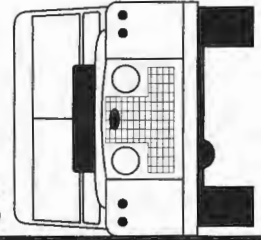


OTTAWA
VALLEY
**LAND
ROVERS**



SEPTEMBER 2003

WWW.OVLR.ORG

VOLUME XX, NUMBER VIII

HELL HATH NO FURY THAN A WOMAN SCORNE ... HURRICANE ISABEL GETS HER WAY!



(submitted by Peter McGough)



PO Box 36055, 1318 WELLINGTON STREET
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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: Canadians joining throughout the year pay \$35CDN per year, Americans and others pay \$30US per year. Membership is valid for one year.

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SUBMISSIONS DEADLINE

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

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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 Street, 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 OVLN 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 OVLN newsletter reserves the right to edit any submitted material for space and content considerations. Articles, statements, and opinions appearing in the OVLN newsletter do not necessarily reflect the position of the officers, board of directors, members of the OVLN, 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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ONLINE

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

RADIO FREQUENCIES

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

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

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

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HEY MAN, WHAT'S GOING ON?

OVLR 2003 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Socials

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

October 2003

October TBA Frame Oiler, back by popular demand.
We'll send out an email and/or phone members when we have a date firmed up.

December 2003

OVLR Christmas Party.

January 2004

Annual General Meeting, the coldest night of the year, Ottawa.

WELCOME NEW MEMBER

Ian McCallum of Stittsville with a 1995 LWB Range Rover

HELLO EVERYONE

OVLR has made the cover of LRM, the first North American edition, with further coverage of the Birthday Party inside. For those who were there, hurry out and check it out – for those who missed it, go get one to see what you missed.

On the lighter side it appears that most of the North East was wired with Lucas electrics, off, flicker and dim :-)

*Have a good one.
Kevin Willey
Da Prez*

HUMOUR

A WEE BIT-O-FUNNY STOLEN FROM A LIST SERVER

submitted by Kevin Willey

Hammer:

Originally employed as a weapon of war, the hammer now a days is used as a kind of divining rod to locate expensive car parts not far from the object we are trying to hit.

Mechanic's Knife:

Used to open and slice through the contents of cardboard cartons delivered to your front door; works particularly well on boxes containing soft tops or seat covers.

Electric Hand Drill:

Normally used for spinning steel pop rivets in their holes until you die of old age, but it also works great for drilling rollbar mounting holes in the floor just above the brake line that goes to the rear axle.

Hacksaw:

One of a family of cutting tools built on the Ouija board principle. It transforms human energy into a crooked, unpredictable motion, and the more you attempt to influence its course, the more dismal your future becomes.

Vice-Grips:

Used to round off bolt heads. If nothing else is available, they can also be used to transfer intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.

Oxyacetylene Torch:

Used almost entirely for lighting those stale garage cigarettes you keep hidden in the back of the Whitworth socket drawer (what wife would think to look in there?) because you can never remember to buy lighter fluid for the Zippo lighter.

Zippo Lighter:

See oxyacetylene torch.

Whitworth Sockets:

Once used for working on older British cars and motorcycles, they are now used mainly for hiding six-month-old ciggies from the sort of person who would throw them away for no good reason.

Drill Press:

A tall upright machine useful for suddenly snatching flat metal bar stock out of your hands so that it smacks you in the chest and flings your beer across the room, splattering it against the Rolling Stones poster over the bench grinder.

Hydraulic Floor Jack:

Used for lowering a sports car to the ground after you have installed a set of Motor sports lowered road springs, trapping the jack handle firmly under the front air dam.

Eight-Foot Long Douglas Fir 2x4:

Used for levering a car upward off a hydraulic jack.

Tweezers:

A tool for removing wood splinters.

Phone:

Tool for calling your neighbour Chris to see if he has another hydraulic floor jack.

Snap-On Gasket Scraper:

Theoretically useful as a sandwich tool for spreading mayonnaise; used mainly for getting dog-doo off your boot.

E-Z Out Bolt and Stud Extractor:

A tool that snaps off in bolt holes and is ten times harder than any known drill bit.

Timing Light:

A stroboscopic instrument for illuminating grease build-up on crankshaft pulleys.

Two-Ton Hydraulic Engine Hoist:

A handy tool for testing the tensile strength of ground straps and hydraulic clutch lines you may have forgotten to disconnect.

