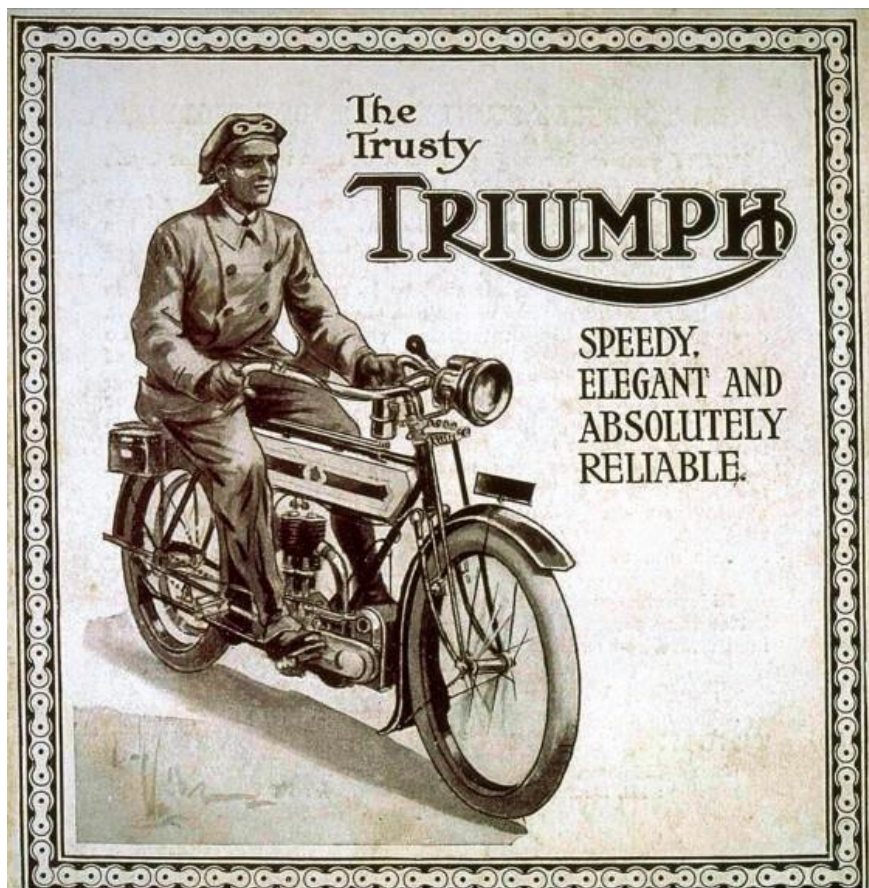


VIBRATIONS!



July 2021



Triumph Owners M.C.C.

Northants Branch



Scribblings

The 21st June Step 4 of lockdown got postponed and, at the time of writing, that is now proposed for 19th July. One immediate effect of that has been to push back the national Triumph Owners AGM from 18th July to 19th September – so if you want an excuse to ride the Llanberis Pass you'll have to wait another couple of months.

The Northants Branch is however springing back to life in July, with the first event on Wednesday 7th at the Crown in Hardingstone: a free barabecue for all current branch members and their partners. You should have already received advice of that in a separate mailshot; if you did not get that then reply to the e-mail that this newsletter was attached to.

To repeat a message from May... The Branch AGM is scheduled for 21st July. Some current branch officers are stepping back so if you fancy coming onto the committee now's your chance.



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Tel: 01604-582468

e-mail: Sarge.Northampton@btinternet.com

New Members

Welcome to the following new Branch members, who have joined in the last couple of months.

John Davis of Brigstock
Stuart McDowell of Chelveston

Luke Walker of Thrapston

Membership Renewals

If your club membership is due for renewal here are the best ways of dealing with it...

- 1) Renew on-line via tomcc.org/Home/Membership with a credit card, debit card or PayPal account. You can also get a £2 discount using this method.
- 2) Fill in the membership form that was sent to you, then post it direct to the HQ Membership address at Horley, as shown on the form. Include a cheque made payable to Triumph Owners MCC.
- 3) Fill in the membership form and hand it to the Branch Membership Secretary at a club night. Payment by cheque or cash. Memberships renewed this way are only sent to HQ a couple of times a month, so will take longer to process than 1 or 2 above.

