

THE ALUMINUM WORKHORSE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE LAND ROVER OWNERS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME II, NUMBER I, FEBRUARY/MARCH, 1985 - COPYRIGHT 1985, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



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LROA news ...

FEBRUARY/MARCH, 1985 - - LROA, P.O. Box 162201, Sacramento, CA 95816

MEMBERSHIP DIRECTORY

The LROA Membership Directory is in production. This publication will contain the information listed on the membership applications to allow free contact between our members. This booklet might also be useful to carry on a long trip in case of trouble.

In case there are any members who do not wish some or all of the application information printed, they may write and ask that it be left out. If you do not write, we will consider your silence as permission to print the information.

Some of you may receive fresh applications in the mail. If you do, it is because we are missing data on you and we ask that you fill out the app so we may better know our members.

CLUB DECALS

Have you any ideas for a club decal? Some of the proceeds from the sale of parts from the '61 Land Rover are going into decals. Every member will receive one free and extras may be purchased. The only thing holding us back is the lack of a design. We have several ideas to date but would appreciate some input from the membership at large.

WE WANT YOU!

We are looking for a few good men to be regional coordinators. The idea is to have people all over the U.S. organizing outdoor activities in their own areas. The only requirement is a desire to travel with other LR owners and a willingness to spend a little of your free time setting up the trips. Call or write Steve Hill, Activities Coordinator, for more information.

TREK ADS

If you want a little company on your next excursion or if you just would like to set up a little get-together for LROA members, use our free service to help reach out. All we ask is enough advance warning to get it in the WORKHORSE before it's old news.

FROM YOUR EDITOR

With the fantastic growth the LROA has enjoyed in almost a year of existence, it should be no surprise that the contributions to the WORKHORSE have also increased. I thought this might be a good time to explain how the system works and to offer some tips to those of you who have ideas for articles.

DEADLINES: For the April-May issue, the deadline will be the 15th of May. The 15th of the second month is always the "official" deadline. In reality, it changes somewhat according to my schedule.

WHAT TO WRITE: If it has some connection to Land Rovers, I'm interested. Trips to scenic or historical areas are of particular interest. Include lots of details about the people, places and things you encounter that would be of interest to our readers. Be sure to include directions to the place you visited so others might visit. Park brochures are useful sources for information or even the Rangers themselves can answer your questions.

Technical pieces are welcome but must be as accurate as possible. Remember, people out there will be trying out what you write on their own LRs and you don't want to lead them astray. Even a short tidbit is valuable for the TECH TIPS BY THE NUMBERS column.

Any old tests or articles that you find may usually be reprinted. If you find one, I must have the original. Photocopies will not reproduce with sufficient quality. I will take care of what you send and ship it back in first class shape.

PHOTOS: Good photos are invaluable to this newsletter but there are some facts you should be aware of when it comes to submitting photos to the WORKHORSE. In order to get good reproduction of the photos we use, they are re-photographed and a "halftone" is made. If you look closely at a halftone, you will see that it is made up of many little dots (look at your newspaper for an example). This process is relatively expensive and we are charged by the 9"x12" sheet. The more pictures I cram on a sheet, the more we get for our money. Therefore, I trim the excess off each picture before it goes to the lab so I can get the maximum number of photos per sheet. Some might consider their photos "ruined" by this trimming, so I suggest you send copies or prints you can afford to give away. I will make exceptions in special cases, but this method is the most effective for keeping costs down.

EDITING PROCEDURE: The idea and the content are the most important part of any story, so if your mechanics are a bit rusty, don't let that stop you from sending in a story. My job as editor is to polish up what you send me and fit it into the WORKHORSE format. Though I have to reserve the right to edit as I see fit, what I may change will be between you and me and you always get the byline.

ACTIVITIES UPDATE

by Steve Hill

In a past issue of the newsletter, I discussed the idea of organizing local chapters of the Association. As far as I know, this will be a first in the U.S. With a nationally based Association working on providing you the opportunity for treks and social functions in your own area, your Land Rover will become an even greater source of enjoyment.

I recently recieved correspondance from a member in Maine who has volunteered to be a Regional Coordinator in his area and has already begun getting the people in his area together. As our membership grows, there will be even more opportunities to meet other LR owners near where you live. Encourage the owners in your area who are not members to join us!

I would like to solicit your views, pro or con, on this program and to hear your ideas.

In this issue, we are introducing a free ad service known as the "Workhorse Trek Ads." This is a service that will allow members the opportunity of locating another member (or members) to accompany them on a fishing, hunting or camping expedition. Although these functions are not "official" LROA events, they may be regarded as "encouraged" by the LROA as a means to enjoying your Land Rover and bringing in new members.

- - ACTIVITIES CALENDAR - -

May 18 & 19 - Trek to Mendicino Forest. Lets see all you Bay Area folks on this one!
TREKMASTER: Steve Hill

August 31 - September 2 - BLACK ROCK DESERT RUN!!!
TREKMASTERS: "Scotty" Howat & Marvin Mattson

PARTING OUT: '61 LR 88 RHD

There are still a few goodies left! Get 'em while they last!

REAR DRIVESHAFT: \$35.
FRT & REAR AXLE HOUSINGS: \$50. EA.
BRAKE DRUMS (3): \$20. EA.
FRT SPRINGS: \$75./SET
ENGLISH TRAILER HITCH: \$10.
FRAME (RHD): \$150.
STEERING RELAY: \$25.
AIR FILTER ASSY.: \$5.
TIE RODS (3): \$5. EA.
BRAKE & CLUTCH PEDAL ASSYS.(INC. CYLS.): \$15. EA.

FLOORBOARDS: \$5. EA.
TUNNEL: \$10.
DOOR SILLS: \$10.
INLET MANIFOLD: \$5.
ENGINE PARTS: (INQUIRIES INVITED)
REAR BODY SECTION: OFFER
SEAT BOX: OFFER
MISC. PARTS: (INQUIRIES INVITED)

SHIPPING EXTRA

CALL: Steve Hill at (916) 393-3767

CHRISTMAS PARTY, 1984

by Steve Hill

The day finally came, December 15, 1984, and our first LROA Noel Party was a rousing success. For those of you who were unable to attend, Steve Zedekar, Jim Allen and I extend our belated best wishes for a fruitful and happy New Year and hope your Christmas was "bonny"!

My first thanks has to go to my wife, Janet, for organizing the food end of the affair and her willingness to have all of us Land Rover types coming and going during the day and into the evening. And, of course, to the ladies who prepared the delicious fare that we all consumed non-stop, many thanks. Let's not forget those bachelors who arrived with their specialties: chips and dips and smoked salmon.

On tap throughout the day along with the usual Landy talk, were almost every book on our favorite subject and various U.K. 4X4 magazines. The movie "Killer Force" played for an enthusiastic audience. This movie starred a wide variety of yellow painted Land Rovers, many of which were mercilessly destroyed in a fantastic chase scene at the end of the movie.

To top off this wonderful day, the plans were made to revive a tradition that has been sorely missed. I am pleased to announce that "Scotty's" Black Rock Desert Run will again be held on Labor Day Weekend 1985. Mark this day down, for this will indeed be a special trek, for members only.

Special thanks to Marvin Mattson for braving a Sierra snowstorm to attend the party and for sharing his scrapbooks filled with pictures from his desert adventures.

Next year, we hope for an even bigger Christmas bash and hope you can attend!

LETTERS

HOME ON THE RANGE

I just wanted to write and thank you for a great newsletter: it has all the things that a great newsletter should have. I especially appreciate the suppliers list that was printed in number 3. I would like to add one supplier to it, if I may:

Scotland Yard
3101 E. 52 Avenue
Denver, CO 80210
(303) 297-9237 UP, R, P, SV

This place is a good supply for ALL British built cars and trucks.