Craftsman 1/2 x 16-Inch Screwdriver:

A large motor mount prying tool that inexplicably has an accurately machined screwdriver tip on the end without the handle.

Battery Electrolyte Tester:

A handy tool for transferring sulphuric acid from car battery to the inside of your toolbox

(continued on page 5)

WE REMEMBER OUR FRIEND

ANDY GRAHAM

(1945 – 2003)

by Shannon Lee Mannion

Andy Graham and I attended the same high school but it wasn't until students and staff held a 30-35 year reunion that I realized it. Like Andy, I grew up in Ottawa and attended Hillcrest High School in the late-sixties, early seventies. By the time I started Grade Nine, Andy had left for greener pastures. I don't know why I hadn't put it together that our footsteps might have crossed or at least, I was pitter-pattering behind him. Up until his untimely death in May of this year, he lived on Chapman Street just around the corner from the school, hunkered in the bunker of his parents' basement ... but I never thought that he'd lived there when he was a teenager!

How I discovered that Andy and I shared the same alma mater is when a former student and friend of Andy's, Don Gunn of Victoria, BC left a message on the reunion bulletin board on the memorial page. Don wrote:

Andy was one of the original group of students who transferred over from Ridgemont



for Grade 11 when Hillcrest opened in 1961. He graduated from "Grade 14" in 1965. He was a real character and was involved with everything from football to drama. His real fiefdom was the auditorium where he ran the technician's club.

Andy died this past May after a car accident in Toronto.

I attended Andy's funeral, along with many other members from OVLR, and we knew Andy had been in a single vehicle accident as he returned to his hotel from a air plane meet that he'd been at. Perhaps his car went off the road as a result of a heart attack or perhaps he was overly-tired. No one will ever know.

At the well-attended funeral, Peter, Andy's younger and only sibling, read a touching eulogy that showed just how proud he'd been to be shadowed by his big brother, bigger not just age-wise but in spirit, friendliness and, not the least, size. Once you met Andy Graham, you never forgot him; it'd be hard to forget such a gentle giant of a man.

On behalf of all the members of the Ottawa Valley Land Rover Club, our sincere condolences to the Graham family and to his good friends Robin Craig and his daughter, Thea, and to Marilyn Wrightsell aka Pitsie, Andy's OVLR Christmas Party friend.

A WEE BIT-O-FUNNY *(continued from page 4)*

after determining that your battery is dead as a doornail, just as you thought.

Aviation Metal Snips:

See hacksaw.

Trouble Light:

The mechanic's own tanning booth. Sometimes called a droplight, it is a good source of vitamin D, "the sunshine vitamin," which is not otherwise found under cars at night. Health benefits aside, its main purpose is to consume 40-watt light bulbs at about the same rate that 105mm howitzer shells might be used during, say, the first few hours of the Battle of the Bulge. More often dark than

light, its name is somewhat misleading.

Phillips Screwdriver:

Normally used to stab the lids of old-style paper-and-tin oil cans and splash oil on your shirt; can also be used, as the name implies, to round off Phillips screw heads.

Air Compressor:

A machine that takes energy produced in a coal-burning powerplant 200 miles away and transforms it into compressed air that travels by hose to a Chicago Pneumatic impact wrench that grips rusty suspension bolts last tightened 40 years ago by someone in Abingdon, Oxfordshire, and rounds them off.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

by Robin Craig

McDERMOTT TO DRIVE A DISCOVERY!
That got your attention eh?! While shooting the breeze at the baseball diamond the other night with another parent, the subject of the new Land Rover Discovery came up, he asked me about what I thought of it and if he could get one here in Ottawa. From what he has seen of it he says that he is pretty sure that he will buy one. His name is Steve McDermott, hence the opening sentence!

This month has been very busy for me, although still not back at work full time I am doing so many other projects that it seems incredible that I ever had the time to work in the first place.

By the time you all read this newsletter I will be in Mississauga for the official launch of the much awaited Discovery on Wednesday the 18th of this month. Those of us attending the launch will be given an opportunity to drive the Discovery and the other two members of the Land Rover product line the Range Rover and Defender 90. In next months newsletter I'll let you know how it all went.

While talking to Land Rover Canada Inc. about the launch I got to thinking about what could be done to help them. After some frantic phone calls Andy graham and I decided to offer the loan of our joint toy collection to Land Rover for the event. This little project has taken up quite a bit of time in getting the whole lot together and deciding which one to take and what stays. Andy joked that perhaps we should take this one the road as a travelling road show. No sooner had he talked than we got the news that the display cases into which this lot is

going will not be finished in time. So now we are making a travelling display to show the over 250 different Land Rovers and over 40 Range Rovers that we have between us.

