

OTTAWA
VALLEY
**LAND
ROVER**



SEPTEMBER 2002

WWW.OVLR.ORG

VOLUME XIX, NUMBER IX



Junglerunner runs out of road in the western desert of Pakistan. (Jeff Willner)



**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: Canadians joining throughout the year pay CD\$30 per year, Americans and others pay US\$25 per year. Membership is valid for one year.

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OVL R 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, Shannon Lee Mannion (ottawavalleylandrovers@sympatico.ca) or via post to the club address. Photographs should be sent directly to S.L. Mannion, 2-41 Florence St., Ottawa, ON Canada K2P 0W6. Please include photographer's name, captions, identifications of people and vehicles, and a return address if you want the photos back.

Deadlines: Submissions to the OVL R Newsletter must be received by the 15th 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 OVL R newsletter reserves the right to edit any submitted material for space and content considerations. Articles, statements, and opinions appearing in the OVL R newsletter do not necessarily reflect the position of the officers, board of directors, members of the OVL R, 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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RADIO FREQUENCIES

VHF 146.520
CB channel 1
FRS channel 1 sub 5
SW 14.160 MHz
OVL R/Land Rover HAM:
14.160Mhz @ 01:00GMT Tuesdays

ONLINE

<http://www.ovlr.org>
Any ideas for the website please contact Dixon Kenner
Land Rover FAQ: http://www.fourfold.org/LR_FAQ

SUBMISSIONS DEADLINE

The 15th of the month for inclusion in next month's issue.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

\$35 CDN for 1/4 page ad,
must run for minimum of 3 months.

UNDER THE HOOD



*Ahh, can't you hear the crunch of the ice already?
Bruce Ricker and Sedgwick clean up.*

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HEY MAN, WHAT'S GOING ON?

OVL R 2002 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

September:

Solihull Society National LR Rally, Moab UT
Sept 12-14

Escape From Asphalt Rock Crawling Championships,
Parry Sound, Sept 13-15.

\$50 entry fee

<http://newfrontier4wd.canoffroad.net/RCintro.htm>

OVL R Social Sept. 16

British Invasion, Stowe VT Sept 19-22
registration before Sept 1 essential! (802) 426-3265

Haliburton Forest Jamboree, Sept 21

Aluminium Man Triathlon, Mid-Atlantic Rally, VA Sept
28-29

October:

ROAV Middy, Oct. 4-6

Great Marlborough Forest Cleanup, Oct. 20, 9:00 am

OVL R Social Oct. 21

OVL R Frame Oiler TBA

November

OVL R Social Nov. 18

December

Christmas Party, Hungarian Hall, Dec. 7

OVL R Social Dec. 16

January 2003

OVL R AGM on the coldest night of the year

*Note: Socials are held at the Prescott Hotel on Preston St. in
Ottawa the third Monday of every month at 7:00 p.m.*

TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS

GREAT MARLBOROUGH FOREST ANNUAL CLEAN UP



It is that time of the year again. The Great Marlborough Forest 4th Annual Clean Up Sponsored by the Ottawa Valley Offroaders, with help from other Local 4x4 clubs and Local land owners. In the past we have pulled 60 tons of garbage from the forest. Please come out and help participate in the forest's largest clean up. Bring a friend, bring a truck, bring a trailer, bring a shovel and don't forget your rubber boots and work gloves. We will supply coffee, snacks and a BBQ lunch. Meet first parking lot, north side of Roger Stevens Drive

If you have any questions, feel free to drop me a line. jfarley@treats.com
John Farley
President Ottawa Valley Offroaders

CLASSIFIEDS

NEW/USED PARTS AND REBUILDS

For Sale: SIII and some IIA parts direct from the UK. Most new, some used.

Also, chassis rebuilds or complete restorations. Please call Mick McCoy at (613) 754-5234

SERIES I SPARE PARTS CATALOGUE

I have an old Parts Catalogue that is in great condition! I would like to sell for an elderly friend .

On the cover it says, Land Rover Spare Parts Catalogue 1948-1953, The Land Rover Co. Ltd. Solihull Birmingham England part no. 4056.

I am hoping get him a fair price ... or his only other weakness is old wooden duck decoys, he would trade for a few. Thank you very much

Steven E. Lloyd
ndic@sprint.ca
Deseronto, ON Canada
1-613-396-2358

1986 110 DEFENDER HI CAP PICKUP

67k km LHD \$12000 CDN
709 689-4055 or 709 368-8670
Kevin Burton
Mt. Pearl NF
Have a good one

1974 SERIES III LWB LAND ROVER.

Right hand drive. Full canvas top. Virtually new military re-built transmission. New clutch plate. Five good tires (one new). Ex-British MOD with mil.spec. (so I'm told) suspension. Salisbury rear-end and (a real bonus) Overdrive. Extras include a hard cab which turn her into a pick-up truck, and two oil bath air cleaners. \$10K or nearest reasonable offer. Contact: mocha1@starband.net

CANADA'S NICEST LIGHTWEIGHT

Located right here in Ottawa. For details and photos, see this web page:
<http://www.motor-cross.ca/LGTWGT.htm>.
Murray Jackson, (613) 837-7781, mjackson@igs.net

BAD SHED, GOOD PARTS

The shed is not in good shape, therefore, Land Rover parts must go to new good homes.

- Series III front axle assembly complete including 11" brakes, diff, ex-military, excellent condition.
- Series IIA firewall some cracks at top of bulkhead, no rot, good paint still.
- Series IIA Light Weight top piece of firewall. Fair condition.
- Series IIA Light Weight seat box. Fair condition.
- Military gas tank, excellent condition.
- 90/110 fibreglass conversion kit.
- Series IIA 1967 109 ex-military pickup truck, "The Bread" for most of the parts but still needs some work. Negotiable.

