LAND ROVER SOLIHULL WARWICKSHIRE ENGLAND
Association of Land Rover Owners of Canada

OTTAWA VALLEY LAND ROVERS

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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.

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.

Submissions: Articles may be submitted to the Editor, Dixon Kenner (dkenner@fourfold.org) or via post, to the club address. Photographs should be sent directly to Spencer Norcross at **1631 N. Barton Street, Arlington, VA 22201, USA.** Please include captions and a return address with photographs.

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 of any kind.

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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The OVLR Newsletter

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More details regarding Land Rover events can be found at:
http://www.ovlr.org/Events.other.html

Land-Rover FAQ:
http://www.fourfold.org/LR_FAQ/

OVLR/Land Rover HAM:
14.160Mhz @ 01:00GMT Tuesdays

"I'd rather have comfort over nostalga"
— Christine Rose on her Disco vs. Teds 88

Greetings;

Spring is a wonderful time of year. When the days warm up, the sap starts to flow. The great tradition of maple sugaring is a great way to enjoy the beautiful outdoors. Maple syrup is a natural and very unique product. It is only made in Eastern Canada and the US northeast from the sap of sugar maple and black maple trees. As Spring approaches, sugar makers take to maple forests (a sugarbush) to tap maple trees. A drill is used to make a small hole from which the tree sap flows in the warmth of the day. The sap is collected and brought back to camp to be boiled. The water is driven off and the sap thickens to a sweeter maple syrup.

For the past eleven years, members of OVLR have been celebrating the coming of Spring with gathering at Vern Fairhead's sugarbush in Shawville Quebec during the maple sap run. The event offers people an excuse to get their Land Rover out from under that snow bank and blow the cobwebs out. For the hardy, it is an opportunity for a little winter camping that weekend. This is the first major club event of the season for Land Rover owners around eastern Ontario and western Quebec. Food, tradition, and some white laning! Last year, more than fifty people attended!

The Maple Syrup Rally is traditionally held at the end of March, beginning of April at the height of the sap run. The sap run loves freezing nights and warm days. A variation in this pattern can disrupt the run and cause last minute changes in the schedule outlined. As this is very weather dependent, an estimate is printed, the actual date not being known until just a few weeks ahead. This year, we expect it to be held on April 11th, with a "rain" date of April 18th. Remember, Mother Nature determines the date, not us!

OVLR needs to know how many people expect to be attending so the proper amount of food can be purchased. So, local and regional members with email will be kept abreast of planning and dates via email. If you are planning on coming, please send Christine Rose an email at `tcrose@magma.ca.` For those that we know not to have email, (sorry Harry, we know you have email now) we encourage you to phone Christine Rose at (613) 823-3150 to confirm the date and their attendance. The cost of the Rally is five dollars per person. Children under three years old are free. To drive on the off-road course, you need to be a member of OVLR (Our insurance policy requires this).

What Activities are there? There will be a traditional breakfast of french toast, sausage, homemade baked beans from Grandma Louise's secret recipe. This event also has a participatory side to it. To appreciate the fresh maple syrup you will be having with your breakfast, members are encouraged to help by making it! Every year there is the traditional gathering of sap from the trees. Vern is operating a sugar shack where the sap is boiled down to fresh maple syrup. For some, this is an opportunity to see how it is really done. It is also a chance to restock on some real maple syrup that should keep you going for the coming year! What can be better than making your own! There will be an Easter egg hunt for the children.

There is always some white (ok, sometimes brown/mud) laning down some abandoned rail beds, through the sugarbush, and around in the lands around the sugarbush. Also an opportunity to see Francois Juneau (Unimog) and Dale (Gin Palace)duke it out in the local trout pond. This year, Dale promises to show that his lockers are just as good as Francois'. We don't know if Dale will be trying out chains, as that secret weapon is usually reserved for the Birthday Party. For some, it is an opportunity to learn that snow can be just as frustrating and difficult to traverse as mud.

As always, there will be lots of fresh maple syrup for sale. Prices should be unchanged at: $38 for four litres, $22 for two litres, $12 for the plastic one litre jug, and $8 for the 540ml can. Bring your cheque book! (note, this is the real stuff, and you can help make your own! Not the chemical filled artificial stuff generally found in the supermarket)

Getting there: If you are unsure about directions, there will be a convoy of vehicles leaving from the Westgate shopping centre at 9 AM. (Corner of Carling Avenue and Merrivale) *There is a map on page 5.*

The following directions assume that you can find the Champlain Bridge at the north end of Island Park Drive in Ottawa. Crossing the bridge over the Ottawa River, you will go straight to the second set of lights where the road ends at a "T". Go west (left). Follow the upper road (highway #148) through to Aylmer, past the Canadian Tire, to a set of lights at the park (there is a war memorial in the centre of the park to your right. The town library is accross the street on your left) in the centre of town. #148 does a right turn here at these lights. Follow hightway 148 out of Aylmer and procees to Shawville

This Month's Cover:

Dale, Gin Palace, mudbog, Birthday Party, stuck, stuck, stuck.
Photo by Jeff Meyer

in the next month or so…

April 5	**Executive meeting.** Telephone Andrew Finlayson for details
April 11	**Maple Syrup Rally,** Shawville, Quebec. Rain date April 18
April 19	**Social at the Prescott,** Preston Street, Ottawa, 7 PM
April 11	**Start of the Cruise Night,** Heron Rd. Canadian Tire (every Sunday)
Early May	**Annual Tune-up at the MiniMan,** Stittsville, Ontario
May 15-16	**Foreign Carlisle** Import Car Show, Carlisle Pennsylvania
May 16	**Start of Import Cruise Night,** Merivale Rd. Canadian Tire (every Sun.)
May 17	**Social at the Prescott,** Preston Street, Ottawa, 7 PM

future events:

(Dates & times subject to change)

May 29 - 30	**Cumberland Steam & Auto Show** (Info, Greg McNaull 613-721-8817)
May 30	**Oxford Mills Vintage Motorcycle and Auto Show** (Info, Chris Bryant 613-989-3046)
June 12	**Jaguar Club Concours d'Elegance** at Science and Tech Museum (Info, Paul Davis 613-225-3449)
June 18-20	**Sixteenth Birthday Party,** Silver Lake, Ontario
June 26-27	**DownEast Rally,** Camden-Lincolnville, Maine
June 27	**Sporting Classics Sportscar Show** Richmond Fair Grounds (Info, Steve Bourne 613-253-0739
Early July	**The Breakfast**

(you will pass by the villages of Luskville, Quyon etc.). Drive through Shawville. About one mile past Shawville, you will look for a side road on the right. The side road is marked with a small green sign that says "Radford" (there are a pair of barns across the road on the lefthand side of #148). Turn right. Go straight, past the church until the road ends. Tu! rn right, then take the first left. You will take the first left at the next concession road. One mile from this turn, you will find Vern's farm on the left.

Other aspects to consider? In the past, as the event takes place on a Sunday, various members of the club have come up early and done a little winter camping in the sugarbush. If you are interested in some winter camping, give Vern a ring at (613) 647-5544. There is plenty of wood about, and Vern probably won't mind you using some of the wood by the sugar shack, so long as you help stoke the fire in there a little bit during the day! So, warmth for the evening is available!

Members are also welcome to come up on Saturday and help Vern with some sap gathering and maple syrup production.

CONTACT NUMBERS:

Event Co-ordinator: Christine Rose (613) 823-3150

Internet: `http://www.ovlr.org/OVLR.events-msr.html`

E-mail: david.meadows@sympatico.ca

If lost getting there: Phone 647-5544 (Vern's home)

MAPLE SUGAR RALLY-AT-A-GLANCE:

Expected date to be held: April 11th.

The "rain" date is April 18th.

If you are planning on coming, contact Christine Rose at `tcrose@magma.ca.` or (613) 823-3150.

The cost of the is five dollars per person.

Children under three years old are free.

To drive on the off-road course, you need to be a member of OVLR

Events will include: A traditional breakfast, helping to maple sugar, an Easter egg hunt, and some white/brown(mud)/laning.

There will be lots of fresh maple syrup for sale.

There will be a convoy of vehicles leaving from the Westgate shopping centre at 9 am. (Corner of Carling Avenue and Merrivale)

Winter camping is possible, if you are interested, give Vern a ring at (613) 647-5544.