Have you all seen the discovery adverts that are running on the US TV channels? Classic Camel Trophy shots of Discoveries bouncing climbing swimming through and over all kinds of terrain. It is good to see the event has a purpose to it now and does lasting good in the areas that it passes through. This was a theme that was apparent also in the trip Land Rover in the US were keen to get across to a number of journalists when they took them to Belize to test the Discovery.

Here is a touch of humour since, in case you didn't know, we are considered to be the most serious newsletter that is around in these parts. What could have been the LUCAS factory motto? Perhaps "A good days work and home before dark!". Yep, has a certain ring about it doesn't it.

There is a new book on the horizon, co produced by Messrs Taylor and Morrison of Land Rover Owner fame the title will be "Modern Military Land Rovers". Due out in the fall sometime and will cover a wide variety of the species. Review when I get a copy.

That's all for this month.

Robin Craig

Reprinted from the Ottawa Valley Land Rovers newsletter, May 1994

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THESE CORRECTIONS IN FROM ROBIN CRAIG, OUR CORRESPONDENT IN THE FIELD:

Robin writes that our last newsletter requires these corrections.

In the new members you had Shaun Murray listed. It is actually Sean and he is an existing member.

Second, the 101FC ambulance shown as mine is actually his and the one at the RTV is his as well not Ben's. (Ed. Does this mean that the Rolls-Royce, Mercedes and the Jag weren't yours as well?)

LAND ROVER TRIP

FROM GOOSE BAY, LABRADOR TO OTTAWA

JULY 10-14, 2003

by Robert St-Louis, OVL R Member

When people asked me what I was doing for my holidays and I told them I was flying up to Goose Bay, Labrador to buy and drive back a 16-year-old Land Rover truck, their reactions generally fell in two categories, (1) disbelief and a certain quizzical look at me, as if they were finding out something they had never known existed in me and (2) envy and a sense of shared excitement at the adventure I was going to embark on. I must admit that until the day arrived, I also questioned what I was doing, and why. This self-doubt would pass quickly, as I was generally very excited at the thought that (1) I was acquiring what sounded like a very nice Land Rover 110 specimen, and (2) that I would be traveling through remote and interesting landscapes in driving it back the 21,050 kms that separated Goose Bay from my home in Ottawa (half of that distance being on gravel roads of varying degrees of quality).

For several months, I had been actively looking for a diesel long-wheel base four-wheel drive vehicle. It seemed to be the type of vehicle best-suited to my personal preferences and general vehicle ownership and maintenance philosophies. My search had focused mainly on the Land Cruiser diesel wagons of the mid-80's, but getting a good specimen is rather hard in Eastern Canada where these trucks have usually become victims of rust from winter road salt. Also, they generally show high mileage, 300,000 kms being rather typical.

Additionally, parts are expensive for these trucks, whenever something fails on them. And yet, they are well-built, reasonably simple and durable vehicles that fit my criteria of a comfortable long-distance driving vehicle capable of carrying a lot of gear and giving reasonable fuel consumption.

Some time ago, I got a chance to drive a Defender 90 that was for sale locally and though it was right-hand drive, the comfortable drive and smooth transmission contrasted nicely with the few earlier Series specimens that I had had a chance to ride in in years past. Although it had a nice 200tdi diesel engine, its short-wheel base detracted me from considering it any further.

It was my good fortune to come upon this particular specimen while perusing the online list of Land Rovers for sale at the Land Rover Exchange. I saw the 1987 Land Rover 110 advertised on an online buy-and-sell site dedicated to Land Rover vehicles. It has low mileage and had been used and maintained by the RAF at the Goose Bay air force base. Recently, it had been bought from the base by someone whose wife wanted no part of it, forcing him to re-sell it quickly.

The 110 was fitted with a 2.5L non-turbo diesel engine (a plus for me) and had recently passed a mechanical/safety inspection which made me comfortable that it would make the long trek back home (not a trivial matter, as half the return trip is in very remote areas, where towns are hours apart and there is little traffic). The vehicle had been used principally by RAF pilots off duty, to take them fishing and to other outdoor activities close to Goose Bay. It had apparently been only seldom used in the winter, where is mostly sat parked in a hangar. The vehicle had supposedly been well maintained by the RAF mechanics who took care of the fleet of military vehicles on the base. In recent years, the RAF had scaled back its deployment of personnel to the base and I assume this led them to the decision to sell the truck which was seeing reduced usage.