Bob in Ottawa (613) 225-2100

GENERAL GOINGS-ON

OVLR (TINY) TECH TIP OF THE MONTH

as told to Andrew Finlayson by Martin Cunningham

Just a little tech tip this month that was passed along to me by a fellow member Martin Cunningham. If you have one of those Zenith carbs on your Land Rover like the ones on late 2A's and 3's, a 36IV I believe, and at idle it is running way too rich and you notice fuel dripping into the main venturi at idle speed, remove the carb top and check the large rubber O ring to see if it has "perished". You may be able to find a suitable replacement locally but this may be a good time to get a complete kit for the carb and give it a freshen up! Kits are available from all of our faithful suppliers.

P.S. Andrew says: Everyone is invited to send me their ideas for tech tips they come across and would like to share. Please e-mail me at: dcaf@magma.ca

A COLLECTION OF PUZZLES!



Where is the Land Rover?



What is Louis-Phillipe Gelinas doing?

The OLVR cares about your health. To keep your grey matter exercised, the following puzzles are provided. Please stretch before exerting yourself. Photos by Kevin Willey.



Where was the Land Rover?

So this duck walks in to a drugstore and says, "Gimme some lipstick, and put it on my bill!"



USING KEVLAR WINCH LINE

By Scott C. Wickham Jr.

I've been winching only a few years, since 1998 and using electric winches only, mainly because that's what I own ;) Anyway, I found a Superwinch X9 for sale in the Summit Racing catalogue and decided it was time for a new winch on the front of Lucy, my '84 RR. I mounted the winch, put a load on the new steel cable like you're supposed to, and put it to good use. I try to lead our small local club's monthly trail ride so being able to extricate myself and new members is essential.

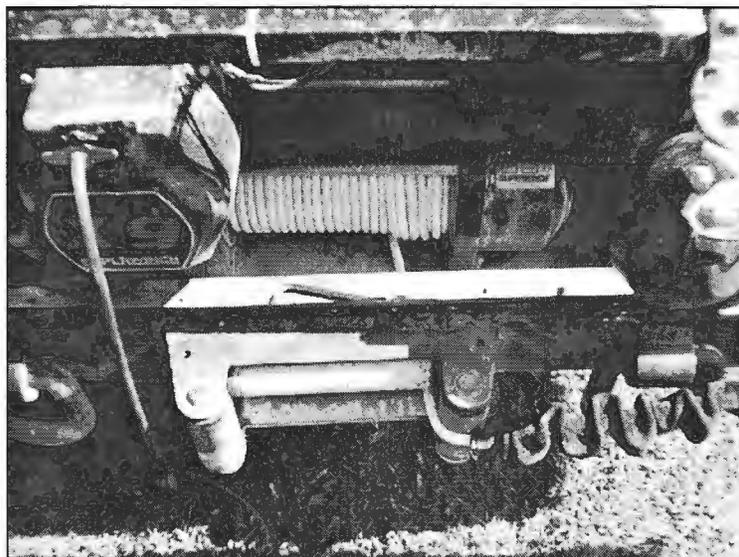
The winch works great, the cable and hook work great. But, I've been witness to when good winch cables go bad! A friend and his Jeep were helping a pickup that slid off an icy road. He let the owner of the truck hook the winch cable up and what we didn't see is that the guy wrapped the cable around the frame and put the hook back onto the cable. Big no-no. I had put my jacket over the winch line before we started winching, good thing. As tension was brought up, the winch line broke and it snapped back just a couple feet. No one was hurt but now the winch was useless. True, not the fault of the steel cable but, if I hadn't put my jacket down to absorb the backlash, who knows what could have happened.

From that experience, when I could afford it, I wanted a Kevlar rope on my new winch. I found a Master Pull brand, 100 feet of 5/16" line with safety hook for about \$250 US. I bought the chaff guard for the line as well. Putting this rope onto a Superwinch X9 was not as straight forward as I thought. I had to make a couple trips to the hardware store for a new metric bolt to replace the worm screw that was pinching the steel line onto the drum. After the end was connected, I spooled it on. Under some tension, I made nice even rows on the drum. I would still recommend wearing gloves when handling this rope, even though it can't cut you like a steel rope, it gets hot sliding through your hand.

The safety hook is very nice. There is no way it can accidentally open once you click it shut, very good quality.

My first real test for this new rope came in Wellsville, Ohio. I had made it down a very steep drop (barely!) and couldn't find an easy way back up so out with the winch cable. I was about to winch up a quite steep hill and the 1st thing I noticed about the new rope was that it was light! You get 100' of steel cable unspooled and walk up a hill to a tree and it gets heavy. Not so with the Kevlar stuff. I needed all the cable I had (except six wraps on the drum, of course.) I used a tree strop at the top to anchor and to make up the last few feet. The winching went as planned.





A steady pull right up the hill though I did stop a few times to cool things down as I only have a single battery setup. All was good with my new rope.

The second test was at this years Birthday Party. And I found a weakness of the rope. Myself, Martin Rothman and Bill Fishel went out for a little scouting trip and found a nice bog! I was the only one brave/foolhardy enough to try it so in I went. Not too far either. Out with the winch rope to pull me over a big log. I knew from reading about the new rope that it is to never gethot because it will melt. I didn't know how easily it would start to melt. I always freewheel out the rope when I'm winching but I engaged the clutch on the drum and got back into the truck. Through the winching process I needed to let some out so I powered out since I was sitting in the truck. Not much out either.

The brake system of a Superwinch X9 is in the drum and as you power out the drum heats up from the brake. Quickly. No problem with a steel cable.