Don't worry about the money as the Branch receives the same amount per member regardless of the method used to renew.

Northants Branch Info and News

	Events List
Wed 7th July	<p>Club Night at The Crown, Hardingstone. From 7pm.</p> <p>As this will be our first club night back this will include a free barbecue for branch members. Please remember to abide by the pub's arrangements for the current Covid requirements.</p> <p>For this night only, attendance is restricted to Northants Branch members and their partners.</p>
Sun 18 th July	<p>Founders Day Rally, Stanford Hall, LE17 6DH. www.foundersday.co.uk.</p> <p>This event is going ahead at the time of going to press, but keep an eye on the website. Admission is £10 but we understand that the numbers admitted are limited to 4,000</p> <p>The branch has a stand there, with support from Pure Triumph, so come and pay us a visit.</p>
Sun 18 th July	Triumph Owners National AGM. Postponed until September.
Wed 21st July	Branch AGM. Starts 7.45pm. At The Crown, Hardingstone
Wed 4 th August	Club Night at The Crown
Sun 15 th August	Brackley Festival of Motorcycling: cancelled
Wed 18 th August	Club Night at The Crown
27 th -30 th August	West Wales Branch Rally. www.tomcc.org/Home/Branch/WW
3 rd -12 th September	Trifest France: cancelled
Wed 1 st September	Club Night at The Crown
Sat-Sun 4 th -5 th September	<p>MCN Festival of Motorcycling at Peterborough. Last year's tickets are still valid for this. www.mcnfestival.com</p> <p>Again, keep an eye on the website nearer the time to confirm that it is still going ahead.</p>
Sun 5 th September	<p>ABF The Soldiers' Charity Motorcycle Ride, with Milton Keynes TOMCC. Charity ride to the Triumph Experience. See below.</p> <p>https://soldierscharity.org/events/abf-the-soldiers-charity-motorcycle-ride-2021/#event</p>
Wed 15 th September	Club Night at The Crown
Sun 19 th September	Triumph Owners National AGM at Llanberis. The minutes of the previous AGM are in the July Nacelle.
8 th -11 th October	<p>Skegfest. Several branch members have already booked. It's a good weekend so are you going to join them?</p> <p>Northants Branch is sponsoring the concours trophies.</p>

All events are subject to alteration should the government guidelines change.

In addition to the above calendar, some ad hoc rideouts are being arranged via the branch's Facebook page.

Northants Branch Info and News

Branch HQ:

The Crown, High Street, Hardingstone, Northampton, NN4 6BZ.

The main access to Hardingstone village is from the roundabout at the junction of the A45, A508 and A5076 (ring road). Other access from the Newport Pagnell Road (B526).

1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month, starting at 8pm.

Pure Triumph:

Our local Triumph dealer is based at The Embankment, Wellingborough, NN8 1LD. The company's website can be found at www.puretriumph.co.uk.

On production of a current Triumph Owners membership card, Pure Triumph at Wellingborough will give a 10% discount on the following items: Clothing, Oxford Products, Helmets, Oil products, Labour on Servicing.

The Branch on the Internet:

Our website can be found at: www.northantstomcc.org.uk. Most pages are public but there is one small section that is restricted to branch members only, accessed via the password that is advised separately.

We also have Facebook page: www.facebook.com/groups/northantstomcc/

Other Internet Links:

Triumph Owners MCC national website: www.tomcc.org

Triumph Owners MCC events website: www.tomccevents.co.uk

Triumph Owners Clothing: www.tomccmerchandise.com

The club also has a page on Facebook: www.facebook.com/groups/4526704577/.

British Motorcyclists Federation: www.bmf.co.uk

Motorcycle Action Group: www.mag-uk.org

Triumph Motorcycles: www.triumphmotorcycles.co.uk

Northants Branch Clothing Range

The range of Northants Branch clothing: T-Shirt, Polo Shirt. Sweatshirt, Hoodie, Fleece, Business Shirt and Baseball Cap; can be purchased on-line.

Some items can also be done with a large back-print for an additional fee.