Best of all, the price was not out of my reach (which is usually the case for this generation of Land Rovers), and I was able to negotiate an even better price. Someone from Montreal had apparently put a deposit on it previously, but had to desist as he was about to be laid-off from his work.

After my telling my friend about it, she said that she would accompany me for the trip. I was very glad that I would have pleasant company and moral support but since she could not drive a standard I would have to contend with the driving myself. We both looked forward to embarking on this little adventure together. We secured a flight with a discount airline and were soon on our way on the morning of July 8, arriving in Goose Bay around noon. We were met by the owner at the airport though our checked in baggage unfortunately had gone missing. (Because of a similarity in coding, our bags wound up in Vancouver, and had to be shuttled back across the country via St-John's, Nfld over the next couple of days – I will spare you the angst that this put us through, the numerous phone calls that we placed everywhere to find out what was happening to our bags). It was essential that we have the baggage before leaving, as it contained (among other things) all my tools and spare parts for the trip (to deal with potential breakdowns along deserted stretches of Labrador or Quebec roads which fortunately, I did not get to use other than to make a few slight field repairs).

We were given a couple of hours to test drive the truck and look everything over I had brought a detailed checklist and we determined that most everything was in working condition, and the truck seemed in very good condition (other than a few dents here and there). It really seemed to be worth what I was paying for it, so we then met up

with the owner and effected the transfer of ownership and cash. The licence bureau issued me a trip permit for the return trek, and we left with my new Land Rover 110. As indicated previously, we could not leave Goose Bay right away as we still had to wait for the baggage to arrive (including two Rubbermaid containers filled with parts, supplies, and tools that I had painstakingly put together for the trip.)

On Thursday morning, our baggage finally arrived. We bought final provisions for the road (including a bottle hydraulic jack since I did not trust the onboard Land Rover old jack, and a used large tire-iron cross, which I was fortunate to buy from a hardware store owner, and which would allow me to take off a wheel should I get a flat along the way).



Leaving Goose Bay (Robert St-Louis)

Finally, we left Goose Bay around one in the afternoon for the trek to Churchill Falls (287kms away) and Labrador City (further 259kms). Our goal was to make Labrador City in the evening, though we were prepared to stay in Churchill Falls if our progress was too slow. Just before leaving, we picked up a government issued satellite phone, to be used for emergencies along the deserted road, and given back at Labrador City. Indeed, regular cellular phones don't work so are not useful

along the Labrador Highway. Thankfully, we didn't have to use the satellite phone, but it was an added insurance to have that on board (as well as all the tools, manuals and spare parts I had brought).

The Labrador 500 highway leaving Goose Bay due West is gravel and was in poor condition for at least a couple of hours due to almost incessant rains that had come down in the area since we had arrived. However, the blessing was that it eliminated the dust usually rising from the road.



110 resting on a desolate stretch. (Robert St-Louis)

what shape it was in when it arrived at its destination. A man I talked to in Goose Bay had come up from Montreal the previous week with two 53-foot trucks carrying lockers for a new high school in town; both trucks were apparently damaged by the journey and were then being repaired in town.



A view over the bonnet, on the TransLabrador Highway 500. (Robert St-Louis)

We stopped for a rest (both for the truck and for me) every hour and a half or so. Whenever we did, I was always struck with the stark beauty of the boreal forest landscape (black spruce, sandy soil, light-green moss everywhere), and by the silence. "Big sky" is an expression that comes easily to mind to describe the vast expanses of sky, stretching across the vast vistas that the road occasionally offers up on a crest.

I spent those first couple of hours (and occasional instances after that) avoiding significant potholes and ruts in the road, which slowed down our progress somewhat. Somewhere along this stretch, we passed a Toyota Echo, which I couldn't believe was trying to make the trek on that treacherous road when I was struggling myself in a 4x4 Land Rover. I was amazed to see this Echo pass us with considerable gusto a few hours later though I wonder



The 110 poised for the open road. (Robert St-Louis)



Big Sky above the highway. (Robert St-Louis)

After getting used to the road-handling of the truck, the manual steering, the suspension, the gear shifting, it proved a pleasure to drive it down those long stretches of gravel road (in between the more treacherous pothole-infested areas). Looking out the front windshield, over the spare tire characteristically mounted on the bonnet made me feel really glad to be alive doing this unusual but rewarding trip. The vicissitudes of work were very far from my mind on this first week of my holidays!



