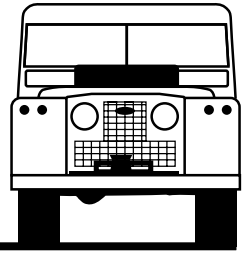


OTTAWA VALLEY LAND ROVERS



25 July, 1997

Volume XIV, Number 7





**OTTAWA
VALLEY
LAND
ROVERS**

PO Box 36055, 1318 Wellington Street,
Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA K1Y 4V3

General Information

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

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.off-road.com/OVLRL/>

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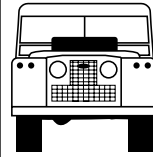
is published twelve times per year for club members. The editor welcomes submissions of text and photographs for publication.

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 may be 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: Competitive with other North American Land Rover clubs. Available upon request.



Upcoming Events

in the next month or so...

August 4	Executive Meeting. Phone Ted Rose for time & location
August 17	British Cars Parts Flea Market & Show, London Ontario. For more information call (519) 268-7841
August 18	Social at the Prescott
August 30	LaRose Forest. Call Christine Rose for details (823-3150) Meet at the gas station at the Vars exit (North) off the 417 at 8 AM
September 1	Executive Meeting. Phone Ted Rose for time & location
September 15	Social at the Prescott
September 20-21	British Invasion Stowe Vermont

future events:

(Dates & times subject to change)

October 3-5	ROAV's Mid-Atlantic Rally Central Virginia (this is the largest club sponsored rally in North America)
October 10-11	BSROA Fall Heritage Rally Western Massachussets
Sept-Oct.	Annual Frame Oiler
July/August	Calabogie
December 6	Christmas Party

This Month's Cover:

Russ Wilson & Al Richer change the water pump on Pig, as Jon Humphries watches. Russ lost the pump about 5 miles from the Birthday party site, less than 20 minutes after arriving at the site, the repair was completed. Photo: Spencer Norcross.

The OVLRL Newsletter

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GREETINGS;

June was a busy month for some. There was the saw the fourteenth annual Birthday Party as well as the ninth annual Downeast Rally in Owl's head Maine.

The fourteenth Birthday Party has come and gone. This year saw the largest event ever with more than forty five Land Rovers attending. In a growing trend, the afternoon event of many years ago has grown longer. This year saw the bulk of the participants arriving sometime on Friday. Friday was spent socializing. Camp chairs came out, bug candles were lit, and small but intense groups gathered at different points at the main site and throughout the Provincial Park. A contingent arrived from Toronto late in the evening. Dave Lowe leading Team Daphne, with a pair of 101s, and other assorted vehicles made the trek up. The banter continued late into the night, or for some, into the early hours of the morning.

The next morning, people were up bright and early, ready for the days events. Vehicles were looked over for the off-road event. The afternoon light off-road saw thirty-two vehicles heading out onto a many mile exercise. Described as a bit of greenlaning by some of the Canadians, it provided a good challenge for many who had not been off-road before. A large beaver pond gave people practice in wading. Jason Dowell, leading the convoy through the pond and according to the gathered Americans, showed the dangers of moving to far to the left. Jason was the first casualty that required winching back after leaving the hidden causeway under the pond. Later drivers faired better with a couple of exceptions. In once case, Ian Harper showed us that logging was possible to as he dredged up a tree with his 88. Dave Bobeck showed us that it was possible to wet out in under 18 inches of water less than twenty feet from the shore.

The next major challenge was a beaver dam. Leading up to the dam was a fast moving stream, that is until Dave Stauffer lodged his SII 109 station wagon on top of the dam and removed most of it. After that, the stream was a raging torrent that tested many a vehicle. Roy Bailie was positioned to help winch any troubled vehicles through, but happily most made it without a problem.

The major casualty of the light off-road was Ian Harper breaking a halfshaft during his fishing expedition in the pond. Russell Wilson lost the flange holding the front exhaust pipe on. Minor problems from wetting out, one person claiming that his overheating was from duckweed filling his Stage One's radiator (see later article by Eric Zipkin).

Dinner was a choice of chicken and pork, cooked to perfection by Andrew Finlayson and David Meadows. Ann, showing her enthusiasm for her new fiance, Eric Zipkin tackled him on the slope by the kitchen trailer. Rolling to a stop at the bottom of the hill, the assembled masses shouted in unison - "Get a tent!". A keg of Guinness was cracked and was sampled by most of the people around. One amusing anecdote arose from this keg. The gas cylinder that came with the tap arrangement had an insufficient supply of gas for that keg. It ran out when we were a little more than a third of the way through the keg. Panic ensued! Here we had a keg of lovely beer and no way to obtain it. Well, OVLR owners are a resourceful bunch. They must be in order to keep thirty to forty year old vehicles run-

ning. It was quickly realised that the club trailer is powered with 12v electrics. Another club member found a small portable 12v air compressor in the back of his Land Rover. A quick change of gas cylinder for air compressor and presto! One turned on the air compressor, pulled the tap, and nice cold Guinness was flowing again.

Al Pilgrim was in excellent form conducting the auction after dinner of items provided by Rovers North, Atlantic British and British Bulldog until daylight failed. After daylight was gone, the mosquitos about, those brave souls near the tap were treated to a slide show put on by Brett Story and Dave Lowe. They showed slides of some of the exploits of the Toronto contingent in Calabogie, the Niagara Escarpment and other locations.

Sunday morning saw Steve Denis finally arrive in his Vanagon. Engine troubles slowed him down significantly (later in the week, Nancy would be feeding the suffering diesel with a slurpee cup) Despite what everyone but Dale has told him, Steve still loves diesels. Although they may run like crap and are unreliably as hell, they get GREAT fuel mileage! Especially when not running. Metering fuel with a Slurpee Cup provides even greater range, and keeps SWMBO out of earshot in the back for quieter, more relaxed cruising.

Keith Elliot and Ernie Ferguson both returned for the day with spare parts for Russell Wilson's broken exhaust system. While they worked on that, another off-road journey ensued. Originally to go down the power cut, heavy rains diverted the convoy back to Saturday's off-road course, except this time it was done from the other direction.

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.

Distance awards for driving would go to Bill Kowalski of Chicago with Ben Smith and Gordon Rea cheating by flying in from San Francisco and Vancouver respectively (At least Gordon flew to Toronto so he could ride to Ottawa with Brett Storey)

A great number of people volunteered their time and efforts to make this the best Birthday Party yet. Thanks go to Christine Rose for doing the bulk of the organisation of the event, to Dave & Joyce Meadows, Andrew & Delia Finlayson for their work with the kitchen trailer for the meals, to Harry Bligh for bringing his canopy and help, to Al Pilgrim for doing the evening auction and Spencer Norcross for the morning auction, to Jason Dowell & Ted Rose for organising the off-road course, Janet Dowell for handling registration, and a bunch of other people who I know I am missing. Finally, thanks to Mrs Deacon for allowing us to use her property again.

OVLR would like to thank the following companies that donated various items to the club to help out with the Birthday Party - Atlantic British, British Bulldog and Rovers North for the various items that were auctioned off and Guinness Import Comany for a keg of their famous beer. The support shown by these companies is greatly appreciated by the membership. For the net connected, pictures and further text are appearing on the OVLR web site.

Other News, Rebuilds/Projects, Lies, Rumours, Trivia

🚗 Editor type stuff: First, something I forgot to mention in a previous newsletter. For the collation effort in the Shrine of the galvanised Land-Rover (read Bob Wood's garage). For last month, flooding from the Red River reached our usual location so we moved to Andrew Finlayson's new abode for the collation effort. Murray Jackson, Fred Joyce and Bruce Ricker all came over to help with the effort. Ted Rose missed again for the 38th time in a row.