When I got back to camp (never did make it over the log and Martin had to winch me backwards), I wanted to respool the rope evenly onto the drum. I unspooled all the rope to find that the first wrap on the drum had got singed and slightly melted. I was not happy. So, be warned, of all the pluses of this new rope, light weight, easier on the hands, it floats, no snap back when/if it breaks during winching but watch the heat situation.

I'll remove some of the end that got damaged when my winch has a new ride (I'm making a hybrid out of the RR) and continue to use it. I'll not be powering out again though. Maybe this would be OK with a Warn 8274 or another make but any Superwinch owner be wary of the heat produced by powering out.

NEWS FLASH!

I just found a rope that could be an answer to my only gripe about the Kevlar rope, it melts when it gets hot. I found another fibre rope called X-Line. From their web site: Heat resistance X-LineT has a decomposition temperature of 932°F . It can be used at 400°F for long periods of time. Even at 490°F, it maintains more than half of its tensile strength that was measured at room temperature. This is three times better than UHMWPE fibres currently in use and has been a major concern by winch manufactures regarding the use of fibre ropes. X-LineT solves this issue and provides a greater degree of safety. The UHMWPE is the type of rope I bought from Master Pull. Stands for Ultra High Molecular Weight Polyethylene Fibre. I think I might sell my rope and score one of these as I have the Superwinch X9 that get hot after powering out for over 10 seconds. I found the new rope at: <http://offroadonly.com>

Scooter 



by Bill Maloney

It was a dark cool morning that eleventh day of September as I left my brother's in Seabrook NH well before dawn on my way north to Bar Harbor for my annual fall getaway. The 88 started quickly on choke and settled down to a smooth hum after a few miles had passed. The whine of the overdrive was reassuring as the odometer rolled away as I cruised up 95. My thoughts were focused on the Genuine Land Rover speedometer in front of me that decided to pack it in the day before after turning only 7,500 miles. It seemed pretty frustrating, and the front hubs which I had so carefully sealed and reassembled a few days earlier were slinging oil too. But it was still going and stopping so it wasn't the end of the world by any means. After several hours the fuel gauge was closing in on empty and it was time for a fuel stop just north of Bangor. As I carefully directed the nozzle to minimize the splash back from the truck's filler screen, I mentioning how the beside themselves. It being in a mood to in-back on the road. I the coast at the visitor to pick up the latest for the park. I espe-tours around the park. speaking of a plane the World Trade Cen- think of all the folks on path. I fired up the 88 across Mount Desert to pulled into the motel lobby to check in. The hit both towers and the sounded too fantastic the towers themselves have been a few floors Unfortunately, when I with the TV on, I footage of the second the people leaping from tower after another together with all the inside was too hard to away. I felt guilty be- doing something so but there wasn't much family and making

I thought too, of my the Trade Center the to the other side of seen him since the the hard top to soft top swap on my 88 as the seasons changed and we had gone rowing on the lake early in the morning on weekends. Jeff was a good guy and one of the few I knew who could carry on a conversation about boats and cars and I missed having him in the neighborhood. I hoped he was OK and wondered about his wife and daughters. I shut down the TV and decided to sign up for one of the Ranger led beaver tours so I could be with some people and get my mind off of what was happening. Puzzlingly there was no answer at the Park office, so I headed down to the Harbor Master's office to see if he had any news. He did. The Park offices had been closed and barricaded and all tours had been cancelled. There wasn't much to do aside from taking a walk through town and getting some dinner. I passed a lot of stunned faces that afternoon. There wasn't a conversation that didn't include the attack. Wednesday morning I signed up for a sea kayaking tour. That had to be the most removed activity from all that was happening that anyone could think of. And it was fun, with birds and porpoises swimming and diving around us. And a Coast Guard cutter. I had never seen one in the harbor before. And I had never seen one ever without their 50 caliber Brownings wrapped in a canvas cover against the salt spray with crewmen at the ready.



overheard a pair of women people in NY must have been seemed puzzling to me, but not trude I paid my bill and got stopped again when I reached center to Mount Desert Island brochures and activity listings cially like the ranger guided The people in the center were that went down in NYC and hit ter. It was heart wrenching to that plane and anyone in its one more time to wind my way downtown Bar Harbor and parking lot and entered the staff said that two airliners had towers had collapsed. It to be real. There was no way could have collapsed. It must that crumpled along the side. began unpacking in my room learned it was very real. The plane crashing into the tower, the windows, and finally one pancaking down to the street people who must have still been take, yet too riveting to look ing so far from everything and frivolous as taking a vacation I could do aside from calling my sure they were OK with things.

friend Jeff who had worked in last time we spoke. He moved town a year earlier and I hadn't winter. Jeff had helped me do

As we paddled further out, I noticed a smaller Coast guard boat patrolling the outer island. Later that day a cruise ship pulled into the harbor. With the larger cutter slowly circling it, I was told afterwards that they were worried about the cruise ships being targets and with the airports and border crossings shut down stealing a boat would be about the only way to get out of the country. As I drove the 88 around the island over the next couple of days, I began noticing more and more American flags. Thursday night as I walked past the town center park with a friend I had made while kayaking the day before - a person I now hear from almost every day - I noticed a gathering of people and a folk guitarist singing This Land Was Made for You and Me. Most of the people had candles. And flags. In the center of the crowd was a gazebo. The guitarist finished and pastors and priests each got up and said a few words. A fireman spoke then asked for a moment of silence. A fire engine slowly circled the square with its lights flashing. The gathering ended with the crowd singing God Bless America. Then off in the distance a lone bugler played taps. There wasn't a person there who wasn't visibly moved.

