

# E TRECKER 5

MAY 2015



[www.suntreckers.org.uk](http://www.suntreckers.org.uk)

### EDITORS CHAT

This is the last E Trecker I shall produce before handing over to the new PPO (Is it you? Are you a female? We have not had one of them as PPO). I made some mistakes in one article and have been accused of not being 'professional' which is true. I am an amateur trying to produce an interesting news letter as are the proof readers but we do our best. The Committee have decided to continue with Trecker coming out after each Committee Meeting except, July / August at present, then E Trecker roughly half way between committee meetings and Mini E Trecker as and when required. This a bumper issue thanks to Fritz. Read on to see why!

I wish all my readers Happy Suntimeckering.

Graham

### LETTERS

I have received some letters on the subject of Driving Licences and age related categories. It appears some mistakes have crept in to my original article and letters I edited. I apologise for this but urge members to check their licence renewal when they reach 70 years of age. I now draw this subject to a close.

Editor

### RALLY 90 MEADOWFLECK FARM

Has been put back into the rally list and will be run by Eric Webster at £6.00 per night. See Rally 11 for details.

### SITE REVIEW HYDE FARM PINVIN

Sandra and I have used this site on the GALA Rally field, the normal rally field and the Certified Site (Caravan Club)

I will concentrate on the normal rally field and CL. The site is approached via a Garden Centre on your left and the farm house on your right. As you pass the CL again on your left go through the gates and turn left behind the trees to find a good size flat, rally, field with good views on tree sides with the other being obscured by trees to protect the area from view of the CL and as a wind break. These trees also help to trap the sun and keep the area quite warm even on cooler days. There is plenty to do in the area as it is in the Cotswolds with the nearby town of Pershore worth a visit. It has a central covered market next to a large car park and supermarket. Check the market opening days and times as it is not open everyday. If you go to the other end of town there is a small car park next to the river with a riverside walk, but the can be wet in places, and picnic seats. There is a small but interesting shopping square surrounded by very old buildings. The CL again is quite flat and does have electric hook ups, toilets and showers (charges for showers). These are not available to ralliers.

By arrangement direct with the site owners it is possible to stay on after the rally on the CL and if available you may be allowed to remain on the rally field, plug into the mains hook up, use the CL facilities and stay naturist. Beware the rally field is popular and sometimes other rallies start on Thursdays when you could still be there. It happened to us. The garden centre has a good stock and specialises in hanging baskets etc.

We really enjoy visiting the area.

Graham Addison      PPO

## FRITZ TRAVELS

### **SOLARIS DIARY – AN EVERYDAY STORY OF MISHAPS, FRIENDSHIP AND TRAVEL**

#### **Introduction**

Continental rallying appeals to me both in the actualité, and in the planning. With the use of the internet and of Google mapping the planning can be very detailed, even to the extent of which lane to be in when approaching a junction - pass the anorak!!

I have been a frequent attendee at the French rallies but Croatia presents a different challenge.

This year, for reasons too complicated (and scurrilous) to explain I decided to invite a travelling companion to accompany me! Names have been changed to protect the innocent!

*Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> August*

My neighbour has decided to have a garden party for her WI friends so bang goes all the parking spaces and my plans to load up at home. A quick change of plans as I ferry my freezer contents and bike to the van storage site, eventually leaving there at 1 pm. But disaster strikes. The battery light won't go out. Shall I ignore it or shall I have it checked out? Common sense prevailed and my friendly local garage was soon phoning around for a replacement alternator. Of course there were none to be had on a Saturday afternoon and everything was put on hold until Monday! Phoned M and explained the situation. I sent an e-mail to the ferry company seeking a revised ferry time.



Pass the anorak



Awaiting a new alternator!



'M' likes trees

*Sunday 17<sup>th</sup>*

I'm kicking my heels at home listening to England thrash India at the Oval and watching the GB athletes win a hat-full of medals in Zurich. At least it was better than conked out somewhere on the M1 or, god forbid, in Belgium!

