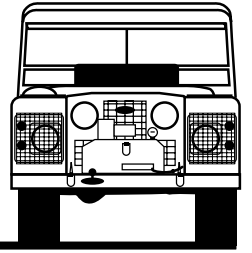


OTTAWA VALLEY LAND ROVERS



15 November, 1997

Volume XI, Number 11





**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 winning.

Membership: Those joining throughout the year pay a flat \$25 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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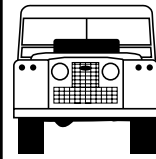
is published twelve times per year for club members. The editor welcomes submissions of text and photographs for publication.

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...

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| November 17 | Social at the Prescott |
| November 22 | Off-road at Malborough Forest
Meet at the Greasey Spoon at 9.00AM North Gower |

future events:

(Dates & times subject to change)

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| December 1st | Executive Meeting |
| December 6 | Christmas Party (<i>Note, Not at the Prescott!</i>) |
| December 15 | Social at the Prescott |

This Month's Cover:

Bruce Ricker at the beaver dam, Saturday afternoon,
14th Birthday Party. Photo: Spencer Norcross.

The OVLRL Newsletter

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
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| OVLRL MARSHAL: | Murray Jackson |

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

— Robert Frost

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

President: Ted Rose (613-823-3150)
Vice-President: Bruce Ricker (613-592-6548)

Secretary: Dave Meadows (613 599-8746)
Treasurer: Christine Rose (613-823-3150)

GREETINGS;

The annual Frame Oiler took place at the Hart's home-
stead west of Ottawa this month. The annual chance to
cover the underside and other metal bits on your Land
Rover, as well as yourself, with the finest quality goo. Unlike
last year where the waterproofing abilities were being tested
as the oil went on, this year saw a lovely, clear, crisp day for
the event. Roy Bailie dragged the club trailer over from
Stittsville and arranged for a large compressor and some
ramps. Fred Joyce handled the spray gun and oil supplies.
For those able to arise at an early hour, Chef Meadows had
DaveMcMuffins prepared on the grille for anyone who was
interested. On display at the other end of the field near the
apple trees were some deer who strangely were not dis-
turbed by the arriving Land Rovers. Lunch, a homemade
chili was prepared by Dave, however, only paper napkins
were available. Eight Land Rovers managed to get sprayed
during the day, a Range Rover and other assorted iron,
both Japanese and North American.

The Annual Christmas Party will be held on Saturday,
December 6th at the Navy Mess on Victoria Island. The
Prescott has decided that better money can be made by
turning their upstairs dining room into some sort of Piano
Lounge, hence the last minute change of locale. A tentative
schedule is as follows:

6PM - Arrival, guess who is getting the awards, last minute

nominations etc.

7PM - Nominations for Executive positions close. Candi-
dates are announced, the Returning Officer will begin to
pass out ballots and get you to vote during the evening.

7:30PM - Dinner is served (Turkey with all the usual fix-
ings, three servings for Roy)

8:30PM - Awards, presentations

Auction (?), foolishness afterwards.

The cost is the same as previous years, \$15 a head. There
will be the traditional feelie meelie with tow levels, easy and
hard. Sorry, no modern parts, our secret parts supplier
(Bob) doesn't have any modern items around. A test to see
if you can beat Bruce Ricker. Finally, probably a ladies
crossword puzzle.

Local members may have noticed the nomination form
for next years Executive enclosed in the envelope with the
newsletter. Members living in Eastern Ontario and western
Quebec are eligible to nominate, vote and hold office. If
you have someone in mind, complete the form and return
it to the Returning Officer (Fred Joyce). Voting will start at
the Christmas Party and continue to the Annual General
meeting in early January to give out of town members an
opportunity to mail in their ballots. The results will be
announced at the AGM in January at the Royal Canadian
Legion on March Road in Kanata.



A pair of pictures from the Old Sodbury Sortout. Photos: Spencer Norcross

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

🚗 Editor type stuff: The usual suspects gathered in the Shrine to stuff, collate and otherwise render the October newsletter fit for handling by Canada Post. Dave Meadows is now supplying preprinted envelopes allowing for more time to contemplate what work needs to be done on a nearby Land Rover. Marshal Jackson presided over this gathering, pronouncing it fit and all legal like. Dale didn't make, as traveling by foot (you will read why later on) was going to be too difficult for his fast becoming delicate feet. Fred, Bruce, and Andrew all made it there of course. Sean McGuire took Ted's place, telling us all sorts of tales about his cooking skills, which we will have him demonstrate one day. Ted obviously didn't make it

🚗 For those asking about phone lists, there will be a complete list published in the January newsletter. A separate list will be printed with e-mail addresses. Unfortunately, we have never captured people's ham license call signs, so except for the half dozen known, you will see a new column appearing in the application/renewal form.

Reminder: The time has come for members to reflect on the events of the past year and send your nominations to Ted Rose for the various prestigious awards that the club bestows upon its members. We require nominations for the:

- Towball Award. Given to the person who tows perfectly functional Land Rovers around for all the wrong reasons (Eric "ZippyTow" Zipkin), goes to tow their Land Rover somewhere and has forgotten where they left it (Andy Graham), tows various Land Rovers for fun (Fred Joyce) or other amusing reasons. (Dale and the Gin Palace) Supply us with your nomination!

