Association of Land Rover Owners of Canada

OTTAWA VALLEY LAND ROVERS

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OTTAWA VALLEY LAND ROVERS

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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.

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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.

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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/
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14.160Mhz @ 01:00GMT Tuesdays

"Weebles wobble but they don't fall down"
— Dixon Kenner, while weebling heavily at Saturday's campfire

The Birthday Party

Greetings;

Well, the event of the month was obviously the sixteenth annual Birthday Party at Silver Lake. This year was the largest ever with approximately one hundred and eighty people and seventy five Land Rovers attending.

Long distance awards must go to John Hong who flew in from Nevada, and Russ Wilson and Ben Smith who came from Los Angeles for the event. Russ at least flew as far as Pittsburgh and hopped on with Jon Humphries and the rest of the Fort Pitt crew while Jon and Ben came directly. The longest drive was Bill Rice who motored up from Georgia in his soft-top 109 station wagon. (We figure the move from Watertown, NY to Georgia was traumatic in the temperature side of things, but he is adapting rather well to his new surroundings. So well, that in a future newsletter we will have an article on this conversion)

High points of the weekend? Well, not only is the Birthday Party growing larger every year, but it is growing longer. More and more people are arriving on Thursday, let alone Friday, and staying until Monday. This year also saw selective logging in the forest behind the site, allowing more opportunities to wander about in the woods. Sadly, a very dry Spring in central Canada and the US Northeast has resulted in dramatically lower water levels everywhere. The water crossing was again a causeway.

We also saw more and more people moving over to the Provincial Park to camp. A drastically reduced bug population is the main cause of this shift.

Dale and Madeline put on a lovely ballroom dancing exhibit for the whole hillside of OVLR people waiting for their dinners Saturday night. The assembled masses applauded and asked for an encore. Madeline was game but Dale refused. The story from Murray on this surprising event was that the happy couple were over with Murray and Fred having beers. When they went to go over to have dinner, Murray yelled over for them to demonstrate some ballroom dancing for them. They obliged, not realising that there were at least 40 people watching from the trailer area. When they finished, an applause went up as well as a call for an encore. Dale wanted to hide…

Spenny does have a functioning Land Rover, or a very good deception system running. Yes, the Deathride™ made it to the Birthday Party Shocking many onlookers who thought this vehicle a figment of Spencer's imagination. However, rumour has it that when Alan Richer heard another one of his vehicular nemises was coming, quickly got sick and stayed away. All in all the DeathRide™ was a happy beast, at least until it went home.

The heavy off-road crew comprising primarily of Team Daphne made a valiant effort to try and complete the heavy off-road for the first time in five years. Tom "Aquafamous" Tollefson got the furthest, coming to a stop in the very last marsh before the highway. Dave "Daphne" Lowe managed not to break a single item on this particular run, itself which must be something of a record. Later, on Sunday, Team Daphne took to the hills of Calabogie for a little off-road adventuring!

Mike Loiodice trailering his emergency-Rover-broke-down-got-to-get-to-the-Birthday-Party-backup-vehicles
Photo: Quintin Aspin

This Month's Cover:

Anticipation… On the road to Silver Lake.
Photo: Spencer Norcross

in the next month or so…

August 15	**LaRose Forest** (A Dora memorial run)
August 16	**Social at the Prescott Hotel,** Preston Street, Ottawa, 7 PM
August 22	**10th Annual Boots 'n Bonnet** British Car Day, Kingston, Ontario. (info – (613) 386-3797)

future events:

(Dates & times subject to change)

August	**R.O.V.E.R.S. Annual Club Picnic** Batsto Village, NJ (Info, 908-537-4247)
Sept 17-19	**British Invasion** Stowe, VT. A not to be missed event!
October 1-3	**ROAV Mid-Atlantic Rally**
Oct 16-17	**R.O.V.E.R.S. Fall Assategue** Camping and beach run Assategue Island, MD
December 11	**The Christmas Party**

The light off-road was across the familiar Klondike Trail used by the club in years past. This year there was the option of numerous side trails that logging skidders had made through the forest as selective cutting has been going on there for the past eight months or so. Some of these side trails offered some nice technical sections to check out axle articulation and see how well tuned your Rover is.

Kevin Willey writes about the second annual OVLR Birthday Party RTV trials:

Once again a smashing success, and almost no damage to the participants. Except for Christian "center hung" Szpilfogel's attempt at boldering there where no other mishaps. Was that the fourth or fifth time you got hung up? *[Ed note: Kevin himself required recovery from the middle of another flat, grassy field where you could see every obstacle!]*

The first section was across a slope covered in three foot deep grass. The course twisted and turned down the slope over a pile of rocks and up a steep slope to an abandoned farm house. Seems simple, except for the tight turn to go through gate 5, in the correct direction, which seemed to catch most of the participants. No one managed to make a clean run of this section, Christian being closest with a score of 1.

On to section two, the up and down hill from last year, only slightly modified. The start required the drivers to make a sharp left turn between gate 12 and 11 which proved to tricky for the Rangie drivers so gate 11 was made wider, I figure the coil springs have made them too comfortable, hehehe.

Up the hill they went, a quick shunt at the top, and down again over some rock outcroppings, don't hit the tree, and out at the bottom. The section looked easy but the turns going up the hill required tight turns and careful planning.

Section three was the same final section as last year. Just a bit longer so as to avoid the reverse trial as a tie breaker. This section was designed for the series trucks. Body damage was possible so the Rangy and Disco owners where advised accordingly, didn't seem to bother the ones that tried the section. The start took you up a steep rock face and then left between some bushes did I mention the left turn was off camber slightly to make it interesting. Out the back of the bushes left and right slightly (tight turns all) to cross the top of another rock face, more off camber. The exit was down another rock face, steeper than the first and between an Ironwood and a juniper.

Every one seemed to have a good time. Of the 15 or so starters only 7 finished.

Just a side note when I went to the first section to remove all the flags I was greeted by one really steamed ground hog. He was not impressed that we decided to run an RTV on his hill, ever see a ground n hog snarl, it's really quite entertaining. Also, leaf results may be a bit skewed by the fact that Quintin Aspin did not compete, having broken a half shaft on his 80 inch, necessitating a quick trip into Ottawa with Dixon Kenner for a spare axle.

A Calabogie Diversion from Rino Granito

It all started on the Sunday afternoon, after the auction. The 16th Birthday party was starting to wind down and a few of us where looking to clock that last trail. I had just met Keith and Cris and had invited them to join me on a last trail. Poor Keith had run into some

Christian Spizfogel's one-man convoy prepares to head home, Sunday afternoon
Photo: Spencer Norcross

problems with his Series II (I hope that's right). Well we headed off to get some supplies from the store off the highway, when we ran into some of the people from team Daphne, who where starting off for Calabogie.

Sounds great ! I am fairly new to off-roading and was surely not prepared for what lay ahead. I have an 87' Range Rover, with some mods and a few miles of off-roading under my hat.

Getting to Calabogie was easy! The rest was the problem. We followed the 101's a 109 and few Lightweights, with a Series 1 in, and it was nice, with just the right amount of challenge to make it interesting. Being proud of how the Range Rover made me look, I was starting to get comfortable with the trail, and then the first ascension to the heavens hit me. We are going up there I asked, Keith and Cris did not answer ! I mean this thing was bordered with boulders the size of small cars. I am probably exaggerating, but I was starting to feel quite small in my vehicle.

So the ascension begins, wow Rovers are Great. This thing just crawls up, of course I was following someone else's line, but still ! This continues, hill after hill. The more we climb the more Cris is bouncing around on the back seat. Until we stop almost at the top. We need the rest, my palms are sweaty, my breathing is shallow and Keith is exhausted from running up and down these hills trying to get some shots in. Cris is besides herself with joy! At this point I am convinced that nothing can stop us, until we realize that we must come down and I mean down.

The turns are tight, there's mud and rocks and I am sure that we are not touching ground most of way. Then it happens! Coming downhill in first, the engine dies, I go white. I fumble for the ignition, but realize in an automatic, I must be in neutral, park will not do here. Two feet on the brakes, maybe the pedal is on the other side of the firewall, I put it neutral and it fires up !!! Ahhh, back to first and slowly coming out of this descent, I hear Keith, but I cannot understand what he is saying, everything is like watching something in slow-motion.

We continue, for 3 more hours. Again, making a sharp turn over some rough stuff, I try and swerve the car and hit the gas pedal by mistake. Off we go into the clear blue yonder, look Ma free Air Miles. From that point on I am focused, really!

Well the rest of the run is magic in motion. There is harmony with man and nature and these trails prove it. It took over 5 hours to do this trail, which for the life of me, looked more like 2 days.

All I can say is, thanks to Keith and Cris, for being supportive and not attempting to terminate my life.

What a Run! Have to do this again and again and again…

OVLR thanks the following Sponsors for supporting the 1999 Birthday Party:

Atlantic British, 1-800-533-2210
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Lori Sickley (our soap provider)
LRO Shop, 1-888-LRO-SHOP
LRM Magazine
Rovers North, 1-802-879-0032
Westboro Land-Rover, 1-613-728-5813
Wise Owl Innovation Inc., 1-604-921-7277
Classic Garage (Classicgarage.com)

The Birthday Party

Here are the early post Birthday Party excuses:

From Joe Tolerico: How goes it ? Sorry I didn't make it up for the party. It was long week at RN but in the long run I've got my truck finally right with the new R380 and properly geared trans. case it's great to run on the highway with most traffic. Ican only say good things about Rovers North they took excellent care of me and the Beast after spending three days at RN and watching their operation I do have the highest regard for Mark and his staff.I will send later a description of the events but for now all I can say is if people spent as much time as I did observing their business they would come away with nothing but respect for Mark and his staff .They really jumped through more hoops than necessary to try to get me to your event. Including Mark Himself giving up his Saturday to make my truck right. I am trying to plan to get to Stowe.

