OTTAWA VALLEY LAND ROVERS

15 October 1998

Volume XV, Number 10

OTTAWA VALLEY LAND ROVERS

PO Box 36055, 1318 Wellington Street,
Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA K1Y 4V3

General Information

Ottawa Valley Land Rovers is the oldest and largest Land Rover club in Canada. Membership is open to all Land Rover enthusiasts. Executive meetings are held on the first Monday of every month. Social meetings are held on the third Monday of every month, generally at the Prescott Hotel on Preston Street.

OVLR offers a monthly newsletter and a variety of activities throughout the year, from mechanical seminars and off-road rallies to social events and family oriented outings. Members receive discounts on parts from a number of North American suppliers. Off-road activities come in several categories. The light version, which is usually entertainment during a rally or at one of our family summer events, consists of a little "mud bogging" or tours along country lanes. The heavy stuff, which is usually several days across public lands navigating by compass, topographical maps and aerial photos, involves bridge building, river barging, and driving conditions ranging from cedar swamp to rocky hill winching.

Membership: Those joining throughout the year pay a flat $25 per year, membership expires one year from the last dues submission.

Visit the OVLR Web site:
`http://www.ovlr.org`

The Ottawa Valley Land Rovers Newsletter

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is published twelve times per year for club members. The editor welcomes submissions of text and photographs for publication.

Deadlines: Submissions to the OVLR Newsletter must be received by the first of every month for inclusion in that month's newsletter. All items submitted for publication should be legible and signed. Names maybe withheld at the request of the writer. This is your newsletter. If you wish to write anything, we welcome your input, in any format.

Editorial Policy: The Editor of the OVLR newsletter reserves the right to edit any submitted material for space and content considerations. Articles, statements, and opinions appearing in the OVLR newsletter do not necessarily reflect the position of the officers, board of directors, members of the OVLR, or its sponsors or advertisers. Where specific data regarding operation, safety, repairs, or legislation are concerned you are advised to obtain independent verification. The Club, officers, and contributors can accept no responsibility for the result of errors or omissions given in this newsletter or by any other means.

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Advertising Rates: Competitive with other North American Land Rover clubs. Available upon request.

Upcoming Events

in the next month or so…

October 17th	**Off-roading at Marleborough Forest**
October 19th	**Social at the Prescott Hotel,** Preston Street, Ottawa, 7 PM
October 24th	**The annual Frame Oiler** (location to be determined)
November 2nd	**Executive meeting.** Phone Bruce Ricker for details
November 16th	**Social at the Prescott Hotel,** Preston Street, Ottawa, 7 PM

future events:

(Dates & times subject to change)

December 5	**Christmas Party,** Navy Mess, Victoria Island

More details regarding Land Rover events can be found at:
`http://www.ovlr.org/Events.other.html`
OVLR/Land Rover HAM - 14.160Mhz @ 01:00GMT Tuesdays
Land-Rover FAQ : `http://www.fourfold.org/LR_FAQ/`

This Month's Cover:

Is that Ted Rose? Stuck?
Photo by Christine Rose

The OVLR Newsletter

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"The only reason that the Land Rover was designed to be repaired in a field was to lessen the number of people that could hear the language such an operation engenders."
– Mike Rooth

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Vice-President:	Andrew Finlayson	(613-798-9211)	Treasurer:	Christine Rose	(613-823-3150)

Greetings;

This month's main event was the British Invasion in Stowe Vermont. While in the past it was possible to say that "x" number of OVLR members appeared, this year it proved to be impossible. 141 Land Rover products of all sorts showed up at the British Invasion and a good percentage of them were OVLR members! When one looks around at the other British car clubs in attendance, OVLR is a juggernaut in comparison. The club trailer, with canopy, the Maple Leaf, Red Ensign, and Land Rover flags flying, could be seen from almost anywhere on the field. Many people showed up Friday and had a bit of an impromptu party at the show field. Others gathered at Jan Hilborn's for a bonfire.

Saturday was the main event day. Some 700+ vehicles appeared under ideal weather. The Land Rovers had their side of the barbed wire fence, all the other British marques the other. There were a number of vendors there, some with reasonable prices, others not. The Land Rover side of things was much more a fun atmosphere than elsewhere, what with fun and games (Rovers North RTV course), beverages and general camaraderie.

Saturday night dinner for many was at Mr. Pickwick's Pub. **Christine Rose** had started with some 18 people, by dinnertime there were 46 there. Chris Francis (Invasion organizer) came by at dinner and asked what more he could do for the LR crowd. Someone said "Take the barbed wire down!" "Oh!" was the reaction. Of course, other members believe we need the barbed wire between us and all the other marques and are proud of being in a ghetto! OVLR presented a hat to Eric at the Pub for arranging dinner Saturday.

OVLR undertook a couple of ventures while we were down there. We provided lunch Saturday for Land Rover owners; hotdogs soft drinks, etc. were dispensed by **Dave Meadows,** Christine and **Roy Bailie** to quite a few members and non-members who happened by. The next morning, OVLR provided breakfast of French toast, sausage, juice, coffee, etc.! Roy, **Jan Hillborn, Spencer Norcross,** and Christine all followed the orders of Chef Dave and fed not a few Land Rover owners.

Rovers North put on an RTV course with four stages. Unlike previous RTV's at ROVERS, OVLR or Greek Peak, this did not have any classes, thus an 80 had to compete against a Range Rover. It was a challenging and very twisty course. **Pam Haigh** took her new 90 on the course. It wasn't supposed to go off-road and her offers of bribes not to tell **Charlie** were insufficient! **Eric "Zippy" Zipkin** took his father's expedition-kitted 109 around also. Many members tried the course (**John Vallerand** was in the top 5, **Ben Smith** was 6th).

Our breakfast did conflict with one British Invasion activity. The annual tug of war. Originally supposed to be between different clubs and vehicle types, it has turned into an annual competition between the Mini owners and the Land Rover owners. Last year the Land Rover owners won, the year before the Mini owners. Cheating has become part of the standard fare of this competition, each side getting craftier as time goes on. This year, the Mini owners won using a particularly brilliant stratagem.

Martin Rothman writes: "There we were, all lined up and ready for the pull. Our Rover folk at one end of the rope and the Mini maniacs at the other. In order to be as fair as possible, we chose as our anchor a 46 year old lady named Runcle Rover (pronounced "run-stil"), slightly past her prime but trying to make a comeback. Being perfect gentlemen, the Rover folk wrapped the Tug-O-

Why, yes, it is Ted!
Photo by Christine Rose

Kevin Willey's Lightweight kicking it up in Larose Forest
Photo: Christine Rose

War rope around her waist (a bit of a bumper at her age) and tied a snug knot so she wouldn't slip, of course. As we prepared for the pull, we noticed that the Mini owners ranks had swelled. Peering into the distance, we realized that they had enlisted the aid of those untrustworthy MG owners. Now we had to beat the joined ranks of the M&M brigade! We knew that we had to rise to the challenge.

Not only outnumbering us, they then resorted to foul play to ensure their win. As we prepared to pull, those misbegotten M&M-er's started their trick. They snuck an ugly beat-up old Mini Moke, painted and disguised as one of our lovely LR's around the back of our line and parked it behind poor Runcle. She would have nowhere to go when we began to pull. We weren't fooled for an instant. Our line rallied to the cause of poor Runcle, and, letting go of the Tug-O-War rope, ran back to that nasty Moke, picked him up and moved him out of the path of our pull. Why even Runcle's faithful companion and guide (me, of course!) left her side (inside?) to help the others move that Moke.

That was when those rotten, M&M-er's sprang the rest of their trap. Without any of our loyal and honest LR owners holding the Tug-O-War rope, they (those rotten, M&M owners) started their pull. Poor aging Runcle didn't have a chance. She valiantly tried to hold her ground. She dug in her rubbers and parked her brakes. But, hopelessly outnumbered, and with the assistance of her loyal cohorts and faithful companion negated by the M&M trap, she didn't stand a chance. Dragged down the field, valiantly trying to hold her ground, she left tracks 6 inches deep in the soil. The instant that we realized what those M&M spawn from the netherworld were doing, we dropped that Moke and ran to Runcle's aid. But it was too late. They had dragged her over the line of control. It was over.

We protested to the judges. We screamed in defiance. It was all to no avail. Not just satisfied with mere trickery, the M&M slime had stacked the judges against us as well. Our protestations were ignored."

The details on the eighth British Invasion: A total of 141 Land Rovers of all shapes and sizes appeared. They were: Series I – 3; Series II – 1; Series IIA – 36; Series III – 8; Lightweight – 3; 101 FC – 1; Defender 90 – 24; Range Rover Classic – 22; Range Rover MkII – 7; Discovery – 36. Considering there were about thirty Jags, forty or so Mini's, Land Rover dominated the event in sheer numbers.

Who helped out on this wee expedition? As usual, the club trailer was down for the event. The set-up was done by Roy Bailie, Dave Meadows, **Dave Stauffer,** John Vallerand and a couple other volunteers. The tear-down was **Ted Rose, Gordon Bernius, Heather Rothman** and several other helpers. General help, Mr. Rollingson. **Bruce Fowler** donated a cooler full of beer. I have been told to write that **Jeff Berg** would rather go sailing than be with his friends, but he did phone to ask for ketchup flavoured chips to be sent down to the Yacht Club where he was sailing that weekend (Don't ask).

