn't have the correct tools. I used a small grind stone on a drill which obscured my view but eventually I managed to get enough metal off to clear the offending clip. This was not required on the other side!!

The next issue that I had was when I came to remove the existing hub from the offside two of the studs came off with their studs and when refitting these simply turned on their threads without any force and could not be tightened let alone torqued!

This meant that I could either fit helicoils or go for uprated 3/8" UNC studs from CDD.

Member's Woes—Peter's Stag

CONTINUED



This involves removal of the old studs, except two, cleaning the face of the trailing arm, fixing on a guide plate that CDD provides and drilling out the old stud holes. Then exchange the template for drilling for a guide plate for tapping the new thread into the enlarged holes to receive the 3/8" UNC studs which retain the original size and threads for bolting on the hub flanges.



CV shaft in place before the studs were removed and new studs installed.. The hub slides onto the splined shaft.



Replacing the bearings is an easy task compared with the original hubs.



Hub disassembled

Shelsley Walsh Historic Hill Climb

Sunday 20th July 2025 - Peter Napier



The weather forecast for this event was dreadful. 80% chance of thundery showers. Not brilliant for competitive hill climbing and probably not much fun watching either. Nevertheless everyone who was due to turn up did so in nine TRs, a Triumph Stag (mine), a Land Rover (Roger Boxall) and Roger C in his Porsche Boxter.

In the end it rained for a short period during the lunch break and absolutely tipped it down as we were all leaving but in between times the weather was pretty good and we all enjoyed a day's racing against the clock.

There were some terrific cars there as can be seen from the photos below.



One car that took my eye was a dinky little racer with a Triumph 650cc engine. I chatted to the owner/driver and he told me that he had another Triumph. This one has a Triumph 2.5 litre engine in the front (he whimsically maintains these are "proper" cars),



and he showed me a photo on his phone. He also told me that he will be racing it at Loton Park next and I asked him for his email address so that I can give him mine and he can let us know when he is racing there. His name is Jeremy Rivers Fletcher and as soon as he said this Roger asked him if he was racing aristocracy.

Turns out his father was Alec Francis Rivers Fletcher who worked for the BRM team and who passengered Malcolm Campbell in the J C Grand Prix of



Amongst the cars on display in the car park area was this Vingale Fiat Gamine designed by Giovanni Michelotti who designed the TR4, Stag, Spitfire amongst other cars too many to mention.



Amongst the competitors was Matt Waltham's Triumph Tr5 2.5pi who managed a respectable 37.52 seconds on his second

of three runs.

Fastest time of the day was a Maclaren M18 with a time of 30.05 seconds. It was very loud and very quick!



More photos on the next page

Shelsley Walsh Historic Hill Climb

Sunday 20th July 2025

CONTINUED



Member's Woes

Ian Wilde's TR6 Clutch master cylinder failure

Ian Wilde



This happened to us on our way down to Ashford in Kent where we were to stop over prior to catching "Le Chunnel" over to France with four other cars from the Red Rose group.

The clutch pedal lost all resistance and the clutch was not disengaging so setting off and changing gear was a real problem. The master cylinder was only changed six months and 4000 miles previously.

On inspection the fluid in the reservoir was cloudy and seemed to have aluminium sludge in it. The cylinder was stripped, cleaned and re-assembled. There was a delay of approx. 1.5 hours searching for a circlip which David Bailey found just lying on the floor. I was using the MK111 replacement but this is not as good as the original.

The clutch seemed to be working and the following day we set off for France. After only a few miles the clutch was failing again. We did manage to get on the train but when trying to get off there was no resistance at the clutch pedal, although after pumping the resistance came back and the clutch did work.

By the time we had travelled the 30 miles or so to the hotel, the clutch was not working at all and it was a case of clutchless gear changes and starting the engine in gear to set off forwards or reverse.

The owner/Chef of the hotel was very helpful. He owns several Lotus cars and a friend of his runs a local garage specialising in English cars. He did not have a clutch master cylinder for a 1971 Triumph TR 6, but he knew a man who might have. The same organisation was the first on the list using the TR Register "Breakdown App." SAS Guy Grardel in Dunkirk.