*Monday 18<sup>th</sup>*

Another disaster: my 'man' decides that his little workshop is not up to handling the repair job so he passes me onto someone else who 'Can fit me in on Thursday'!! I spend a worrying hour persuading him that I do really need to queue jump. I leave the motorhome with him overnight; he will 'See what I can do, but I can't promise anything'.

*Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup>*

A very anxious morning but finally the welcome call, 'Your motorhome is ready Mr Herring', and I am on my way from Matlock by 3 pm. With our ferry (re)booked for midnight from Dover we had ample time, but I forgot M's ability to make even the easiest of tasks take ages. It took three hours plus to pack M's mountain

of stuff. I ask you - 4 pairs of glasses, 6 large boxes of breakfast cereal and how can anyone need so many towels and shoes, 'Oh and have you got room for this very little extra bag?'

Of course we left M's place missing a few essentials but there was no way I was going to turn back. We did make the ferry, but it had been a long tiring day.



Ship Ahoy!



Stuck outside Luxembourg City

### *Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup>*

A frustrating day: roadworks, missed turning (not our fault, honest), a lengthy detour to find fuel, an accident which caused a major tailback outside Luxembourg, all contrived to push back our arrival time to 5 pm. But the site, right on the Mosel not far from historic town of Trier, was a delight; water, electricity and fine views for the princely sum of €8 per night was just the fillip we needed after our anxious few days. Now the holiday could really begin.

### *Thursday 21<sup>st</sup>*

The Mosel offers many attractions, not least of which is the stunning scenery of green vine clad hills on either side of a madly meandering river; pretty little towns and plenty of activity on the river itself with barges as long as football pitches heading in both directions. We spent two nights resting on its northern bank with a lazy bit of cycling and some blackberry picking.



The twists and turns of the Mosel



Pretty villages dedicated to wine growing



Barges as long as football pitches.....

Friday 22<sup>nd</sup>

A journey across the Saarland and Rhine to the Black Forest and a favourite campsite of mine at Schiltach. Steep sided valleys, big timber framed houses (beloved of jigsaw puzzle enthusiasts) with vast sloping roofs, cobbled streets, and an abundance of bright trailing geraniums tumbling from window boxes on every balcony. A neat, tidy and friendly town. The local museum informs us that the town has been burnt down several times and that in the 19<sup>th</sup> century most of the inhabitants emigrated to Brazil.



A colourful corner of Schiltach



A campsite right by the river

Sunday 24<sup>th</sup>

Sunday lunch in an old Inn – M's first ever Wiener schnitzel (9.5 out of 10) – and a lazy afternoon.



Gemütlich

Monday 25<sup>th</sup>

A gentle drive along Lake Constance, with the Alps prominent on the Swiss side. We stopped at a large 'aire' above the ski resort of Nesselwang. The weather is not too clever so we will cross the Alps early and head for the warmth of Italy.



9.5 out of 10



Camping above the town of Nesselwang with the Alps as a backdrop

*Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup>*

A long day which included the Brenner Pass via the old road. Hitler met Mussolini at the station at the summit in 1940 – both arriving by train from their respective countries. My first real experience of Italy, so far so good. Camped by Lake Caldonazzo near Trento, a pretty little spot. M was suffering from the dreaded tummy lurchi so missed out on a fry up! Weather a lot better.



The station at the top of the Brenner Pass



Bye - see you in Hell!

*Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup>*

Lovely sunny day spent catching up with domestic chores and sunning ourselves by (and in) the lake.



Lake Coldonazzo as pretty as a picture

*Thursday 28<sup>th</sup>*

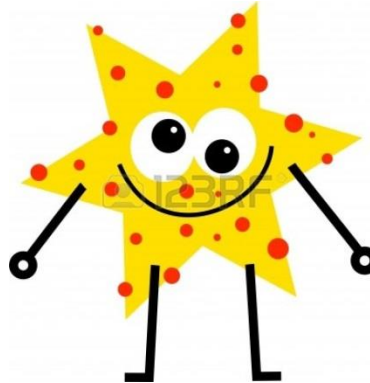
It's feeling quite autumnal with the silver birches which give much needed shade losing their leaves and the German and Dutch families departing in large numbers to be ready for the new school year. Soon it will be just us oldies left.