In other news the OVLR website will be moving in the future. We have registered ovlr.org and the new web site can be found at `http://www.ovlr.org`. For the time being, the old website at will be a mirror. Knowing the speed of some things on the net, the off-road.com site will exist for upwards of a year. New development will occur on both sites, primarily on ovlr.org. Some e-mail addresses will be established, the first being for those of you with address changes, questions etc. The "Frequently Asked Questions" (FAQ) and the Rover-Web will be moving to fourfold.org, remaining in the same directories that they now inhabit.

Other News, Rebuilds/Projects, Lies, Rumours, Trivia

A note from the editor: Finally, some time to write something or get things done (no, not on the Rover, we have a reputation to uphold). Last month's newsletter was brought to you by a much reduced crew at the Shrine of the Galvanized Land Rover. Fred, Murray, and I all managed to make it, Ted being off checking out the German U-boat, er the new Series II Discovery in Chicago, Andrew scouring the UK for 80 inch parts. No excuses were forthcoming from our perpetual absentee Sean McGuire, or from Desperate Dale and Bruce. For those of you wondering about a change in writing style, the article on page 3 about LaRose Forest was written by Keith Elliot, not me. That bit got lost somewhere along the way.

An off-road day will be held on October 17th at Marlborough Forest. People are to meet at the Bid-a-wee Restaurant (read greasy spoon with lots of flowing coffee) on the main drag in North Gower at 9AM From there we will explore some more of the trails through the old Ministry lands. For those who have not been to Marleborough Forest before, it is much like LaRose Forest.

The Frame-Oiler will take place on October 24th. Location will be at Roy Bailie's shop (Kanata Collision) on the south side of 5862 Hazeldean Road just east of Stittsville. The cost will be the same as for the past ten years (what a deal!), $25.00 gets the steel bits of your aluminum pet up a set of ramps. From there, your are on your own and how thoroughly you oil her bottom is entirely up to you. Your entry fee also includes lunch (breakfast too if you are there by about 7AM, but you better phone ahead). If you just want to come and watch, socialize and have a brew, lunch from Chef Dave will set you back $3.00. The event organizer is Roy Bailie. If you want more information, give Roy a call at (613) 831-3397 during the day, (613) 523-5740 evenings.

(To get to the new site, take the 417/Queensway west to the Terry Fox exit. Head south on Terry Fox to Hazeldean road. Turn west (right). One mile and a half (2.4 kilometres) later and you're there. (For those who miss seeing the deer et cetera at the Hart's a different event will take place there a little later in the year)

The Christmas Party will be December 5th at the Navy Mess on Victoria Island. More details in the November newsletter.

One suggestion that has come up was for OVLR to have an e-mail list to inform people of various activities, details of events etc. If you are interested in being on such a list, drop Dave Meadows a note at `secretary@ovlr.org` or `david.meadows@sympatico.ca` For local members with e-mail, we will be moving you from the time consuming phone around list to a *local* OVLR e-mail list. (For the curious, 62% of OVLR members have a known e-mail address)

AWARDS: It is that time again for members to think back through the months and come clean with some of the antics that they may have witnessed. (It is also the time when you can name your price not to reveal embarrassing events!) Send your nominations to one of the Executive members!

The TowBall Award: This award is bestowed upon the person who tows perfectly functional Land Rovers around for all the wrong reasons. A good example would be **Spencer Norcross'** DeathRide™, er, Wayback Machine, which **Eric Zipkin** towed up to Charlie's one year because, in theory, the gearbox was bad. It wasn't… (Zippy hasn't gotten the habit of towing things up to Vermont out of his system. He was spied towing **Jeff**

Dixon shows off the remains if the rear diff from the BGB. The diff he neglected to put oil in for three (3!) years. Photo: Dave Bobeck

Meyer's 109 station wagon northwards through that state recently.) Roy Bailie won this award last year as nobody did any silly things towing vehicles around. Happily, this isn't the case this year (What, we have found out about **three** vehicles losing hardtops on the highway!?)

Gasket Under Glass: Bestowed upon the person who best demonstrates the indestructible nature of Land Rovers, though probably not in a manner that Land Rover would approve. Using the guiding principle: "I can't believe it actually ran" the award goes to the individual who best exemplifies either too much maintenance, the lack thereof, or just simple wonder as in the case of **Sean McGuire.** Last years recipient was none other than **Keith Elliot.**

The DorkTari Award: An award given to the individual who best exemplifies Land Rover fashion, whether it be on the vehicle, or on themselves. Tackiness is also a guiding principle here as well as an affection for Lemon Pledge. We do know that there are three candidates thus far in the running for this award. Last years recipient was **Alan Richer,** who has decided to give up his title in favour of a new one.

The Silver Swivel Ball: A slightly more serious award given to an individual who has done a lot of work for the club over the past year of so. Last year it was won by **Pam and Charlie Haigh.**

The LugNut: The oldest and grandest award in the OVLR stable. Won by a "Who's Who" of Land Rover owners, feared by Canadian recipients, competed for by American recipients. (We will leave this one alone…). [not *all* of us were competing for it —Spen] There are a couple of candidates that have appeared on the horizon, but no clear winner is known yet.

More news on "Nigel's Disease": There is a corollary to Nigel's disease. Or maybe it is a specific manifestation of that affliction. It is called Zipkin's Disease. Zipkin's Disease takes the form of the death of all nearby alternators/generators. How many did he go through at the Birthday Party? Four? And his dad's has gone 2 or 3 times, most recently at the British Invasion where he had to steal the generator off Jeff Meyer's 109 to replace the one on his father's Land-Rover. It has even shown an ability to cross the species boundary, infecting his new Suburban. It has felled Dora. It felled Ben's "Black Watch". Jan is on her third alternator. As for Nigel's naughtiness at Greek Peak vis-à-vis starters, we can report it continues to spread. Murray Jackson's Lightweight has come down with this strain of the plague.

SeanNews™! Sean's clutch recently died, apparently on the way to an off-road adventure. What makes this news, it that Sean himself replaced the clutch! Of course, he visited Murray's place while down with the disease, so Murray's Lightweight has now come down with clutch problems too.

Team Daphne news: Dave Lowe made it to Stowe, but where was his trusty 101? Back in Brockville we found out. It seems that, between Toronto and Brockville, our very own accident- prone Dave managed two flat tires before the camshaft shattered. Our own esteemed Mr. Lowe promises an account for the next newsletter of this seemingly impossible escapade. [ed. note: if he doesn't write it, a more believeable one may just appear here anyway!]

Some members are racking up the miles towing vehicles around. Jason Dowell racked up a number of miles towing Marlene Manning's 88 back from Bracebridge, Ontario to Ottawa for Bruce Graham (Bruce couldn't stop at one Land Rover, he has since added a second 88 to his collection). On the other side of Ottawa, Keith Elliot is taking lessons from Eric Zipkin. First he tows home his sisters 80 inch, then its off to Sherbrooke Quebec to pick up a Series II for Martin Bagshaw.

Sometimes you just don't get any respect… A submission from Russell Dushin for a game to be played at next year's Birthday Party (it was planned for Greek Peak, but never got properly organized). Extra points to identify the vehicle in question: "I'd suggest it (the game) could be played in the NL…now, getting a sober, non-biased, and most of all competent mechanic to do the test may be another matter (Ted loses on #1, Dale on #2, Dixon #3)…

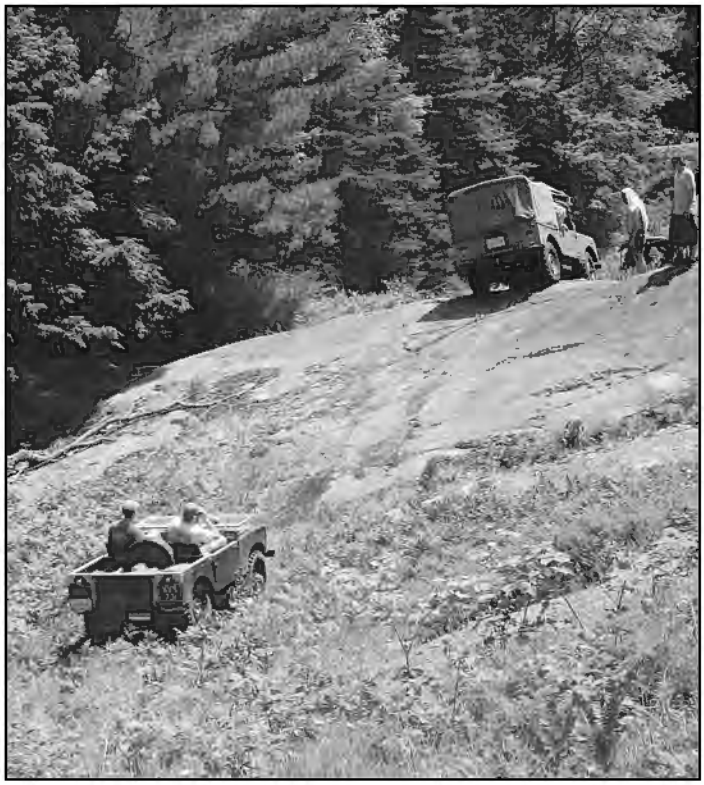
Rules:

a) You cannot lift the hood

b) You cannot hand crank it or activate the starter

c) You cannot push it in gear or drive it

d) You can only hear it run, outdoors, away from any objects.