Bridge crossing the (diverted) Churchill River (near Churchill Falls). (Robert St-Louis)

We ended up making reasonably good time to Churchill Falls (in about four hours), and decided to continue on to Labrador City after fuel fill-up and a rest-stop. Being two days late in getting started, we felt like putting some distance behind us. In my mind, also, was a concern of suffering a serious mechanical breakdown in that no-person's land of the Labrador Highway, or in the equally barren Quebec Highway 389 to Baie Comeau. The worst scenario in the back of my mind was

for the rubber timing belt to break (a known occurrence on these four-cylinder engines), not knowing if it had ever been replaced, and aware that at 77,000 kms, it was probably getting due. Such a catastrophe would have left us stranded, with a partially destroyed engine. So the sooner I could get us to Baie Comeau (i.e. "civilization"), the better I would feel.

Not stopping over in Churchill Falls meant that we did not get to see the interesting tour of the hydroelectric facilities which I

understand are well worth it. However, we intended to stop at the Manic 5 facilities on the Quebec side, to make up for it. We did stop on the bridge passing over the largely dry Churchill River (which had been diverted to feed the dam), and looked at the time-worn rocks from centuries and millennia of heavy water flow now only a stream trickling through the reddish rocks.

Elsewhere, we stopped by a large dump truck parked by the side of the road, and I took a picture of my Land Rover parked beside this sleeping giant. We saw two bears cross the road at different times, one a mere cub and the other a full-grown bear. There were little signs of other wildlife, however. I had expected to see some caribou but they were nowhere to be seen.

We had also heard about the man-eating black flies who waited for unsuspecting travelers to venture from their vehicle and then descended on them in blood-sucking droves. In the eventuality that I would need to change a flat tire or make some other roadside repair, I had brought with me a bug net hat as well as a jacket but did not need to use it. Whenever we stopped for breaks along the Labrador Highway, there was no sign of any black flies. The relatively cold weather (in the teens when we drove through) and the intermittent rain showers seemed to keep them hidden in the bush which was just fine with us!

The road from Churchill Falls to Labrador City was quite good (it didn't seem to have rained as much here, so there were fewer potholes to slow us down). It was drier and harder than the other section, and occasionally the larger rocks from the road base would pop through and give a real jolt to the Land Rover when I happened to drive over them.

At one point, we heard a noise coming from the engine bay. Stopping to have a look, I noticed that the cotter pin had sheared off the end support for the bar that supports the hood when opened and the bar was banging around. Thankfully, it did not make any damage, and I was able to secure it with some heavy bailing wire I had brought. While making this quick repair, a couple of cars stopped and asked if we needed help. This concern for other drivers is a welcome sight on such a desolate road. Along the way, we passed by several lakes along the side of the road offering some beautiful vistas with the setting Sun that often peeked through the clouds. We rolled into Lab City around 8 p.m., tired but contented at having completed the

first half of the gravel part of the journey.

We filled up with fuel the next morning, and headed out on the paved (!) road leading out of Lab City, toward the huge mine at Fermont Quebec and Quebec highway 389 heading due South to Baie Comeau on the St-Lawrence. There were a few steep grades to negotiate and I often saw myself forced to down-shift into 4th and even 3rd gears, the 2.5L normally-aspirated engine not having enough horsepower to make the grades pulling the heavy weight of the loaded 110.

After about 45 minutes, I noticed some hot air coming up from a gap in the transmission tunnel cover. We stopped the truck, and I crawled under to find the gearbox and transfer case almost too hot to touch. I had hoped to get the fluid levels double-checked before leaving Goose Bay and could not arrange time in one of the garages. Neither could I do so first thing that morning in Lab City. I decided to turn back and find a garage to do the necessary fluid level checks and also to change the engine oil and filter before taking on the 500 kms to Baie Comeau.

We finally found a garage called The Repair Place who could take us in. A most interesting and quaint place, part junk-yard and part garage, surrounded by cars and trucks of all kinds in various states of repair and disassembly. However, excellent mechanics worked there who checked the whole vehicle and topped up fluids and qualified it fit for the road (in spite of a loose tie rod and u-joint which would need to be replaced when I got back home). I felt much more confident leaving there and glad we had decided to spend those two-three hours getting the truck serviced and checked.