*Friday 29<sup>th</sup>*

This really is a pretty spot. I've cycled on paths both to the north and south and come across several sleepy little villages. The fields are full of 'regulation' apple trees much loved by supermarket chains; with big fat fruit all of similar size and complexion. And they are easy to harvest as well. I've been helping myself to the windfalls and stewing them up with blackberries in my slow cooker. We get 3 amps of electricity included in our camping fee. It's neither enough to boil a kettle, heat the water or run the microwave – very cunning – but it does allow us to recharge all our batteries.



Easy pickings



I see no spots

M still has a nervous stomach and has developed some facial spots which means lots of peering into the mirror. 'An illness a day keeps the doctors in pay'!

*Saturday 30<sup>th</sup>*

I learnt today that my dear childhood friend 'Dinks' had died. We lost touch after he had gone up to Cambridge but with the magic of Facebook we were able to re-connect a few years ago. Duncan spent some 40 years as a Lay Clerk (chorister) at Canterbury Cathedral. His obituary referred to him being the youngest ever bass soloist in the Royal Festival Hall as he made his début there at the age of just 14, performing in Bruckner's Te Deum.

*Sunday 31<sup>st</sup>*

Our peace at Lake Coldanazzo has been disturbed by a group of rather excitable children who wake up early – enough said! We have moved a short distance further south to Lake di Corlo. All around the lake the mountains, clad with dark green pine trees, rise steeply into the clear blue sky. The sun is shining and it's a perfect Sunday morning.



Albergo Parigi on Lake di Corlo

M is at last feeling better and is back to eating solids which is just as well as we need to get through a mountain of meals, 'which I had prepared earlier'.

I'm reading a rather interesting book 'The Lost Leaders', (Rab Butler, Denis Healey and Ian Macleod) by Edward Pearce, a very readable resume of the politics from the late 30's through to the Thatcher era. He has some lovely cutting remarks, which make delicious reading, about the likes of Benn (Gaitskell was staggered by....the depths of his naivety and poor judgement); Hailsham (....a slight derangement of temperament forever barring a clever man from ever being taken altogether seriously); and Douglas-Home (.....a one-subject technician garlanded with an Oxford fourth, ignorant of economics, social policy or an atom of home policy).

*Monday 1<sup>st</sup> September*

September already – it will soon be Christmas! Talking of Christmas we're parked under a walnut tree which is shedding its fruit. Walnuts were always something fiddly we had at Christmas; but more recently I've discovered a recipe which, together with goat's cheese and fig jam, I have sought to impress my dinner guests with. Unfortunately to buy walnuts back home you need to be accompanied by your bank manager - if there is still such a beast in this age of on-line banking! Last time I gathered my own walnuts I found them all eaten away some 3 months later (a rotten apple in a barrel came to mind) and totally useless for my culinary endeavours. I shall try and take better care of this latest crop.

I cycle into the local town of Arsie. It's already 'closed' for siesta and it's scruffy but with an impressive town hall and high towered church. It is completely encircled by steep hills. A few years ago they bored a long tunnel linking it to the outside world (EU funded?); prior to that it



Arsie nestling amongst the hills

*Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup>*

The chap in the adjoining tent has caught a very large fish in the lake; a pike so M informs me. He proceeds to scale and gut the ex-creature. Can't be in Italy without eating a pizza in the Pizzeria. I eat all mine and half of M's.



My what whoppers



Walnuts

I hear that another former school friend (Stuart) has died. Similar sad news is going to be an increasingly frequent occurrence in the coming months and years.

*Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup>*

We come down out of the mountains and back into civilisation. This is proved by a plethora of Lidl's; we stock up! Driving in Italy up to now had been most pleasant, but as we reach the Lido di Jesolo we hit the tourist traffic (we're 'travellers'!) We bet each other an ice-cream who can spot Venice first. We shout in unison as the tower of St Marco appears across the lagoon. M claimed the ice-cream on account that I should have been concentrating on the driving!



*Thursday 4th*

The Lido is an expensive place to camp, but then it can afford to be. You can see the original small holdings being gobbled up by holiday accommodation with plenty of camping sites. You get the feeling that it won't be long before it's completely developed.