Quinting Aspin & Andrew Finlayson's series ones on the heavy off-road
Photo: Dave Bobeck

e) A fresh oil change and warm engine is required, but no oil may be placed within the plug holes (if it seeps up there on it's own, so be it). The oil may not be used, and should conform to 20/50 (or 10/40 if after Oct.1) standards. The filter should be changed concurrently… this does not amount to a complete tune-up.

f) Maximum compression assumed to be reached after ~20 revolutions or 5 secs of cranking time on a fresh battery

g) Each cylinder tested 3 times, then averaged.

h) Two categories: overall (sum of all cylinders) and overall difference (sum of the difference between actual and guessed on each cylinder). Note these are not one and the same, and a bigger prize ought to be handed to the winner of the latter (or we can just do this for charity or for the collation and stuffing beverage supply)

Overheard at the British Invasion in Stowe. Two older chaps discussing the OVLR "Expedition Trailer". One was convincing the other that the trailer was specially built for the British Army…

Unbelievable… a trip with Bill Caloccia. So I'm in Albany, I've spent most of the weekend tearing apart the Range Rover - leaving the dash, drivers' seat and door liner, roof lining and dash - down to the floor and the doors. Visited Eric Riston, who is still talking about new toys on his Range Rover. Showed him my rust, and figure my '90 is about 3-5 years behind where his was rust-wise, except, for some inexplicable reason, the windscreen surround is toasty on mine, far too rusted compared to the remainder of the vehicle…

Eric and I move on from my RR to his, and we're talking about all kinds of lights he can put on the Portifino Prowler and where. His mom shouts something and we both run for my RR, which is rolling away down his driveway. Eric got to it first (I think the door on that side was open), and he yanked the hand brake for all that it was worth. We were able to catch it 'cause the brake was on, but it really needed that last detent…

Why was it out of park ? 'Cause we were poking around and he was showing me the screws that held the console on… something else on the list of things to do.

I drive it out to Stephentown (to the body shop), and it starts raining. I can't get the driver's window up (ack!) I reach into the harness and press connectors on to relays and no joy. When I reach my destination, I discover that the ground for the windows was disconnected along with the console removal…

Get back to the house, and head out. I'd wanted to beat the rain, but - noooo! - not my luck. Pile stuff into the SIIA. Forget to tie down the bottom of the rear curtain. Hope it doesn't suck too much CO, or rain, but I'll wait 'til I hit the border (Caanan) to fix that.

Get to Caanan, realize, I'm still dry. Take off up the hill, stop at mile 30 to get petrol. Break open another oil container, etc. etc. A mile later, screaming down the hill, big tail wind, absolutely pouring rain, and the wiper comes to a halt. Yes, the wiper, the one in front of my face. (Face it, the passenger wiper is a place to carry a spare wiper motor, so when the wiper goes, you've got a handy replacement…)

So, somewhere between the Connecticut River and Westfield, I pull off and discover the wiper is jammed 'cause the top of the wiper is stuck between the frame and the windscreen, and the wiper motor is OK. Now, the funny thing is, no fuses blew when the wiper motor ground to a halt. Um, well, it is an 11" wiper and it over hung the windscreen frame, and I trimmed the last 1/2" of blade so it wouldn't ride up on the windscreen frame, and not clean the windscreen.

So back in and, fifteen or twenty miles on, it does it again. Pull over and fix it again, and this time mangle the blade a bit to prevent a recurrence. But now it rides up on the windscreen frame and doesn't clean the whole windshield.

One of the few Rover cars at the Greek Peak 50th event.
Photo: Bruce Ricker

Parked & waiting, Saturday afternoon; Greek Peak 50th event.
Photo: Bruce Ricker

Get to Worcester and, of course, it stops raining. Only the Mass pike and South was inundated. But for the very first time, I didn't get soaked inside my own Series. Absolutely amazing.

An annual notice of which companies have offered discounts to OVLR members: A ten percent discount on parts and service at MiniMan in Stittsville, Ontario. A ten percent discount on parts from Atlantic British Parts in Mechanicsville, NY. A twelve percent discount on parts from British Bulldog in Fall River Massachusetts. Jobber prices on goods from Bells Corners Machine shop/parts in Bells Corners, Ontario. Jobber/industrial price on goods from Valley Hardware in Ottawa. A twenty percent discount on parts at Four Wheel Drives in Blackburn South, Victoria, Australia.

The Greek Peak 50th event exhibitor area.
Photo: Bruce Ricker

Breathers in a nutshell by Alan Richer

The problem has been referred to as the "British Teakettle Effect". What happens is that the transmission and transfer cases heat up and blow oil out the breather holes in the cases, rather than retaining the oil. A lot of this is because the breather holes are too small, allowing pressure to build up. The other bit of it is that the breathers are holes to atmosphere with no trap for the oil internally.

What an external breather does is 2 things:

1. It gives the pressure a much easier route out of the transmission, so that pressure doesn't build up. This way, it's not pushing the oil through the seals or gasket surfaces, and the oil better stays where it belongs.

2. It gives escaping oil a place to go where the oil can be recovered (gravity drip will return it to the case if the breather is routed properly). This way, any oil blown up the breather will run back down rather than out and lost.

I've got one breather line running to my trans, transfer case and overdrive. It keeps things in place well, except on really long hauls…but that's tolerable.

Some Non-OVLR News & Rumours

We have confirmed with Superwinch UK that they have indeed ended production of their Series Fairey/Superwinch overdrives. Stocks in the UK have dried up and the few remaining units are spoken for at British Pacific. Some American LR parts suppliers have raised prices on these units from the US$800 level to the $1,100 - $1,250 level as a result of this news. At this time, it is not known if someone will step up and acquire the tooling. In the meantime, keep the old ones. It seems both Land Rover and Superwinch are determined to make their overdrives disappear completely. No major suppliers in England, including Rover, have any left in stock. Superwinch still has all the parts (as of now), but Land Rover does not. Expect the availability to dwindle quickly. As to the possibility of remanufacture, it looks very dim. Consensus in England is that there is little market for them and the return would be nominal. Remember, the USA and to a lesser degree Canada are the only truly active markets for Series trucks and you can expect replacement parts supplies to be more difficult as time goes by. We have also heard the TORO unit is not currently in production and stocks are limited to what's already in the market. At US$1200 or so apiece, they always sold slowly. If you want one of these, perhaps you should contact those suppliers that stock them (Great Basin or DAP) as those sources may dry up very soon as well. Availability of replacement parts for these units is unknown.

Newsletters received this month include: The Review from the Land Rover Owners Club of Victoria Australia (July 1998 issue)

Land Rover Discovery: Top Compact SUV In J.D. Power and Associates 1998 APEAL Study LANHAM, Md., Sept. 21 /PRNewswire/—The 1998 Land Rover Discovery has

been ranked Most Appealing compact sport-utility vehicle in J.D. Power and Associates 1998 APEAL (Automotive Performance, Execution, And Layout) Study. In doing so, Discovery placed ahead of sixteen other compact SUV models included in the study.

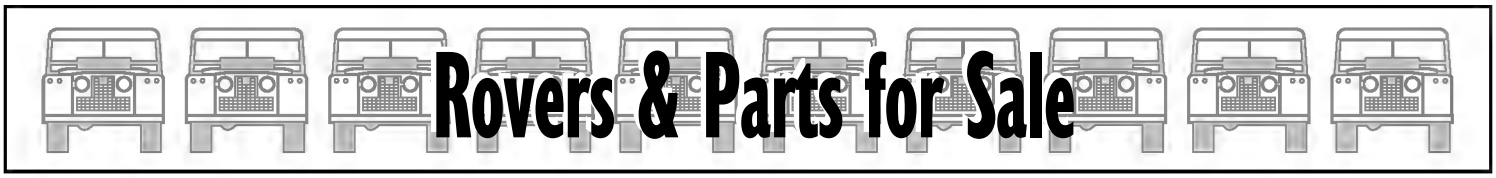
Charles R. Hughes, President, Land Rover North America, Inc., said, "A top segment ranking in the J.D. Power and Associates APEAL Study, to us, shows Discovery's position as the pre-eminent compact sport-utility vehicle. As we celebrate Land Rover's 50th Anniversary, we are tremendously gratified that owners of the '98 Discovery rate their vehicles as 'Most Appealing' in class. "Based on responses by current owners, the annual APEAL Study is used by vehicle manufacturers and industry analysts to better understand what consumers find appealing about their new vehicles. The overall rankings are determined from the responses to a questionnaire that asks customers to rate how much they like or dislike virtually all aspects of their vehicle. Everything from engine performance to seating comfort and vehicle styling is carefully considered. Land Rover Discovery owners gave their vehicles high marks for uniqueness of styling, useable storage space and off-road ride and handling.

Since Land Rover introduced Discovery in North America in the 1994 model year, almost 60,000 units have been sold in the U.S. through August of this year.

Land Rover North America, Inc. is a member of the Rover Group, importing Land Rover vehicles manufactured in Solihull, England. The Rover Group is a wholly-owned subsidiary of the BMW Group, Munich, Germany.

