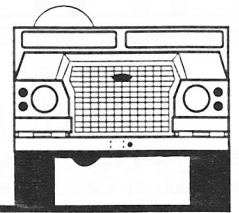


OTTAWA VALLEY LAND ROVERS



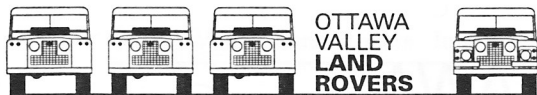
Volume XIII, Number 7

1016 Normandy Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA K2C 0L4

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Treasurer: Janet Dowell (819 827-2932)





1016 Normandy Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K2C 0L4

General Information

Ottawa Valley Land Rovers is the oldest and largest Land Rover club in Canada. Membership is open to all Land Rover enthusiasts. Executive meetings are held on the first Monday of every month. Social meetings are held on the third Monday of every month, generally at the Prescott Hotel on Preston Street.

OVLRL offers a monthly newsletter and a variety of activities throughout the year, from mechanical seminars and off-road rallies to social events and family oriented outings. Members receive discounts on parts from a number of North American suppliers. Off-road activities come in several categories. The light version, which is usually entertainment during a rally or at one of our family summer events, consists of a little "mud bogging" or tours along country lanes. The heavy stuff, which is usually several days across public lands navigating by compass, topographical maps and aerial photos, involves bridge building, river barging, and driving conditions ranging from cedar swamp to rocky hill winching.

Membership: Those joining throughout the year pay a flat \$20 per year, membership expires one year from the last dues submission.

Visit the OVLRL Web site:

<http://www.ridgecrest.ca.us/OVLRL/>

The Ottawa Valley Land Rovers Newsletter

is published twelve times per year for club members. The editor welcomes submissions of text and photographs for publication.

Deadlines: Submissions to the OVLRL Newsletter must be received by the first of every month for inclusion in that month's newsletter. All items submitted for publication should be legible and signed. Names maybe withheld at the request of the writer. This is your newsletter. If you wish to write anything, we welcome your input, in any format.

Editorial Policy: The Editor of the OVLRL newsletter reserves the right to edit any submitted material for space and content considerations. Articles, statements, and opinions appearing in the OVLRL newsletter do not necessarily reflect the position of the officers, board of directors, members of the OVLRL, or its sponsors or advertisers. Where specific data regarding operation, safety, repairs, or legislation are concerned you are advised to obtain independent verification. The Club, officers, and contributors can accept no responsibility for the result of errors or omissions given in this newsletter or by any other means.

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Advertising Rates: Cometicative with other North American Land Rover clubs. Available upon request.



Upcoming Events

- July 15th** **Social gathering at the Prescott**
- August 5th** **Executive Meeting.**
Phone Jason Dowell for a location.
- August 19th** **Social Gathering at the Prescott**
- August 17-18** **Calabogie - Ompah medium/heavy off-road.** Similar to the Calabogie-Flower Station run, this journey is much more difficult. A two day event, leaving Friday evening from the Calagogie area and finishing on Sunday. Rather than the Flower Staion Route which is more of a pleasant green laning excercise, this route has an abundance of winching opportunities and exposed bedrock. Vehicles limited to 8. Scrutineering required. Kevin Haasper is organising this off-road. Contact Jason Dowell for more information.
- August** **Road Building Exercise Revisited.** As with the last exercise, participation is limited. This may take place at the same location with members pushing a road through the bush, using Land Rovers to winch out trees and drag them back to a glen for further attention. More details in the next newsletter.
- Labour Day** **Silver Lake Revisited**
- Mid September-** **Calabogie - Flower Station light-medium off-road journey.** For those not interested in a heavy off-road, but a pleasant drive through the wilderness, with er, one slightly muddy spot in the middle (possible bridge building exercise?)
- September 21** **British Invasion VI in Stowe Vermont.**
- October 6-7** **ROAV 3rd Mid-Atlantic Rally**
- October 13-14** **BSROA Fall Heritage Rally**

The OVLRL Newsletter

Ottawa Valley Land Rovers Newsletter
July, 1996

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Other help:

Cover: Fred Joyce approaches the beaver dam. photo: Spencer Norcross

July 10, 1996

Greetings,

When June comes to the Ottawa Valley, it can only mean one thing -- It's time for the annual gathering of the faithful, the annual OVLRL Birthday Party held at Silver Lake through the generosity of Mrs Deacon. The thirteenth year's event was a wonderful success, making it the largest Land Rover gathering in Canada, the fifth largest in North America. People began drifting in Friday afternoon and most had arrived by midnight.

Spencer Norcross arrived with three styles of Tee-shirts for the event that he had designed and printed. Although everyone admired the shirt featuring Bill Maloney's truck *actually getting dirty*, and thought the "*Dale takes a nap*" Tee was quite amusing, it was the "*Pray to Allah*" shirt that was to come into demand. It was a limited edition only for those who travelled a long distance to reach an OVLRL event. We're not exactly certain how far you needed to travel to qualify, but it was decided that it's somewhat farther than locals like Dixon and Jason travelled.

Dinner was up to each individual. A large group headed to a nearby motel restaurant, where they were forced to dine outdoors. The large selection of Rovers filling the parking lot caused a number of passersby to slow down and stare. Friday night was spent socializing. Camp chairs came out, bug candles were lit, and small but intense groups gathered around Dixon's Offroad Beer Cooler and various campsites in the Provincial Park to talk about anything and everything. Various homebrewed beers were sampled and critiqued -- "Hey, this one is delicious too!" Of course, Rovers were on everyone's mind. Russell Wilson, admiring Dixon's 109 (and the shrine on the bonnet) remarked "This is the only Rover I've ever seen that makes me feel good about mine." This banter continued late into the night, until the arrival of Mike Loiodice was announced by the sound of bagpipes blasting on his Rover's stereo system. Spencer Norcross immediately jumped up on Mike's roof rack, and unloaded the contents onto his bonnet. All had a good laugh watching Mike park by Braille. Justice was served though, it was Spencer's 88 that served as the 'gone too far' marker. After Mike pitched camp, the carryings on continued into the wee hours.

Despite the late evening a number of us were up at 5AM -- helped from our slumbers by another dose of Bagpipes courtesy of Mike. As long as we were up, we all helped Mike to pitch a canopy against the rain. That done, Mike filled his kettle and promptly discovered that he had forgotten his stove. Coffee would have to wait until we managed to awaken someone else with our antics.