Friday I snooped around town to try to buy a small flag to tie to the Land Rover. There is a Union Jack on the back but that wasn't quite enough. And strangely enough I had with me a small Canadian flag given me by Doc Watson many years ago but it didn't seem appropriate for the time. Flags were now everywhere. On mailboxes. Taped to fences. Sprouting from gardens. But you couldn't buy one in town. Or the next town. I hiked to the top of a mountain on the west side of the island. There at the top all alone was a small American flag supported in a pile of rocks flapping in the breeze. But you couldn't buy one. I even took my bike on a ferry out to Swan's Island and stopped at the General Store. They had sold out the day before. After a few days the folks who were stranded by the airline shutdown left the island, and the tourists who would replace them never came. I sat in a restaurant one night with one other table filled. The owner said he should be doing 50 tables that night and would have to close for the season if things didn't change. Unfortunately for him they didn't. I have to admit I did enjoy touring the island in the 88 with the much sparser traffic. Series Land Rovers are not well suited to stop and go. But I wished the reasons had been different. And I never did find a flag for sale while I was there.

It was a dry morning the day I left Bar Harbor. Then it began to rain just outside of Bangor. The first rain I had seen in two weeks. I knew the area desperately needed it as it was their driest summer on record. But a Series Land Rover in the rain with its little wipers and asthmatic defroster was anything but fun, but at least it was daylight. Fortunately I made it home to NJ without incident. The night I arrived home I was relieved to find Jeff had his number listed and gave him a ring. His daughter answered and hesitated when I asked for him. But she did take my name and number. His wife then called and my heart was in my mouth. She then told me that Jeff was OK and away on business. He had left the Trade Center a few months earlier. Fortunately, all those he worked with on the 23rd floor were able to make it out safely. I was awfully glad to hear it. 🚗



TALL TALES AND QUESTIONABLE ANTICS

JUNGLERUNNER, THE END OF THE EXPEDITION

by Jeff Willner

Junglerunner adventures from www.junglerunner.com

INDIA TO TURKEY



Golden Temple in Amritsar, India.

and ox carts - all packed within the margins of the narrow lane. Our speed slowed from 100 to 80, then 60, until we could barely make 40 km/h. The 300 km had become an eight-hour epic drive.

Never in the course of the entire expedition had I ever experienced anything like Indian driving. Everyone is so used to the congestion that they only offer a few inches of clearance which forces drivers to squeeze between oncoming cars and pedestrian traffic with almost no margin for error. My gut cramped up from the tension of coming so close to people. My gosh, two inches closer and they would be smashed flat by several tons of Land Rover. To make any kind of decent progress, the slow-moving trucks had to be passed. But of course the roads were too crowded to have any kind of reasonable space to do it. One had to just pull out gun it as hard as possible, and crowd the oncoming vehicle onto the shoulder. I figured out the process after we were forced off the road several times. Like an intense 3D video game, the action was unrelenting and we dodged disaster again and again. There was so much adrenaline in my stomach that I felt ill. And after five hours I was exhausted, slumped over the wheel with glazed eyes. Fortunately, Stacey had brought some supplies and after a power bar and Pepsi I perked up enough to press on for another three hours.

The next day in Varanasi we went for a dawn river tour. Almost immediately after pushing off onto the river, we came across the first funeral pyre. Pious Hindus who want their bodies to be purified after death are burned on the shores of the Ganges, ideally next to one of the more important temples, and their ashes are scattered in the water nearby. "Would you like to get a better view of the burning?" asked our guide. Alrighty. He said a few words to our boatman who proceeded to row us right up on the shore, only a few meters away from the fires. A gentle scent of barbeque wafted over and Stacey had to look away. Are they really burning bodies on there I wondered? It seemed so completely out of context, so far from reality that it was hard to grasp. I looked closely at the stack of logs. Yep, there are the feet. That is definitely a body! (if you look in the picture at the man on the left, look down, just on top of the pile of wood . . . those are dead body feet.)

In retrospect, I think we did India backward. It would have been much better to ease into the subcontinent via Delhi, see some more accessible sights and work up to the hard core stuff. But we came south from Nepal and it made the most sense to see Varanasi first. Varanasi. Holy city of the river Ganges, the mother river, most pure, of pilgrims bathing on temple steps . . . and bodies burning on the shore right beside them.

We covered more than 300 kilometres in about four hours on our way to the border of Nepal. There was another 300 left to drive after we crossed the border into India. We had lunch. No worry, plenty of time. But I hadn't expected the humanity, the sheer mass of humanity. On our map the road to Varanasi was a major highway. Evidently in the province of Uttar Pradesh a major highway was a two-lane road teeming with cars, trucks, cows, goats, dogs, pedestrians, scooters, rickshaws, bicyclists, beggars, farmers, families, playing children