The 11th Annual Maple Syrup Rally

April 11, 1999*

*Alternate date: April 18

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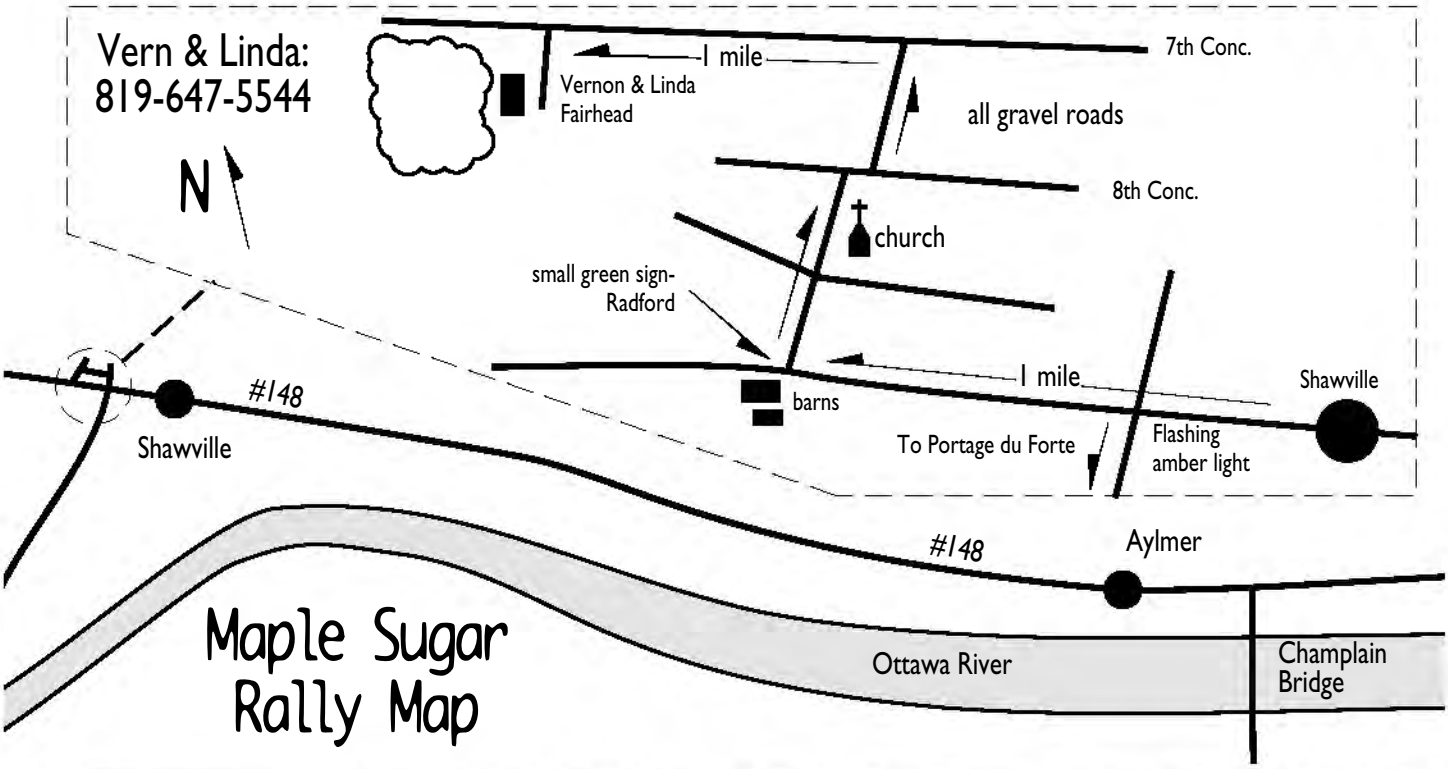


other News, Rebuilds/Projects, Lies, Rumours, Trivia

A note from the editor: February's newsletter, sadly late again, *(we aren't doing much better this month, either—Spenny)* was stuffed at the Prescott. Rumours that Bob had emerged from the Shrine and seen his shadow are not true. So, a different crew helped out. The regulars, Bruce Ricker, Andrew Finlayson, Fred and Murray were joing by Dave Meadows, Christine Rose, Christian Szpilfogel and Kevin Willey to get that edition off. Desperate Dale didn't make it again, though we are not entirely sure why. He is probably adding more toys to the Gin Palace. As for this months newsletter, the limited power of the editor might become glaringly apparent. Rumour has it some members have taken to circumventing normal procedures (Hey, I work for the Army now!) and are transmitting the more interesting articles directly to Spencer for inclusion…

The February social was well attended affair. Progress on various projects was discussed as well as some ideas on future events.

Ben Smith has been busy. He recently attended an open house at British Pacific and gleened these interesting tidbits… "Bitish Pacific had an open house the other day. Supposedly Russ Wilson showed up, but I missed him. I didn't count, but I'd guess that 50+ Rovers showed up. Lots of Discos, a few Series, RRs, and Defenders. It was a joint event with Southern California Land Rover club. SCLR now has a newsletter. Glossy and in color and professionally made. Their club is $36 or $45 a year (I can't recall which one is SCLR and one is the Houston Club).

The new RR (mkIII) and the Freelander will be in the US this time next year. The RR mk III will look kind of like the Lincoln Navigtor, will have MacPherson struts, will have a monoque body (no frame) and will sell for $100,000 US. I think it will be safe to say that this will have *nothing* to do with LR tradition and will be an expensive McCar. If BMW plans go forward, the new Defender will also be a monoque body car. It is the beginning of the end for Land Rover.

Next week BP will have a supported equivalent to the LR testbook, but with more features and upgradable. It is a self-contained laptop device. This is aimed that the independent shop that needs this tool and LR won't sell it to them.

In the check it out category… If you're bored at work, you can have some fun with Murray Jackson's Motor-Cross and Motor Mania features, at `www.canadiandriver.com`, oddly enough a Canadian site for Canadian motorheads. If you'd like to do the crossword on line or off line, there is a quick one-time-only download of a helper program on the crossword page which makes it all happen. A new crossword and quiz will be posted each Friday. Have fun! (Murray as you know, does the Land Rover crossword puzzles for the newsletter. They too will be hitting the internet in the coming months on the OVLR web site.

Dueling chefs… left to right; Andrew Finlayson, Dave Meadows and Eric Zipkin. 1998 Birthday Party
Photo: Jeff Meyer

A note from Kanti Barnes who has been hiding out sice he embarrassed himself last year before the Birthday Party by retorquing the tierod ends to 200-300 pounds and snapping them off. What is new with his Land Rover? "Well, the beast is still in the drive way. Don't know when I'll

get around to it. Maybe I will sell it. Am I expelled from the club for thinking such a thing!?"

More secret Team Daphne Research news. Larry Berti has written to admit his membership in the notorious Team Daphne Research Team. He writes "I'm certainly in the Team Daphne having received the Dave Lowe initiation. On that same trip after having tugged Dave's 109 free from the deep snow, he backed up into my 88 while I was talking to a fellow collegue. I was honoured.

Dale "Range Rovers can go anywhere Unimogs can" Desprey. Note tripled winch cable!
Photo by: Dixon Kenner

A note from Bill Adams: The seam between the upper tank top and bottom separated the other day, leading me to pull the radiator and take it to a shop to have this repaired. After a couple of hours the shop called to tell me they couldn't repair it because of some BS reason and that a recore would be 400 odd buck and blah, blah, blah… I picked it up.

Next day, after due consideration and some prompting from Quintin Aspin, I went ahead with an attempt to do the repair myself. I dug all the crud out of the joint, opened the seam and got it all cleaned and ready for solder. With plenty of flux and just the right application of heat, the solder joint went together just dandy. Emboldened, I went on to repair the steel frame connections, and touch up the filler neck, the lower hose barb and a few other items. Fine.

Then I needed to test the leakage factor so I fabricated a tool out of rubber stoppers. One went in the filler neck hole, one went in the lower hose fitting and the last one I modified by running a hole through and gluing in an old bicycle tire valve. I could now pump up the interior to 15 psi and check it in the utility sink. This revealed a couple more pinholes that I touched up. Finally I had all the leaks repaired.

Then I got stupid.

I made the mistake of leaving the radiator upright on the workbench. Sometime during the night Nigel, a Poltergeist or a big breeze got hold of the radiator and made it fall off the bench onto the concrete floor, top first. When I found the radiator the next morning, the entire top was bunged in almost to the core…a good two inches. I was apoplectic with anger at my own idiocy, with visions of a new radiator poking huge holes in my wallet. Then I came upon a plan to pull out the huge dent.

I went to the hardware store and bought a big brass nut, like 5/16th-18. I then proceeded to solder the nut to the outside of the tank and use a piece of threaded rod and a big socket as a dent-puller. This worked a charm. I just went all round the top of the tank soldering and pulling until I had gotten the dent about 98 percent pulled. I had to desolder the filler neck to get at some of the dentage, but after about an hour and a half of this baloney, it was nearly perfect again! Then I checked the whole thing with the rubber-stopper-utility-sink method (found that the trip to the floor had loosened a few repairs) redid some joints and bob was once again my uncle. Now the only thing keeping me from dropping it all back in the truck is a spate of bad weather, but as soon as it clears…

Spenny writes: Club member Charles Henderson called me last week asking about the date of the British invasion. When I finally got a chance to call him back the number didn't work, But that brings me to my point, there is a nifty little feature towards the back of the newsletter chronicling most of the North American events. And Charles, I've added the Invasion, thanks for the wake up call. I look forward to having a pint with you in Vermont this fall.

A Story about a Newsletter Editor.

(This was sent to me by an anonomyous source who insists he found it on a piece of paper stuffed in a wine bottle floating in the Ottawa River. - Spenny)

A particular newsletter editor, namely the one responsible for this esteemed journal, has managed to maintain a low profile, thus not revealing his true character to many. Under this rather unassuming manner many things churn about below his placid surface.