From the Anti-FAQ: New Land-Rover Tires available! For those of you thinking of visiting Iceland or Costa Rica where there are some volcanoes and lakes that you may like to get familiar with, there are several things to consider. In addition to the beefed up drive train, may we suggest the "Magma-Hydro tires". They are available in limited quantities outside of Iceland. If you are quick, Rovers North might have a set or two left. Phone Lanny and ask for the 45X15 M/H Radials! As Luis Manuel Gutierrez Chacon of Costa Rica writes – "They may be on the Rovers North on-line catalogue, part #666-H2O. They sell them around Costa Rica very cheap (if you want a set let me know). I have them already. That's why I'm breaking axles, the transition between sticky magma and slippery water flotation is hell for the drive train. Who said Land Rovers can't go everywhere?"

Into collecting cigarette cards or fridge magnets? We have received a letter from "Cards to Collect" in Tetbury Cloucester offering a number of Land Rover drawings on cigarette cards. There are eighteen different cards. If interested, give them a ring at 01666-504857.



Some Vehicles etc. For Sale received in the club mailbag. (Note: If anyone wants to sell or trade parts of vehicles, drop a line, either by post or e-mail with all the pertinent details, and they will appear here.)

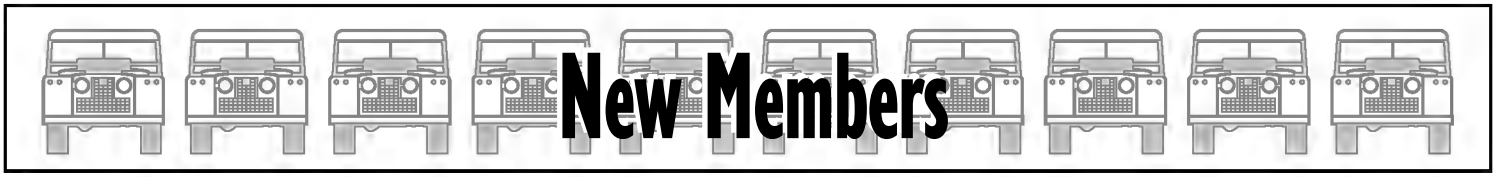
1978 Range Rover Rolling Chassis (sans wheels, engine and transmission). LHD w/ power steering box (leaking). Nice swivel balls Some repairs to the rear section. asking $2000. The following parts from the above vehicle are also for sale: 5 wheels and four good tires. asking $400. Front and rear nerf bars. asking $200 for pair. Grille guards for lights. asking $75/pair. Bonnet—nice condition. asking $275. Doors--complete but so-so. asking $250/pair. Also: Roof w/sunroof, bolt-on hitch, other parts--Inquire. Engine and transmission are NOT available. All parts are currently located in Pound Ridge, New York. Prices do not include shipping. Contact Jared Silbersher, (914) 764-5348.

Land Rover 50th Anniversary Events, an abbreviated guide:

October 10-11 - Vermont/New Hampshire Fall Run. Contact Mark Talbot at for more information

October 24 - West Conn. RC 50th Birthday Party in Hampton New Jersey. Food, beer and fun. Contact Peter Goudry

December 9 - Bay State Rover Owner Association Christmas Party at the John Harvard Brew House. Contact Chris Browne at 508-655-3825 for more information.



OVLR has passed the two hundred fifty members mark, making OVLR the largest active Land Rover club in North America now. For the curious, Canadians do still make up the majority of members. Next month I will have a list for September and October.

A NIGHT TO

Our own Dave Bobeck discovers the true joys of Land Rovering... Teamwork... Bodywork... and looking for your shoes in a stream at 3:00 AM.

I arrived at the Mid Atlantic Rally this year with images of last years off-roading still fresh in my mind. The fire roads had provided three solid days of fun in the sun and mud, and I was expecting the same this year. I had brought along my friend Oliver, who was just back from a year in India, and was glad to be back in the States and also ready for a weekend of camping and his first taste of off-roading and Land Rovers. We pulled in at about 5 PM on Friday evening, and immediately pitched camp before the sun went down. After registration and greeting all the familiar faces from last year, the announcement was made that the first of three kegs of micro-brew was being tapped. We prepared food on our camp stove so as not to be drinking said micro-brew on empty stomachs.

Later in the evening the subject of off-roading came up. I was eager to go since we had arrived late and hadn't been able to go before dark. Several groups were talking about going, and it sounded like we had four cars together. One fellow, James, was just in from Australia with a 2-door 110, turbo diesel. He was most eager to go out and no one else had actually turned up, so we went.

I took him to a trail that was exciting but driven with very little difficulty the year before. It consists of your average fire road type stuff, with a few ditches to cross, and some tight turns and some neat off cambers through 6 foot high grass. Then it gets interesting. The trail drops down into a riverbed, but doesn't come out the other side. So you turn right and drive down stream. The stream makes a series of "s" bends, most of which are navigated by simply driving straight over the points of land formed by the "esses". We enjoy this for a while, until the darkness slowly starts exacting its toll.

> The passenger of the 110 climbs out, and says, in a brief but incredible fit of borderline intelligent thought, "I didn't know you actually rolled it!"

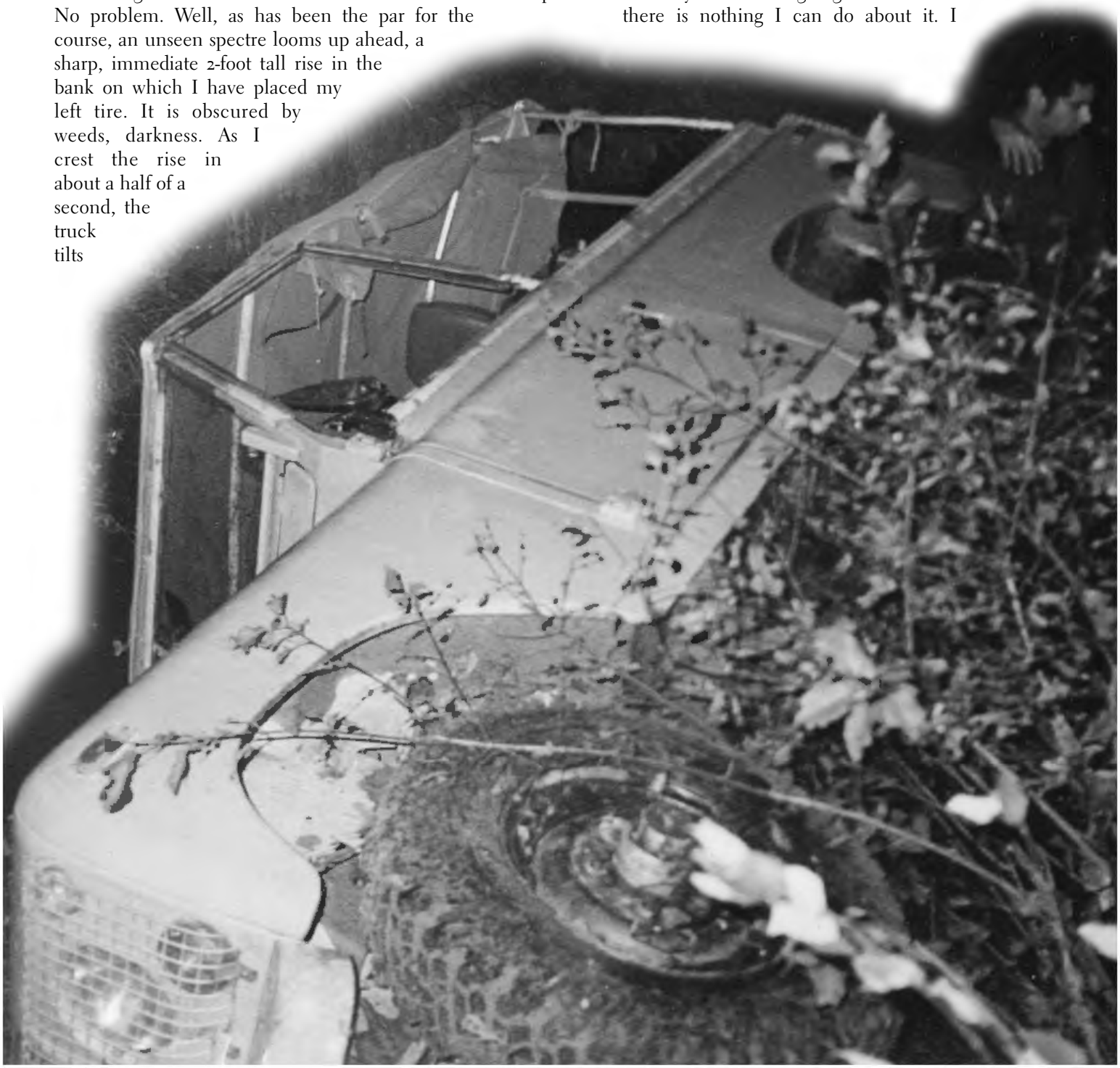
First I get stuck on a log that is plainly sticking above the water. A request to be pulled backwards by the other vehicle results in a disconcerting lack of cooperation. Turns out he wants us to help him put his roof rack back on first. Seems its been removed with a little help from a low branch. It is wet, and heavy, but we manage to return it to its home on the roof of his truck. After being extracted from my little mishap, we press on. There is one section where the water is over the headlights for period of time a little longer than briefly. It is eerie how fast darkness and a sense of silence prevail over the low-range churning of the engine and gearbox when the entire front of the car is submerged under black water. We pop back out onto dry land, unfazed by the water. James follows behind, also without difficulty.