I was also happy to see another Utah member added to the list. With a little more effort up this way, we could rustle up a few more members! Enclosed is a picture of my '71 88" IIA (see ROVER REVUE). Everyone used to say, "I like your Toyota." I can tell you, no one calls it a Toyota or Jeep any longer!

Kerry Oldham, #6
West Vally City, Utah

Thanks Kerry! Why don't you saddle up "old paint" and lasso some of those critters yourself!

MYSTERY SOLVED

Just a note to say how much I enjoy THE ALUMINUM WORKHORSE! Volume I, number III is most interesting. The picture reproduction is quite good as well. Keep up the good work!

I was surprised to hear that you received some ALL WHEEL DRIVERS from Dave Shephard. I sent him your address awhile ago, as he is interested in Land Rover clubs all over the world. Mr. Shephard likes to contact Land Rover clubs outside the U.K. for their views on LRs and off roading in general.

By the way, ALL WHEEL DRIVER is not the only four wheel drive magazine in England, though it is the oldest. I also know of:

OFF ROAD AND FOUR WHEEL DRIVE
LINK HOUSE, DINGWELL AVENUE
CROYDEN, SURREY
CR9 2TA, ENGLAND

and:

4-WHEEL DRIVE
BUSINESS PRESS INTERNATIONAL
OAKFIELD HOUSE, PERRYMOUNT ROAD
HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX
RH16 3DH, ENGLAND

I also know of an Australian four wheel drive magazine. It is very interesting and new to me. Their off-road driving conditions are more like ours. Their address is:

OVERLANDER
140 JOYNTON AVENUE
WATERLOO, WSW
2017, AUSTRALIA

Well, I hope this information is of some interest. Must stop now and go watch the SuperBowl.

John E. Hanna, #24
Denver, Colorado

I can't believe you'd rather watch the Super Bowl than write about Land Rovers. Watch it John, your sanity is suspect! Thanks for the info and for finally solving the mystery of how Dave Shephard got our name.

REVELATIONS

Good newsletter! I hope it continues in the direction of a member's forum, rather than one persons ramblings accompanied by a bunch of Zeroxed copies of old Land Rover ads! Everyone has information to share. They may not think they do, but you can't own a LR for long without having some sort of unique problem/experience/revelation. For some of us, our only contact with the marque is through a newsletter and from what can we glean from the occasional magazine article. In the last five years, I have met only two fellow Rover owners! If every member could send in one article a year, you would have five an issue. Two would make the editor very happy, I'm sure!

Fred Sisson, #51
Norcross, Georgia

You're getting me excited, Fred! Since the newsletter exists for our mutual benefit, everyone gains from contributions to it.

HOW TO DESTROY YOUR LAND ROVER

Thought you might like to see how to destroy a Land Rover; or at least how to "officially" destroy one. Enclosed are some pages from my Royal Air Force users manuals. Section five describes how to subtract a LR from the earth. Note paragraph 341: things are bad enough without resorting to gunfire! Of course, this might be handy in a divorce. Whatever, I'm sure most Rover owners have never seen such material (and probably won't care to see it again). However, if you know of someone destroying their Land Rover, make sure you send them a copy of the enclosed pages.

Chip (Atlantic British)
Lewiston, CA

You're sick Chip! Tom, keep an eye on this guy. Don't let him play with matches or sharp objects. Any other sick-o's who want a copy of this, send a self addressed, stamped envelope and I'll send you a copy, if I can keep from being ill!

I STAND CORRECTED

Tom Gannon from Atlantic British Parts, Lewiston, informed me that I made a mistake when I referred to the limited slip differential sold there as a "clutch type." In actuality, it is a gear type unit similar to the Gleason-Torsen and is built by Quaffe Engineering Ltd. Unfortunately, Tom tells me, production has stopped indefinitely, due to a lawsuit by Gleason-Torsen against Quaffe for patent infringements. Anyway, my apologies to all for the goof.

Jim Allen, Editor

WELCOME ABOARD!

NEW MEMBERS

- | | |
|--|---|
| #64-Doug & Jean Shipman, Portland, OR
'67 109" | #73-Jack W. Stewart, Ashville, NC
'73 88" |
| #65-Pedro Gonzales, San Francisco, CA
Wants a LR | #74-Albert Eriksson, Staten Island, NY
'74 88" |
| #66-Michael Yee, Susanville, CA
'67 Dormobile | #75-Paul F. Shoen, Eureka, CA
'75 Range Rover |
| #67-Lawrence DeRose, Stanhope, NJ
'73 88" | #76-Bruce Feldhammer, San Francisco, CA
'69 88" |
| #68-John & Susan McCormick, Tiburon, CA
'71 88" | #77-Tim & Matthiew Graffigna, Burlingame, CA
'69 88" |
| #69-Logan Simms, Fort Bragg, CA
(let us know what you drive, guy) | #78-Russ & Bill Schwartz, San Francisco, CA
'58 88" |
| #70-David Kinnaman, Denver, CO
'56 88", '63 109" | #79-David Goodson, Roy, WA
'67 109" |
| #71-John P. Osborn, Jamestown, CA
'70 88" | #80-John Koller, Albuquerque, NM
'67 109" |
| #72-Clifford P. Johnson, Lemont, IL
'71 88" | #81-William Renaud, Seattle, WA
'66 109" |

WORKHORSE STAFF

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CONTRIBUTING TO THIS ISSUE: Steve Zedekar, Steve Hill, Bob
Bernard, Fred Sisson.
TECHNICAL ADVISOR: Jim Howat

The Editor reserves the right to edit all material submitted,
as needed, to suit the needs of the publication.



My wife Jeannie and I were fortunate enough to travel to England last year. Jeannie referred to it as a vacation; I called it a pilgrimage to the Land of Real Ale, and Land Rovers.