The replacement master cylinder was the later type of 0.7" bore used to make the clutch pedal lighter. I have found that the TR 6 clutch system is on the limit for travel and this smaller displacement highlights any mechanical wear or play in the system. That is why I replaced it with a 0.75" bore cylinder. There are three holes in the clutch operating arm to compensate for this but I could not

get the clevis pin in the top hole.

We did manage for the rest of the holiday but with some crunching of gears.

When we got back to Blighty, I returned the worn-out master cylinder to Rimmers and they replaced it, this is now back on the car and working. With some modification!

When the master cylinder failed, it could be seen that rather than the piston pushing fluid down the pipe to the slave cylinder and thus operating the clutch, the fluid was being pushed back into the master cylinder reservoir, hence little or no resistance at the pedal. There was also some heavy scoring to the bore of the cylinder.

You can see from the below image that as the pedal is pressed, the spring (5) is what pushes the seal (1) against the end of the cylinder bore shutting off the return path to the reservoir and the fluid has no choice but to go down the pipe and operate the clutch. This was not happening!

I noticed that the spring in a 0.7" master cylinder felt stronger than that in a 0.75" cylinder. Is this by design or just that the two 0.7" cylinders I have experience of are a better made item than the two 0.75" cylinders I have seen?

I swapped the stronger spring from an old leaking 0.7" cylinder into a brand new 0.75" from Rimmers. The theory being that a stronger spring will have more chance of sealing the end of the cylinder bore.

Back up and running like new!

If the new cylinder does wear then it will be sent off to Past Parts to have a stainless-steel sleeve put in!

NB

That was the theory but after further consideration, the only thing that pushes the valve seal (1) against the end of the cylinder, is the valve seal spring (2) (see plate over the page)

Member's Woes

Ian Wilde's TR6 Clutch master cylinder failure CONTINUED



and probably a bit of internal hydraulic pressure. Replacing the spring (5) will not make any difference to the sealing of the hole back into the reservoir. This face must be scrupulously clean, any debris from wear in the bore will impair the seal function. A stainless-steel sleeve will help reduce debris due to wear.

Time will tell!