We have bought 24 hour water-bus passes and will go to Venice this afternoon and tomorrow morning. No doubt this will be time that my camera decides to pack up!

Venice was crowded, Venice was scruffy, Venice was magnificent, Venice was everything you had read about it and more! As we were leaving a cruise ship was being towed through (not stopping). It dwarfed (as in Gulliver/Lilliput) its surroundings, and struck me as obscene. Ships of that size are doing enormous damage to an already sinking city. M's camera refused to work - in Venice of all places.



The Venice we want to see



Out of scale – what's the damage?

*Friday 5th*

A morning in Venice which we looked at mainly from the water. The ferry took us in a big loop through the Grand Canal, past the station and then out 'the back' which was not particularly attractive. There were two enormous cruise liners moored up including the Queen Elizabeth which looked more like a block of flats than a luxury liner.

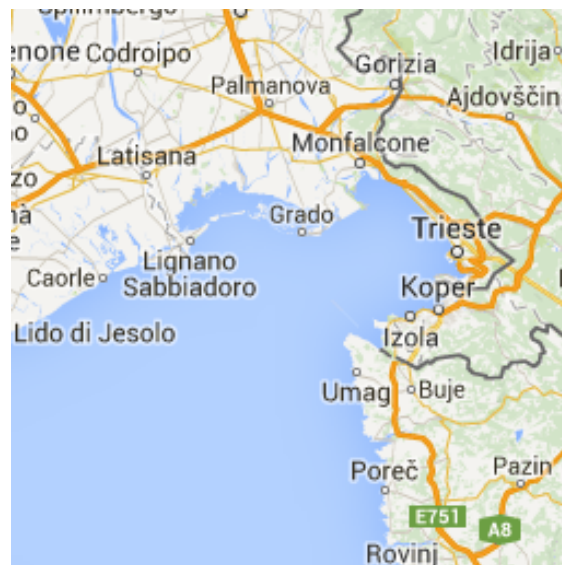


The Rialto Bridge – that's 'M' about to jump!

*Saturday 6th*

A long drive around the northern coast of the Adriatic. Fortunately I had done my Google mapping homework and we didn't make too many mistakes as we followed a fairly complicated cross country route.

I'd picked a route across Slovenia which avoided the motorway (= toll + vignette) for a 30 minute journey. Of course the non-motorway route was hardly signposted, comprised several different roads and road numbers and was a narrow two lane affair for much of its length.



Lido di Jesolo to Porec

Booking into the campsite proved very straightforward and we soon found a pitch with pleasant views down to the sea. We're a short walk from the pool and the sea and it's lovely and warm. I like this site, it's very big but you're not aware of it as you live in your own small part. The facilities are first class and everything is low key with the 'customer' in charge rather than many other large sites where it all seems to be run for the benefit of the management and staff. An added bonus is that there are plenty of sun loungers by the pool!

*Sunday 7<sup>th</sup>*

Rally arrival's day, normally a fraught time for some (including rally officer and assistants) as they try to fit in caravans and motorhomes here there and everywhere. But at Solaris this seemed to be achieved without undue alarm, probably because the emplacements were on the whole level, large, well-served by water and electrics and much of a muchness in terms of orientation and location.



## Camping on the Adriatic

Soon acquaintances were being renewed; tales of journey mishaps being exchanged; and, forays into the 'sanitaire', shop, pool and even the sea undertaken. It helped that the weather was excellent and that the forecast (at least for the next few days) was good. By evening time the wine began to flow. Rally No 79, first planned in September 2012, had begun.

Oh my gawd what's this? Several of the caravans have been decorated with lights, and twinkling lights to boot! It can't be Christmas already.....'Oh Come All Ye Faithfull'.

### *Monday 8<sup>th</sup>*

First coffee morning. Ken tells us that there are 17 units at Monty's rally at Clermont Ferrand. Over 65 peeps on continental rallies in September – we must be doing something right! The rally officer's programme for our 14 days sounds very promising and includes a catamaran trip across the Adriatic to Venice. I'll think we'll give that a miss!

