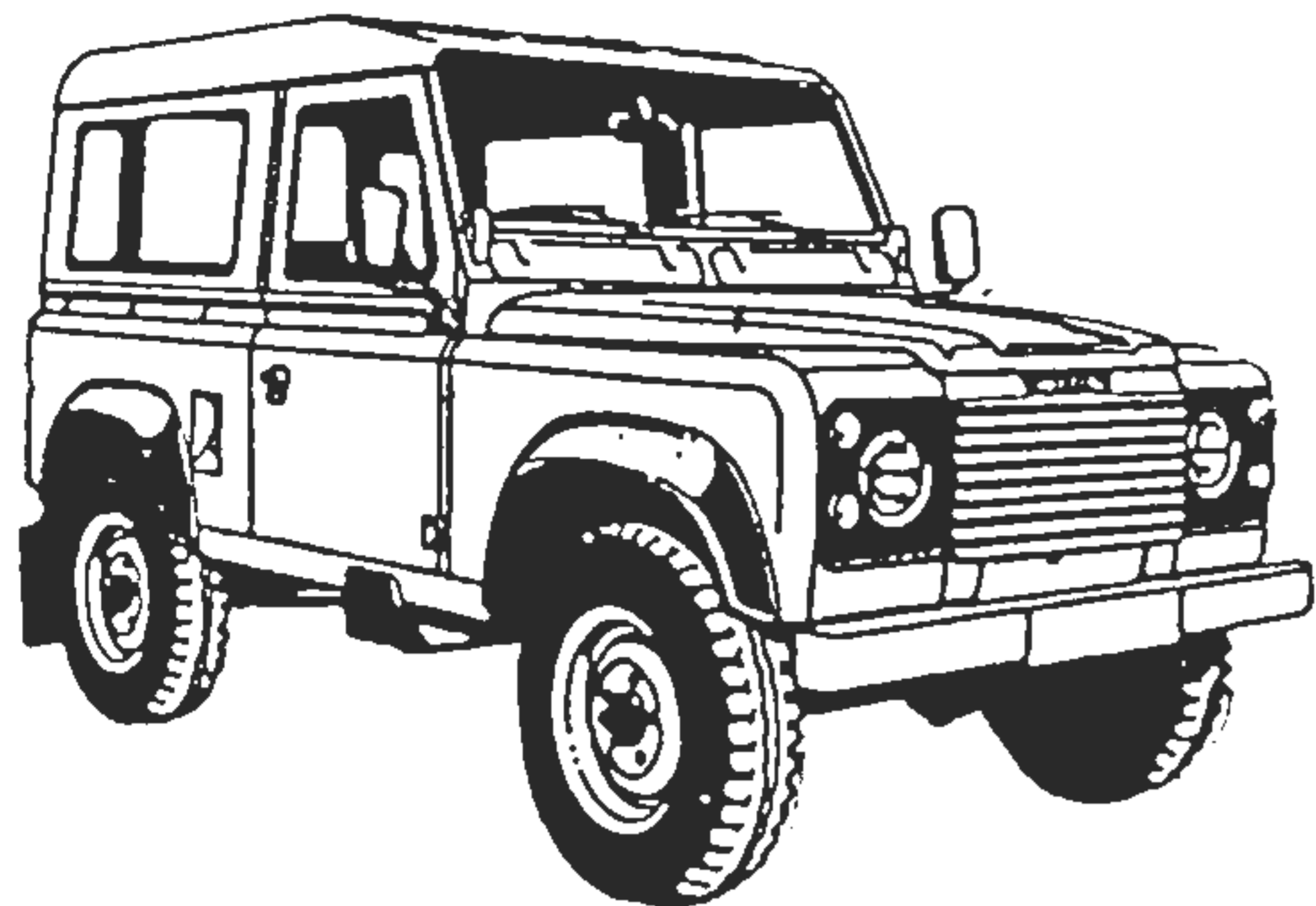


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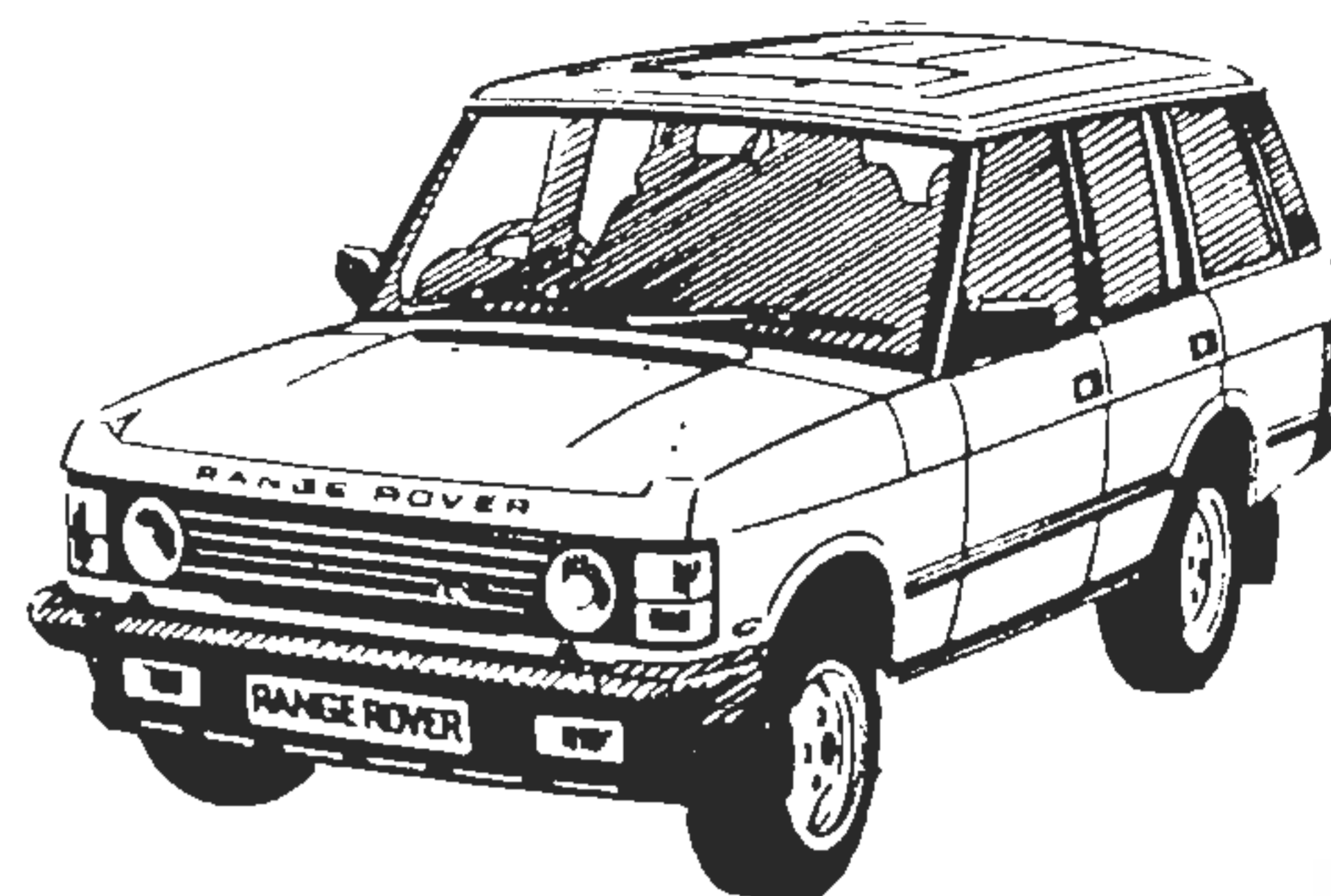


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Deadlines for material: Feb 15, May 15, Aug 15, Nov 15.

Items for publication should be original. If copyrighted, please include permission to print. All contributions: news items, event schedules, articles, technical tips, etc. may be hand written or typed. The most preferable media is a Macintosh formatted, 3 1/2" diskette. If DOS is used, please save as ASCII on 3 1/2" diskette. The ALUMINUM WORKHORSE is produced using Pagemaker v. 4.2 and Microsoft Word, v. 5.0.

Permission to reprint any material herein is granted to all other Rover clubs as long as acknowledgment is given to the author and publication.

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Front Cover: The 'Snivellers in Baja. During a short break, John Kirn (CA) surveys the caravan and the trail ahead from atop Lynn Helm's Series II 88.

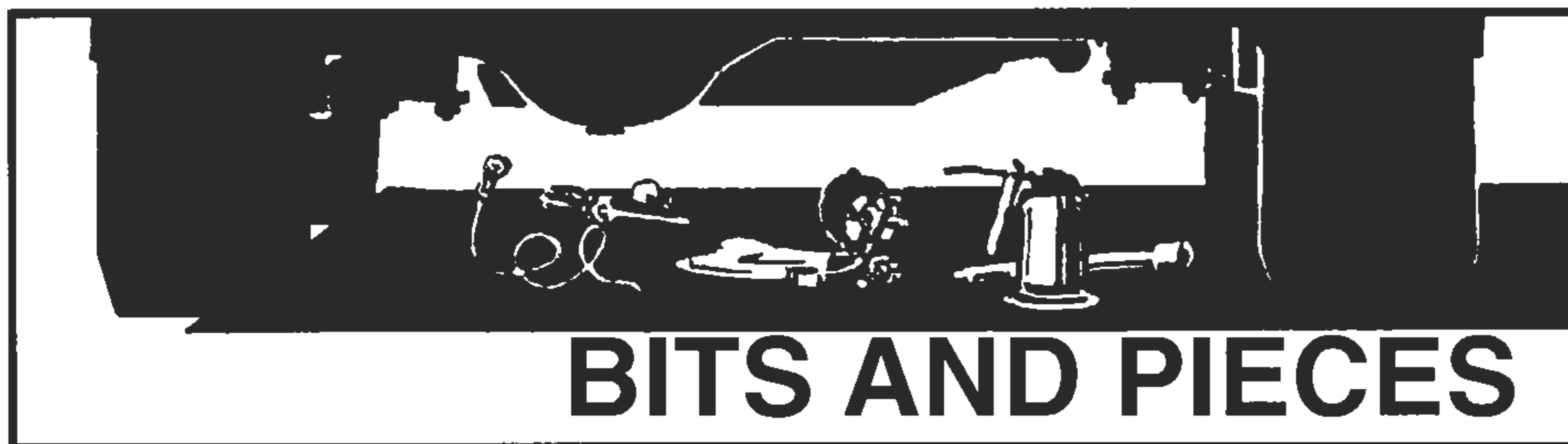
Photo, Brad Blevins.

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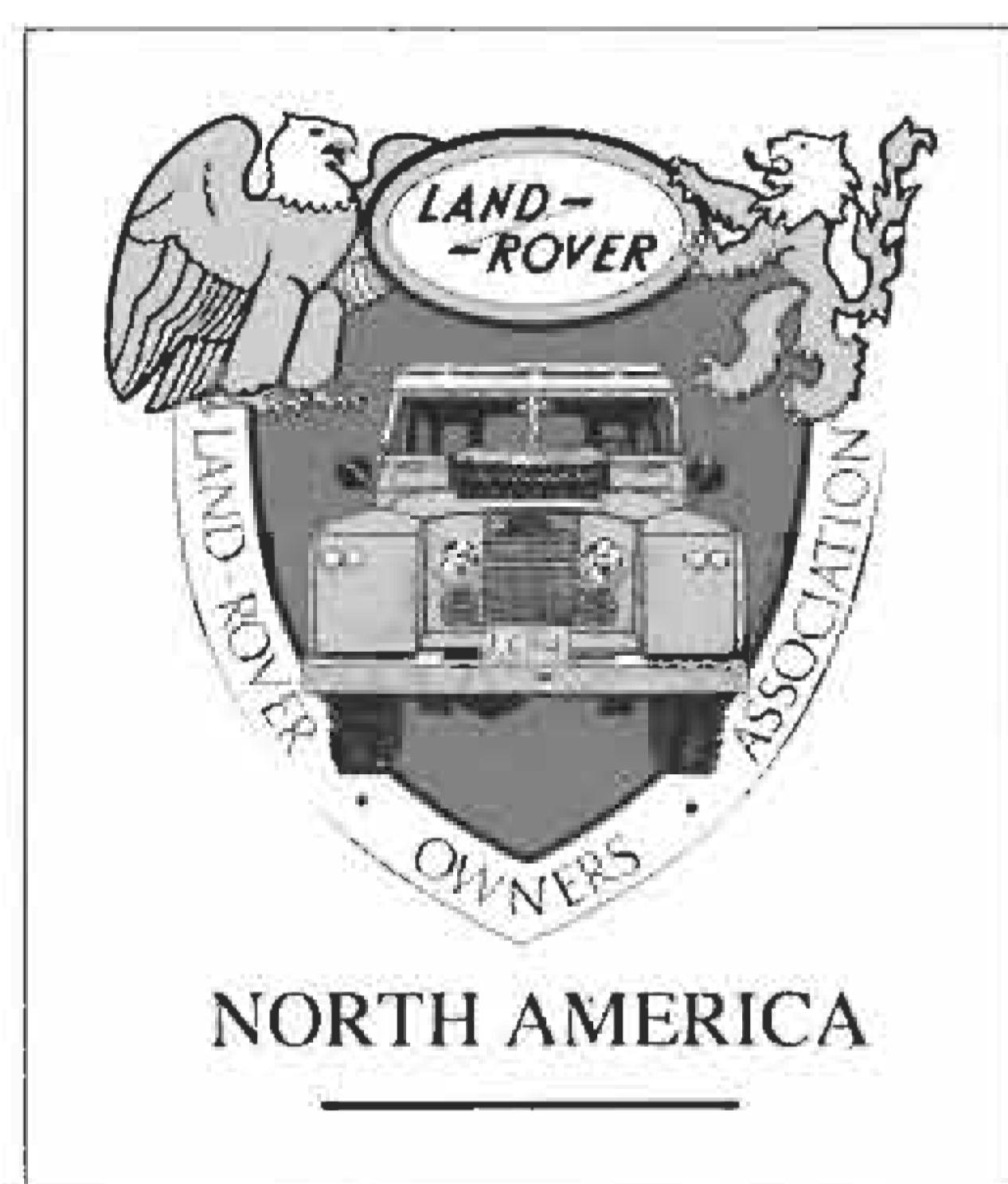
Geoff Tobin's Series III 88 climbing a tough trail at Hollister Hills Off-Road Park in California.



