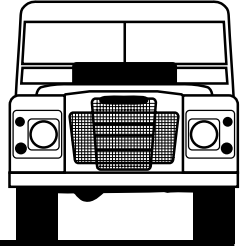


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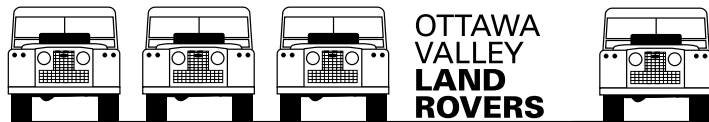


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Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA K1Y 4V3

## 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.

**OVL**R 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 \$25 per year; membership expires one year from the last dues submission.

## The Ottawa Valley Land Rovers Newsletter

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

**Submissions:** Articles may be submitted to the Editor, Dixon Kenner ([dkenner@fourfold.org](mailto:dkenner@fourfold.org)) or via post, to the club address. Photographs should be sent directly to Spencer Norcross at 1631 N. Barton Street, Arlington, VA 22201, USA. Please include captions and a return address with photographs.

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

**Editorial Policy:** The Editor of the OVL R newsletter reserves the right to edit any submitted material for space and content considerations. Articles, statements, and opinions appearing in the OVL R newsletter do not necessarily reflect the position of the officers, board of directors, members of the OVL R, 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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More details regarding Land Rover events can be found at:  
<http://www.ovlr.org/Events.other.html>

Land-Rover FAQ:

[http://www.fourfold.org/LR\\_FAQ/](http://www.fourfold.org/LR_FAQ/)

OVL R/Land Rover HAM:

14.160Mhz @ 01:00GMT Tuesdays



“When you told me if you had to work on Berg’s car one more time you were going to take his bloody head off, I thought you meant something else!”

– Dave Bobeck (see pp. 13 and 16)

## Greetings;

The event of the month was the ninth annual British Invasion in Stowe Vermont. However, unlike past years where seven hundred or so cars congregated on a show field down in Stowe, Mother Nature intervened to break the event into two portions. The tail end of Hurricane Floyd slipped north and dumped lots of rain, combined with some high winds on the Thursday and Friday to cause the Friday portion of the event to be aborted.

The British Invasion people had a 300 foot or so long tent set up for vendors, the pub, food, and the like. The event organisers even offered some OVL R members the use of the tent for camping out in Thursday night. However, they didn’t take the organisers up on their offer. Good thing too. By morning half the tent was down, or flapping in the gusts. By later Friday the whole structure had collapsed as the winds took it down, or rather up then down, as observers said that a large portion of the tent was flapping merrily in the breeze (er, hurricane gusts!) before falling back to mother earth.

As a result, the organisers moved the Invasion up to the parking lot of a ski resort up Mountain Road. That is the whole affair except the Land Rovers which stayed down in a pretty dry field. The upper portion of the event got all of the vendors, some remaining tentage, coffee, but no food or drink for the hundreds and hundreds of British cars that spilled across the parking lot of one of the ski hills.

The Land Rover portion of the event was left solely with the Rovers North Trials Competition and the OVL R club expedition trailer, so all was not lost. We had entertainment and food.

On the Rovers North Trials Course, most OVL R members partook in the Trials course. In fact, four of the five top competitors were all OVL R members. Eric Zipkin, Jeff Meyer, Quintin Aspin, and George Bull all came out in the top six. Abby, a friend of Jeff Meyer managed to come in third, driving Quintin’s 80”, the first time she

had ever driven a Land Rover. Top place, both in the general competition and the run off, was won by a Discovery owning chap. The other five all came in driving several different eighty inch Land Rovers. The run offs, to level the playing field so to speak, was conducted in a long wheelbase Range Rover. And while none of the finalists managed to complete the modified course, Eric put his own flair into the competition by finishing with a bang! (*Details for the Christmas party of course!*)