England beat Switzerland 2-0.....encouraging.

### *Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup>*

I cycle through the local roads on a forage but there is little fruit to be had. The blackberries (quite profuse 2 years ago) are mostly all shrivelled. I do chance on a stray vine and plunder several bunches of small sweet grapes.

We dress up in our glad rags and eat at the eat/drink all you can restaurant (£11). Everyone suitably impressed.

### *Thursday 11<sup>th</sup>*

It started raining yesterday evening and hasn't really stopped since. The forecast for the next couple of days is poor. I'm following the Oscar Pistorious verdict on BBC News, the judge certainly knows how to create drama!

### *Friday 12<sup>th</sup>*

A dullish day so I cycle into the small town of Tar. There is nothing particularly interesting to see, a couple of churches, and it has a certain rustic charm, but it's interesting to see how the place is expanding with new (mostly) low rise holiday accommodation. Tourism seems to be the main industry here, together with olive and vine growing. Istria itself has a very chequered recent history belonging to the Austro-Hungarian empire (the port of Trieste being its only access to the sea), Italy, Tito's Yugoslavia and now Croatia. Slovenia has a narrow strip of land between Trieste (Italy) and Istria (Croatia) to give it access to the sea.

It's 'fish night' at the restaurant and I am invited out to a (repeat) Golden Wedding celebration.



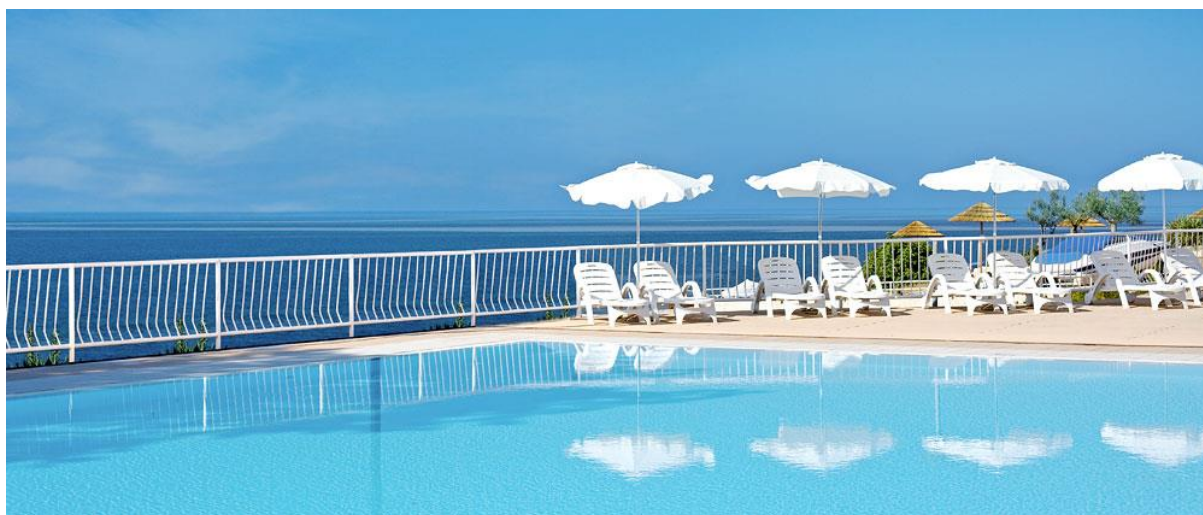
St Martin – Tar



Municipal Coat of Arms

*Monday 15<sup>th</sup>*

The weather has turned very warm again and the pool and sea are much in use. The BBQ went very well, the management even providing a friendly chef to cook our meat for us. 'It gets me out of the kitchen', she (the chef) said, in good English.



The swimming pool

My team - Charlton Athletic - have had a good start to the season. It is some 25 years since I was heavily involved in the club's return to The Valley following 6 years ground sharing with Crystal Palace. In those days, around the time of the Turner report, we were the pioneers; now building new stadia is 'ten a penny'.