My friend talked with one of the mechanics who was lamenting the fact that Labrador got such little service from the home province of Newfoundland. He said that with all the money the province had made from the operation of the large mine in Lab City, one would think they could have afforded to pave the road to Goose Bay by now. We got the impression that Labrador generally doesn't benefit from the same level of investment in



*Sample of the dust raised by large transport trucks.
(Robert St-Louis)*

infrastructure and services that Newfoundlanders benefit on the island. After another one of our frequent visits to Tim Hortons (a welcome presence in all the towns up there), we headed back out on the road towards Fermont and Manicouagan (our destination for that day).

One quirk of the 110 that we had to contend with during most of the trip, on warmer days, was After some time, the heat resumed rising from the transmission tunnel., but I figured out it was either something inherent with the design of the truck and due to the warmer weather and roads with steeper hills.

The paved road ended after a little while and we found ourselves back on gravel which eventually led to the Quebec border. After passing by the incredibly large mine site of Fermont (featuring slag heaps that rivaled the surrounding natural mountains - it was an eloquent statement to the great devastation that Man can put upon Nature though the vast expanses of undisturbed forests and rivers/lakes made us thankful that little of the vast Northern territory - for now, anyway - was in fact disturbed by such large developments). The road became extremely windy and treacherous and it was impossible to go faster than 40kph for long stretches where the road often crossed over the railroad line that links Lab City to the South (thirteen times to be exact!)

Men were at work replacing the railroad

ties and I wondered what their commute time to work might be and where they resided. There was thankfully little traffic, except the occasional large transport truck that would obliterate everything with the dust it brought up. I had been advised before the trip that whenever encountering such a truck on the northern roads, the best approach is to slow down - or stop - and hug the opposite side of the road; I used this and it worked well. Those truckers travel long distances on unforgiving roads, are intent on getting to their destination and are not too interested in slowing down or yielding to leisure drivers such as we, so it's best to stay out of their way and leave them the road. Whenever one passed, I always issued a silent prayer that they didn't send a rock into my windshield - I was thankful of the bonnet-mounted spare tire as a possible guard against such stray rocks.

At one straight stretch of road, I decided to make some tests to make sure that the transmission heating may not be due to the transfer case inadvertently being in locked position. I had brought with me a printout of the Owner's Manual (the truck didn't come with one and someone on the Internet had thankfully emailed me a PDF version before the trip so I could familiarize myself with the controls), and we proceeded to put the truck into locked and unlocked differential mode which made me confident that the diffs were not locked. This would have caused some

transmission strain over long stretches of road. Satisfied that we had done all we could to troubleshoot the problem, we resigned ourselves to putting up with the heat source (it felt like a hot air blower on a car heater), which was occasionally welcome on some colder stretches of the road in the morning and evening!

We drove through the "ghost town" of Gagnon (though no buildings exist, the whole town was bulldozed to the ground in the mid-80's, only the sidewalks and paved streets remain), and headed toward the large hydroelectric site (Manic 5) at Manicouagan, which we hoped to make by nightfall. The road became increasingly hilly, or maybe I could say mountainous, as we drove through the Groulx Mountains. It was a real roller-coaster ride up and down these steep (10-13 degrees) long grades, traversing beautiful valleys, occasionally getting a glimpse of the vast Manicouagan reservoir down to our right (which, from space or on maps, clearly shows its meteoric origins, the reservoir filling a large annular shaped lake). Because of the low HP of the 2.5 diesel engine, I was usually obliged to downshift into 4th, then 3rd occasionally 2nd, to make it up these long climbs.

I would usually try to make as much speed as possible coming down the hill in order to gain enough momentum to make it partly up the other side before having to downshift. However, the fact that gravel roads can be treacherous did not allow me (nor did the gearing of the truck!) to get much faster than 95-100kph on the down grade, before negotiating the climb. It became almost routine, because there were so many of these hills but after a while, it became fatiguing, both physically and mentally. Thankfully, the quality of the gravel road was very good at this point, well-groomed and wide. And the Land Rover shifted well and bore with the effort with panache and fortitude.

At one point, we stopped and looked ahead in disbelief: the road went down and



110 silhouetted against late afternoon boreal forest. (Robert St-Louis)

headed back up in a typical dip but then in the distance we could see what looked like the road working its way almost to the crest of a very high mountain top. I took out my binoculars and indeed, it looked like we were going to have to make it up there! Riding the crest of another hill, I glanced to my right and saw probably the nicest vista of the whole trip, a fleeting view in a sudden opening of the trees.

