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## EDITORIAL

Well, it's been quite a year, hasn't it, and it isn't even over yet. We've still got a few meets to go! I think the highlight of the summer, certainly for me, was the club's first foreign meet, following the Mosel Valley from Trier to Koblenz. Our thanks go to Penny and Andrew whose planning work meant that we had a fantastic time. Although even they couldn't have foreseen the river being in flood when we arrived. As a footnote, we've recently heard that Andrew has been in hospital following an accident, so we wish him well for a speedy recovery.

Looking ahead, it's only a few days to go now before Roger's annual coastal meet in November. It's going to be at Berwick-on-Tweed this year, so let's hope that he has worked his usual magic to ensure that we get good weather. I guess that might be a bit more tricky to organise in Northumberland. Oh well, fingers crossed. In addition Julia has arranged both a pre-meet in Rutland and a post-meet in Melrose. Then in December there's a couple of Club groups meeting up for Christmas lunches.

The first of these will be the South-East Christmas Lunch. A group of us will be spending four nights (5th - 9th Dec.) at the Brighton Caravan Club site, with Christmas Lunch on Thursday 8th December at Busby and Wilds Restaurant in Brighton. Then the following week there's the annual South-West Christmas blow-out to be held on 16 December 2015 at Woodbury Park Golf Club. What! Still no Christmas cheer for those of you further north! That seems a shame.

Next year's calendar is already starting to fill up. I know there are a few interesting meets in the pipeline so make sure you keep checking on the website. I guess the AGM will be the first of the season, although strictly speaking the pre-meets at Lydford and Huntspill in Somerset will be the first. That is, unless anybody wants to organise an earlier one! The AGM is once again at the delightful Cheddar site we used the year

before last, and we shall once again be able to use the neighbouring football club bar each evening. Karin has already got 49 vans on the list and more people are still coming out of the woodwork!

When I put out the call for newsletter items earlier in the month I heard from Bill Brotherstone. He's setting off for New Zealand with his worldly possessions including his van which is set to be the second Murvi in NZ! We shall look forward to hearing of Bill's adventures down under and I will hope for a future article (Bill?) on the joys of motorhoming there. By the way, Bill was intending to write an article about fitting your own solar panel which he didn't get around to, but he has kindly offered to help anybody who plans to fit their own.



Could this be the most unnecessary Warning sticker ever? It appears to be recommending that you shouldn't drive with the cab blinds drawn. Now, come on, admit it! How many of you have tried to do that?

Thanks to Julia for sending me this gem.

I've been planning to do this trip for a while, so took the opportunity to drive my middle daughter back to Aberdeen, (so I had some company for the long haul from London to Scotland), and then headed off with my co pilot Toby the travelling Border terrier for a 5 day trip along the North Coast 500.

1<sup>st</sup> stop after Aberdeen, Dingwall. Hmm, very sleepy little town, looks like its still in the 80's, a bit grim. Early start and onwards the next morning. The east coast was much like any other coast road, I stopped to look at few sites and detoured off through some coastal villages en route, but was keen to get up to the North Coast proper.

I had made a decision not to go to John O'Groats, I thought it would be a bit touristy, so my first destination was Dunnet Bay, where I stayed on the C&C club site for 2 nights. Lovely site next to a beautiful beach, and the site was relatively unpopulated when I arrived. I chose an uninhabited corner spot with no one in front of me, and a view over the bay, that changed the next day when it seemed everyone wanted to camp on that site!



*Dunnet Bay*

That evening Toby and I explored the nearby forest, with its lovely paths and lots of wooden sculptures, followed by a beach walk. Monday morning it was a clear sunny day, so I hitched up the Toby wagon to the back of my bicycle (he is 15 years old and can't walk very far now) and cycled the 5 miles up to Dunnet point, the most northerly point on mainland Britain. Beautiful day, stunning scenery, I didn't stay long at the point though, as the midges were out to get me. I hurtled back down hills all the way as fast as I could to escape the swarms.



*Toby in the Toby Wagon*

It had started to cloud over by the afternoon, so I had a wander round a croft 'museum', but I did notice on the way back there was a distillery just up the road from the campsite. I'm not a whisky drinker but I thought I may as well go and have a look as it was starting to drizzle



*Joanna at Dunnet Head*

and I didn't want to be stuck in the van for the afternoon. Well, what a nice surprise that was, it wasn't whisky at all, but Rock Rose gin, and gin just happens to be my tippie. I had to buy a bottle, as you do, (very nice gin it is too)!