To order click on this link:

www.customkit.co.uk/northants-triumph-owners-club-52-c.asp

Club Night Ordering: If you would prefer not to go on-line you can place an order with Les Barras at one of our club nights. Your selection should then be ready for collection at the next club night.

The Spanish Incursion (Part 3)

Sunday 24th July: The holiday's half over, but even if it finished today it will still have been worth it. As usual the day begins at about 10:30-ish. My battery has been on charge all night so we put it back on the bike. It doesn't appear to have fully charged but the bike starts. We Meet Brian & Jan and head into the hills for a picnic. On the way we stop off at the Guadalest reservoir, which supplies Benidorm with its water. We drive onto the dam and on the reservoir side the water level is about thirty feet or so below the parapet. Looking at the profile of the valley containing the reservoir it doesn't look very deep. However, crossing to the other side of the parapet the dam wall drops down about five hundred feet! Very vertigo inducing.

We come back down from the hills sometime between 3pm-4pm and stop off at a bar in the middle of nowhere. When we get back to the house I find that my legs have got sunburnt. Some of the others have been caught as well. We sleep through until eight, then once again we walk down to the Estrada (you remember, the red-light strip) for some beers and another late night/early morning.

Monday 25th July: In the Morning we try several garages to try and get a set of brake pads for Phil's bike. We know that Mini- Cooper pads fit but not even the Austin-Rover dealer has any in stock We go down to the fish dock again to see John but he wasn't having much luck either - plenty of bait being eaten but no bites. Back to Derek's for a lazy afternoon out of the sun reading motorcycle magazines and dozing, then it's another al fresco tea with barbeque chops, spare ribs and salad. John comes over later to take me, Phil and Pete over to Benidorm again for one last binge. He also brought some fish over for tomorrow's tea (his luck changed after we left him this morning). So, it's off to Benidorm to watch this week's arrivals go mad on the cheap beer and long opening hours. We get back to Altea about four in the Morning.

Tuesday 26th Jul: Wake up at 10:30 to a cup of tea. Phil and Pete go into town to buy presents. After a shower I follow on my bike with Peter on the pillion; park up and head towards the market to see if I can get a T-shirt. No luck there so off to the Bar Nou for lunch. When the rest of them go back to the house, Peter and I go in search of a shirt but all the shops are shut for siesta. We climb up to the old town to have a look around and take a couple of snaps then we go back down to the beach for a nice cold drink. Peter sits outside while I go in to order the drinks - I order in Spanish and the Manageress comes back in broad northern English: *"Sit outside love and I'll bring 'em out to you"*. I hadn't seen the notice in the entrance saying "Your host - Josie from Sheffield".

Back to Derek's for a couple of hours' rest; then Peter and I go back into town for another try in the shops. Success: a T-shirt, new sunglasses and a camera film all from the same shop. Back to the house to pick up the others and then we head out towards Benidorm for a photo-call. We find an appropriate signpost and arrange the bikes around it. Taking the photo's is a bit tricky as we have to stand in the middle of the road to get a decent shot - we get a few quizzical looks from the passing motorists!



The Spanish Incursion (Part 3)

Supper consists of the fish that John caught yesterday. With that over we go down to the Lion Bar on the Estrada for a final boozing session. We had promised ourselves an early night in preparation for tomorrow's home run but it was 1 o'clock before we finally turned in.

Wednesday 27th July: Up at 7.30-ish, tea, eggs and bread for breakfast; pack all our gear up and panic over the things that we can't find. Put my socks and boots on for the first time in a week as it's back to riding in full gear – for me and Phil anyway, Pete's going to leave his Jacket off today. We sort out the route for the day which is basically going to be motorway all the way to the French border.

After many farewells to Derek, Val and Peter we set off at 9.15, I get caught at the junction with the main road and Phil and Pete zoom off. By the time I get onto the main road they are out of sight and I can't see which garage they've gone into to get petrol. Needless to say, I pick the wrong one and have to backtrack to re-join them. Out of Altea we get on the motorway and, as usual, it's a lovely morning as it hasn't got hot yet. I'm leading, Pete is second and Phil is bringing up the rear. We've gone about 23 miles when Phil suddenly drops back. By the time Pete and I notice we are about half a mile ahead. We pull over to the hard shoulder to wait. Luckily, Pete and Phil have fitted their helmets with radio intercoms so they can talk to each other - from this we learn that Phil's back brake has seized on bringing him to a stand. Phil gets it freed off after about ten minutes and we carry on.