By 9 am the rain stopped, never to be seen again, and things got started. We were assembled at the OVLRL trailer for announcements, registration, and the beginning of the morning offroad. Everyone had arrived by this point, most visibly Pam & Charlie Haigh in Pam's Screaming Yellow Series II SWB. All told, the Rover count was between 40 and 50 trucks. People picked up their registration packets and vehicles were scrutineered for the offroad events. Jason Dowell gave a welcoming speech and cars were lined up for the "light" offroad. All proceeded according to plan until the long line of vehicles followed a track beside a shallow pond, and came into a large meadow where all the convoy was stopped. We walked ahead to see what was happening. The first obstacle, the mud hole, had swollen with all the rain until it was nearly impassable. A number of people had made it through until Dave Lowe in his 101 FC turned the track into a exercise in winching and recovery. Fred Joyce was winched through having almost made it, and Murray Jackson drowned the engine of his Lightweight trying to make it through. It was at that point the decision was made for the rest of the convoy to turn around, have lunch, and regroup to try another route afterwards.

Al Pilgrim and his crew of volunteers had lunch ready when the group got back. Hat's off to these people for a job well done! Robin Craig was also present displaying his huge collection of model Rovers, and selling some "starter kits" for would-be collectors.

After lunch it was back to the trails. For the most part, the going was easy for Solihull's finest, with just a few tricky spots. There was another patch of mud which slowed a few people down. There was some "deep" water to wade, fortunately with good footing, but a few vehicles had some trouble.

Alan Richer got Churchill, his 109 pickup, all the way through, but as he climbed up on the opposite bank, the vehicle stalled. Unfortunately, while he played with the distributor wires, one broke off, so the convoy was delayed while a replacement was fitted. Mike Loiodice also stalled out, and his 88" filled with water. It was very entertaining when Mike got to dry land and opened the back door! "Diesel" Dale Desprey came to a stop in the middle of the crossing. When watchers on the bank asked Dale what was wrong, he replied "Nothing, I'm just waiting." (show-off...)

The next major challenge was presented by a beaver dam. First, the trail approaching the dam was a fast moving stream. After a slight turn, the Rovers had to be driven up and over the dam, down into the pond, and up on the opposite shore. Several vehicles required the assistance of Jason's winch, but after onlookers removed a large rock, most got through unassisted.

That was the end of the rough stuff, and the convoy made it's way back to camp with just a few casualties. Spencer Norcross broke a rear halfshaft. The exhaust pipe fell off Eric Zipkin's truck. No problems, Eric had been saying that he wanted to test stainless steel exhaust systems anyway. Alan Richer lost two ham radio antennas to low-slung branches. Someone was heard to remark that he thought he'd signed up for the light offroad, but Dixon soon set him straight, "That was the light offroad..."

While waiting for dinner (which was saved through the valiant efforts of Charlie Haigh who jumped in tend the fire) people milled about. The less hearty went over the campgrounds to shower or swim. Many worked on their Rovers. A 'helpful' crowd gathered to lend moral support and a plethora of tools to Spencer Norcross so that he could pull his propshaft and halfshafts. Russell Wilson got the timing on his Rover dialed in, and was ready to take it for a spin about the time everyone else was ready for a beer.

The roasted pig dinner was delicious. After dinner, there was more mingling and as it got darker there was a bonfire to be enjoyed along with the music of Jon Humphry and Yves Fortin. Everyone is advised to have a verse of "The Land-Rover Blues" ready to go for next year. Of course, it wouldn't be a Rover gathering without running through a few Monty Python skits. Once again, sleep was late in coming for some.

The next morning Al cooked up the eggs and afterwards everyone gathered for the auction. A number of items were bought at very good prices with all proceeds going to benefit

the club. The only difficulty came up when Spencer decided to hire a young lady to do his bidding for a toy placed on the blocks at the kids' auction. The look on the poor girl's face when he sent her up to collect the item with a promise of "I'll write you a cheque later" was something to be seen.

After the auction there was a bit more mingling. A crew began to strike the kitchen trailer while others headed out for more offroading, or hit the road for home. The Birthday Party was put to bed for another year. Thanks to everyone who worked so hard to make it run so smoothly. (*Compiled from submissions from Jeff Berg, Steve Bradke, Bill Caloccia, Mike Loiodice, Spencer Norcross, Alan Richer, Eric Zipkin*)

A great number of people volunteered their time and efforts to make this the best Birthday Party yet. On the food end, we were feasted by *Bates*, who was assisted by *Les* on toast, *Charlie "Captain Pork" Haigh* on the pork turn, pork fry and the fry fry, *Pam Haigh* on lots of small things, *Linda, Lyne "The Duke"* in serving mode, *David and Olga Smithers, Andrew and Delia Finlayson, Jan Hilborn* on the salad, *Rob Ferguson* the pit man, *Dave Vermette* on the pork chop after *Bates* pulled out an axe for cutting it up, and *Loretta*. Organisation for the Birthday Party was carried out by *Janet Dowell, Jason Dowell, Jerry Dowell, Mike McDermott, Al Pilgrim, Dave Vermette, Roy Bailie, and Dixon Kenner*. Many other people helped out in numerous small ways throughout the weekend and to name them all would take up quite a bit of space. However, to quote *Bates* "It was really great, all these people just helped out when something needed to be done, whether it be helping set up the tents and trailer, or digging holes or cleaning up."

The event was supported by a number of individuals and organisations that supplied various goods to be auctioned off. First among them was *Rovers North*, who has consistently supported the Birthday Party for years. *Rovers North* supplied a number of items for the auction. *Kevin Girling* and *Land Rover Owner Bookshop* sent a free subscription and a gift certificate for the auction, *Robin Craig* donated a great number of Land Rover toys. *Christine Rose* organised the clothes, continuing to provide the high quality clothing we have come to expect. *Harry Bligh* came through with his huge tent when it looked like the heavens would stay opened up Saturday morning. Thanks also to go to *Roy, Jerry, Janet, Mike McD, and Bates* for cooking and feeding a convention of house movers several weeks ago in return for a porty-potty for the Birthday Party and *Dave Vermette* for moving it between Silver Lake and Ottawa. Finally to *Mrs. Deacon* for again allowing OVLRL to use their property for the Birthday Party.

Random Birthday Party Impressions:

Jeff Berg (Roweston, Connecticut): A Canadian "light offroad course" is not to be taken lightly. However it was tons of fun. This was the first time I had my Rover offroad -- assuming fields, logging roads and dirt trails don't really count as such -- and I was totally amazed at how competent a Land-Rover makes you look. Thanks to Eric Zipkin, Dixon, and other assorted OVL R members for friendly advice, and for patiently answering my beginner's questions before I tackled some of the "special" stages. I'm looking forward to seeing the pictures...