The next day was a little cloudy, but we set off to do the NC500 road trip stopping at lots of places along the route. The views were stunning, the roads winding and the temptation was to stop at every opportunity, but I could see the weather clouding over so wanted to reach my destination before the evening.

As the roads narrowed the weather became progressively worse and driving conditions were a bit hair raising at times. At one point I could barely see 15 metres in front of me as I was driving through low cloud. I just hoped that what ever was coming in the opposite direction would give me time to pull in to a passing place. There were an awful lot of massive motorhomes and caravans on the road, so not a route for the nervous driver.

The weather worsened and the forecast wasn't good, I decided after Durness to keep driving and head south via Scourie, foregoing my planned nights camping at Durness, so I missed a lot of the west coast, (but I had driven on some of that coast when I went to Skye last year). I kept driving and camped at Kinlochewe. Again a beautiful site, surrounded by mountains, but unfortunately overrun with midges, which easily found their way in through the closed doors and windows of the van.

I cut my journey short by a day in the end because of the weather, and headed east again and back through the Cairngorms to follow the sun, but decided I have to go back and do it all again as I couldn't see much the first time, so I've treated this as a reccy and I'll know what I'm doing and where I want to go next time, and it won't be in midge season!

*(I haven't many photos as the visibility was so bad it didn't seem worth taking any, but here are a few from the sunny days!)*



**From Marilyn's viewpoint .....**

We had tickets for the Countryfile Live Show at Blenheim Palace in July and so planned on a mini-break in our Murvi at Bladon Chains CC site. Unfortunately we discovered there many CC members are also fans of Countryfile and we were only able to book one night on standard pitch. Every now and again we checked for a cancellation to enable us to extend our stay. Our luck was in, the day before we set off for Blenheim, an economy pitch had become available for our second night. Perfect, absolutely no problem we thought.

When we arrived at Bladon Chains we discovered that the economy pitch was the only pitch of that type and was free. So we asked if it would be possible for us to have the economy pitch for both nights of our stay. We were happy to pay the full cost of a standard pitch to avoid having to move pitches the following day and thought the members who had booked the economy pitch would be happy with a free upgrade. "Oh" the warden said "those people may prefer the economy pitch".

Ever the optimists we continued chatting with the warden,

"No worries, we'll move to the economy pitch in the morning before we walk to the showground"

"That may not be possible, we have no idea when the pitch will be free, the members could well stay until midday"

"No problem, after breakfast we'll move the van to the visitor's car park"

"Our car park will be very busy and could well be full in the morning. If you see the members arrive you could always ask if they wouldn't mind swapping pitches with you"

By luck we managed to site ourselves close to the economy pitch. We spent the afternoon keeping a watchful eye out for new arrivals. Later on returning from a walk around the campsite I saw another Murvi had arrived and found Alan chatting to Vince and Christine. Imagine our surprise when it turned out that it was Vince and Christine who had booked the economy pitch for the night prior to moving to the Countryfile Live campsite the following morning.

When Vince and Christine had arrived they had been warned by the warden "You may be approached by a man, asking you to move to another pitch...." and of course, needless to say, the new arrivals did not mind at all swapping pitches with us.

**..... and from Vince's**

We also had tickets for the Countryfile Live Show at Blenheim Palace in July and so planned on a mini-break in our Murvi at Bladon Chains CC site. Unfortunately we discovered that many CC members are also fans of Countryfile as all that was left for us, when we booked, was a small economy pitch. (Well yes, born and bred Yorkshireman: I would save a bit a' brass there!) We were, subsequently, to move on to the temporary Show site for four nights, but as this didn't open until mid-morning on the first day of the show, Bladon Chains made a convenient stop over after the journey down from Yorkshire. What's more we had just spent a busy night, currying and drinking, with fellow Club

members Liz, Dave, Ingrid and Billy (say no more!) so were looking forward to a quiet afternoon and evening before launching ourselves upon four days of Countryfile.

We arrived at the site and checked in, at which point the warden said, "Oh by the way you might be approached by some man who will ask you to swap pitches – it's up to you of course." "Mmm," I half muttered to Christine, as we trundled up the site, "What if we prefer our pitch or the request comes after we get levelled and settled".