• **LROA WINDOW STICKERS!**... Finally, we have a window sticker to offer our members. It's a good news/bad news thing though. The good news is that we have it. The bad news is that we have to charge \$1.50 for it.

The sticker is black on clear self adhesive and measures 4.25" x 5.5". It is printed in reverse so that you can put it on the inside of your window and it will 'read' from the outside. Please send a check for \$1.50 to:

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The LROA Window Sticker

• **MEMBERSHIP DRIVE!**... We need to boost our membership in order to keep the magazine at it's present high standard of quality. Even though new members are being assigned numbers over 1000, we don't have that many paid members. Some of our members sell their Rovers, and so don't renew. And their numbers are not given out to anyone else. So please know that we are running on a shoestring. Next Spring, we will provide a Treasurer's report.

Each issue of this magazine costs over \$2,000 just for printing. Other costs include postage, phone calls (across the US & Canada), computer paper, etc. that those who are active have to spend to accomplish their tasks. It all adds up.

We have inserted into this issue, a little flyer that we'd like to ask you to photocopy. If you would keep four or five in your Rover and slip them under the wipers of the next several Rovers you see parked on the street, we could increase our membership substantially.

Take some to the next rally you attend. And if you have any Rover acquaintances who aren't members, please ask them to join.

DUES INCREASE?... It looks as though there will be another increase next Feb 1. But if your renewal check gets in before Feb 1, 1994, you'll get the old rate for another year. In fact, if you have Rover friends who aren't presently members, this is a good opportunity to get them in at the old rate too. More next issue.

confusing to those 80 and we want you to know that in the future we will be sending all our members renewal notices in December.

• **SUMMER ISSUE!**... There were a bunch of members who had forgotten to renew in the Spring, so we sent reminder cards to them. Actually, the Summer issues were accidentally sent with the reminder cards inserted.

As it turns out, this was a two-fold mistake. Firstly, the reminder card implied that these members had missed an issue. In truth, they didn't miss one - it came with the attached card. Still, almost all of the renewing members requested their "missing" issue.

Secondly, because of the above mistake, our over-run of Summer issues was completely used up. Even new members will now have to wait until the Fall issue comes out to enjoy the Aluminum Workhorse. You collectors out there will now probably see the Summer '93 AW as one of the rare ones, eh?

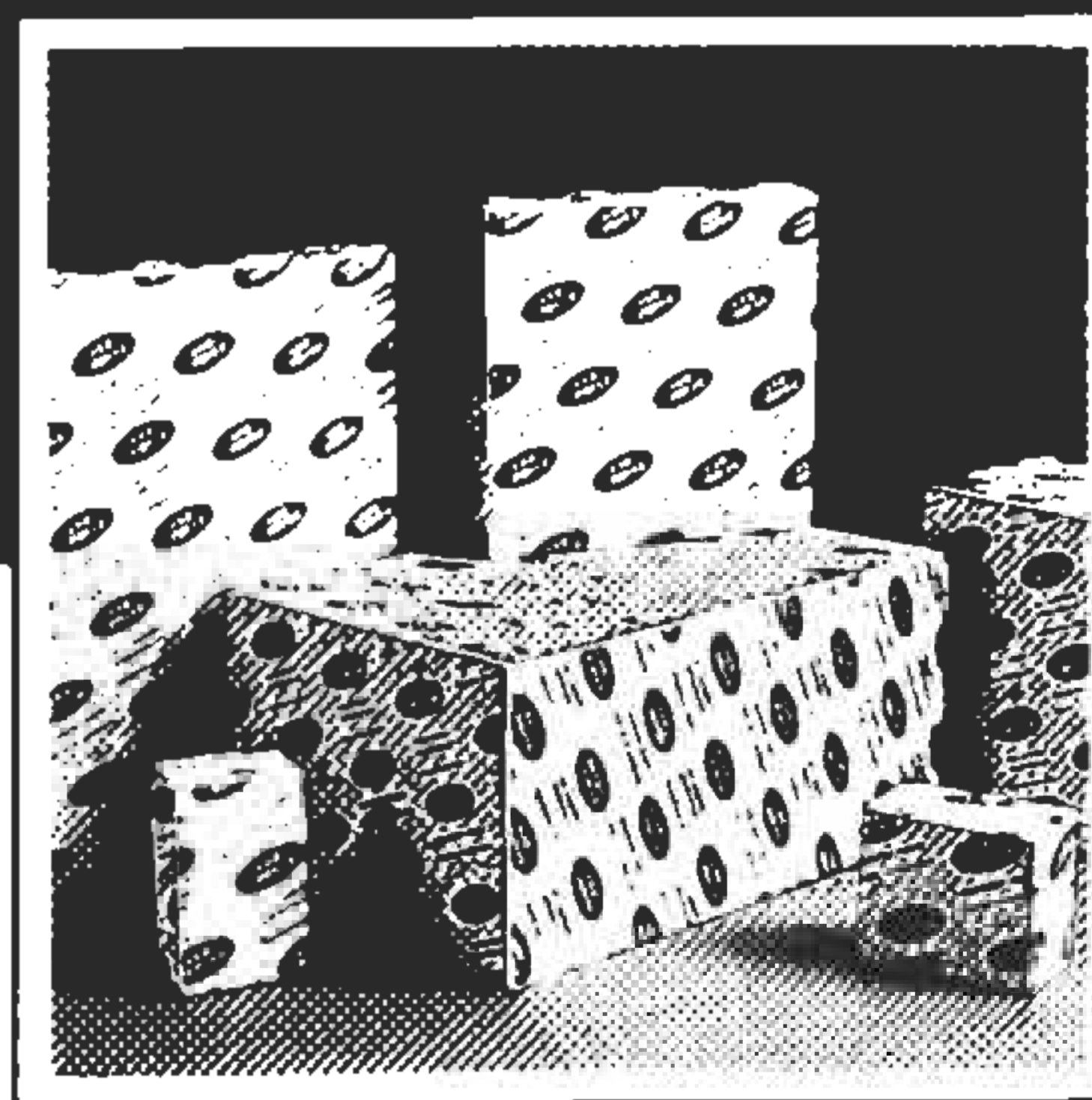
• **ANOTHER NEW LROA ADDRESS!**... Last issue we announced that Bob & Sue Bernard, of Paradise, CA, have taken on the Membership duties which would include pro-

• **SPRING ISSUE!**... About 80 of our members renewed just after the Spring issue of the AW was sent out. What a dilemma! Should we send them the Spring issue, or just give them the next 4 issues? Or maybe we should return \$5 to each of them so that their membership would still come due in Feb?

We decided that these folks wouldn't want to be short the spring issue and, once the over-run of back issues got to California, they were sent out as soon as possible.

As it turned out, the Summer issue of the magazine was already in the mail. This may have been a little

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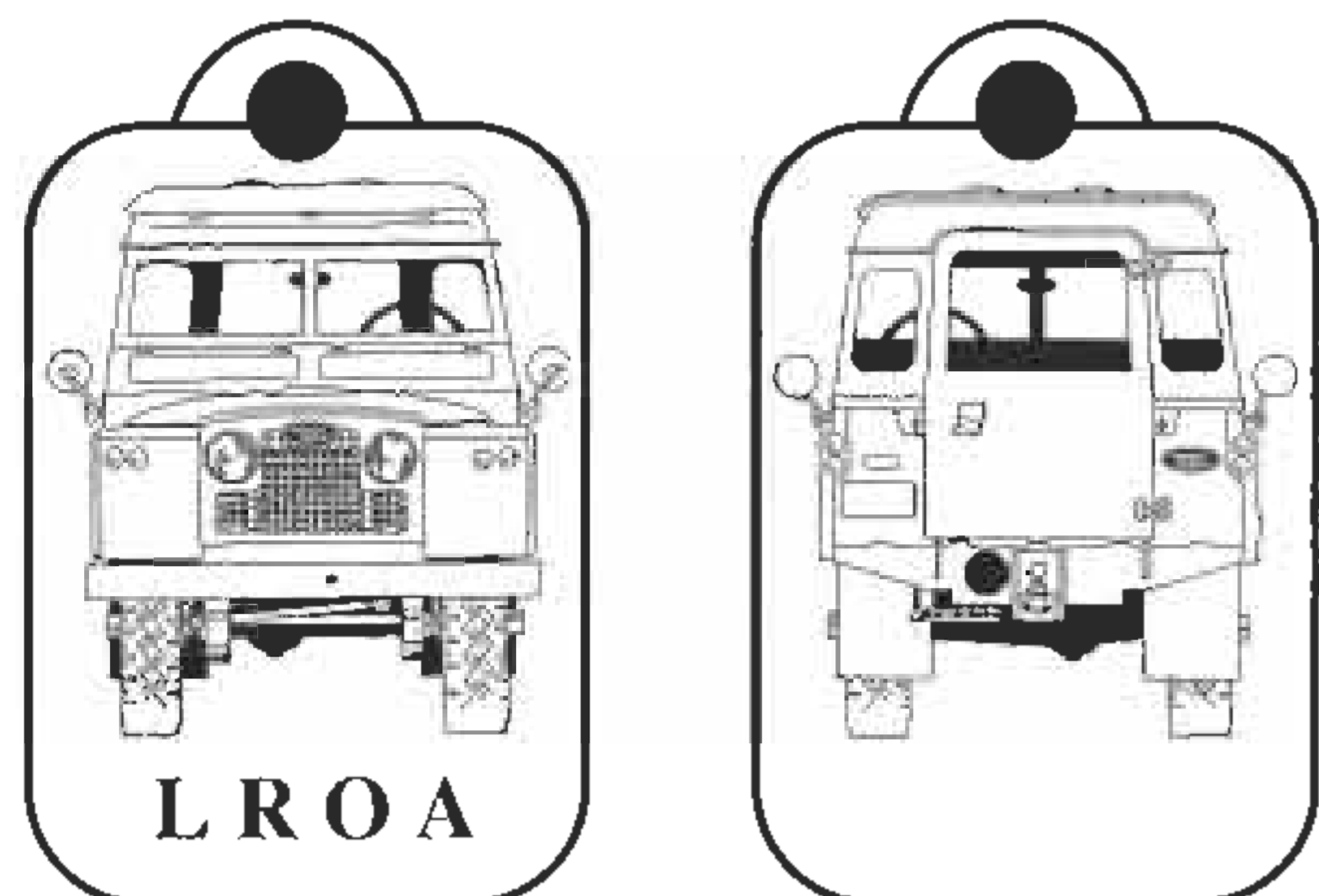
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cessing club dues. Since the dues are make up most of the club account, they are also going to be the LROA TREASURER(s).

•LROA KEY RINGS... we still have LROA key Rings. David Ducat of CT is handling them for us. They are made of pewter with the front of a Land Rover series IIA on one side and the back on the other side:

The price is \$4.00. That includes shipping. Send a \$4.00 check (made out to LROA) to:

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Send Steve inquiries about Regional Coordinators and all those things that you'd think a president ought to be in charge of and isn't covered by any of the club officers listed below.

**TREASURER / MEMBERSHIP: Bob & Sue Bernard
LROA**

**PO Box 1144
Paradise, CA 95967
1- 916- 877- 5656**

Bob & Sue can answer questions about membership, membership status, application, dues, etc. They are also responsible for turning out the mailing labels for the ALUMINUM WORKHORSE, so if you have an address change or corrections to our mailing list, these folks can take care of you.

**SECRETARY : Dom Dias
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Send Dom inquiries about club policies, solicitations, affiliations, etc.

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Any and all material for the Aluminum Workhorse should be sent to this address. Includes Advertising queries, copy, etc.



Jackie Bookout (TN) is a new member (#1097) and sent in this shot of 4 of the 5 family Rovers. True enthusiasts.

Events

CALIFORNIA

• Sept. 12: All British Car Meet, Palo Alto. There's always a strong turnout of Land Rovers at this event. Last year saw about 35 of us.

• Oct. 2-3: 4th Annual Capitol City British Car Days, Sacramento, CA. Sat: Concourse D'Elagance. Sun: Rally and Picnic.

Sponsored by Sacramento Jaguar Club., Write SJC

2510 Anza Ave.

Davis, CA 95616

• Oct. 3: San Diego British Car Day. We expect over 450 vehicles to be sitting on the infield of the Del Mar Race Track. This is a

casual show with awards for "Best of Marque", "Peoples' Choice", and "Best British Beater".

Cars in all conditions are invited, with the emphasis on automobile appreciation and camaraderie. There will be a food concessionaire this year, along with vendors and, of course, the Prince of Darkness Games to add to your day. Dick Schmidt, 1-619-453-3864.

• Oct. 30- 31: Sierra Weekend Run. You'll make it home for Halloween. Call Steve Hill, 1-916-393-3767.

• Dec. 4: LROA Christmas Party. Steve Hill's house; 7701 Manon Way, Sacramento, CA. Potluck...bring something to share. Steve's

library of Land Rover movies will be open... they have 2 TVs. Lots of interesting Rover discussions take place at these events. And you'd be amazed at the Rovers that show up.

Give Steve a call at 1-916-393-3767.

MICHIGAN

• Oct 3: Mt. Clemens. British Car show at Brodies British Pub. All British cars welcome. Awards, door prizes, entertainment, British food & beer, darts. Hughe Vandervord, 313-740-4703 before 8pm.

'Downeast V' Report

Okay, I know, you are sick and tired of 'Downeast' this and 'Downeast' that. Well, here comes some more.

So, what can I tell ya. I didn't count Land Rovers this year... it's immature. And I'm afraid that I didn't get to talk to half the people who showed up—as usual. To those folks from FL, GA, WI, and a dozen other places who I promised to talk to "in five minutes" and never did, I apologize. It won't happen next year.

On the subject of next year, 'Downeast' VI is already in the works. Why do it again? Well, everyone departs Owl's Head with a big ear to ear grin and a "See you next year, ol' chap". When forty or fifty folks say things like that... it's on for next year whether I approve or not.