We make good progress until we get to Valencia where the motorway has a gap. We've all been really looking forward to going through the city again! It seems a bit easier than the outward journey as the through route takes us through a different part of the city. However, Phil is not amused as one set of traffic lights changes as he approaches them. I'm already crossing when they change so I carry on. Pete stops safely, but Phil hits a patch of diesel and goes sailing through the lights only to drop the bike in the middle of the junction. I didn't see what happened next but Phil tells me that he managed to get the bike upright and started again in about five seconds. It's amazing what you can do when half a dozen lorries are bearing down on you.

Once through Valencia we re-join the motorway. By 11.55 we've been on the road about 2½ half hours and we've covered just 100 miles. Phil's back brake problem and threading through Valencia's traffic has slowed us down quite a bit. We pull in at a motorway service area for Cokes and sandwiches, then fill up with petrol and off again. Over the next 160 miles we stop twice more; once for refreshments and then again for petrol and refreshments. In this heat we really need lots of cold drinks. When we left England, all the rest laughed at me for bringing so much Spanish currency along (almost £300 worth) but I've got the last laugh as both Pete and Phil are getting low. I sell them some of mine. Well, I say sell, with Phil I actually exchanged some currency for the cheque that I'd given him for parts the day before we left.

Another 90-mile bash takes us past Barcelona on the ring road. The Motorway is getting pretty crowded now as homeward bound traffic from the Costa Brava joins us on the great trek north. Mostly French, German and Dutch registered vehicles; but a few Italians, Swiss and Scandinavians. Some of the driving along this stretch has been pretty hairy so I'm glad to pull off into a service area one more time. More refreshments while Phil and I top up with oil, and Pete cleans some of our overflow off his fairing.

We carry on along the motorway for another few miles and leave it near Girona. From here we follow the N11 to look for a hotel for the night as it's getting on. We find one in a small village called Medina and, again, it's me who has to go in and order the rooms. It's looks like a family run place rather than just a managed one, and it's fairly modern. The rooms cost us about £7.50 each including bathrooms. Mine overlooks the car park and main road whilst Phil & Pete's is at the back of the hotel. We've got as far as we wanted today as we are now only about 35 miles from the French border. We've done about 400 miles, mostly on the motorway, and my bum feels like it's done that distance. A welcome shower is called for. It's our last night in Spain and we dine on Pasta Soup, Roast Chicken and Ice Cream. We take a couple of beers and then turn in Just after eleven.

The Spanish Incursion (Part 3)



Thursday 28th July: We get up at seven and after a quick wash we get packed up and plan out the route for today. As money could be a problem, the hotel bill goes on my credit card; Phil and Pete will square up with me when we get back to England. Horrors! A nut had come loose on Pete's BMW. It's only a minor one - the top mounting for his right-hand suspension unit. Before we leave, we go into the hotel cafe for coffees. In a mixture of French and Spanish (well it seemed appropriate at the time) I order 3 large white coffees; we get 4 small black!

Anyway, we set off at 8.30 (amazing, as early as that) and after filling up with petrol carry on north up the N11 to the border. We stop at what we think is the border crossing and spend our remaining Pesetas on some gifts and a map of France (Brian took the only one we had when he turned back last week). We then re-join the motorway to cross the border as we will be staying on it through France. This is where we find that the Spanish are dead sneaky. What we thought was the border post is in fact a toll booth, they are going to charge us another 25 pesetas each to cross the border. Phil and Pete are right out of Spanish currency but, luckily, I've just got 75 left (worth about 38p), so I pay and we do the final two or three miles to the real border.

There is very strict control at the border - the Spanish guards just sit there watching the traffic pass through and the French stand by the side of the post waving the traffic on. We are now on the A9 motorway heading north. It is quite spectacular in places where it crosses the eastern extremities of the Pyrenees, and where it comes down to the Mediterranean coast allowing us a splendid view. After about 40 miles we join the A61 motorway and head inland. We stop at some services on this road for sandwiches and Cokes. I feel much more confident in ordering stuff; it seems that my very poor schoolboy French is of some use after all. Although we are not that far from Spain the scenery here is very different. A lot more greenery and a lot less arid soil.