But I was quickly distracted from being a bit of an anti-social CC member. As we drove up the site I made out the unmistakable pattern of three nearside Murvi windows ahead of us. Now on the rare occasions that we have chanced upon fellow Murvi owners over the years, they have always been strangers to us, rarely Murvi Club Members and sometimes not even Murvi Lovers!

However, on this occasion, out of the Murvi stepped the very familiar figure of Alan Major. I have to say that Alan looked even more surprised than we were. "It's you Vince!" he exclaimed, pointing at me a little excitedly. "Yes Alan, it's me, Vince," I replied, in a slightly more restrained manner. "And you're on this pitch!" he responded, now I thought getting a bit over the top, as he gesticulated to the grass around my feet. "Yes Alan we are on this pitch."

Then, for me, the penny dropped! As we all exclaimed when Marilyn joined us: "What a coincidence!"

Needless to say the exchange was made without further delay. Christine and I were soon perched upon Alan's more luxurious pitch, complete with hook-up, whilst a little further down-site Alan and Marilyn seemed extremely happy with our more humble economy one. The bonus for us was to be able to ensure our batteries were fully charged in preparation for four nights without hook-up on the temporary site and the fact that our Club Treasurer blankly refused to accept a penny from us in return.

I have to record that, only upon my insistence, the imbalance was redressed, by way of an extra round of drinks, when we met up for a meal in the local pub the next evening. Apply a similar arrangement, for redressing imbalances, to Club Subs Alan!?

**Footnote 1:**

One of the main topics of conversation at the pub was how much we had all enjoyed the day at Countryfile Live. I was chatting with Adam Henson a few days later (oh dear I couldn't resist throwing that in – sorry!) and he confirmed that it will be happening in early August next year, again at Blenheim Palace. Well worth a visit. Maybe also worth a more detailed mention in a future newsletter Adrian?

**Footnote 2:**

Speaking of Yorkshire, and Billy and Ingrid, the four of us are planning a follow-up to our 2015 Yorkshire Dales Meet. Around 8 days from 7<sup>th</sup> September 2017. This time in a different part of the County. Details will come in the usual way at the beginning of the New Year.

Well, Roger Clough threw down the gauntlet to us all after the AGM in Hope. "Who would join him on his annual Yorkshire 3 peaks walk?" to walk 25 miles and 3 peaks in under 12 hours.



After a few days pondering, I thought, I could do with a new challenge, so I accepted along with Adrian Sumption and Anton Woolford; where were the rest of you, I wonder!

Thus started my training campaign ably assisted by Nick who was suddenly enthused to plan all sorts of walks for me to tackle. I worried that I wouldn't keep up with the men, who are all keen hikers, so Nick just added more miles and hills!

We all met on Tuesday evening, at Chapel-le-dale in the campsite pub for Roger to explain the route and decide which day would be the best, the weather forecast was pretty miserable. We eventually opted for Thursday, allowing us a day to fit in a 9 mile walk from Ingleton to Ribbleshead as an additional training bout. Nick met us at lunchtime in the station pub, he was full of doom and gloom, being unable to purchase a daily paper he had found a copy of the local mountain rescue magazine and cheerfully informed us of the various calamities that had occurred on the peaks! He was happy to do the 3 pubs rather than the 3 peaks...

Thursday saw us all up at 6 am to pack our rucksacks and ready to leave base camp at 7am, thick mist swirled around us as we followed Roger up hundreds of slippery limestone steps in search of our first summit, Ingleborough. We made it in our target time of 64 minutes; the view was marvellous...swirling mist and the vague outlines of my intrepid hikers. After a hazy photo shoot and drinks, we headed onwards joyously as the mist slowly began to disperse and our spirits rose as the views opened up, albeit with the next peak of Pen-y-ghent in full view, phew, it looked steep! The meadows were a delight, early purple orchids, primroses, cotton and violets were in full bloom and we marvelled at the limestone pavements and shakeholes.