Mike Loidice (Groverville, NY) - going through US customs on the way home. The customs officer had the usual bunch of questions... *"Where did you go?" "We were near Silver Lake..." "How long were you there?" "Since Friday night." "Were you camping there?" "We were at a Land Rover club event." "Oh, I see. You were all just sitting around, drinking beer and looking at each other's trucks."* "Yup, that's about it. We did do a little off-roading too."

Spencer Norcross (Haverhill, Mass) - The 13th Birthday Party was a rousing success, I want to thank Jeff, for his half shaft, Charlie & Pam, for the use of the shop and a bed, and all of the people in OVL R who make it possible for me to have all that fun without having to do anything but show up. I can't wait until next year, thanks!

Bill Caloccia (Boston Mass.) - The LR owners were generally accepting of the Range Rover. Dixon and a few other OVL R folks said they'd never see one run off road before. So the first thing I did, was show 'em how to get a Range Rover well and truly stuck in the mud (the first time they dragged me out with a winch. The second time I aimed for the high ground on the left, but promptly slid into the ruts and this time got out with a bit of rocking and reversed up to dry

ground. It was all good fun for all, and in the end the RR was muddy up over the top of the bonnet, had algae all across the front, a plasticly deformed nearside step, and mud caked front brakes

Harry Bligh (Smiths Falls, Ont). - Word of advice: DO NOT play out all your winch cable on a 101FC.

Eric Zipkin (Peekskill, NY) - The two highlights were the beaver dam climb and the deep water crossing. Mike Loidice takes the cake for stalling in the middle of the deep water, re-starting after a couple minutes, and climbing up the opposite bank. Open rear door and watch a flood of water come out! Desperate Dale also had a bit to show when he parks his diesel in the middle of the water crossing...just waiting he says. Heard after the off-road: "I though I signed up for the light off-road" Dixon's response: "that was the light off-road"

Steve Bradke (NY) - I would like to thank Alan Pilgrim who did all/most of the cooking/cleaning. Well done to Charlie and Les who kept a constant vigil over the roast pork (as well as the homebrew and Boddington's), to the volunteers who pitched in when asked and helped to ensure everyone was well fed... Christine for selling OVL R stuff all weekend long and remembering who was owed what... To the entire gang for the way my non-Rover friend was treated and accepted. And as there are a number of homebrewers on hand may I further suggest a contest ...draw a few names from all registered participants from the event as they register to act as judges and lets declare once and for all a winner who will have bragging rights to the have his swill designated as "Official beer of the OVL R Birthday bash" for the entire year, or something to that effect. Again a well done to everyone involved with the weekend.

NEW MEMBERS...

OVL R welcomes six new members who joined this month, all at the Birthday Party.

- **Brett Storey** of North York Ontario. A regular attender of the Birthday Parties
- **Nicolas Beylich** of Town of Mount Royal, Quebec
- **John Pym** of Kingston, Ontario. John has both a Defender 90 and a Range Rover to fill his Rover needs.
- **Hank Rutherford** of Rome New York
- **Michael Johnson** of Rome New York
- **Ron Mowry** of North Lebanon, Maine. Ron has assorted Land Rovers and in September will be our most eastern member when he moves to Poland.

OTHER NEWS, REBUILDS/PROJECTS, LIES, RUMOURS, TRIVIA...

● Editor/Secretary type stuff: June was a moving month for me and with everything going on I decided to let the collation crew have a month off and did up the newsletter myself. What a mistake. Doing it once is enough to remember how much I appreciate their efforts at putting together the newsletter every month. More photos of the Birthday Party will appear in subsequent issues. Processing, sending for scanning, et cetera all takes a lot of time. Judging from what I saw at the Downeast Rally, there are some impressive photos. In Executive news, the next meeting is supposed to feature discussions on changing the club constitution. Full details next issue. Finally, OVLRL gets mention in both *LRO* and *LRW*, something that is happening with more frequency because of this newsletter and an enthusiastic extended and expanding membership in Canada, the USA and overseas.

● **A Contest!** The contest run in co-operation with *Rovers North* aimed at identifying the various stylised Land Rovers that have appeared on the club letterhead (with one inside) in the previous twelve months drew in a number of ballots. However only two people came uout with near perfect scores. **Bob Wood** came in first place and **Ben Smith** came in second. We will be hopefully be running the contest again for December.

● **A Note from the President:** Giddyay! The Thirteenth OVLRL Birthday Party has come and gone. Thanks to all who attended and helped to make the event a great success. Hope everyone had a good time. I sure did. The rain Saturday caused things to get off to a slow start. But thanks to Harry and his shelter things started looking up. The scrutineering of the vehicles went smoothly. The minor problems we came across were quickly remedied. Thanks to all LR owners for their cooperation.

The light off-road left later than we had hoped, not because of the scrutineering, but the weather. I apologize to the people who were at the back of the line. That first mud hole presented more of a problem than we had anticipated. These sort of hold-ups can't be predicted. The rest of the light off-road was a great success. It presented everyone with a taste of rocks, mud, water and beaver dam crossing.

With the quick thinking of Chef Bates, Saturday's dinner was not only served on time but delicious. After technical problems occurred some hard working volunteers were able to keep the charcoal hot enough to cook the three large roasts. I hope everyone went away with full stomachs.

When thanking people it seems someone is always missed. I unintentionally forgot to thank Christine Rose for the time and energy she put into organizing the OVLRL clothing sales and the goodies for the kids. Also, Spencer Norcross did a great job on the t-shirts he created to help celebrate OVLRL's 13th. The money raised from these sales will be of great benefit to the club. Thanks. Another reason this event was a success was the great number of volunteers. It's good to see. It also gave the organizers the opportunity to enjoy the event. Many hands make light work....this was proven this year. Thanks to all.

At next year's event we will be looking at changing a few things. Not that this year's event went poorly, but there is always a little room for improvement. We will have a group photo before Saturday's off-road event when most vehicles are present and accounted for. Also, the auction will be moved to Saturday after dinner. This way more people will available to view the great prizes donated by many sponsors. Any other suggestions? We are always open to new ideas to make our Birthday Party even better. Let's keep up the good work. We have a great club and it's the effort of everyone that makes it enjoyable to be part of. Many thanks to everyone who took part. See you next year!