This year, at breakfast, Searsmont, Maine—I was out of bed at sun up, all excited about the day ahead. As I headed out around 6:15 am, there was a series III 88 parked across the road at the 'Sign of the Owl' Bed & Breakfast. It had NY plates and the owner worked for MIT. One of the interesting aspects of his Rover was the rear door—it was originally fitted to a Camel Trophy vehicle. Together, we drove the 15 miles to Searsmont.

Jeff, the owner of the 'Fraternity Village General Store' arrived about the same time we did — on his ten speed bike! Naturally, no one else

showed up for at least another hour. First in the door was Dave O'Fiara of Saratoga Springs, NY. Next came Trevor and Mary Easton of Grimsby, Ontario, Canada in their well kept series IIA 88, affectionately known at 'Miss Golightly'.

Bob Raffensperger and family Range Rovered their way from Harrisburg, PA. Dave Davey and friend were next to arrive. Although Dave is the top man in the Canadian Series One Club, he was behind the wheel of a Range Rover. And so it went. Before long the spacious car park was full. Inside, breakfasts —healthy and otherwise — were being ordered by everyone. After a while, I got to thinking about finding a bigger place for next year. First, we ran out of tables. Then we lacked chairs. Pretty soon the cutlery ran out. No worries, folks were out the door digging into their camping gear for folding seats and tables and whatever implements they could find to chow down with.

After breakfast, lots of folks went their own ways, but a good size group met later in the day for a bit of off- roading in the Camden Hills State Park along with a good hike to the top of Bald Rock Mountain. Groups of five, ten or twenty Land Rovers were doing their own things up and down the coast.



This lonely Series IIA has a good view of this year's 'Downeast V'. If she could only talk, eh?...
Photo, Dan Loper.

On Saturday evening, Dawn (the other two thirds) and I toured the local campgrounds. Mini Land Rover rallies were going on all over the place. As we strolled down a shady lane at Rockport Campground, we came across a military Land Rover 90! Near by was a HCPU 109! Through the woods, Land Rovers of all shapes and sizes glowed in the evening light. Hellos were exchanged with the folks from Rovers North. And up the lane, Christopher Laws, of Badger (interior trim and custom canvas tops for LRs & RRs) was spotted racing through the woods on a mountain bike with a couple of other similarly mounted guys in hot pursuit.

The Bay State LRC had their own enclave. It was bustling with activity. Two Defender 110s stood out among the Rovers in their group. As much as I wanted to hang out with the gang, it was getting late. I was pooped and Sunday was going to be a busy day.

Dawn & I cruised back to Camden noting Land Rovers and Range Rovers everywhere. We stopped in town for a quick stroll around the waterfront and a tub of frozen yoghurt (small for her – extra large, chocolate for me). A military SWB was spotted in the waterfront parking lot. Sure enough, it was Ian Halm's of NH. Before long there were Ian & friends enjoying a seafood dinner. After a quick chat, we drove north and home. (Bruce Mc Eneny, owner of British Rovers in Cavendish, VT, was staying at a campground North of Camden with several Land Rover and Range Rover owners, but the sun had long since gone down and the campground is spread out.)

Saturday's weather was downright great! Sunday morning started out overcast but most of the clouds were high and not threatening. There had been a few sprinkles during the night... some folks got a bit damp while others were spared.

Rolling into Owl's Head around 7:30am. Joe Murphy (VT) & his IIA 88 beat us to it. Lanny Clark, of Rovers North was next to show – in, of all things, a U-haul truck! When the thing was opened up, it contained tables and chairs and a series III 88 'rolling chassis'. In fact, it was more than a rolling chassis. You might say it was a driving Land Rover lacking wings, hood, windscreen, doors, floor, roof, and rear body.

Before long, Land Rovers of all shapes & sizes were flooding through the gates. The number of Range Rovers, too, was quite staggering.

Ted Woodward (ME) showed up early on in his ever-improving late IIA 88 (See article, Getting Hooked in the Spring, '93 issue of the AW, page 27) with a tent on loan from L.L. Bean. As soon as the thing was set up, tables and chairs, along with every issue of The Aluminum Workhorse that could be found were laid out. Being a non-partisan event, all Rover clubs had been invited to come and promote themselves. Several clubs reported picking up new members from last year's rally and I'm sure the same can be said of the LROA-NA.

The flow of vehicles had slowed after an hour or two and it was time to hang out and meet the gang. Steve Hanson (ME), this year's co-host, greeted folks from far & wide, while Trevor Hunt (ME) set up shop with odds & ends cleared out of his workshop. A particularly touching moment came in the early afternoon when I found a former British Army paratrooper from Dorchester, Yorkshire, England totally overcome with the emotion of his first American (& Canadian) experience. All the violent garbage of US origin he had been exposed to on British television just didn't reflect the time of a lifetime he was having. He'd been to airshows and Land Rover rallies in the UK but nothing had prepared him for the way it's done here. The poor fellow had trouble finding words. His parting remark was, "You know, back home, I thought I had friends second to none. Now they're second". (I must get this fellow to write about his adventures.)

110 Defenders made their first showing at the 'Downeast'. A local owner, Scott Rocknack, had the good taste to remove what must surely be the most hideous roof rack ever devised.

The US Army Ranger's R-SOV's (Ranger-Special Operation Vehicle 110) didn't make it from their base in Georgia. It's my fault, really.

You see, ol' Colonel What's His Face said he'd be more than happy to let us have a brace of the things for display purposes (I had been kinda hoping' he'd let us drive them around a bit). There was only one snag. I'd have to foot the bill to get them from GA to ME. Phew!... those C-130 transport planes cost a bloody fortune!

Although most headed home on Sunday, that was by no means the end of things. A bit of inter club business was taken care of Monday Morning along with plans to have a Land Rover club seminar (of sorts) next year. Many Land Rover owners now make it the Downeast part of their annual vacations. I was surprised to see Land Rovers from all over New England still in the area the following weekend.



Fred & Mrs. Joyce (center & R) of the Ottawa Valley Land Rover Club, pick up a few parts that have been sitting in Trevor Hunt's (L) garage.



Ted Howard's early 1960s 109 with snow plow looks rough on the outside, but underneath is 1st class!

So, on to next year's plans. In order to get the maximum out of the rally the plan is for everyone to stay at the same campground next year. A suitable site is being prepared in South Northport, ME. Eleven motel rooms will be available on site. The Bay View Street Cinema will show the movie *The Gods Must be Crazy* on Saturday evening for Rover owners and civilians alike. Following the movie, there will be a special showing of historic 16mm Land Rover factory film including material on IIA, III, 90, 110, Range Rover and Camel Trophy, all on the big screen. Part of Saturday will possibly be devoted to a spot of sailing.

Breaking with tradition, there will be a charge for some of the events. More info on that in future issues.

Mark your calendars for the last weekend in July, 1994. MJM

1993 WARN TRANSSYLVANIA TROPHY:

A Feature Article from Warn Industries

Route changes and negotiations with border patrols didn't stop the organizers from putting on one of the best new amateur off-road driving competitions around. The Warn Off-Road Transsylvania Trophy drew 41 teams from around the globe to compete for a trophy and \$6,000.00 in prize money.

Although the original route through Transsylvania had to be changed at the last minute from Romania to the Ukraine, the Trophy, which took place May 21 - 28, provided competitors a chance to test their skill along 290 kilometers of some of the toughest off-road trails in the world. The gruelling route passed through the rugged Carpathian Mountains and crossed obstacles that ranged from hilly, forested, rocky horse and cart trails to severely rutted out roads last used by military tanks. Warn winches were required equipment for each vehicle.

Orientation day buzzed with activity as teams registered their vehicles. The field included Jeep CJs, Wranglers and Cherokees, Mitsubishi Pajeros, Nissan Patrols, Range Rovers, Lada Nivas, a Ford Bronco, Toyota Landcruisers, a Land Rover 90 and an ex-Camel Trophy Land Rover Discovery. After registration, teams took part in safe winching seminars then spent the remainder of the day checking to be sure they had all the supplies they needed to survive the six day event. Teams were responsible for their own food, equipment & sleeping gear.

DAY ONE (& 2): climb to the castle, race through the woods

Each morning, the teams attended a brief orientation that described the day's obstacles. Following the orientation, the teams drew for a starting order. The first obstacle was an arduous climb to the foreboding ruins of a 16th century castle. The road was once traveled only by those on foot and horse and cart. It was surrounded by dense forest and was littered with roots, rocks and boulders that protruded defiantly from the ground. It didn't take long for teams to appreciate the reliability and power of their Warn winches, and this was only the first of many timed winching sections.

As the day wore on, it became apparent that many teams had little or no winching experience. Disabled vehicles (no doubt those who had not paid attention at the winching seminars) blocked the path and winch cables were strewn dangerously across each other by teams in vehicles trying to get around them. It was chaos! Those who made it were obvious winching veterans.

The organizers realized they had more off-road driving novices than they had planned for. This first section took much longer than they had anticipated. By mid-afternoon, there were still several teams waiting for their turn at the hill—and there was another entire section to be completed by all teams before the day was out.

A downpour of rain clinched the decision to cancel the timed winching section for the rest of the day. The competitors reported to the start point for the race through the woods (the second section for day one). There was just enough daylight for the course to be completed.

The race through the woods provided some extra excitement for the press, who were traveling in a caravan of vehicles provided by Taubenreuther, Warn's German distributor. The caravan came upon a hillside too severe to drive down safely. The drivers decided to make a chain, anchoring the first vehicle to a tree at the top of the hill. In turn, this vehicle was an anchor point for two more vehicles, which were using their winches to lower another vehicle. This proved to be a bit much for the emergency brake on the first vehicle. It gave, and the cable attached to the tree to snapped, sending the unmanned vehicle hurtling down the hill toward the others, just missing them.



Sticky situation. Photo- Rubens Salles



Snorkel day. Photo-Fred Krijgsman

Day two of the Trophy was in essence canceled so that teams who had not had their turn at the climb to the castle could have a go at it. Other teams welcomed the extra time—using it to make minor adjustments and repairs to their vehicles. The time was also used to recover vehicles that had been left overnight—suffering from broken axles and other immobilizing problems.

DAY THREE: rebuilding the road

On the third day, things were back on schedule. It began with a 16-kilometer sprint through mountain-top meadows, then slowed to a stop when the teams realized it was going to take more than winching to pass through the road that lay ahead. An unexpected camaraderie developed as teams offered assistance to each other, pooling resources and manpower to move dirt and logs laying nearby into the ruts to rebuild the road, so vehicles could pass through. Some sat and waited, offering no help. As their turn came, they found themselves going it alone, without spotters, making the trip much more difficult. Others decided to go around the washed out sections of the road to save time—but found themselves docked points for leaving the designated path.

DAY FOUR: teamwork

Day four offered a unique twist to the competition—it forced teams to pair up in groups of four vehicles and to work together through a demanding winching section—an unforgiving 1,800 meter peak. The day started in the usual manner with teams drawing for starting position. Once on their way, however, disorder prevailed. Teams jockeyed for position, keeping an eye on those teams they knew were skilled winchers. The trick was to move as close to them as possible, so that they were right with them at the base of the hill, where Trophy officials assigned teams

to groups in order of arrival. Teamwork was critical. The time each group received was that of the last vehicle in their group that crossed the finish line. That meant teams could not abandon vehicles in their group that were going too slow, or were having mechanical difficulties. If they did, their entire group received the time of that abandoned vehicle when it finally crossed the line, essentially knocking them out of the running for the Trophy.

DAY FIVE: snorkel anyone?

By the fifth day, the event was taking its toll on both teams and vehicles. Most of the novice off-roaders had been knocked out or had given up by this point. And for good reason. This day was for veterans only.

The 25 kilometer designated route passed through what looked like a mild-mannered stream, but it put both vehicle and team to the test. Deep, hidden holes capable of sinking a vehicle to its windshield lurked everywhere. Those who came prepared had specially made snorkels for their vehicles to prevent water from entering their air intake systems. Other teams jury-rigged their own snorkels, but suffered because their electrical systems were not water tight. Some simply tried to avoid the holes. Needless to say, several more teams were knocked out of the competition.

DAY SIX: willy-nilly up the hills

A Le Mans style start took the place of the draw system on day six. Teams lined up side-by-side and lurched forward at nearly the same time when the start signal was given. They raced willy-nilly toward the rolling hills (which were more like mountains) that lay before them. The hillsides were slick and soft from the rain—and there were no trees to use as anchor points if a team got stuck. Some resorted to tire chains for traction, but it took a powerful engine and keen driving skill to get to the finish line of this section. The teams were determined though, because they knew they were close to the end of the grueling Transsylvania Trophy.

The next day was one of celebration. All teams were rewarded for their efforts with plenty of beer and sausage at the Hungarian Off-Road Festival near Lake Balaton.

Fletcher and Cobby, an English duo, accepted the trophy for first place. Their Land Rover 90 finished the race with a time of 19 hours, 50 minutes and 29 seconds. They were proof that it wasn't the most daring moves or the fastest times that won the event. It took patience, perseverance, and skill to win the Trophy.

Second place went to Friedl and Haas of Austria in a Land Rover Discovery. Their time, 23 hours, 16 minutes and 21 seconds. Roth and Henseleit took third in their Landcruiser BJ 42, with a time of 30 hours, 40 minutes and 31 seconds.

The A.W. Needs You!

The Aluminum Workhorse is dependent upon it's members for contributions of Articles, Tech Tips, News, Artwork and, all of the other kinds of material found within it's pages.

So, share that Rover story that you always tell to your buddies. Or maybe you've discovered a neat little maintenance trick that you could share. What about Land-Rover/ Range-Rover jokes? Cartoons? Photos? News? Get creative!

Hand-written or typed is fine, or, if you have a computer, please send your material on a 3 1/2" diskette. We work on a mac, but if your computer is DOS, save the file as an ASCII or MS Word, or Word Perfect, or generic text file and we can convert it.