75,000+fans in the Glory Days



1980's



with a little help from Fritz

M, free of spots – well at the last peer – is lying on the bed, thermometer in mouth and cold flannel perched on the forehead. The flannel falls off frequently and the thermometer goes in and out of the mouth like a horizontal yo-yo. I should be more sympathetic!!

*Tuesday 16th*

For the last few years I have been bringing my electric bike away with me. This enables me to explore within a 6 mile radius, get a bit of exercise and reach the local shops (if there are any such facilities). It's not all 'good', as a few years ago in France I managed to 'go over' the handlebars and fractured my wrist. Not only did that require an 80 mile round trip to the hospital but I had to be driven home by a driver flown out from England.

I come across an elaborate war memorial hidden between two houses. There are three names all with the same 1943 date but I cannot decipher the script. Were they goodies or baddies, probably the former as the winners/survivors decide? But whatever, they were some mothers sons and a tragic loss of life. In Italy coming down I saw 8 names on a WW1 memorial all with the same surname - dreadful.

Early days yet but I am giving some thought to our journey back. It would be nice to show M some of the pretty/historic towns on the 'Romantic Road' in Germany.

*Wednesday 17th*

Another beautiful morning, the site wakes later and later. We breakfast outside overlooking the Adriatic. It is with no little Schadenfreude that we check the weather in Munich, Linz, Utrecht, Matlock and points further north - no need to rush home!

Our young Matlock wicketkeeper Harvey Hosein (18) has taken 11 catches in his first county game (v Surrey at the Oval) equalling the championship record – you couldn't write a better script.



Harvey takes 11 catches on his County debut



The end of the day

The loos here have sensor flushing – as soon as you step away it flushes automatically. I wonder how long before Maud installs a similar system!

*Thursday 18th*

The historic vote in Scotland – they can't seriously vote Yes? Lynne gets busy with her No. 1 clippers; we look like zeks from Solzhenitsyn's Gulag. We eat communally watching a lovely sunset; the chat goes on late into the evening. We're all aware that in a couple of days we will be making our own ways home and won't meet up again until next year.

*Friday 19th*

Scotland votes NO! Two units have left early; the Germans begin to 'winter' clean their vans. Last coffee morning.

*Saturday 20th*

It starts raining during the night and by morning it's obvious that the day is going to be a wash out. It looks brighter in Germany so we (as in me telling M) decide to strike camp and head north. We by-pass Trieste on the motorway and then it's up the Soca Valley – a slow winding road with little traffic – to Bovec. I'd been there some 45 years ago with Hazel when we visited the old Yugoslavia. The Soca Valley, in the Julian Alps, was the scene of some 12 battles between the Italian and Austro-Hungarian forces in WW1. Over 300,000 men were killed! Now the place is a thriving holiday area with alpine and water-based pursuits.



Bovec in the Julian Alps



Bovec town centre

Monday 22<sup>nd</sup>

Time to tackle the Predl Pass. It's narrower, steeper and with far more bends than I remember, but there is very little traffic about and soon we are at the top and down the other side into (briefly) Italy and then Austria.



Up and over the Predl Pass

We cross Austria by the autobahn via the long Tauern Tunnel. Last time I came this way I went up and over the old road burning out my clutch in the process. It took 4 days (and an arm and a leg) to put that right!



Approaching the Tauern Tunnel



Uffenheim

We got held up in a long delay coming through Salzburg and then we were into Germany halting for the night at Frasdorf some 80 km short of Munich.

*Tuesday 23<sup>d</sup>*

We make rapid progress along the German autobahns and strike gold in the pretty town of Uffenheim (just south of Wurzburg) where a cycle path (trim trail) has been planted by the good burghers with 100 different varieties of apple tree - a foragers dream - as I help myself to the windfalls with the occasional shaking of the good burghers branches!

*Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup>*

It was a short drive along the River Main to the pretty town of Miltenberg. When I first camped here I remember being driven by madam camp owner to the local hospital with a very painful ankle (or was it knee). The next time I came I ate in a restaurant serving only asparagus, but cooked 20 different ways. I chose a 'eat all you can' dish (I wonder why) but was totally full up after only the 2<sup>nd</sup> plate – it was delicious though. This time I filled another bucket with windfall apples and toured the local shops looking for bargains to take home.