- "Gasket Under Glass". Given to the person who best demonstrates the indestructible nature of Land Rovers, though probably not in the manner that Land Rover itself would approve of. This award uses "I can't believe it actually ran" as its guiding principle. Using a head gasket with a spectacular burn through ("The worst I have ever seen as a Mechanic" - Ted Rose) this award goes to the individual who best exemplifies too much maintenance, the lack thereof, or just simple wonder (Sean McGuire).

- Lugnut. This internationally famous award is one that is most fought over by our members every year. Legions of members try to outdo each other, to see who can do the most mind numbing, silly, embarrassing thing possible. Past recipients read like a Who's who of Land Rover owners. Because of its prestige, members are noticeably shy about coming forward and claiming the award, preferring to defer to someone better. OVLR members are just so polite! However, this is an intolerable situation, and we need you to rat on a friend. Yes! Turn them in. Let them get the award they so richly deserve! Just as Sean McGuire, George Kearney and Bruce Fowler all replaced fans onto their

2.25l engines backwards to help the heating system in their Land Rover for cold weather operations, or like Dave Lowe who has managed to get the mightiest Land Rover of all, the 101, stuck twice this year in places that defied other people when they tried to get stuck!

🚗 A note from Ben Smith - "I have something to admit. The lure of new Rovers has finally bitten me. I now am shamed to admit that I will have a Rover that has a valid Warranty. Say hello to SALDJY1284RA087288, a red, manual tranny, 1994 Discovery. It was built in March 1994 (the first Discos sold in the US were in April 1994, so I must have one of the really early ones.). I signed the paper work last night. If I'm lucky, I'll take delivery on Friday. If not, on Monday. Only 38,000 miles on the clock and a new tranny.

🚗 The Big Swap, or Keith Elliot recounts Land Rover ownership thus far - "Having owned our 88 for about 3 years now, we had finally finished (relatively speaking) restoring it in time for the '97 OVLR Birthday Party. The drive to Silver Lake was the longest trip I had taken the Landy on and even though it had an annoying knock I thought things went very well and we all had a blast off-roading. The week prior to the party the timing chain gave up the ghost and some quick servicing was needed. I am not totally brain dead when it comes to repairing automobiles but for some reason I have always been nervous when it has come to working on the Land Rovers engine. Up goes the sleeves, apart comes the front of the engine, and in goes the new chain. I had a lot of trouble getting the timing right but finally it started up and I thought I had it right. Thinking that the chain was what was causing the knocking I was quite happy, the trip to Silver Lake showed the knock to still be there. I tried again to see if I could get the timing right (well I tried about 5 times, boy I can take the front of the engine off with my eyes closed now!) and no matter what I did the knock was still there and was getting worse. Seeing how chicken I was about pulling the pan and checking the con-rod bearings I took it to a garage to have them check it out. Sure enough the bearings were finished so I started looking at a complete rebuild as an option. Unfortunately the cost involved in a rebuild was something that I could not do right now, over the winter, yes, but I wanted to drive the beast this winter.

I posted a message on the mailing list and got a couple of replies from people in the US that had lumps for sale, the problem was that they were all too far away. Just when I thought that all hope was lost I got an e-mail from Steve Stoneham in Belleville saying that he had a decent block that he would like to sell. The following Saturday saw my Girlfriend, Harlene, and I on the road to Steve's house. We got there and what we expected to be 1 hour there getting the engine into the box on the Mazda turned out to be pretty much a day affair shooting the breeze.

We had a great time talking to Steve and looking at his collection of parts. By the way if anyone remembers the 1961 Series II for sale in Ottawa that was in the Autotrader about 5 or 6 weeks ago, Steve is the fellow that bought it. Eventually we got the engine in the Mazda and drove home.

Sunday my nephew, James, and I started ripping the wings and breakfast off the 88. Not long after we had started, Harlene's brother Eric came over and offered to help. It was a good thing he did because it helped my confidence level considerably. It took us most of the day but we got the old block out and the new block in and bolted down. Over the following week, most nights after work I finished putting things on the engine and gave it a try to see if it would start. It started right up and sounded very good. It was a couple of days before I took it on a good little run to see how the engine was and I was very surprised at how good it really does seem (Thanks again Steve!!!!).

I have learned quite a few things about the differences in the engines, the new one was from a '66 IIA 109. The fan belt from my '61 didn't fit which was no surprise but the fan belt from my '63 IIA 109 didn't fit either, I still don't really know why. The fan shroud is different, the Series II won't fit the IIA engine. Another thing that had me worried was that the IIA engine had a clutch on it so I decided to use it, when I first pressed down on the clutch it was extremely stiff compared to what I was used to, I'm really surprised I didn't snap a halfshaft the first time I let the clutch out. I have since learned that the 109's had a bigger, heavier duty clutch and that this was the reason for the difference in the feel.

The last thing that I learned is that Land Rover owners really are a great bunch of people, always willing to help another enthusiast out with advice or parts. It is truly refreshing in a time when most everyone is out for themselves."