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3 Book Reviews

Collector's Guide to Land Rovers 1948–1988 by James Taylor

Superbly illustrated with black & white photos. Very well laid out text. Covers all Land Rover models, both military and civil, in detail. Book lists production runs of each model with serial numbers. Also includes second-hand buyers guide. (Wouldn't it be nice if someone would publish a 10th-hand buyers guide?) This book is highly recommended... you'll never get tired of looking through it. Cost: \$30.00

Classics In Color #4; Land Rover

A feast of color photographs. This soft bound covers a wide array of military and civil Land Rovers from the 1947 prototype to the present models.

The text is a very brief but accurate account of Land Rover development. Each of the 125 or so photos have lengthy captions which fill the gaps in the brief text. Many of the photos are very contrived company promotional shots. However, the bulk were taken by the author and many well known individuals on the Land Rover scene including Bob Morrison (military correspondent to LRO), Ross Floyd (Series III Club), and Brian Marshall (Dunsfold Land Rover Museum).

12 photos depict Land Rovers built by the Spanish company, 'Santana' (Metallurgica de Santa-Ana). Santana continued to produce series III Land Rovers after production ceased in the UK in 1985. They began their own line of development with their series IIIA and series IV. There is a particularly good photo on page 90 of a series IV 109. It features the 110 style one piece windshield, doors with winding windows,

110 style hood & grill. Altogether a very attractive vehicle.

For those of you with restoration in mind, a series IV conversion would be a nice way to go. It works well on the 3 & 5 door 109s but is more difficult on 88s.

I find Classics in Color a nice little book to have around. If you like Land Rovers it is well worth the \$20 price tag.

Land Rover: The Unbeatable 4x4 (Hard-cover) by Ken & Julie Slavin and George Mackie

Until James Taylor's long awaited book on the history of Land Rovers becomes available (it'll be a few years yet), this is one of the best on the subject. Now in it's 3rd edition, I'm sure it won't be long 'til the 4th is available. Ken & Julie Slavin are two of the most highly respected people in the Land Rover world. From their Lincolnshire farm HQ in the UK, they supply Land Rovers and advice to aid groups, film companies, the UN, World Wildlife Fund, etc. They've been at it since the 1960s.

The book covers Land Rover development and the people behind the scenes. There is good coverage on the introduction of the Range Rover to the US market and extensive coverage of the famous 'Special Projects Department' now known as Special Vehicle Operations.

The book is crammed with photos. In fact there are photos on just about every page – all in black & white except for a block of color about half way through.

I highly recommend it. Cost \$33.00 most places.
MJM

Atlanta BMC Day

The Tenth Annual Atlanta British Motorcar Day was held at the Chateau Elan Vineyard on May 22, 1993 and once again over 500 British cars, including 8 Land Rovers, a Range Rover and 2 Rover sedans were in attendance. The event netted over \$3,500 in donations to the American Diabetes Association.

Rovers North and Hennessey Range Rover, as well as several local businesses contributed items for door prizes. Hennessey donated a \$350 Barbour coat which was won by John Dorr who will probably put it to good use on his next trip to Africa. We would like to thank all our sponsors for their support.

David & Stephanie George, from Martinez, GA won the peoples' choice for best Land Rover award for the 2nd year running. Their



David George wins 1st place in Land Rover Category AGAIN! BMC Day, Atlanta '93. Photo, Jack Walter.

restored 1971 Series IIA wins awards in almost every show they attend.

John Dorr, from Madison, GA was a first time attendee with a 1967 109 pick-up which has a Chevy 250 engine and Range Rover differentials. Another '67 109 (5-door) was driven in by Audwin McGee, an artist from Florence, AL. The vehicle has a very nice after market Turbocharger installation on the stock diesel 2.25 liter engine. It is also equipped with an auxiliary fuel tank under the right passenger seat and a Fairey overdrive unit.

John Dillingham (1968 88) and Jack Walter (1966 diesel 109 SW) had a friendly discussion over whose vehicle looked more like a 'bag of walnuts' with peeling paint. There is something to be said for this carefully aged appearance on a Land Rover as some of the other spectators kept coming up and pointing to our vehicles and saying, "Now that's how a Land Rover should look!"

Walter Cox brought his 1970 Series IIA which he has owned since new, and gave a progress report on his recently acquired, red '70 Rover 3500S with only 28,000 miles on it. It needs paint, and Walter is rebuilding the entire brake system. After that, it should be very nice.

Other vehicles included a diesel 88 soft-top, a 1983 Range Rover, a 1970 Rover 2000TC, and a nice 1980 Rover SDI 3500. Many other Land Rover owners came but were unable to bring their trucks. Larry Zalants from Aiken, SC experienced last minute head gasket problems with his '59 Series II but promises to bring it next year. Others, like Alex Turk (1950 Series I 80) and Charles Brown from W. Columbia, SC who owns 5 Land Rovers including a 101FC and a Dormobile camper just didn't think to bring theirs. Fred Sisson brought 2 Morgans because his Land Rover is in Ohio. Maybe next year.

Mark your calendars for next year's event to be held at Chateau Elan on May 21, 1994. I have met at least 75 people with Land Rovers in the Atlanta area and hope we can get an even better turn-out next year.

Jack Walter (GA)

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News and Info

N. America's First Dedicated Off-Road Driving School

Range Rover North America gave it a shot not too long ago, but you could have bought a good second-hand 88 for the money they were asking.

Off-road driving tuition is nothing new. The world's military forces need to get the best out of man and machine so they put great emphasis on off-road technique. I had the good fortune to learn what I know from a 20 year veteran Land Rover driving instructor with the Irish Army. My first encounter with the 110 was at the Irish Army's off-road training course in Count Kildare. Before I ran into Leo I was forever in the wrong gear or getting stuck in places where I didn't even need to be in 4WD.

Proper off-road driving technique is kind of like going to a re-education camp. Chances are, the way you are doing it now is only half right. I remember being told to do things by an expert, things that defied logic. Being instructed to keep one's feet well clear of clutch, brake and throttle when going over the edge of a precipice just didn't make sense. After a while, I realized that Leo's way of doing it was the better way even if, for a while, it defied logic.

In March of this year, Rovers North owners, Mark and Andrea Letourney along with staff members Mike Hopwood and Randy Botala, flew to England for some intensive off-road training. Land Rover Ltd. maintains an extensive purpose-built off-road training and demonstration course at the factory. The course was designed to test, prove and demonstrate the Land Rover's abilities. Here, you are taught the basics. Then, when you have achieved the required level of competence, you can head for the real challenge at Eastnor Castle. Eastnor is a large country estate of some 5,000 acres. It is used as a proving ground for all Land Rover products as well as providing the setting for advanced training. It is also one of the main training areas for prospective and chosen 'Camel Trophy' participants.

While at Eastnor Castle, Mark, Andrea, Mike, and Randy were instructed by some of Land Rover Ltd's top tutors and got to drive a wide variety of Land Rover products including Camel Trophy Discoverys and 110s as well as regular Range Rovers and 'Defender 150s'. Needless to say,

the Rover North group overcame every challenge and are now fully qualified and certified Land Rover off-road instructors. While in the U.K. the group also visited several other off-road driving schools to hone their skills.

So, in August of this year, Rovers North Launched their answer to Land Rover Ltd's 'Land Rover Experience'. It is called 'Rovers North Off-Road'. Vehicles being used include Land Rover series III and 90 and Range Rovers owned by R.N.

Courses will include Basic Off-Road, Advanced Off-Road, and Recovery. All are preceded by classroom instruction with videos. Most of the instruction will be one on one. MJM

Off Road Vehicle

Land Rover nut Geoff Bunkle bought a two year nightmare when he paid £28,000 (about \$50,000) for his new Discovery.

Geoff, 47, secretary of the Essex Land Rover Discovery Owners' Club, says his dream machine has been a disaster. He has discovered fault after fault with the vehicle. The luxury off-roader has spent plenty of time off the road – mostly in garages for repair. In less than two years he has had nine AA relay breakdowns, 64 days in repair shops and more than £11,000 (about \$20,000) worth of new parts.

Geoff, a surveyor from North Fambridge, Essex, says that even though Land Rover have paid most of the bill, the breakdowns have left him disillusioned. He says he's so upset he may sell the Discovery and buy a Japanese Toyota Landcruiser.

Geoff has long been a Land Rover fan and also owns a 110 Defender and a 1949 series I model of the 4x4, both of which have never given him trouble.

Geoff has written to all Britain's 28 Land Rover clubs asking if owners have had trouble with the diesel Discovery. He said letters outlining minor faults were arriving.

A Land Rover spokesman said "Mr. Bunkle is a valued and long-standing enthusiast and we are doing everything to ensure he is satisfied".

It is understood that Land Rover have made goodwill payments to Mr. Bunkle.

Our thanks to Tom Kelly of England for sending this article in. This article is reprinted from the August 10, 1993 issue of The Sun, England



The 1994 Defender 90 will be available for sale in the US this fall. The vehicle above has accessory cloth full-top with sliding door windows, front bush bar, side runners, rear lamp guards, an 8,000lb Warn winch system and alloy wheels.

Club News

This section will introduce you to and keep you abreast of what's going on with Land Rover clubs throughout North America.

Ottawa Valley Land Rovers

1016 Normandy Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K2C 0L4
Mike McDermott, Pres.

OVLR offers a variety of activities throughout the year ranging from mechanical seminars and off-roading rallies to social events and family oriented outings. Members receive discounts on parts ordered from several North American suppliers and can expect next day delivery on most items. We also organize bulk purchases direct from Land Rover in England when there is sufficient demand.

We maintain a stock of essential parts for emergency use, specialized tools, camping gear and off-road equipment. The club has a full selection of parts catalogues from North American and British suppliers and shop manuals for all series. Several licensed mechanics and experienced members can offer guidance and arrangements can be made for jobs ranging from minor electrical and mechanical work to complete frame-up restorations.

Our off-road activities come in several categories. The light stuff, usually entertainment during a rally or at one of our summer events, consists of a little 'mud bogging' or tours along hydro rights of way. The heavy version, several days across public land navigating by compass, topographical maps and aerial photos, involves bridge building, river barging and driving conditions ranging from swamp to rocky hill climbs.

We do a lot of travelling to meet Land Rover enthusiasts from other parts of North

America. Regular treks include the Rovers North rally in Vermont, the Atlantic British gathering in New York and an annual meeting with the Toronto club on Lake Ontario. These rallies bring together as many as 130 vehicles and their owners. In addition, club projects for this year include completion of a full-service mobile kitchen and a number of special events to celebrate our first decade of operations. Funds for projects other than our monthly newsletter, are raised through activities like garage sales and vehicle undercoating workshops. Club events are conducted on a 'user pay' basis.

During the winter, we stage mechanical seminars, social events and concentrate on the business side of running the organization. Now is the time for the great outdoors though. June saw record numbers at our annual weekend birthday party under canvas. In late July we held an off-road rally and August brought 30 members together for a field breakfast and planning session for those attending the 'British Invasion' in Stowe, VT this September. Happy Roving!

Notes from Australia

Interest in the Aluminum Workhorse is steadily growing. Everyone is amazed at the number of Land Rovers of the series IIA and III variety still in service in North America.

Wayne Tupicoff V.P. of the 'Rover Owners Association of Queensland sent some photos of recent Land Rover gatherings down under. Below; Wayne's 1950 series I, 80, which he finished last year after an extensive restoration. Not quite satisfied with the way it turned

out, he's stripping the thing down again to do it right. Headlights are hidden behind the grill while the side lights are located on the bulkhead inboard of the windscreen hinge. Directional indicators mounted on the front chassis just aft of the bumper are more a courtesy to fellow motorists than standard equipment. MJM



Wayne Tupicoff's 1950 Series I 80" at a Queensland Land Rover Assoc. rally in Australia.

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Letters

The following letters are the opinions of their authors and not necessarily those of anyone else.

Dear LROA,

I own a 1992 Range Rover. However, before I here groans from those who see any Rover with coil springs as a later day excuse for the 'real thing', may I offer another credential: I was born in Solihull!

My history of association with Land Rovers is an interesting one in that in most of the places where I have lived, including the last twelve years in Houston, it has been difficult for me to actually get beyond the stage of wanting to own a Land Rover. Despite this, i have 'done things' in Land Rovers that might be worthy of a story or two in the future (e.g. crossing the Oman Mountains in three places in 1971). A long sojourn in the Far East found me abusing the inferior Toy product, but even this had it's rewards; you get to appreciate the real thing!

Finally , it took a few years of scrimping, but I went to the bank in August of 1992 and persuaded them that I was good for a Range Rover. Surprisingly, they agreed, and since then I have racked up 10,000 miles entirely within Texas (not that difficult). Three trips worthy of mention include two christenings in the Gulf at Padre Island National Seashore (60 miles no through beach, no beach at high tide) and Christmas on the back country roads of Big Bend National Park. Needles to say, the 'Lode Lane Legend' takes all in it's stride and can convey me around Houston in style *and* safety.

Although I spend a lot of time overseas, I hope to get involved in LROA and other events, and would like to own an 88 canvas top land Rover as a restoration project. I have, in the past, mastered the restoration of an XK140 Jag and MG TD, so I know a lot about the Prince of Darkness electrics and a little about aluminum bodies (the XK's hood)

Best regards and congratulations on the AW – it's a great magazine.

Paul Ashton (TX)

Dear Aluminum Workhorse,

It's great to know that you guys are still around! After sending cash through the mail, I figured, well, some postal man has a bit more money in his pocket. Glad to hear it made



On an extended tour of the US in an 88, Chris Brunner has most recently been working on a movie set in Moab, Utah gathering materials for, and building 'wikiups' for Columbia Pictures' new movie, Geronimo.

it. 6000 mile since my last note, I ended up here in Moab for summer break. After September, I'm off again. I'm going mobile still, but a little bit more luxury... a classic '75 19ft. RV with, of course, the Rover in tow. The RV is solar powered. I hate generators or 110 volt plugs & extension cords.

Right now, the Rover is helping in making a movie. Columbia Pictures, "Geronimo". We are making Indian Dwellings called 'wikiups'. The Rover helps get material in the desert for the dwellings.