*The path to Pen-Y-Ghent*

We rendezvoused with Nick in Horton in Ribblesdale, again meeting Roger's planned timing; more fuel was taken on board before heading for the second summit. The men set a cracking speed, the final ascent was more

of a scramble than a ramble, I ended up on my hands and knees and clinging on to the rocks; I didn't look down as there was no time for me to have a vertiginous wobbly! More photo shoots and snacks at the trig point before beginning the long long descent to Ribbleshead. The miles seemed never ending; we were glad to see Nick waiting in Murvi with more water for us, and discovered that he had followed us up to the summit of Pen-y-

ghent and then went back to Horton, we were amazed! After a quick break, we marched onwards towards Wharfedale. It was a gradual stepped slope all the way up; unfortunately the weather forecast was correct and at 3 pm the rain started and the wind whistled, so we had another stop to don over trousers etc. We were rather joyous when we touched the third trig point, then time for more photos to prove we hadn't taken any short cuts...now I wonder who would have suggested we might do that! Our elation was short lived; once we started the descent I understood why one internet blogger had said 'only fools tackle the peaks in this order'. It was steep, slippery and very uneven.

Great concentration was required to ensure no tumbles, especially as our legs were getting tired. I think it was actually the hardest part of the walk. Once we met level ground Adrian informed us we had been out on the peaks for 9 hours. Roger was delighted and thought we could get back to base in the next half hour and beat his previous best time. So we all had a spring in our step as we marched up the final hill to be greeted by our partners who were all waving from the campsite gate. They were amazed we were back so quickly. Adrian switched off the sat nav and reported we had completed our challenge in 9 hrs 17 minutes, with an average speed of 2.93 mph, including our snack breaks, so we were ecstatic and had grins from ear to ear.

We just had time for showers before the celebrations, when a few bottles of bubbles were consumed before heading to the pub for a well earned meal. It was a fun evening with us all in high spirits

We were nearly ready to head home when two men, in their forties, staggered exhausted into the pub asking for a meal. They said they had just completed the walk, it had taken them nearly 15 hours, they had done the walk several times before and had never managed to do it in the 12 hour challenge window! Well that made us feel even more triumphant ...more grins. I think Roger is probably still grinning now.

Our joint age was 272 years, but I must point out that I was the baby of the group. I only hope I am as physically capable in the future as these men! They are inspirational.

We all say a big thank you to Roger for setting us the challenge, and I wonder if we will repeat it next year?

What challenges have other Murvi-ers set for themselves this year? I would love to hear about them.



*The Peak Baggers - tired but happy!*



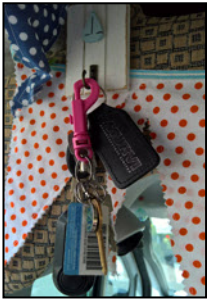


I still feel very much a newbie (just under a year) when it comes to 'MURVI knowledge', but I'm learning, thanks to all my lovely MURVI friends.

I'm very much a re-cycling/up-cycling/D.I.Y.ing sort of a girl, and I began taking pictures of all the bits and pieces I've done in my van - 'Mary the MURVI' - to make her more comfy, colourful and fun.

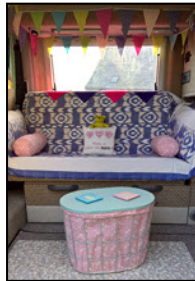
... and then, on the last couple of MURVI meets, I learned what others (men!) had done to their vehicles - structurally, technically, and with general maintenance and improvements, and I thought my idea for this article was a bit silly and girlie :( ... but I've done it anyway. So here we go. It's not meant to be 'girlie', just practical and fun. (Trouble was, I had a large amount of very pink Laura Ashley fabric to use up from way-back. you know when ...)

**I adapted the cushion above.** Rex said I'd be getting lots of requests to make more, but having done it by hand, I said "no way, don't want to do that again" - but I've just taken delivery of a new computerised sewing machine, so who knows.



**First off.** ONE place to put the keys. A little hook just inside the sliding door, up above the back of the passenger seat - seems quite a convenient place and saves a lot of searching around.

**Coffee Table - with storage.** I bought a very light-weight wire basket sort of thing, with a lid (Tiger), in a rather fetching shade of 'duck egg'. I lined it with (the pink) fabric to contain the contents, and hey presto. Coffee table, indoors or out; storage for books, maps, shoes, bread! Anything you like, its very versatile, and fits between the cab seats if you wish. When Adrian saw it he said "Well it's very pretty, but you can't stand on it!". SO ...