A Cuthbertson spotted in Scotland
Photo: Franz Parzefall


🚗 OVLR in the news - *Land Rover World* magazine writes about us in two items found within their pages. First, Bill Maloney's and Jeff Berg's articles on the newly engaged Zippy's behaviour at the Downeast with Tish have made it into print, as well as the exploits of Sean McGuire, George Kerney and Bruce Fowler in putting the fans on their engines backwards.


🚗 Last month Dave Bobeck wrote about the trials and tribulations of using a aluminum welding system on a vertical surface. Dale Desprey writes of his experience on a horizontal surface - "I tried this system, I welded???? a new piece on a horizontal surface... Seemed to work fine. looked good. nice new piece in place. let it cool. The panel begins to warp all over the place as it cools, cracking the joints. I even had the jiggling compound... Lesson learned... These systems do not work on thin metal."


🚗 News on Dale's nemesis, the Little Earth Pig (Dixon's 88) - Yes, more work has been undertaken on the LEP. Ted Rose stopped by (ample beer supplies acting as a lure). The ambition for the day is to get the LEP to run properly. This means some work on throttle linkage, carb, distributor etc. Dale & Madeline show up to watch progress. Work continues, more beer is consumed. Dave Meadows shows up to watch the entertainment. We continue to play. Ted goes back and forth looking at his III & comparing with LEP. Eventually Ted makes observation that he knows what is wrong. Distributor must be 180 degrees out. Dixon asks humbly how one would know if it was out and what would happen if he switched just the #3 and #2 wires. Ted says it would backfire, run rotten. Even worse than it was already doing. So, for fun we changed just those two wires. It ran wonderfully. Up and down driveway. Celebration, drink more beer. Madeline goes and gets more beer, feeds Ted's son lots of chocolate for fun. Turns former quiet angel son into little monster bouncing off the fences...

🚗 Many will have read Dale's comments about Dixon's 109 Station Wagon, the Green Beastie. Dixon responds - "Local members will also know of Dale's relentless comments about my maintenance regime and the general condition of my Land Rover fleet. Well, some things just prove there is justice. Yes, you guessed it, Dale's Gin Palace has died again. Of course it was away from home. Of course Hogarth wasn't available this time. Of course he couldn't shush this one up this time... Dale doesn't realise that the Gin Palace is cursed by Hogarth. You see, Hogarth does not take kindly to rivals. Sure, lets have the Gin Palace die a couple of times and Hogarth would show his worth by towing the useless pile of modern pig iron home. But would Dale reconsider the disposal of Hogarth?"

Nope... So, Hogarth is getting meaner. He again cursed the Gin Palace, but insured that he couldn't go and fetch. So, arriving at work and checking my e-mail, I get this one message this morning from Dale... "The Gin Palace died again" is all it says. OK, like, this isn't anything new (to me at least). So I call Dale and ask if he needs a tow. Dale says that unfortunately this is true, since Hogarth is being difficult and not letting Dale properly time him. So, off I hop in the 109 and drive over to Dale's.

 Picking Dale up I ask where the tow strap et al is. "In the Gin Palace" is his answer. "Hmmm, he has taken to carrying around recovery devices now has he... Hogarth must be getting mean and nasty" I think. So we drive over there, and hook the Gin Palace to the 109. Of course, nobody would believe that the Gin Palace could be so unreliable, or that Dale would sink so low to have the Green Beastie tow him home. So I snapped a picture or two. The drive back was delightful, though Dale's kinetic strap kept reminding me that I was pulling six thousand pounds of decadent, non-functional, plush about. I did stop just prior to Dale's to take a few more pictures (The Gin Palace being kinda a captive and all that), just in case some get lost in the mail down to Spenny... Dale of course whined that the price was far to high... I reminded him that the price was still very, very reasonable. I could have brought the Little Earth Pig and towed Dale's pride and joy home with his nemesis. I also pointed out that he was very, very, *very* lucky that it died west of his home. Had it been to the east, I would have swung by Otto's for Ted and Jason to see, as well as taking a bunch of photo's of the Gin Palace being towed in front of the LR regalia in front of the dealership. Yes, Dale got off light this time... Dale's parting words as I left? I asked if he would be working on the Gin Palace this afternoon. "Nope" was his reply. "I think I should get the diesel going first". Hmmm, there may be hope for Dale yet!