My last trip to Telluride was unsuccessful as far as hooking up with LROA members, but I met a beautiful girl with a 109. Long blonde hair and a classic Rover... you can't go wrong with that. Thanks for putting the picture of my Rover in the AW. I don't plan on ever getting rid of it so I'll keep sending shots from around the states. I plan on the next three years for travel. The MD address is my folks so you'll always get me through them.

See ya! Chris Brunner & the roving Rover.

Looking For a Land Rover Pen Pal?

Gordon Seccombe is a 16 year old Australian who is in the process of restoring a series I 107, which he hopes to have finished by the time he gets his driver's license at age 17.

Gordon's address is:

**'Merila,
Narrabri,
New South Wales,
Australia, 4390**

Articles

The Snivelers Patrol the Baja

by Gordon (Captain Camo) Kallio



The Big Baja Promotion

“Snivelers” from California, Massachusetts and British Columbia had been buried in bulletins about the Baja peninsula of Mexico for at least two years. John Kirn, the trip’s inspirational instigator and tireless promoter, had been pushing this adventure for a *long* time. As an “hobbyist naturalist”, lover of deserts, and highly respected Land Rover enthusiast, John had pumped the rest of us up with all kinds of interesting data about the rules governing travellers, the people, the language, the insects, the snakes, and most important of all, the *guarantee* of an unusual adventure.

But some of us who had been to Mexico before did not share John’s enthusiasm. To us it meant nothing more than grime, corruption, heat, poverty, bad water, and the inevitable *dirty squirties*. And oh yeah, the possibility of parts being flown in!

And then there was the small matter of the big distance for the two of us not living within reasonable range of the Mexican border. For me it meant ferrying my military 109” to the San Francisco staging area from Vancouver, British Columbia in one segment, returning to Canada and flying back for the start of the trip; and then flying back to Canada again after the trip. For Glen Foster, it meant driving his 1989 Range Rover from Boston to San Diego before we even began; and then driving across the entire United States again to return home! Now, Glen loves to drive, but this was going a little too far don’t you think?

But John was relentless with his direct mail promotions, and as the April departure date approached six vehicles and ten people signed on at a planning meeting in the Napa Valley. The major decision reached at this three-hour session was to *shoot* south and take it easy coming back north. It’s good we decided this in the beginning because it defined the road rhythm for the entire trip.

The Californians included John (Bugman) and Jane Kirn from Cloverdale, Brad (Sagecoach) and Lynn Blevins from Concord, Krysta (Kazonk) Zongker from Truckee and her surfing coach Don Evans from San Diego, and Lynn (Sticklemouth) Helm from Hayward. Glen Foster (Marathon Man) and his navigator Jeff (Lieutenant Lamborghini) Champignie from Boston Massachusetts, and yours truly (Captain Camo) from Vancouver B.C. and Sonoma, California, rounded out what was soon called the *Baja Rover Patrol*. Domingos Dias decided to go and then cancelled the next week!! He had a little Camel Trophy 110 project to handle and couldn’t be torn away from his new toy. Do you blame him?

We camped out at Don’s place in San Diego for several days waiting for everyone to arrive. We also needed to get our special vehicle insurance, tourist identification and all those little things you forget until the last minute. We were pleased to find out that CB permits are no longer required. Why were they ever required you might ask? As a result of the North American Free Trade Agreement, tourist cards will soon be a thing of the past in the Baja. Eric McKay, who couldn’t make the trip, drove all the way to San Diego from Walnut Creek, a great distance just to say good-bye to his fellow Snivelers. Eric wanted badly to go on the trip, but for once he opted for the work ethic and Snivelled back to the Bay area to tow the line.

During our stay at Don’s Lynn Helm was limping around snivelling seriously about an extremely sore toe. It was *so* sore that Lynn actually considered going to the hospital to have it examined. Now nobody wanted this to happen so we soon had Lynn’s toe soaking in hot water and Epsom salts, and after several days it was ready for action. This was to be the first of a number of physical afflictions, most of which were self-inflicted, suffered by Mr. Helm during the trip.

Arriving in Mexico

When we arrived at the border 20 miles south of San Diego we stopped to exchange some dollars into pesos and found that we needed stacks of them to buy anything.

It was that *third world thing* where there was old and new money and you needed to add six zeros to all denominations. Very confusing. (Do carry small bills if you go, however. It saves on knowing whether you're getting the right change or not to have the exact amount to begin with.) Most of us had about \$600 for two weeks, mostly for gas, half in pesos and the other half in dollars.) But crossing the border into Mexico was not the hassle we expected. As we entered the country and our caravan stopped to talk to the officials, I got the first hint that the military look my vehicle (and I) were projecting was going to help the patrol through upcoming checkpoints with the authorities.

Krysta Zongker was in the lead as we headed into Tijuana at full speed, racing into the unknown. As Krysta rounded a corner I saw something fly off her vehicle and roll with a metallic sound through the steady traffic. We pulled over and confirmed that her gas cap had become airborne and had come to rest on the side of the road. Krysta's vehicle was piled high with all kinds of mandatory Baja equipment. Fishing gear, sailboards, surfboards, lotsa gas, and lotsa water. At least nothing really important had been lost!

Don, the only non-Sniveler on the trip stripped down to his running gear and within a half hour had returned with a somewhat bent, albeit functional, gas cap. At that time Don was inducted into the benevolent order of the Snivelers for duty in the service of the expedition.

As we drove through the barrios of Tijuana we couldn't help but reflect on how lucky the Rover Patrol was. We were pumped up and ready for action, driving our fine Land Rovers into foreign territory. We were escaping to a legendary place in our legendary vehicles to indulge in fun and friendship. But the dusty streets on either side of our route were filled with sad and desperate souls living in tin shacks surrounded by too many children. While we were racing south, many of them were trying to find a way north.

The scenes of abject poverty of moments before were replaced abruptly by miles and miles of luxury developments spread out on a beautiful sun-soaked coastline. Japanese money we were told. The contrast was unsettling.

We were extra cautious in the crowded cities like Ensanada. The CB's rang out with citations of Federales and local policia as well. We had all heard the stories of getting held up for bribes for some minor infraction of the "law." We made full stops and didn't turn right on red lights, keeping the patrol fully informed of all possible trouble ahead. As veterans of many Sniveler expeditions before, we were in the habit of looking out for each other.

Camping With the Pigs

As it turned dark we were well south of Ensanada and started to look for a spot on the Pacific Ocean to camp for the night. John and Jane who were navigating during this portion of the journey spied a dotted line on the map and we asked some locals in broken Spanish where the turnoff was. After a brief exchange of sentence fragments one of the young guys we were talking to looked at us and said: "Hey man, you wanna go to the beach or what?" He pointed us to a perfect location on an eroded section of the beach high above the ocean with enough wood for a fire.

But I had also loaded fully one third of my vehicle with firewood! If you go you may not want to carry this much wood, but we did use it all up over a period of two weeks. Just be advised that there is no firewood in most places.

The first of many splendid sunsets we were to see during our journey coincided with the rising of the moon on our first night. A *good omen* we thought, as we fell asleep with the sound of the waves crashing steadily up on the shore below.

In the morning a scouting party went looking for off road action and



The author posing with his military 109.



A young girl displays wares on coat hanger.

ran into the first of many impassable arroyos. This was a record year of rain in the Baja and many roads were washed out with many a traveller stranded.

So we returned to camp and ran into a herd of pigs wallowing in the mud, rubbing up against our vehicles, rooting around, and generally making a spectacle of themselves in our campground.

Curvas and vados peligrosas

Well, we were off to a good start as we bumped back onto to Highway 1 which runs 1,000 miles down the entire peninsula from the U.S. border to Cabo San Lucas. We got our first good dose of what driving in the Baja is like on the way to our destination, Saint Ignacio. Feel fortunate to make 50 miles an hour on these roads if you go. It was obvious that we had overestimated the distance we could cover and this was to alter our thinking about just how much of the Baja we could chew off in one brief trip. Stretches of good but narrow roads are punctuated by extremely dangerous curves (*curvas peligrosas*) and washed out sections in ditches called *vados*. We quickly learned the word *peligroso*, and the patrol was alerted to *dangerous* situations with appropriate "alerts" from the lead vehicle.

The real *curvas peligrosas* had evidence to prove just how *peligroso* they were. We ran into a series of crashes involving local people who surely knew how to read the signs better than we did with our basic understanding of Spanish. Nearly every bad curva was littered with at least one burned out and rusted auto hulk. And all the critical guardrails were bent beyond guarding anything any longer. The *vados* were

deceptive, and it didn't take long to learn that we needed to slow down to a crawl to avoid smacking into rocks and chunks of broken pavement as I did in the lead.

Passing into the Southern Baja we stopped at an agricultural inspection station where the fruit inspectors sniffed out the entire Rover Patrol with great interest. "Frutas?" they asked. Some of us had purchased oranges in San Diego which were prohibited from being transported across this dismal piece of real estate in the middle of nowhere. Brad tried to keep his oranges, finding it offensive that someone would want to seize them without proper compensation.

But he went beyond this by questioning the rationale for the law. Some of the more sane Snivelers were thinking that this display of righteous indignation was unnecessary and might trigger a major search of all of our vehicles! Why, they wanted to know, didn't Brad just hand over the stupid oranges and get on with it? But Brad pressed on, snivelling that his fruit was in fact pest-free. *Finally*, he tired of the interrogation and we were on our way.

On down the road stopping for fuel, the attendant's calculator broke and Sagecoach sold his for a good price. The attendant was quite grateful given the number of money changing calculations he had to perform in this busy spot. Photos unfolded all around! An osprey had made a nest within stone's throw of the pumps so we spent some time with the cameras. A loud and smoking dune buggy blasted onto the scene. Horses rode by with colorful cowboys in the saddle. We were in Mexico!

At lunchtime we paused at *Sticklemouth Point*, a newly named wide spot in the road which had a complete array of blooming cacti and one of those nice flat places where a lot of Rovers can pose for pictures. We had just passed by miles of cactus "gardens" and some areas that qualified as true cactus "forests". Everyone scrambled into the clusters of blooming plants with cameras in hand. Mr. Helm was introduced to a *delicious* prickly pear cactus which he thought he had peeled properly before sampling. But he had *not* peeled it properly. And a world of tiny cactus stickers exploded all over poor Lynn's mouth lodging in its roof, on the inside of his lips and on his tongue! Thus, Lynn earned a new CB handle, *Sticklemouth*, and a new location was christened by the intrepid Snivelers. Needless to say, *Sticklemouth* snivelled a great deal about his unfortunate taste of the prickly pear for days to come.

Later, we arrived in St. Ignacio which looks like a picture book oasis of palm trees from the highway. A huge church welcomed us into the town square and we parked for photos. *Sticklemouth* called out on the radio that a man was approaching with "a badge and a gun." Well, we decided not to park in front of the church after all, and lined up in a neat row on a shady side of the town square with lot of locals enjoying the day and the warm weather. I paid the man with the badge and the gun \$5.00 and he became an instant *amigo*.

Three roads to adventure

This is where we had agreed to break into three groups. Captain Camo and *Sticklemouth* joined into a team headed for Mulege for some serious R&R on a beach on the Sea of Cortez *somewhere*. Marathon Man was determined to make it all the way to the tip of the peninsula to establish a distance record for a Range Rover. Kazonk would accompany him through La Paz into Cabo San Lucas.

Bugman and Sagecoach were still pondering their route as we enjoyed some Tecate and limes, compliments of a great couple of hitchhikers, who had been riding with Brad and Lynn in the Sagecoach for the past day or so. It was a good idea to spend some time on independent travel because everybody had a slightly different idea about what they wanted to see and do.

Lynn and I stopped at a Tecate beer sign and entered a classic little bistro where some local women were chatting away and braiding garlic. They gave us directions to the beach along with a couple of cool ones. After exploring the deluxe airport and fly-in resort which adjoined the beach, we parked in the deep sand not far from some Mexican party animals. We turned up our country and western music on the new on-board stereo system in the Green Machine to compete with the Mexican music playing loudly through the night. Lots of *refreshments* were consumed that evening as we watched another spectacular moonrise. Skinny dipping was in order for the morning and we finally got that relaxation we were looking for. I had just enough military camouflage to fit an adequate sunscreen between the two vehicles and, as they say in Canada, we were *laughing*. Later in the afternoon, it was time to hit town for some ice, fresh water, and a look around. As we explored the town of Mulege, *Sticklemouth* was rudely run off the road and came to rest precariously wedged between a huge water pipe and a piece of cement. Lynn had hit the concrete with such a severe impact that his spare rear diff had flown off the top into the adjacent ditch, and Zig, sleeping peacefully in the back, was Zagged like never before! I was just ahead of Lynn and returned with my camera at his request. He studied the

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**Glen 'Marathon Man' Foster drove his RR
from Massachusetts to 'Cabo' & back!**

situation while the traffic built up. The dust flew all around us as people tried vainly to get around Lynn's stranded vessel.

Lynn's solution was to pull the stuck 88' out from the rear with my 10,000 lb. Ramsey. It was a straight pull and we were "recovered" within 5 minutes of getting the thumbs up. Whew! We had avoided a big hassle with the local authorities over how this kind of incident happened, getting a wrecker dispatched and all the rest. Having a winch had paid for itself yet one more time.

Stopping for a Tecate to recover from the significant trauma this mishap had caused, we heard the unmistakable sound of Bugman calling out a rare insect citing. Soon we joined the other part of the gang which had snivelled around a several hundred mile radius of Mulege. We told the tale of the mighty Ramsey saving us from untold trouble. They talked of lost puppies. And then we made it for a beach that we had been advised by the locals was a great place to camp. Once there, I got stuck in the sand with nearly everyone else and took about a half hour of digging and sweating to join the "beached" Snivelers who were stripping down for an afternoon swim.

In the morning some folks, including Sticklemouth who was fascinated by the experience, went snorkeling and I made it for the town to re-ice, re-fuel, and re-air. And while I was re-airing a funny thing happened. My pressure was down at 20 pounds from driving in the sand, so I had a long way to go to get back up to the 50 pounds I was carrying around on the highway. But it was taking a *very* long time. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the attendant waving his hands wildly. In broken English he proceeded to tell me that these pumps didn't put air *in* the tires. They took the air *out* of the tires! *What?* By this time I had one tire down around 5 pounds and limped into Mulege to a real air pump. It was the only one in town and belonged to one very busy tire repair man. For a buck and a tour of the vehicle I was aired up properly and was off for some photographs before joining the others for our trip south. Destination:

The Mission at San Javier.