● **Russell "till the Advil kicks in" Dushin** writes why he didn't make it to the Birthday Party: "Weeks before the Birthday Party was to occur dear Nigel developed several ailments to sway my nerve. Among the more troubling was the sudden onset of double pump brakes (the first going straight to the floor), a lumpity lump lump feel to the brakes which when applied then found was accompanied by a clunkity clunk clunk sound, and one mysterious vibration that started at about 45 mph and didn't go away until about 60. This vibration reverberated through the hardtop and side windows, thence penetrating the bones, teeth, and fillings, but could be remedied, or at least tempered, simply by removing the top and door

tops....ah, an easy fix. But the brake problems would just have to be addressed and pronto.

So with the big weekend approaching fast the hardtop was removed and the soft top installed and whattayaknow, the vibration disappeared. Gone forever....or at least until November. It was soon discovered that the lumpity lump/clunkity clunk problem was simply due to crud on the right front shoe and not a busted shoe or spring or a cracked drum as at first predicted. The crud, however, was held loosely in place by yet another leaky hub seal.....so surely this will have to be addressed soon, and this time with a triple lipped seal instead of those darned single lipped genuine ones that I don't seem to get more than two years out of (yes, with new seal races as well, and, uh-huh, the breathers are clear). The two pump brake system was improved only slightly by an attempted bleeding. Damn.

With days approaching I began to pay closer and closer attention to Nigel's constitution and those things that could keep me at home. That vibration-was it really gone? The front prop shaft that keeps loosening up on me-still tight? Those brakes-were they any better or actually worse than before? As a confidence building exercise I began driving Nigel more often and futher and faster. He must have known something was up for all of his ailments (save for the two pumpers which miraculously appeared to revert to one) disappeared completely. It seemed he was actually running well, sounding well, and doing well. "Nige-what are you telling me?" I pondered aloud-but didn't have to since he pretty much knows what I'm thinking all along.

Friday arrives. I had previously assembled the excuse of having to bring in the hay instead of attending the bash but alas, what hay had been cut got soaked by a week of rain and rotted, too, so it was staying put where it lay. New hay wouldn't be cut because the weatherman (who was dead wrong last time) was heeding warnings of inclement weather ahead. One excuse I hadn't yet fessed-up to was that my boss was having a party at the beach and all of the lovely lasses I work with were sure to be there, clad in you-know-whats, basking in the sun. Hmm. What to do. Tough call.

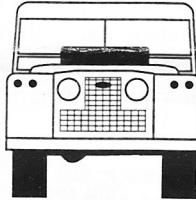
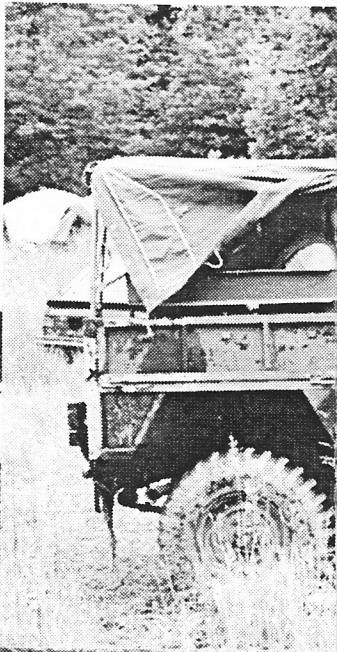
Friday night I was this = > < = close to hopping into Nigel and becoming a road warrior, but somehow my better senses pulled through. Instead, I had a few more beers and slept late, then took the boy to the beach. It occurred to me while driving home from the beach that it would have been a perfect day to drive home from Ottawa, and I'm certain the thought had already occurred to Nigel.... We pulled into a gas station to top-off and as the key was shut down-PaOOF-we had a fire in the cabin. Fortunately, it wasn't much of a fire, but more of a meltdown, and a small one at that. Turned out to be just a shorted out choke light wire, but I knew for sure there was a message in there somewhere aimed at me with Nigel's return address on it.

I'd begun to notice yet another odd noise in Nige. That sound of metal on metal noted only in off throttle situations. It got louder as the day went on. Another noise, too.....I'd heard that one before, but checking the front prop shaft's front fixings all was sound. An hour later it was the rear fixings on the front shaft that let go....clunkclunkclunk. Yes, dearest Nigel, you do feel neglected and you're pissed off, too. So neglected, in fact that I've decided to make a mends with you, poor sod. Methinks that other off throttle noise is likely to be your timing chain, so I'm considering now it's replacement and we'll operate this evening. You'll be soo happy, I assure you. (Perhaps this will fend off his calls for a 2.5 L head and a double downdraft Weber.) Hopefully, me boy will be satisfied. At least until next year. I don't think we'll make the same mistake again.

● **Keith Elliot** (Cornwall) didn't make it either, but not for lack of trying: "I hope everyone had a good time at the Party, wish I would have been there, I have a good excuse though... Thanks to a car dealer, who shall remain nameless, the new timing belt that they installed in my car on Friday broke Saturday morning on my way to the party. Really did major damage to the engine on the little thing. They have been really good about the whole thing though. They are basically rebuilding my engine. I took out pistons, valves, connector bearings, and god knows what else.

Centrefold, clockwise from top left (Gordon Bernius in centre photo)

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Bill Caloccia, 89 Range Rover approaching beaver dam | 5. Roy Bailie crossing the beaver dam |
| 2. Al Pilgrim, Auctioneer extraordinaire! | 6. Eric Zipkin crossing the beaver dam |
| 3. Dave Lowe's 101 at camp. Dave V. in back, Spencer driving | 7. Dale Desprey climbing out of the beaver pond |
| 4. Fred Joyce on morning off-road, Jerry Dowell in background. | 8. Phil Tusinski on morning off-road |



**OTTAWA
VALLEY
LAND
ROVERS**

13th Annual
Birthday Party





SOME NON-OVLR NEWS AND RUMOURS...

● In the most recent Hemmings is a war of words, of sorts. There's the usual assortment of ads from the likes of ECR, British Bulldog, The Rover Connection, and Rovers Unlimited (I assume one of these latter places is the Georgia boys, yes?), then there's this ad from the West Coast Rover folks (those guys in Seattle who are likely to be the most particular when it comes to true restos-probably the best place to go if you've got the buck\$\$\$\$). So the add says something about how dozens of new rover owners have come to them truly disappointed in their new acquisitions, and goes on to say that one rover they'd seen (and worked on) cost a guy \$17K but needed-get this-\$23K worth of repairs!!!! \$23K??? Yup. Claimed it *needed* all new hydraulic cylinders except one (presumably, this includes masters), both axles (new??-huh?), engine (complete?), gearbox, and transfer case. Whew, guess maybe it adds up quick, especially if you neglect to get a core charge out of them..... Oh well. Crooks are everywhere.