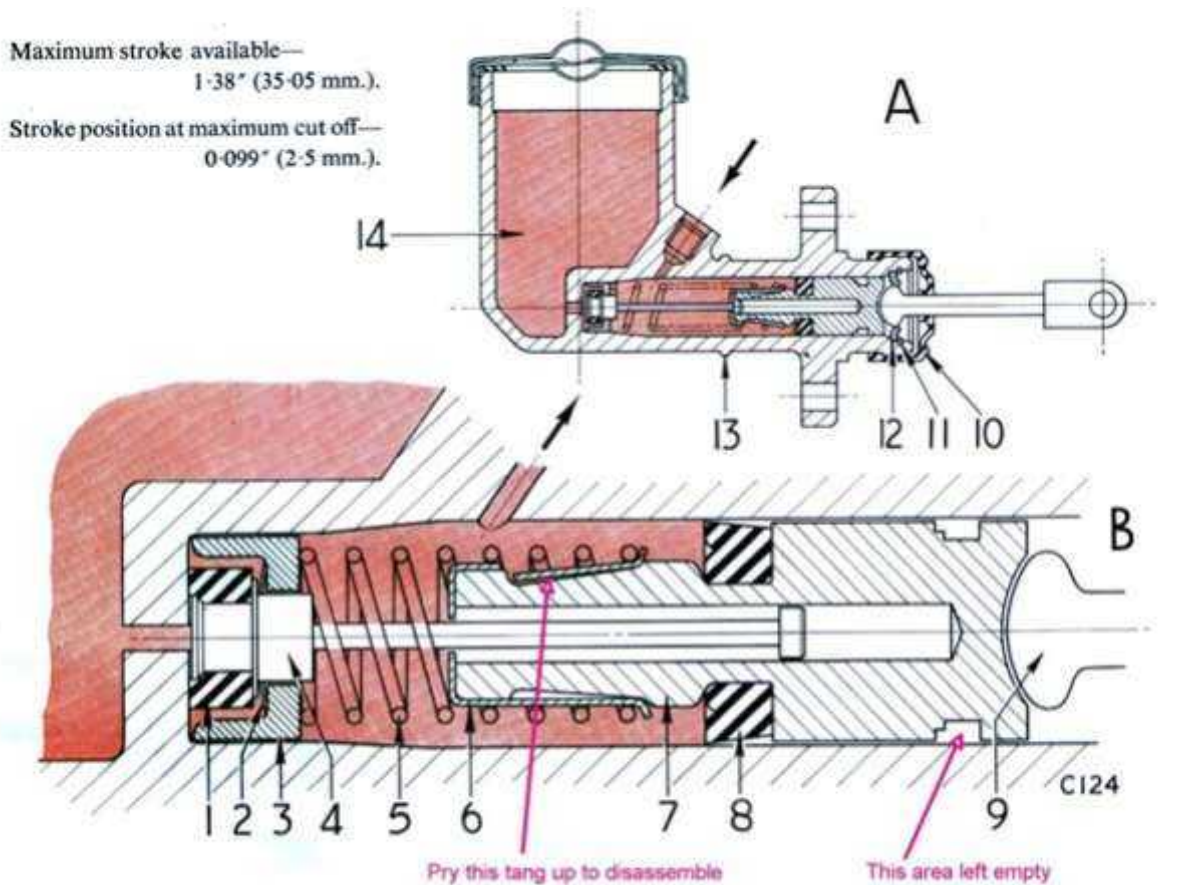


Fig. 4. Section through clutch master cylinder

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1 Valve seal | 6 Spring retainer | 11 Circlip |
| 2 Spring (valve seal) | 7 Plunger | 12 Push rod stop |
| 3 Distance piece | 8 Plunger seal | 13 Identification ring |
| 4 Valve shank | 9 Push rod | 14 Fluid reservoir |
| 5 Plunger return spring | 10 Dust cover | |

Thanks to: -

David Bailey

<https://www.hotelchateaullestourelles.com>

<http://www.sas-grardel.fr/>

Oulton Park—Saturday 2nd August 2025— Equipe Classic Racing Event

Peter Napier



TR Register Stoke Group member and now regional coordinator Chris Mountford recently sent out an invitation to join him at Oulton Park where his brother Nick would be racing in his TR4 and his TVR Griffith.

I tootled along in my TR5 and had a glorious drive up the A49 early on Saturday morning with the added excitement that I found a missing 13mm Snap On spanner at one of the roundabouts on the Whitchurch Bypass. I heard something tinkle onto the road as I swept around the island and I suspected immediately that it was something falling out of or off my car.

I continued to the next island and turned around drove back found somewhere to park up and walked up the island where I could see said spanner twinkling invitingly at me from the middle of the very busy road. I waited but couldn't get a break in the traffic so I stepped into the road with a determined look on my face and threw my hands up to stop the flow of traffic and picked up the precious spanner much to the annoyance of the cars whose journeys had been delayed by all of 20 seconds!

I met up with Chris and Nick Mountford who wasn't racing his TR4 that day but he was racing a 4.7cu inch V8 TVR Griffith. Here he is in the



photo above taking the car out in the morning for a qualifying session. Unfortunately Nick had to retire due to over heating.

This is a great event because it isn't hugely popular and cars were allowed to park any-

where around the circuit. Unlike Gold Cup day there isn't an awful lot to see other than the racing but I found that to be exciting and well worth the trip.

Because we were at the event by invitation of Nick Mountford, who races under the Equipe Racing banner, we were able to access the garages and the pit area.

Equipe Classic Racing events feature cars from the 1950s 60s and 70s and included on this day was a lovely green TR4 driven by Mark Cambell. In his race amongst others he was up against a very quick TVR Grantura Mk3 a Lotus Elise and a TVR Grantura driven by John Caudwell (former owner of Phones 4 U) proving that at 72 age is no barrier in motor racing.



The TVR was extremely quick but Campbell was holding his own in 2nd place for a while in the afternoon race until he spun off and ended up in 5th place.



All in all a great day out and hope to organize a repeat in 2026. Maybe make it a TR Shropshire Group event?

Moat Hall NGS Open Day - Sunday 3rd August 2025

Peter Napier



Thanks to Roger and Helen Critchley for organizing the day which started by meeting at the Montford Bridge Café and for those that wanted to having a brunch before heading off for a 36 ish mile run ending up at Martin and Helen Davies' Moat Hall for coffee/tea and cakes and a walk around their lovely garden.