 A correction - Last month the photo on page three was mislabeled. It is actually a picture of the British Invasion in sunnier times. The Land Rovers are in the rightmost row (while we were still allowed on the show field). The photo was taken by Lynda Trifflette (her husband is a wannabe Land Rover owner currently mired in Wedges (TR-7 & 8's))

 Quintin Aspin, one our more travelled members needed yet more storage space for his fleet of vehicles (he has lots more than just Land Rovers) Russ Wilson sent in an account of a barn/shed raising party held by Quintin and attended by local, and not so local OVL R members to help. "Well folks it's 8AM 12 hrs. after arriving home from my trip to Dave Bobecks's, Quintin's and Steve Denis and Nell's place. My ears are still ringing and my ass is still numb. Yes, we took the pig on this grand adventure. Before I say anything bad about the beast which she might overhear I must say that the entire trip went off without any mechanical misfortunes... phew. Wes and I left P-burgh Fri afternoon and got to Dave's place in about 5 hours. Not too bad, and we didn't even get lost. Friday eve. was spent drinking a lot of beer with Dave, Spenny and Dave's pal Ron. A very twisted night with much drinking and yelling followed by walking, eating. Then it gets foggy. Saturday morning came way too fast for

some people... (that would be Dave). After Dave got up we went over to the place where Dave had my new Tropical top stashed. We lashed the top to my roofrack and we were off... for 3 blocks. The wind caught the headliner WOOOSH. (Anybody got any bright ideas how to replace a headliner?) Anyway after some adjustments to the roof and the remaining headliner we headed off to Quintin's place. We arrived just in time to help move the new shed or shell of a shed into it's final resting place. Interesting organization-wise, but it was fun to see 10 people each with a part of the shed carrying this thing around Quintin's yard trying to dodge Rover parts, trees, old bikes, and tires. Quintin looking very much like some sort of deranged traffic cop while watching a blimp trying to land on a heliport. With the shed in place it was time to head off to Nancy's place. We arrived with no major mishaps or accidents, so it was a good trip. Wes and I pleaded to NOT be fed, but it just didn't happen. Nancy was a most gracious host feeding Wes and I until I was about to pop. Wes kept eating until he did. We loaded up my spiffy new bulkhead and went off to sleep in the VW camper. This thing rocks. I've never even been in one before and I have to say that I was very impressed. We slept like logs in the thing but, once again the morning came too quickly and we were again held down, tied up and forced to eat by the lady of the house... after eggs and toast Wes and I headed off to Bedford Pa. where our friend Al, who some of you met at Ottawa, is in the middle of building himself a 109 SW. We stopped by to help him strip out a parts truck he had just purchased...all I have to say is that if I could afford it I'd buy the guy 2 things for Christmas first a Sawz-all second a TORCH... man-o-man I almost, and I repeat, almost forgot how much fun it is to strip a 34 yr old truck with nothing more than craftsman hand tools and a can of penetrating oil. We ripped the beast to a pile of rotting frame rails resting on what will become Spenny's axles. Our work in Bedford was finished so it was off to P-burgh. 7:45 p.m. and we had made it home. 14 hrs total for the weekend and no problems. The pig really did it's thing once again. We both had a great trip and hope to head that way again before too long. Another big thanks to our hosts... My ears are still buzzing.



The front of PRB Services in Leeds, with a nice trio of military LRs
Photo: Spencer Norcross



Some Non-OVLR News & Rumours

Another installment in the alternative parts collection, this time from Alan Richer - "Recently I decided the rusty-hole-filled tube from my air cleaner to the carb swan had to go - but I wasn't paying original prices. OK, so call me cheap - I'll admit it. A fair bit of scouting around found me a perfect replacement. It's an Mighty-Flow air-intake flexible hose made my Motor-mite, of Colmar, PA, and sold by PartsAmerica houses in the US. Pep Boys, Canadian Tire and the like would likely also have it or a similar bit. Part # is 96058 - 2-19/32" diameter by 17" long. The nice bit about this part is that it comes with pre-attached hose clamps and simply slips and locks into place with no cutting or fitting. The severely tradition-bound could, if they wished, cut off the plastic clamps and put on the proper hose clamps, but I didn't see the need. In construction, it's simply a tough plastic tube, spiral-reinforced with a steel band. Looks good and fits fine, though nowhere near as heavy as the original LR part.

Just got a press release from Military Vehicle Spares. If you have been following the news, the British army, in all its infinite wisdom, is selling off virtually all of its Series III Rovers, some 4,000 of them. This will be several years before the new Defender XPD vehicles arrive to replace them. In the meantime, the army may have to take the bus to manoeuvres. Anyway, MVS will be selling at least 3,000 from their site (including both left and RH drive vehicles, 88's, 109, 12 and 24v) at Fradley Park near Lichfield, Staffs. Vehicles will be available from October 13th on. Contacts are Mike Brown (general manager) or Tony Trowell. The UK phone number is: 01543 417427

Thinking of buying a new Land Rover? Land Rover Canada has recently released its suggested retail pricing for its product line. A Discovery SD (luxury equipped, automatic transmission, cloth interior, 5 passenger seating) will be \$42,950. A Discovery LE (luxury equipped, automatic transmission, leather interior, interior appointments, 5 passenger seating, dual sunroofs) will be \$49,400. A Discovery LSE (same as LE and exterior appointments, and 7 passenger seating) will be

\$54,400. Interested in something more prestigious? A Range Rover 4.0 SE (fully equipped) is \$81,500. The top of the line Range Rover 4.6 HSE (fully equipped) is \$93,500.