🚗 Nigel's Disease warning from Mike Rooth! - "Get your rear halfshafts in stock. Nora went on a resupply run the other night. Backing in to a supermarket parking spot there was heard a GRRRRRAUNCH. No drive. No hand brake. (Why do they always build supermarket carparks on a slope?). Pop the yellow button. Drive. Resupply. Go home in front wheel drive. Slowly. Either a bust halfshaft, or, if I'm lucky, a stripped driving member. Dunno yet, I haven't looked. **you have been warned! disinfect immediately!**

🚗 Crossword Puzzle: Murray Jackson reports that he was having so much fun at the Birthday Party that he forgot to announce the results of the large OVLR crossword puzzle printed in the April issue of the newsletter. Bill Maloney from New Jersey had the most correct answers, followed by local member Roy Parsons. Third place was taken by Franz Parzefall from Germany. The Editor will be contacting the winners to ensure they receive their prizes, which were donated by British Bulldog. The various prizes are a rear step kit, a set of new gear shift knobs, some vent seals, leather gaiters and Series III wire lamp protectors. There are a couple more items from British Bulldog that will be used in the next Crossword Puzzle challenge.

🚗 A note from Franz Parzefall in Germany - "I have been driving around with a backlash in my rear diff since I bought Brumml nearly two years ago. Some weeks ago I decided that it was time to do something about this and asked the gurus of the Land Rover owners mailing list. After unsuccessfully trying to get the diff out myself (I just lacked the tool to widen the diff case), I phoned Max, my mechanic. Since he had very much to do we ended up with the arrangement that I could come to his workshop on Saturday, do as much as possible myself and he would help me when I get stuck. We had some struggle to get the diff out by widening the casing with a spring compressor (I'd recommend to get or build something like the special tool mentioned in the manual) but the rest came apart fairly easy. When I pulled the seal behind the drive flange it turned out to be a leather seal. I didn't know that LR used them since 1989! Maybe it was put in later while Brumml served his time in the British forces in Berlin. We decided that we would need to add about 0.2mm to the shim pack behind the bearing race of the input

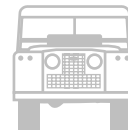
gear. But were we going to get these shims at Saturday around lunchtime? Max didn't have anything like that in his workshop, since he is by no means a Land Rover specialist (he would starve to death if he only would work on LR's). I ended up cutting one out of the bottom of a paint can. No great problem and it worked just fine. The diff itself didn't have any internal backlash, so I didn't take it apart. Putting everything together was not too difficult, except that the bearing race needed some grease and a bigger hammer to get it back into its place. The diff went right in with the spring compressor trick. Now the diff clonk is still there, but much quieter and the backlash is down from about 35mm to 10mm at the drive flange circumference. The whole operation has just cost me about \$35 for parts and another \$30 for labor.

🚗 Candidates, or how things go in multiples... Recently Ted Rose and I happened by George Kearney's abode out near LaRose Forest. Sean McGuire has a Series III out there slowly being restored. Seems that the water pump was a bit duff, so Sean changed it with his own hands. What did Ted and I find, but that the fan was on backwards. To be fair, we also found that George had his fan on backwards too. But, this is OVLR, where people look upon the work of others, and in some unknown fashion manage to spread the good word. Yes, during the Downeast Rally, Bruce Fowler was overheard in hushed tones describing how he had recently changed his water pump and couldn't figure out why the engine kept overheating. Eventually, while standing in front of the running engine the blast of hot air coming through the radiator made him realise that something might be amiss...

🚗 There will be a benefit baseball tournament August 17th in Smith's Falls to help those with head injuries. Anyone interested in putting a team together or help out should phone Lyne Leduc at 284-0228



Russ Dushin, Eric Zipkin & Bill Maloney. Photo: Spencer Norcross



The Birthday Party

Tail End Al & Bill

by Bill Maloney

It's Saturday morning at the Birthday Party and everybody's lined up for the off road. It looked like rain earlier but now it's clearing. Do we pull off the door tops and roll up the sides and take our chances? Yup. And darned glad we did. It got warm real quick. But by the time Al and I got everything secured the party had left without us. So we got to cruise through the Canadian bush with nobody in front or behind - a real treat! Following the tire tracks and broken branches led us to a line of vehicles - we were fortunate to chose the right track. Unfortunately, the group we found had chosen the wrong track and quickly came to a halt with Ted Rose charging back saying "Ooops! Wrong fork!" In a scene reminiscent of Keystone Cops, all the vehicles reversed direction on a lane only a few feet wide, although it was a few feet wider once we left. Again we wound up at the end - however Bill Caloccia was trying to cure a fuel delivery problem on his 88 and said he'd catch up soon. He didn't.

We tagged along behind our intrepid leader until reaching the beaver pond. Hmmm... Should I put in the wading plug? It didn't look too deep. The first vehicle I saw go through was a 101. It got drowned. Whoops! Guess I'd better do the wading plug. I returned to the crossing (on foot) after installing the plug and the 101 was out of the water but not running. After much scurrying and commotion on the opposite bank it breathed to life and the next Rover was in the drink. I think it was a white disco and went through with no problems. Then a yellow 88. Then Dave Bobeck and the lovely Cassandra. Dave made it in to where the water just reached his sill and he stopped dead. The pond settled down to a nice glassy surface as he attempted to restart it. He did and got in a little deeper before it died again. Somebody on the opposite bank started spooling out a winch cable.

Dave refused to quit and got it running again (on 2 cylinders I think) and surged forward. He hit the deep part and... kept going! I couldn't believe it! This gave me incentive to spray the

ignition with WD40. I watched Russell Dushin and brother Fred follow and not miss a beat. I'm still trying to figure out why Fred opened the door in the middle. Checking out the fishing status, no doubt. Al was kind enough to run back and bring my 88 up while I took photos. "Boy, your Rover's clutch sure is grabby!" Of course it was grabby, Al. IT WAS IN LOW RANGE!!!! Mike Loiodice was next, determinedly trying to keep his 88 going with the rich running Rochester carb loading up his plugs. Once he had it spinning over Mike, brought the revs up and charged right in... and out the other side. Now it's my turn. I've had a chance to see how deep it really gets close to the opposite side and the adrenaline is really kicking in. Put it in 2nd low and keep up medium revs and wedge the right foot against the tranny tunnel and the left against the bulkhead. Whoosh!!! This is fun. But it gets deeper in the middle and deeper and deeper... I notice the floor is now wet as I reach the dip near the opposite bank. The nose dives into the pond then out and I pull up the opposite bank. Geez, what a thrill! I don't get to do much of that in Jersey. What I couldn't see with the tire on the hood was the water briefly cresting the hood of the vehicle.

But it wasn't over yet. The road shortly ahead had turned into



Bill Maloney crosses the beaver dam, saturday morning light offroad. Photo: Spencer Norcross

a torrent of water. The third or fourth vehicle over the beaver dam that intersected the road had breached it - and the contents of the pond were rushing down the road. At least one vehicle that I saw had to be pulled out at the end. The soon-to-be wed Eric Zipkin and fiancée Ann were attempting to make it over the dam in his Stage I V8 with 235 Mud Terrain tires, and getting hung up. He finally decided to choose a different line and powered over. I figured with my wimpy ATs I'd be getting my feet wet for sure. The yellow 88 made it through, then the Dushins. Mike L. & Jr. powered through and the spray was flying. Al & I were next. Same routine. 2nd low, brace both feet, and keep it moving. And it kept moving. Water's flying everywhere. The rushing and splashing is almost drowning out the sound of the engine. We bounce. We splash. I almost lose my hat. We hit the

beaver dam. The wheels start to spin. The wheels start to grab.