While Dixon is not renown for his Land Rover mechanical skills he is none the less very well versed on these matters and carries a conversation much better than a spanner. Dixon is now authoring a book titled "How to Repair Your Land Rover Without Leaving Your Chair or Putting Down Your Beer"

As for his interests, you may of thought all he thinks about is beer drinking and restoring the earth pig and beastie, if you thought this, you have misjudged our Newsletter Editor. First a bit of Dixon's background. He is a Loyal Subject of Her Majesty, very tied to history and would have made an excellent Victorian; he still refers to Ontario as Upper Canada and has been known to sing Rule Britannia occasionally while showering. He believes that all this change and modernism is of no value. He treasures the ambiance of his Land Rovers to the point that he completely neglects them. He has convinced Sandra that the earth pig is a work of art and should be prominently displayed on her property in perpetuity. Seems to have worked so far.

The cultural side of Dixon must be exposed to round out this biographical sketch. Dixon secretly admires those who are proficient at ballroom dancing. His respect for ballroom dancing has been inspired by his great friend and mentor "Twinkle Toes, Desperate Dale". They spend many hours quaffing ale planning the next outing with their ladies driving to the ball in the Gin Palace. In fact dancing has become such an obsession with Dixon, he has become a fan of the ballet. While at the ballet, Dixon carefully observes the ballet dancers jiggling by him, in their tutus. This may leave the impression that Dixon is enthralled by jiggling dancers, wrong again, Dixon is actually storing information in his little mind to prepare him for his new task at The Ministry of Defense. You see Dixon is part of a team in the Canadian Army charged with designing a combat bra for our fighting ladies, no small task. Now Dixon will be able to combine his interest in ballet dancing with his education in physics, stress dynamics and beer drinking at Bishop's University.

As the task began, Dixon's vast knowledge of Land Rover parts came to the fore as the ultimate combat bra is born. Dixon's first assignment was to come up with a design to minimize bosom bounce, this could be very dangerous in combat, as our ladies charge forward they could be knocked out of action before seeing any action.

Dixon's quick mind began to equate bosom bounce with Land Rover rear axle articulation and in a flash the solution was at hand, if rear axle check straps can control a bouncing Land Rover rear axle, they would be a natural choice to prevent bosom bounce in Canada's fighting ladies. As you can see one thing leads to another as our man Dixon carries on serving his Queen and County; a man for the eighteenth century.

Larry Berti in sunny and warm (even in the winter) Toronto writes – "I have the greatest heater, built into a custom cubby box slightly taller than a centre seat. Webasto heater produces very hot blast of air within 30 seconds of turning it on, regardless of if engine is running. It runs off a small tank of diesel fuel in the rear. It warms up the pick-up cab quickly. In the summer I simply unbolt the cubby box, disconnect the electric hook-up and pull out the exhaust pipe, fuel line and fuel tank and replace with the centre seat. Last June I returned from a 10 week leave of absence. I shipped the Land Rover to Calgary, picked it up and travelled Alberta, BC, and whole west coast of US, into Baja, then back north up through the interior deserts, Palm Springs, Sedona, canyons, etc then across US to east coast and back to Toronto via upper state New York. Camped and hostelled. Many great sites and stories to come.

OVLR Members in the news: Submitted by Bill Maloney – "LRM has a couple of articles by John Hong this month. One has a photo of him sitting holding a steering wheel on a rover chassis with no bulkhead or body work. It's pretty funny. Jeff Meyer's dad has a piece where he details purchasing the 109 that Jeff is restoring. Land Rover is producing a limited edition "Heritage" Defender (not US) with a recessed grille and diesel engine. And from last month, the missing Team Daphne member was Larry Berti who participated in someof the antics recounted by Brett Story in LRM.

The Rover twins, Fred & Russ Dushin, in Nigel, Russ' SII. 1998 Birthday Party
Photo: Jeff Meyer

Some Non-oVLR News & Rumours

Newsletters received this month include: The Northern California Land Rover Club (November/December 1998 issue), The Obsession (Land Rover Register of South Australia Inc, December 1998, V.10, No. 12), The Gearbox (Rover Owners of Virginia, Winter 1999, V.11, No. 1), The Machina Ultima (Club de Land-Rover du Quebec, Hiver 1998-99)

First Annual Moose Rally, May 15th and 16th, in Kingston Nova Scotia. This will be a different event, more like the special stages in the early Camel Trophy Rallies. These stages will require a good degree of driver skill and problem solving but shouldn't cause vehicle damage. For the less adventurous types there will be trail rides if there is a demand. It is recommended that your vehicle be equipped with a working winch or that you team with someone who has a winch. The usual off road equipment will be needed such as tow straps, first aid kits, high lift jacks, axes, shovels, etc.The cost will be $20. Free camping is available on the rally site and there are motels close by. Early registration by phone (902) 765-4532 or email to `john.cranfield@ns.sympatico.ca` would be appreciated.

A note from Al Richer, just back the UK.

While I was in London I ran across a bookstore that carried everything that would make your heart flutter for LR/RR/LBCs, as well as loads of train, plane and other transportation-type books. As an example, I picked up an owner's manual for my RR for £10, and DJ found one for his Spitfire for £5 and a service manual for £7. Also, they had all the LR manuals, as well as non-LR stuff from the Series 1 to 101s to RR to LRs. You name it.

The place in question is called Motorbooks, and they're at 33 St. Martin's Court, London (just off Charing Cross Road). Their telephone number is 171-836-5376, and fax at 171-497-2539. They ship to the US & Canada and their website has an online search and order feature, <`www.motorbooks.com`>.

A LRNA press release regarding the status of the greatly enfeebled Camel Trophy:

LANHAM, Md. (March 29, 1999) - Land Rover and Worldwide Brands, Inc., announced today the decision to dissolve the co-sponsorship agreement backing one of the world's foremost adventures, the Camel Trophy. For nearly two decades, the annual Camel Trophy has been a rugged showcase for Land Rover vehicles, taking competitors and vehicles to countries as far flung as Guyana, Borneo and Madagascar In addition to head-to-head competition, international teams vying for the famous Camel Trophy have been instrumental in opening roads and supplying humanitarian support to the host countries.

"Few sponsorship activities have withstood the test of time as successfully as Camel Trophy and Land Rover," commented Nick Home, WBI Special Events Director. "Over the years, Land Rover has given the event an outstanding level of support. However, as the event has grown to include so many other sporting activities, the emphasis can no longer remain solely on four-wheel drive."

Driving will still play a role in the event, but the emphasis has moved away from four-wheel drive in an effort to broaden the appeal of the event. For example, Camel Trophy 2000 will take place in the South Pacific, with a majority of the competition taking place at sea. As a result, Camel Trophy no longer meets all of Land Rover's sponsorship objectives.

Speaking about the decision, Rover Group Marketing Director Martin Runnecles said, "With the changing character of the event, Camel Trophy can no longer provide us an active demonstration of Land Rover's brand essence. Future activities for Land Rover will concentrate on our customer base with the emphasis very much on rugged offroad adventure."

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.

And a press release from the Camel Trophy people:

Over the last 18 years, Land Rover and Worldwide Brands Inc., sponsors of Camel Trophy have worked together to build an unrivaled international event. This reputation has mutually benefited both parties providing the ultimate showcase for Land Rover vehicles and Camel Trophy Adventure Products. As lifestyles change, Camel Trophy has successfully evolved into a multi-disciplined event. This shift in direction is targetted primarily at broadening the appeal to an even wider audience. Land Rover and WBI, as a direct result of this shift in strategy, have decided to dissolve the co-sponsorship agreement of the world's foremost international adventure challenge, Camel Trophy.

Driving will still play a part in the event, but the emphasis has moved away from a 4x4 focus, and as such, no longer maximises Land Rover's sponsorship objectives. The partnership has ended on a high after last years' ground-breaking event in Chile and Argentina, which offered an ideal showcase to demonstrate the world-beating off-road capabilities of the Freelander, Land Rover's newest lifestyle 4x4.

"There are few sponsorship relationships that have withstood the test of time as successfully as Camel Trophy and Land Rover. This has been an excellent association for us and over the years Land Rover has given the event an outstanding level of support. However, as the event now includes so many other sporting activities, the emphasis can no longer remain solely on 4x4," commented Nick Horne, WBI Special Events Director.

General Servicing: Repairs, Humour, Tales & Trivia

My X-File: The Mysterious White Powder Virus— A Close Encounter with the Forces of Doom and no Scully. Alternate title: Fixing those A(luminum)-Holes…

by Dave Bobeck

An Oil-Stained Driveway, Arlington, Virginia. March, 1999

Yesterday, or no, Saturday, who can tell anymore, the days just seem to blend together, I went and set out to fix the famous *speed holes*, thank you Spencer, Homer S., etc., the horrible gaping voids that were the result of a failed attempt to weld/braze/solder/melt silvery metal looking junk all over the side of my aptly named SIII SWB, GreenHELL, in order to replace the white powdery substance that had itself replaced the aluminum that was supposed to, and judging by the looks of all the other more fortunate, less rusted SIII's that I have seen, did indeed once comprise the rear body tub sides in the vicinity of the completely useless seat belt stiffening brackets, steel, now deceased, that Land Rover engineers, in a fit of unbridled stupidity had at one time seen fit to specify as necessary items in the Good Old US of A and neighboring *ahem* territories/markets/salt pits/etc. This time around the approach was to simply pop rivet in some patches of aluminum harvested from one several years deceased Land Rover four cylinder transmission tunnel cover, in genuine pastel green, that had also fallen victim to the Mysterious White Powder Virus. Where are Mulder and Scully when you need them?