Newsletters received this month - The Review (August 1997, Land Rover Owners Club of Victoria, Australia), The Roverfile (Fall 97, New York Land Rover Club), Newsletter of the Northern California Rover Club (April/May, June/July, August/September)

Have one of those modern senders for the temperature gauge that uses wire rather than a capillary tube? Curious to pass some time away with a volt meter to check operation? Well the equation for resistance versus Temperature is $R = a + (b * \exp(c * (Temp + d)))$ where R is in ohms, T is in degrees Celsius, $a = 5$ ohms $b = 4.4$ ohms $c = -0.035$ (units are inverse degrees Celsius) $d = -172$ degrees Celsius, exp is the exponential function, i.e. e to the power of, where e is 2.718281828. What this allows you to do is to calibrate a gauge which does not have the temperature marked on it. An example - indication resistance temperature (from formula)

0% 196 ohms 64 degrees C

25 93 84

50 54 103

75 43 111

100 16 144

The accuracy of this calibration is about +/- 2 degrees C.

Land Rover EuroLink 1998, celebrations of Land Rover 50 years, in Europe, arranged by Deutsche Rover Club, DRC, will take place 1 - 9 August in Kaisersesch, close to the Highway A 48 Koblenz - Trier. The full program will be distributed shortly and includes defilation round the race court Nurburgerring in connection with OldTime GP on the Saturday 8 August. Contact in Germany is Lutz Hanssen Brahms Str. 17 D-22941 Bergeheide Tel/Fax + 49 4532 24257.



New Members

Onenew members this month:

Richard Tearoe of Troy New York. Richard is currently building 1 vehicle out of the 2. One vehicle is specifically for the engine and gearbox assembly, and the other primarily for body panels etc. Hope to have it on the road for next years OVLR birthday and Rover's 50th! He is looking forward to meeting club members all at coming events.

General Servicing: Repairs, Humour, Tales & Trivia

FINSUPdate: Repair follies

by Jeff Berg

I guess it's time to come clean. The sordid details are bound to become common knowledge. Besides there are lessons to be learned from all of this so pay attention and learn them well...

It's been a rather pricey month of Rover ownership. It all started at British Invasion in Stowe when I decided to "treat" FINSUP to a set of genuine equipment bumper over riders. These were installed (in my parents driveway so I had the use of my 1/2 inch drill) without a hitch. While I was a bit dirty, I decided to do an oil change for the engine and overdrive and a 90 weight top-off for the rest prior to the Mid-Atlantic Rally. Everything was looking good. That is until I pulled out of the driveway to run an errand—that's when the horrible hissing sound began to come from the brake tower.

Rule #1: Never do nice things for your Rover—it resents them. It's kind of like buying your significant other (assuming Rover ownership allows you enough time and money for such pursuits) a present to make up for the neglect she's suffered while you're out wrenching (or winching) with the Rover.

Doug Main diagnosed (correctly as it turns out) a bad brake servo. Charlie Haigh confirmed it by phone, and I ordered one up. While I had Charlie on the phone I also ordered a set of Lucas Speedlead wires. Many of you know about the embarrassment I suffered in Lake Ontario due to poor fitting wires.

I got the servo installed without too much trouble (didn't even have to pull the wing) losing only 1 socket (it might still be under the steering box) and a bent cotter pin in the process of trying to reinstall the bent cotter pin. (The socket was knocked off the wing by my elbow while cursing at the bent cotter pin's refusal to slide into place.) Of course losing the cotter pin meant I had to drive 30 minutes to Home Depot for bits before I could seal up the pedal tower. (It being a Sunday, and everything local to the folks save "cotterless" Caldor is closed on Sunday.) I was smart about though. Having driven the distance, I bought several cotter keys and a couple of hitch (clevis) pins that looked like they'd do a better job. Once home, the hitch pin slid into place in about 4 seconds and all was well. I popped the wires in place, put the bonnet back on, and was ready for the upcoming Middy.

One exciting adventure on the way to the Middy. *BANG*—a very sharp backfire. FINSUP was running rough and the engine wasn't at full power. I *thought* I knew what caused it—but it seemed so much worse than last time. Pulling over I quickly confirmed my diagnosis. One of the Speedleads had fallen off. The *worse* was caused by a second one being very loose. Having gotten used to the sloppy fit of the old wires, I'd neglected to push the new ones down until they clicked. Thirty seconds later I was back on the road with all four wires firmly seated. (And a mental note to buy a pair of the pliers for pulling and installing these wires.)

All went well at the Mid-Atlantic. FINSUP ran well. Wasn't bothered by the water. I bought a set of "rock sliders" from Stuart Moore (ignoring rule #1) to replace the sill panels that got mangled at the Downeast. Only apparent damage at the end of the weekend was a cracked Hella H4 headlamp (warm light, cold water—leave lights off unless necessary!), something keeping the parking brake from working (mud?), and a clogged radiator. I washed much of the gunk out, but she still ran warm on the way home. What she needed was a good pressure wash.

Monday I was back at the folks house. Plan was to pressure wash the underside, clean out the K&N filters, engine bay and dismantle and clean the brakes and tranny brake. I took care of the radiator, engine bay and filters first. While washing the



A modified S1 107 SW spotted in Scotland

Photo: Franz Parzefall

underside I noticed something kind of disturbing—one of the side steps which had been previously bent in Maine was not pushed into the side of the fuel tank. The two pieces of the tank bottom had separated. Hmmm, that could have been bad...