Next Russell Dushin pleads his case to be forgiven the sin of missing the Birthday Party:

Whether you realize it or not, folks, I was in fact there all weekend long. In spirit if not in body, anyway. Evidence for such amply supplied by the grease beneath my nails, the grit between my teeth, the fact I fell asleep by 10 PM Saturday night and woke up Sunday feeling much worse for the wear. Nevermind the fact I had to attend two four hour long meetings down this-a-way on Saturday with like-minded souls who are attempting to bring about a referendum to incorporate this little hamlet of ours, which hath been descended upon by many a heavy handed politician, the not-so-fair Governor of NY being a pre-eminant example thereof, and brought with them their friends—developers, mostly—all of whom have deep pockets and insatiable lust for turning Mother Earth into Raw Profit, thus refueling said lust and descending upon them, after the topsoil settles (elsewhere, typically) yet more profit. It's a viscious cycle and somebody has to stop it… so there's me and Nige goin' head to head with some of the greediest jerks on earth backed by an army of excavators, bulldozers, cranes, front end loaders, and of course, dump trucks all so eager to convert this gorgeous historical and relatively rural landscape into yet more worthless surburban sprawl, where someday someone will come by and say "Hey, some white guy made a ton of cash ruining this place" and they'll be correct. This, dear friends, is the stuff that movies are made of, but the rights aren't for sale just yet. Maybe when there's nothing else left they will be and I'll get rich, too.

But enough of this altruistic shit. I was also bailing hay. Well, not quite bailing. Getting the bailer in order was more like it. Yes, it took the whole weekend to sort out. No, it shouldn't have. Yes, it rained on the hay Monday. Yes, it didn't get bailed 'til Tuesday and I'd of been back by then regardless. But the bailer was in immediate need of attention, and all along Nigel was by my side, a ready and willing partner in this affair, although he weeped and wondered aloud when we'd hit Route 17 north for the ten to twelve hour trek to Silver Lake. I kept assuring him we were really there but I don't think he believed me. Each beer I grabbed from the cooler and rested upon his wing I told him was made of Canadian malt, hops, yeast, and

Special thanks to the volunteers, without whom this event couldn't happen:

Registration was handled by Joyce Meadows and Christine Rose.

Kitchen cooking was: Dave Meadows, Andrew Finlayson, Bruce Graham, and Eric Zipkin

Kitchen clean up included: Cathy Vermette, Peter Gaby, and of course Dave

Serving included Natalie Willey, Martin Rothman, Heather Rothman, Nancy Tomlinson, Charles Bishop at lunch, another Christine and Chaunie Szpilfogel

Trailer pack up included Dale, Madelaine, John Hong, and Jeff Meyer.

Food acquisition & transport: Fred Joyce, Murray Jackson, Christine Rose, Dixon Kenner, Dave Meadows.

Newsletter stuffing: Heather Rothman, Nancy Tomlinson

Merchandise sales: Natalie Willey & Christine

Auction: Christine & Spenny

Trail clearing: Dave Vermette, Fred Joyce, Murray Jackson & Jason Dowell

Arrows & signage placement: Dave Vermette, Mike Dolan & son

(Arrows & signage supplied by Otto's)

Also, a big thanks to Dave Vermette for everything and anything else.

Upon arrival Tom Sawyer, err, Dixon Kenner, put his house guests to work. Top left: Dave Bobeck attaches a freshly painted wing to the BGB; Top right: Spenny attaches the opposite side wing. (hey, wait a minute, Spenny won't even work on his own truck, that Dixon must be some smooth talker.) Bottom left, Dixon in his usual pose, in a lawn chair! Photos: Spencer Norcross & Dave Bobeck

water. Each sip I took was followed by the gentle rub of a grimey hand upon his aged aluminium skin and some reassuring words. "Yes, Nigel, we are really there now" I'd say periodically. "Can't you see the dragon flies? Can't you smell Dave Meadow's cooking? Can't you hear the Pixie Song? Can't you not make out Dixon's eyes behind those slits?" I'm afraid I never did make a believer out of him. He weeped from every seal. Profusely. I've got the driveway to prove it.

But enough of this tear-jerking shit. We had a job to do. You see, this large U-shaped bar that rides below the main "carriageway" (through which newly assebled bales of hay normally flow) and holds two long C-shaped forks that deliver, at just the right moment, the strings to the knotters, was busted. Broke. Kaputz. Last year we Schibed it in what is to this day my finest Schibe job going….and this done - get this - **without** the aid of JB Weld. No Sir. This Schibe job was Professional… I made a plate and drilled some holes that held it all together. But now this bar had rotted out on the other side, and Doom and Gloom were looming. ***If*** it worked, it wouldn't for long. ***If*** it busted it would do great damage. It had to be fixed so we (Ma, that is) sprung three hundred twenty seven dollars for the new part. When I originally ordered the part from the tractor place the guy thought I was nuts… I guess you can buy a used bailer for close to that kind of dough.

Right. So we have this new and expensive part. And it's held in by two half-inch pins which are in turn held in by single 5/16" roll pins. The half inch pins run horizontally into the aforementioned "carriageway" and are the pivot point for this large U-shaped bar. There's no getting the new one on without removing these half inch pins. Almost no way.

A good part of Saturday (in between those meetings, anyhow) was spent removing two very stubborn 5/16" roll pins. Heat, Persuader, a bigger Persuader and just the right punch turned out to be method de jour for removal of these bastards. We then turned our attention to the half inch pins. Ha! I apparently hadn't paid homage to the Goddess of Ford Bailing equipment lately.

Saturday became Sunday in a hurry. Persuaders abandoned (they weren't working) we tried ball jacks next. A few tons of pressure, heat, etc. and all we could manage was to flex the sides of the "carriageway". Sunday was well on it's way to Monday and we'd made little progress. We could, however, get the old one off, as it was broken in the middle and that permitted disassmbly of one half at a time (after removing the Schibe job plate I'd made last year). I'd thought of this previously but being just a little on the stubborn side had elected to try my damnedest to put that U-shaped bar on intact…but my

Counter-clockwise from above:
Two SIII's do the yank and pull tow strap dance…; Eric and Ann Zipkin along with Joyce Meadows, at the auction Sunday morning; Russ Wilson and Fred Dushin discussing to how best get their rovers on the road; Break time, Saturday afternoon light off-road; Under the tarp during Friday's rain shower (the only rain of the weekend.); Quintin Aspin's Series One
Photos contributed by: Spencer Norcross, Quintin Aspin and Dave Hughes

damnedest had come and gone by then so off to my pal Tino's I was, parts in hand.

Tino is a big barrel chested guy who runs a metal shop and who hasn't had a clean hand since he was about two. His shop is filled with vintage machining equipment, most of which, he claims, helped to win WWII if not the Alamo. One of his recent aquisitions is this huge hack saw device that'll turn your 45 minutes of forearm-wasting efforts into a ten second slice through butter. Rather than sweat it out myself I just trotted on over to Tino's place eager to see this thing in action.

"Tino, I have this very expensive part here that I cannot install and I have this rotted out Schibed bit that goes on and off like a charm. Whatsay we take this nice shiney part and hack it up, eh?" So, we did. Sliced that baby right in half. Layed some solid core inside it just for safety's sake, took it home and installed it just the way the Schibed bit was in all of about twenty minutes.

Now, had I thought of this approach before (uh, I did) and had I not been such the perfectionist (I ain't…I did give up) I'd of made this damned part fit **before** we'd cut the hay and thence, most likely, could have persuaded myself to blow off the meetings (which were important at the time but have brought us no closer to our goal) and attend the BP, but alas, I lacked foresight and vision in this respect. Despite the lack of my appearance, however, I do contend that I was actually there, even though I was contacted by phone not once, not twice, but three times, all after midnight, and was subjected to Sargent-Major Norcross' abusive treatments, which were, I might add, most amusing, even if it did almost bring me to tears, and which served as a solem reminder of how much fun I'd missed out on. Again.

Dave Meadows and Dave Vermette hepl pack up the trailer on Sunday
Photo: Spencer Norcross

Club President Andrew Finlayson hangs the Green Ensign over the BP site.
Photo: Spencer Norcross

Here are some reports from people who actually made the trip.

Ben Smith: Here's the summary of my oddesy to the BP. On Thurday I was awoken by a call from our NYC team. It ended up that I needed to be in NYC Monday at 9 AM. I told the office ok, but you have to send me via Ottawa. They agreed. Then I got a Ryder truck. (Did I mention that I was moving from San Francisco to Los Angeles?) I filled a 15 foot truck to the gills. 70 boxes of books, 12 boxes of files, fridge, 88 frame, 2 salibury axles, 2.25 block, etc. The Black Watch went on the trailer. It too was filled. I also put Dora's roof rack and some other stuff on the BW. By this point is was 3 AM Friday. Sleep for 4 hours. Drive 350 miles (7 hours) to Pasadena. Now it is 2:30 PM Friday. Ryder closes at 5 PM and I have a 6:15 AM flight to Ottawa Sat. Unloaded (by myself) in just over 2 hours. That hurt, a lot. Call Ryder and convince them to stay late. Get there. Come home. Start moving stuff into my house. Move stuff until 3 AM. The shuttle shows up at 3:30 AM. Make the plane to Chicago then to Ottawa. Land at 4 PM. Get rental car. Show up at the BP by 6 PM. Since I wasn't supposed to be there, I got some great reactions when people first saw me. Lots of suprised people…

Jeff Meyer: "You're not supposed to be here"
Spenny: Handed off Bo and tried to tackle me with a hug.
Mike Loiodice: Did a great double take.
Dave Bobeck was told to look near Spenny and couldn't figure out what was going on for a few minutes, finally the light dawned.
Dixon: "What the f--k are you doing here?"