Dave Bobeck's SIII, GreenHELL, takes a well deserved rest, 1998 Birthday Party
Photo: Jeff Meyer

So. I think this time I am just going to borrow one of those nifty flanging devices from my friend Robert who is trying somewhat successfully to repair an aging Volvo Station Wagon which is suffering from the eerily similar *Orange Powder Virus* which is so much more common as to not inspire one to attempt the summoning of said programme's devastatingly sultry supernatural sleuth, Dana Scully. Just about ties your tongue in knots, don't it? No, well, then get back outside and tend to that rust…er…back to the subject at hand, I arrived at Chez Robert, only to find that he hadn't indeed the fabulous flanging device, nay, he had only spoken wistfully of its existence elsewhere. Elsewhere being Chez Victor, Victor being a man with a fanaticism for fabrication, a ferrous fetish if you will. Not being one to impose upon people I don't know, I immediately imposed upon this person who I didn't know, inquiring as to whether we could pay him and his flanging tool a little visit.

"Sure, come right on over, I'll get the cars out of the driveway" was the not very imposed upon sounding response. So verily, I did drive on over, and yea I did parketh in the Driveway of Death, and henceforth did the three not so wise men proceed to remove *stealth* stickers from thine GreenHELL, and in doing so exposed the true nature of the calamity that is the White Powder Virus. Scully not to be found, I set about happily with hammer and dolly, smashing liberally and conservatively both, until the unholy racket drew the attention and ire of, and verily did it cause us to be beset upon by, the Evil Ogre of Arlington, the Drooling Demon of the Driveway of Doom, the Festering Foulmouthed Funstopper, the One Whose Name Shall Remain Unspoken. Not the one who we all affectionately refer to as SWMBO, or the DA, no, this was a beast far less understanding, far less reasonable, and a googolplex more temperamental. Not to mention uglier than a deep-fried toad.

This was one angry junkyard dog of a woman that did not want anyone playing in her presence. Not while there were marital problems, one hours worth of yardwork, and nails in her tires from the last time this happened. No, this was not a *mechanic's shop* and no this was not a…a…a…*brewery*… a fact driven home by the foul beast as it ceremoniously poured out the helpless, innocent contents of a can of Budweiser that had apparently strayed too far from the pack for the Mama Beast's liking, then mercilessly crushed the fragile whimpering can right before our shocked, bewildered eyes. At this point, I will make the proverbial long story slightly less long by saying that we simply bolted, not willing to wait around for Scully to solve this one for us, and I personally hoping never again to have to witness such an atrocity of human genetic abomination. Vic was nice enough to lend the tools to us, giving himself an excuse the get the blankety blank out of dodge before the next scheduled wave of Golgotha's wrath. So, with tools in hand, we tooled on over to my favorite workplace ***The Enormous Empty Warehouse***, kindly provided by Sir Richard Biby, only to find the padlock combination changed yet again. Actually I think I got the numbers reversed, but this is neither here nor there, as that was then and I have only just realised it now. So now it is approaching four in the afternoon and I have done little other than acquire the contents of a decent story, and the use of a few decent metalworking tools for the soon to be over day.

Onward to the Grovelhaus, otherwise known as the house where Spencer lives. Justin, Spencer's roommate has recently acquired a lovely collection of air tools which he apparently needs to justify the purchase of by acquiring more crummy vehicles, which then of course require the purchase of more tools which can then be used to cut the previous generation of crummy vehicles into little tiny bits that can be carefully sequestered into little corners of the yard and house or, failing that, tossed haphazardly into the Giant Blue Tent that was erected for the purpose of hiding the larger bits from the neighbors.

Never mind that the Giant Blue Tent is one of a mere three man-made objects visible from outer space, the other two being the Great Wall of China and The Panel Gaps On A Range Rover. This all is surplus to the point here which is that there is a bloody huge compressor and the feisty little pile of air tools sitting right smack in the middle of the whole affair. So, a knock on the door, and Lo!, there is an answer, and it is Spencer, awake even, and he is offering beer, and explaining that the compressor isn't working. I, in my infinite (seldom) wisdom, not knowing when to say when and not willing to waste another sticker to cover the holes which I have again uncovered, do inspect the compressor to find it quite full of air indeed, and said air compressed to well over one hundred pounds per square inch and that the reason it wouldn't turn on my dear Spencer is that it is already on, and it won't go until you let some of zee air out.

So with this knowledge I set about to finally start cutting some AL. Only there are no blades for the sawzall, so its back to Chez Bobeck to pick up our friend, Mr. Sheetmetal Nibbler. Always glad to be of service, Mr. Sheetmetal Nibbler does neatly nibble away as his name would imply, and now there is a piece of aluminum almost exactly the same shape as the hole in the side of GreenHELL with a half inch excess on all sides. Fabulous. Then Mrs. Flanger thingy tool is pressed into action and after several attempts, and a few comments which I don't recall the exact wording of but that contained words like *learning*, *curve*, and *oh well*, a piece of metal was formed that fit *good enough* into the hole. A quick frantic search for an extension cord for my drill turned up zilch, and so it was that I discovered another old friend, the pneumatic drill. What a bloody concept. Imagine that. It works just like a regular drill. Golly Gee Willikers. One hole. One pop rivet. Another hole, and round and around and pop pop and Bob's yer uncle, and Ho Diddly Hey, and "Well, guys, at least there's some metal in there now." It was then decided to not attempt to repair the second hole, since it was getting dark and cold(er) and lord only knows, you don't rush this kind of work *ahem*…

Then I decided to go for it since this was never really intended to be a pretty repair in the first place, just functional. In fact, if those are opposite ends of the spectrum, than these

Jeff Berg's Finsup, 1998 R.O.V.E.R.S. Assateague Island trip.
It's almost time for the 1999 visit to the beach…
Photo by: Spencer Norcross

are *ultra-functional.* That's a little *lighting guy* humor for you. So the long saga of how to patch those pesky holes in your tub has come to a slightly satisfying end. Earlier this evening I liberally coated the entire area with that special primer sometimes referred to by those in the profession as ***whatever you had laying around.*** I turned around to see my two bemused housemates staring bemusedly at my "*handiwork,*" neither one of them looking anywhere near as attractive as our dear Ms. Scully… I'll order some Pastel Green official touch up paint in one or two of those nifty little ever so convenient and oh so overpriced but remarkably well matching spray cans, some time before the Birthday Party.

Doing some work on the Rover V8 with alternate parts

by Dave Lowe

Here we go: Winn. Camshaft Crane H.216 ---#900531. Camshaft wheel crank wheel and chain are same as Buick (I only have the Canadian Manufacturer). Cylinder head gasket Fel-Pro Permatorque 7984PT. (A must, do not use the thin steel type. Valley pan and end gaskets McCord 99000. or Fel-Pro MS96002. Mallory dual point distributor #2764301 with points 29405 Water pump for the SDI and P6 front cover Quinton Hal

QCP.2095. Hydraulic lifters Perfect Circle HT 896 same as Buick… Piston rings Hastings but you need to know whether you have the early piston rings which were thicker (2mm) than the later thin (1.5mm) type. The later type are available from Deves #2183 and Pistons AE18617V1. (*Charles Irvin was the source of the Deves Information*) but they are expensive . If your engine is a P6 or SDI type the engine cover is pretty much the same as the Buick but if it is a Range Rover (or 101) type the cover and water pump are very different (pump mounted higher up). I would recommend you go with the Vandervell crank bearings from the UK. They are not that expensive same as the rear seals.Crank bearings for the Buick are available but are expensive in other than standard sizes. If you really want to upset yourself take a look at Two books I highly recommend are "The Rover V8 engine" and "Tuning the Rover V8 engines" both by David Hardcastle ISBN 0-85429-692-1 and 933-5.

V8 electronic fuel injection notes.

by Kevin Kelly

Lucas 4CU multiport L-Jectronic electronic fuel injection based around a 35-pin chip was first used on the Rover 3.5L V8 in the 70's in some Rover cars (including the few Rover 3500s that were sold in the U.S.). It wasn't until '86 that the Land Rover put the Lucas FI in the Range Rover (it increased the HP from 125-165) the system was almost identical to the EFI in Rover cars but the ECU in the Range Rover was tuned differently (it had a different chip) for more low-end power and torque.

The '87-'88 NAS Range Rovers with the 3.5L engines that came to the U.S. had the Lucas 13CU Multiport Electronic Fuel Injection system with a 40 pin chip.

The Lucas 14CU Multiport Electronic Fuel Injection was introduced in the U.S. on the '89 Range Rover with the 3.9L engine. The 14CU had the capability to control fuel tank vapor and made changes depending if the AC was on or not.

The Lucas 14CUX is basically the same as a 14CU, but it has the digital fault code display unit.