**Stand-on stool.** ... I got a cheap plastic stool, made a multi-pocketed (pink!) fabric cover, that has side pockets, for pens and stuff, and conceals 4 x 'Festival cushions' in the seat, AND ... you can stand on it!. It fits even more neatly between the cab seats, and I've placed a non-slip tray on it - useful for your mobile phone etc., when travelling, as it holds everything tight - no sliding around - and it's a tray for general use as well.



**Extra work surface in the washroom.** - Ok, this might be a bit girlie, but I always find it slightly annoying in the washroom, that there is no 'surface' on which to put stuff (except for the toilet

seat). So ... I discovered that the chopping board supplied with the van by Murvi (which I don't use for chopping - too big and heavy) fits neatly atop the sink and gives extra surface space, for make-up, hair brushes, kitchen pans, when you run out of space there, anything really while you are stationary. If you are using site facilities you probably don't use the basin much. Then the chopping board fits exactly (upright) inside the under cupboard door, when you pack up and go.



**Wind Break covers.** - I've got 2 wind-breaks which I keep behind the 'settee'. They are a bit heavy and cumbersome to be honest, and I know you can get extremely small, light-weight (and probably very expensive) ones, but at only £1.99 each in a sale, I couldn't really justify the expensive type. They get a bit muddy, of course, so I got some pyjama trousers in a charity shop and made 2 covers for my 2 windbreaks.



**Washing line.** A bungee stretched across the rad-grill, makes a useful line for drying towels etc.. I've also got one - with integral pegs - across the back door of the wash room.

**P-Nut Butter.** I read in 'Murvi lovers Chat' about using p-nut butter on the van's external plastic bits. Tried it and it worked a treat, ... but didn't seem to last that long before reverting to its old self.



**Bunting.** Oh yes, nearly forgot. As soon as I paid my deposit to Rex I started making bunting like a woman obsessed. ... this was six months before I actually got the vehicle.

So there you have it. I should say that, as with most areas of life, and like a permaculture system, I try to make sure that everything serves at least one purpose. This is particularly relevant in a campervan of course, where weight and space is at a premium.

Our first visit to mainland Greece saw us experience a fine collection of gorges.

The Epirus region of Greece is the location of the Vikos, Aaos and Aherondas Gorges.



*Vikos Gorge from Beloi viewpoint accessed via the stepped path*

The Vikos gorge is situated in the Zagoria area. It is, according to the Guinness book of records 1997, the world's deepest canyon at 900m deep and 1100m between its rims. We walked to the bottom, which was dry in September, but the river returns in the winter and spring. View points can be reached by car,

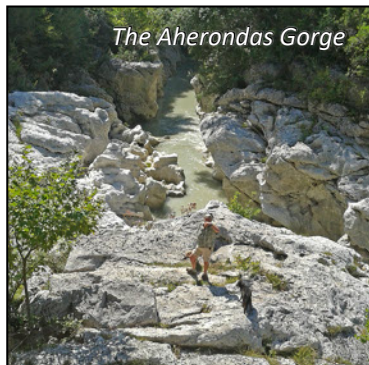
but the walk from Kapesovo via an old stepped path gives a wonderful viewpoint.

The Aaos river flowing through the Aaos gorge empties onto a floodplain at Konitsa.

The roads crossing and following the gorge leave a lot to be desired and on reflection are more suited to four wheel drive vehicle than a Murvi.

A feature of both the Vikos and Aaos gorges are the lovely old horseback bridges, the bridge at Konita being a very fine example. We enjoyed a lovely walk up part of the gorge from the bridge.

The Aherondas gorge is situated near the coast at Glyki. We camped by the river, with a handful of other vans. There is a short walk up to a



*The Aherondas Gorge*

water spout, it was a boots off, paddling moment in freezing water. There is another fine walk on one of the many skala(steps) ending at the inevitable monastery. Greece must have more monasteries than the whole world put together!

Our last gorge, the Vouraikos, is on the Peloponnese, ending on the Korinth coast town of Diakofto.

At Diakofto there is a rack and pinion railway which travels up the gorge to Kalavryta.

This town is primarily known for the site of the execution of all the males by the Nazi troops in reprisal for the activities of the Greek resistance. The town can be reached by foot and road but we preferred the train ride!