● The "extra" issue of *Land Rover Owner* (between the June and July issues) is out and OVLR is in there! Finally, the article by Mike McDermott on the club trailer (comments from our overseas members basically sum up as "I never realised it was *that* big). For those in the know, this article has been more than ten months in the making, took three separate mailings of pictures, two of the article. At the Birthday Party, Mike signed over the cheque for the article to the Club to go towards more goodies for the trailer. For the curious, we have now received seven requests for plans and drawings. Secondly, the issue sports an article on Land Rovers on the Internet. The OVLR website header page, large as life, is labeled as "One of the best club sites". Our very own Mr Kenner receives a mention. OVLR member Ben Smith gets a mention for the RoverWeb site, something largely created by Ben Smith, material from several other OVLR members as another top website. Bill Caloccia gets recognised for establishing and running the Land-Rover-Owner mailing-list.

Both the July and the August issues of *Land Rover World* again briefly mention OVLR. If someone was to do a count of foreign (read non-UK) clubs they would probably find that OVLR rates near the top of the heap in mentions for our newsletter.

● More part numbers for Series vehicles:
Bearings - Main Bearings, add 10,20,30,40 to end for size:
LR RTC1729
Sealed Power MS-46P
Federal Mogul 6061M

Rod Bearings, add 10,20,30,40 to end for size:
LR RTC1730
Sealed Power CB-65190P SINGLE
Federal Mogul 4-65190CP SET OF 4

Thrust Washer:
LR RTC2825
Sealed Power TW-186S STD ONLY
Federal Mogul 65192BF STD ONLY

Federal Mogul - 800-325-8830 X-284 (Russ is the tech guru)
They will not take your order over the phone. You must work with your local auto supplier. They will answer questions, though and are very helpful.

Piston Rings-

Hastings - 616-945-2491 - (705-722-3186 Canada)

Cast Iron:

STD	010	020	030	040
5928	5928010	5928020	5928030	5928040

Chrome:

STD	010	020	030	040
2C5928	2C5928010	2C5928020	2C5928030	2C5928040
(Top Ring)				

Rings can be ordered over the phone. The price for Chrome is \$38.95 US with \$4.00 UPS shipping.

● From British Pacific: Land Rover Centres have access to Series parts now, although limited in scope. Whether they carry them (or will order them for you) depends entirely on the parts manager. Also be advised that Rover is discontinuing parts for 2A's at a pretty good clip, forcing some key components into the aftermarket only category.

● Land Rover Owner International magazine will be featuring in a forthcoming issue the definitive guide to buying a Land Rover Discovery. If you've had any experiences with these vehicles -- good or bad -- They'd be delighted to hear from you. They'd particularly like tales of reliability or otherwise, best places to buy, treatment from dealers etc. What do you use yours for? What advice would you give potential purchasers? They look forward to hearing from you...

GENERAL SERVICING, Humour, Tall Tales, Humour, Trivia, & general rambling

A Friday Story by Mike Rooth

O.K. well, Bloody Nora won. The "fuffle" of a mild exhaust blow suddenly went BLAAAAAH, and something had to be done. As usual in these cases, something beyond Bean Can Surgery. The actual inter pipe was cheap enough, at nine quid, plus the H.M Customs & Excise cut of 17.5%. Not Bad, I thought. Which turned out to be the only thing that actually *wasn't* bad about the whole confounded mess. Mind you, a 2.25 diesel without a silencer sounds *lovely*, but even the deafest of constables in his air conditioned, plush, garishly painted generally decadent example of modern Eurotin, with the radio turned up full, couldn't fail to notice something amiss. If only the clouds of smoke issued from *underneath* rather than out of the back.

The inter pipe/silencer joint came apart without much of a struggle, but even then, considering the silencer is only three weeks old, it shouldn't have been a struggle at all. It's when I got to the inter pipe/front pipe joint that the fun started. In hindsight, I should have known. When you enter the Parts Emporium, and grandly demand all the bits necessary to do the job, and the chap behind the counter says he hasn't got any nuts and bolts, the job is starting to go downhill. When you then foolishly state it doesn't really matter, because you've got plenty of nuts and bolts at home, you're pushing your luck, because what you've forgotten is that you *may* have plenty of nuts and bolts at home, *but they don't fit each other*. What you've *actually* got, is a world class selection of the most useless scrap iron ever possessed by anyone not actually inside the nut-house. You could, with ease, completely refit Jules Vernes time-machine top to bottom with bolts, but not a Land Rover.

Silencer detached (mistake, as it turned out), attention was turned to the aforementioned inter/front pipe joint. Now I'm sure Land Rover never intended for this joint to be permanent. Did they? Bloody Nora had different ideas. You ever seen a Land Rover looking smug? They can. This is where you try to remember what combination of antique fasteners you used last time you did this job. No, it's no good trying to look at the threads, or come to that the bolt heads themselves, because, courtesy of the Local Authority, and their winter Vehicle Destruction Scheme (road salting to you and me), there aren't any threads to see, and the bolt heads aren't hexagonal any more. The upshot being that just to egg you on, you can actually manage to get one bolt undone, but after that *nothing* moves. Grunting doesn't help. Swearing makes you feel marginally better, but has no further effect. Further, no domestic comfort in this time of tribulation is available. The

wife has gone off and turned the TV up full (presumably you are beginning to run out of new swear words and are re-using some of the ones she's heard before, which is boring), and the dog's effort at sympathy, a good wet licking all over your face whilst trapped under a mucky vehicle, isn't really taken in the spirit it's intended.

What does "A" do now? Take the front pipe off, you chump, and saw the damned bolts off. Well you've *lots* of nuts and bolts, haven't you? Now the diesel 11A front pipe is a doddle to remove, you don't even have to get the jack out. But it *is* advisable not to shear a manifold/pipe stud. It is. Believe me, it is. Did you know Land Rovers can grin? It is also advisable to have a big enough workshop to get the front pipe into the vice, without fouling the machine tools, that once upon a time seemed so conveniently situated. However, nothing can withstand assault by hacksaw for long, and so it proves. Do NOT sigh with relief at this stage. Do NOT drop your guard. You yet have to remove the inter pipe from the vehicle, to which it is flexibly attached by an ingenious clamp depending from the chassis, round its middle. A clamp, which in a spurt of enthusiasm you replaced last year with a Genuine Part. Do not forget, either, that Bloody Nora has had a week or two to plan this. FAR too long for any intelligent being to be given, not least a Land Rover. Of *course* the bolts won't come out. But this is where Nora gets *really* rafty. The bottom clamp bolt will go so far and get suspiciously stiff. The top one goes so far and seizes totally. If variety is the spice of life, I'm giving up garlic. And pepper. What you are now wrestling with is a flexible clamp, and a length of rusty pipe waving about shedding all sorts of assorted filth into your face, eyes, mouth, up your nose. Answer? <Sigh>. Refix the pipe to the silencer.