I think I see somebody sitting in the torrent of water to my left, but I'm too busy to look. Suddenly we're up and over and out. Great fun!

The rest of the ride was just cruising along the fire roads and railroad beds that criss-crossed the thick Canadian forest with a bunch of other Rovers until we emerged again at the rally site. We asked about Bill and found that he had turned back and was already at the site, so no recovery team was needed. The off-road trip turned out to be a whole lot of fun. The weather had been just great and having the opportunity to spend a day in the woods with a bunch of other Rover Owners turned out to be a real blast! I'm really looking forward to next year.

Not Waterproof or some post Birthday Party Antics

by Eric Zipkin

As the Birthday Party wound down, Jeff Berg, Jeff Meyer and I decided to caravan to the Downeast rally together. One question: Where to go? The day before, Meyer had travelled to Calabogie with the Toronto crowd. They said the area around Picton was really beautiful...topless bathing had recently been legalized and the beaches in that area are supposed to be pretty good...Picton it is.

We arrived in the area towards evening...following Jeff Meyer, we turned down a dirt track. The Toronto crowd had indicated that any side road would lead to a good camping spot on the lake. Each time we tried, however, the trail would open up directly on the lake, with no space to park or pitch tents between the trees and the water. Finally, one track got pretty rough with a few puddles to drive through. Eventually, the entire track became covered with water. Time for a conference. Jeff, Jeff, and I stood there, perusing our options. It was getting dark and we needed to find a spot to camp soon. Neither did anyone want to

get stuck at such a late hour. A quick look from the roof of my Rover, however, showed a beautiful camping spot on a gravel bar facing Lake Ontario. Walking out along the track, the water came up to my mid-thigh before I turned back.

"Feeling lucky", asked Jeff.

"Why?" I replied.

"Because you're going first"

"Says who?"

"Says the fact that you've got a snorkel"

Nobody seemed to take into account that I didn't have a diesel... Leaving Jeff Berg at the starting point, in case we needed rescue, I started out with Jeff Meyer riding shotgun. The first 25 meters or so were about top of the wheel depth. Then it dropped. Luckily I closed the vents as water was rushing over the bonnet. Laboring under all that water, the Rover climbed the opposite bank.

"You're a brave man" said Jeff as he opened the door to let the water out.

"Or really stupid", I thought.

As Meyer got set up to take pictures, I called Berg over the radio and told him to come on through. I forgot to tell him about the fact that the track dropped substantially...oh well. Jeff comes round the bend in two wheel drive!!! There's something to be said for momentum and being able to find the red lever under water...Jeff made it through without a problem. Now someone had to go back to get Jeff Meyer's Rover. I was again unanimously elected to go back through. Riding this time on the roof rack, Jeff must have gotten some great pictures. Only one member of our party was unaccounted for. Husla, Jeff's dog, did the crossing the old fashioned way...the dog paddle. The crossing had earned us one of the most beautiful camping spots you could ever imagine. A level open gravel bar which opened with an expansive view of the Lake. A medium breeze kept the mosquitoes to a minimum and the difficult access kept the neigh-



Separated at birth? Fred Joyce & Murray Jackson. Photo: Spencer Norcross

bors down as well. In classic Rover fashion, we circled the vehicles and stretched a tarp between the roof racks. Sitting around a driftwood fire, we enjoyed the beautiful colors of the sunset and the moon rising. Dinner music was provided by the lapping waves, the Carp mating in the water (they're big!) and a nearby pack of coyotes. Sleep came easily.

The next morning dawned grey, it having rained the night before. Camp cleaned up, we drove back to the water crossing.

"Who's first?"

"You go Jeff, I want to try and get some good pictures of your Rover for LRW", said Meyer.

"OK, no problem" (sucker)

Engine still a little cool, Jeff took off for the water. Just at its deepest, his Rover stalled. The stream of epithets that came from that Rover shattered the silence. Water was quickly rising above Jeff's waist and a blood curdling scream was heard when Jeff realized his computer was in danger.

"Come and get the winch cable" I cried.

"I can't, my hands are full...my power book, my GPS, my Newton, my Minolta, my Canon, my Pilot, the CB, the CD player!!!"

"Damn", I thought "...I just put on dry clothes"

The winch made quick work of getting Jeff to dry land... investigation proved that a poor set of spark plug leads that didn't seal around the distributor cap was the most likely culprit. A few moments with some dielectric grease and Jeff was ready to go. Jeff and I then made it through without incident...after using the grease. Jeff Meyer said he wanted to visit Richard Cople, a nearby mechanic, and see what types of Rovers or parts he might have...we agreed. After repeated urging by Richard, we finally decided to pull the drain plugs and have a look to see if any water had entered the axles or gearboxes...in Richard's yard! Pulling out the dipstick in Jeff Berg's Rover, a milky white substance was seen. Yuk, water in the engine! Pulling the gearbox plug elicited a quart and a half of water...and then something that had the consistency of mayonnaise...double yuk! Three hours and every last drop of Hypoid that Richard had and we were on the road again. Many thanks Richard!

By the time we hit the road, it was late in the afternoon. We ate dinner in Picton and haggled over where to go. Jeff Berg moaning to the waitress, "let me tell you how I nearly got drowned in Lake Ontario...everything I own is soaking wet" Not keen on driving all the way to Ottawa, we sought out a provincial park along the way. During the evening we were awakened by the most terrifying shrieking. Thinking that perhaps the

dog had gotten into trouble, we sought out the noise. Up in the tree were two porcupines...shall we say...making little porcupines. Guess it must hurt them too... The next day we pressed on to Ottawa. Dixon was kind enough to give us a map to Dale's house...I'm not sure Dale was completely aware of this, however. Dale seemed a little surprised when three Rovers rolled into his drive.

An incredible sight greeted us in the driveway...Dixon's infamous Rover, the Green Beastie, was undergoing major brake surgery. We must have been hallucinating from the lack of sleep and the 30 degree heat.

"Hey there..." I said, "looks like you've got some work to do"

"Just a wee bit" retorted Dixon.

"Say Dale", chimed Jeff Berg "any chance I can use your driveway for a bit...I nearly got drowned in Lake Ontario... everything I own is soaking wet..."

"We just need to change the fluids once again, where's the nearest Canadian Tire?"

And thus began an afternoon of Rover service...in Dale's driveway. Dixon adding new parts and some braking ability to the new found power of two additional cylinders. Jeff Berg changing all the fluids (and finding part of an old halfshaft in the rear diff). Jeff Meyer doing the front brakes and the alignment. I stood around, smiling smugly at the fact that my Rover needed no maintenance. Certainly, we would never want to mess up Dale's place. Before starting on the fluid changes, we laid out a tarp.

Now Dale has a nice rectangular shaped clean spot on his driveway! Our illegal dumping notwithstanding, Dale and his parents were great hosts. His family made us dinner and breakfast and even let us camp in their yard. Thanks again Dale!