It ain't over till yer crocus is planted

by Jon Humphries

It all started this morning at dawn. I had to be at a service school at 8:30 AM. So, shower, shave and don me nice duds cause I don't get a chance to wear them much, lately. Out the door after 7.5 cups of coffee and head for the airport Holiday Inn. The meeting is supposed to last from 8:30 to 4:30. Ho Hummmm… Well let's say the meeting was a quickie. We actually wound it up before lunch. I stayed and feasted and gathered materials to take back and bid my adieu at 12:15.

Wow! A whole half day on my hands and I knew what I had to do… I must ready Prince Chas for the dreaded PA State Inspection and I had no rear lights or turn signals or brake lights. The reason for this is my good friend and buddy Scooter had welded pieces on the rear frame last year. This was to strengthen the new rear crossmember. Well in his zealous manner of accomplishment. It seems the rear wiring harness was just a little annoying to him, so he sort of uhh… got it outta the way. Needless to say lights don't light when they don't get the 'lectric stuff to them.

So today I planned to turn this around once and for all. Now this is all fine and dandy when you have wire colors to match up but this is the original braided stuff that is 32 years old. Needless to say the colors were not outstanding. Let me put it this way, after 3 and a half hours of under the truck and up to the front and down under the beast and up to see which wire is which, I am ready to scream Miller Time!! But I persist. Ahhh, finally tail lights… now we're cookin'. Now which bulb is supposed to be the turn signal? And which is supposed to be the brake light? Well let's try this one. (me an the wires are gettin' pretty familiar now)

OK, OK, OK, Hooray! It's **Miller time,** I'm not giving up, just a little diversion.

As I am laying on the cold, cold ground, my thoughts turned to the beautiful crocuses that were opening their petals earlier this morning. I said to myself, this is where they are going to bury me. Right here under the 109 and I can be Pushing up crocuses in the spring. Hence the title of this Land Rover blurb..

I wave at the neighbors. They say "Ya still workin' on that?" I just smile…

Well I am happy to report that after 4 and a half hours, two Millers and much muttering and suffering, I now have Tail Lights, Turn Signals and Brake lights. I'm ready now fer Pennsylvania… and crocuses mean spring…

I feel better now.

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.)

Series I For Trade or Sale 1949 Series I. Probably the oldest in the US. Soft pick-up top. Repainted (well) in NATO blue - w/ a few blemishes, but nicer than most Landys by far. Runs great, driven weekly, remould tires OK, frame is swell, bulkhead is fine, starts right up every time… Fine as is, but could be polished up to Dunsfold standards if you've got the chuzpah. So I'd like to trade her straight for a IIa or maybe a III. I don't care about cosmetics too much, or color, or 88/109, just the big four: frame,bulkhead, tranny, engine. I could sell it outright, but I've no idea what she's worth. You'll be the coolest chap on the block - just don't chop it up and modify it like some random 16 year old might… Email me direct: Triangle LR@aol.com or call me at (919)932-9458 Thanks, Alex Maiolo Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

An adventure with Sean Maguire, as I Recall it

by Rick Logue

I had ran into Sean by accident in the east part of Ottawa one day last fall and he asked me if I might be interested in another collectable Land Rover, he had discovered a couple of rarities. My first response was somewhat hesitant, but after hearing the details and how great these units were I found myself planning to head to up to some unheard of place north of Kaladar.

So the big weekend adventure came and we were supposed to meet the owner of the said vehicles up there, no reason to meet where you might find one another. Sean, fully prepared with several tow bars, jacks, tools etc. and I met half way up to the meeting spot. No problems, a perfect day. So off we went to meet the owner, passing the meeting spot several times before we realized this was it. Did I mention we were in separate vehicles hoping to get (tow) our collectibles home. This is supposed to be an afternoon trip.

So after waiting at the rendezvous spot for a while we began to wonder if the owner had forgotten us or what. But with a little patience he did arrive and off we went to inspect these perfect specimens. It was only a short drive before we arrived at his friends farm and a quick walk behind the barn to the sand pit where they were resting. What specimens, a 1954 SI and a 1957 SI in perfect shape.

So we went to work with our jacks and hammers, inspecting the frames, seeing if the motors were seized, the body panels, every inch of these units. Well, the 1954 had no real frame left (surprise) the motor wasn't seized but turned rather easily (maybe a usable part or two) but the body and interior had some usable parts. The 1957 had a good frame and tight motor but the body was rough. The tires were also flat on both. This inspection took several hours with the owner checking in on us from time to time.

Now the good part, do we want them and at what cost? Sean figured he could use parts off the 1954 to go along with some of his other unfinished projects. After a lengthy debate I decided the 1957 required just too much work and wasn't worth the tow home. The owner believed these two vehicles were worth their

Bernie and Bill Cameron's RR classic. Greek Peak 50th Anniversary Rally
Photo: Bill Maloney

weight in gold to an avid Land Rover collector. I immediately stepped up and told the owner that I really wasn't interested and that was it. Did I mention the owner would only sell both units and not just one? Next Mr. Maguire started his negotiations to purchase only the one unit. The owner, kicking his feet in the sand was standing by his decision, both of them or nothing. Sean then asked the owner if we could have a few more minutes to discuss our potential purchase. We spent another half hour or so looking at the units trying to decide if we should just walk away. During this time Sean kept after me to buy the 1957, that it was really in better shape than it appeared. The final decision, Sean was going to try again for just one Land Rover at a fraction of the owners perceived value.

The owner came back and with the negotiating skills that only Sean has, he convinced the owner that a few bucks in his pocket for the one unit was better than letting them both sit there and rust some more. In I step, well what's the point in leaving the last one in the pit I ask the owner? So with the skills I saw Sean use I continued to negotiate a fantastic deal for the other Land Rover and was successful.

The fun begins, its late in the afternoon on a Sunday and we want to get our purchases home before dark. So we begin trying to inflate the tires and change the tires that wouldn't hold air. We spent some time hooking the tow bars up on both of them and dragging them up to the farm house from the sand pit. Sean's 1954 didn't pull quite right, its not in gear, then why is it so hard to drag? Mine got up to the farm house without too much difficulty. Its getting later in the day and its getting cooler.

I began hooking up the lights on my newly purchased 1957, feeling quite proud of the deal I was able to get while Sean jacked his 1954 up trying to discover why the wheels wouldn't turn properly. After a short while it was decided that we would have to take the drive shafts off to let it roll properly. It took several scraped knuckles before we asked to use the farmers torches to cut the stubborn nuts off the drive shafts. The drive shafts are now off and the lights are hooked up on Sean's, but now the lights don't work on mine and its starting to get dark out. Its almost a three hour trip home and I start to debate if I want to do this at night.

I decide to ask Sean if we should just leave them and come back next weekend to get them. No, lets try it, the 1954 seems to roll pretty good now after removing the drive shafts and practising in the farmers yard. I decided I don't want to be stuck in the middle of nowhere on a cold Sunday night if something happens to go wrong with my 1957. So I get permission from the farmer to leave mine there and will retrieve it sometime in the future. I unhook everything off my truck as Sean eagerly awaits.

Off we go, Sean in the lead with his 1954 in tow and myself in my truck following to make sure all appears to be alright. We made our first stop where the gravel road met the Highway home. A quick check and everything appears all right except we could use some air in the tires and there's this loud noise and grinding when you first take off. Oh well Sean says, the noise goes away once you get moving fast enough, lets go.

I'm now starting to feel guilty for leaving mine behind, all seems to be going well and we make our second stop at a gas station to fill the tires. Not open. Lets keep going and we'll stop at the next station, screetch-bang off we go. We arrive at the next station no problem except the gas station owner wants us to move because we're blocking his whole parking lot. We get air in the tires and off we go again, screetch-bang. We're about half way home when we arrive in Renfrew and make our last stop. Everything seems ok with Sean's 1954, lights are working and the tow bar is tight. We now head our separate ways, asking Sean before he leaves if it would not be better to leave his 1954 in Renfrew and pick it up later because he would now be on his own. "No, I'm off". We both had about the same distance to get home, Sean arrived home first with no problems. I arrive home later and disappointed that I didn't try to tow mine back. Its late Sunday night and I'm tired.

Brett Storey's trusty SIII, 1997 Birthday Party light off road
Photo: Spencer Norcross

Its now Monday morning and I don't feel like going to work. Got a great idea, lets call Sean and see if he wants to take the day off too and go back and get my 1957. So I give Sean a call around 9:00 am. (early for him) and he's still in bed. I ask the all important question and with some hesitation he agrees to another adventure. He needs a couple of hours to get the necessary equipment ready and time to get up to my place.

Sean arrives late morning and its a nice fall day. We load the tow bar and other equipment into my truck and head off, both happy not to be working at our regular jobs. We arrive up in Gods country and in short order have my 1957 Land Rover hooked up and ready to roll. Off we go thanking the farmer for his patience and assistance.

We stop where the gravel road meets the Highway for a final inspection. All seems well except the front end seems a little loose. All the parts are there but there's a lot of play. A quick check of the hubs seems ok, not warm yet. Off we go, myself a little concerned about the play in the front end. A check once in a while, the Land Rover seems to be tracking behind my truck ok. We stop at the first gas station to do a quick check to make sure everything is ok. One of the front hubs is getting pretty warm but seems ok. Off we go again. We make several more stops, the hubs now hot.