We get to a point where the route across the next point is unclear, so I stop to walk to the other side before attempting it. I am rather alarmed as suddenly the 110 comes crashing through the brush, heading straight for us. Oliver and I manage to scramble out of the way before becoming grille meat for this lunatic. It is at this point that the chap becomes borderline belligerent, and refuses to move his vehicle back or forward, until one or both of us walk the stream ahead. I tell him I have been down the stream and that the section we just finished is the deepest it gets. No dice, he's not moving. So I back up and attempt to go around the tip of the point. For some unknown reason, Ollie has decided to sit this one out and wait for me on the bank. The water is deep on the passenger side, the side away from the point, so I get one wheel up on the land at the very tip of the point. Now the left wheel is

BY DAVE BOBECK

remember

on land that is about six inches above the surface of the water, and the right wheels are in water that is about 10 inches deep. No problem. Well, as has been the par for the course, an unseen spectre looms up ahead, a sharp, immediate 2-foot tall rise in the bank on which I have placed my left tire. It is obscured by weeds, darkness. As I crest the rise in about a half of a second, the truck tilts up and over and just keeps going. I know immediately that I am going over and that there is nothing I can do about it. I



There is one section where the water is over the headlights for period of time a little longer than briefly. It is eerie how fast darkness and a sense of silence prevail over the low-range churning of the engine and gearbox when the entire front of the car is submerged under black water.

tighten my grip on the steering wheel and relax as the vehicle settles on its side in 10 inches of water.

My first reaction is to undo my seatbelt, and with one foot on the passenger headrest and the other on the steering wheel, I climb out the drivers side door and back down to the ground, using the driveshaft and leaf springs as a ladder. It is a formidable sight, this Land Rover, still mighty as it sits helpless, proudly displaying its robust undercarriage in the moonlight, as if to say, "No problem, just get help." It then dawns on me that the ignition is still on, so I reach in to turn the key to off. Actually, I turned it to the accessory position, as I discover much later.

A second wave of reckoning then hits. I have forgotten about all the stuff that was in the vehicle unsecured. As I fish through the murky water for sandals, blankets, jackets, bags containing cameras with pictures still in them from London, camping supplies, bungee straps, etc, I look over to see a small torrent of water pouring out of the heater box under the dash. Well, that certainly is odd, I think to myself, too wrapped up in the individual items I am looking for as well as the fact that my vehicle is not going anywhere anytime soon and there is no one around to help except for this jerk who has decided to call it a night and sleep it off right there in the back of his truck in the woods, while we are traipsing about in 10 inches of very cold water and getting completely soaked and making absolutely no progress in getting the truck upright. I waste not another second contemplating this phenomenon, and get back to the task of setting things right. We attempt to use the high lift jack as a come along, but I only have one chain, and the strap is too stretchy to work well.

With four feet of travel in the jack, you move the desired object about six inches. Then you lose the tension and it falls back. No dice. The jack is quickly filled with gritty mud and no longer works. Great.

Around this time, the passenger of the 110 climbs out, sees our situation, and says, in a brief but incredible fit of borderline intelligent thought, "I didn't know you actually rolled it!" This is after about half an hour. Despite the circumstances, everybody is fairly calm, and pouring all their energy into helping me, except for James, who again is totally worthless, passed out in the front right seat of his 110.

Realizing that none of our attempted techniques are going to work, we take a breather, to clear our minds and rethink our options. It has now been hours since we left camp. We are soaked head to toe. We have lost things. My camera is soaked. Some items are in the mud by the side of the stream, and have been suitably trampled. Others have been simply misplaced among the weeds. Just when we are beginning to contemplate walking out, a pair of headlights appears, followed by another. The other two groups that had been talking about coming with have finally showed up. Immediately they are upon us with winches, and cameras, as awed by the spectacle as I, and at least as eager to fix it.

To make a long story short, we used one winch to right the truck, and one to pull it backward off the bump that had caused it to flip. Body damage was limited (ha!) to a crushed wing side panel, and a mashed in rear quarter that also pulled the rear crossmember in toward the wheel. A quick check under the hood to make sure the fluids were ok revealed that the heater was on the whole time, hence the water streaming out of the under dash vents. The blower was acting as a pump, and working quite well, mind you. Of course, water is much harder to push than air, so the battery had gone flat. Likely anyway when the heater's on for

3 hours. We got a jump start, and burned off all the oil in the cylinders. Now the guy (Wes) that had jumped us was stuck. We stalled trying to pull him out, and after another jump start from Will Parks, we manage to extract Wes and move on. Only now they have decided to try and convince the guy in the 110 to come with. After what seems like forever, they give up, he goes to sleep, and we get the train moving. Finally out of the creek bed, we run into Mike Loidoice who has come back into the woods to look for me, as he arrived at 3 AM, and was told I hadn't returned yet. I guess he knew me well enough to figure out exactly where I'd gone.

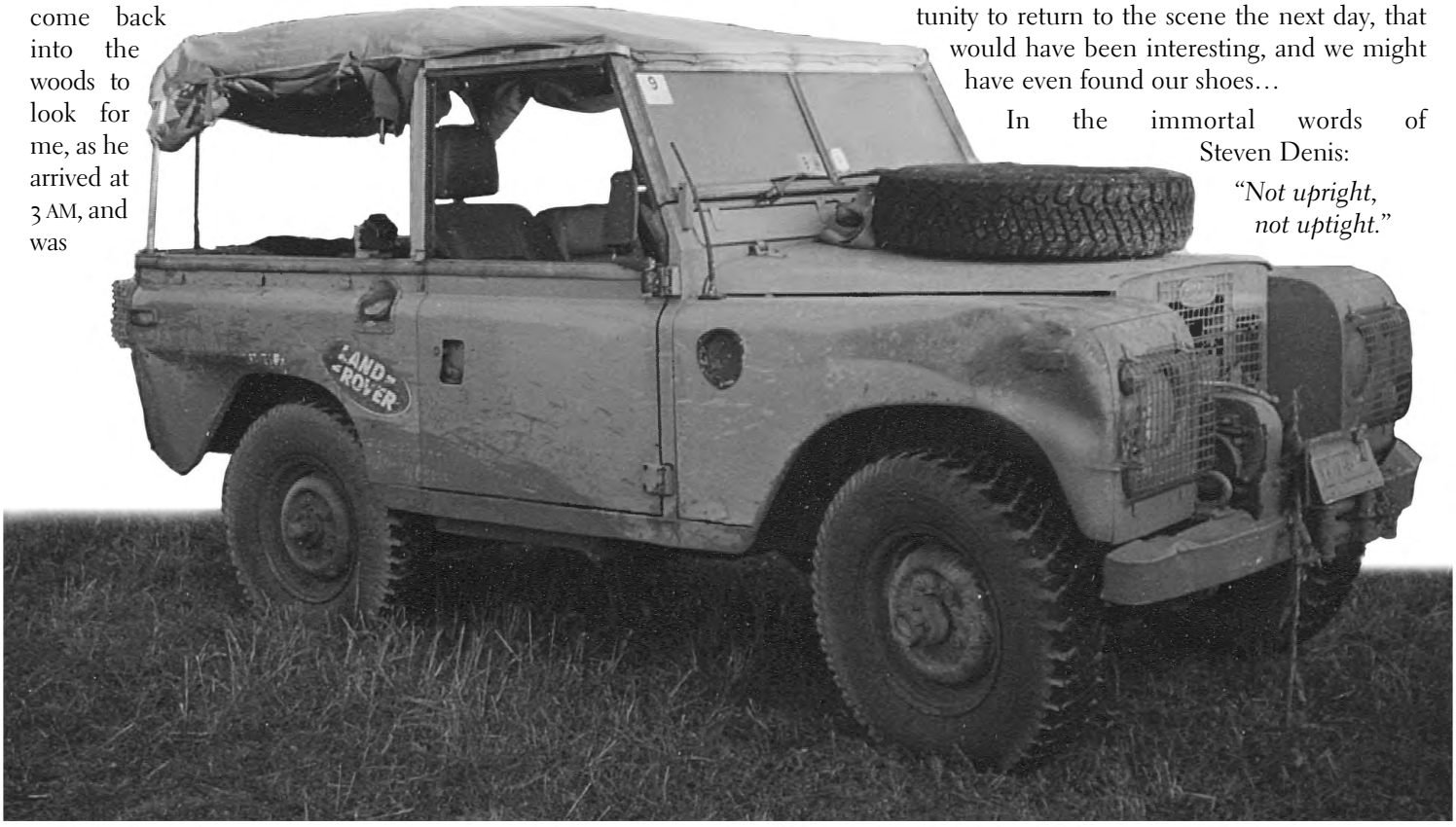
By the time we got back to camp it was 3:30 AM and we were wet and tired, but still somewhat full of adrenaline. I got out of my wet clothes and we sat and had a nice relaxing beer. The next day was spent mostly drying things out, assessing and repairing damage, and drying things out. And, um, did I mention, drying things out. At 3 PM or so we joined up with the rest of the gang for the poker run, which turned out to be quite a bit of fun and didn't present any problems. The last day I did manage to break the license plate lamp when I picked a bad place to turn around.