The next day dawned with a new traveller along...none other than Dixon Kenner and the much maligned Green Beastie. Off



Eric "V8" Zipkin at the beaver dam, demonstrating proper wheelspin. Photo: Spencer Norcross

we went on the Queensway towards Burlington, Vermont. About twenty minutes into the trip, something started making noises in the engine compartment. A short 'snap' and I saw something skittering down the road in my rearview mirror. Probably a good time to stop. Up goes the bonnet, revealing a fan missing one of its blades. It seems the viscous coupling had gone sour in the water and was slowly eating away at the water pump shaft. Finally, enough play was worn that the fan hit the radiator and began its self-destruction. No problem, remove the fan and coupling, it should stay cool at highway speeds...at least till we hit Rovers North. Problem, try removing the fan without removing the radiator. Impossible. A little creative cutting and the impossible became possible. Amazingly, the radiator core was intact. Quickly, the tools stowed and we were back on the road. Ten minutes later, my alternator stopped charging, evidencing a fan belt that had skipped off the pulley. Somebody (and I'm not naming any names here), had forgotten to put the nut that holds the water pump pulley back on. A few quick moments and more burnt fingers later and we were back on the road. Ten minutes later again, the fan belt started squealing... time to tighten it up. Thanks, Dixon for the Genuine Land Rover Alternator adjuster.

Score: Green Beastie, Zero ... Stage One, three. (Service stops, that is).

Next stop, the U.S. border. Dixon, Jeff Berg and I all passed through fine. Jeff Meyer, however, did not fare so well. With the three of us waiting patiently in the U.S., Meyer was given the third degree in no man's land. The interview was finally terminated when the entire contents of one of Jeff's roof boxes attempted to assault the Customs clerk... he wisely decided not to continue the search.

Several more hours of driving found us heading south on I89



Mitch Stockdale gets helping hands Saturday morning. Photo: Spencer Norcross.

towards Rovers North. Feeling cocky about having a V8, I proceeded to pass everyone in the convoy...grinning and waving a sign that said "V8". On the next upgrade...I see something approaching in the mirror...it is none other than the Green Beastie. With a look of surprise, Dixon came sailing by. Tell me Dixon, when did Crown assets disposal start auctioning off JATO rockets?

The evening found us in the parking lot of Rovers North. Jeff Berg was heard to exclaim, "...let me tell you how I nearly drowned in Lake Ontario...everything I own is soaking wet..." Thankfully, Les was able to scare up a used water pump with a viscous coupling as well as a fan. We then talked Charlie Haigh into showing us where Jan Hilborn lives. The convoy of Rovers grew once again. Now, five Rovers pulled out of the Rovers North lot in search of Jan. Of course there was the obligatory stop for beer...a wise move as I was later to find. Only in the OVLRC can you show up uninvited with five Rovers and not have a shotgun pointed at you! Jeff Berg was heard to exclaim, "...let me tell you how I nearly drowned in Lake Ontario...everything I own is soaking wet..."

After a short visit, Charlie invited us all back to his place for dinner. The caravan was now up to six. Food? Beer? OK. We were treated to a tour of the Haigh homestead and one of the best equipped shops that I have ever seen. In a word, WOW. Charlie immediately delved into Dixon's brakes, switching around the shoes properly and fixing a bad adjuster. The spectators were barely finished with their beer by the time Charlie was finished (a one beer job).

After dinner, I went down to my Rover to replace the fan and viscous coupling... a one beer job, right? Three beers later found the water pump and radiator removed... oops. Seems the water pump needed replacement too. Thanks to Charlie, however, it didn't become a half-case project.

"Say Charlie, where's the hose to fill the radiator?"

"Don't use the hose, there's distilled water and antifreeze in the corner"

"That's all right, I don't need antifreeze...I'll get some of my own tomorrow"

"Well, here's the distilled water...use that."

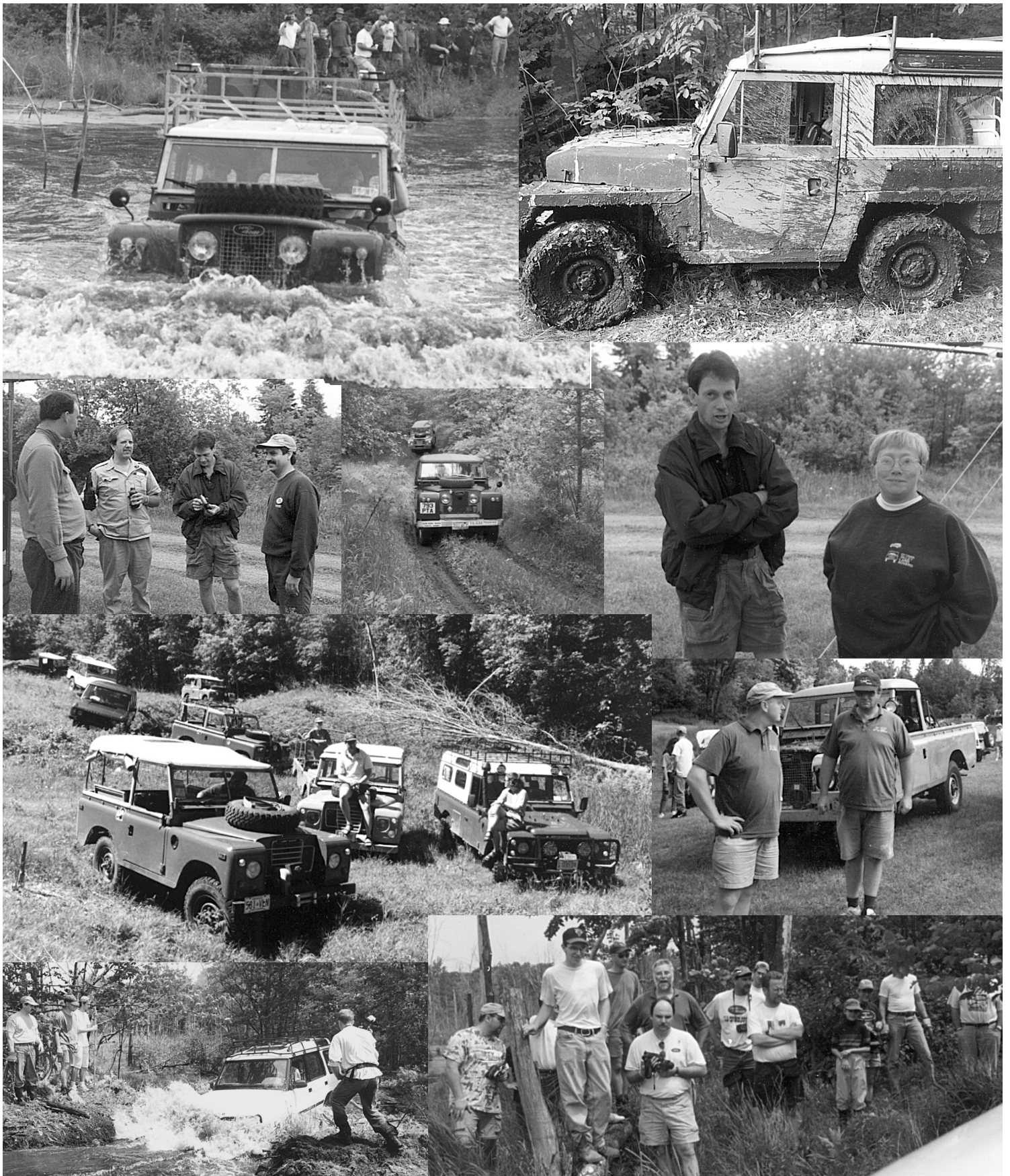
I proceed to fill the radiator.

"Wait...what do you think you're doing?"

"I'm filling the radiator"

"Aren't you going to filter that water before it goes in?"