Making a mental note to price out a new fuel tank (no sense taking chances!) I continued the washing process. The real fun began when I washed the fuel tank as apparently the only thing keeping it sealed was the layer of mud caked onto it. Gasoline began to pour out of the tank just about the time my father pulled up. Noticing my problem, he offered the following helpful advice: "Gasoline will damage the coating on the driveway you know." Fortunately, I hadn't stopped to fill up on the way, so most of the gas made it into an empty 5 gal. gas can.

Rule #2: If you're going to ignore Rule #1 don't ignore the Prime Directive at the same time. The Prime Directive of course being that one should never wash a Land-Rover with a hose—that's what water crossings are for!

I ordered a new stainless steel tank from D.A.P. It arrived the next day. Yesterday I decided to "take the day off" (consultants-peak for no client booked) and get FINSUP back on the road. The plan was to install the gas tank in the morning and deal with the brakes after lunch.

Step one was to remove the mangled step. Were it not for the distinct smell of gasoline, I might have been tempted to use a sawzall or grinder—a sure solution for a number of my problems, both Rover and otherwise. Instead I removed each of the rusty bolts—including the one imbedded into the side of the tank. Estimated time 10 minutes. Actual time 1.5 hours. (An average of 30 minutes per bolt.)

And lets not forget the time I wasted unbolting the filler hose cover behind the seats (remember, I have the tool box there) and bending (destroying) it in an attempt to pull it out around the seat belt retractor bracket which is welded to the roll cage. Of course, this was before I realized that I didn't need to remove *that* cover at all—the one I wanted to remove was under the passenger seat. Call that another hour or so.

Finally the old tank was out. Time for a quick lunch, then an

evaluation of what bits to buy at the hardware store. Mom had errands in town too, so this wasn't a quick trip. Back at it—convinced that I'm only an hour away from starting her up.

I had to mount the old sender unit and output elbow on the new tank. The output pipe *just* fits into the tank—if you use the cork gasket. I had originally planned to use RTV, but you need the thickness of the gasket. As I hadn't ordered a gasket and mine was pretty firm, I "broke the rules" by using an RTV coated cork gasket. As a result, the tiny little 8/32 bolts I'd purchased wouldn't grab with spring washers in place. "Oh well, the RTV is doing the real work."

Time to bolt the new tank in place. I'm not sure what was out of square—the new tank or my tank mounts—but it took a bit of persuasion, and an 8' pipe clamp (well I only needed about 3' of it!) to get the thing to line up with the mounting holes. My helper for the parts that required an extra set of eyes or hands was my sainted mother—who isn't even strong enough to turn the release valve on the floor jack. In the end Dad was there too, helping out with questions like "What's holding it up? Couldn't you just..."

12 hours (including lunch and shopping) later the new tank is in place, connected, and only lacking three bolts. (Oh, and I *fixed* a 90 weight leak from the rear hub by tapping the hub cap firmly back into place.)

The plan for Saturday is to install the last three bolts (longer!) with spacers at the aft end. There's no way the mounting flange on the tank is going to be flush with the mounting bracket on the frame—it wasn't on the original tank either. As long as I'm still at it, I'm going to remount the output elbow using couple of slightly longer 8/32 bolts—I'm not happy with the shallow bite of the existing ones or the lack of a spring washer.

Then I can finally tear apart the tranny brake and maybe clean the regular brakes—unless of course I didn't actually "fix" that leak in the rear hub...

...or maybe I'll just swing by the dealership and put myself into hock for a D90. (NOT!)

Helpful hints: Black, sticky steering wheels

by Alan Richer and Mike Rooth

Have a steering wheel that on those cold, damp mornings is like gripping tar? Tired of goo clinging to your hands that is more difficult to get rid of than anti-seize? Well, paint it!

All the coatings on older steering wheels basically is a paint - on steering wheels meeting this description, the enamel's worn away and the Bakelite crud underneath is making its revolting presence known.

Pull the silly thing off, sand it to clean it up and use a 2-pack epoxy glue to patch cracks and the like. Once the epoxy is thoroughly dry, then sand everything again to smooth it up and spray/brush it with a black epoxy appliance paint or something

equally hard. Give it 3 or 4 coats per the manufacturer's paint instructions and then let it dry thoroughly (preferably for a few days if possible to cure). If you can find/get it, I've heard Finnegan's Smoothrite is excellent for this. Were it not for the 6-week dry time, I'd be tempted to try Hammerite on this application.

If you want a quick (albeit temporary) fix try this. Rub the rim with Brasso or similar metal polish, and rub off. Then use a spray on furniture polish, and rub that off, too, as per instructions on the tin.

Violá - no more dirty hands and a nice, shiny wheel!

A Friday Story

by Mike Rooth

So Bloody Nora, sneaky like, bust a spring. Or more to the point, bust a U-bolt *then* a spring. And taking a leaf (ouch!) out of Dixon's book, I was damned if I was going to replace *both* rear springs with new ones. Not a chance. Not ever. No way.