Lynn Helm, John Kirn and Brad Blevins

The Mission at San Javier

The deep blue Sea of Cortez fell away from us as we climbed into the high mountains en route to The Mission at San Javier. It was to be a three-hour journey after the three hours it had already taken us to reach the turnoff. We crept uphill in the low ranges, up ever steeper grades with magnificent views of rugged peaks arriving at the mission just at dusk with the light exactly right for the photographers who crave the "golden hour" of soft illumination. Several rolls of film later we realized that it would soon be dark, but in this particular location there were no obvious camping spots since the mountains rose steeply all around the mission. Just then the local proprietor of a small restaurant appeared and we asked him if he could recommend a spot to bed down. He said he *could* show us a place, so he and his two kids piled into the Green Machine and we scouted a location which was fine and flat. It was here that we all had great fun assembling under a huge mosquito net that I had ordered just for the trip. I thought some classical music would be in order but Sticklemouth admonished me to "Just listen to the frogs and the crickets." So, along with the rest of the crew, that's what I did.

Early in the morning I was awakened by the sound of a horse and caballero at one end of our campsite. It seems that we had parked on either side of a road which was a well-travelled route to a rancher's grazing land. And the horse was *not* happy with the unfamiliar sight of Land Rovers on either side of his path to the pleasures of the pasture. But the caballero spurred the horse on, and after two or three minutes of shouting livestock-type expletives, he galloped through our area "clippity clop." Oh well, was time for breakfast anyway.

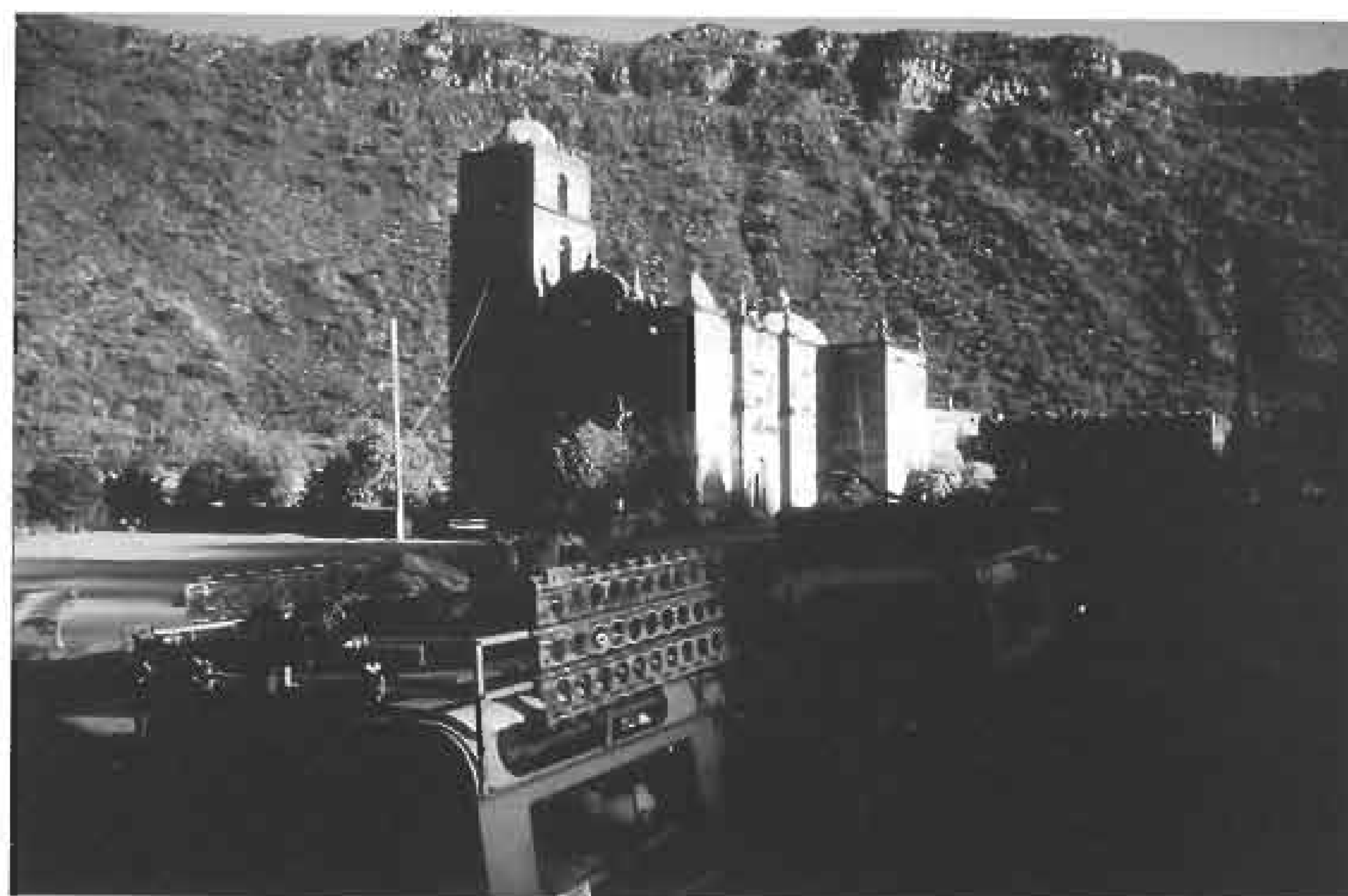
We headed down the mountain with vehicles spread out for casual touring with a local doctor aboard who was doing his internship at San Javier. His home was in Loretto which was also our planned lunch stop. Hey we thought, do what you can for international relations!

Ahead, I heard some broken radio chatter about the need for the people with winches to hurry to the scene of a dangerous situation. Moments later I arrived to see a truck clinging precariously on a cliff, stabilized by lots of locals with ropes and various apparatus, trying to prevent it from plunging into the canyon far below.

The freelance crew just managed to get it back on the road as we arrived with our gringo recovery gear, and I have to admit to being disappointed that we were denied what might have been a great photo opportunity.

It was Easter Sunday and Loretto was quiet. Sticklemouth, however, spiced up the day by losing his starter and creating a situation for the duration of the trip where he had to park on a hill or use his hand crank to start his vehicle. Not surprisingly, he did both quite well.

We were headed north back to St. Ignacio, where we would rejoin Marathon Man and Kazonk to complete the last leg of our adventure. Arriving at dark we immediately met up with the pair at the entrance to the city where we compared notes on our respective segments. An unidentified, but very colorful snake slithered through Kazonk's skirt as she told us of blowing up her overdrive. Sticklemouth and I headed for the best hotel in town



The group arrived at the mission at San Javier just in time for the author to catch some good natural light.



The group arrived at the mission at San Javier just in time for the author to catch some good natural light.

for a shower and a decent meal while everyone else fumbled around in the darkness for the best available spot.

That night we enjoyed a magnificent lobster dinner but Stickle-mouth didn't say anything about being allergic to shellfish! Perhaps his mind had been numbed by the hundreds of miles of roads we had covered. Or was it the plentiful supply of Tecate brewed here in the Baja? About three in the morning he awoke covered in hives on the upper one half of his body. But it seems that I had come prepared with a remedy for all of Lynn's ailments, and I quickly produced some anti-itch (cortisone) and calamine lotion which soon had him resting peacefully again.

This is not America

We had agreed the night before to head north along the Pacific ocean for two days and then cut inland again to rejoin the main highway where we would likely part company for individual runs for the border. We had no idea just how remote and rugged the area into which we were heading really was.

At the end of the first day we had navigated around dozens of washed out sections and gotten into some first-rate off road driving conditions. The way ahead was getting worse and we had only a vague idea of *exactly* where we were and what we could expect as we ventured farther and farther into the Baja back country. But the fact that conditions were deteriorating was a double edged sword. On the one hand some of us had come to the Baja for a challenge, not just a tour of Highway 1. Yet we were *so* far into the wilderness at that point that we were concerned that any major mishap could have been too much to handle. We didn't know how much fuel we would need to make it back to the highway. Equipment was being put to the full test. We were running out of time. There was little margin for error.



Clockwise- Lynn Helm(standing- far right), Gordon Kallio, Krysta Zongker, Jeff Champignie, Jane Kirn, John Kirn, Glen Foster, Brad Blevins, Lynn Blevins.



Gordon's winch helps to hold Bugman's 109 while the group replaces the broken axle shaft.

That night we found ourselves in an isolated fish camp with miles and miles of beach to explore and drive. Around the campfire Bugman presented us all with awards for the roles we had played on the trip. Notably, Stickle-mouth was presented with a small pocket knife with the instructions to put himself out of his misery.

The awards went as follows:

- Spirit Award – Capt. Cammo
- Hard Luck Award – Lynn Helm
- Most Equipment/ Gear – Krysta
- Most miles – Glen
- Patience with Snivelers – Don
- Social & Economic Relations – Brad & Lynn

The day that dawned was to become the most difficult of all. Lynn Blevins did a marvelous job navigating through a maze of unmarked twists and turns and opportunities to make many a wrong move. But we forged on with a degree of confidence from our compasses which told us we were headed in generally the right direction, north by northeast.

But this dashed line on the map proved to be tougher than you'd want it to be *so* far from home. And the theme from the 1985 motion picture *The Falcon and the Snowman*, which happened in Mexico, kept haunting me. It was entitled: "This is not America" . . . a little piece in you and a little piece in me will die.

Big trouble at journey's end

On the radio I heard Stickle-mouth call out. . ."We got one over." Bugman had indeed gone over on his side. He was quickly righted but that was just the beginning. Soon after righting John's Rover we were into a series of wicked hills with giant ruts, sharp shale, and unforgiving boulders. And then it happened. In the worst possible place. Bugman

snapped an axle on a very steep slope with everyone except Stickle-mouth ahead of him. The call went out for all available winches and we returned to the most awkward and dangerous spot I've ever seen anyone break down. I was at least half a mile ahead of the group and so had to inch my way back to the others past Kazonk who was hearing snapping metallic sounds from her rear diff. Wonderful, now we had two disabled vehicles and it was quickly getting dark!

We tried in vain to winch Bugman up the hill to a more level location for repairs and broke Marathon Man's winch and drew all the current out of my single battery in the process. No, John would have to stay where he was for the fix. Glen and I assisted by keeping a line on John with my winch while the Range Rover anchored my 109". Brad pitched in and prepared the axles. Bugman was a busy boy. Late into the night the selfless Stickle-mouth led the repair crew until John's 109" was back on the road again. This was no small feat, especially since it was pitch black and we kept bumping into the cacti which walled us in on either side of the breakdown.

In the morning it was Kazonk's turn to get fitted with Lynn's spare diff which he had carried on more than a few trips. The only consolation was that all of this had happened in one of the more spectacular settings of the entire journey on a series of high ridges with outrageous views of blooming cacti and high mountains all around us. We hadn't seen the splendor in the dark.

Then it was into a glorious spectacle of cactus gardens through which we navigated on dry river beds with deep sand and gravel, out of which Stickle-mouth was obliged to winch himself.

About noon we saw the highway and cheers went up from the patrol. But I had mixed emotions about it all. The past two days had been the *best* four wheeling I had experienced in my lifetime. I hated to see it end. The trip itself was suddenly at an end for those of us who had to now race for the border. A sad moment.



After a brief good-bye, Marathon Man, Kazonk and I pointed toward California and about ten hours later we were in San Diego. Marathon Man was headed for Arizona. Bugman, Stickle-mouth, and Sagecoach extended their trip to San Felipe, the topic of another segment.

As I saw the Land Rovers of my fellow Snivelers grow smaller in the rear view mirror, I began to process all the impressions and images of the last two weeks and reach some conclusions. Number one is that the quality of the people on a trip like this has everything to do with the quality of the experience. We had high quality people who had travelled extensively together. Pick your companions carefully.

Number two is that I would do it again if we define a region that we want to explore. The distances are vast. Too much asphalt and not enough dirt.

The Author's Military 109 on the trail through the 'Cactus Forest'.

The Surviving Snivelers and Their Final Objective

by John Kirn (a.k.a. The Bugman)

We stand alongside the much appreciated smooth pavement of Mexico Hwy. 1, watching the Pacific Coast Crew (PCC) as they came to be known, drive north towards the States and home. We, the gulf of California Crew, have more days to enjoy Baja California. The southern route leading to San Felipe is our goal.

As the vehicles of Krysta and Don, Gordon, Glen and Jeff fade into the distance, we turn to each other and decide locating petrol is our first order of business. The previous week in our expedition, I had made a note on my map that the petrol station at the Bahia de Los Angeles turnoff was vacant. No fuel to be had there. It is south of us and closer to the San Felipe junction at Lake Chapala. There is no alternative but to drive 18 miles north to Catavina, following the Pacific Coast Crew, then double back.

At Catavina we encounter the PCC and say our good-byes again. After sending them on their way, we fuel up, restore tire pressures and replenish ice; our coolers have become sloshing water tanks. Yet, more importantly, we need beer, for no one has any. Brad, his wife Lynn, my wife Jane and I, patiently wait at the PEMEX station while Lynn Helm scours the pueblo of Catavina for beer. We watch the resident pack of dogs (more on that later) and visit with a tourist who has just arrived from the Los Angeles area.

"When you guys go home, don't go through Los Angeles" he warns us. "They're barricading police stations and calling in reinforcements in anticipation of the Rodney King verdict. All Hell's going to break loose." It was so nice being in Baja for the past ten days with no idea or care of what was going on in the so called "society" we left behind.

Helm finally returns. He finds only one six pack of Tecate, at a cost of 18,000 pesos (\$6). Nearly 200 miles of wilderness lies before us. It will be days before we encounter another town. There is definite concern etched into his face.

Once again we are on our way with that wonderful feeling of heading south, away from Rodney King verdicts and anticipating new adventures. Thirty-five miles later we swing off the highway and are venturing dusty dirt roads again. Days earlier, I had talked with a man in San Ignacio. "The route south of San Felipe? The road is fine. I just came from there in this", waving at his Volkswagen bus.