That night I learnt what its like to do things right. We also ended up staying at Charlie's place. This seems like a trend; show up, work on your Rover for a few hours, then look so exhausted that no one has the heart to throw you out. Many thanks to Pam and Charlie for their hospitality... it was great! Finally, the home stretch... four Rovers bound for Owl's Head left the Haigh's the next morning. Surprisingly, the trip went without incident... must have been a first.



Clockwise from top right. Nigel Rodrigues' lightweight after a trip through the mud pit; Ted Rose & Pam Haigh; Andrew Finlayson and Bruce Ricker; A large group including Dave Stauffer, Peter Gaby, Andy Taylor, and Russ Wilson watch at the water crossing; Kevin Girling's Disco at the beaver dam, Sunday's short-lived attempt at the power cut; Dixon Kenner, Al Richer, Ted Rose & Jerry Dowell; Russ Wilson coming out of the depths of the water crossing. Center, Bill Caloccia's SIIA Photos: Spencer Norcross



Some Non-OVLR News & Rumours

🚗 The Downeast Rally was one of a bit of confusion this year for a number of reasons. Many people are still not sure exactly what was going on before the rally, but when the day came, everything was functioning smoothly. Many people camped out in the Old Massachussets Homestead Campground, the site of the off- road course which comprised the Saturday events.

Saturday saw the off-road day. Myles Murphy with the help of Dwight Wass, Peter Theriault, as well as Mark Letourney and Mike Hopwood from Rovers North worked on the with the design and actual construction of an off-road course through some of the land adjoining the campground. Unlike previous years, this course was dry, and described by some to be more technical in nature. In many cases, driver skill mattered more than the Series or Defender vehicle. Rovers North was there with staff on the course to help guide people around the various obstacles & new OVLR members Howard & Suzanne Samuelson staffed the check-in gate at the campground. Myles arranged for a sandwich lunch for all in attendance. One estimate put one hundred vehicles on the off-road course. Saturday evening saw a number of parties taking place, one of the larger and louder was at the OVLR campsite.

Sunday was the traditional trek down to the Owls Head Transportation Museum. Attendance at the museum was way down from last year with some 120 vehicles counted at noon. British Bulldog ran a contest for \$250 in parts. To qualify for this contest, you had to join one of the several clubs that had a presence at the rally. OVLR gathered eleven members at the Downeast rally and we can happily say that it was one of our new members, Francois Kirouac, who won the prize. (See Eric Zipkin's article on getting there and Bill Maloney's article for more on the Downeast)

All in all, including new members, there were at least twenty five OVLR vehicles in attendance at the Downeast

🚗 Ontario will be introducing legislation within the next two months requiring emission testing for all vehicles every two years. At this time there are many rumours floating about on which vehicles will be affected by this legislation. Some say everything, others that older "antique" vehicles will be exempted. Currently, the Ministers Office indicates that vehicles over twenty years old will be exempted, though will not confirm whether or not this is the case. The Ministry of Transportation can be reached at 1-800-268-4686. The Minister of Transportation constituency office (Norman Sterling, MPP from Manotick) at 613-692-2403 or 1-800-267-1020

🚗 Now for a rumor that passed by my desk - Now you see it, now you don't. The new owner of Lucas, Varity Corp., believes that it can rid the company of all the "Prince of Dark-

ness" jokes by dropping the Lucas name and replacing it with Varity. The Lucas name will disappear this year, the company's 100th anniversary. So much for sentiment!!

🚗 Downeast Land Rover Club 1997 River City Rally - August 30-31 You are cordially invited to join members of the Downeast Land Rover Club for a two day club event August 30-31. The base for the weekend's activities will be Bangor, Maine.

Schedule of events. Saturday: Leaving from Bangor at 08:30 from in front of the Paul Bunyon statue downtown, we will be exploring some old logging roads and trails in Township 39 MD. This is an unorganized township northeast of Old Town and about 45 minutes from Bangor. The off-road trails will be non-damaging if driven with care, and participation in the event is at your own personal risk, and risk to your property. Proof of current inspection and insurance will be required. We adhere to the principles of responsible off-road use as outlined by the Tread Lightly organization. After off-roading, we will meet to have a barbecue lunch at Brandy Pond. Folks can choose to off-road in the afternoon, or head back into town for shopping, etc. Saturday night, we'll be gathering for dinner at the Sea Dog Brewery restaurant in Bangor for dinner at 19:00. Sunday, 10:00 AM.-15:30: This will be a static display day at the Cole Land Transportation Museum in Bangor. This wonderful museum has a large collection of snow removal equipment, trains, fire, and military vehicles. There will be time to browse the museum, as well as make new acquaintances!

Lodging: There are a variety of hotels, motels, and campgrounds in the Bangor area. The enclosed Bangor Area Chamber of Commerce publication contains phone numbers for most providers of lodging in the area. Please see our web site at <http://www.agate.net/~rovah/> for links to Bangor area lodging and attractions.

Cost: Lunch on Saturday is either the barbecue (\$5 for members, \$7 for non-members) or bring your own. There is no fee for any other activities over the weekend.

Please contact John Cassidy, 207-947-2114 with any questions.

🚗 Former Northwoods Rover Group members, has extended an invitation to anyone interested to go to the Land Rover Annual Picnic in early August. When: Weekend of August 8-10, Noon Friday to Noon Sunday

Cost: FREE!! (there is a campground fee.) Where: Lindsey Lake Campground Near Backus, MN


Schedule: Friday: Set up camp - possible trail ride if there's enough interested. Saturday: Set up camp; trail ride at 10:30 AM. Pack a trail lunch; around noon we'll stop for a picnic and group photo. After lunch continue on trail ride. Evening social gathering under the "big tent" to relax and pump each other's egos, lie



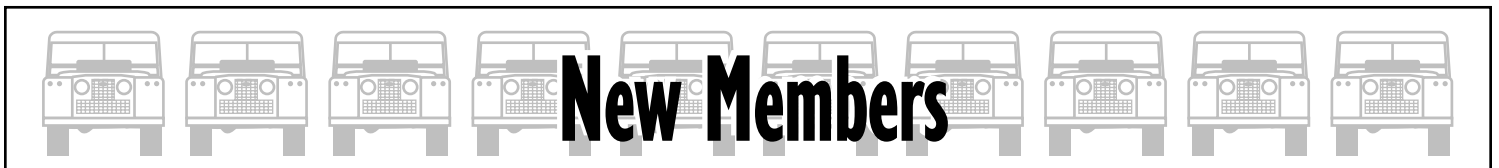
Dave Bobeck's 72 Sill, Green Car, and Jon Humphries' 87 RR on the ferry between Wolfe Island & Kingston. Photo: Dave Bobeck

about how deep the mud was we went through, exaggerate how steep the hills were, and how easily we walked on water. Sunday: Possible early trail ride if enough interested, break camp and dream of next year. Note: This is a very casual event. No special vehicle equipment such as lockers, large tires, or winches are needed. Most trails are wide enough so vehicles will not get scratched or have other body damage. There will be plenty of photo opportunities along the way if there are individuals who wish to test the full capabilities of their vehicles - I will provide them some marvelous opportunities.

Campground: Has nice clean indoor showers that are free. When you make your reservation, specify that you are with the Land Rover group and they will try to keep us all in one area. To insure this please make reservations early. Contact: Charlie Malachek, 8711 County Rd. 7, NW Maple Lake, MN 55358, 320-963-6892

 Top Ten Similarities between the Martian Rover and the Land Rover:

10. Frequent electrical glitches
9. Light alloy chassis
8. Battery dead after a month or so
7. Frequent electrical glitches
6. Parts prices are out of this world
5. Frequent electrical glitches
4. 6 month journey to closest dealer
3. Steering takes 10 minutes to respond
2. Frequent electrical glitches
1. After many attempts to solve a problem, dealer says "Let's just build you a new one!"