It was worth the pain. Decided to miss my plane and hitch a ride to NY with Ann and Zip. Missed the last train into the city. Crashed with them. up at 6 AM again to go into the city. Tired.

Jan Hilborn: "It was a great Birthday Party, a great party in general. Every time I'm driving up to this thing I think to myself: What are you? Nuts? Driving 6 hours one way in a

Clockwise from above:
Unidentified Series one, on the light-medium off-road late Saturday; Scotty Wickham, Wes Harris and Mike Loiodice walk up to see who's stuck on the Saturday morning light off-road; Scotty Wickham's SIII, the Zebra truck;
Photos contributed by: Spencer Norcross, Quintin Aspin and Dave Hughes

creaky old Rover to camp out two nights and turn around and go back. And you don't even go off road, Jan, you are a true idiot. But it's always such a good time, the place is beautiful, the people are wonderful, and it's really the only vacation I get all year. If I'm only going to get a couple days off a year I can't think of a better way to spend them.

Mike Loiodice: The BP was great. Seeing Ben was quite a suprise. Not seeing Russ Dushin was a bigger suprise.

Got my tire (flatted on the heavy off-road Saturday) fixed at Canuk Tire in Smith Falls. Headed back to Rome with Beavis and Butthead. The truck developed a vibration/rumble on the way. Turned out to be a bad u-joint. Fixed that on Monday. Getting new tires on Wednesday. (Need them!)

I cut up the frame of the red '71 IIa that has been sitting on the farm. Now have a big pile of Rover frame bits. I'm tempted to rent a small U-haul and bring axles, etc back to MD. Probably better to do so later on in the year.

Should be rolling South on Sunday.

Dave Bobeck: Hey, what about seeing the Deathride™?

Which reminds me. The trip back, in a nutshell, was about as exciting as the trip up.

Fairly uneventful and making good time thanks to work done on Spenny's truck by Zipkin, Aspin et. al.. I actually was going to call him on the radio and ask him to slow down. Maintaining 65 mph sans OD is tough on the motor…

Anyhow, we stopped for dinner just south of the mountains in PA. We sat and ate in the Burger King parking lot, and afterwards the Deathride™ wouldn't start. I didn't have jumper cables, but something told me it wasn't the battery anyway. I jumpered the terminals on the solenoid and nothing happened. I tried again and noticed a spark on the positive battery

terminal. I had noticed this before, when Russ W. and Spen were trying to start the truck sans rotor. This is why it wouldn't start, but more on that later. Jumping the solenoid got it going, and we were off. Not long after, Spenny went into sleep coma and had to pull over. We pulled into a rest stop near Carlisle, and I prepared some coffee while Spenny stretched out across the front seats of the Machine of Red Death. I had the MSR stove set up on the sidewalk and began talking to some punk rockers that were spending the night at the rest stop. They were in a band called Big Bubba and were on the last leg of their 3rd U.S. tour. I traded them 2 beers for a 7 inch single titled "Her Ass Tasted Like Shit" which I'm told is based on a true story. Err…okay. So. Two cups of coffee, and much one sided conversation with the Drummer of Big Bubba, and one cup of marshamllow lovers cocoa for Spenny, and we were off. Sort of. Again the Death Machine would not turn over. Between jumper cables and hand cranking we were able to get it started. Two hours later we were back in Arlington (4 AM) after driving through soem pea-soup fog, and according to Spenny, narrowly missing some giant cows and UFO's on Rt 66…

Mike Malone drives Quintin Aspin's Series one on Saturday afternoon's light-medium off-road.
Photo by: Dave Hughes

Later testing (Tuesday) revealed that the battery clamp on the positive terminal of Spennys machine had an intermittent bad connection. I tested it 3 or 4 times for a voltage drop, and got a satisfactory reading (0 volts) every time. At one point I touched the point of the test light right between the post and clamp, and the heater came on. I really scrpaed at the clamp but it was still losing about a volt so we replaced it. Basically this means that even if he had his rotor on Saturday he would still have problems.

Hopefully that will be the last of that for a while.

Keith Elliot: Well I took the front end apart on the 88 last night… I sheared the drivers side front axle cleanly right where the splines go into the pumpkin… It doesn't look that tough to fix. I am going to try the magnet trick to pull the remaining bit out of the diff (hopefully it will work). You wouldn't have 2 hub nuts and the bend over washers that are in good shape that you don't need would you? I could use some new ones. I was talking to Ted at the Party and he said that he has a decent axle that I could get from him so I think that I will go with that instead of putting two together to make one that will be questionable.

Oh yeah, Sunday Chris and I went off-roading with Rino Granito in his Rangie with the crew from Toronto up around Calabogie, **what a rush!** We had a blast up there, rocks to climb every inch of the run. Doc. Watson was there in his SI 88", I was just amazed at how he and that old rover made everything look so easy. John Cranfield was also there with Muddy. At one spot (I think they called it the gas tank ripper) we thought for sure that he was going to roll it! His drivers side wheels were completely off the ground not once but twice! Too **cool!** He really knows how to toss Muddy around. Rino did fantastic for someone who hasn't been off-roading very much, he made it through everything without being winched (of course having front and rear ARB lockers didn't hurt either). I have decided after going in his Rangie that I really, **really** want a D90 with the V8! The only real damage that occurred was to Dave Lowe's Lightweight that his son was driving. He was tackling the gas tank ripper hill and beat the 88 a little too hard on the rocks. He wound up doing what sounded like major damage to the passengers side front axle. We didn't get back to the BP site till about 9 PM to pick up my 88, and then the 3 of us hit Ben Barbary's for supper before heading home.

The trip home was a quick one. Chris even curled up on the front seat while I was driving and actually fell asleep a couple of times (I still don't know how that was possible) The ride was uneventful with nothing breaking, no strange noises or smells, It had me kinda paranoid.

Clockwise from above: Registration, Friday afternoon; Unidentified child showing off one of the less efficient ways to carry a tow rope; Saturday's light-medium off-road; Mike Loiodice Jr. and Sr.; Eric Zipkin, Ann Obringer & Dixon Kenner in Ann & Eric's 1951 Series one
Photos contributed by: Spencer Norcross, Quintin Aspin and Dave Hughes

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

From the Editor: Well, yes, another late newsletter. Sadly, the daytime job is getting a little hectic this summer, what with my employer being again in the news and all sorts of things happening. The better news is that August should be on time as this file has been languishing on my hard drive for the past couple of weeks. Stuffing for July? It was done at the Birthday Party by Nancy Tomlinson and Heather Rothman. The usual stuffing crew has been severely under utilised of late.

Interesting Social in July. The main topic of discussion revolved around a certain 1959 Daimler Ferret, complete with large Union Jack that took a tour around Parliament Hill. Not that a Ferret in Ottawa is that unique. There are three known. It was that this particular Ferret had a real looking replica 30 calibre machine gun mounted on the turret, something that the RCMP took great exception too. Happily for Brave Sir Robin, no charges were laid. Keith Elliot was seen to be busily discussing the manufacture of 80 inch rear springs, something that several around Ottawa in need of, while Dale and David Huddleson discussed retrofitting carbs to late 80's Range Rovers to improve performance.

Reprinted without permission from the 07/12/99 Ottawa Citizen, page A2:

Hundreds watch as RCMP disarm tank on Hill

An Ottawa man driving a 1959 British miniature tank, equipped with a 30-calibre gun caused a stir on Parliament Hill last evening. Hundreds of curious onlookers watched as RCMP officers removed the gun from the vehicle bearing a Union Jack flag. RCMP spokesman Marc Richer said the gun would be checked to see whether it had been rendered inoperable. If so, there will be no charges laid, but if the gun is operable, there will be charges, he said.