*The war memorial at the execution site at Kalavryta*

For those who wish to drive, the road is good, passes a very good winery and goes over the mountains to the Cave of the Lakes. Both well worth a visit.

This is taken from our blog of our five weeks in Epirus and Central Greece in September 2016.



*The Horseback bridge at Konitsa*

**AVOIDING FEES WHEN SPENDING ABROAD**

**By Nick Mawby**

After losing the equivalent of £200 to pickpockets in Barcelona many years ago, I have tended to carry very little cash when abroad and rely on my debit card.

Unfortunately many cards charge a foreign transaction fee and give a poor exchange rate for either ATM withdrawals or card purchase, or both.

Recently the REVOLUT card was launched which charges no foreign exchange or top-up fees and exchanges at the interbank rate. It is much better than my previous Caxton card.

**Revolut** I have now tested this out in Germany and Sweden and have found it first rate.

You can only manage the card on a smartphone by downloading an app, which I have used on the iPhone. You can choose to receive a notification each time the card is used, telling you the actual sterling amount charged. Provided you

have Wi-Fi or 3G connection this is almost instantaneous (this is especially useful when Yvonne takes the card to go shopping; I know what she has spent before she does!).

It is very easy to top-up the card via the app and you can setup auto-topup.

You can also toggle on/off the ability to use the card by swiping the magnetic stripe or for online use, which gives added security. You can suspend the card if you think you've lost it, then reactivate when you remember where you put it.



The only caution is that it should not be used in pay-at-pump petrol stations; this is often a problem with pre-loaded cards. It is fine if you fill up first then pay at the kiosk.



## A Small Batch of Delight

By Adrian Sumption



The Shropshire Hills

The Shropshire hills in the south-west of the county have long been a favourite of mine. Although they don't have the grandeur of, say, the Scottish Highlands or Snowdonia, the area has an unspoilt charm and beauty which

is hard to beat. What's more it's an area that many people bypass on their way to the more rugged delights of the Welsh hills or the coast, so isn't overrun with tourists.

Karin and I therefore decided that it would be a suitable venue for an early autumn meet. We chose the Small Batch campsite as it is in a particularly attractive area at the foot of the Long Mynd and the site had been recommended to us by a couple of friends. It turned out to be an excellent choice. Not only did a footpath run straight through the campsite up the delightful Ashes Hollow valley and on to the top of the Long Mynd, but the site was a mere 400m from the charming Ragleth Inn, our favoured watering



Ashes Hollow

hole each evening. The one drawback of the site is its lack of hard standings. This nearly proved to be the undoing of one or two of our group as the grass will testify.

From the campsite it was a fairly short, if occasionally challenging, walk into the quiet town of Church Stretton. The town is a typical attractive small market town boasting a good selection of shops and several good cafes, which we did our best to support. Inevitably though it was the draw of the hills around the site which proved the greatest attraction. The walk up to Pole Bank at the summit of the Long Mynd (appropriately classed as a [Marilyn](#)) took us up Ashes Hollow and over the rugged moorland to a viewpoint with views stretching in all directions – SW to the Malvern Hills, NW to the Wrekin and west to the Welsh hills.



The Small Batch campsite

Whilst relaxing outside our van one afternoon an elderly couple came strolling along the footpath through the vans. I fell into conversation with them and it transpired that the husband, now in his 80's, was revisiting the site where he had camped as a young Boy Scout in the days when you brought all your camping gear on a handcart. Motorhomes, what do we need them for?!

## Get Away from It All in Powys

By Julia Wright



The Gwern-y-Bwlch site

Following the very successful meet at Little Stretton, Shropshire in September, six vans and nine members went on to the Gwern-y-Bwlch Caravan Club Site near Llanbryn-mair in Powys to recover from our exertions. We were joined by Steve Sykes who was unable to make the Shropshire meet. It was Steve's first meet as a new club member.

I knew that the site would be miles from anywhere, as there is no toilet block. As is often the case with such sites, the location was beautiful. If we were hoping to recover from the exertions of the Shropshire Way, it was a bad choice of site. To walk anywhere from the site involved a very steep hill. Three of us went on a recce on the first day to assess how easy it would be to join the Owen Glyndwr Way. I was under the impression that we had had a very dry late summer and autumn. Obviously not in Powys! It was very soggy underfoot, made even worse when we had night and morning of heavy rain. Undeterred we walked up the lane. The rain held off and

we were rewarded with beautiful views of the Powys countryside.