The Spanish Incursion (Part 3)

We set off again, stopping for petrol just before Toulouse and here we see our first British registered bike since getting off the ferry at St.Malo all those days ago. It's a CX500 and we give the rider a wave as we leave the service station. We leave the motorway just north of there and try to get onto the N20. This proves difficult as all the signposts try to get us to re-join the Motorway and, when we do get onto the N20, we start off by going southbound for half a mile or so. At this moment I'm feeling very happy as we should be able to stick to the Routes Nationales (i.e. ordinary main roads) all the way to Dieppe. This notion will be dispelled tomorrow.

We make our second stop of the day in a village between Montauban and Cahors for beers and sandwiches. Phil says that he doesn't really like this part of France but I say that I think it's great. The cafe that we have stopped at is small, clean and friendly; and we can just sit outside and watch everybody else in the traffic queue. I feel quite superior as there is no room for any cars to park here so they have to sit and swelter. We carry on until we get to the village of Payrac, half-way between Cahors and Brive, at about 4.50pm. Phil was hoping to make Dieppe by tomorrow dinnertime but there is no chance now. That last stretch really slowed us down as we got caught in heavy traffic.

I reckon that we can do it by tomorrow evening, but we will need an early start in the morning. Pete is suffering from the heat and it takes a real effort for him to get going again, so over this next section we will start looking for a place to stay. We get to Brive and try a few in the town, but no luck so we carry on north. The town is awful to get through especially as we seem to have hit it, as all the locals are trying to get home.

We finally find a place about 15 miles north of Brive, at about 8.00pm. We get a room with two double beds – who's going to share? Phil makes some noises about his sexual preferences to try and worry us but as Pete has already thrown his gear onto one half of a bed and slumped on the other, I think that has settled the matter! I sit down to unpack and keep the diary up to date while Pete and Phil take their turns in the bath/shower, which they both seem to make a great deal of fuss about. When it comes to my turn, I find out why. The bath is only about three foot long with a sort of platform at one end and the shower outlet at hip height. Phil and Pete had been standing up in the bath and trying all sorts of contortions to use the shower. I guessed that what you were supposed to sit on the platform and then use the shower. Cries from Phil of "Why didn't I think of that?"