Of course, with the split, there was no food or drink down on our field (Some said it was kinda nice to be shot of all of the other stuff, but then again it is kind of nice to wander over and see it too.). OVL R supplied Saturday lunch to Land Rover owners as well as Sunday Brunch. Not too many field repairs. Jeff Berg’s new Turner engine developed some problems, which necessitated some very interesting afternoon and late evening repairs (which will be the subject of a story)

The Invasion reception was moved from Friday night to Saturday evening, though they never told the LR people about that. Many of us went out of dinner at the Old Englande Inn (where after Spencer finished taking pre-award pictures of potential recipients with the



Christine Rose works the OVL R drive-thru membership booth at Stowe

Photo: Jeff Berg

## This Month’s Cover:

Christian Szpilfogel and Chaunei Chan in the family Series III. 16th Birthday Party, June 1999

Photo: Bruce Ricker



# Upcoming Events

## *in the next month or so...*

- |            |   |
|------------|---|
| October 18 | Social at the Prescott, Preston Street, Ottawa, 7 PM  |
| November 1 | Executive Meeting, Phone Andrew for time and location |
| October 23 | Frame Oiler   |

## *future events:*

*(Dates & times subject to change)*

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| November 15 | Social at the Prescott, Preston Street, Ottawa, 7 PM  |
| December 6  | Executive Meeting, Phone Andrew for time and location |
| December 11 | The Christmas Party                                   |
| December 20 | Social at the Prescott, Preston Street, Ottawa, 7 PM  |
| January     | Annual General Meeting                                |

LugNut, the LugNut went on a walkabout. More on this later. We understand it is pining for Ben Smith)

By Sunday, Alan Richer had left with Fred Dushin's frame in the back of Churchill (who I note is beginning to look a bit tired. Methinks Lucy has been at work, Dale was in far too good shape when compared to some of the stories we heard about him the previous night. Jeff Berg's 88 was back together. (they took the head off looking for a problem, but this is a whole different long story).

There were a number of volunteers who helped out with things for OVLRL at the Invasion. The newsletter was stuffed by Nancy and Ron Tomkins, Bill O'Hara, Al and Joan Dormer, and finally Marcy and Joe Kelly. (Joe is a firefighter from Barre, VT.) Saturday Lunch and Sunday Brunch that OVLRL gave away to attending Land Rover owners was cooked by Dave Meadows and Gordon Bernius. It was served by Christine Rose, Amanda Richer and Alan Richer.

The next event will be the thirteenth annual Frame Oiler. This will be held on Saturday, October 23rd at Kanata Collision in Stittsville. Details are inside the newsletter and on the club website. For those considering advance planning, the Christmas Party will be held on December 11th at the Hungarian Community Centre on Capitol Drive in Nepean (Navy Mess I understand was taken)



*Ron and Nancy Tompkins, Bill Rice and Peter Thompson line up for the start of the light off-road. 16th Birthday Party, June 1999  
Photo: Bruce Ricker*



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

From the Editor: Last months newsletter effort was the result of work from a variety of sources. Spencer who had prepared a colour cover two years ago that we couldn't use (cost issues), Brett Story supplying some excellent images (Sorry Dave, your 101 got knocked off page one!), and the opportunity to test a new printer. Envelopes were supposed to be the usual child labour camp scene, but this time Vanessa and Victoria Huddleson are extracting McDonalds from me. Collation and assembly was all done at the British Invasion in Stowe. For those who didn't attend Stowe, Bruce Ricker, Murray Jackson, Fred Joyce, and Andrew Finlayson affixed stamps and sent the remainder on their way.

Dave Bobeck sends us another update on his 109 project: I did some painting last night. Got all the four-year-old pastel green paint out of my spray gun and sprayed some thinned out rustoleum primer on the breakfast. Not half bad for an amateur. Then I did a second coat of black on the frame with the spray gun instead of the brush. A little overspray on stuff but Much faster than the brush. Lose a little bit of thickness in the coating but there are 3 brush coats underneath this one and at least one more spray coat will go on. I forgot how easy it is to paint with that thing. May even do the axles now...

Need the right paint though. I think I'm going to go to the paint store and buy some proper grey paint rather than use rattle cans. Firewall will get done in red inside with touch-up cans from RN. I'll pick em up at Stowe.