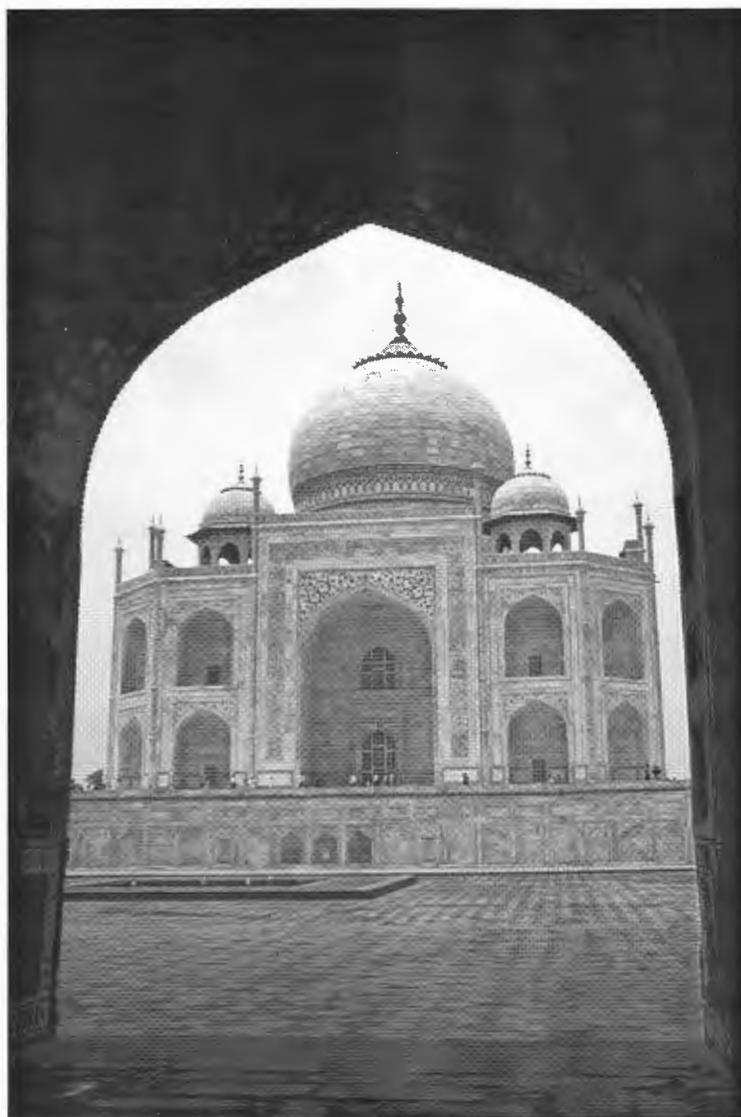
Funeral pyre.

Still reeling from the surreal image of burning bodies, we were rowed up the river toward more temple steps. A white cloth bundle floated past the boat. I looked at the guide. Is that a . . . ? "It is a dead baby," he said matter of factly. Oh nausea, take me now. "Oh, oh, another dead person," Sally pointed. Sure enough, a man was floating in the water, only his knees and head sticking out. It was like he had died while sitting on an easy chair, stiffened up, and just got heaved into the river. "Let's go closer and see," the indomitable Sally said brightly. "I don't think that's a good idea!" "Why not," she turned to me, "he has socks on." "Sal, that's not socks. He has been in the water for a while and the skin has peeled off his shins" I explained. "Off his head too," I added helpfully. Even Sally was quiet for that.

It took two days, driving six hours per day, to cover the 600km from Varanasi to Agra. Clenched teeth and suicidal passes straight into oncoming traffic, one long game of chicken. Halfway through one town on the first day of driving I didn't quite get my two inches of clearance from a passing tuk tuk and the Land Rover bumper put a gouge into its side. I'm not sure how bad it was, there was a bump as we passed and I just kept on going. We had been cautioned not to stop if we were in an accident. Demands for money could turn violent. Though as night fell it was the weather that turned violent. Dust blew fiercely across the road then bursts of rain pelted down. Tree branches whipped past us. Most of the traffic had pulled off or been blown off the road. 'Jeff pull over!' 'What? Just when there is no traffic on the road?!' Women can be so illogical - especially a truck full of three women. Two massive trees fell across the road blocking traffic for kilometres down the road, but we simply passed the line, rumbled across some fields and climbed some massive banks to get around the obstacles. No waiting for a Defender.

India turned kinder and gentler in Agra. Impossibly hyped and almost a complete cliché, the Taj Mahal still impressed. Breezy weather with a light rain to cool the air, it was a great day to wander and go picture happy. Dazzlingly white in the warm morning light and every bit a wonder of the world, the Taj Mahal deserves its billing. Outside of town we stopped at Fatepur Sikri, a deserted town that was built as the perfect city by a powerful Raj, it was deserted shortly after his death because of a chronic shortage of water. Left alone for centuries, today it is a preserved window into history, and another of the amazing stops of the trip. Crossing into the province of Rajasthan the weather turned hot and the landscape melted into desert. Inhospitable terrain meant less traffic and we made good time to Jaipur.

Between a light brush with food poisoning, some needed truck repairs, obtaining our Iranian visas, and desperately seeking an easy stint of cushy living, the rest of our stay in India was pretty unremarkable. It's odd. The worst experiences make the best stories. But I would hate to leave you with the wrong impression of India. From Jaipur to Delhi and north from there to Amritsar on the border of Pakistan we traveled on nice four lane highways, and even stopped in at a roadside McDonalds for coffee and pie. Pizza Hut and dessert at Baskin Robbins in Jaipur was an indulgent touch of home. An incredibly accommodating manager at our restaurant negotiated a hefty discount for us at a nearby posh hotel in relaxed and urbane downtown Delhi. The Land Rover dealership squeezed us into their crowded shop and fixed our broken a/c for free. There are no Big Macs at McDonalds in Delhi (I tried a Chicken Maharajah instead) but the service is still with a smile. When we were lost, directions were always given with polite concern. And the never-ending search for good hostels uncovered one of the true gems of the entire trip in Amritsar - Mrs. Bhandari's Guesthouse.



The McDonalds in Delhi. No, not really.

(continued on next page)



A couple of Pakistani truck drivers and their colourful steed.

“Are you mental?!” That was one of the more charitable comments I got back when I told a select few friends and family about our plans to drive from India through Pakistan at the height of the nuclear war crisis. “Jeffrey!” my mom said (and she only calls me Jeffrey when I’m in trouble,) “Having you safe and alive is more important than some daft goal of driving around the world.” Ok, she didn’t say “daft” but that’s what she meant.