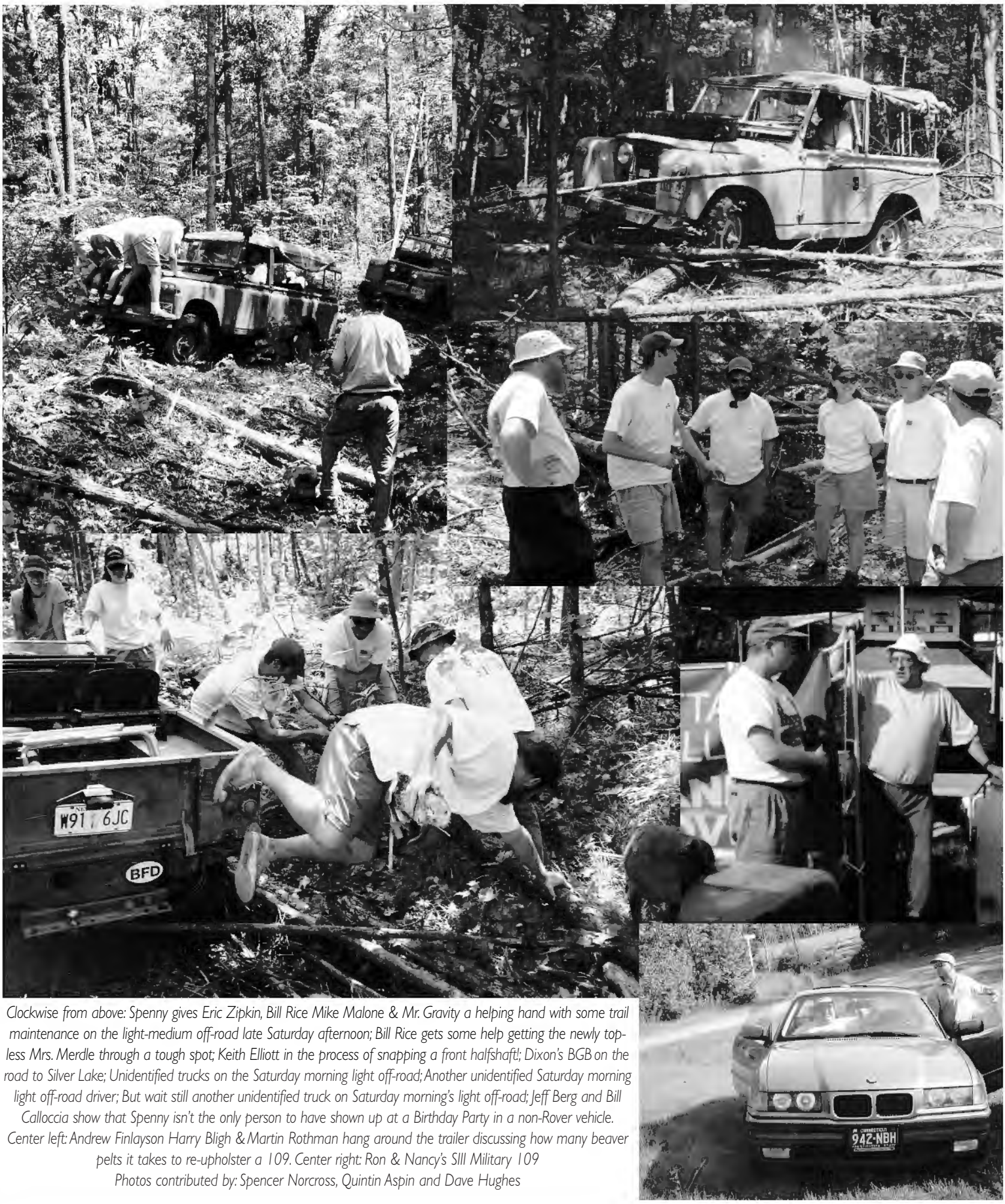
Not only has Brave Sir Robin acquired a 1959 Daimler Ferret, but rumour has it that he has purchased one of the four military 110's that were recently advertised in the AutoTrader

Event report, the Richmond Sports Car Show by Shannon Lee Manion: There's nothing like going to a sports car show and finding several Land-Rovers lurking about pretending to be, well not British, they've got that covered, but maintaining the pretense that they might be two-seater convertibles. Hard to do when one of the LRs is none other than Dixon Kenner's inimitable Bush Pig and the other, Ted Rose's Series III. Andrew Finlayson was there too but sans Rover. At the annual Richmond Classic Sports Car Show held in Richmond, Ontario at the end of June, several hundred gems from the British Isles assembled…and three Land-Rovers, one of which has not joined OVLR as yet but he promises to sign up his Series 11A next year. We've been working on Mr. Hutton with his light brown pick-up for several years and he seems about ready to capitulate. He was noted eyeing Dixon's truck as a potential donor vehicle. Some of the most pleasing and rarest sports cars from the Ottawa Valley attend the Richmond show, including Triumphs, MGs, Jaguars, Austin and Jensen-Healeys, Lotuses, Sunbeams, the odd Daimler, an Alvis, and yes, even a Nash Metropolitan. Note the two Land-Rovers in the photo "concealed" by the brash Nash. People's Choice winners included Antique Automobile Club of Ottawa member, Lorne Plunkett as first place winner with his Alvis, Lotus Club of Eastern Ontario member, Harald Freise with his Lotus Europa, and Marc Grenier of the Alfa Romeo Club with his GTV. There were no prizes awarded to Dixon's truck and no one can understand why.

Event Report, the Evolution of Wheels event in Ottawa by Shannon Lee Manion - It's not as if we see a lot of trucks at the car shows in Ontario and Quebec, but when they do come out, they are inevitably remarkable.

Such was the case at the Evolution of Wheels show held July 4 at the Museum of Science and Technology in Ottawa. This was the second annual show co-ordinated by the local Chrysler club, Capital Area Mopars. And yes, there were some Dodge trucks present, right up there on a ridge beside Gordon

Quintin's 80 inch gets a new halfshaft in the NetSlum™
Photo by: Spencer Norcross



Clockwise from above: Spenny gives Eric Zipkin, Bill Rice Mike Malone & Mr. Gravity a helping hand with some trail maintenance on the light-medium off-road late Saturday afternoon; Bill Rice gets some help getting the newly topless Mrs. Merdle through a tough spot; Keith Elliott in the process of snapping a front halfshaft!; Dixon's BGB on the road to Silver Lake; Unidentified trucks on the Saturday morning light off-road; Another unidentified Saturday morning light off-road driver; But wait still another unidentified truck on Saturday morning's light off-road; Jeff Berg and Bill Calloccia show that Spenny isn't the only person to have shown up at a Birthday Party in a non-Rover vehicle. Center left: Andrew Finlayson Harry Bligh & Martin Rothman hang around the trailer discussing how many beaver pelts it takes to re-upholster a 109. Center right: Ron & Nancy's SIII Military 109

Photos contributed by: Spencer Norcross, Quintin Aspin and Dave Hughes

Picnicking in the front yard of Chez Kenner on lovely Kirkwood Avenue in the heart of Ottawa
Photo Spencer Norcross

Bernius's 1959 military-pattern 109.

The thing everyone likes about Gordon's Land-Rover is the way it looks as if he's been living out of it for the past six months. With the addition of a canvass roof, it's exactly as if he's driving around with a tent attached to his cab. Wows the crowd!

Gord's truck fit in perfectly with two 1955 Dodge power wagons, the expertly assembled communications truck owned by Ontario Military Truck Association member, John Gray, and an ambulance owned by Ansis Strenge, both of Ottawa. Joining this combo was an M37 Jeep (year unknown) of Roger Robert.

If these trucks lined up, all in that splendid khaki green, could be likened to a thundering statement, the exclamation point came when OVLR member, Robin Craig, crested the hill in a Ferret. Hard to say when one has last been treated to seeing one of these vehicles under power but Robin's is a beautifully maintained example of a British armoured personnel carrier. I was not the only person shaking my head in wonderment to ask him, "So, where'd you get the tank from?"

A note from our esteemed and beleaguered editor: *(No less than three people e-mailed me to turn Dixon in. —Spenny)*

So there I am, happily driving down Limebank Road from Huddleson's when all of a sudden the rear end locks up. Nice twenty-thirty foot skid marks on the tarmac. It won't go forward, it won't go back. Just stuck there… A familiar feeling comes across… "I know exactly what the problem is" methinks. God damned rear diff is probably all locked up again. No, not the one run without oil for three years. Those parts Dale is using in the Gin Palace. This is the new one. Well, new to the BGB. This is the one that was actually sealed up and has oil in it.

Of course, where it came to a screeching stop is right at the bottom of a drop in the road. Cars coming flying down Limebank can't see it until they are right on top of it. Of course, I had taken all of the tools out of the BGB since the Birthday Party to do some work on the 80 inch.

The chap in the house next to where I came top a stop came out to see what happened. I told him that I figured that the rear diff was locked up and did he have any tools. Specifically, did he have a set of spanners. About ten minutes later he comes back with this knock off vice grip (useless POS), and this socket set that was a definite lowest quality possible set from Tie-one-on, where if it only was twelve point I was lucky… Well, it took a while using the vice grips to take out the whitworth bolts holding the half shafts in. Seeing how this was going to be a long job, hauled out the jackall and bounced the BGB off to the side of the road, missing by inched putting it into the ditch along said side of the road.

Half shafts out, of course it is the diff that is all seized up and the driveshaft is going to have to go next. By this point, I gave up on the useless tools, locked up the BGB, returned said useless tools and walked the mile or two back to Huddlesons' to get some real tools (How can people survive without decent tools? Yeah, Dave, they don't have Land Rovers, but still…) Oh yeah, Dave, Lynda et. al. were off to see the new Start Wars movie, but at least I can get into the garage, swipe some tools and a flash light as it was getting dark…

Back to the BGB and off came the driveshaft. Into 4wd, hi, and the BGB is now a front wheel drive vehicle… Probably taking out her anger on me for allowing Ted to paint her.

Tomorrow I guess I shall put on the new front prop shaft as the one on there has badly worn splines and kind of orbits to an extent (source of some of my driveline rumble) like the distributor shaft does (Pertronix solved a lot of those problems. Made the BGB run a lot better). The go and pull the rear diff and pop in another one of my spares. I probably should just go and put in the Salisbury, but I lack the necessary u-bolts to attach it. Besides, I'm going to need Dale to stop by with his blue wrench to get rid of the current set of u-bolts.