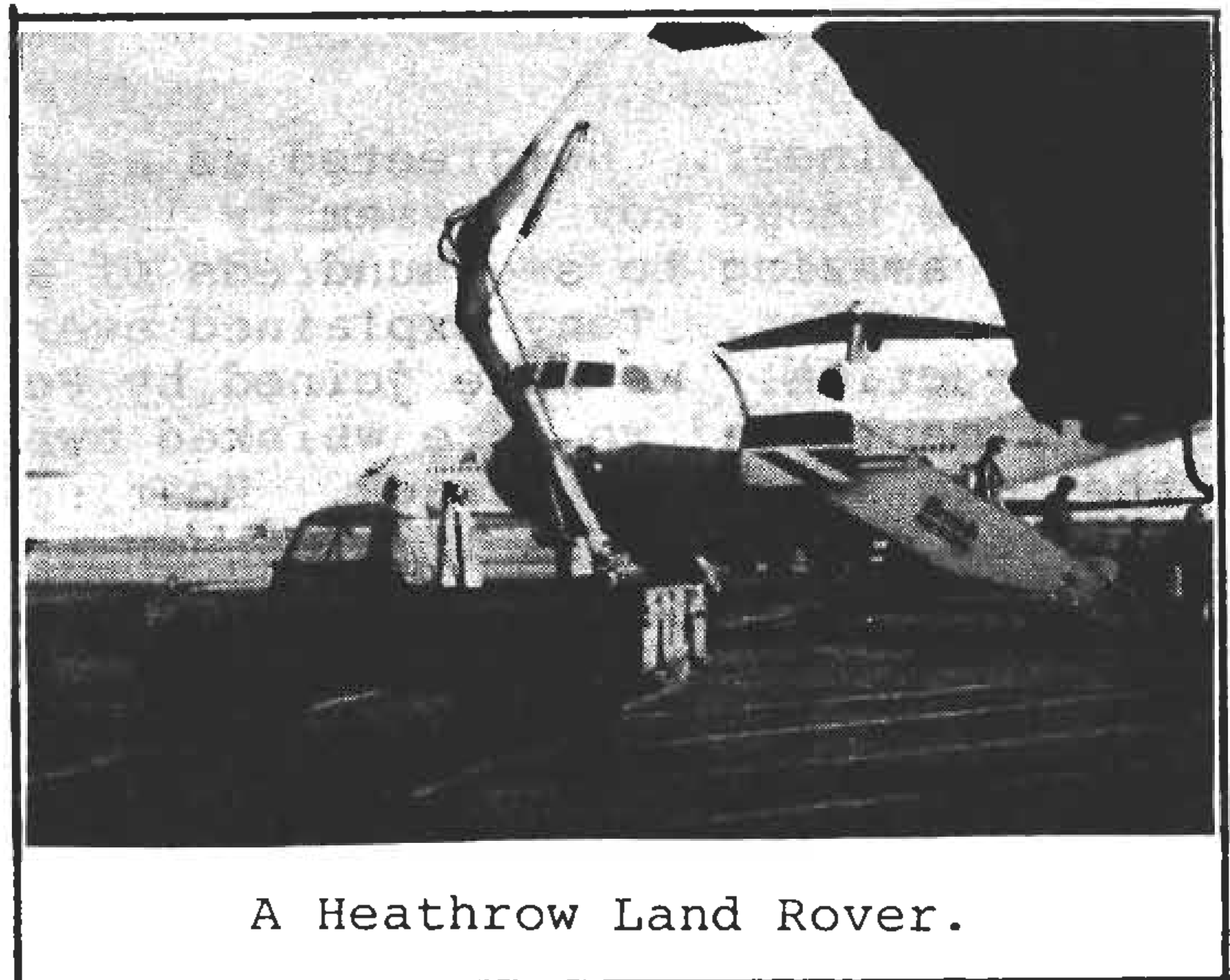
We spent our first four days in London. We made the trek to Buckingham Palace for the changing of the guard. First lesson - never allow spousal control of photographic equipment. While Jeannie was snapping away at the ceremonies, numerous Land Rovers buzzed the grounds, screaming to be photographed. I had to have the camera and having fits and causing a scene wasn't working. So I reached out with my hair and grabbed her left hand while I slapped her right hand silly with my face! It worked! I now had control of the brownie. Second lesson - never reveal to your spouse how many snapshots of Land Rovers you actually took.

Next, we were off to Paris to visit the in-laws (you take the good with the bad) for a few days. No Rovers - we pressed on.

Landing back at Heathrow our aircraft was met by British Airways Land Rovers with stairs attached and others pulling bag carts. There were more discussions on the sins of "wasting film."

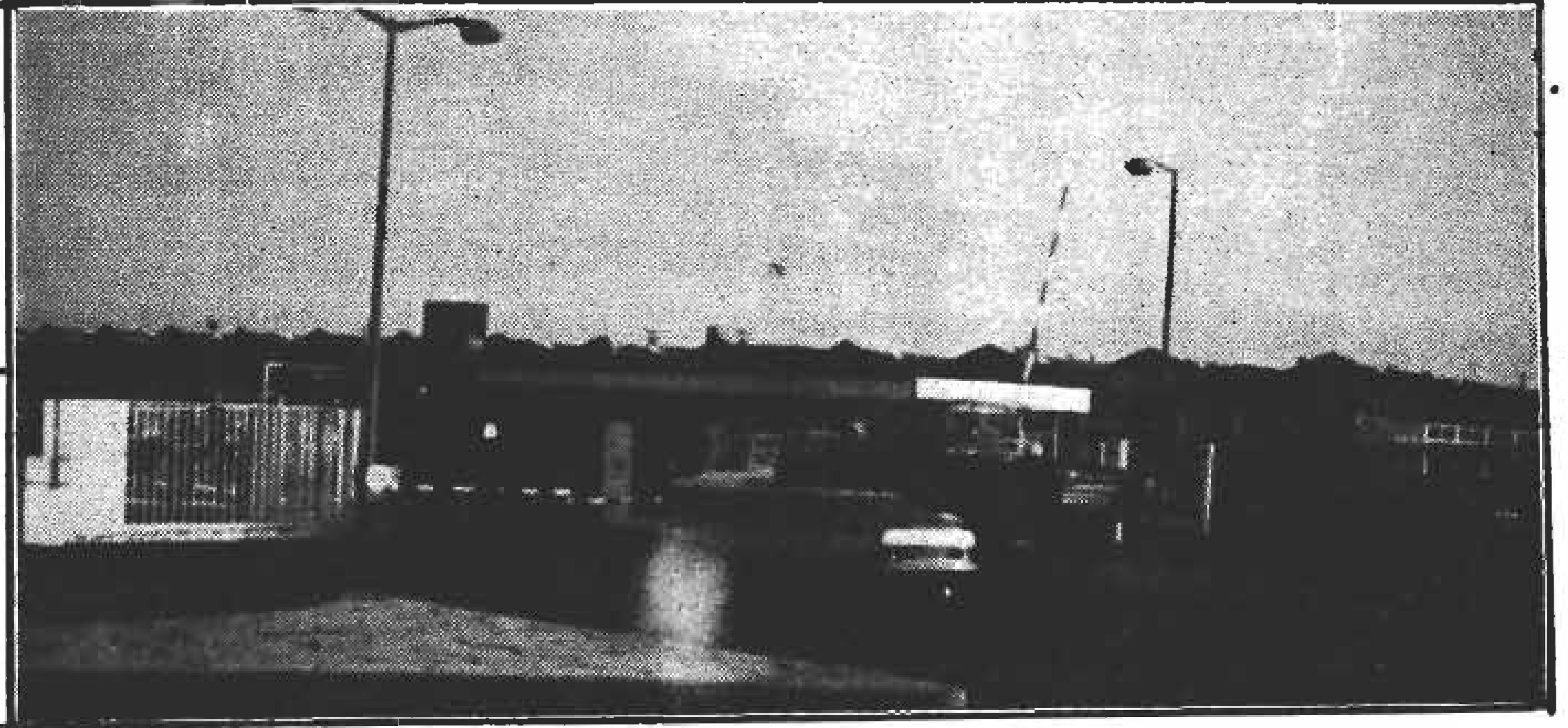
Driving a rented car from Heathrow to Stratford-Upon-Avon is an experience topped only by excruciatingly painful guerrilla torture. We had many "dicussions" regarding directions and probable definitions of British four-letter greetings.

We found a delightful bed and breakfast in Stratford, which we used as a base for our treks into Solihull and the Cotswolds. It is owned by an ex-New Zealand sheep farmer who is very enthusiastic about past Land Rovers he has owned.



A Heathrow Land Rover.

The front gate of the Land Rover factory.



Our first morning out found us at the Land Rover facility. I had envisioned driving right onto the grounds and making a picnic of the

whole excursion. This was not the case. We were met by a guard who politely told us that viewing the grounds was next to impossible. Lesson three - think fast. I then informed him that I was the president of the largest Land Rover club in the U.S. (this was pre-LROA), that I owned several LRs, and that I had come all the way from California to visit the place. "Why", I said, "didn't you get my letter?" He made some calls while I hid from the bolt of lightning that was sure to strike.

Magically, an brand new Range Rover appeared driven by a



The Range Rover assembly line. This Range Rover is about two thirds of the way thru the assembly line.

Rover engineer. He greeted us as if we were royalty and took us into the Range Rover assembly line and gave us the grand tour. It was amazing to see hundreds of Range Rovers in various stages of completion. Tony explained every detail of their construction. We were joined by Peter Alexander, of the marketing department, and we were whisked away on a tour of the grounds via the high speed test track. Roaring around at 100 miles per hour, I pryed open my eyes long enough to see if Jeannie was as scared as I was. My ego dropped a little farther when I saw she was laughing. I clamped my eyes shut again and concentrated on not soiling my trousers. When we motored onto the famed Jungle Course, Tony didn't spare the Rover. When we emerged, it was totally covered in mud. Then it was my turn. Peter and Tony patiently stood by as I was turned loose with the vehicle. I was slower and more conservative and Jeanne was a real trooper: she stayed awake and managed to ooh and aah at the appropriate places.