I could glance upon a glorious view of the lower valley, the hills and the reservoir coloured by the reddening clouds of the fading Sun - if only my eyes had been a camera, it would have been a prized photograph. The view lasted only a second or two but I think I will never forget it. It's sceneries like this that made the trip such a wonderful experience for me, gazing at these grandiose vistas seldom seen by southerly eyes, and made possible by these rough roads cut through the heart of that forgotten country. Giving us a glimpse of what Gordon Lightfoot sings about in his Canadian Railroad Trilogy:

*There was a time in this fair land when the
railroad did not run*

*When the wild majestic mountains stood
alone against the sun*

*Long before the white man and long before
the wheel*

*When the green dark forest was too silent
to be real*

After two or three hours of this kind of driving, I was really looking forward to arriving at Manicouagan for the night. Darkness was falling, and I was obliged to use the headlights for the first time on the trip, climbing all those steep hills having slowed down our progress. Approaching Manicouagan, the road became very windy and hilly, and we were forced to slow down for steep corners, made worse by the gathering darkness. Eventually, we looked up to see the gigantic arches of the Manic 5 reservoir looming over us out of the mist and fog. What a sight that was! Ominous, and yet welcome, since we knew we had arrived and could look forward to a good night's sleep at the motel and truck stop that basically constitutes the "village", along with the Hydro-Quebec buildings and tourist site. We bought sandwiches at the all-night truck stop, and ate them in our room. I treated myself to the only beer I had on the trip, which I felt I had earned with that day's arduous drive.



View from the side of impressive Manic 5 dam. (Robert St-Louis)

We could not get up in time to make the 9 a.m. tour so ate breakfast at the all-you-can-eat diner and got to the tourist site at 11a.m, for a two hour tour of the dam facilities which took us underground as well as to the dam's crest. It's quite an interesting and impressive tour that is well-recommended to someone passing through that area. You won't likely see something like that in your life again.

We left Manicouagan at around 1 p.m, and drove down the remaining 210 km to Baie Comeau. The road at this point was thankfully paved, though still very hilly and winding in places. The last stretch into Baie Comeau was particularly steep and curvy as the road drops down to the St-Lawrence valley leaving the lonely hills behind.

Once in Baie Comeau, I breathed a huge sigh of relief. We had driven what I felt was the most demanding half of the journey, over 1,100 km of road, a lot of it gravel through very remote country that would have been very unforgiving of two tourists standing beside a broken-down 16-year-old Land Rover. The truck performed marvelously in retrospect. After all, is there a better vehicle in the world that one would wish to take on such a trek? (Ok, so a brand new Ford Explorer or Jeep Cherokee wouldn't have been too bad either with automatic



The one-car bridge crossing Hart-Jaune River, in Quebec. (Robert St-Louis)

(continued on page 16)

CLASSIFIEDS

DEFENDER FOR SALE

Defender 90 (200Tdi) for sale - price C\$12000.
Excellent shape, current safety, etc. Anyone
interested should contact wcgilmour@yahoo.com
or phone 730-4846.
Pictures available at [http://
community.webshots.com/album/91184145veyrvd](http://community.webshots.com/album/91184145veyrvd)

FOR SALE

1) genuine parts Range Rover workshop manual -
cost \$189.00 US, will sell for \$125.00 Can
2) Range Rover Classic rear parcel shelf in very
good condition \$50.00
phone (519) 273-5230
or email rmcdonnell1030@rogers.com
Thanks, Rory McDonnell

A QUERY FROM BRITANNICA RESTORATIONS LTD.

Wonder if anyone is interested in an engine and
gearbox out of a 1986 110?
It's a 3.5 carb V8 with LT95 and overdrive
Only 84,000 miles runs perfect - reason for
removal - fitted a new 300 Tdi kit
Complete as was removed from the vehicle
Selling on behalf of a customer, asking \$1,800
Canadian for the lot.
May split engine - but won't split overdrive from
the gearbox.
Mike
britrest@britrest.com

WANTED: WAGON TRAIN HEADED WEST FROM EAST

Is anyone coming to Ontario from
down East that needs to make their
trip more exciting by hauling a
Land Rover? I need to get my S3 88
from Sackville, New Brunswick to
Stratford (or anywhere else close
by). If anyone could help with at
least part of that trip, there's major
rewards to be had!!! (possibly even
an adventure type story for the
newsletter, but that's up to you)
If you can help in any way, or know
of a cheap way that I can get it up
here, drop me a line at
tantramar@gto.net or at (519) 273-
7771 here in Stratford.
Cheers, Ian