On we go until we reach the gas station where we finally got air for Sean's 1954 the previous day and had met the owner. We stopped and checked the hub out. Its almost smoking now and burns to the touch. We decide to ask the gas station owner if he would mind if we pulled the tire off in his lot. No problem as long as we where off to the side. Out comes the jack and we try to free the bolts holding the hub on. Don't have the right wrench's and we're stripping the heads on the bolts. Lets try a hammer to loosen them up. Good idea Sean! Now I've damaged the outside of the hub and I have only gotten two bolts out. Lets put it back together and we'll drive home slower and check the hub often. Good idea but the bolts won't go back in. That's all right you only need a few. "What's the worst that can happen?" Sean says, the wheel falls off. Off we go again.

Many stops later and with a major concern for this overheated hub, to my surprise we actually made it home without losing the front wheel. We got it unhooked in my yard and placed it where it will sit for some time. Lets have another good look at this Land Rover. After closer inspection we find that there's not one rust hole on the frame and no major corrosion, almost a perfect frame. Yes the bodies a little rough and the motor will need some work but what a great find. Sean and I removed the wheel and hub several weeks later to discover that there were no bearings left at all and significant damage inside.

By the way it was actually Sean who negotiated the purchase of these two Land Rovers. Thanks there, buddy, for not letting me leave it behind.

Tom Tollefson's 101 during the Heavy off-road, 1998 Birthday Party
Photo: Jeff Meyer

New Members

1 new member in March

Quinn Hilborn of Fletcher, Vermont joins the club as an associate member (**Jan Hilborn**) upon the insistence of Bo Norcross. Quinn is understood to be looking at appropriating one of Jeff Meyer's Land Rovers for his own.

Bloody Minded Bloody Nora

by Mike Rooth

There I was, minding my own business (I do, sometimes) driving along a country lane after dark. No traffic, main beam on… and all the lights go out. Loud raspberry from The Prince of Darkness, hearty guffaw from Bloody Nora, much Anglo-Saxon from Yours Truly.

Turns out you can have dipped beam and light, or main beam and gloom. And the poor old genny was whacking out its full twenty amps or so, to produce said gloom. I never realised that darkness took so much generating. Must be a new principle of physics there somewhere. The remedy, of course, was to go and buy a new dipswitch, having ascertained that, yes, they *do* go like that, and yes, we *do* have one in stock.

Now the time rapidly approaches when the MoT farce has to be borne once more, and I knew Nora had a somewhat strained swivel bearing, brought on in part by the acquisition last year of a pair of truly ***awful*** part worn Pirelli Scorpion tyres. To say it made the steering like a tank was to malign tank manufacturers the world over. Two Bronco retreads effected an instant lightening of *that* situation, but the swivel had to be done, and moreover, I didn't think I had any shims left that side, so replace the Railco bush was to be my fate. I reckoned that to do the jobs that needed doing would take a couple of days at this time of year, working outside with limited daylight.

So, having identified a weather window, I took the necessary two days off work. The D.A., presumably to avoid any further lessons in Anglo-Saxon, pottered off shopping leaving me gloomily contemplating the offside front wheel. One coffee later (mustn't rush these things) with the wheel off, it came as a pleasant surprise (albeit a suspicious one) to find that there wasn't really all that much play present, *and* that I'd several shims left. Furthermore, the removal of the thickest shim, and its replacement by a thin one took out what play there was. I was, of course, by now **deeply** suspicious. Bloody Nora **never** lets you off this easily. *There's a nasty lurking somewhere.*

Half an hour later, lying flat on the kitchen floor, making funny noises, I thought I'd found the nasty, having put my back comprehensively out removing the jack from the other side. End of work for one day. Nora has, for several weeks past, exhibited a strange tendency to attempt to imitate a steam loco while having her heater plugs activated first thing in the morning. Steam issues from under the bonnet. Lazy curls of white vapour drift past the windshield.

This I put down to overnight condensation, or overnight rain, and ignored it. However, on topping up the radiator on the second morning, I did idly wonder where the dickens all *that* much water went. I know Nora is still signalling her dislike of hand me down radiators by dripping at the bottom hose spigot, but it wasn't *pouring* out. Then I glanced at the heater hose at the back of the block. Bugger! Water all over no. 4 injector, and no. 4 heater plug. Mystery solved. "Aha!" quoth I, "I'll fix that with a bit of tape". And did so. You know, that black self amagamating tape that comes in handy in these situations.

And then, feeling proud of my resourcefulness, rumbled off to the farm. And having returned therefrom, lifted the lid to check on my repair. Nora was *hissing* at me. Sounded really peeved, she did. **now** what? I'd been really clever hadn't I? The *opposite* end of the hose had burst owing to the fact that the *original*, or taped, end was now pressure tight. Well, almost. Oh all right then, ***more*** pressure tight than it was before. And that's my last offer.

The problem now was to actually get to fetch a new hose. They had them in stock, which surprised me in a way because Nora has the flat Smiths heater which was fitted to relatively few Land Rovers, but then again, I've never stumped these two yet and I hope I never shall. Thanks to an accommodating mate (and the works van) I not only got that hose, but the other one ***and*** four new hose clips, of the Terry persuasion. Posh job this! By this time Nora was openly sniggering. She *knew* what a sod that hose was going to be. You can see it, but you cant get a screwdriver on it.

The bulkhead end is underneath all that brightly colour-coded wiring (black, black, and black on black) that's bunched across the bulkhead. **And** there's the hand throttle linkage in the way. **And** sundry fuel pipes. I cut the old pipe off, in the end, because it wouldn't move even after, with much struggling and acrobatics, I'd got rid of the old hose clip. The new pipe went on with no problems and the outboard (new!) hose clip tightened down a treat. But the other end…. Fortunately these clips have a sawgate for a screwdriver, but they also have a hexagon head. A (believe it or believe it not) no. 3***BA*** hexagon head. So it was tightened with a tiny 3BA spanner. And with great difficulty. End of second day. Fortunately the third day was a Saturday, and the weather window had once again confounded the forecasters (they've been absolutely useless since some idiot gave them a computer. They were much more reliable in the days of pine cones and bits of seaweed) and was again dry.

Dry, and cold. 'Orribly cold, as in damp and cold. And I'd still got that damned dipswitch to fit. Now I don't know whether this was the original dipswitch, but it's fastened to the toeboard with two 2BA nuts and bolts. Or so it turned out after half an hours excavating with a variety of screwdrivers to remove the tons of assorted debris that actually completely hid the wiring. Which, due to total submergence in the aforementioned crud for eons, does, surprisingly, possess colours other than black. A veritable rainbow down there in the gloom. With two 2BA nuts and… well, yes. At first I thought Joe Lucas had been rather clever and arranged that the hexagon head wouldn't be able to turn, which left the uncomfortable job of crawling underneath to locate the nuts (*just* inboard of the main chassis rail), which, on its own would be a bugger but not too much of one. Joe Lucas being clever? Pull the other one.

I was up against dear old Joe ***and*** Bloody Nora here.

Of **course** the heads turned. Round and round like a fairground ride. Problem. I don't have ten foot long arms, or eyes on stalks (Although there is the school of thought that says my eyes stick out like chapel 'at pegs in certain situations, but that's got nothing to do with Land Rovers) so how was I going to hold the bolt still. Mole. Good old Mr. Mole. Clipped on to the head. While I grovelled underneath. The thought occurred to me at this point that I never use high beam much anyway and wouldn't miss it, so I was suffering all this grief for some grubby fingered baby "mechanic" so he could give me a tatty bit of paper stating that in his totally uninformed opinion my vehicle was fit to drive on Her Majesty's decrepit carriageways. And if ***that*** isn't a case of misplaced labour, I don't know what is. However the dipswitch **was** replaced. And I now have high beam and light again, despite the fact that the new switch came fully labelled **"Lucas".** And no, it hasn't passed its MoT. Why? I haven't yet plucked up the courage to book one, that's why.

GreenHELL does it again, and earns her name…

by Dave Bobeck

So, here's the long and short of it. Sunday was beautiful outside, 55 degrees. So I took advantage of the weather to do some cleaning in the old girl's engine bay, it had been a while, and everything has turned the color of dried mud, except for where there are oil leaks, where it is the color of wet mud.

If I remember correctly there were lots of different colors two years ago when I finished the frame-over. Engine was green, valve cover was silver, manifold and air filter too, firewall was green, lots of stuff was black, wiring was all different colors… you get the picture. I had hosed it out occasionally but nothing in the way of actual cleaning.

So out came the brushes and the simple green, lo and behold, there are the colors. I removed the air filter and covered everything that was supposed to be covered, cept for the distributor which I just didn't spray around. I did check inside the cap before starting again and all was dry, and as it should be. I let it run till it was up to temperature and then shut it down. The next day, Monday, I stayed home from work as I had caught cold. I took the Rover down to the grocery and everything ran great. Tuesday, I got up late, decided to go to work as I was recovering. Key in ignition, nothing. Click. Nothing. Get out the starter banging stick that usually cures this problem. No dice.