The post Jungle Course Range Rover. As you can see at the right of the picture, I'm still in shock from the drive.



Our next stop was the marketing department. Here we met Peter's boss, Trevor. He had prepared a C.A.R.E. package of brochures, decals and such, plus a copy of Mackie and Slavin's book about Land Rovers. He apologised that he didn't have enough material for the whole club. My mouth got the better of me and I blurted out something about knowing only seven other Land Rover owners. A sharp kick to the shins brought me back to my senses, but it was too late. Trevor and Peter had quite a laugh at my expense. They found my method of "getting my foot in the door" quite clever and amusing. He proclaimed that anyone a inventive as I should be taken to lunch. We were treated to a very satisfying lunch at a local pub. Towards the end, though, I wondered how these British can work after consuming such large quantities of the local ale. Anyway, if you ever get the chance, sell you stocks, bonds and your Minnesota Twins baseball card collection and go.

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CALL FOR INFORMATION



OFFROAD

Thanks to Bob Bernard for this article.

By Gary Wescott

BLACK ROCK DESERT RUN

Photos by Gary Wescott & Ernie Thor



One Land Rover parked at the curb looks a little out of place, unless maybe it's next to an elephant. Two Land Rovers parked at the curb look like there might be an expedition about to get under way. Ten Land Rovers streaming across the desert is a sight to behold. They look like the Australian Bush Patrol on maneuvers.

It really happened and the event was the fourth annual Black Rock Desert Run. The trip originates out of Scotty's Foreign Car Service in Concord, California. Scotty's shop specializes in Land Rovers. In fact, the lot behind Scotty's may represent the only Land Rover wrecking yard in California, maybe even the U.S.! It's a real gold mine for "always-back-ordered" and "impossible-to-find" Rover parts.

Every year around the Fourth of July, Scotty and a few of his friends and customers get together and head for the Black Rock Desert in central Nevada to

For Land Rovers Only

put their Rovers to the test. "The Turtle Expedition," back in California to make some equipment changes before continuing on our trip to South America (see *Off-Road*, August, 1976), was invited along. Having never been on any kind of organized off-road trip before, we had no idea what to expect. Admittedly, we were a little apprehensive. We've always felt that our long wheelbase Land Rover would be a little cumbersome in an all out off-road situation.

Much to our relief, three of the 10 Land Rovers assembled on the knoll outside the small town of Gerlach were 109-inch wheelbases. The other seven were the more familiar 88-inch models. Well, I thought to myself, "at least we won't be stuck alone!"

The yellow Nevada sun was already burning down on us. The tropical roofs

(sun shields), on most of the Rovers would help some. Final oil, water and tire checks were made, and front hubs were locked in. There was a knowing gleam in everyone's eyes. We were all Land Rover lovers, and to us, if there is anything more aesthetically pleasing than a well-outfitted Land Rover, it must be 10 of them side by side!

Scotty led off, and Mac Lennan, whose beautifully prepared 88 carried one of the three CB units in our group, took up the rear to make sure we all got through. The first few miles took us across the Black Rock Desert mud flats. Tires sank into the dry talc-like crust as much as six inches in places. This presented no traction problem, but the dust was unbearable if you didn't keep up your speed, stay up-wind of the vehicle in front of you and open up the two huge air vents across the Land Rover dash. Everything else must be closed. This creates a clean-air high-

pressure system inside the cab which keeps almost all dust out.

Soon the 10 of us were boiling across the flats, tires throwing rooster tails of white powder 30 feet into the parched air behind us. The heat waves rising off the dry mud made the group appear to be floating a foot or so above the surface. Inside our 109, at 60 mph, it was very much like skiing deep powder. At times we couldn't see anything that wasn't straight ahead. Headlights were turned on for safety. It felt as if the tires were planing on a cushion of air.

Nearing the end of the mud flats, Scotty veered left toward the red foothills of the Black Rock Mountain Range and slowed to a stop. Stopping in this dust was a new experience. Close all vents. Make sure you're clear in front. Ease on the brakes. Stop. Wait! Can't see anything for maybe 10 or 15 seconds. Slowly the thick cloud of dust settles or drifts away and you can open the door. Flotation tires appeared to be white-walled. Hope everyone stops downwind from you.

From this point on the edge of the flats, we began to follow a narrow track which wound its way up into the hills. We stopped briefly at Double Hot Springs. The trail was getting progressively rougher. Soon most of us were in low range. The 109s drug their tails once or twice climbing out of deep washes. The track made a couple of 90-degree jogs and started up through a narrow rocky ravine. There was no place to turn around, even for the 88s, if we couldn't get through. Some of the off-camber corners were heart stoppers.



After crossing the Quinn River, we stopped to check our progress. It was a strange feeling, being out in the middle of the desert, 50 miles from the nearest road of any kind.

from spinning too much. A fast double-clutch into second near the top and we were over. From atop this ridge of the Black Rock Mountain Range, we could see the desert stretched out far below us.

The track wound its way back down through the hills and onto the desert floor. At an ancient unnamed well and windmill, the trail ended abruptly and we stopped for lunch. Scotty and Mac took a look at the maps and pointed to a



The mineral water at Twain Spring was a little warm to drink, but by the time it reached the tank below the spring it was cool enough to wash off the trail dust and dunk your head in.



We tightened our safety-belts to keep from sliding off the seats. I was really glad our heavy storage box on top had been removed before the trip.

Rounding a sharp bend on a steep side hill, the trail angled up for a hundred yards and disappeared over the top. Scotty made it up in second, low range, wheels bucking on the loose shale. Gary started up with his white 88 in first, high range, and almost didn't make it. The carburetor on Mac's 58/OFF-ROAD

The group made a long rest stop at Twain Spring. We had guessed our position up to this point, but arriving at this spring confirmed our guesses.

88 started to load up because of the steepness. He had to stop, back up and start out in a higher gear. We watched and learned.

When our turn came to go up, we stayed in first, low range, feathering the brake and gas to keep the tires

mountain peak across the desert on the far horizon.

"Lear Peak, that's what we'll head for," said Mac in his English accent which he claims not to have. I wanted to ask, "But where's the track?!" But I knew the answer. From here on, we would make our own.

Fifteen-minute quad maps have not been made of this area, and our larger scale maps showed little detail. We headed out, hoping to find a section of the Quinn River dry enough to get across.

Driving cross-country in the desert is a unique experience. There is no *right* way to go. Only a general direction. Your path is sort of a flowing free-form. It makes you realize just how little decision there is in everyday driving. In the desert, every rock, every sage brush and every sand dune represents an obstacle that, depending on your decision to go left or right of it, could

alter your whole course for miles to come. Every decision is critical. It's like playing chess. You must look five or six moves ahead, and the options are constantly changing.

Mac took the lead this time and we followed second in line, feeling a little uncomfortable about being the first 109 out. We found that the faster we went, the better steering control we had since the tires would stay on top of the sand. Higher speed also meant quicker decisions, or you could tear off your suspension. Those harmless looking little tufts of scrub brush have a very solid root system under the soft sand! Hitting one squarely is like running into an eight-inch curb. The trickiest part was to watch out for "gotcha holes." If you're not sure what one is,



In the morning the air was crisp and clear as we washed up in the cold water from the Bill DeLong well.



Our camp on the desert was kept very simple. A chair, a stove, an ice-chest and a bed. What else do you really need? Hey! What is that guy with the Chevy T-shirt doing at a Land Rover run?