So the Land Rover looks a little worse for wear but has suffered no serious side effects. I will spend the next few weeks deciding whether to try to further repair the damage, or just leave it be, as they say, "character dents". All in all, I have to say that it really wasn't that bad, The rolling over itself was not even scary, much more frightening was the thought of getting it back up right. The English chap we went out with was worthless and I'll never go off-roading with him again. I owe both Will and Wes immensely for their help. Oliver had a great time, didn't complain about having to wade through cold water, or about the loss of his shoes, and what better introduction to the world of Land Rovering than plopping a vehicle on its side in 10 inches of water, out in the middle of nowhere. Then trying desperately to recover said vehicle, failing dismally, having yourself rescued, and then on the way out, running into another rescue party.

A great time was had by all, and the Land Rover was in its element, and so far hasn't complained. We did miss our opportunity to return to the scene the next day, that would have been interesting, and we might have even found our shoes…

In the immortal words of Steven Denis:

"Not upright, not uptight."



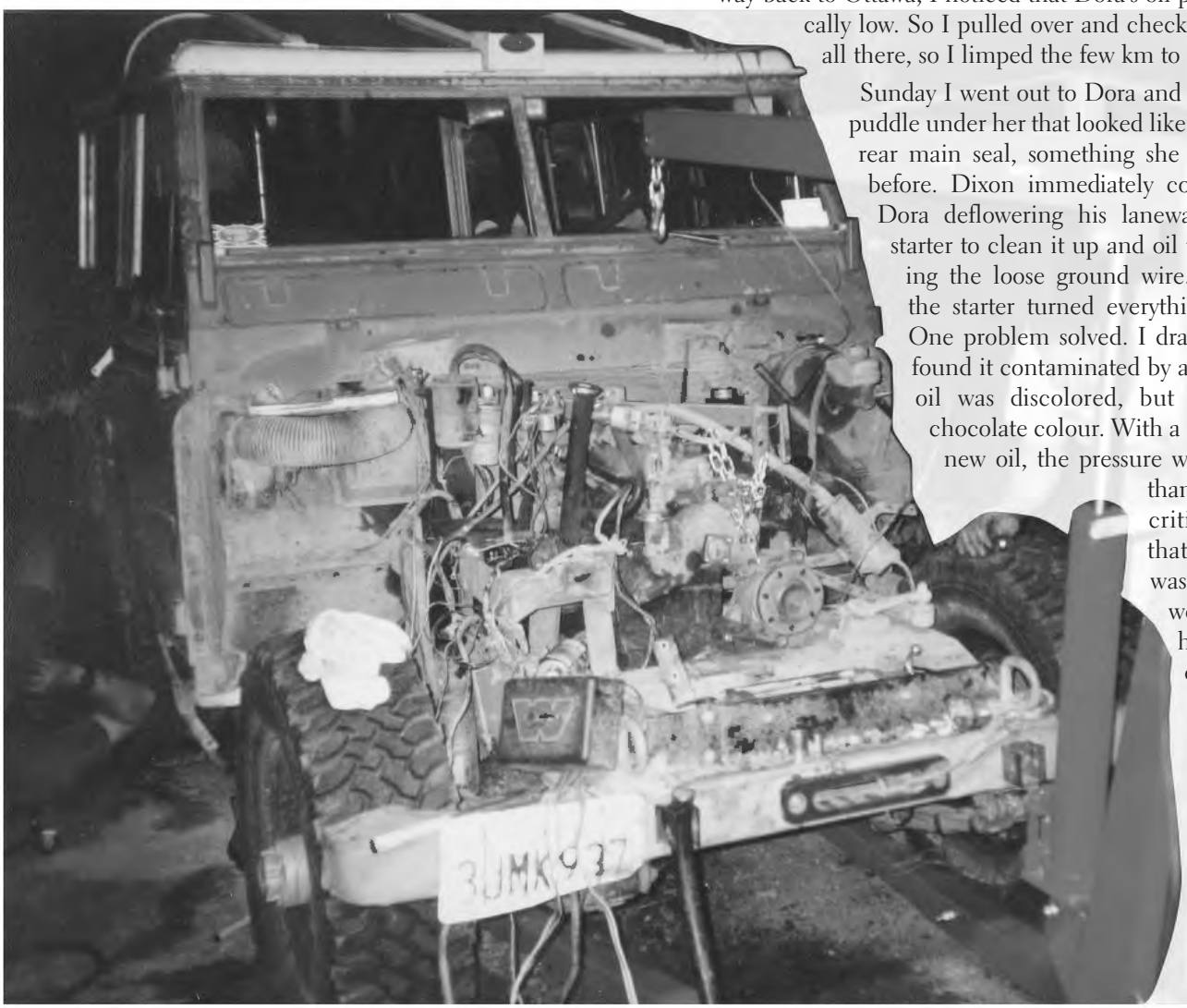
There and Back Again

by Benjamin Smith

It started out as a quick jaunt in the forest with OVLR. Well, OK, I started out 410 miles away in Boston, but still it wasn't supposed to be a great adventure. As usual, I couldn't get out of work before 8 PM (I had intended to leave at 4 PM). I should have known that there was bad karma on this trip when, a few miles out of Boston, I tried to put a tape in the tape player and it refused to take the tape. Instead of music from the CD player, I got to listen to the dull roar of a Series Land Rover at 3000 rpm for about 9 hours. I finally pulled into Ottawa around 5 AM

A few hours later I was back on the road following Dixon in the Green Beastie towards the meeting place, a service station near Vars. When we got there, Dixon asked if I knew that one headlight was out. I didn't, something else to fix when I got back home. I still had one working headlight, that should be enough. The club spent the day playing in the La Rose Forest. Some good off-roading with wading and mud. I got myself good and stuck in one water hole, but some tugs from Kevin and the Lightweight got me out. Later on in the day, I got to return the favor. As the day progressed, the starter motor started acting up. Sometimes the starter dog wouldn't engage the flywheel and sometimes the starter would barely turn the engine over. So I got a few push and tug starts. Dinner was excellent, steak and potatoes cooked by Dave Meadows, Christine Rose and a host of others. On the way back to Ottawa, I noticed that Dora's oil pressure was critically low. So I pulled over and checked the oil. It was all there, so I limped the few km to Dixon's house.

Sunday I went out to Dora and found a large oil puddle under her that looked like it came from the rear main seal, something she had never done before. Dixon immediately complained about Dora deflowering his laneway. I pulled the starter to clean it up and oil the dog gear, fixing the loose ground wire. Upon refitting, the starter turned everything over quickly. One problem solved. I drained the oil and found it contaminated by a little water. The oil was discolored, but not the typical chocolate colour. With a new oil filter and new oil, the pressure was reading lower than normal, but not critical. Thinking that the oil pump was showing some wear, I headed for home late Sunday afternoon. As the engine temperature rose, the pressure sank to a critical level. So I pulled over and found myself at the Vars exit.



Photos: Dixon Kenner

I was unable to contact Dixon or Dale and was lucky to find Ted and Christine in the phone book. So Dora and I limped over to their place. By the time I arrived, Ted had already pulled out his spare oil pump. In his laneway we pulled the sump and the oil pump. Like a vulture attracted to carrion, Dixon showed up a little while later to offer advice and drink beer. A disassembly of the pump showed that, though the pump was worn, it was in as least as good shape as Ted's spare. The oil pressure check valve was also OK. So we pulled a rod bearing. The bearing was worn down to the copper layer. The crank was worn, but it was unknown how badly. The middle main bearing showed similar wear. A groove had been worn in the crank from the oil channel on that bearing. Still we didn't think there was enough wear for a critical loss of oil pressure. After putting the bottom end back together we inspected the tappets. They showed wear, but again nothing critical. Dora was started and oil was getting to the tappets. A test drive, however, showed that we still had the oil pressure loss as the temperature increased to normal. Christine offered to give me a place to crash for the night and we strategised on replacing bearings in the morning.

Monday dawned and I made my way over to Dixon's. There I found Dixon and Roy Bailie. We discussed what the problem could be. Dixon actually had new normal sized bearings in stock, so I spent the day pulling the sump and replacing the front and mid main bearings as well as the four rod bearings. During the day Ted, Andrew Finlayson and Bruce Murray stopped by at various times and gave advice. At various times we would wander back to Dixon garage and look for old blocks to theorize where the oil was going. (Luckily for us, Dixon has lots of bits of Land Rovers laying around) When Dora was all back together I fired her up, but she still had declining oil pressure. Damn.

Depressed, Dixon, Bruce and I drank a few beers while standing at the end of Dixon's laneway. A car pulled over and a pair of guys about 20 got out. They were from Belgium or the Netherlands and were looking for some town in Quebec with a map of North America where Toronto and Montreal were about two inches apart. They must have noticed the Green Beastie and Dora because the immediately admitted that one of them owned a Minerva and the other a 110. Small world. Bruce gave them directions and a tattered map.

At this point I gave my boss a few options: to fly home, to get Dora towed by Dale and the Gin Palace, or to pull the engine and work on it. Via e-mail, my manager opted for the tow and

About this time the remaining headlight went out. When suddenly everything goes dark at 100 km/hour, you jump a little.

said that arriving Tuesday evening was OK. Well, that gave us 24 more hours to play with. Somehow, Dixon convinced me that pulling the engine was a good idea. Dale had to replace a wheel bearing in the Gin Place, so would be busy most of Tuesday with that. Worse came to worse, we could toss the engine and wings in the back of Dora and tow her as a derelict across the border.