Miltenberg - view from campsite

Miltenberg is a port of call for the river cruise 'botels' which ply the main rivers of Germany including the Rhine and Danube; whilst we were in town three such boats were docked in the quay. The town was abuzz with guides marching in front of their crocodiles of overlarge (mainly) Americans gawping and snapping at the attractive old buildings in the main street.



Miltenberg street scenes

*Friday 26<sup>th</sup>*

We're back on the Mosel at the site where we started our trip. Then the place was about half full (half empty) now all the sites along the river are full. Someone says it's the 'last camping' before winter, others say it's the wine 'fests' held in each village which brings everyone out.

I'm up early in the morning with the river all to myself save for a couple of swans having their early morning bath in the shallows. A gentle haze covers the surface of the water giving a magical quality. A 'botel' passes with early birds huddled on the sun deck. I peer at them, they peer at me. Am I the attraction or are they. We both are – but the beautiful Mosel is the real winner.



Botel on the Mosel

Our thoughts are now very much turned towards the return journey. Today we will have a good tidy up.

*Saturday 27<sup>th</sup>*

Halfway through Belgium we decide to make a beeline for home. We phone the ferry company and amend our bookings. I've never been too keen on hanging around near the dull French ports and this time is no exception. We fill up with diesel for the final time and make the last of our purchases concentrating this time on cheese and wine.



An e-mail from Ken greets me when I get home – he's already booking Solaris for 2016. I'm game; I hope M is as well!



'M'

### CONTINENTAL RALLIES

#### 1st Early Rally.

Rally No, 37. **El Templo del Sol.** Spain. 15 days / 14 nights

Arrive day Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> May 2015-02-06

Depart day Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> June 2015

Rates €16.28 per night (includes electricity)

Along the Costa Daurada, approximately 170 miles from the French/Spanish border is El Templo del Sol. This is a large, luxurious terraced naturist site with a distinctly Arabesque style and superb buildings in Moorish style. It has over 400 pitches of two different sizes. The pitches are on terraces giving rewarding views over the sea. Attractive steps give ready access to the sandy beach in a fabulous sheltered bay.

There are three Superb pools, a giant Jacuzzi, bars and cafes. Together with its immaculate sanitaires, it is small wonder that it was nominated for the most beautiful Naturist Campsite in 2014.



For further details, please contact the Rally Officers, George and Anne Rickels on 01522 681730. (Especially for route advice)

They spend a lot of each year at TdS and knows the site, the Management and surrounds very well.

### **2<sup>nd</sup> Early Rally.**

Rally No. 39 **Devèze**, 8 day / 7 night Rally.

arrival day Monday 8<sup>th</sup> June 2015 departure day on Monday 15<sup>th</sup> June 2015.

We are returning to Devèze (between Toulouse and Bordeaux )by popular demand.

It is a lovely French site that still retains a Spanish influence. It in Gaudonville, about 40 miles NE of Toulouse and is, located by an ornamental lake of 1.7 ha. where you can enjoy fishing and boating.

There are Three swimming pools and art and craft workshops. The camp site offers various cycle routes and guided walks through local beauty spots, a nature reserve. Some end with a naturist picnic beside the lake.

Dog(s) are permitted in low season (if on a lead)

Their speciality is themed meals. On our last visit, this included lamb, spit roasted in a huge pit. Delicious! (Sadly, Monty, the RO is vegetarian. I have arranged for him to have a spit roasted turnip)

The camp site has a snack bar and pizzeria. The camp site also supplies fresh bread. There is a WiFi point.



Fees are €15.45 per night per couple.

The Rally Officers are Monty and Trina Topliss. They can be contacted on 01793 534524

### **3<sup>rd</sup> Early Rally.**

Rally No. 43 **Le Clos Barrat.** Dordogne France **8 day / 7 night** Rally .

**arrival day of Monday 15th June 2015 departure day of Monday 22nd June 2015.**

This is a return visit, by popular demand, following a most enjoyable Rally last year.

It is close to Cahors and is a 'little gem'.