New Members

Nineteen (19!) new members this month:

- Thomas Buijs of Sillery Quebec
- John Cranfield of Kingstons Nova Scotia with a rather modified 109 pick-up
- Christopher Donald of North Vancouver, British Columbia
- Mark Elkins of Troy, New York
- Justin Fellenz of Leesburg Virginia.
- Carl E. Gruber of Huntingdon Pennsylvania
- Alaric Haerens of Ile Perrot, Quebec
- Scott Herring of Unity Maine with a IIA 88
- Francios Kirouac of Ste Marie Quebec
- Mike Ladden of Simsbury, Connecticut
- James Loew of Littleton New Hampshire

- Ed Messenger of West Hartford, Connecticut
- Tim McLean of Smiths Falls, Ontario
- David Orman of Balderston, Ontario
- Eric Riston of Wynantskill, New York with a Range Rover
- Suzanne & Howie Samelson of New York, New York
- Jim Vinokuroff of Chute a Blondeau, Ontario with what he terms a Lada Rover (described as a mix of Series & Defender with crank start, questionable electrics, personality, but coils springs, roll down windows and a heater that works)
- Chris Weinbeck of Chelmsford Massachusetts with a 1966 Dormobile
- Bruce Whitney of Sambornton, New Hampshire

General Servicing: Repairs, Humour, Tales & Trivia

Shafted! - A Friday Story

by Mike Rooth

It had to happen, I suppose. Backing up to the bottle bank at a not-so-local supermarket. GRAAUNCH! Nora's rear end bounced once and she refused to go any further. Backwards or forwards. The driver's language upset the dogs, let alone the D. A. Ten miles from home and out of booze, minus one halfshaft. Could things get any worse? Right, first things first, into supermarket to replace booze, then we can have a think. Ring daughter to provide possible emergency transport for booze in case we don't make it home. Whack yellow button to provide motion, and set off *very slowly* accompanied by protesting noises from the back axle.

Of course, as luck would have it, we *were* in about the hilliest part of Northwest Leicestershire. On the other hand, Bloody Nora was as keen as me to get home. In hindsight, I think she must have been in shock, because she behaved like a lady all the way. And this is *not* usually Nora's way of doing things. It is nice to have a spare axle up front, but I've a sneaking suspicion that self recovery isn't really what Solihull intended. Call it a bonus. Of course, the D. A. suggested ringing Gertie's owner for a tow under the mutual disaster relief scheme (unwritten), but I suggested that even Gert might not relish pulling Nora up all those hills. Possibly the disgrace attending such a move was enough to ensure Nora's behaviour on the way back. She's more used to it being the other way round. The loss of face would have been unthinkable.

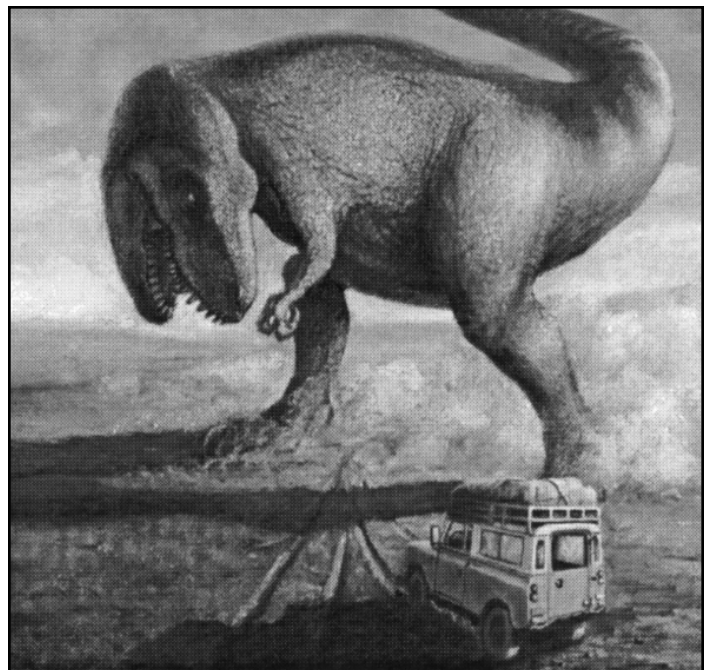
The next day I discovered two things. One, walking to work is a vastly overrated pastime. On a scale of one to ten it rates about minus three and a half, on a par with other silly activities like pole squatting, cycling, jogging and watching paint dry. Two, it was the short, right hand halfshaft that had broken. (Having walked to and from work once that day I reckoned I'd give it up as a hobby so took the afternoon off to attend to more important matters).

It was at this point I found that there was, as I expected, a definite limit to Bloody Nora's good behaviour. After all, she was home, wasn't she, off sick, and *wasn't* going to be a good patient at all. As in - the halfshaft wouldn't come out. Rats! And other furry mammals. I'm a firm believer in not removing those things from a vehicle which don't absolutely need removing.

And I reckoned that in this case the drive flange was the reasonable limit. I'd even left the wheel on. Nora, on the other hand, intended to make me suffer (or more likely, do the job properly). Wheel, brake drum, and backplate then the stub axle came off, to the accompaniment of my heartfelt threats to scrap

the whole damned mess that is Bloody Nora, and get a *proper* Land Rover. You know, one that goes. It was at this stage that one, I am sure unintentional, advantage of copper brake lines came to light. You can bend them. You can, in fact, bend them enough to get the brake backplate over the stub axle without disturbing the brakes. After that, you can welt the stub axle off. And you *still* can't shift the halfshaft. Backwoods engineering time. Find an old gear wheel with a hole the right size for the threaded end of the shaft, nut it on the shaft end with the nut you took off an hour ago, and BELT it. Out it comes, good as gold, all but the last inch...which stays stuck in the diff. It is at this stage I notice a broken road spring, top leaf right under the axle pad, and a broken U-bolt, which presumably caused the spring to break.

All things considered, the diff came out remarkably easily, and dropped on the (dirty) floor with a solid thump. Trip to local independent parts dealer. "One short halfshaft please" quoth I. "Oh yes, you rang yesterday didn't you" he said. I replied



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in the affirmative, and said "And guess where the damned thing broke". "Right in the diff" he said, "Where they all go". Ummm. "AND I had the devils own job getting the outer end out". "Oh arr, I've had to tow them out before now" Ummm. Its nice to know you aren't alone in your suffering , sometimes. Its also nice to know that you haven't got a unique problem as well.

At this point, Nora (or bits of her) decided enough prattling about was enough. The bit in the diff came out with a relatively light walloping, and the fiddly job of washing the thing in paraffin (kerosene) and winking all the ground up bits of metal out of its guts only took all morning. Naturally, par for the course,

the diff casing drain plug wouldn't come out, so it was necessary to get the remaining oil out with a paintbrush, then wipe the innards clean with a bit of dust shee...er...rag. In the meantime, the broken U-bolt had to be sawn off. The

spring, although broken, is now more or less safely trapped by the axle. Rides better, too.

As is Nora's wont, everything went back more or less OK. To date, there are no extra funny noises. And a new long halfshaft is being contemplated for next month. And new springs, and. . . I think I got all the bits out of that diff. Didn't I?

Rebuilding an 88; Journal Entry 1: Stripdown

by Alan Richer

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times...and I really hate bees.