Worst bit was that I was off to the Blue Cactus in the market area downtown for a bunch of margeuritas with Danny and some other chaps. Damn.

Hopefully things only go in threes, since Stowe last year I am on head number three, exhaust manifold number three, and this will be rear diff number three.

Team Daphne News:

It was a hot sultry 4th of July at 1.15 PM. A phone call came flooding in to Team Daphne Headquarters. It was from Tom T.

"Daaaaaave could you come and get me? I'm stuck!"

"Yea ,where are you?"

"I'm in the bush near Minden."

"**Minden!!** @%$&* &#@*^% What the #%*&^ !!@##^%* %@#@! are you doing in Minden."

"Well none of you tossers wanted to go off roading so I went on my own in my new Unimog and now I'm bogged and not even the Mog can get out."

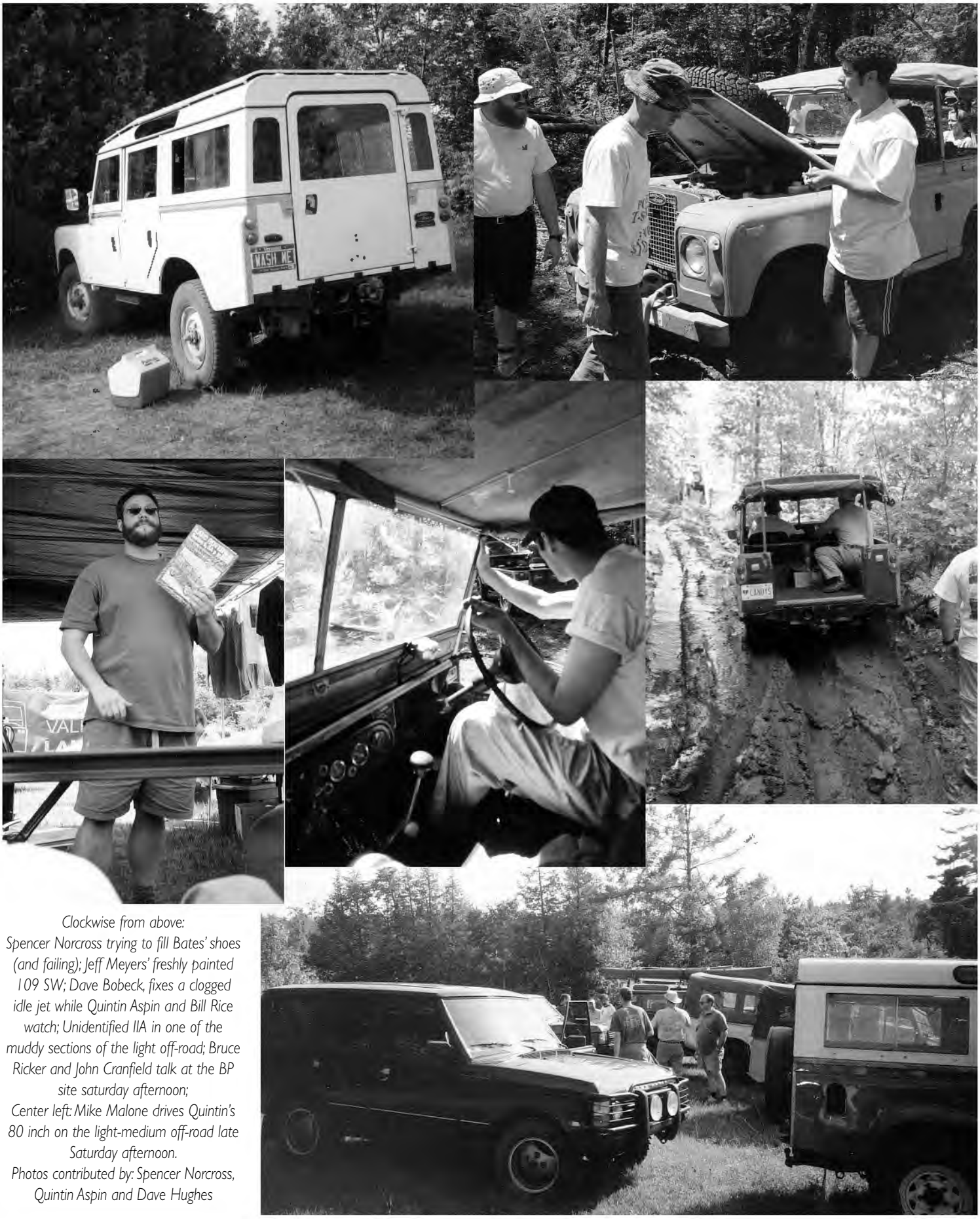
Instructions are taken on how to find him which places him deep in the bush approximately 20 kilometeres north west of Minden. About 2 on gravel, 10 on a rough rough hydro trail and then 10 on a very, very, very rocky and rough nanny goat track. Pete Thomson, Caesar the wonder dog, and I pile into the 101 and take off for the two and a half-hour drive. I'm so engrossed I forget to turn off the 115 and end up at Peterborough. Cut through the back roads and get to Minden. We find the Hydro trail and after about 5 km who comes strolling around the corner as if he is out for an after supper walk than himself. The heat is tremendous but he has his anorak buttoned up due to the voracious deerflies and over his shoulder on a long stick is his shirt drying out like a piece of laundry.

Above: The world famous Off-Road Beer Cooler (ORBC) in the NetSlum™
Top: The ORBC shows off its contents, 12+ slabs plus Dixon, Spenny & Dave's food.
Photos by: Spencer Norcross

St. Thomas of Aquafamous? says I. Indeed, indeed sez he. Jump aboard. Off we go and turn on to the very rough track. Ten km later we find the Mog, not too dramatically stuck but stuck with all four wheels churning. The 101 winch soon extricates him and we consider continuing along the trail since that appears to be a few more k's closer to a road than returning the way we came in. We winch through the bush around the slimy section which is amazingly short of any gripshun. As we get around not one but two Discos appear on the other side. Tom had phoned Bob and Mike who also came to the rescue from Toronto. Bob advises against proceeding along the trail as he has been told it is impassable (oh yea, maybe next time) We turn around again and make our way back to Minden, hot, dirty, bug eaten and hungry. We stop at an eatery on the highway at 9.00 pm and Bob talks them into opening the kitchen and cooking us a meal. Tired drive home and we arrive back at Daphne Central at 12.30 AM.

Wheeeew what a giggle. and I have to be in London Ont. for a meeting at 8.30 AM Throw some water on my face and just have time to fall in one side of the bed and out the other side before driving out at 6.00 AM. Just when we thought we had the medication balanced to the point where he would stay out of deep water this appears. Oh well, never mind.

cross-word thanks, murray



Clockwise from above:
Spencer Norcross trying to fill Bates' shoes (and failing); Jeff Meyers' freshly painted 109 SW; Dave Bobeck, fixes a clogged idle jet while Quintin Aspin and Bill Rice watch; Unidentified IIA in one of the muddy sections of the light off-road; Bruce Ricker and John Cranfield talk at the BP site saturday afternoon;
Center left: Mike Malone drives Quintin's 80 inch on the light-medium off-road late Saturday afternoon.
Photos contributed by: Spencer Norcross, Quintin Aspin and Dave Hughes

Some Non-oVLR News & Rumours

Newsletters Received this month: The Review, (Land Rover Owners Club of Victoria, Oz, May 99)

Spenny writes: I was interested in getting my wildly inaccurate speedo reclaibrated, *(See Dave's write-up of his and Spenny's trip —Ed.)* and Bill Maloney reminded me that Nissonger's will rebuild or recalibrate a speed or any other gauge, at that price I will pass on recalibration, but I thought I'd remind the club that this service exists. All prices are in USD.

Here are some details on their instrument repair shop:

Speedometer	$100
Small Single Guage volt, oil, etc.	$75
Dual Guage, large or small temp/oil, etc	$100

Add a few bucks for shipping. You can contact Bob at:

Nissonger, 570 Mammaroneck Rd., Mammaroneck, NY 10543. Their phone number is: 914-381-1952

News about the Maritime Organization of Rover Enthusiasts' Fall Rally

For anyone who missed last years rally held just outside Halifax, Nova Scotia here is your chance to check out our Maritime hospitality and explore our beautiful province Land Rover style. Everyone is welcome to the Second Annual Labour Day Weekend Rally. This year's event is being sponsored once again by the Maritime Organization of Rover Enthusiasts, and we'd also like to welcome the Down East Land Rover Club as our co-sponsor for 1999. This year's event is to be held in the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, at the home of Peter and Julie Rosvall. Camping will be provided in among the pear and cherry trees. Cold running water, outdoor toilet facilities and a fire pit will be available. Just to give you a run down for the weekend here is a brief itinerary. All details will be posted on the DELRC site within the next week or so, this will include links to Nova Scotia Online and suggestions for those who don't wish to camp. I hope to include some highlights from the rally last year, including some great pictures. If anyone else who attended last year wanted to add to that, forward pictures and text to John Cassidy on the DELRC site.

Friday, September 3, 1999

Arrivals & registration, casual evening, this will give people time to get acquainted and rested up for the days ahead. If anyone is interested there will be a trail to explore that night.

Saturday, September 4, 1999

Breakfast on Main Street Wolfville, we hope to have a local restaurant prepare a buffet for us, more information to come regarding location and price. After breakfast we're off to explore the South Mountain of the Gaspereau Valley. We'll be out for the day so a packed lunch will be provided. Anyone who was at the rally last year will remember what a great job Rose and her helpers did with all the food, she has promised to be a part of it again this year, including her homemade bread Once we're back at the camp be ready for even more food, we've got a barbecue feast and campfire for the evening.