It is very picturesque, being lightly forested (with deer!), rolling meadows, a lovely pool and excellent restaurant. It is also very, very French with manic, yet delightful owners, Evelyn and Didier, who cannot do enough for Sontreckerers.

There is spectacular local countryside, just perfect for cycle rides.

Our lovely hosts provided us with a BBQ and very good rustic but wholesome (very reasonably priced ) meals.



Prices are: Couples €16.10 per night and Singles €12.55 per night.  
These prices are inclusive of pitches, electricity and Tourist Tax.

Sue Beck (with a little help from her friends) is Rally Officer again, She can be contacted on 01323 502686

### **1<sup>st</sup> late Rally.**

Rally No. 72 **Le Clos Marot** Brittany, 9 day / 8 night Rally.

Arrival day of Saturday 22nd August 2015

Departure day of Sunday 30th August 2015.

Clos Marot is a long standing Suntime favourite. It is located near to the very pretty little fishing port of Piriac-sur-Mer in Brittany, an area that possesses many riches, with beautiful landscapes and a rich architectural heritage, as well as festivals, sports events and unique local gastronomy. It is only 2 miles away from the sea and a delightful naturist beach.



Rates for couples: €18.30 per night. And Singles : €11.30 per night.

These prices are 'half price if we are more than 10 persons' and are inclusive of pitch and electricity.

The Rally Officers are Mike and Janice Goodall. They can be contacted on 02380 641732.

## **2<sup>nd</sup> late Rally.**

Rally No. 78 **La Petite Brenne** 10 day / 9 night Rally

arrival date of Monday 31<sup>st</sup> August 2015

departure date of Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> September 2015.

Set in the heart of the Brenne regional nature reserve, in Central France, this stunningly beautiful naturist camp-site is yet another old Suntrecker favourite.. The large field is bounded with forests and meadows bordered by high hawthorn hedges, blackberries, ferns and trees. In this landscape you can also find one of the thousands lakes the Brenne is famous for. The grounds are covered in flowers and provide shelter for many wild birds. It's a very welcoming place where you will immediately feel at home. The court yard is the center of "la petite Brenne", there, you will find terraces, the bar, the chips shop /pizzeria and the restaurant. The restaurant is based in an charming 200 year old barn where you will be served typical home made meals.



Recent Suntrecker visitors tell me that the site owners are eagerly awaiting our return.

Rates are €16 per night (€12 singletons) including electricity.

Rally Officers are Ann & Len Jones and they can be contacted on 01773 856234

## **3<sup>rd</sup> late Rally.**

Rally No. 86 **Le Fiscalou** Midi-Pyrénées, 8 day / 7 night Rally.

Arrival day of Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> September 2015

Departure day of Saturday 19<sup>th</sup> September 2015

A new Suntrecker site, Le Fiscalou is situated about 40 North of Toulouse. It is close to several villages classified as "most beautiful villages of France", The local area is completely unspoilt and Le Fiscalou is at the heart of a leafy



**First late Rally  
Le Clos Marot**

Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> August to  
Sunday 30<sup>th</sup> August 2015  
[www.anca-piriac.com](http://www.anca-piriac.com)

**Second late Rally**

**Le Petite Brenne**

Monday 31<sup>st</sup> August to  
Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> September 2015  
[www.lapetitebrenne.com](http://www.lapetitebrenne.com)

**Third early Rally  
Le Clos Baratt**  
Monday 15<sup>th</sup> June to  
Monday 22<sup>nd</sup> June 2015  
[www.leclosbarrat.fr](http://www.leclosbarrat.fr)

**Second early Rally  
Deveze**  
Monday 8<sup>th</sup> June to  
Monday 15<sup>th</sup> June 2015  
[www.deveze-nat.com](http://www.deveze-nat.com)

**First early Rally  
El Tempo del Sol**  
Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> May to Saturday  
6<sup>th</sup> June 2015  
[www.eltemplodelsol.com](http://www.eltemplodelsol.com)



New tunnel at Viela

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4qXEEapULFE>

*With thanks to John Furley for*

*tidying up the presentation and*

*sending out E Trecker via E Mail*

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*E Trecker and Trecker must not be passed on to non members.*

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