But the bottom line was that we were stuck. From research and other expeditions we had heard about the infamous Customs officials at Indian ports. Budget at least two weeks and expect to shell out a lot of “facilitation fees” a friend confided. He entered India with his Land Rover at the same time as a fellow adventurer with a motorcycle. After weeks of hassle the guy with the motorcycle finally lost it in a Customs office. “Keep the bloody motorcycle. I’ve had it! I’m going back to England you bunch of . . .” “With only three weeks left before I had to start work, the prospect of spending days and weeks in sweltering dusty offices waiting out the bureaucracy was as attractive as a kidney transplant. Besides, a quick transit of Pakistan would only take a few days. What could happen in a few days?

The border crossing from India into Pakistan wasn’t encouraging. We were the only people in the cavernous processing hall (though it still took two hours for the Indian Customs officials to finish our paperwork - I shudder to think of crossing during normal traffic). I chatted briefly with the Pakistan border guards on the other side. “I hope there isn’t a war. That would be tragic.” “What do you mean?” the lieutenant replied puzzledly, “We are ready for war, we want war, we will win great victory!” I wanted to shake him. Nobody wins at war! It is a strategy of madmen with short-term vision.

Think of the conflicts of this century, what was the ultimate fate of the aggressor? Even the heroic independence struggles of the former colonies yielded a crop of mostly rapacious leaders who economically enslaved their own people. But he was a very large man with a Commando badge on his uniform so I just wished him well with the carnage and bloodshed.

Sally and Stacey were pissing me off. We had several conversations about the travel plan and I had been adamant. First of all, I would have preferred it if they had just flown to Turkey and I would meet them there - but they refused (which I secretly had to respect). So I offered a compromise. “When we get to Pakistan let’s just drive hard, find a good hotel with guarded parking so nobody messes with the Land Rover, and stay inside.” “What? Don’t be an idiot! We aren’t going to sit inside a hot truck all day and then sit inside a hotel room all night. We want to see the sights and meet the people.” “The ‘people’ just exploded a bomb outside the Sheraton in Karachi!!” I shot back exasperated. They shrugged, “Whatever.” Women: can’t live with them, pass the beer nuts.

So shortly after arriving in Lahore and finding a hotel, we set off by scooter taxi to see the “sights.” Despite one incident of rock throwing by some kids, we actually didn’t feel uncomfortable at all. When we arrived at the Lahore Fort gate and paid for our tickets to see the fort, a young man sprang off a stool and offered to be our guide. Normally we would never pay for a guide, between our Lonely Planet guide and posted tourist signs it was easy enough to figure things out. But he was so dejected when we said no, “Please, please, I have not led a tourist group since September 11, nine months ago!” Fair enough. We can afford the two bucks.

He was an excellent guide who had clearly been doing it for a while but during the course of our tour confided that he would probably have to go back to school and get another degree so he could do something else. For three years the tourism trade had been almost nonexistent and with all the troubles he didn’t know how much longer things would stay bad. I asked him about the looming war, did he think there would be trouble. “Inshallah (god

willing) no. But maybe there would be. A bad business. War is not a good thing." I felt sorry for him and felt a bit better about his comment. Maybe the country wasn't chock full of warmongers and radicals.

We woke up early the next morning for the long drive up the Quetta in northern Pakistan, near the Afghanistan border. Of all the places on our itinerary, Quetta posed the most danger. After the end of the war in Afghanistan many of the remaining Taliban fighters melted into the rocky hills in that region to shelter amongst their fellow Pashtun clansmen. It was a blistering ly hot day and the air-conditioning in the truck couldn't keep up with the heat. Despite the good roads, intersections were not very well marked and I lost the main road twice.

This may be a good time to point out that we were doing the trip with a grossly inaccurate atlas that I had been given free prior to the trip, and our Lonely Planet guidebook maps. No GPS, no Pakistan map, not even a compass. There is no logical reason why I didn't just buy a functioning GPS unit during one of the breaks in the trip when I was back in Canada, but I didn't. Call it pride. Call it frugality. Call it boneheaded stupidity. Anyway, there we were in Pakistan with no real map, relying on the tried and true method of stopping to ask every couple dozen kilometers whether we were on the right road. It turned out that local custom is to agree with whatever you say. "Is this the right road to Quetta?" "Yes." We got smart after some bad answers and changed the question. "Where is the road to Quetta?" A bit of a pause. "That way!" We didn't realize that it was also very impolite to say "I don't know." How much more accommodating to just guess. Perfect.

So we were hours behind schedule, hot, very tired, and really really hoping to get into Quetta and into a hotel before dark when the road abruptly climbed out of the desert into the rugged cliffs. No more 120km/h driving, we wouldn't make it before dark, but I still pressed hard on the corners hoping to minimize our time on the road at night. "You know," said Stacey, "Before we came out here I had these visions of Taliban snipers hiding in desolate mountain passes, and this scenery is exactly what I had imagined." Then literally seconds later as we rounded a corner there was a metallic pop, grinding, and the truck stopped moving. We had broken down in the worst possible place.

I tried slipping the clutch but there was only a harsh rasp from the rear. Almost immediately a couple of lorries inching down the hill pulled over, the drivers jumped out and ran over. The best we could do was crude sign language but after ten minutes or so they were able to spot the problem. It wasn't the transmission as I had feared, it was more likely the rear transfer case. They offered us a tow back to Sibi, a town we had just passed about twenty kilometres back, but realizing it was only the transfer case I was able to engage the differential lock. We could move, but only with power from the front wheels, and only at 30km/h. I turned to the truck drivers who had managed to scrounge a tow rope from the back of their truck. We will drive on to Quetta, a bigger town with more mechanics, but 85km away. Solemnly the lead driver put his hand on my shoulder, touched his heart, and shook my hand. A touching gesture of comradeship. 'Go with God' he was saying.