Driving in this low brush was a constant challenge. Watch out for the "gotcha holes!"

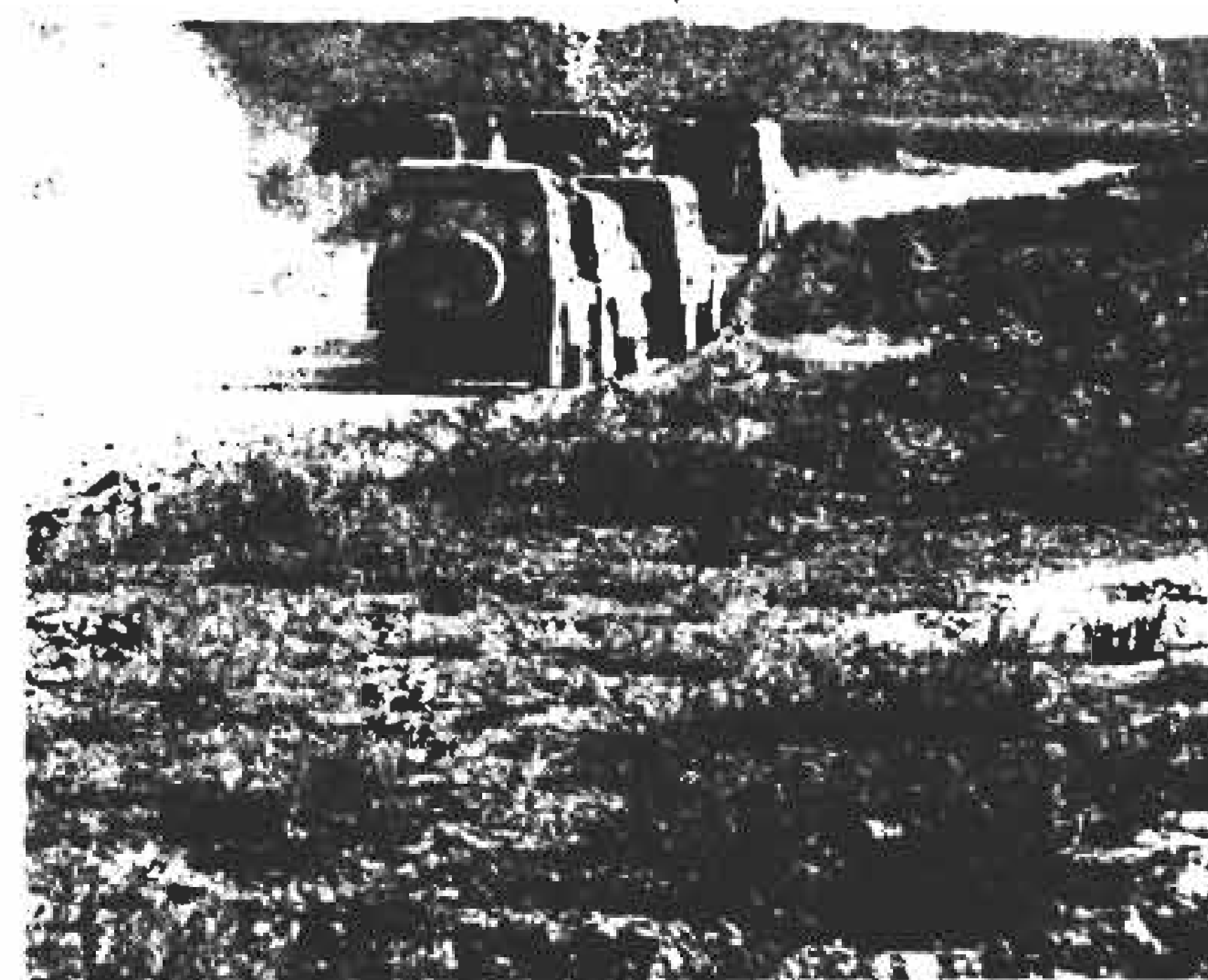
let me tell you about "gotcha holes."

Picture this situation: you're weaving across the desert in and out of the brush and sand dunes. At 15 or 20 mph, you've got to look about 25 yards ahead to pick out your route. The dust and sand are boiling up behind you. You've made 10 or 15 "good" decisions in a row ("good" meaning nothing is broken and you're still going in about the same direction). Your subconscious mind says, "Yeah, this is almost like a road." You relax a little as you veer left around a five-foot sand dune covered with brush, on course to another opening you see ahead, and there it is. A "gotcha hole!"

There's no place to go! Your path is completely blocked off! Your mind flashes, "Who the hell put that there?"



You slam on the brakes. The wall of dust that was following you passes and engulfs you. As the wheels lock, you feel the front suspension collapse over the barrier of brush! Your vehicle momentarily becomes airborne and you grit your teeth as it returns to earth and crashes to a bone-jarring stop. A small voice out of the cloud of dust says, "Gotcha."



The dust trail leading from Nevada 8A to Sulphur was almost like a freeway after the kind of terrain we had been driving on all day.

Time and again we watched Mac's 88 disappear over or between the sand dunes and brush, thinking to ourselves, "How did he get through there? We can't do that! Not in a 109!" But time and again we did, and with amazing agility. We were beginning to think there was no place a long wheelbase Rover couldn't go when we came to the banks of the Quinn River.

Mac claimed it was skill in navigation, but the rest of us knew it was just luck that caused us to find a relatively low, dry spot with mud, water, and 15-foot banks on either side. Scotty dropped the nose of his red 88 over the six-foot embankment and slid, tail dragging, onto the river bed. The rest

Continued on page 97

BLACK ROCK

of us watched, wondering how far the water level lay beneath the dry surface. Mac had tested the crust further down stream on foot and had sunk up to the middle of his leg in black mud!

The sand held. Scotty stayed on top and spun up the other side. We cheered and followed, one by one, across the Quinn.

For the next hour or so, we snaked across the desert. In places there was no way through except to crash head-on into a slit and hope it opened up on the other side. Occasionally there would be a foot and a half drop-off where a dry wash cut across our line of travel. Some of these were hidden in the brush.

Reaching Jackson Creek, we had to turn south and follow the bank downstream to find a place low enough to cross. The bed was bone dry. Twice, the desert opened up onto small mud flats which we raced across, throwing up plumes of dust behind us.

After a final tortuous section of high brush and haystack sand dunes, we passed to the right of Salt Water Spring and popped out onto the dirt track leading from Nevada 8A to the almost-ghost town of Sulphur. We guessed that our position was a little south of Winter Camp. Mac said there were some Basque shepherds who brought their herds down in late fall to spend the winter months at these lower elevations.

We turned to the right, and after three dusty miles, we arrived at Twain Springs and bench marker. It was a welcome rest stop. Although the mineral water bubbling out of the ground was a little warm to drink, by the time it reached the large tank below the spring it was cool enough to wash off the trail dust and dunk your head in. We were so dehydrated, even after a cold beer, that the thirst would return in minutes.

After a good rest, we continued south to the Bill DeLong well, six miles north of Sulphur. We pulled up around the old windmill that was pumping cold water out of a deep well into a huge steel tank. Camp stoves and sleeping bags were dusted off, and dinner was finished as an orange sun dropped behind the Black Rock Mountain Range we had crossed earlier that day. The desert was quiet at night, except for the creaking of the windmill and the rhythmic splash of sweet water flowing into the tank with each cycle of the pump.

Morning was clear and crisp. The smell of hot coffee, bacon and eggs filled the air. After a leisurely breakfast, we broke camp and continued to the rail siding at Sulphur. It looked like a one-family town, more goats than people. Following the rails west to a point just past Ronda siding, we turned

right on a track leading back toward the Quinn River. Shortly, the trail ended and we were driving across the desert again.