I attempt to change battery, but the terminals are stuck on and it's cold, like 5 degrees. Time to go inside, make eggs and coffee, OJ. I'm now fully fueled, so I change out of work gear into "working on LR" gear. Change battery with one that is known to be good. Still no dice. Notice charge light is not on. Well, perhaps there is something wrong with the solenoid and I am not getting current to the coil. Check the voltage at the coil, only 6 volts. Check to make sure I am not working on a Volkswagen. Negative.

Check for voltage drops at the battery connections. Losing 4 volts at the positive terminal. Fix that. Now she fires right up. Just curious, I check the running voltage. 11.5. Not good. At this point an idiot light goes off in my head, specifically the charging idiot light. It's not on, therefore it is not working. I remember being told that the charge light is part of the charging circuit, so that if it goes out the vehicle will not charge.

So I yank the cold start light, which by the way I haven't seen come on in about 2 years, except after deep wading. Replace charge light bulb with choke light bulb. A check at the inspection sockets reveals 14.5 volts. Bingo Boingo.

Chalk this one up to Satan himself, The real prince of darkness. Even Joe Lucas couldn't have conjured this one up in 5 degree weather. I got to the parking lot at work just in time for the engine to stall. Started back up again but ran funny. Checked connections at coil (they had been repaired due to some overzealous scrubbing) and they were fine. I Parked it and went to work, two hours late. My first words upon arrival? "I am cursed."

I left work an hour early so as not to be forced into making repairs in the dark. Drove to Super Duper Auto where they had about half of what I needed, which is ok, because I always make my list of jobs twice as long as it need be. For example, new cap and rotor when it turned out to be just some water that had found its way in there. Anyhow, I got most of what I needed, took greenHELL over to the garage, and proceeded to change the plugs, clean out and paint the battery tray and hold-down, and gasp! attempt to switch the fitting on the end of the distributor 180 degrees as per Russell Dushin's argument on the LRO list. It was not possible, since the hole was not drilled on center. i.e, when I flipped the dog around, the holes in the dog didn't line up with the hole in the shaft. Upon reassembly I noted that the hole was drilled exactly in line with the drive dog "thingies" that are off center. Bummer. I guess some are just made different. This is a vacuum retard Lucas 25D4 distributor that was stock on the SIII. I cleaned up the rotor and the cap and put it all back together. Runs GREAT. Yippee.

An unknown Disco, the Greek Peak 50th rally
Photo: Bruce Ricker

Important Birthday Party News

There are a couple of changes to the Birthday party reservation process this year. All reservations for Silver Lake Provincial park can only be made through Christine Rose via email (`tcrose@magma.ca`) or telephone at 613-823-3150. The park is going to automated telephone reservations, but our section of sites, 1-42, will not be made available to the public. Members must contact Christine and request a site and provide her with the following info:

1) First & last name, address,
2) phone number,
3) type of credit card,
4) credit card number and expiry date,
5) date of arrival and departure,
6) total number of adults and kids.

Note: the credit card will ***not*** *be processed until they arrive and check in at the provincial park.*

If you wish to stay elsewhere in the park, you will need to phone the park to make your reservation, you will need to state you are with Ottawa Valley Land Rovers. The OVLR section is tentatively reserved until June 6th. Park phone lines open May 1st at 8:30 AM. The number is (888) 668-7275 The Park website is `www.ontarioparks.com/B22.html`

The Silver Lake Motel is located across from Silver Lake Provincial Park. For reservations, telephone (613) 268-2511

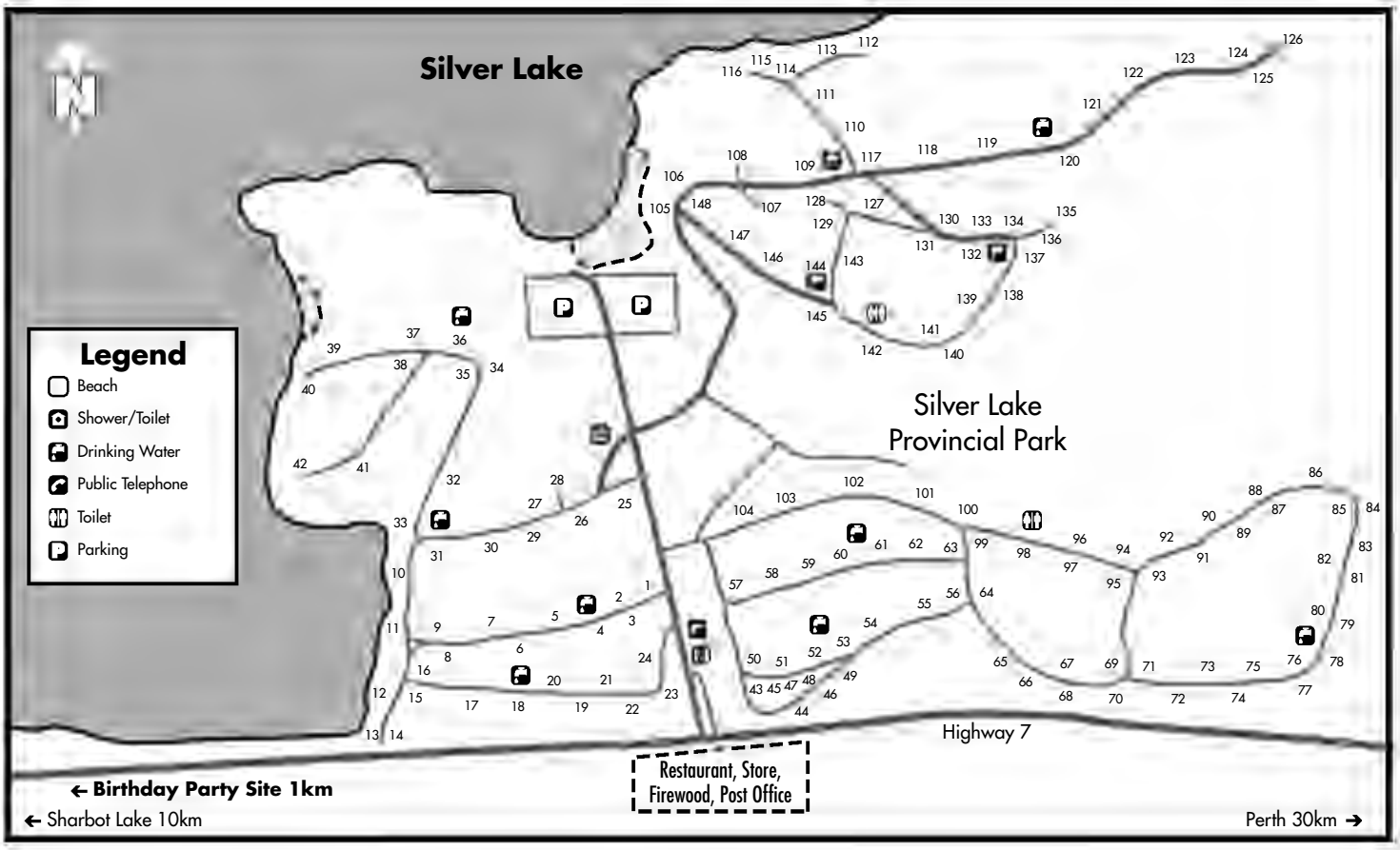
Also please take note this is the way you will be letting the event coordinator know if you are attending the Birthday Party, so if you are staying at Mrs. Deacon's (on the BP site proper), the Motel, or elsewhere in the park **you must still contact Christine to reserve your place for the event.**

Registration for sites 1-42 is now open, so please call or email soon to ensure geting your first choice camp site. You will also be saving the $6.00 pre-registration fee normally paid to advance book a site at the park.

The other change for this year is that to attend the event you must pay the full event fee, regardless of whether you choose to take part in the meal plan or not.

Please also remember if you plan on bringing any guests who will wish to drive on **any** of the off road courses, that they must be club members to be covered under our insurance. *To make this point crystal clear:* **Non club members will NOT be allowed to drive on any off road or RTV under ANY circumstances**

More complete information on this can be found at `www.ovlr.org/OVLR.birthday.info.html)`
Full details and a registration form will be forthcoming in an upcoming newsletter.

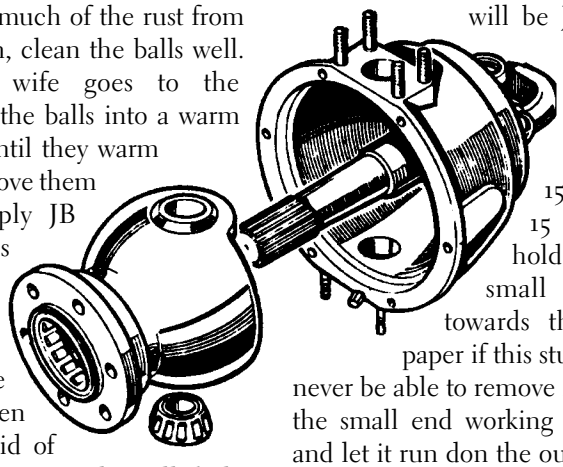


Swivel Ball Repair

by Steve Bradke

Rusted swivel balls? Loath to spend a hundred and fifty dollars plus on a new one? Here is one method to refurbish your swivel balls for a few more years of operation.