With the prodding of our esteemed editor (and yes I do mean Dixon), I'm going to be trying to pull the rebuild of my daughter's IIA 88 Rover into a series of monthly/bi-monthly articles, depending on what the progress has been. This should serve (hopefully) as encouragement to those of our readers considering a full stripdown and rebuild of a Series Rover - if I can do it, a monkey could. Don't hesitate - go for it.

We pick up here with a Series IIA that hasn't seen paved road since 1983 or thereabouts. This is good and bad - the Rover hasn't been bodged to keep it running during the bad years of no support, but it also hasn't seen maintenance since then, and it sat in a farmer's field in New Hampshire most of that time. The car had been in a bad side-impact accident (witness the 1959 door and wing on it, and the Bondo on the bulkhead), the tires are weather-checked, and there isn't a seal on it that isn't age-hardened and cracked.

The good news is that it's pretty clean other than the obvious repairs - the chassis has little rot, the springs still curve, all the bits are there, and it's pretty-much intact - it even has most of the original tool kit and the jack.

Enough of this - let's get into it.

A previous letter went into the details on the body condition and the like, so I won't indulge any of that any further. This month's going to involve the stripdown - taking a complete vehicle and turning it into a chassis and a pile of parts.

Three things here are essential, and one optional but highly recommended - large numbers of Ziplock bags, a marking pen, a notebook and a camera. The bags and pen collect and mark all the hardware from each section - it may be shot, but save it anyway so you'll know what to put back. The bags are also great for holding smaller items like door hinges and buffers that can get separated and lost in the shuffle. The notebook is your lifeline to sanity - take notes and sketch anything you don't understand intimately - it will go a long way toward building a great car. The camera, while a bit of a luxury, allows you to document assemblies for posterity. A year from now you won't remember what bolted were and how, but photos are a very good prop for a fallible memory (like mine).

I started in, one fine morning about 9, determined to at least

get the roof and wings off today - I had let this sit too long and was impatient from the delay. Out came the 3/8" ratchet with sockets, and I immediately attacked the wing to center panel mounting bolts for the driver's wing. They came off reasonably, but the nut plates were shot. Add them to the shopping list...Now, on to the back bolts to the bulkhead, and the ones holding the wing to the sill panel.

Ick. Rust, and lots of it. The bottom bolts to the sill were dealt with by snapping them (a good ratchet and 6-point sockets are needed for this), but the 2 (yes, only 2) large threaded screws holding on the wing to the bulkhead had to be rocked gently back and forth to release them. They finally released, and the driver's

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Roy Bailie at the water crossing, trying to catch fish with his hat. Photo: Spencer Norcross.

wing was off. Total time - 30 minutes.

Right wing was basically the same story, save that it had all its original hardware as it (unlike the driver's wing) was original to the truck. This took 45 minutes to remove - more bolts, and rusted tighter. I also found the hornet's nest in the heater at this time - Ick They left after a dose of CO2 from a gas bottle, followed by a bit of Raid. Filthy vermin...

Flushed with success, I turned my attention to the roof. Windshield bolts out, pocket bolts out, liftgate locked, back under the roof center, Liiiiift... ow.

Much to my credit, I only dropped it once getting it off the car and I didn't dent anything that will be visible once it's painted. I do **strongly** recommend 2 people or a come-along for this job, though. Roofs are much heavier than they look - especially with the liftgate still attached.

Next, off came the doors, and off they went to the back garden.

It was getting to be right about noon, so I broke for a sandwich. 3 hours and counting, with wings, doors and roof removed.

After lunch, the front body was attacked. The floors came right out with a bit of attention from an angle grinder - one panel was completely unfastened, the other Pop-Riveted into place with aluminum sheet used to repair the defunct passenger's footwell. The transmission cover unbolted, with only one bolt head needing to be ground off.

For the seat box (being the next victim) I gave myself a break and got out the air ratchet. With a wobble extension and a 7/16" socket, it made short work of the seat box bolts. The only real horrors were the 1/4" bolts holding the seat box to the sills - these got a visit from Mr. Angle Grinder. I didn't even bother removing the brake rubber grommet - a quick slice with a knife and what was left of it wasn't a problem anymore...

By this time, it was 2 or so in the afternoon. I was far ahead of where I thought I'd be, but I wanted to finish. This meant the back box was coming off ASAP. As the fasteners to the rear cross-member were totally shot, these went the wrench, ratchet and SNAP method. The fuel-tank connections yielded to a compound bolt cutter, as there was no way they'd unscrew. The front mounts, however, I was careful with, as I wanted to retain the bolt plates intact. A good shot of LPS 1 loosened them, and they came off, albeit squeakily. All of the parts were bagged for further repair, and with a mighty heave I flipped the box off the chassis onto a lounge-chair cushion for transport to the storage area later.

Y'know, a Land-Rover looks awfully dumb as a rolling chassis.

Total time - complete Rover to running chassis and bulkhead - 6 hours, counting lunch, working alone. The next installment should see the chassis well on its way to being repaired. I'll be replacing the rear crossmember and patching the rotted-out areas over the rear springs, as long with installing new rear spring perches and painting the renewed chassis bits. See you then!

Owl's Head, a Jersey Perspective

by Bill Maloney

For those willing who were on hand Friday morning, we had the opportunity to tour Jeff Aronson's home on the Island of Vinal????haven, a nice spot about 15 miles off the coast of Maine. This is a must do if the weather is right. The hour and a half ferry ride with about a dozen other Rover owners was just beautiful with lighthouses and island vistas, and the walking tour of the island and a nature trail was really great. My only regret is that I didn't have the means to tour more of the island (a bike would have come in handy). Don't pass it up if you have the chance. Thanks again, Jeff.

Saturday Rovers North and Myles Murphy hosted an off road

course at the Old Massachusetts campground. I rode along with Eric Zipkin and his Stage I tow vehicle. A good portion was very slow and technical, and could be damaging to those not careful. The trail went from rocky to stumpy to muddy, and included a real greasy climb up a rocky muddy slope. Few vehicles made it on the first try, Jeff Berg and Chris Velonis excluded. Jeff was kind enough to allow someone's underage sister behind the wheel of his beloved FINSUP to rearrange some bodywork and add some much needed character to his IIA. I must congratulate Jeff on his calm and supportive demeanor as he allowed her to continue at the wheel. For the others, occasional diff and frame banging

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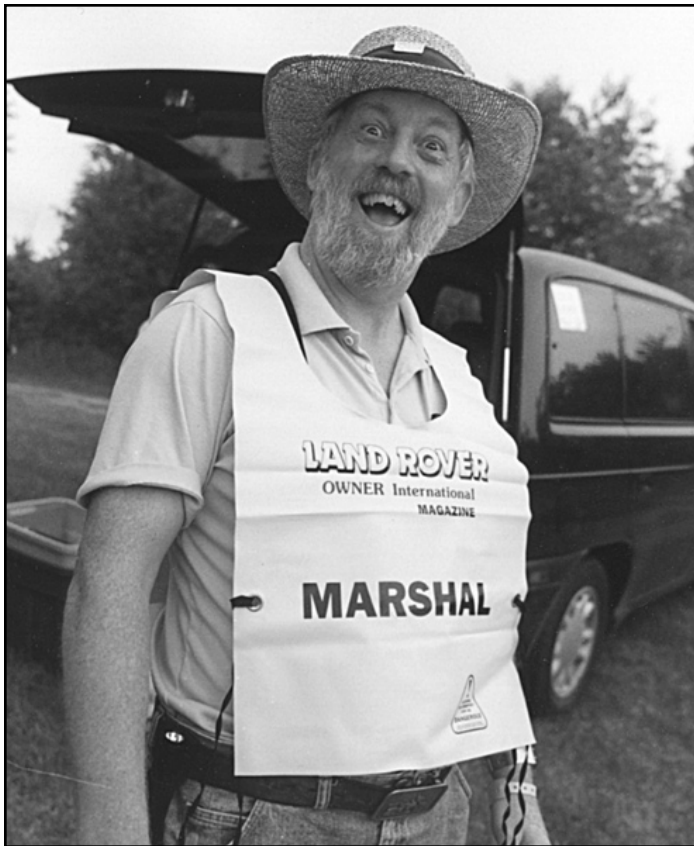


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ensued, and I believe someone even snapped a halfshaft (surprise, surprise). Eric's not afraid to push his vehicle either, but the V8 took it all in stride. That is until he pounded in the tie rod, adding some extra toe-in somewhat late in the afternoon. Les, Lanny, Eric managed to straighten things out with a 1. winch, 2. big pole, 3. big rock. I'm not sure if they reset his toe-in, though.