It was a nerve wracking slow drive for the rest of the night. Slowly, too slowly, we inched through the mountain pass. Near the summit I noticed double flashes coming from the slope. Bandits? Terrorists? Sally noticed the lights after awhile. "Oh my gosh, what is that." I tried to be breezy, no worries, just soldiers, no big deal. Even so, I felt a dark vice tighten around my gut. Too fast for the machinery but too slow for comfort, we sped down the backside of the mountain into Quetta. After an hour of searching we managed to find a good hotel. The night guard ran a mirror underneath the truck twice checking for bombs. Welcome to the northern frontier.

How will we be able to repair a rear transfer case in northern Pakistan? "No problem Mr. Jeff," I was assured by the hotel chauffer the next morning, "I will show you a good garage." "No, no, not a good garage, I want a Land Rover dealer. You understand, an experienced mechanic!" Visions of a bad patch repair coming undone in the middle of the vast Baluchistan desert swam through my head. "No problem, good garage, very good mechanics!" We wound past the main bazaar into the narrow alleys lined with crumbling shops. My heart sank. Turn here, yes, this is it. "No I want an experienced mechanic!" "Yes, very good mechanic" he smiled. They swept the dirt off a peeling bench. I waved it away, no thanks I would like to watch the work. Within seconds they had the rear wheel caps off, the dripping axles pulled out, then the cover off the transfer case. Tea came and I settled down, they seemed to know their stuff. Sure enough they spotted a stripped gear. Together with the chauffer and mechanic, I prowled the scrap yards hoping against hope that we could find a replacement. And we did. All in, it took a couple hours and less than \$50 to make a complete repair. That's the beauty of a Land Rover, spare parts and decent mechanics all over the world.

It was a quick drive the next day. Decently paved road through the western desert, a nice meal at a small town hotel, and a leisurely transit through customs and immigration at the border over several cups of tea. I crossed into Iran with mixed feelings. Happy to be back under insurance cover, pleased that we had dodged serious trouble, but a bit sad that I hadn't had the opportunity to see more of the country. It would be nice to be able to visit without risking life and limb, not many folks are willing to take the chance. But mark it down for future reference. Pakistan is worth a visit.

(continued on next page)

IRAN



The ancient city of Persepolis, Iran.

Persia. I had been looking forward to visiting it for years. Even as the appeal of the trip was fading through the rough sections of western China and the toll of nine months of rough travel was wearing hard on me, I still looked forward to Iran. The ancient city of Persepolis, grand mosques, the main square of Esfahan which was said to rival Venice in sheer grandeur, there were so many things to look forward to. A free-spirited friend of mine who regularly quit his law profession to wander the world had sent me a postcard from Iran years ago, raving about the friendliness of the people and the beauty of the country. I was definitely ready for some friendliness and beauty.

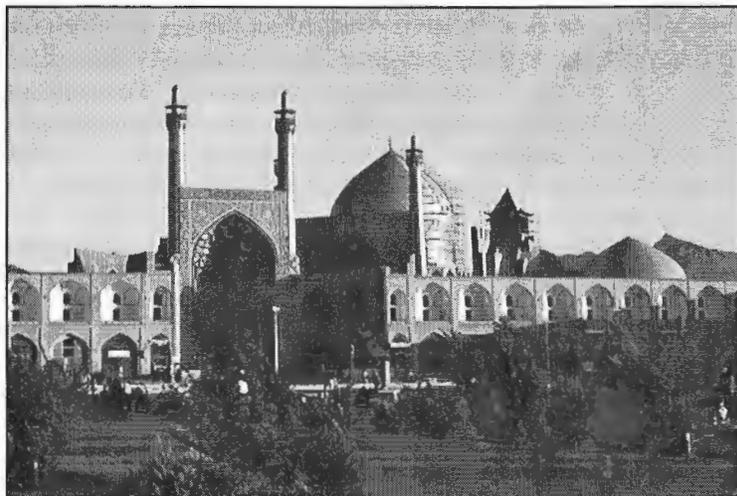
And our trip started well. The border guards processed us quickly and we were across the border into the eastern desert on a beautifully smooth highway, driving on the right-hand side of the road again. One of the first things that struck me about the country is how middle class it seemed. And I mean that in the best possible sense. Clean city centres, grassy medians, modern infrastructure, it was no third world country. We wandered through the downtown of the first big town looking for a place to stay and shopping the hotels was quite straightforward. The decent ones had signs in Arabic and English, the clerks spoke English, and the amenities were right up to western standards (if you didn't count the squat toilets.)

Sally and Stacey had to wear head scarves. We had done some reading on the Internet and in our guide book prior to entering Iran to make sure we would be sensitive to the local customs - but we made a critical mistake. Headscarves and long pants were fine for Pakistan but in Iran a woman was half naked if she wasn't wearing an overcoat type robe. The closer we got to the northeast (near Tehran) the more we noticed the

stares. At first we just didn't understand the problem. But it became clear very quick that every other woman in sight was wearing a coat. Unfortunately one drawback of driving hard is there is precious little time for shopping - so we decided to just press on.

The fortress of Bam is a mountain of backed clay battlements protecting a lush oasis in the middle of the desert. Thousands of palm trees fringed the fort walls, gradually petering out into the baking hot rock. It was easy to see how the fabled Silk route acquired its mystique. Tracing the silk route backward we went up into the hills toward Persepolis, ancient city of the Babylonians and testament to the grandeur of the crescent kingdoms. Further to the east we finally arrived in Esfahan.

City of poets, grand squares, hundreds of fountains, and long arched bridges spanning its massive river, Esfahan was legendary a thousand years ago. The on again-off again capital of the Persian empire (Iran) it was gifted with architecturally ambitious kings. At the heart of the city is the main square with two of the most striking mosques in the world, a long reflecting fountain, and a complete arcade of shops selling all sorts of wonderful items. I bought three little pictures inscribed on genuine camel bone for just over \$20. Stacey bought two



Masjid-i-Shah Mosque in Esfahan, Iran

carpets for more than \$4,000. My mind boggled. "You wait and see, when we get home this will seem like a real deal!" Thank god she makes her own money.