First remove as much of the rust from the pits as you can, clean the balls well. Wait until the wife goes to the mall…then place the balls into a warm oven (low heat) until they warm up real good. Remove them and carefully apply JB Weld epoxy as smooth and as even as you can get it over the pits. (Use one of the wife's spatulas. Then discard it to get rid of the evidence) The spatula will help maintain the contour of the swivel ball. Pop the balls back into a LOW heat oven a couple hours to cure. Remove and let cure 24 hrs. Next take a file and carefully smooth any high edges. Take your time and get it right. Next wet-sand the balls with fine sandpaper being very careful to maintain the curvature of the balls.



Ideally what you should end up with will be JB Weld in the pits only and the rest smooth.

Next use POR-15 paint. As POR 15 is self-leveling hold the ball by the small end open end towards the floor (Over paper if this stuff drips you will never be able to remove it). Paint around the small end working your way down and let it run don the outside, not inside of the ball. Find a place to suspend it from a wire and let it dry a couple days. That's what I did and it worked. Someone else used this method and reported similar success. I hope this helps.

Known North American Land Rover events, a general guide for 1999:

April 24-25 - Mendo V. An event in the Mendocino National Forest in California. Contact NCRC for more details at POB 14961, Berkeley CA, 94712.

May 15-16 - Pacific Northwest Team Trophy Challenge. Teams of three vehicles pit themselves against the best in the Northwest in a two day event. Compete against highly modified jeeps, Land Cruisers and Rovers. Contact Doug Shipman at 503 252-5566.

May 14-16 - Carlisle Import Car Show, Carlisle Pennsylvania.

Mid-May - 7th annual Tune-up at the MiniMan, Stittsville, Ontario. West of Ottawa. Tune up your Land Rover and have lunch, learning opportunities galore!

June 18-20 - The Birthday Party, v.XVI, Silver Lake, eastern Ontario.

June 26-27 - Downeast Rally XI, Camden, Maine.

Mid July - Calabogie to Flower Station run.

September 18-19 - 9th British Invasion, Stowe, Vermont. About 600+ British cars there of all marques. About 40 Land Rovers last year. Events include: Static car show, People's Choice Awards. Tug of war (Austin Mini owners versus Land Rover owners), Battle re-enactment, rugby, polo, cricket. Contacts: Chris Francis at Ye Olde England Inne, Stowe Vermont or Mike Gaetano 508-497-9655.

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

(*cont. from page* 20)

outcome have been had the victim-vehicle *also* been a Land-Rover (Model 109 Bank Van)? An interesting conjecture.

LAW-FEARERS ASK

"Why," decent, law-fearing people may ask, "do you sell Land-Rovers to chaps who are going to use them to rob trains and banks?"

Actually, we can't always tell.

We've sold Land-Rovers to all sorts of customers in over 160 countries, including the armed services of 26, the police forces of 37, veritable legions of country squires, desert chieftains, titled persons, oil and gold prospectors, light and heavy sportsmen; and to multitudes of nice families for skiing, beach buggying and other pleasant things. With this limitless range we often don't know precisely how a buyer intends to use his Land-Rover.

NEW OWNER OFTEN CLUELESS

More often than not the new owner doesn't know himself until he's tested its enormous virtuosity. For all we know, the recent bandits were ordinary citizens who only turned to lives of crime *after* they found their Land-Rovers were just the thing for sticking up trains.

As a matter of fact, we can give you what appears to be a character reference on one of our customers; this one also from The London Times of August 13. A member of the Mail Train Mob got the key to the farmhouse hideout from a neighboring housewife (he said he was the new owner).

She describes him thus: "He was a well dressed, well spoken, and charming man. I have not seen him since."

Neither have we; we do hope he's keeping it serviced.

BORED WITH YOUR PRESENT LIFE?

IF YOU STILL TRUST THE MAILS, MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Rover Motor Co. of N. America Ltd.
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405 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17.

My name is:

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Special Report:

ADVERTISEMENT—(UNPAID)

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

PREFERRED BY THE POLICE OF 37 COUNTRIES AND THE BANDITS OF AT LEAST 1

DUE TO THE GROWING POPULARITY of the Land-Rover in the commission of grand theft, an interim report seems in order. Apparently our 4-wheel drive vehicle has latent virtues which may be of interest to the prospective owner.

It is not our intent here to point out raffish ways for one to pick up a great deal of extra money in one's spare time. Rather the opposite: to abet law and order by useful suggestion.

For instance: in two recent major crimes Land-Rovers were most helpful in hauling away £2,500,000 ($7,000,000) and £90,000 ($252,000), respectively. Now, although it is well-known that the police of the United Kingdom also employ Land-Rovers, *nowhere is it reported that they employed them on these occasions for hot pursuit of the brigands.* Perhaps that was their mistake.

NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

The first theft, widely if grudgingly admired for its sheer bulk of loot, was, of course, the Great Train Robbery which brought the title back to England.

This Olympics of knavery took place, you recall, at Cheddington, just five miles ont of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, on August 8 last, a Thursday.

Nearly a week passed before any clues turned up. Then, on Tuesday, August 13, a Times of London article datelined Brill, Buckinghamshire, reported:

"A lonely farmhouse near here, twelve miles from Oxford, was the hideout for the mail train gang and their haul of £2,500,000 in bank notes. Mailbags in three abandoned vehicles—an Army type truck and two Land-Rovers—have been found but no money."

NOT LIKE DARTS

Dismissing the Army lorry, one surmises that the Land-Rovers were given the arduous getaway assignment not only for their rugged dependability, but for their capacious rear doors, as well.

Bank notes in excess of so many tend to be cumbersome. When you are trying to on-load literally bags and bags of the stuff you simply haven't got the time to aim nicely; it's not like darts.

No, robbing a train is a very near thing at best and one has got to have the tools to do the job.

FOUND BY MUSHROOMER

Paradoxically, another Land-Rover feature, its outstanding over-all height, caused the thieves to flee the farm, it is thought. According to The Times:

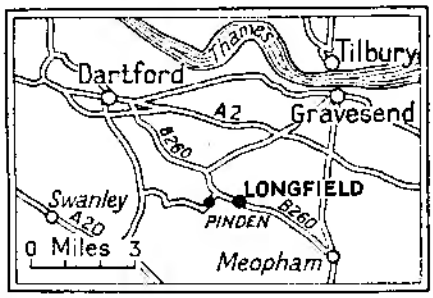
Left Profile Rear View

"On Sunday afternoon a local man went mushrooming near the farm and noticed the top of a Land-Rover sticking out of a dilapidated outhouse among the trees." This he duly reported.

The Times account continues: "Police believe that the gang fled in haste. In the garden, near a row of runner beans, was a partly dug hole about 3 ft. deep, a spade still standing in a mound of clay.

"Detective Superintendent Fewtrell, head of Buckinghamshire's C.I.D., surveyed the hole and commented: 'Presumably they intended burying the evidence. We know they got out before they intended... they must have got the wind up'."

Naturally we are pleased that, having been an accessory to the crime, the Land-Rover was also helpful in its solution.



LAND-ROVER STRIKES AGAIN

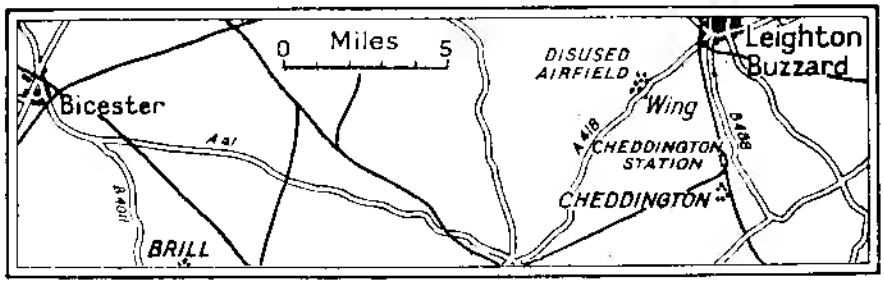
Though piddling by comparison, the latest Land-Rover effort—the Longfield, Kent, job of September 27—was respectable by county competition standards. It also illustrated an entirely different aspect of the Land-Rover's amazing versatility.

Under the headlines "£90,000 Stolen In Bank Van Ambush" and "Getaway By 8 Masked Men: Guard Felled By Cosh", The London Times describes how the armoured car was high jacked. The bandits lay in wait with their vehicles along a hedgelined road at the T-junction leading off to Horton Kirby and South Darenth. And then:

"A brick was hurled through the windscreen of the bank van, forcing the driver to stop. The bank van was hemmed in by the Land-Rover and the lorry." Whereupon the bandits leaped from the ambush vehicles armed with pick-axe handles, enveloped the bank van, carried the day, and drove off towards Horton Kirby.

To our knowledge this is the first time the Land-Rover has been used in the actual *commission* of a stick-up of this magnitude. While this dubious demonstration of its versatility would seem conclusive, one wonders: what would the

Continued



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