Member # 283 wants to know why we aren't already on the road to the Birthday Party!
Spenny Dave and Bo's campsite, Thursday morning
Photo by: Spencer Norcross

Sunday, September 5, 1999

Another full day of off- roading packed lunch and all. For anyone staying over again on Sunday night we'll be heading out to one of the local pub's for a good hearty meal, once the location is set in stone I will post their website with menu and pricing.

Registration & Fees

Pre-registration is highly recommended. An email or telephone call with the number of vehicles and people in your party and your mailing address, email address and phone number. This will allow me to send out infor-

mation packets to those who need them, as well as try to prepare the local establishments for our arrival at meal times in the mornings. Also, anyone who plans to stay on Sunday night and partake in supper let me know.

$40 per vehicle. This includes camping, lunch on Saturday and Sunday, and the barbecue feast on Saturday night.

Contacts

Julie Rosvall rosvall@ns.sympatico.ca; (902) 542-0263 or Con Seitl conseitl@sprint.ca; (902) 883-9034 information can also be found on the Downeast Land Rover Club website http://members.mint.net/rovah/

If anyone is interested in scouting trails early this summer just drop Con or Julie a line, we will be going out several times during July and early August. Also, anyone who wishes to be involved in the event, we've got plenty of room for sponsors, volunteers, donations and what have you.

Last years event brought out Rovers from the Northeastern US and Maritime Canada, and I think everyone went away amazed at what a weekend MORE had put together.

More News from LRNA headquarters:

Land Rover Aircraft Lands at Airventure '99 Special-Edition Maule Air STOL Provider to Appear at Annual Oshkosh Airshow

LANHAM, Md., July 29 /PRNewswire/—From the Kalahari Desert, to the Arctic tundra and mountain ranges of Patagonia, Land Rover vehicles and Maule aircraft have trekked where others have dared not. And now, the adventurous pair have teamed up to build a special-edition short take off and landing-STOL-aircraft that will be featured at the EAA Airventure '99 Airshow in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

The special-edition STOL Provider by Maule Air, Inc., is expected to attract thousands of aircraft enthusiasts with its brilliant yellow Camel Trophy-type paint scheme and familiar Land Rover green oval and compass rose. The STOL Provider, a Maule M-7260C, is powered by a 540 cu in, fuel-injected Lycoming engine rated at 260 hp.

The lightweight, tubular constructed "sports-utility craft" is capable of cruising at 164 mph and climbing at a rate of 1,650 fpm in standard conditions at sea level with its 78-inch, three-blade Hartzell propeller. For navigating short airstrips, its phenomenal performance allows it to take off in just 250 feet and stop from touch down in as little as 200 feet. The Land Rover-edition Maule has seating for up to five people or four with plenty of room for gear and equipment. A skylight, observation window, camera port and enlarged door glass allow superb visibility. New, wide track landing gear and flotation tires allow safe operation on primitive and ultra-remote airstrips.

This must be a photo from last year, since this is Russ Dushin's Nigel, and we all know Russ bailed on this year's Birthday Party. (see Russ' lame excuse on p. 6)
Heavy off-road, 15th Birthday Party, 1998
Photo by: Quintin Aspin

The Land Rover-edition of the STOL Provider will be appearing across the country at special Land Rover events and several airshows. Currently, it is the only plane of its kind and there are no plans to produce additional models. A Maule Air STOL Provider retails for approximately $225,000.

Maule Air, Inc., based in Moultrie, GA, designs and produces high- performance aircraft that are regularly used for missionary work and expeditions around the world.

Land Rover North America, Inc., established in 1986, imports Range Rovers and Discoverys manufactured in Solihull, England, for sale in the US, and is a wholly owned subsidiary of The BMW Group, Munich, Germany.

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

September 4-5 - Portland All British Field Meet. Always an excellent turnout of Rovers. Free camping on the grounds of the Portland International Raceway. Swap meet Sunday

September 17-19 - 9th British Invasion, Stowe, Vermont. 600+ British cars of all marques. 40 Land Rovers last year. Events include: Static car show, People's Choice Awards. Tug of war (Austin Mini owners vs. Rover owners), Battle re-enactment, rugby, polo, cricket. Contacts: Chris Francis at Ye Olde England Inne, Stowe Vermont or Mike Gaetano 508-497-9655.

Sept 24-26 Bay State (BSROA) Fall Heritage Run

October 1-3 - Rover Owners of Virginia's Mid Atlantic Rally, An All American hoe-down featuring The NAS Defender 90

November 5-7 - Solihull Society Fall Trip, Moab and Canyonlands (Info, jwrover@colo-net.com or 303-774-9225)

General Servicing: Repairs, Humour, Tales & Trivia

Bloody Nora's Bits and Pieces, a Friday Story

by Mike Rooth

So Bloody Nora's handbrake ceased to function. If she thought that would either worry or surprise me she was wrong. The handbrake has been decidedly dodgey for the past thirteen years. However, on reflection, what *did* make me a little uncomfortable was the thought that the front brakes had no adjustment left and the pedal, though firm, went at least halfway down before any braking was felt. Now there is a school of thought that says this doesn't really matter either, exemplified by a lady driver of a Series III, who, when she took said Series III in for a service, was told in tones of deepest foreboding, "You've got no brakes at all, how do you stop the thing?"

She considered this question, then replied, "It's a Land Rover. You just drive it into the ditch". Unfortunately, she has a more plentiful supply of ditches than me, so regretfully I set off (with wallet) to obtain the necessary items of hardware, and other bits and pieces such as a new pair of wiper blades, and a gearbox oil seal. Sheer luxury these last two, but I reasoned that if my wallet was to undergo an operation, I may as well fork out while it was still under the anesthetic.

Saturday morning being bright and clear; unfortunately; it was Grovel Under Nora Time. Being a diesel, Nora has this dinky little lift out box under the centre seat, which, in my infinite wisdom, I considered would provide access to the handbrake drum. In the event, it served to let a little daylight in, but any other benefits were not obvious.

My original intention to replace the gearbox oil seal, had, under a process of mature consideration, been abandoned. The reasons for this were as follows:

1) The oil seal had not undergone the maturing time necessary for spares.
2) Too many new bits all at once spoils them. You've got to make them beg.
3) Sheer blue funk.

It must be stated at this point that the replacement handbrake shoes had been maturing for at least six months.

The drum came off with little effort other than a few good whacks with a copper faced hammer, which was the only easy bit in the whole day. After that, the job went from pear shaped, rapidly degrading to pancake shaped. From what I could see, upside down and wedged in bits of chassis, the adjuster was hanging in there using a mixture of one partly stripped nut and sheer determination. The actuator, when the brake was applied, leapt off the backplate, having at some time in the distant past, lost all but one of its fixing pieces. To add to the sheer discomfort of the whole mess the shoes proved adamant in their absolute refusal to move. In short, Nora, having signalled something was amiss with her usual smirk, was now refusing to have anything done about it. Which is unusual, even for her. It took the application of a large screwdriver, and lots of grunt, to shift the shoes off the adjuster and the actuator. Reluctance I can live with, spoiled behaviour I will not.

If this the worst damage done to your Rover, than you've done well.
Christian Spizfogel's mutilated license plate
Photo by: Spencer Norcross

A visit to the workshop (shed) produced a handy bit of one-eighth inch mild steel, which with much careful sawing and filing, and to-ing and fro-ing, and fitting and swearing, was finally made into the horseshoe shaped "shim" to take up the play on the actuator. Backwoods engineering I hear you say in condemnatory tones. You mean there's *another* sort? The struggle to get the shoes back in position again assumed heroic proportions as well as some of the aspects of a farce. The bottom shoe, having been persuaded into the slot in the actuator promptly caused the bottom adjuster slug to drop out. This was, eventually overcome, only to find hat the shoe, once on the adjuster, wouldn't go on the actuator. In fact, it wouldn't move at all. And when it finally did, it took the bent wire circlip off the actuator body. With the drum finally back on, having a quick look around (as you do) What did I see? **that the whole damned operation hadn't been necessary**

that's what!!! The bellcrank bolt on the chassis had come loose. And tightening it up, a two minute job at most, would have solved the problem. Instead of which, I spent the whole day in undignified positions, making things worse to the point I've got to do it all over again, with yet *more* spare parts.

You can imagine the enthusiasm with which I approached the Old Bat on Sunday morning. Nil. No, worse, negative. Having struggled all the previous day to produce a non-working handbrake from what was already a perfectly good non-working handbrake, any enthusiasm I may have had hit the bottom, produced a shovel, and started digging. The new, non-matured, brake shoes were put at the ready, and the right hand drum removed. Ummm. *Very* ummm. There's plenty of life in these yet. *It's the thrice accursed adjuster!* I do not believe this! fifteen minutes later, both front adjuster having been freed, I had brakes. The shoes are maturing… Yours Truly retired to cut the grass. Later that afternoon (Its no good shaking your head like that. I'll never learn) I got out the new wiper blades. The supply of the old fashioned wiper blades has finally dried up, so these were the sprung sort. They come in a plastic bag with a supply of alternative bits to clip on should the fancy take you. It isn't immediately obvious, to put it mildly, *which* particular bits apply to your; at first sight unique; vehicle. Or, come down to it, what you do with the bits you've got left over. And why, when you've worked it out the blades just about meet over the centre pillar of the windshield. Are they on upside down? No, they wont fit at all the other way. Light Dawns! The Penny Drops (with a dull thud). The rubbers are in backwards! Upon prizing out the rubber, the stiffening bits drop out. With a merry tinkle. This is ridiculous. Changing a wiper blade used to mean pulling the old one off and pushing the new one on. Not designing the damn things from scratch. They are on. Whether they are on right only time will tell. And I'm so confident, I've kept all the bits I didn't need. **and** the old blades. And I've adjusted the arc of wipe so they don't immediately destroy themselves on metal bits. There's only one problem. That wiper motor sounds distinctly overloaded now. Or is overheated imagination?