It so happens that the son of a colleague had recently purchased a very late model S111 (sensible lad, gives us hope for the younger generation yet), and had decided that the springs were tired and required replacing. Further, he had bought a full set at an auto jumble, with U-bolts. So the little red light came on and the bell rang, and I asked the aforementioned colleague to capture the outgoing off side rear spring, and shunt it my way.

The lad duly borrowed a fully equipped garage, removed his springs... and found the U-bolts were too short. On a Saturday afternoon. Twenty miles from his home. So off they went in his mate's car to a nationally advertised parts dealer. A *shut* nationally advertised parts dealer. However, round the back were two employees working on their own wagons, who listened to his tale of woe, and kindly agreed to open the stores and take his money off him. "Wot yerv got is military diesel springs" was the wisdom dispensed. Remind me *not* to go to this particular nationally advertised parts dealer. What he'd got was standard 88" rears, diesel fronts and a complete set of eight u-bolts for the petrol fronts. 9 leaf as against 11. The downside of all this was that the old rears were completely shot at. Some you win, most you lose.

A day or so later, a glum face appeared round my office, well, walk in cupboard, door. Bloke from downstairs, for whom I had obtained batteries, large, two, 24V Nissan diesel-in-101, starting for the use of. It seems he had got one of these on charge whilst working on his 101, which work involved the use of an angle grinder. He was, being one of these safety first individuals, wear-

ing ear defenders. He heard a faint POP and over his head, to settle in front of him, descended the filler cap ex one, very large, battery. Or rather, when he turned round, *half* one very large battery, the top bit having blown off. It would seem not to be the work of genius to generate sparks with an angle grinder, whilst also generating hydrogen in the same room.

Could I get him another battery? And could it be one with the terminal posts on *this* side rather than *that* side? Oooh, bugger. Oh no, not again. His existing cross battery lead isn't long enough. He'd been wittering about this for weeks, trying to get me to swap one of the ones I'd got him for one with the terminal posts on the other side. Now these batteries are take-offs from standby generator sets, and are continuously charged from new, and are swapped out every eighteen months or so as a matter of policy. Rather than scrap perfectly good batteries, the firm sells them off at ten quid a go. New? Around sixty quid. Plus VAT. I thought I'd finally got across to him the wisdom of putting on a longer cross battery lead, so that when the time came to renew them, probably in some third world country, it didn't matter a monkey's *what* side the damned lugs were on. And in any case he'd hardly be able to specify anyway. But no. My persuasive powers aren't up to convincing academics that they might, just might, mind you, be wrong.

But. I suddenly remembered that he *had* resprung his 88 some while ago. Had he still got the old springs? He had? He was going to take them to Sodbury? Nononono. Don't do that. I wus first. The price? Don't ask. Another blasted battery, preferably with the lugs on *this* side... or ten quid. To be fair, the spring looks nearly new, and I got the heater switch off the 101 thrown in, as a possible substitute for Bloody Nora's side and headlamp switch. And don't bother. It isn't.

Tale of 2 Border Collies, Series Brakes, and a Motorcycle Cop

by Rick Grant

Series Land Rovers and Border Collies have a lot in common. Both are highly idiosyncratic, tough to the point of obstinacy, exasperating as hell, and both go to pieces unless they're worked constantly.

Put two Border Collies into a Series II and you just know the day will get interesting.

So it was yesterday when I decided to give VORIZO a run to warm up all the fluids so I could spend the next few hours happily covered in hot engine oil, cursing at the oil filter, and generally doing really messy stuff.

Now there's nothing our two Border Collies like better than riding around in the back of the Land Rover because they've got all the room in the world to charge madly from one side to the other checking out the other vehicles, the drivers and passen-

gers, dogs and squirrels along the way, and no doubt hoping for a good satisfying sight of a sheep flock or more likely around here, a cattle herd.

Tina, the four year old, is as crazy as any Border Collie but she goes into frenetic and deeply agitated whining when she recognizes a route that leads to one of the large, miles wide, areas I use to run them. But Tilly, who is only ten months, is a true and really bent Border Collie. She growls at dogs in other cars, growls at drivers that pull up on the side or get too close to the back, ties herself in knots barking at people on bicycles and doesn't like truck drivers at all.

But Tilly's greatest hate is for motorcycles. I don't know why, and there's really little point in wondering when it comes to BC behavior, but she just about kills herself with outraged barking

and growling when she spots a motorcycle.

I'm a little concerned about the last behavior because the Hell's Angels have recently set up in Alberta and... well, you can imagine the potential trouble.

Anyhow, there I was charging across Calgary in VORIZO (at unknown speeds because I simply haven't gotten around to tightening that nut at the back of the transmission brake to stop the speedo needle from acting like a berserk metronome) when I started negotiating the large hills on the way to the dog place. I can't use the word p**k because the dogs will bark non-stop once they hear that word, and for all I know they might be able to read too so I can't use it here.

At any rate, the hills in Calgary can be really really long and a true test for the soundness of Series brakes. This summer I finally got rid of the double-pump but habit is habit and I constantly find myself giving the brakes the preparatory tap to make sure they're still there. Until I get around to switching over to a double hydraulic system I'm always going to be a little leery about the brakes.