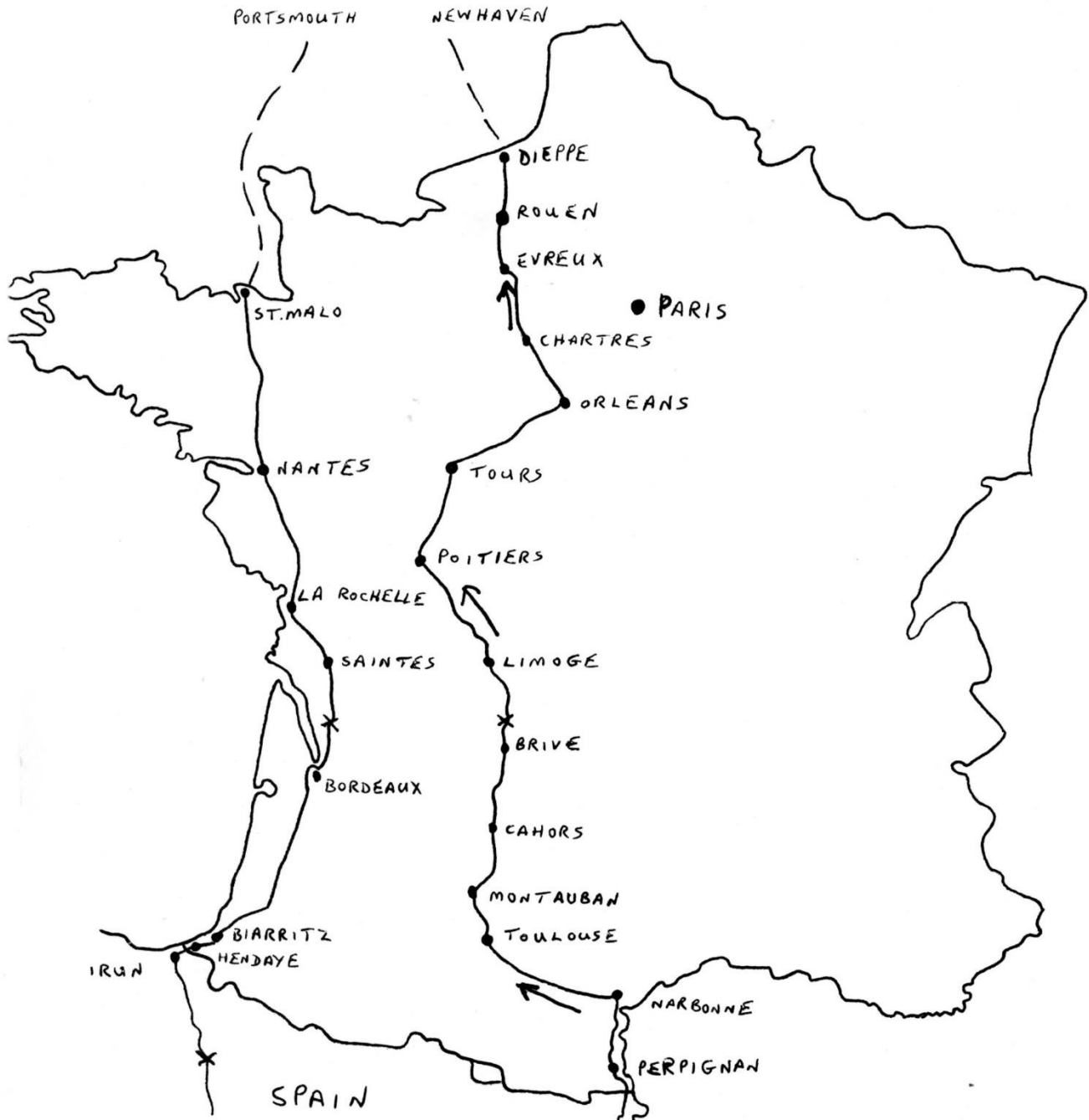
Having eaten at our last stop on the road, we gave the restaurant a miss and sat outside with some beers. There are a few other English people here, one couple on a Suzuki are heading north, like us, after a holiday in Spain; while another family is heading down there in their car. They have not had much luck; just after leaving the ferry they were smacked up the back by a Portuguese car, causing quite a bit of damage to the tailgate and nearside lights.

Friday 29th July: We get up at seven and get washed and dressed. We have changed our plans as the others want to head north from Limoges to Poitiers to pick up the motorway, whereas we had originally aimed to go straight to Orleans on the N20. Phil had struggled a bit on the last 50-60 miles yesterday as the road had scaled quite a few hills and valleys. I had really enjoyed them but, then again, I did have a back brake. It starts to rain heavy - bang goes the early start. Looks like we'll have to get the waterproofs out for the first time in ten days. We load the bikes up and grab a coffee.

The rain eases off so we decide to get going but mine won't start, the battery is dead flat after driving with lights on for much of the way yesterday in that heavy traffic. One of the other English people has some jump leads so we borrow these only to find that they don't work as one of the terminals on the leads has parted from the cable. Phil gets his trusty knife out to fix the leads before using them. We get on the road at 8.30 and after filling up with petrol carry on. The rain increases again and stays with us all the way to Limoges; and it's cold as well. Several times I felt like pulling over to the side as the traffic is heavy but I knew that if the bike stalled I'd probably never get it started again as it hadn't had enough time to charge the battery up. By the time we get to Limoges my right hand was aching painfully but, thankfully, once north of the town the rain stops and it started to get warmer.

At Poitiers (Northampton's twin town) the sun is out and the roads have dried. We get onto the A10 motorway and stop at the first service area for lunch - it's one o'clock already. After a bag of chips and a Coke, I buy a set of jump leads just in case we need them again. We cover another 98 miles and then stop again just over half-way between Tours and Orleans. We finally say goodbye to the motorway just north of Orleans at a place called Artennay, then join the N154 for Chartres, Dreux and Rouen; stopping at the first petrol station to fill up and check the oil.