Ah well. Off to get more bits, and a nice new steering wheel, which latter should banish the dreaded Sticky Steering Wheel sickness.

How fas' I goed one time in de Lan'-Rover

nlamon l @tiger.lsuiss.ocs.lsu.edu

One of the things Dixon and I pride ourselves on, is not printing everything we see on the internet in this newsletter, but we both thought this was just so funny, we decided that it should be included. And after all seeing as how the Acadians originated in Canada, well it just fits. Now pass the Jambalaya and don't hog the red beans and rice…

How y'all are?

Me I been noticin' here a lota talkin' 'bout how fas' folk done gone in dey's Lan'-Rover, yeah… So, I t'ink to myself 'bout de time I wen' fas'er 'n Hail in Adelita, what is my regular size Lan'-Rover truck dat I been havin' fo' some time now, from Thibodaux to Paincourtville.

Now, Thibodaux an' de Paincourtville dey ain' bu' 'bou' oh, maybe a han'ful o' mile 'part from demselfs, up de' Bayou LaFourche, w'it Thibodaux she bein' to de downstream… what don' flow no mo' since de dumb-ass Corps of Engineer dey done went an' stop her up… Bayou? Hail, it ain' nuttin' now but a big stinkin' ditch!… Man, I done wen' an' got myse'f all riled up again, fiv', fo'r, t'ree, two, one… Whew!… Mighty Fine!… All Right! What I wuz talkin' 'bou'?…Oh yeah!….

What I'm wantin' to tell y'all 'bou' happen' with me alone (y'all juz goin' have ta trus' me on dis one), 'bou' 7:30, after it had got dark fo' tru'. I say "fo' tru', 'cause it were prac'ly night time all dat day already from de Hurry-cane, what had showed up unexpected like a couple tree hunert mile offsho' de day befo', makin' Gumbo Ya Ya in de sky.

I wuz talkin' on de telephone with two girl frien' I had me at de time what wuz twins called Monday an' Tuesday (me bein' in Thibodaux an' de in Paincourtville), right when de Big Win' she start to blow. I wuz talkin' wit' Monday at de time de storm arrive' and her hearin' de roar an' it all tru de line an' her knowin' dat de storm he were headin' right fo' her side door, she started a screamin' and a howlin' more worser dan de doggone storm outside! Den, all-a-sudden-like, de line it went blank an' I got scared fo' dem two young womens all 'lone in dat big ol' house wit' nobody to hol' dem tight an' make dem feel saf' an' all. So, me I decided I had to go dere an' stay wit' 'em.

Now, at dat time, me I hadn't been ownin' my lil Rover for very long, so I didn' know much 'bout it o' whut it culd do fo' tru', 'cep' a bunch wil'-ass stuff I read 'bout in some magazine what a fella lent me call' LRO, o' some such name. (I jus' remember dat dat magazine cos' him mo' money dan a 25 pound sack o' boil' crawfish!) So, I said to myse'f "O.K. less see what dat taing can do!" I tru me on a coat, jumped in de Rover, turn' de key what make it go an' headed down de Canal street fo' de road what pass itse'f down the east side o' de Bayou (what dey call de "backside"), because it are less full o' traffic. (as if dey wuz goin' be anyone else outside, huh?) I had juz got myse'f across de Bayou an' turn to de north, said to myse'f "ALL Right, So far, so good!", when WHUMP!.

Man! I thought I'd done been hit by one dem huge-ass truck or sometin', 'til all a sudden de night it made itself day from a huge-ass lightnin' what hit a tree by the side o' de road just up front o' me -- scared me half to death, too! -- dat tree an' ev'ry t'ing else two, it started to fly pass me like I wuz in

Stopping for a break, Saturday afternoon light off-road
Photo by: Dave Hughes

one dem Time Machine. Now, I had read dat article in de LRO real good, 'bou' how de Lan'-Rover she can go mos' anyplace, but I didn't recall readin' nuttin' in der 'bout no Time Travelin', no!?

I wuz goin' faster an' faster. I grab' onto dat wheel for all I could, an' prayed dat it wuz 'nuf, 'cause wit' all dat loosness dat wuz in de steering she wuz dancin' all over de blacktop. She' was doin' da Marengay and all I could do wat hol' on tight. She'd shimmy over to one side de road, shake her ass, den shimmy over to de other side and do it again, an' all the time we wuz goin' faster an' faster!

Now, Paincourtville ain' but a couple minute or two upstream an' back over on de wes' side, again. When the sun is out an' ev'rytin' is normal-like, it take' 'bout fo'r minute to go from de bridge at Thibodaux up to de one back over to Paincourtville, if you' doin' 'bout 60, what is 'bout as fas' as a car can do 'round dat tight-ass curve just before de bridge. I never saw dat damn curve! All I remember wuz lookin' up at de underside of a huge-ass Live Oak (what's still there!) an' wonderin' where I wuz an' how in Hail I got myse'f dere!?

I crawled out de Time Machine-Rover an' looked 'round. Seein' dat de bridge wuz juz 'roun' de ben' an' dat Monday an' Tuesday wus but a couple blocks more beyond the other end of it, I sloshed myse'f outta dat field an' headed for dem. Fortunately, dey wuz real glad to be seeing me an' I wuz able to forget about de Rover until de mornin', when I tol' dem why my face was sad. After some coffee an' pancake (lucky for me de had a gas stove, 'cause all de 'lectricity wuz off), we all tree of us went in dey's car for to see how bad it wuz wit' de Rover.

I could not believe what I wus seeing, 'Cep' fo' it bein' pretty much on it' side, an' up to it' ass de gumbo, dey wuz nuttin' much wrong… now, how 'n Hail wuz I goin' to get it outta dere? (If you wait until de mud she dry, fo'get it!) Lucky fo' me de twins dey had dem a uncle dat lived not far away what farmed him a bit sugarcane an' had himse'f one dem tall-ass special tractor what can drive above de cane. He came wit' it an' pulled Adelita outta de muck an' den we all of us drove behin' de tractor to where he live. He climbed down from de tractor shakin' him head an' his head wus still shakin' when he reached me a hose pipe an' tol' me to wash off Adelita an' dat I wus a damn fool for doin' what I done addin' "…an dem two over dere dey ain't wort' bustin' up you truck over, no!" I just put me on a grin an' said, while lookin' at dem two standin' aways off (Dey had a good idea what we wus talkin' 'bout) "Ya t'ink so!?

How fast did I go dat night? I'm thinkin' dat fo' a while der I wus doin' a hunert an' twenty or terdy, easy!

Wobbly Speedo Rx

by Russell G. Dushin

Yours does it. His does it. Hers does it. Mine did it until last Friday. Boink, boink, boink goes the speedo needle.

"How fast are we going, Honey?" you scream to your companion.

"Somewhere between twenty and sixty…call it forty-five" she yells back.

"Good enough" you say, as you both return to your musings so quietly assumed beneath the dull drone emitted by every moving part between the compression chamber and the tires on the tarmac.

You plod on, satisfied that the bouncing needle at the very least indicates you've got momentum building in the forward direction. But it bugs you, dunnit? What will you tell the cop in the next town…

"Do you know how fast you were going?"

"Uh, well, actually, eh, no, not really, Orificer" you reply with a certain sense of humility. Your head drops low and as your chin rests upon your chest you see the collection of bottle caps that have amassed themselves below your opener on the dash…you wonder if this isn't a design flaw as you realize the caps fall in full view of The Law.

"Is that alcohol I smell on your breath?"

"No Sir, that'd be my wife's breath, actually." You're impressed by your own quick-thinking abilities. Glancing over nervously to receive the reassuring nod from your companion you are instead greeted by a snarl and cold, staring eyes.

"Step out of the car."

You know the routine. No matter what happens next you'll be lucky to get out of this one alive.

But hey, folks, it doesn't have to happen this way. There are happier roads in life. A good first step to getting there is to fix that damned speedo needle once and for all. It's do-able and it's probably lots lots easier than you'd think.

Years have gone by since I've fretted-on about this job. I've got this aversion to anything with dials, hands, and springs in it. Don't wear a watch since the last one I had - in the mid 1970's - fell apart in my hands when I tried to "fix" it. Twaaang! "Gee, hope it didn't need that part." It was six-thirty-seven from then on. Who the hell needs time, anyway? Not like you're going to conserve any of it drivin' that Land Rover, eh?

But this job turned out to be a piece of cake. Speedo is released from the dash plate after removing the cable, light socket, and the two round nuts holding the clamp on. Once in hand you take it inside to the clean work area, preferably on the kitchen table. Leave the beers in the fridge for now, though…you're about to disassemble a most accurately calibrated device and you're best off doing this job dead sober. I know, B-O-R-I-N-G. But it won't take long and you can get yourself completely pissed in about a half hour or less.