I spent the evening stripping off the wings, breakfast, and radiator. The battery came out. The exhaust pipe was disconnected (shearing one of the studs). Somewhere in the middle of this, with many bolts snapping, Dixon mentioned that he knew which Land Rovers were good runners; all of the bolts snap when removed. Eventually, I had Dora stripped down to the frame and back to the firewall. Since we didn't have a hoist yet, I gave up for the evening and joined Dixon and Dale who had already made good headway into a 24.

I arose early Tuesday and pulled the floor boards and gearbox hump. Most of the nuts securing the gearbox to the engine were removed as were the bolts/nuts mounting the engine. When Dixon finally arose we made our way out to Murray Jackson's to get the hoist. Along the way, the Green Beastie was leaving behind a black cloud and was occasionally backfiring through the carb. But this is to be expected. After a few minutes with Murray, speculating what could be wrong with the engine, we loaded the hoist into the Green Beastie. Back at Dixon's with the hoist we quickly pulled the engine. I had the crank out and was about to pull the timing chain cover when Ted and Jason showed up for their lunch break. They watched and commented as I pulled parts. The chain was still intact. Some of the surfaces of the chain had broken off. We found something interesting - the timing chain gear on the crankshaft had been installed backwards (I had bought the short block from Atlantic British in about 1991). The chain had worn div-

ots in the front face of the crank over that last 104,000 miles. We even pulled the distributor to see if there was any wear on the dog that drives it and to peek at the cam. Again, nothing extremely bad was found.

We went over to Dale's to see how he was doing with the wheel bearing replacement. The Gin Place was on axle stands with the hub off. Dale loaned me his diesel crank, a newly rebuilt oil pump and a rear main seal kit. Since selling Hogarth, he didn't have an immediate need for them. Back at Dixon's, I started putting everything back together. Dale finally showed up late in the afternoon with the Gin Palace and lent a hand putting on the flywheel housing, flywheel, clutch and pressure plate while I was refitting the timing chain and cover, the oil pump and sump. By now it was getting on to 6 PM Dale and I could have loaded Dora and towed her to Boston. It was 400 miles and about an 8 hour drive. But we were so close to getting the engine in. That should only take an hour, right? Nope. We tried for hours to get that engine in. We jumped up and down. We pried this way and that. Finally after hours of struggle, the engine was convinced to go in. The breakfast and radiator assembly was bolted on. Water and oil were added. The starter was hooked up as was the exhaust pipe. With Dale holding the radiator back so that the fan didn't eat the radiator

I gave my boss a few options: I could fly home, or get Dora towed by Dale and the Gin Palace, or pull the engine and work on it.

(no wings installed), I started Dora. She ran! The pressure was still off, but maybe it would hold. At this point Dixon pointed out to us that it was 10:30 PM. We all were tired and there was no way that we would get far that night. He was right. So Dale went home to crash and Dixon went to sleep (he had a government French language aptitude test in the morning!). I stayed up until 3:30 AM putting the wings on, hooking up and testing the electrics, putting the floors back in, etc.

Wednesday I got up and was puttering around by 8:30 AM. Dale came by and we took Dora out for a spin. The oil pressure initially held well. But by the time I got back to Dixon's it was critically low. I pulled in and turned Dora off. I got out and noticed lots of oil dripping from Dora. There was a large spot in the middle of Kirkwood where I waited to turn into Dixon's laneway and a trail of oil leading to and away from Dixon's. (Anyone who has had Dixon spill oil all over their laneway now has had their revenge. I did it back to him). The cause for this oil spill is that, years ago, a corner fell off my timing chain cover. Being a university student and broke I had JB welded a piece of stainless steel over the hole. It held for years, but in our bouncing the engine around with a large steel bar the previous night we had knocked it off. Thus an exposed 1 cm by ½ cm hole. I cleaned all of the oil off the timing chain cover near the hole and put on a bunch more JB weld to seal the hole. I fired Dora up and she not only kept the oil mostly in, but she kept her pressure up. So I packed up everything and started off for the States.

You would think that the adventure would end here, right? Dora still wanted make me earn my way home. As I drove down the Queensway, I watched the oil pressure gauge like a hawk. The pressure was holding. I knew that I had a chance of making it back when I still had pressure when I passed Vars. As I approached the Quebec border, Dora started running more and more uneven. I had a hard time maintaining 100 km/hour. I pulled off to investigate. I found that the bolt securing the distributor down had vibrated loose. Maybe I had forgotten to tighten it when I put the distributor back on. I tightened it and while I was in there I reset the points.

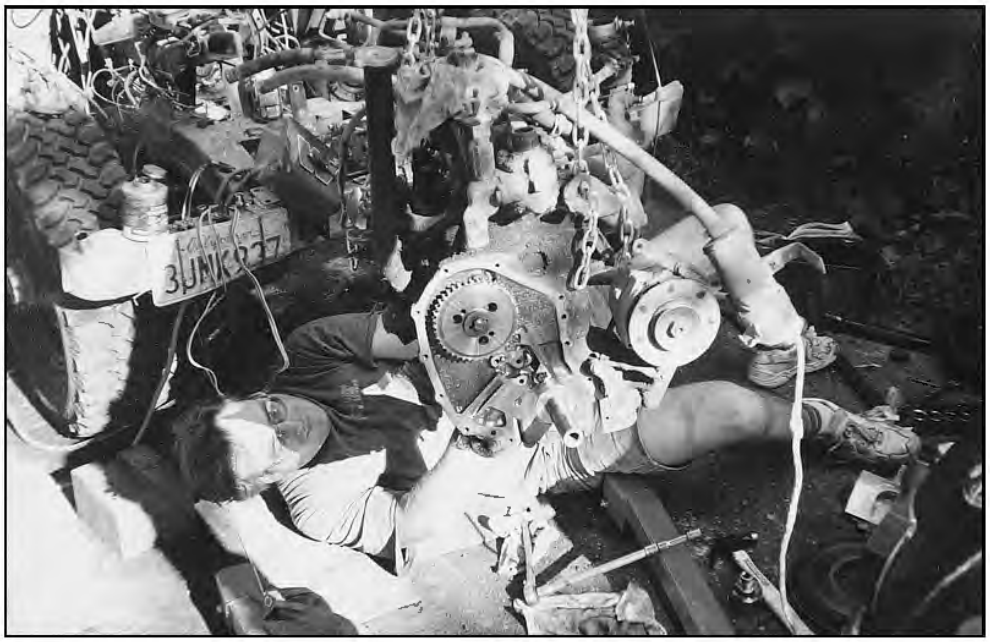
In Quebec, it started to cloud over and drizzle. I had the driver's doortop off and the passenger's in, but not bolted down. It wasn't all that cold so I kept going. It started raining harder as I crossed back into the US. When I stopped for food, I noticed that Dora didn't keep her oil pressure up at idle, so I increase the idle. That kept the pressure high enough to keep the green light (15 lbs per square inch) off. I also put in, but did not bolt down the driver's door top. I continued south.

In Vermont in a construction zone (one lane and a shoulder), I heard a "plink". I perked up, that sounded like something metal breaking! Then I heard another one. I immediately pulled over to investigate. All of the springs looked OK. I rocked the body and watched the suspension. All looked OK. Confused I continued on. I heard one more "plink". Over the next few miles, I slowly realized that I was listing to the port side. Damn, I lost a spring, I thought—one of the leaves must have broken. About 30 minutes after this, I had to stop for gas and dinner. Dora didn't have much oil pressure at idle! I got out and noticed that Dora had a distinct list to the left. Damn. First things first, I checked the oil. It was down just below minimum. 3 quarts later she was happy and running with pressure. Dora had eaten 1 quart per 130 km. I looked at the suspension and didn't see anything wrong, except that on the left side both springs were almost riding on their bump stops. The springs looked OK. What I failed to see, and what I didn't realized until a day after I got home, was that the rear spring mount on the left rear side had sheared off flush with the frame. The shackle and remains of the mount where laying on the spring. Luckily for me, it was a rear mount. If the front mount of the rear spring had failed at freeway speeds, the geometry of the suspension would have changed and made keeping Dora on the freeway a challenge. I did make it 200 miles back to Boston with the mount broken.

It started raining heavier and heavier. Darkness began to fall. As the rain fell, I noticed that my right knee was getting sprayed by a drip. This confused me because I couldn't find the source. Finally I had enough of the drip falling inside and spraying my other leg, so I pulled into a rest area and secured the door top in the pouring rain. As I continued on in the dark and rain in New Hampshire, it rained so hard that I could no longer see the road or the taillights of other cars. About this time the remaining headlight went out. When suddenly everything goes dark at 100 km/hour, you jump a little. I had been having some problems with my Series III turn signal/high beam stalk. I couldn't turn on high beams by pushing it forward—the switch was broken. However if I held the stalk back, I did get one high beam. I would drive holding this stalk for about 20 minutes at time. During this time, I would have to let go and let the world go black every time I needed to downshift for a hill. After about 20 minutes, I would let go of the stalk and find that the normal headlight had returned. I could drive on with this until it went out again. This process repeated three times. It is disconcerting to be driving at 100km/hour when suddenly everything goes black and you try to remember when the road went as you grab for the high beam stalk.