There's new law in Silver Lake, Murray Jackson, the OVL R Marshal
Photo: Spencer Norcross.

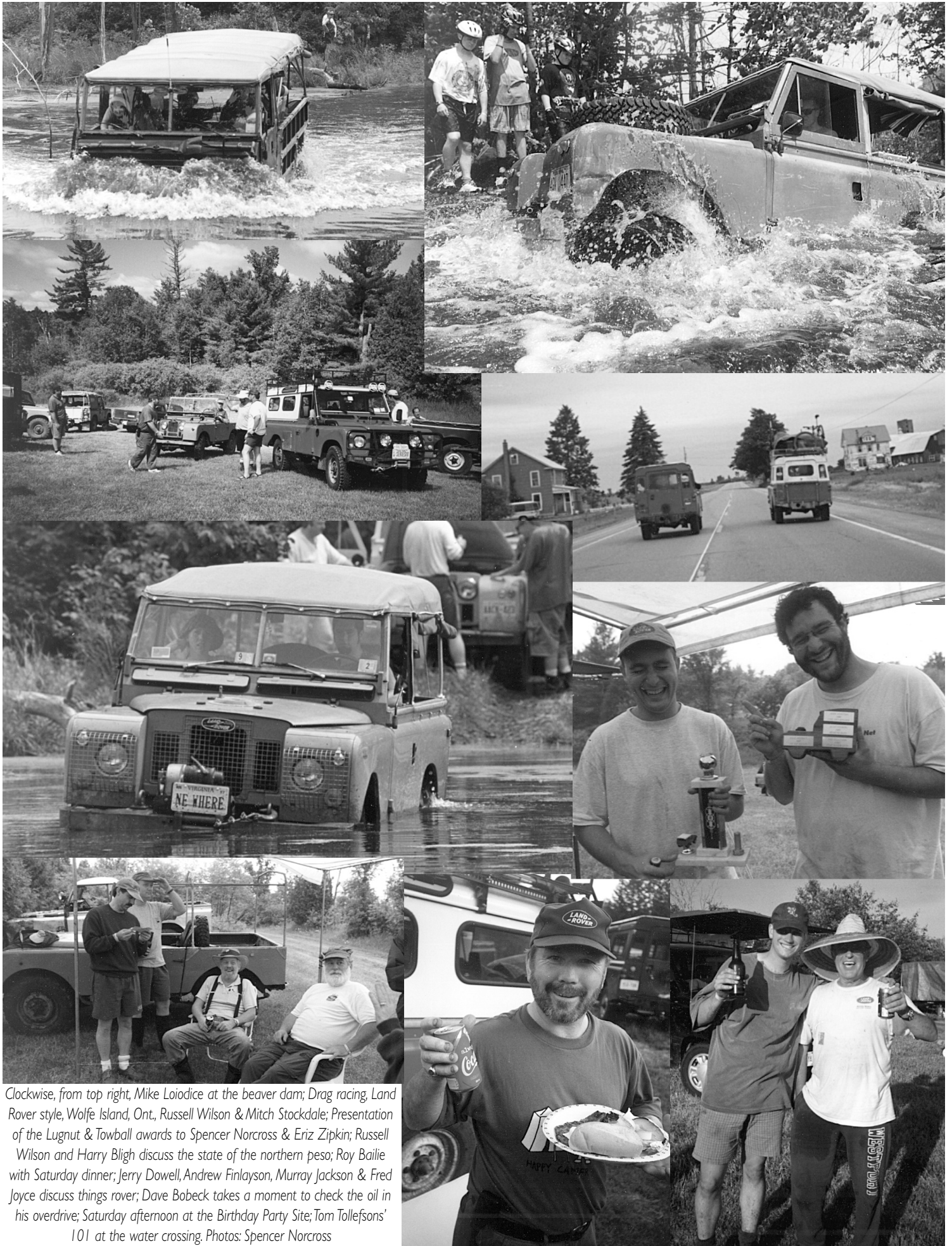
The airshow on Sunday had an excellent turnout, with most of the usual suspects. The newly engaged Eric Zipkin was on hand, and self proclaimed Parrot Beak Jeff Berg and I figured we'd put him on the spot. Tish, the internationally famous LRO Hi-Lift Jackett (or is that Jackess?) was in the vicinity and I asked her if she'd kiss him for a buck in order to obtain an incriminating photo. "Kiss Zipkin? No way!!! He's such a NERD!" I upped it to two dollars, then three (this was beginning to feel like an auction session with Bates). Tish finally gave in at seven fifty (fortunately she didn't realize that \$4 of it was Canadian Tire Money left over from the Birthday Party)). After I handed over the cash she sneaked up and gave him a rather disappointing peck on the cheek. Geez, I should have saved my money.

Steve Denis and Nancy showed up a day late after feeding their Diesel Vanagon with a Slurpee cup. Someday, Steve may discover the joys of spark ignition. I suspect long term exposure to diesel fumes affects one's reasoning. Rovers North was on hand with a nice display of clothes and accessories on late model vehicles, British Bulldog had an impressive tent full of Series parts and accessories, Land Rover Scarborough had clothes and vehicles, and I can't remember what else was there. One Land Rover owner was hawking T-shirts that featured a short skirted woman peering under the hood of a IIA. The star vehicle was Chris Velonis' 90 200TDI pickup, a vehicle everyone drooled over. Chris took delivery of a winch and bumper set that he purchased with accumulated Rovers North restoration discount dollars. Dixon and the Big Green Beastie made it, which is more than I can say for Dale Desprey's Gin Palace. Dixon's tales of border crossing fun were most amusing. Apparently they enjoy having him around.

I have to admit the airshow was a bit on the thin side, with no military fighter fly-bys and no major transports. But the chance to hang out with all the old Rover fanatics was well worth it. Also the opportunity to have several vendors present at the same meet was a real treat. I hope there will be more next year.



Al Richer's Churchill, & Jeff Berg's Finsup Photo: Spencer Norcross.



Clockwise, from top right, Mike Loiodice at the beaver dam; Drag racing, Land Rover style, Wolfe Island, Ont., Russell Wilson & Mitch Stockdale; Presentation of the Lugnut & Towball awards to Spencer Norcross & Eriz Zipkin; Russell Wilson and Harry Bligh discuss the state of the northern peso; Roy Bailie with Saturday dinner; Jerry Dowell, Andrew Finlayson, Murray Jackson & Fred Joyce discuss things rover; Dave Bobeck takes a moment to check the oil in his overdrive; Saturday afternoon at the Birthday Party Site; Tom Tollefsons' 101 at the water crossing. Photos: Spencer Norcross