Allright, so you've got your speedo in your hand and you sees those two screws on the back of it and you yank them out and whatda yaknow, it doesn't come apart. All the guts just wobble around inside. Scratch,scratch,scratch for awhile but don't grab a beer just yet. Hmm. What's left for a seal around the rim will have to be removed, carefully. Tabs reveal themselves below this dry-rotted rubber seal. (Schibe it later - I just used electrical tape.) No-STOP…don't bend them up…twist the rim until the tabs line up with the slots on the main housing and viola…it's about to come apart in your hands.

Don't drop anything. IF you must you can clean the glass after you carefully separate it from the rim, but note that once you do it won't match the other gauges any more. Same goes for cleaning up the face of the gauge. Place the entire about-to-fall-apart speedo face down on the kitchen table and remove the outer main housing. Inside you'll find a much, much simpler device than you'd expected. Look around. Get a bright light and maybe a magnifying glass and inspect the spring that sits behind the face plate. Insert your handy dandy little screwdriver or similar device into where the speedo cable goes and give it a spin. Try the other direction….it'll only work one-way.

Well, you aren't allowed to talk about them on the internet Land Rover list any more, but by God, we can show them here! The C-41, or DC-3, Dakota, Gooney Bird, call it what you like, but it has laid claim to the title: Land Rover of the Air.
Photo by: Spencer Norcross

Keep an eye on the spring while you do this…if it looks like it's working it is. Good. If it looks like it's busted you're screwed. God didn't make us with fingers small enough to install a new one and you'll likely have to pay to get it fixed.

But the spring is OK, right? Sure it is. Unless, of course, you waited too long to fix your speedo and it broke out of sheer neglect. If your needle had "bounce" then chances are the spring is intact. If it flailed aimlessly than you may be SOL.

Take a close look at the setup just below where the speedo cable goes in (assuming it's still face down on the kitchen table). There's a magnet in there that spins round and round under the cable's drive. That magnet, in turn, spins a plate that surrounds it, and that plate is connected to the needle's drive and dampened by the spring. Now…the key…does it look well lubricated like any other rover part should be (key word: OTHER)? Lotsa grease in there keeping these parts from wearing prematurely? OK, smart ass, before you go slapping this thing back together 'cause you can't figure out how to fix it and you really need that beer ask yourself one simple question: "How many speedo gauges have you seen with grease nipples for lubrication?"

OK, I'll admit it. It took a while for this one to sink in. Counter intuitive to most shade-tree Rover mechanics' lines of thought. REMOVE that grease. Yes, magnetic parts that aren't touching one another don't need lubrication. It got in there because you figured you'd grease that housing where the speedo cable mates up last time you replaced it. More grease got in there as it shot out of the speedo cable. Clean it up…I simply used some WD40 'cause everyone knows it doesn't lubricate worth a damn after a day or so (and 'cause I couldn't find anything better at the time).

As they say, "assembly is simply the reversal of this procedure."

Test drive. Drink to your hearts content. In that order. Dream about what you'll say to the cop next time. You're still a free (wo)man. More free than ever.

New Members

20 new members in June

Scott Wickham of Verona, PA with a SIII 88
Natalie Willey of Nepean, Ontario
Bryan Willey of Nepean, Ontario
Keria Willey of Nepean, Ontario
Lucy Aspin of Sunnyside, MD
Nancy Barrett of Maberly, Ontario
Ann Obringer of Bedford, NY
Kevin Hassper of Smiths Falls, Ontario
Laura Speedie of Oshawa, Ontario
Andrea Cullen of Rockcliffe, Ontario
Christopher Cullen of Rockcliffe, Ontario
Blain Hughes of Toronto, Ontario with a 69 SIIA 88
David Hughes of Ottawa, Ontario
Charlie Speedie of Oshawa, Ontario with a 60 SII 88
Kevin Girling of Oshawa, Ontario with a Disco
Sean Cantrell of Fayetteville, NC with a D90 & a Disco
O.G. Anderson of Bancroft, Ontario with a 56 SI 107
Alastair Sinclair of Kanata, Ontario with a 73 SII 88
Adam Bullock of Pickering, Ontario
Dave Bullock of Pickering, Ontario with a 72 SII 88

Bobeck Disproved?

by Mike Rooth

The Bobeck Maintenance Philosophy states, among other things, that spare parts purchased shall remain in the garage for as long as possible, in order to release stresses therein and to generally mature. However, the BMP hasn't met Bloody Nora who knows a trick or two…

It came to pass that Yours Truly had arranged to take a weeks leave. During this week, as you do, it was proposed, among other things, to restore unto Bloody Nora a handbrake, and hopefully to permanently cure Sticky Steering Wheel Syndrome by the simple expedient of fitting a new steering wheel. All the requisite (new!) parts had been assembled with the exception of two 5/16" UNF nylock nuts. When I eventually get round doing this job, I have the nastiest feeling I shall end up with a dismantled Land Rover and no nuts… but I digress.

As luck, of the poorer variety, would have it, circumstances arose before the week even started, that meant that not only had Yours Truly to remain within sound of a phone, but that should same infernal instrument ring, Bloody Nora would be required as transport.

So consequently, the spares remained safely in the garage according to the dictates of the BMP. And furthermore the weather during the entire week was of the sort that renders

Land Rover maintenance quite pleasurable. In other words it didn't rain. Not a drop, All week mind you.

Friday dawned fair, accompanied by the sound of gnashing teeth (mine), and during late afternoon Nora was called upon on to do the rounds. It transpired that Nora knew all about those nice new spares (I'd foolishly left the garage door open and she can see in), and also knew that they weren't *essential* spares. That is to say, they weren't the sort of thing that the lack of rendered her immobile. So she waited. The Rounds, in this instance, consisted of feeding pony (not essential), visiting daughter (boring. She's left outside so she doesn't drip oil over a carefully "restored" farmhouse courtyard) and buying booze (absolutely desperately a first priority whatever she thinks). I started her up and backed out of the gates, got out to shut the gates. And listened.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANKCLANKCLANKCLANK!!

Fighting talk. Again. Upon lifting the bonnet, the fanbelt could be seen vibrating madly and the fan wobbling suicidally. Shut off engine. Sieze fan in trembling fingers and push it to and fro. Exit one water pump. Only, be it noted, about five or six years old! Ever since the farce with the radiator bottom hose fitting, I'd idly wondered why, every other week or so, the radiator needed topping up. Well, now I knew.

Priorities had to be revised. Booze she could, nay *had* to get. The farm I could probably bully her into. But visit daughter? Asking to have the pump disembowel itself miles from anywhere on a country road. So daughter was rung and asked for a lift to get a new pump the next day. Nora was dismantled the next morning, and I reflected that a) I could now remove the radiator blindfolded, and b) The old cow had worked at it and produced an immobilising fault, and c) Where's my lift? The supplier shuts at four on a Saturday and time was getting short.

Eventually, not a moment too soon, the lift arrived, and the pump was duly purchased. Not, I might add, before Anthony had grumbled "Not *another* customer. Not a soul all day then you all arrive at once" To which one wit remarked "Yes, we've all been waiting at the end of the road until there were enough of us". Nora offered no resistance to the fitting of the new pump. None. Which I thought was odd at the time. She even allowed the fitting of the new (matured) bypass hose without it leaking. **and** a new fanbelt. Last of the big spenders, me.

Fine, fill up with water and off we go. Back to work Monday morning. On the car park… The bottom hose dripping… Again… Sooo Tuesday morning before work, adjust the hose clip onto a definitely round bit of the hose fitting.

And then the right front tyre went down. Again…

(I sent the above off to Dave, thinking it was only fair to give him a chance to refute his refutation, and he sent back this reply: —Spenny)

Mr. Bobeck responds…

Wait a darn minit there Mr. Uncle Mike, the BMP clearly states that essential parts that have failed may be replaced with fresh spares if no aged ones are available. In fact your tale only serves to further reinforce the validity of my claims. It is clear that Bloody Nora understands the BMP better perhaps than her master, for she refused to allow the fitting of said unessential parts.

No spare water pump on hand? Shame on you. Mine is right now being carefully aged in a cool dark damp garage. I've ordered most of the bits to go on the Red square too, they are aging nicely as we speak.

Congratulations! You have successfully completed the Bobeck School of Auto Repair Certified Technician Certification. You may now solve all of your automotive difficulties by sitting in a reclining position while casually sipping the Malt beverage of your choice.

Peter Thompson on the light-medium off-road, Saturday afternoon
Photo by: Dave Hughes

Land-Rover: for the tougher jobs in your life.

When it comes to hard work, you can't beat a Land-Rover. Take a really tough assignment. Like collecting the kids from school. And their friends. And their friends' friends.

The Land-Rover can handle it.

Comfortably.

You can seat all-comers on soft-cushioned seats.

Cruise smoothly on the highways.

Drive confidently along the smallest, crudest byways.

You can even take the short cut across the fields if you're really daring.

Otherwise, you just notice that the Land-Rover is a nifty parker in a shopping street.

A family fun machine on a picnic.

A sporty convertible when the sun's shining.

Maybe the only tough side you'll see of a Land-Rover is that it doesn't wear out. Its aluminium body never corrodes. Its panels don't easily dent and fall off.

A Land-Rover can put in a hard day's work winching down trees in a farm field.

Even running the saw that turns them into logs.

But then you might see how useful it really is. When it takes the evening off and goes to the pictures.

LAND-ROVER

You'd be surprised how many things a Land-Rover can do.