It was a nice day, perhaps the last one until May, and I had all the windows slid right open which meant the radio was at full volume in order to hear anything, likewise with the CB, the dogs barking and growling as they checked out the traffic, and the old motor just a roaring away. A truly satisfying noisy Rover run.

And then it started. The young one, Tilly, started "helicopter-ing" in the back. This is a patented Border Collie behavior which involves vertical leaps combined with 270 degree twists in mid air accompanied by truly demonic barking. This sets off Tina who forgets she's a mature dog and the back of VORIZO is suddenly a whirling mass of flying and leaping dogs.

All I can see out of the back is a motorcycle helmet and dark sunglasses. The guy was so close it's a wonder that the exhaust belch didn't gas the guy right off. I'm really concerned about this. I have a situation where I'm going to have to brake soon for a traffic light, a biker right on my tail who might run into me, and I can't think straight for all the mechanical and canine noise.

Fortunately he drops back a bit, I double pump out of habit and the beast squeals to a normal stop at the light.

The dogs are now leaping from the back, into the passenger seat and back again like crazed gazelles. The light turns and I lurch off only to see with absolute horror and deep dread of what is to come that the biker is a Calgary motorcycle cop and he's motioning me off to the side.

I'm so rattled by all this that I haven't switched off, so when he asks for the papers I can't hear a word he's saying

what with two radios at full volume and two Border Collies who have slipped right over the edge into dog insanity. He actually has to motion his hand across his throat to get it through to me that maybe I should shut things down. Of course when I do this the dogs decide that they've had enough fun and they shut up too. They're suddenly wagging tails and pushing their heads through my side window so they can be patted.

"Having trouble with your brakes?" he says.

"No, oh no, they're fine," I say hoping like hell that they still are.

He climbs in to give them a push and both dogs decide to lick his ears. I suddenly want to crawl under VORIZO and remember early childhood.

"Nice dogs," he says. "Do you use them on your ranch?"

Ranch? My view of reality is getting quite shaky now. Then I realize that I'm wearing a Cattleman's Association jacket given to me by a client.

"Uh no, they're obedience trial dogs. Do quite well too," I say while wondering how dogs who can perform the most intricate of routines in the obedience ring simply have never learned to be quiet on command.

"Nice truck. Don't see too many of these around. My dad had one when we were kids."

I start to breath a little easier.

He spots the OVLRL badge and says, "Did you drive this all the way from Ottawa?"

The very idea of driving that hot thundering shaky beast the width of Canada was almost enough to start me giggling. Instead I lied and said, "Sure did."

"Well it must be in pretty good shape. You take care now. Bye doggies."

And with that he roars away.

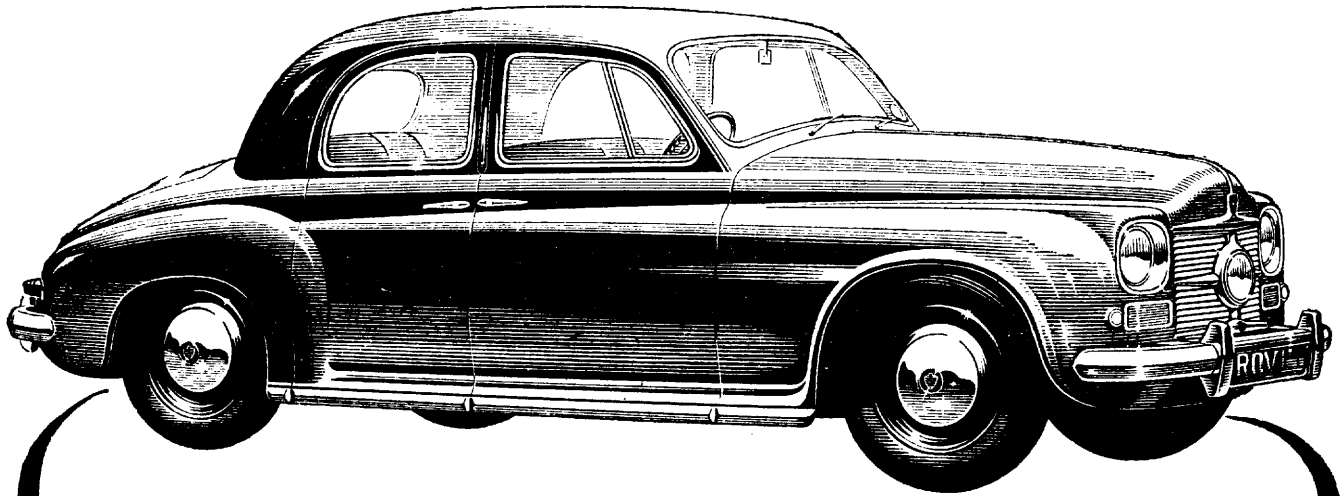
The Borders give him an affectionate bark then they settle down on the bench seats and go to sleep.

I bought some beer on the way home. I didn't get around to changing the oil.



A nice Military 88 with Sankey trailer. Note soft cab top.

Photo: Franz Parzefall



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