Of course, by this time, the assortment of tools, mostly of the destructive variety, lying around the vehicle (never where you can lay your hands on one without clambering out from underneath) is quite impressive. And damned uncomfortable. But the one you lie on is never the one you want. Just when the language gets to within half a degree of igniting even a tankful of diesel (moral, don't swear at a petrol version), the bottom clamp bolt gives you best. Which leaves the top one. Which you can get a hacksaw on, but actually getting it to cut proves not to be in the rules. Bloody Nora is making these up as she goes along. Same applies. Much heated language, and the rusty pipe falls out of the clamp of its own accord.

It is at this stage, when one's beloved asks sweetly when you

will be finished. Have you ever noticed how immaculate is their timing? I think they are born with it. I'm certain it can't be learned. The only words you are, by this time, able to utter are "Coffee. Quick", and that through clenched teeth.

Refitting, they say, is the reverse... well you know the phrase. Rubbish. Absolute rubbish. These people that write manuals are permanently drunk. Or mental. Or both. But look on the bright side. You are now on the refitting stage! Oh, ha ha. Be realistic. Half an hour later, *still* sorting through your box of "useful" nuts, bolts and assorted fasteners (I wonder what *that* came off? .. Hmmm.. gosh, didn't know I had one of those... oh, there's another one..) if you are very lucky, you will have unearthed the number of bolts you need, all different threads, and are still breaking fingernails grovelling around for nuts that *nearly* fit them. You haven't a cat's chance of finding nuts that *really* fit them. Back under the Land Rover, Bloody Nora allows her new inter pipe to be loosely clamped to the chassis. She does this, because she knows what a fiddle its going to be to manage a floppy silencer, an even more floppy inter pipe, and dodgy nuts and

bolts with only the usual complement of hands. You have, of course, already replaced the front pipe, with the nut on the sheared stud having *just* enough thread to hold. (Slipped up there, Nora!). However, it is at this stage that you begin to suspect that you underestimated the required length of the inter/front pipe joint bolts. The flange begins to play merry little tricks. The inter pipe wobbles about in a skittish, not to say coy, manner. Of course, eventually, you get technical with it, and give it a good shaking. That works with two of the three bolts, but its back to the biscuit box for a longer third one.....Which, of course is a different thread... Which means trawling through for another nut....

You *will* win, eventually. It was never Bloody Nora's intention that you shouldn't, just to make life as difficult as possible in the meantime. So, at last, the whole thing is back together. Start up, and examine system. After putting all the tools away. Naturally. You would, wouldn't you? Haven't you learned *anything*? IT BLOWS!! Where? At the inter/front pipe joint, you wally, where else??? Right, you sod, take that, and that....YOW!! Its hot! Well, at least the smoke comes out of the right place again. Where's that beer?

Another Song Parody by Alan Richer

Repair lament (sung to the tune of "We're Off To See The Wizard", from "The Wizard of Oz")

Gear teeth and pinions and seals, oh my!
Gear teeth and pinions and seals, oh, my!

We need to fix the gearbox,
the one that's up under the truck.
It slips a lot,
We think it is shot.
And a new one is too many bucks.
If ever, oh ever, there was a time
When a friend with a lift would be just fine.
Just fine, just fine, just fine just fine, just fiiiiine,
But really, we don't really mean to whine (sung nasally)
We need to fix the gearbox,
the one that's up under the truck.

We think we broke a halfshaft,
It's one of the spares that we lack.
The axle grinds,
It used to be fine
And now won't go forward or back.
The gearteeth and pinions are breaking apart,
and straining my wallet and breaking my heart,
my heart, my heart, my heart, my heart, my hearrrrrrrt,
It's straining my wallet and breaking my heart.
We think we broke a halfshaft,
It's one of the spares that we lack.

We think we burned some wiring,
the part that is down in the frame.
The lights don't blink,
not even a wink,
The MOT is gonna stink.
We'll never pass safety without all the lights
Not even by day, less likely by night.
by night, by night, by night by night, by niight,
The smell of the wiring is really a blight.
We think we burned some wiring,
the part that is down in the frame.

We're sure we blew a piston,
the one at the back of the block.
The engine's rough,
no power is tough,
The clattering's awfully gruff.
We can't get it over jut thirty or so,
Else the engine its oil sump it's starting to blow,
To blow, to blow to blow to blow to bloooow,
We're sure we blew a piston,
The one at the back of the block.

Ad nauseum.....

(Inspired by: 1st verse Ben Smith, 2nd Spencer Norcross, 3rd Russell Dushin, 4th Dixon Kenner...)

Front-axle bush replacement by Ian Stuart

Equipment needed:

- 2 spanners: 3/4 & 7/8
- Blowlamp
- Pliers or other grippers
- Narrow cold-chisel or other strong drift (less than 1" head, about a 1/4" face)
- Hacksaw with removable blades (plus a couple of spare blades)
- Old chisel will help.
- 2 sets of axle stands (or similar)
- A bush inserter thingy (see below)
- A strong vice
- Trolley Jack
- haynes manual or workshop repair manual
- Bottle-jack

Part needed:

- two spring bushes per spring
- one chassis bush per side (NOTE: 109 & 88 have *different* bushes)
- new bolts & self locking nuts all round

Tasks:

1) Remove the springs from the vehicle: Support the vehicle by placing axle-stands under the front bumper, positioned directly in front of the dumb-irons. Remove both road wheels. Use the trolley jack to lift the end of the axle by lifting the plate the U-bolts clamp the axle to. Undo the 4 U-bolt bolts and lower the axle down. Support the axle by placing the brake drum on a stand. If the axle is high enough, the springs will un-flex and pull the U-bolts from the bottom plate. (NOTE: the shock absorbers have a finite travel, so you may need to vary the height that the axle is supported at). Swing the plate away from the springs, using the shocker at the pivot. Undo and remove the front bolt, and the bolt at the top of the hanger and remove the spring. Repeat for the other side. Stick the bolts back into the bushes and see how much play there is. If there is any more than about 1 degree, you definitely need a new bush. If you are replacing any bushes, the rest on that corner are probably close to going, and should be replaced.