The Spanish Incursion (Part 3)



Once North of Rouen on the N27 we are on the final lap to Dieppe. We stop off at a roadside cafe after passing the couple on the Suzi that we had spoken to last night at the hotel. Small world isn't it! We arrive in Dieppe just after 9.30pm and it's turned bloody cold again. Both me and Phil have right-hands that are protesting (mine is due to the broken bones from last year's accident. I can't remember what Phil's excuse is). The ticket office isn't open yet so we retire to the cafe for a hot coffee then, when we have some semblance of feeling again, a beer. The ticket office opens at 11.00p.m. and we book our tickets. As it's a four-hour trip we allow ourselves the luxury of some Pullman seats. Now it's Just a matter of waiting for boarding time.

Saturday 30th July: The ship is supposed to sail at 1.45am, but we don't even get loaded until 2.15. We weren't very happy at having to wait around in the cold on the dock side for an hour or so. We find our seats and wait for departure. The ship is a French Sealink vessel: the "Versailles". The ship leaves at 3 o'clock and we put our watches back an hour to English time. I spend the last of my Francs on a bottle of Southern Comfort and some fags in the duty-free shop (I don't smoke and I can't remember who they were for) and then try and get some kip.

The Spanish Incursion (Part 3)

The English Coast comes into view just around five and we dock at Newhaven at six. We are at the rear of the car deck but, after the commercials have unloaded, we squeeze through and are first of the private vehicles off the boat. As the first two through customs, Pete and I get stopped and we get the whole works: unpacking panniers, etc. Leaving Newhaven, we fill up at a garage in Uckfield and then a few miles further on we have a big fry-up breakfast at a transport café. It's funny, but yesterday Phil had commented on how you never saw transport cafes anymore, only Little Chefs. It's the first thing we've had to eat since about 6 o'clock last night so we really get stuck in.

There's a bit of a delay in getting started again because I have lost one of the bolts from my battery terminals, while Phil's Exec has a flat battery and has to be kick started. From the cafe we head out on the A22, then onto the M25 near Caterham. The Journey around the M25 is thankfully uneventful and once on the M1 we stop at Toddington services for another coffee. Phil and Pete are going to leave the motorway before me (Phil's got his shop to run today), so I say goodbye to them as we set off again. The run north is again uneventful apart from passing a motorcycle protest run that is heading south to Hyde Park. I'd like to be part of it but I'm so knackered that all I want to do is get back to Northampton. I'm certainly not up to driving through Central London.

Well, that's it. I get back to my house at 11.30am, dump everything on the floor, tighten up a few more bolts that had come loose then ride into the town centre to put my films in for developing; followed by a drink at the King Billy, where I'd left from two weeks previous. The holiday's over and I Just wish that I could afford to do it again.

Sarge.



Phil, looking cool, on the last day in Altea

The view from the hotel in Medina



The Great British Challenge

Several members in the branch have been taking part in the Triumph Owners Great British Challenge, as publicised in recent issues of Nacelle and a suggestion has been made that we try to get more people in Northants taking part than in any other branch.

So, who's up for it?

It's quite simple, you have to take a photo of your Triumph in front of a place or destination where the first letter is one of those in CUP OF TEA. Obviously, the name of the has to be in shot. Once you have your pictures you can e-mail or post them to Steve Jackson, as per the contact details in the July Nacelle, and receive a certificate in exchange.

Here are some examples from a couple of the Northants members already engaged in the challenge...



This one on the right is in an adjacent county; will any of you find it?

And is it cheating to claim that it counts as the first three parts of the challenge?



Keith Day

As you will know from the June update, former branch treasurer Keith Day died at the end of May. His funeral was held on 21st June, with the service at his church in Wootton and the burial at Windmills Green near Roade. Covid restrictions prevented branch members from being at the service but several did provide an escort to the burial ground.

We received this from family friend Martin Smith afterwards...

Carole has asked me to pass on her heartfelt thanks to TOMCC and GML motorcycle riders who played an important part in Keith's funeral today.

Having motorcycles present was very significant to Carole and her family, and in Carole's words "TOMCC and GML did Keith proud".

Below are a few photographs taken as the motorcycles were leaving.