*Freelanders Forever!
(Shannon)*

*Ray Pearmain enjoys the scenery
at the Birthday Party. (Shannon)*

FOR TRADE OR PART EXCHANGE

Trade or part exchange, reconditioned full hard
top for hood sticks and canvas. Telephone contact
at 747-7800 ext. 3203 (w) or 231-7864 (h).
Thanks, Mike Pranschke

FOR SALE: POWER TAKE-OFF FOR LAND ROVER

Centre to front PTO, drive by chain; American
made: KOENIG Iron Works (Houston, Texas);
make offer.
Prise de force à vendre pour Land Rover.
Prise centrale projetant le pouvoir vers l'avant.
Fabrication américaine: KOENIG Iron Works
Faites une offre.
Rémi Guertin (418) 688-0303
pierres.guertin@arul.ulaval.ca

FOR SALE: 1991 RANGE ROVER CLASSIC

(519) 273-5230
mcdonnell1030@rogers.com
Rory McDonnell

WANTED: RANGE ROVER, COLOUR UNIMPORTANT BUT MUST BE FROM 1995

I'm a TARC member in Toronto and already have a
couple of Land Rovers but I'm looking specifically
to buy a 1995 Range Rover Classic. If anyone can
help from your club I would be very appreciative.
If anyone has one and is interested in selling I'd
like to hear from them:
cunliffe930@rogers.com
Many thanks, Phil Cunliffe, Toronto

LAND ROVER TRIP *(continued from page 15)*

transmission, CD player and air conditioning to boot but it wouldn't have been the same thing, now would it? :-) I knew that from here on, if there developed some mechanical problem with the truck, I could either get parts delivered, or get local garages to help, or worse-case, get the truck shipped back to Ottawa on a flat-bed.

Having proved itself on the hard roads that preceded it, I now had very great confidence in the Land Rover and could relax and enjoy the fine sceneries that the beautiful drive along the St-Lawrence would provide us for the next couple of days. The only drawback was that we found ourselves on more busily traveled roads, perhaps less forgiving or understanding of the limitations of this birmabright-clad diesel workhorse which needed to slow down to negotiate some of the steep hills found along the River. We took the scenic route back trough Quebec (Le Chemin du Roy, between Quebec and Montreal), which allowed us to drive comfortably at 80-90 kph through woods, farmlands and small towns.

It was at once welcoming and a little sad to finally find ourselves within an hour of Ottawa. It was good to be home, to have successfully made the arduous voyage and have brought (or be carried by) the trustworthy Land Rover home. But it was also a little disappointing to realize that our trip was almost over, that this overland odyssey was coming to an end. However, the promise of many more such trips in the future quickly dispelled those melancholy feelings. It was with a great feeling of personal satisfaction, as well as gratitude to the designers of the Land Rover and the people on the RAF base who had maintained it, that I finally shut off the engine and later, was able to walk to my driveway and see that Land Rover 110 sitting there. Since coming back, I often go out in the evening and sit on my front porch, contemplating the slumbering Land Rover, remembering our initial journey, and contemplating future ones.

Robert St-Louis



The 110 got us home!

P.S. There are some excellent Internet resources on these roads and the people who have travelled them in the past (including Land Rover clubs in Northeastern US). Some of the more informative ones and recommended reading to anyone contemplating such a trip are:

[http://www.eastcoastrover.com/
ECRexped991.html](http://www.eastcoastrover.com/ECRexped991.html)

<http://www.artistic.ca/dteed/labrador.htm>

<http://www.amxfiles.com/stoneji/97trip>

[http://wmuma.com/labrador/jul2000/
eorlab1.html](http://wmuma.com/labrador/jul2000/eorlab1.html)

AN ALL-POINTS BULLETIN FROM THE UK

Wanted, a Land Rover pen-friend. It was just a letter done in word to ask if there was any Lady Landrover Enthusiasts that wanted an email-pal. (if there is such a thing??).

My husband and I own a Landrover defender 90. I thought it would be lovely to swap ideas and stories with a similar lady who is maybe a member of your club. If this would be of interest to anyone, then that would be great.

Thanks for your help on this. Kind regards

Sam Chimley
sam@chimley.co.uk