2) Remove the bushes from the springs: Place the spring in the strong vice and use the blowlamp to burn the rubber out of the bush. The best way to do this is to stick the flame down the inside of the inner metal sleeve and let the heat melt the rubber. After several minutes, try pulling the inner sleeve out with the pliers. Once the inner sleeve is out, use the old chisel to cut out as much of the remaining rubber as possible. Repeat for the other four bushes.

3) Have a beer break

4) Use the hacksaw to cut a section out of the outer sleeve of the bush: The spring has one leaf that curls right round the bush, with a small (1/8") gap at the end. Use the hacksaw to cut the sleeve at this point. Ensure that you saw evenly as you MUST NOT cut through the spring. Try to avoid nicking the leaf, but it is probably unavoidable. Make the two cuts as close to the edges of the opening as possible, so that you cut out a section of metal, thus allowing the spring to relax its grip on the outer sleeve. You will find it very difficult to avoid "bowing" as you saw, thus leaving a small ridge in the middle of the saw cut. Use the cold-chisel to force the section out and then the rest of the sleeve can be drifted out quite easily. Clear the area with something (Paraffin or diesel - or petrol in a pinch)

5) Inserting the new bush: Smear the leading edge of the bush-hole with copper-ease and line the bush up with the hole. Open the vice right out and put the spring-and-bush right into the vice. Although the inner sleeve protrudes slightly, it will be pushed in when we force the bush home. Slowly close the vice, pushing the bush into the hole, until it will go no further. At this point the inner sleeve will be impacting on the other jaw of the vice. Open the vice jaws and reposition the spring so that the jaws of the vice just miss the inner sleeve, and tighten the vice to push the bush in the last few mm. Repeat for the other three bushes.

6) Removing the chassis bush: The technique is the same here as for the spring bushes, however you will be hampered by having to work from under the chassis. Again, burn out the inner sleeve and remove as much rubber as you can. Cut a section out of the outer sleeve. DO NOT WEAKEN THE CHASSIS SLEEVE. Use the cold-chisel to remove the section and the drift to remove the sleeve. This took me 3 to 4 hours per side!

7) Fitting new chassis bushes: You need a widget here. My widget was made by the guys in the mechanical workshop here at the Vet School. You need a section of M12 threaded steel rod, 2.5 times the length of the bush. Two nuts and two washers, and two spacers. Each spacer is about 3" in diameter (to sit firmly against the side of the chassis) and has a hole in the centre which is large enough to fit around the outside the bush's inner sleeve. Smear some copper-ease around the lip of the hole and push the bush into the opening. Put the threaded rod through the bush and the chassis hole and fit the spacers, washers and nuts to each end. *Slowly* tighten the outer nut to force the bush into the chassis. You may need to slacken the nut off several times to take the strain off the steel rod occasionally. Make sure the bush is sitting evenly in the chassis.

8) Putting it all back together: Basically, it's the reversal of taking it apart. Don't tighten it all up yet. The best order I

found was:

- a) Front bolt,
- b) U-bolts onto plate. Use the trolley jack to push the spring up, but you have to get the bottom plate into position (which is a pain). The rear end of the spring will push onto the chassis rail.
- c) Hanger onto chassis bush
- d) rear or spring into hanger. Use the bottle jack to force the rear of the spring down, by bracing the top of the jack against the bump-stop.
- e) road wheels back on (and tightened)

- f) vehicle onto the road

With everything basically in place, *roughly* shake the vehicle from side-to-side. This will help it settle into position. tighten all the loose bolts up a bit. Find a nice cobbled street (or potholed road) and drive up and down a few times - give that suspension a good workout. Tighten the bolts to ATAF lb/i2

- 9) have a beer break

- 10) Drive for a couple of days and finally tighten to TAF lb/i2

Enjoy the new heights of comfort!!

Silver Lake by 80" by Andrew Finlayson

I was excited to say the least! I'd spent a lot of time getting "Ollie", my 80" ready for the 13th annual OVLR Birthday Party at Silver Lake and finally the day had arrived. Friday afternoon was slow at work so I decided to set out early to "beat" the weekend traffic (actually I was more worried about holding up traffic than beating it) so off I went at about 3pm. Delia would meet me at the campsite later with the car and camping stuff at about 7pm or so. It was a beautiful day for a no roof drive and after a stop in Perth for gas and other fluid checks! I was off. Arriving at Silver Lake Provincial Park I quickly checked in and looked at our site, looked O.K. to me so onto the Birthday Party I went! Lots of familiar faces and some new ones too. The club trailer was just being set up so with a bit of help from all who were there it was up in no time. Mike was tweeking the C.B. antenna to help track Dale I think?

A quick survey saw about 10 Landrovers already on site and Dixon sporting a "very cool" military trailer. Ted Rose arrived having just completed a wee long course at Landrover in Toronto with some offroading on their test loop thrown in and Christine wondering why Ted's Landrover courses are always the week before the Birthday Party? I'm certain it is so Ted can tell us all about the latest developments at Landrover, Right? Anyway the evening ended up with a campfire at Christine and Ted's campsite at the provincial park with some flashing lights provided by Rob Ferguson.

The sound of heavy rain at about 5am on Saturday morning was a bit of a disappointment but after breakfast under the ol' blue tarp and then suiting up in foul weather gear which by the way mosquito's can't seem to penetrate we were off to the Birthday Party site. It was buzzing with activity, obviously a lot more people arrived at night! Al Pilgrim had the coffee on at the trailer and Janet was busy checking people in and handing out information packs including wrist bands to identify who paid for meals etc.

After a "welcome all" from the president Jason Dowell and a thank you to Cathy and Dave Vermette it was right on to scrutinizng for the first offroad event so after some more chatter and more "joe" we were all lined up and ready to go. Jerry Dowell in charge of the order of the vehicles was staggering (the Landrovers that is) so there would be one with a winch then one without and so on. Later the order changed again for which I was personally appreciative.