The washboard is horrendous. This is no less different than riding a jack-hammer. Our gear inside has come to life, flying about, seemingly of its own accord. We again lower tire pressure hoping to cushion the impact. After a few miles of ear-deafening clamor, Brad calls over the CB. He's upping his speed and will meet us somewhere ahead. I too elect the 30 mph method and enjoy a somewhat smoother ride, skimming the ripples. Helm being in his 88 has no choice but to endure the unrelenting vibration inflicted by this unholy road. His old Land Rover cannot track as well at this speed as do the 109s. He has the bull by the horns and is pounded unmercifully for the remainder of the ordeal.

None too soon, we break away from this instrument of torture onto a soft sandy road gently sloping towards the coast. Punta Final lies in the distance, our camp for the night. As the sun nestles behind the inland mountains behind us, we plow through tire sucking sand of an arroyo leading to a beach with crystal clear waters gently lapping at the shoreline. It has been a long day. This morning we left the valley of hell filled with its lush forests of cactus and succulents accented by a myriad of wildflowers, only to be pulverized by twenty miles of wretched track. Hastily made meals are prepared and we turn in early.

Morning finds everyone willing to relax and kickback for a day enjoying beautiful Bahia San Luis Gonzaga. We position the Land Rovers in such a way that I can stretch desert sunshade overhead, protecting us from the intense Baja sun. And so we beachcomb. We swim and snorkel. Curious and unfamiliar fish swim just out of reach. We are beach potatoes, reminiscing about the past ten days. And we ration the meager supply of Tecate.

Friday morning is the start of the final leg of our journey to San Felipe. Camping with Brad and Lynn, one soon learns there is no urgency in breaking camp. As we wait, a migration of Tarantula Hawk Wasps pass through. I have never observed such an abundance of these beautiful insects before. Jane and I snag some in flight. They'll make nice souvenirs for everyone, once preserved and mounted, of course. The plan is to have a farewell supper in San Felipe then push for the border crossing at Mexicali.

The AAA maps depict the route from here to Puertocitos as a "graded dirt road". Foolish us, we interpret this to mean the road had been scraped clear by a grader. We now know it has been "graded" somewhere between excellent and poor. This road fails miserably.

Tracks parallel the road on both sides; apparent attempts of previous travelers searching for a less demanding surface. We're constantly jumping from one side to the other vainly seeking the better of the two or three possibilities. Increasing speed as we did two days ago is out of the question. It takes over six hours to travel 100 miles to San Felipe of which the later half is paved with potholes.

We would dearly love to explore the enchanting coastline in this portion of Baja. Numerous dirt roads seduce us to the sea. Volcanic cliffs plunge into tranquil waters where hidden turquoise lagoons await. Time is not in our favor. We must press on.

Like an oasis in this vast expanse of desert sand, we happen upon a roadside cantina. This makeshift shack has simple bare openings for doors and windows. Two beds and a table are the only furnishings visible. A dog scarcely lifts his head as we approach. Any additional effort in this heat is senseless. Under a shelter serving as a front porch, providing the only shade in sight, a pot of frijoles simmers on a grill above this morning's hot coals. I peer into the pan. The pale brown pasty mass brings to mind the mud pots of Yellowstone. Abandoned cars and parts litter the landscape behind the home. A young man and his aging uncle merely exist there, supplementing their lives with the infrequent traveler who may stop for refreshment. The young one says he moved there twenty years ago with his mother. We surmise she has since died. They have only four Pacificos and one quart bottle of Tecate. Helm has survived.

An hour later we encounter a dog trudging along the middle of the road. Not just any old garden variety dog, but a big dog. A giant dog. A huge chocolate lab with other questionable lineage mixed in. Had this been Africa, I'd swear we'd spotted our first female lioness. I pull alongside and can see he is tired. Tired and thirsty. He drinks an entire 1.5 liter bottle of water, and promptly plops himself in the shade of the 109. I check the collar



The 'Bugman' and Lynn Helm heading north to San Felipe on the gulf side of Baja.



After a night on the beach, the three surviving Snivelers spend the day as 'beach potatoes'.



John 'Bugman' & Jane Kirn pose with nets and 109 on one of Baja's fabulous beaches.

he is wearing and learn his name is "Bud" and had been in Nebraska at one time for a rabies vaccination. What to do. Can't leave Bud out here. Probably got separated from his vacationing family and has been wandering for days. So I radio that we are giving Bud a lift, but to where? We wrestle with the thought of having to cross the border with this beast.

Bud is eager for the ride but only capable of getting his front feet into the back of the Land Rover. So I strain my back hefting the ass-end of Bud inside. This brute is as filthy as he is grateful.

Brad and Lynn drive ahead to La Castilla, and discover that Bud lives there. He's originally from Minnesota and has relocated to Baja enjoying retirement with his owners. Seems they got separated during this morning's walk. As the Mexican neighbor states, "Mexican dogs do fine here, American dogs don't".

We have observed an interesting trait among the canines roaming the streets and dirt byways of this land. Not one mongrel dog ever displayed the slightest bit of aggressiveness as one would come to expect, compared to their kin in the States. My theory is life-style. None are chained up; none are fenced in. Territorial boundaries are non-existent. This seems the way of life for all of the inhabitants in this wonderful land. Friendly, easy-going, carefree, no stress. Little wonder why some far-sighted Americans choose this country to live the best years of their lives.

It is late in the afternoon as we finally arrive in San Felipe. The town is infested with big-bucks off-road racing machinery. Tomorrow is a 250 mile preparatory race for the grander events later in the season. This prevents us a view of what the town is really like. Being nearly wiped out by a storm in the late sixties, it has rebuilt itself into a tourist haven for the eastern side of the peninsula.

Lynn and I have our hearts set on a lobster dinner for this final evening, and try as we do, we're unable to locate a restaurant that can fulfill our dream. Therefore, all five of us settle in at a restaurant that in appearance is too Americanized, but the food is far and above what we get at home. Mariache music and margaritas complete the setting.

With the melodies of La Cucaracha and Celito Lindo filling our consciousness, we walk the evening streets of San Felipe browsing the tourist shops. As darkness creeps in, no one speaks of the remainder of our drive that awaits. Two weeks earlier we vowed not to do this, DRIVE AT NIGHT. It is time to go.

A gun-barrel road, 120 miles long, the two lanes together barely wider than a single lane on the interstates of home. There are no shoulders, no breakdown lanes, no escape. Blinding on-coming headlights that draw you to them like a moth to a flame. After three hours of adrenaline coursing through our veins, physically drained, nerves shredded, we behold the border town of Mexicali signaling to us like a beacon on the horizon. Suddenly the highway widens, street lamps appear. We have made it. We crossed the border at 11 P.M. We're home.

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So you wanna go to the Baja? by Captain Cammo

- There is a wealth of information available on the Baja. The most useful single tool we found was a book full of maps entitled: Baja Explorer Topographical Atlas Directory.

It was our primary reference for the entire trip and will get you to most anywhere you're likely to want to go.

- The Automobile Club of California also publishes a good guidebook and a map which most of us also carried.
- This may sound like common sense, but the most important thing I learned from this trip is not surprising. Make absolutely sure that your vehicle is in top mechanical shape before attempting to travel this kind of distance in such punishing terrain. In particular, do not assume that your running gear is in good shape just because it hasn't broken lately. Take it apart and look at it and replace anything that you think might leave you stranded in the middle of nowhere. Axles don't snap all at once. They become weakened over time from stress and twisting. Replace them with new ones before going to the Baja, or better yet, get a Salisbury rear end and axle set so you won't have to worry about it. Take your differentials apart and inspect and re-build them if necessary. And so on. *Sniveler central is seriously considering some kind of road-worthiness certification.*

- Don't pile everything you own on top of your vehicle. It will tip over. Pay attention to the load distribution and the center of gravity.
- Use only the unleaded *Magna Sin* gasoline in the Baja. The leaded gas is junk.
- Do not drive at night. There is a good chance that you'll run into something or someone as we nearly did on the final segment heading back to Tijuana.

- Don't expect to make 500 miles a day as we did. Pick out a region and concentrate on exploring a limited area. You'll be lucky to average 50 miles an hour.

- If you plan to get into the rough stuff, know as much as you can about desert survival. Go in the spring like we did. It's not too hot. If it is hot you'd better carry lots of good water.

- Use a dual battery setup for your winch. You will burn through one battery in tough continuous operation.
- Take your Rovers to Lynn Helm in San Lorenzo, California for outstanding work and a lot of safari expertise if that's your interest. He's a trooper who has saved a lot of butts in the wilderness. Well done on this safari Mr. Helm!

Good Luck!

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Tech tips

Land Rover Wheels

GEOFF TOBIN

Over the past nine years of Land-Rover ownership I have run several different sizes and types of wheels under my Series III 88 and Series IIa 109. These wheels have been of both standard Land-Rover and custom built. In all cases such as installing 15x6 (88 wheels) on a 109 to a set of custom built 15x8 wheels built using Land-Rover centers and Firestone rims they have all fit with out problems. Last year I purchased a 1984 Range-Rover with aluminum wheels. I did not, however, look forward to having these wheels on when I am up on the desert due to the two hours that five of us spent trying to get a tire off a U.S. specification Range Rover wheel with a tire machine in Gerlach in 1988 we did not succeed. As a result of this experience I had planed to change to one of my spare sets of steel Land-Rover wheels that I was not using. This did not happen until after my second trip up to Northern Nevada when I punctured the right rear tire.

After arriving back in San Luis Obispo I took the flat down to the tire shop where they removed it for patching. To both my surprise and the repair technicians my wheel did not have the lock ring that makes it so difficult to remove tires from U.S. specification Range-Rovers. After the tire was repaired, I was relieved that these wheels(pt. no. MRC 7900) on my Range Rover are serviceable at almost any gas station or tire shop nation wide, but I was still curious as to weather steel Land-Rover wheels would fit on a Range-Rover. Tire rotation was actually the next project for the weekend anyway so I removed the front tires and wheels from the Range-Rover and lined up the three factory wheels fitted to both 109s and 88s Land-Rovers sold in the U.S. The first wheel that I tried fitting was a 15x6(pt. no. 526753) as came on most U.S. specification 88's starting in the mid sixties. The wheel mated right up to the bolt pattern and cleared the hub with absolutely no problem. I then threaded on the lug nuts(Range-Rovers when fitted with steel wheels use the same Lug nuts as late Series IIa, III, 90,and 110 Land-Rovers, part No. 90577473). All appeared to be fine I until I started to tighten the wheel to the hub and I found that I could not rotate the wheel. On further inspection I found that the bleed screw on the front caliper was in contact with the wheel. Replacing this wheel with a 16x5(pt. no. 231601) wheel did allow for rotation but the clearance between the wheel and the bleed screw was about 1/16 of an inch, not enough for safe operation in any but the most limited of situations when no other choice is available. This same result was found to be the case with a 16x5.5(pt. no. 272309) wheel as used on long wheel base Land-Rovers. The wheels that I have tried up to this point are off vehicles that were imported prior to Land-Rover departing the North American market in 1974, at some point in time Land-Rover started using wheels with different offsets. These wheels are used on 90's and 110's some of the sizes and part numbers are 16x5.5(NRC7578PM) and 16x6.5(ANR1534). Although I have not had the opportunity to try fitting these wheels to my Range Rover I have asked at Land-Rover parts suppliers and they have said that the latter wheels will fit on a Range Rover. The result of this investigation is that if a Range Rover owner wishes to fit steel wheels it will probably be necessary to purchase new wheels either early Range Rover style or later series III/90/110/127/130 wheels.

If a Land-Rover owner with a leaf sprung vehicle wishes to replace the steel dished wheels with either type of Range Rover wheel a significant amount of work and expense is required since the hub on a Series III and prior Land-Rovers use a six bolt drive flange. Range Rovers, 90s, 110s and Discovery's all use a five bolt drive flange. At this writing I do not have sufficient information to determine if it is readily possible or extremely difficult to replace the six bolt hub with a five bolt.

Storage

Fred Sisson

It is often recommended that you fill your gas tank in storage to prevent water from condensing and contaminating the fues. Aircraft use this proceedure and if you drive your car infrequently, then it's a good idea to keep the tank topped up.

However, for true storage (say... the whole winter...), it is better not to fill the tank. Instead, store the vehicle with a quarter tank or less. When you take that last ride of the season, add a couple of cans of 'drygas', or alcohol 9methyl or ethyl) to the gas... at least 5%, and drive 'er down to 1/4 tank or less. This should remove any water present in the system.

When you take the car out the next season, fill the tank with fresh gas, add a can of 'drygas, and you should be ready. Gasoline deteriorates with age, so why store more than necessary?



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Plug Numbers

Fred Sisson

F.Y.I... American made spark plugs increase in heat range as the number gets larger. The European and Japanese plugs are the opposite. the higher the number, the colder the plug.

Positive to Negative Ground.

Fred Sisson

Switching a car from positive to negative ground is not a hard task. The biggest consideration is the instrument. All modern instruments; radios, solid state controlled fuel pumps, etc., are set up for negative ground. Ford was the last US holdout on positive ground and they switched thirty years ago!

If you need to do it, here's how:

- 1• Disconnect the battery.
- 2• Do your wiring on your new instruments, radio, electric fuel pump, electronic ignition, wiper motors, etc as if the car was negative ground.
- 3• Undo the "Field" wire from the regulator. Let it hang for the time being.
- 4• Re-connect the battery with a negative ground. New cable ends are in order , as the sizes are reversed. If you are putting in a new battery at this time, I would switch to 'side post' battery and cables... a much better system than the old posts.
- 5• Start the car- don't worry, the starter still turns the right way!
- 6• While the engine is running, touch the "field" wire to the "armature" wire on the regulator for a second or two. Now, plug it back onto it's post. Presto! You now have a negative ground electrical system!

I've had many thousands of miles since doing mine... no problems.

Misc Tips

Fred Sisson

• Before working on your brakes, wet them down with water prior to disassembly. This will reduce the problem of airborne asbestos from the linings that can cause cancer and other lung problems in the future. The water will not hurt the brakes in any way.