Thankfully the sun came out on Sunday. With the promise of a reasonable pub and a Sunday lunch a mere 3-4 miles away a group of us set off along the lanes. After local roast lamb and a sensible, yet reluctant pass on the pudding (in my case), we split up. To make the walk circular, half of us followed a track to pick up the Glyndwr Way. The other half decided that it was safer to retrace their steps along the lanes. What none



Walking on Glyndwr's Way

of us had expected was that we would meet up before we all got back to the campsite. By sheer coincidence we all met on the lane, with some way still to go!

Sadly there wasn't anywhere for us to gather in the evenings. Alan and Marilyn came to our rescue and offered the use of their privacy room. It was a bit like the Tardis. All 10 of us managed to get ourselves, our chairs or stools, and on the Saturday evening enough table space for a shared supper, into it. Much hilarity and a small amount of alcohol guaranteed three very entertaining evenings.

## Registration Number Index

Who is it in the Murvi next to you at a club meet?

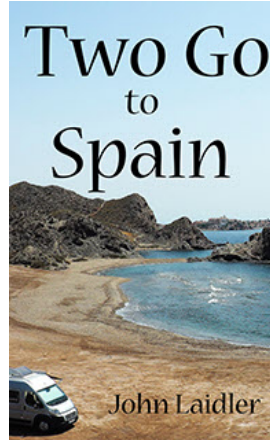
There may be some of you who find it difficult to remember everybody's name.

We have issued an index of members' registration numbers for some years. The latest version is in a new format; I have found it difficult to memorise the full 7 digit number so that I can surreptitiously return to the van to look up the names.

The new version only requires that you remember the **three letter group** in the registration number, and the list is ordered by that group. We do have a few 'twins' but you have a 98% chance of getting the name right!

To download the Index you need to login to the website then click on info, you will find it in the Members Section, together with an updated list of members.

## A Book by a Club Member



John Laidler, a Murvi Club member, has written a book about his and Mary's travels in Spain in their Murvi Morocco. It is available in both the Amazon Kindle and Apple iTunes stores and a search on those sites for 'Two Go to Spain' should find it. The book has nearly 200 photographs and maps and covers a wide selection of Spanish places and landscape, including the north coast, the Pyrenees, the more well known Mediterranean coast and some of the perhaps lesser known inland places.

## CENTRAL SPAIN

By Roger & Wendy Pepper

We spent a month this Autumn touring North and Central Spain and had intended to make the trip eastwards from Madrid to the Mediterranean Coast in a couple of days. However, the towns and natural features of the desolate and largely unpopulated mountainous areas of Serrania de Cuenca and El Maestrazgo proved so attractive and interesting it took us nearly a week. One of the aires we stayed on had a wonderful view and provided the opportunity for the obvious photo.



*The Morello feeling an affinity with the town of Morella*

## POETS CORNER

*Penny McCallig, who, along with her partner, Andrew Shewan, organised the Murvi trip along the Moselle back in June, has sent these amusing limericks to help revive some happy memories for those of us who joined them on the trip.*

Of a Murvi meet I heard tell  
They meandered along the Moselle.  
They pedalled their bikes  
Went on serious hikes  
Drank Riesling and ate cakes as well.

There were three Rogers on this trip  
But only one went for a dip.  
The pool was so cold  
He had to be bold  
And shot down the flumes very quick.

There was a brave woman called Wendy  
In cool shades and shorts she was trendy.  
She biked to and fro  
And climbed high and low  
Even though the Moselle was so bendy.

There once was a Roger called Norman  
Came a moselling in his new van.  
He drank some beer  
And had plenty of cheer  
Till his new fridge went right down the pan.

*And then a neighbour of Roger Pepper has penned this little ditty, presumably as a subtle dig at Roger and Wendy's exploits in their Murvi.*

When Noah was a little lad  
They lived in tents. You see  
They had this weird obsession then  
With insecurity.  
They moved about from place to place.  
The sunshine mainly shone,  
So livestock, children, pots and pans  
All gladly trailed along.

About 3000 years have passed.  
The world's a different place.  
With TVs and computers now  
We fill our living space.  
But when it comes to holidays  
- oh, the fickleness of man! -  
We leave our lovely homes behind  
And decamp in a van.