Well, now we were not too far into the trek and the first mudhole claimed it's first victim. Bill Calocchia's Range Rover was well stuck and had to be winched out by Alan Richer's 109 pick-up from behind. From that point on the mudhole just got worse or better depending on how you look at it! Jason's 88 with his Warn winch was in high demand as one by one it pulled us through. Even Murray Jackson took his immaculate Lightweight in for the mud bath and Dave Lowe's 101 had a struggle of it too! As for myself... well I got high centred early on but with Jason's winch and Fred Joyce's determination I got through. (Thanks Fred) After the mudhole the rest of the run felt like a drive down the Queensway so back we all went to the site for some lunch and chatter (Did I mention anything about Suzuki's yet?)

After a feed of hotdogs, chips and refreshments it was off on another "light" offroad trip that turned out to be a lot of fun. We all traversed a swamp full of duck grass which Al was determined to serve as a garnish later with dinner! As well there was a sneaky little hole just near the end of our trek at the edge of the swamp that we had draining quite well by the time we got the Isuzu Trooper through. Once again, it was back to the site for BBQ pork and Al's "famous" potatoes and salad etc. etc. etc. and of course more Landrover chatter... A full day indeed!

Sunday morning saw some threat of rain, but nothing to speak of. After an address from Jason and Al with thank you's to all that helped out to put the party together it was onto the Auction

with the head Auctioneer/Chef Al Pilgrim. He did a great job and even had a "kids only" bids going. Lots of goodies went on the block including Landrover toys, mugs, shirts, stamps, LRO subscriptions and even some parts too! The auction was as was the whole weekend a great success, many thanks to everyone that helped out in the organisation of it. I hope that I can help out more next year now that my Landrover is on the road and a special thanks to: The Vermettes for letting us use their property, Spencer Norcross

for the t-shirts and posters (I still didn't meet him?), Al Pilgrim, Charlie and Pam Haigh, Lenora and Jason, Janet and Jerry, Christine Rose for the O.V.L.R. clothing shop, Robin Craig for his amazing display of Landrover models, diecasts etc and Harry (I have a tarp in the back of my Landrover the size of the Skydome) Bligh.

Hope to see you all next year! Cheers. PS. How about a parts swap next year?

Unto Us A Child Is Born by Harold Huggins

To be asked, as I was recently by the Editor of this esteemed paper, how it fell to this person to be the first to attempt to organize in Canada a Land Rover owners' club is like asking how long is a piece of string. The most sensible response it seems to me, was because of the real felt need that existed then, clear across this vast chunk of very real Canada, for some form of network apparatus to help dispel the uncomfortable feeling of threatening isolation that attended operating a Land Rover at the time in this country. (I might add the idea was original to me; slow-brained as I am (I was 10 months in-utero) it never occurred to me that there might be such groups already in existence for help when needed). If nothing more, owning a Land Rover taught me what it must be like to be a lone raisin in a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran. Remember too, we had been abandoned by Mother, over there in Solihull around this time.

One supposes, had there been sufficient numbers of the marque in the Northwest Territories to justify the scheme, it is quite possible I'd be credited today with being the first to form a Land Rover club north of 60° across the globe, there being nothing of the kind at the time in either Norway, Sweden, Finland, Iceland, Greenland, Svalbard, Siberia or Alaska. That there were Land Rovers in each of these exotic cold countries goes without saying, eh? They just hadn't got their acts together yet.

My acquisition in Vancouver of a 1966 109" in 1969 brought to three the total of the marque in Yellowknife. (The clock read 8,000 miles, the unit had never been sold and was serving as a BMC distributorship's service vehicle in and around Vancouver). The other two units were the property of a surveyor-cum-judge of the NWT, with considerable northern experience (It was rumoured he had arrived in the mining town ahead of the highway's completion. That figures, eh?)

Despite the magical solvent that Land Rover proves to be between owners the world over, it is sad to report the Solihull icom failed abysmally to melt the judge's puzzling ice-bound feelings towards the newcomer on the block unless it was the long hair and beads. (I had been cautioned to maintain a squeaky-clean law & order profile, the said judge had little sympathy for hippies in his court). Consequently not once in all

the years we saluted one another on the streets of the village we never swapped stories about the unique and conspicuous wheeled object d'art we had in common. By and large, the four banger gave a good account of itself contending with long periods of sub-zero (fahrenheit) temperatures, provided one had the block heater and battery blanket. Chief annoyances were frozen gearboxes and differentials. Stray cats fated warm engine blocks 5-star Hiltons throughout the winter so your day started with a thunderous thumps of the bonnet until you saw Mr Cat come out from under your feet before inserting key. It was not unheard of for cats to get caught up in the fan, sad to relate.

Some of the credit for my initiative on the Ottawa/*Association of Land Rover Owners of Canada (ALROC)* scene must be given to that honourable institution of ink-and-stencil duplication and the leader in the field, the British *Gestetner*. (I bought for fifty dollars the very machine through whose rollers was once produced a newspaper, if you can credit it, one of the first in NWT. I still have the dinosaur but, please don't whisper this to CSIS eh?) So, the delicious hot days of 1974 found Gestetner-produced notices being tucked under every vehicle with a split windscreen within my view, promoting the notion of Land Rover impassionates getting together for the Proper Feeding and Care of Land Rover in Canada and Social Benefits in the Process.

It was thanks to Mike McDermott I feel sure that we held our first meeting (others were held later there too) in the office of the "Citizen", his employer at the time. If memory serves, Peter Parsons drove me to the meeting in his SWB. Sad to relate, if Minutes were kept of the founding meeting their whereabouts are unknown to me. I deeply regret I am not able to present an accurate list of those present who responded to the notice on their windscreens. I can recall vividly however, I had to repeatedly remind the meeting that we were gathered together for discussion about a Land Rover club and not the Land Rover machine, about which everyone present seemed to be taken up with the person on each side of him (I do not believe there were any females present, though I could be wrong).

So, like Topsy, the organisation grew and soon we were

receiving enquiries from many distant parts including the exchange of publications, newsletters, news and views, some from other continents. Our own well-named *Transfer Box* survived until the Spring of 1989, completing 28 issues. That *T-Box* served a useful purpose cannot be denied and even today enquiries about it are infrequently received. I do not think it is an exaggeration to state that as many as 200 LR owners were at one time on *ALROC's* register, though Andy Graham may have

other numbers. Were I asked what exactly was the purpose, the *raison d'être* of *ALROC* my immediate, unhesitant response would be "*Look around you, there's a monument to the first Land Rover owners' club in Canada. It is known as Ottawa Valley Land Rovers.*" From where I sit today, I'd say *OVL*R has got to be the finest example of its kind anywhere. Thanks Ladies and Gentlemen, for carrying on so nobly. You deserve a lot of credit.

DEMON LANDROVER MAIMS MANY