But Dora finally gave up and let me get home. I pulled in around 11:30 PM Wednesday night. Three days after I had intended to get home. Luckily for me, when I went into work the next day, the client manager wasn't all that upset. In years back he had owned a Triumph TR-4A and a Jaguar XK-150.

He understood British Cars…



General Servicing: Repairs, Humour, Tales & Trivia

Doktor Drip's Desert Recce

by John Hong

Well the Gute Doktor was out in the desert just taking in the sights of his new arid home in his beloved '74 88 Red BMW-Rover. All this desert stuff being new to him, he was quite fascinated and taken with all the different types of plants and the stark, wind worn terrain.

While he has seen several burrows of what he believes to be the endangered Mohave Tortoise, he has not seen Sir Tortoise in the flesh. The literature indicates that an early morning or evening recce is called for if one is to see these cautious creatures out and about.

Herr Doktor also was keeping an eye peeled scouting locations for future photographic sessions with several delightful and lovely females with whom he has had the good fortune to become acquainted! Indeed Gentle reader, Lady Luck is most definitely alive and well in Lass Vegas!

Evidently, Herr Doktor must have missed a couple of important signs while engaged in his mental mastur…err…exposure level and f-stop considerations, because the next thing he knows, he is being hailed thusly:

"Attention Decrepit Red Vehicle, Attention Decrepit Red Vehicle, you have entered a restricted US military facility. Halt at once! Halt at ONCE!"

Rudely torn from his vivid f-stop considerations, the Gute Doktor looks to his left and sees, pointing directly at him, what appears to be a brace…nay… a trio of M-60 machine guns!

D.O.T. approval? We don't need no steenking D.O.T. approval!

Appropriately motivated, he stomps on the brake pedal and his ancient shoes and cylinders begin to pay homage to the laws of momentum. After a surprisingly brief period of inertial worship, the "Decrepit Red Vehicle" squeals to the requested state of rest.

It is then that realization sinks in - oh Son of Solihull! Yonder military vehicle is a Land Rover! A bigger than usual S-eating grin spreads as the GunRover rumbles over and hails again:

"What is your business here! Why did you disregard the signs!"

The Doktor muttered something about sightseeing and location scouting when the chappy behind the single M60 mount alights from the GunRover, hand on sidearm, and walks over.

"I am sorry but I am going to have to confiscate your film and then you will be escorted from the area."

Doktor explains that the camera is locked up in the back and that he was looking for future locations and that he missed the signs because he was considering the best light and angles for photographing his comely friends. A well timed wink and nudge and the ice was broken. A quick gift of of "emergency survival beer" to Uncle Sam's finest and there were grins aplenty, matey!

Guns made safe, a quick apology was made for calling the Red BMW-Rover "decrepit" followed by Herr Drip's self-effacing diplomacy: "Well Sarge, can't fault a man for speaking the truth!" A quick vehicle tour pressed home this fact to Sarge and his lads and Herr Doktor could see that they were now deeply impressed having never seen a vehicle with quite so much duct tape out in the high desert and that indeed the Doktor was an individual of extreme courage and unsurpassed powers of rationalization!

The tour of the GunRover was much more interesting, 6.5 liter GM diesel, Goodyear G90s all around, kevlar interior ballistic protection panels, self-sealing long range fuel tanks, military GPS, a quick introduction to shy Mr. Johnny J. Rocket in the back and, of course, my old friends, the M-60s.

Sarge apologized that they had to get back to base but that I should return soon, with my lady friends perhaps, and they would introduce me to the joy that can be found with suppressed automatic weapons from the Oberndorf and a truckload of surplus Halloween Pumpkins! Hallelujah!

Gute Nacht!

(What a fine yarn eh Gentle Reader? Talk of Rovers, guns, beer, comradeship and discrete mention of the fairer sex! Stay tuned for more adventures!)

The Land that Time Forgot

by Mike Liodice

I should start by saying I sometimes call my parent's farm "The Land that Time Forgot". It's not so much a farm as an example of how not to have a farm. Sometimes, things sit for years without ever moving. Actually, a lot of things sit for years without ever moving.

Well, they have been cleaning out the horse barn (the Aegean Stables) by loading manure into an ancient manure spreader which no longer functions as a spreader. The usual implement for moving the spreader was the Ford 9N tractor, but that seems to have developed the non-moving disease. My brother's 1 ton Jeep pickup was ruled out because of the long wheelbase so the only thing left on the farm that might do the job was Fern. For those who don't remember, Fern is my SIII and had been retired because of a bad tranny and even worse frame. For the last few years, Fern has been out on the farm as a doodle-bug and exists as a frame, engine, running gear, breakfast, bulkhead and seatbox. Last year, Fern donated its fuel pump when the one on my IIA went bad.

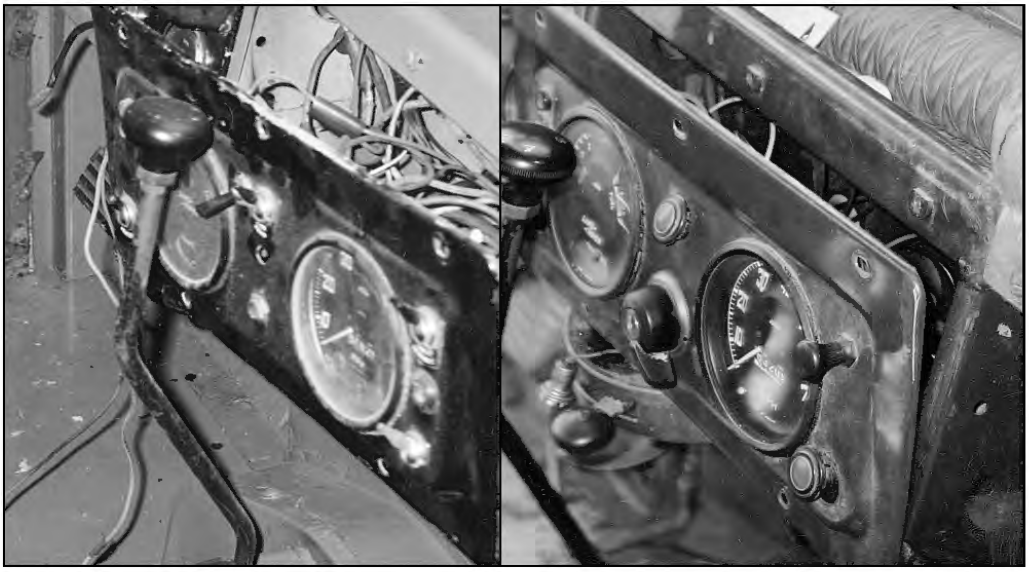
So, my brother decided a fuel pump wasn't really necessary and mounted a Triumph motorcycle fuel tank on the bonnet. He dropped in a battery, poured a little gas down the carburetor and Fern started right up. (He really likes putting motorcycle fuel tanks on things - the Ford 9N has been sporting a tank from a chopper for a few years now!) Fern had no problem moving the spreader, but later in the afternoon when he decided to move and old grain drill (which originally was horse-drawn and hasn't been used in many, many years) trouble occurred. Fern's frame broke - right behind the seat box! The only thing holding it all together was the drive shaft! No problem, he just got the welder and put it all back together - with a lot of extra bracing.

Well, all of that happened on Sunday. I wasn't there and missed all the fun. I was there on Monday for the "next big project" - moving the David Brown tractor.

Now, the David Brown is a big diesel tractor - it's a model 1020 I think. It's been sitting for at least 10 years. Way back then, someone left the cover off the exhaust pipe - or maybe it blew off - and when my brother tried to start it up, it bent a rod. It's been sitting so long that the wheels had sunk down to the rims in the dirt. Moving it was going to be a big project. We started by jacking up the front with a hi-lift and getting some wood under the front wheels. Then we tried the same with the back end. That's where all the weight is. It took two hi-lift jacks to move it at all, but we did manage to get some wood under the rear wheels as well.

We then tried moving it with my IIA. Forget it. The ground was too soft and the Rover just dug big holes. My brother then brought his Jeep around and had no better luck. Then we tried both trucks - we still couldn't budge the tractor. Even with the wood under the wheels, the rear wheels still were in a hole and it wasn't moving. Pulling it out was made just a wee bit more complicated by the location of the well for the barn - directly in-line with the left side of tractor. We couldn't do a straight pull and if we ever did get the tractor to move we would need to turn it to the right to clear the well. The last hope was the winch on the Rover. We hooked the winch cable to the tractor and chained the Jeep to the back of the Rover - and promptly stalled the 8000 lb winch! But, we did move the tractor about a foot - until I backed off the winch and the David Brown rolled back into the hole. The solution was to pull the tractor until the winch stalled and then block the wheels. We did that quite a few times and finally got the tractor to move. We managed to move it about 20 feet before the winch stalled again - this time from a large rock blocking the left rear wheel. And of course, the rock was part of the well. By this time it was pretty obvious that all four tires on the tractor were low on air and it was getting late so we left the tractor there. Hopefully it gets moved again before another ten years go by.

Separated at Birth?



Right, Dixon Kenner's Little Earth Pig; on the far right, his Big Green Beastie. You make the call.

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