Our destination was a saddle to the southwest of Black Rock Point, (4824 feet). Even from a distance it looked very volcanic. Scotty, a prospector at heart, said we might find some geodes and maybe even some opal. First things first, though. We had to find a way back across the Quinn.

The first place we came to was out of the question. Two feet of black mud lay only an inch under the deceptively dry surface. Six-foot banks prevented any kind of a run-up. We turned downstream 'til we came to a wider section with low banks. This would allow us to get a running start. We knew the mud was still there. Mac tried to cheer us by telling stories about the three or four vehicles that had to be winched across last year.

It seemed as if the 109s would have a little advantage with the longer wheelbase, since the front wheels would be closer to dry land when the back wheels dropped into the soft stuff. Mac hit it at a good clip. His front wheels sank about a foot. His rears dropped all the way to the hubs, but his momentum carried him far enough to allow his front tires to find something to eat. In a ball of dust, flying mud and screaming gears, he pulled up on the other side, smiling.

We went next, third gear, low range, and come on Tru-Tracs, *float!!* The front didn't feel too bad, but I could sense the rear end sinking fast. I was getting the same sinking feeling in my stomach when the front tires hit firm land and pulled us out. Relief!

Continuing across the desert, Scotty was a little worried. This section on the map was marked as marsh. Scotty had heard of a couple of 4WDs that had been lost in mud holes before anyone could get back to tow them out. However, it was a dry year, and since we did have four or five winches in the group, we kept going.

The terrain wasn't too bad until we came to the edge of the lava flow. Speed dropped to a snail's pace. First gear, low range, all the way. The flow had been carved by wind and water into a giant corrugation of twisting channels. Every 10 or 15 feet, there was a six-to-12-inch drop-off to ease down and crawl out of. Occasionally we would misjudge the position of the rear wheels, and they would come crashing off a ledge unexpectedly. To try and keep a firm hold on the steering wheel would have been disastrous. I almost lost a thumb a couple of times as the wheel spun back and forth in my loose grip. By traversing up the side of the flow, we worked our way to a ridge

about halfway up the western saddle. We stopped there.

The view was spectacular. Backed by the painted stratum of the Black Rock Mountain Range, the desert spread out in all directions in front of us. From our vantage point, we could see the rugged terrain we had yet to cross, and in the distance, beyond the desert, heat waves rippled the trackless surface of the white mud flats, already baking under the late morning sun. Such a feeling of timeless space is seldom found in our hectic world. Here, in the vast expanses of the desert, it lives forever, waiting for those few who will come to taste the immensity of it.

Some of us would have liked to stay when it came time to point the Land Rovers down the mountain. A cool breeze was coming, and the ridge we were on would have made a majestic camp.

Descending to the desert floor was a little easier. We followed the natural pattern of the lava flow straight down the other side of the ridge we had come over. Once down, it was merely a matter of following one dry wash and then eventually all would lead to the mud flats. Dave drove into a "gotcha hole" and ended up suspended with one front wheel and one back wheel off the ground. Not having positive traction, he was stuck, but by the time someone with a winch headed back, he had rocked himself free. At last, we broke out onto the dusty flats, and it was easy sailing.

Tired, hot, and dust-caked, we pulled into the parking area around Great Boiling Springs, just outside of Gerlach, and dug out the cold beer. We had found a new respect for our long wheelbase Land Rover. There never has been much except a CJ-5 that could follow the 88 Rover, but certainly all three of the 109s on this trip proved themselves worthy of the name Land Rover. Had we ever doubted?

Hubs were turned out, and so ended the fourth annual Black Rock Desert Run. Anyone is invited to the one next year, as long as you come in a Land Rover. Now that may seem a bit snobbish to some, but let the record show that on July 3, 1976, 10 Land Rovers entered the Black Rock Desert, and on July 4, 1976, after 125 miles of sand dunes, mountains, rock, mud, brush, heat and choking dust, most of which was completely off-road, cross-country, over some of Nevada's most inhospitable terrain, 10 Land Rovers came back out, *nothing* had broken. And in 1975, 18 Land Rovers made a similar trek, and nothing broke. And in 1974, nothing broke. And in 1973, nothing broke. Coincidence? Luck? Maybe.

TECH TIPS

by the numbers

Homegrown tips from the members to the members. If you have found a unique solution to a unique problem or just have an easier way to do an everyday task, share it with the rest of us here in TECH TIPS BY THE NUMBERS. To write in, state the problem and your solution as simply as you can. Drawings are OK. The Editor reserves the right to edit the material, as needed, for space considerations and readability.

FROM #51: A NOVEL WAY OF FILLING YOUR TRANNY

Filling the transmission and all the other goodies under the Rover with 90wt is not my favorite job. Simple solution: an enema bag! Fill it with the required fluid, hang it on the door, stick the hose into the fill hole, release the clamp and go have a cup of tea. No mess, no fuss. Write the required quantities on the bag with a magic marker so you don't have to look them up every time. Also, one of the plastic gizzies that comes with the bag fits that little hole on the swivel pin housings. Since this procedure looks a bit kinky, you may want to do it at night. Less questions that way.

FRED SISSON

FROM #54: SOLVING RADIC STATIC

Static from underhood electicals, such as the ignition system and the alternator or generator, can be lessened or eliminated with a simple little trick. Run a ground wire from the hood to the body. This will allow the hood to become a shield and will help keep static from your CB or radio. The hood hinges don't often ground well enough to do the job alone.

BOB BERNARD

FROM #51 (again): LUXURY SEATING

Get a pair of Volvo seats and bolt 'em in. They have adjustable backs and lumbar support and are very conservatine looking. In fact, they look as though they belong there. They are reasonably cheap and you won't believe how comfortable your Rover will be once you've put them in.

FRED SISSON

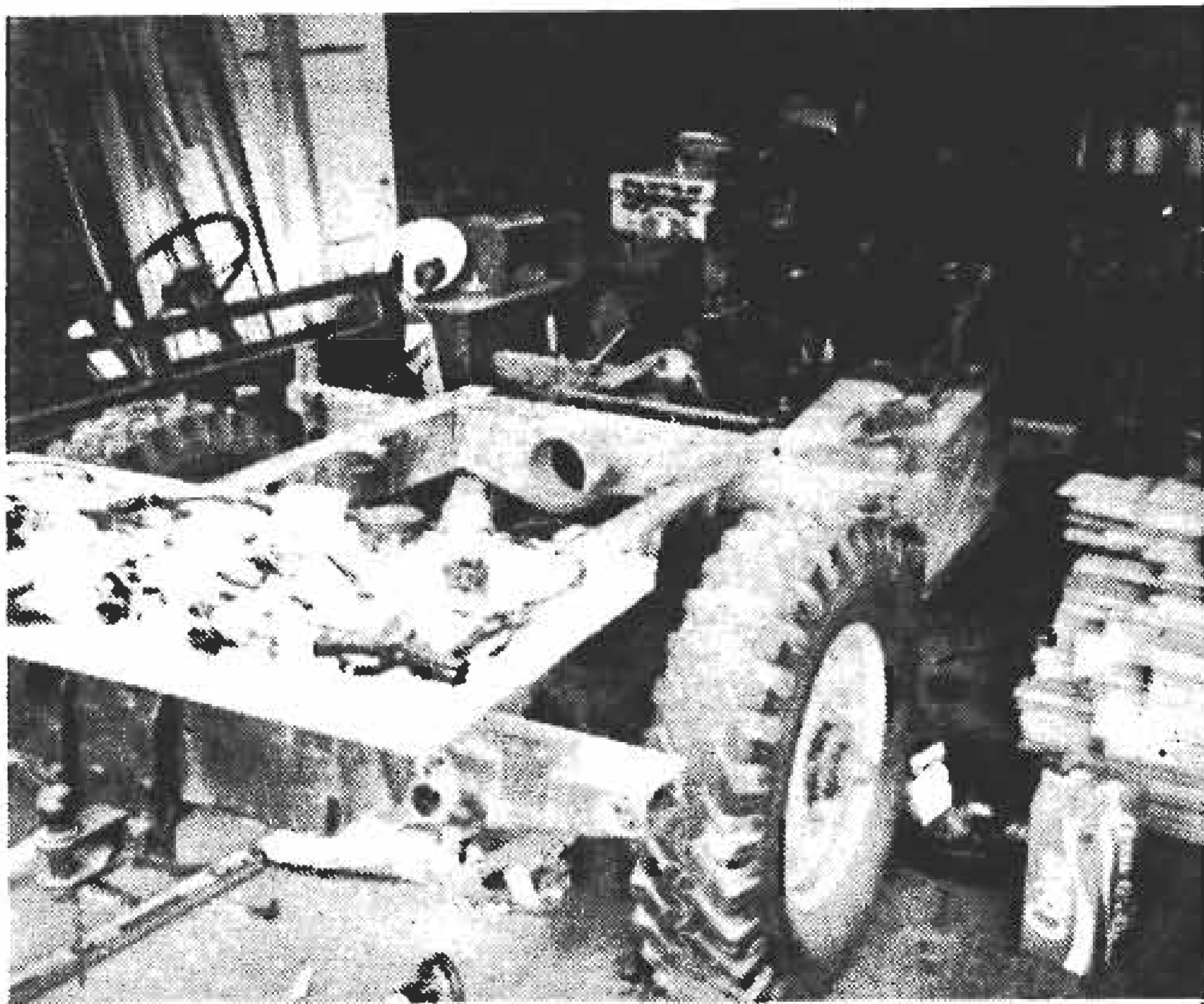
(TECH TIPS CONTINUED)