• Does your car need valves or rings? If your engine smokes going up a long hill, the problem is rings. Bad rings allow the 'blowby' to pressurize in the crankcase. This will occur most under a heavy load.

A no-throttle run down the hill will cause oil to be drawn down worn valve guides (high vacuum situation). This causes smoke.

Remember... smoke up hill - rings. Smoke downhill - valves.

WE NEED TECH ARTICLES

Got any little "tips"? Write 'em up... maybe draw a picture to go with it, or take a picture. Send it in to us. We'll get it out in the **WORKHORSE** so that other members can benefit from it.

Land Rover Parts Cross Reference List

A great many parts which were originally manufactured for other vehicles, will, in fact, fit perfectly into the Land Rover for much less. Sometimes the part is even better than the original.

We are compiling a list of these parts numbers. If you know of parts, please let us know so that this list can be the best possible.

Write to: LROA, PO Box 872, Concord, CA 94522

Buying Parts

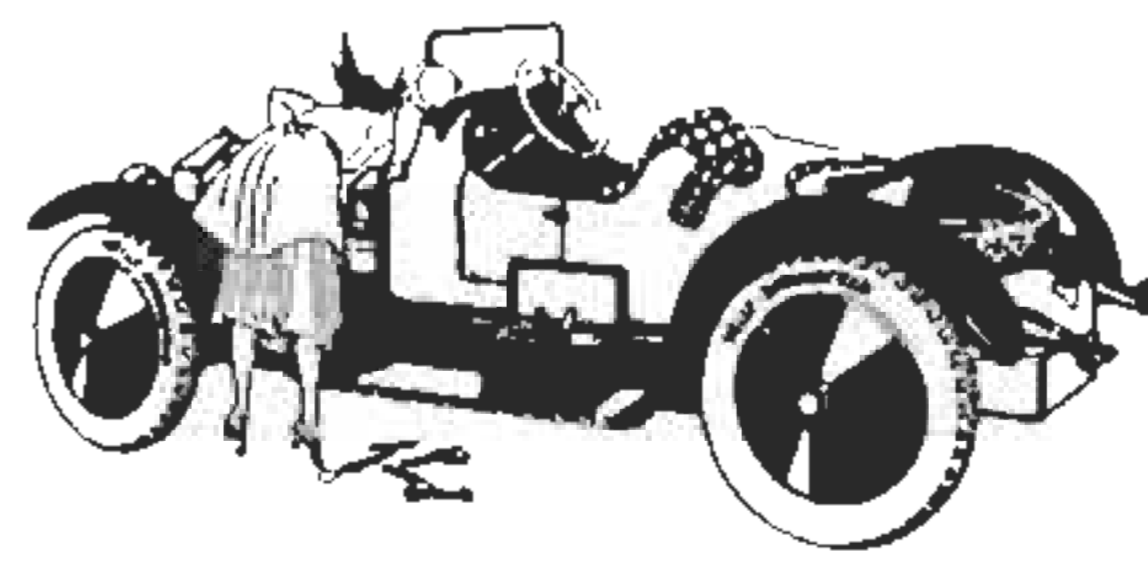
Land Rover owners are often faced with the choice of buying the same part from more than one source at , perhaps, as many different prices. But is price the only criteria? Of course not. The quality of the parts, the amount of time it takes to get the part, extra shipping charges, reliability of the dealer to give you the right part, and reliability of the dealer to replace the wrong part are some of the things to consider when you need a part.

Quality sometimes varies greatly from manufacturer to manufacturer. But sometimes it doesn't. In the case of a series IIA, 109 brake master cylinder kit, you might see it listed for from \$15 to \$30. Even though the original Land Rover part is at the higher end of the scale, it might be worth the extra few dollars to you in the long run. The type of rubber that the folks at Land Rover use is far superior to that of other manufacturers and will last years longer. And during the winters of those years the seals won't become hard from the cold, allowing the fluid to seep around them and onto your floor mats. Ask yourself what the long term cost is going to be if you go the cheaper route.

Buying from overseas parts companies is also very attractive at times. But, are you really saving after the shipping is figured in? And, do you have the time to wait for it to come to you (in some cases, also to be returned and replaced because it's not quite right)? Sometimes you'll come out ahead, but do your homework first.

Then there is the concept of 'Buy American'. Sure, they are British vehicles but, if you were sympathetic to the concept, you could still help to keep some Americans employed by supporting the American parts companies over foreign companies, whether you pay a bit more or not.

LAND ROVER LITERATURE ORIGINAL Automobile Literature 1900-Present



WALTER MILLER
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PH: 315-432-8282

Over one million pieces of ORIGINAL literature in stock. World's largest selection of ORIGINAL automobile and truck sales brochures, repair manuals, owner's manuals, parts books and showroom items. I am a serious buyer and travel to purchase literature.

Marketplace

Marketplace ads are free to members selling or in search of vehicles or parts for themselves. Please limit your vehicle ad to 7 lines. * means the ad ran in the last issue also.

VEHICLES

'63 IIA 88. Tropical top, 16" wheels, locking hubs, hand throttle, original tool kit. No rust anywhere on this CA car. Exceptionally straight, clean and original. Parts car included. \$5250. Allen, 1-916-265-5004.

3 Rover TC 2000s. \$500, \$1200, \$3000. Plus lots of parts and parts cars. Call Pete at 1-804-233-1341 (VA).

1987 110 County Land Rover. 50K mi, 3.5L V-8, 5-speed, S.S. exhaust, 3 sets of Hella lights, Michelins, pintle hitch & wiring for trailer. Serviced regularly by Rovers North \$30,000. 1-603-756-4268 (NH) eves. Jack.

*'70 Rover PG-B (3500 sedan) No rust, original paint (not perfect. rebuilt engine, brakes, front suspension. New Holley 4-barrel, Buick distributor, electronic ignition, tires. Excellent interior. Arden Green. Tan interior. Nice, solid car. \$4,800 or trade for rust free 109SW. Rick, 206-742-1450 (WA).

*'73 88. 50K miles. Great mechanical shape. Very few off road miles. Body good. Light green paint. \$6,000. Mary 510-548-9505 (CA).

*'67 IIA 88 diesel pick-up. Original owner. Excellent condition. Extra transmissions, differentials, short block, tops, body parts and more. This Land Rover has always been garaged and is ready to go as is or is an excellent candidate for restoration. Everything goes for \$5,800. Call Fred at 407-267-7376.

*'67 IIA 109 3-door. 2.25 diesel. LHD. Ex-military. Low miles. Safari top, deluxe bonnet w/ spare mount. Dual tanks, rear bumperettes, front HD overriders, fr & r lifting rings. Excellent overall. \$7,900. Phone 1-401-295-8005 eves/ wknds (RI).

*'67 IIA 88. Overdrive, oil cooler, koenig winch, 5 new 16" wheels and tires, hard top. Used daily. Many Extras. Asking \$5,500. Call eves, 1-305-279-1723 (FL).

*'69 IIA 88. Deluxe interior, Fairey hubs, Weber and manifold, alternator, halogen lights, heavy duty hitch, Kodiak heater, windscreen washer station wagon North Am. roof, 15" radials. Sandstone over Mist green. Photos upon request. \$3,200 obo. Roy, 406-442-1804 (MT).

WANTED

Good California Land Rover under \$5,000. Bob Perez, 1-408-996-7659.

Chevy 4 Cylinder adapter. Simon, 1-415-588-1118 days. 1-415-255-8434 eves.

*2 1/4 diesel motors or 2.6 motors. Complete or parts. Koenig winches, PTO or crank driven. Complete or parts. Also need Toro overdrive, new or used. Richard Dudek, 201-694-9014 (NJ). Early am best E.S.T. or Wed, Thurs, eves.

*Complete Rover Shoulder harness assembly for driver & passenger. Inertial unit preferred.

Also looking for expedition quality 109 roof rack and set of 5, 16" 110 wheels. Call Lafe, 1-509-529-9920 (WA).

PARTS

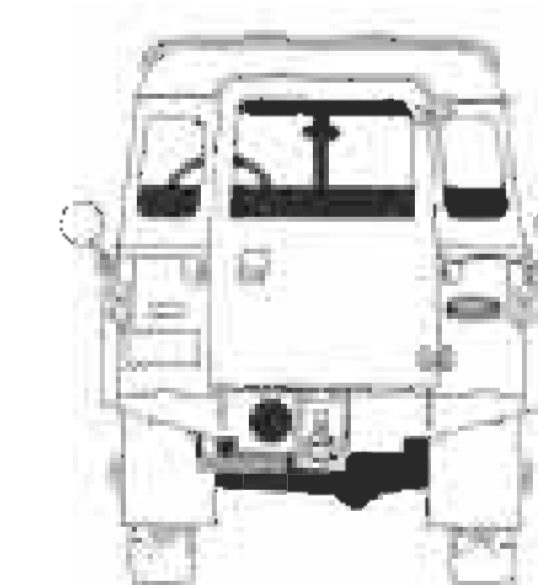
Canvas truck cab top and tonneau cover for 109. Brand new with fixingx, \$230. Also 2 individual inward facing rear seats with fixings. Black & white County cloth. Brand new, \$200. Call Pete at 1-804-233-1341 (VA)

*7 late '60s OEM 16" Land Rover wheels. No dents or bends. Best offer for one or all. Lafe, 1-509-529-9920 (WA).

*Complete bolt-on 7' 4-way Fisher Plow. Late IIA bulkhead. IIA & III transmissions w/ transfer boxes. Diffs. Complete 88 roof. Late III axle, drum to drum. '87 RR radiator, Shop manual, series I. Set of new 2.25 diesel injectors. Complete 3.5 carb. V-8. Elect, mech, body parts and more. 1-401-295-8005 (RI).

*Seat boxes, IIA windcreens, oil bath air filter, NADA 6cyl. oil filters, 88 rear axle, steering column, 88 frame, 88 rear side window ass'y, RHD conversion pieces for a 109SW. Geoff, CA (707) 448-3370.

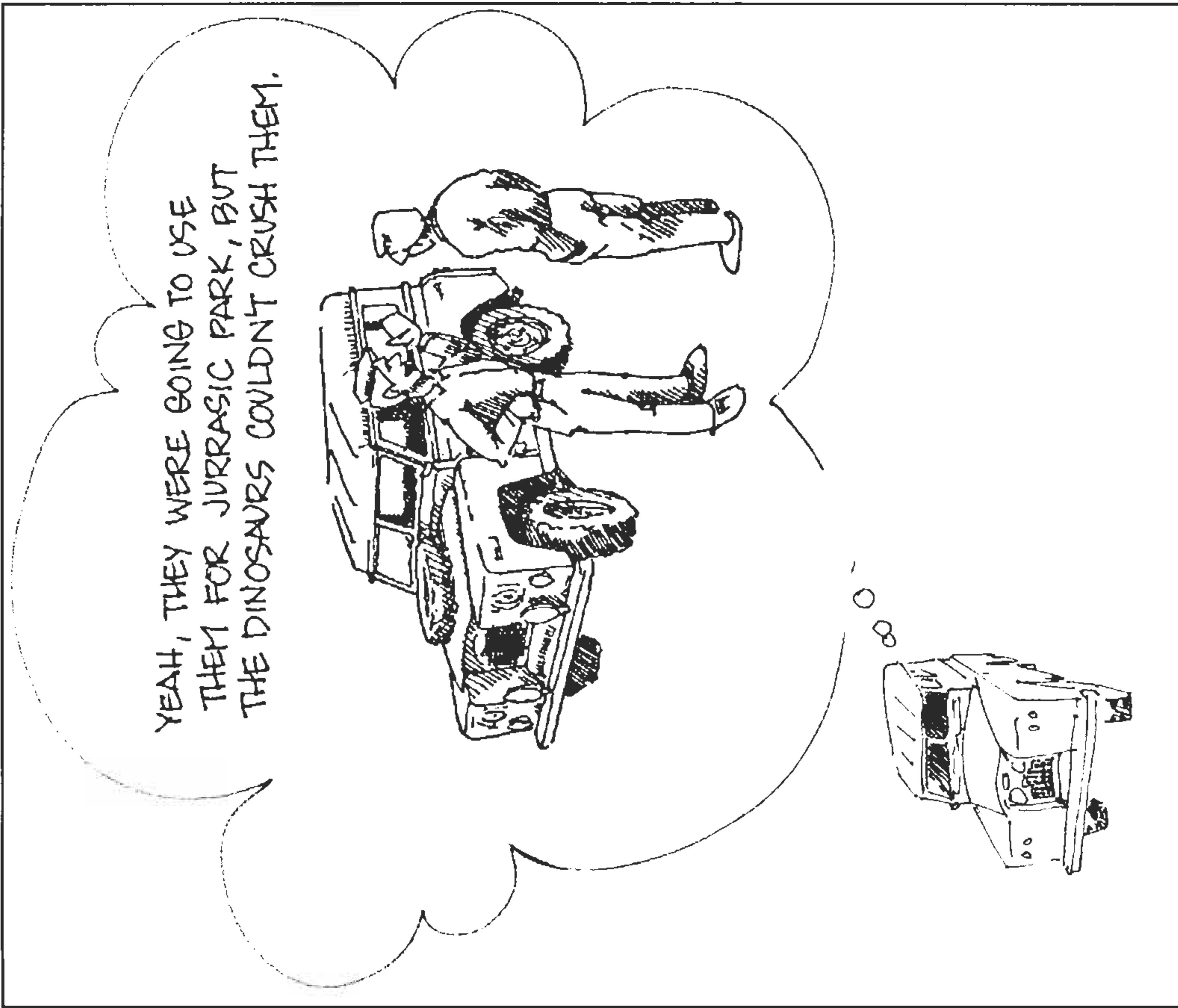
*1967 109 2.6 station wagon for parts. rusty frame. Richard Dudek, 201-694-9014 (NJ). Early am best E.S.T. or Wed, Thurs, eves.



Include a photo for \$10!
Just write out your ad (we prefer 7 lines or less), put it and your photo in an envelope with a check to LROA for \$10. We will take your photo, and include it with your ad copy. It will run for the usual 2 issues unless you renew it or cancel.

Wishful Thinking

by Brad Blevins



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