It wasn't cheap to tour Iran. The oil economy means there are plenty of people with money and the tourist trade was booming just with the locals. But one place we saved a mint was on the diesel. It's a huge country, over 3000km to transit, and we had to fill the tanks a few times. After pumping 80 litres into the tank at the first station I asked the attendant for the price (there was no meter on the pump). "Oh, that's about 8,000." I stopped, puzzled. "You mean 80,000?" "No, 8,000." I paid and jumped in the truck. Sally was doing expenses and asked the amount. I told her. She didn't believe me. "Jeff, are you telling me you just paid \$2.20 for 80 litres of diesel?!!" Yep. Gotta love that oil economy.

Unfortunately on our last day in Esfahan Stacey and Sally were doing some sightseeing and a guy tried to grab Sally's purse. Not being a shrinking violet, she hung on and tried to get a few swift kicks in. He dragged her to the pavement but took off as soon as she started yelling for the police. To their credit the Iranian police were very very upset about the whole thing. But the snide comments about their clothes, the occasional wandering hand from a randy young buck, and then the mugging were about enough for Sally's tolerance. "I've had it with this country," she said, "let's get to Turkey." And almost as if they sensed our mood, four different individuals tried to rip us off on our way to the border. It really was an unfortunate way to end our visit. I hope to visit Iran again. There have been too many wonderful reviews for it to be as bad as all that. And the mystery of Persia still sings in my imagination.



Goodbye to Sally.

THE LAST DAYS

Coming back to Turkey was like coming home. It really is like Europe Lite. Hotels with toilet seats, restaurants with buffets, and pop and chips at the gas station (though we missed Iran's two cent per litre diesel.) As we neared Cappadocia I got more and more excited. Eight months earlier I had come north from Syria through Cappadocia to Istanbul. We were about to close the loop. An entire westward circuit of the globe! Maybe we will have an accident just 100km away, or the truck will have some catastrophic breakdown. Mad images were spinning in my head and I slowed down just in case. Fifty kilometres away, then twenty. And finally we were there, Kayseri, Turkey - the around the world expedition was complete. Everything else was denouement, just the process of going home.

Sally left us in Goreme to fly back to Australia. There were some misty eyes and quite a few hugs. She and I had done the whole trip together. From the very first days in Victoria Falls, the long trip north from Cape Town to Cairo, through the Middle East, Eastern Europe, Scandianvia, back down to Spain. From Rio to Tierra del Fuego, and by public transport after our horrific accident up to Quito. SE Asia, China, and the long drive back to Turkey.

In 13 months we drove just over 78,000km through 57 countries.

Stacey and I drove from Turkey to the UK in the next week, but for me the expedition ended in Goreme. As Sally got on the overnight bus to Istanbul I turned to say something to the ticket agent and before I knew it the bus had pulled out of the parking lot. Running across the lot I dashed onto the road to wave goodbye.

See ya Sal, it was a heck of a trip.
For the complete adventures of Junglerunner visit the expedition website: www.junglerunner.com



Jeff and Stacey at trips end.

EFFIN ADA GETS FARMED OUT

by Mike Rooth

So. Effin Ada was actually *delivered* to the farm. And there it sat for a week. The gearbox sounded like a straight cut 'box in every gear bar top. That, I thought, must not be allowed to continue. The original wheels came with it. All four of them. Think about it. You cant? Four. One at each corner like on a horse, right? With me so far? And one inside? Nope. So Pete gave me a wheel. S'right. Gave. Gobsmaeked I was. They all got rubbed down and got a coat of paint. And no,in case you are getting a trifle worried here, I *didnt* buy any paint. I had some left over,and I didnt pay for that either. So there. Better now? Next, trip to the tyre place. Have you ever tried to communicate to a tyrefitter that you want five 205R16 tyres on the wheels in the back,then you want the wheels with new tyres on the Land Rover,and the wheels currently *on* the Land Rover in the back? No? My advice, free. Dont. Wheels and tyres changed I could now get Ada under the crossbar on my gates. Just. As Al Richer found out, nearly at the expense of his fingers. Ask him. I booked her in at The Lads for a gearbox overhaul (yes Dixon, I *know* that it may have lasted for ever, but you didnt hear it). Serious operation on the wallet that. Yes, you may faint, just do it tidily in a corner. Now, there was the small matter of the ride.(This by the way,was solved before anything else.) I noticed while parking in the local council carpark, head out of window, as you do, that the O/S rear wheel gave a strange little kick.Being almost totally thick (and there no need to agree*quite* so enthusiastically,) I didnt give it much thought. Until I got home.Whereupon I pulled back the red lever,and up popped the yellow knob....The silly woman had been driving round in 4WD. Some mothers do 'ave em.*That* improved things no end. So there I was. Late S111 diesel, power brakes, two speed self parking wipers, 90 door seals, no leaks, water in *or* oil out. Luxury. It couldnt last.It didnt. 

AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS CONTEST!

NO, REALLY.

So, what do you think Effin Ada looks like? Draw us a picture! We'll run the best ones along with Mike's reports. Actually, we'll probably run every entry. But you can tell your friends and family that you won.

This contest is open to everyone who can draw without eating all the crayons. Please submit drawings to Shannon Lee Mannion. Entries can be in any format, but if it's painted on the side of a building you only have to give us the address.



Going through the mud pit wasn't hard enough. Louis-Phillipe appears to be in reverse while the onlookers are mesmerized. (Kevin Willey)