FROM #2: ZIRCING YOUR TIE ROD ENDS

It's getting near impossible to find tie rod ends with grease fittings these days. I have found a way to install my own. I carefully measure and centerpunch the exact center of the flat portion of the tie rod end. Using a #3 drill bit, I carefully drill through the plate. Then, using a 1/4 - 28 N.F. tap (well greased), I tap the hole and screw in the grease fitting.

Jim Allen

ROVER REVUE



Ted Harwood (#11), from Van Nuys, CA, has lots to do on his 88".



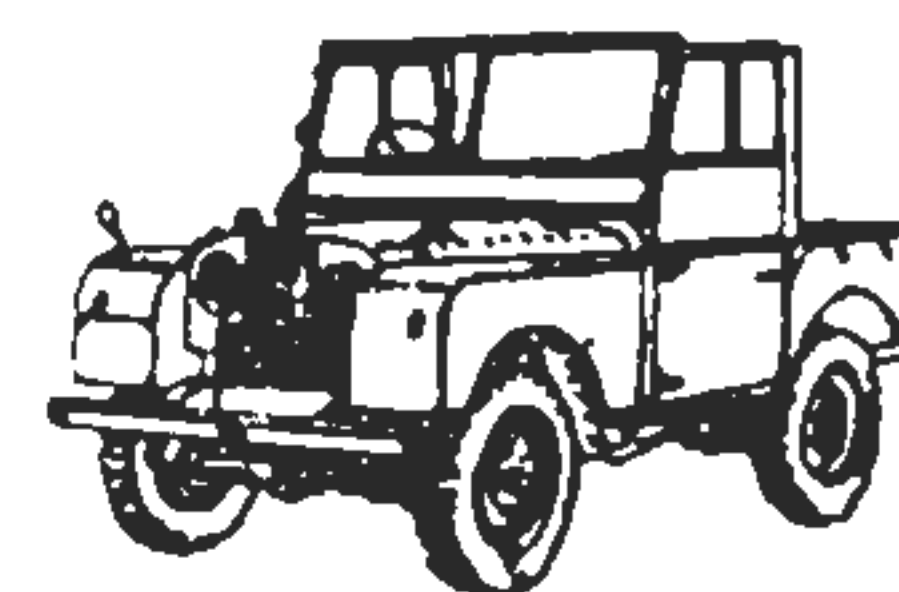
Dan Anderson (#30), from Davis, CA shows off his '73 88".

John McDonald's (#52) '69 88". John is from El Monte, CA.

Bob Bernard's (#54) '51 80" and '70 88. Bob lives in Los Altos, CA.



SCOTTY'S CORNER



With Jim "Scotty" Howat

Dear Scotty,

I'm a new member of the LROA and I enjoy reading your tech column in the newsletter.

I am restoring a 1960 Series II 109" Station Wagon. The wiring is shot and I am rewiring the entire vehicle. Can I change the electrical system from 12V positive earth to 12V negative earth? I'd like to do this to be able to install negative ground accessories (radio, heater, etc.) At the same time, I would like to use the original starter, generator, ignition system, voltage regulator, instruments, etc. Will this work?

Pete Cummings

Pete,

Converting from positive earth to negative earth is as simple as pouring ale. Step One: Reverse your battery leads. Step Two: Reverse the leads at the rear of your ammeter. That's it, lad! Sometimes you've got to repolarize the generator, though it usually sorts itself out. If your generator shows a discharge when you start it up after converting, shut it back down and run a lead from the positive terminal of the battery to the "field" connection on the regulator and momentarily touch them. This will repolarize the system and it should charge normally.

ENGINE CONVERSIONS

I've had a lot of questions lately about engine conversions. I don't see anything wrong with an engine change. In fact, I use a Chevy six in my own LR, the "Chief Joseph". I've been selling engine adapters for years now, and the reports back are generally good ones. Mind, I'm not saying there's anything wrong with the Land Rover motors, but when you consider the cost of spares alone, that's enough right there to put you off.

I prefer the Chevrolet 153 cid four cylinder for 88" LRs and the Chevrolet 235 cid or 250 cid six cylinder for 109" Land Rovers. I like the Chevy because they are good, stout-hearted motors and the parts are cheap and available all over the world. There's a very noticeable boost in horsepower with either of these engines but not so much as to overtax the running gear. The fours run about 90 hp and the sixes around 150. The low end pulling is as good as the Land Rover.

Trek Ads

WRITE TO: TREK ADS, P.O. BOX 162201, SACRAMENTO, CA 95816

GET TOGETHER IN UTAH

DATE: 20 APRIL, 1985

LOCATION: LIBERTY PARK NEAR SALT LAKE CITY, EAST SIDE OF PARK ON
THE CIRCLE DRIVE.

TIME: 1:00 PM

This is a get acquainted meeting for all LR owners in Utah.

CONTACT: KERRY OLDHAM, #6
4271 SOUTH 4850 WEST
WEST VALLEY CITY, UT 84120
(801) 964-2388

DAY TREK

DATE: AUGUST 10, 1985

LOCATION: MEET AT THE FOLSOM DAM OVERLOOK PARKING LOT, FOLSOM,
CA.

TIME: 10:00AM

This is a short but very (that's very) rugged trail to a river picnic site. Be prepared for low range, gear jammin', wheel twisting fun. Find out what the old Rover can really do!

88"s only!

CONTACT: JIM ALLEN
8176 VILLA OAK DRIVE
CITRUS HEIGHTS, CA 95610
(916) 722-0401

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RANGE ROVER

MOVIE REVIEW

"The Gods Must Be Crazy"

If you like to laugh, this movie is a must. Made in South Africa, you will find that it is definitely a "B" movie. Don't let this stop you from going. Though amateurish at times, it has some of the funniest slapstick type comedy I've ever seen. You won't know the list of stars, except one; an aging, battered Land Rover named "The Anti-Christ" because of its truculent personality. The antics of this old LR will make you appreciate your well behaved one even more. Don't miss this movie!

MARKET PLACE

VEHICLES FOR SALE

'64 LAND ROVER 88", Hardtop w/taillight, locking front hubs, ~~good~~ condition and very ~~good~~. Steve Z. (916) 391-1643

'66 LAND ROVER 88", Trop. roof, rbld. eng, new headers & exhaust sys., rochester carb., interior redone, recent repaint, KYB shocks, \$3000 or trade for 109"PU. James Rowley (915) 687-6048

PARTS FOR SALE

LAND ROVER SIX CYLINDER ENGINE, Running fine when removed three years ago, sitting outside since. You pick up in Southern Indiana. \$100. Fred Sisson, (404) 564-2788 leave name & #

BILSTEIN SHOCKS, Club member can supply other club members with shocks below list price. LR-\$60/shock, RR-\$70/shock, shipping incl. Bill Davis #44, (801) 363-2390

WANTED

WANTED, 88" or 109" LR in very sound condition. Rebecca, (415) 342-9070

WANTED, 109" SW in good condition, eng. conversion OK. Dr. Lennie (916) 485-7153

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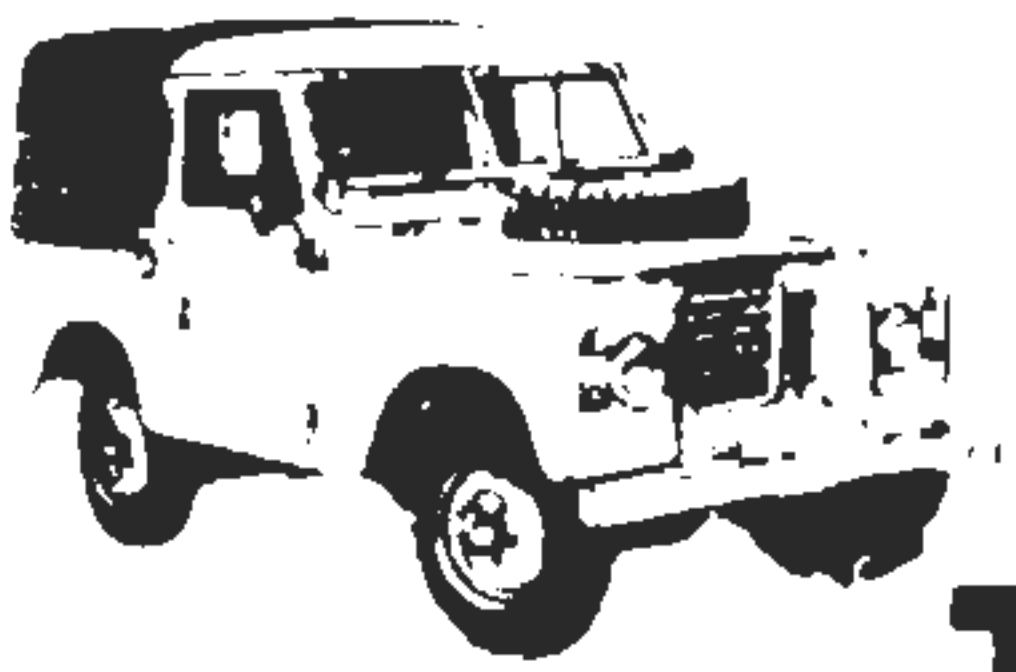
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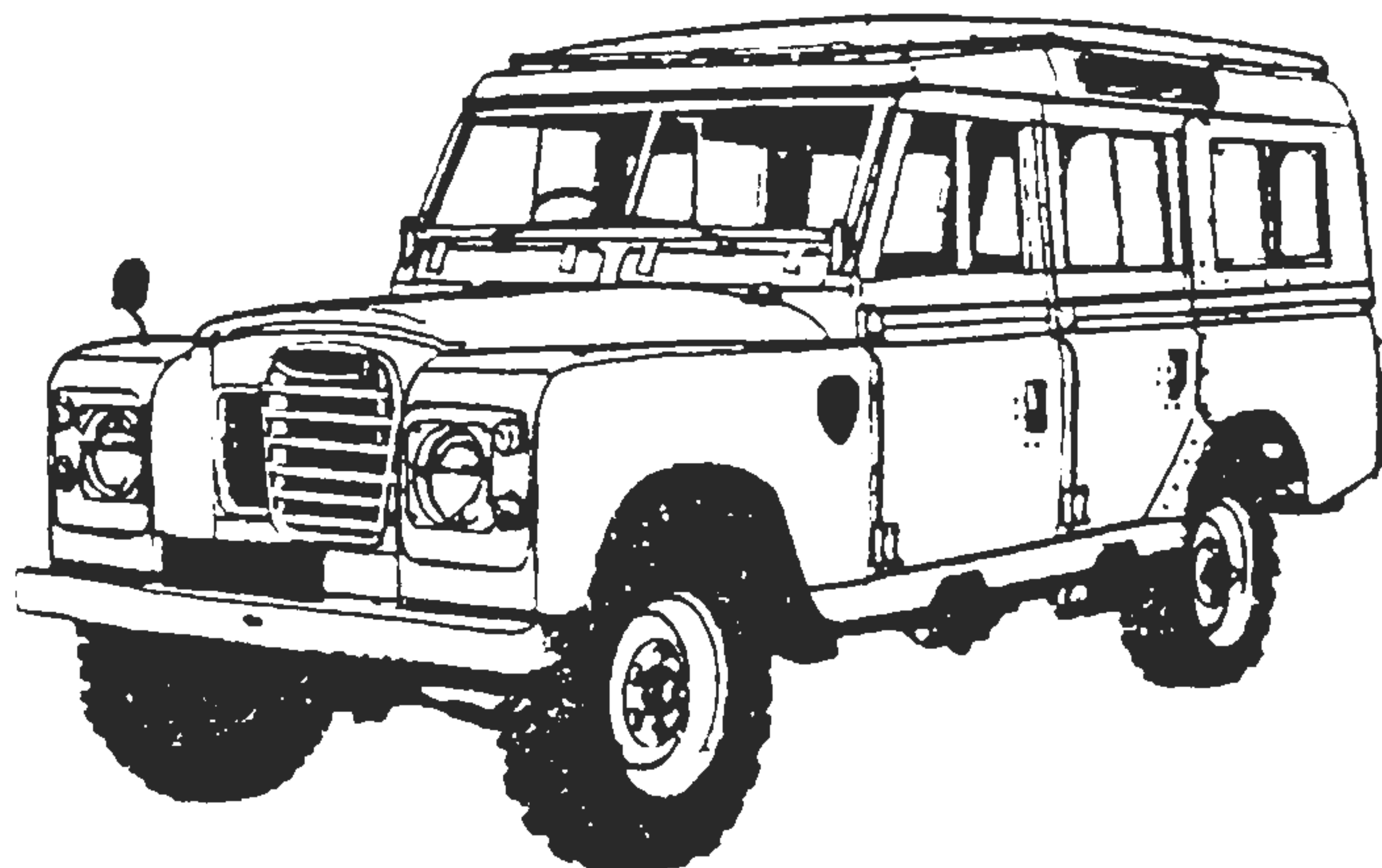
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 LROA- BACK ISSUES
 P.O. BOX 162201
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POSTSCRIPTS & MISCELLANY

ODE TO LAND ROVERS

With roaring, crashing thunder,
 As we throw the rocks asunder,
 And climb the hill from under,
 Our Rover makes the top.

We shift down into compound low,
 And know there's nowhere we can't go.
 We always seem to have to show
 The others how it's done.

Who the hell needs big vee-eights,
 Our four bangers can negotiate
 The worst terrain you can locate,
 This side of Hades' gates.

It's said old Rovers never die,
 And though it's true they cannot fly,
 They'll climb the snowy clouds on high,
 To the bushlands in the sky.

J.A.
 (With apologies to CMDR Ellsberg)



"Scotty" Howat resting after "the one that got away."