A note from Bill Kessels: I was in Belize a couple of months ago, about 5 miles from the Guatamalan border, when I came across this Camel Trophy veteran of the "Mundo Maya" race. It had been donated to the Belize zoo, who had in turn loaned it to a National Geographic photographer who was doing a photo shoot in the middle of the jungle. I was obviously more impressed with the Land Rover than he was! He did point out that the bus seat on the roof was not part of the standard equipment.

Fred Dushin sends another update on Ollie his SWB: I found out too late about my brother Russ' patent: "Removal of Front Mounts on a Leaf Sprung Land Rover For Those Lacking an Angle Grinder and/or Being 300 Yards From the Nearest Electrical Outlet and not Having Access to a Portable Generator, Either" by Russell G. Dushin, Ph. D. and sometimes loser, Garrison NY, Assignor to himself."

Anyway, I got the rear springs off Ollie this weekend. The spring and shackle bolts on both sides on the rear came off with no difficulty whatsoever. The fronts of the rear springs at the frame mounts, on the other hand, were another story. They were seized into the bushing, so all I could turn was torn rubber. No way I was going to get those out without a struggle.

For some reason (like I don't want to draw attention to the fact that I have a half assembled car in my lot and the neighbors give me funny looks as it is) I shied away from using the angle grinder, so I used my brother's patented technique of threading a hacksaw blade between the frame mount and the bushing. Four hours later, with ample breaks, I had a loose spring.

Patience lost, I took the angle grinder to the other side. @#\*&! the damn neighbors. Ground off the head of the bolt and what remained protruding on the threaded end, and then asked Mr. crowbar for some help separating the frame mounts enough to get the springs out. 20 minutes later, I had the complete assem-



Something Bill Kessels found in Belize...



Rino Granito's RR, Martin Rothman's SI and François Juneau's Unimog. On the Sept. 1 Calabogie trip.  
Photo: Martin Rothman

bly on the ground. I've decided to delay doing my axles 'til this winter at the earliest (we can only afford so much Rover restoration at a given time), so I left the springs and axles attached.

I'll need new threaded shackles. The ones I took off the rear are toast (no threads left). The fronts are going to be fun! I can't move the bolts running through the frame mount on the left side. The right side bolts I can move. Barely. I may wait 'til I get the motor out, though; I'll have a lot more room to get a good angle with my breaker bar.

Shocks were fun, too. Right side bolt was seized through the frame, so the head of that bolt succumbed to the angle grinder, as well. Somewhere along the line I lost or there never was installed the big washer on the bottom shock mount.

I have to say, at \$20 Harbor Freight, the angle grinder is quickly winning the get-back-what-you-paid-for-it award. Also picked up a hefty wire cup for the angle grinder, once I start removing rust from the axles. It reads, "For aggressive paint and rust removal." Yup, that'd be me.

The next big event was picking up my frame at Stowe. Mike Liodice brought it up from Maryland behind a borrowed LRNA SII Disco, on a borrowed LRNA utility trailer. Sunday we stuffed it in the back of Churchill and Al brought it home for me. No major dents in his bed side panels, and no incidents along the way.

We've unloaded the beast with a come-along chained to the least rotted rafter we could find in my garage. We won't tell the landlord about the hole we had to drill for the bolt.

Since then I have been taking a gasket scraper and screw driver to the undercoating. I'm surprised how well it comes off with a sharpened blade. Once I get going, I can get pretty big flakes off it. And scraping works much better than grinding with a wire wheel; with a scraper you can chip off more than you would if you used a wire wheel; the brush tends to just smear the undercoating more than remove it.

So far, all I've found is paint underneath; no rust to speak of, except under the mounts for the bulkhead and under the bumper stops. The frame is really in very decent shape, though there is some touch up to be done, once cleaned up.

Once I remove the undercoating, I'll take the angle grinder with a wire cup to get any rusted spots down to metal, and where I can, remove any paint. I won't be able to remove all the paint; I think my neighbors might start making formal complaints. But I will try to get get everything off the top of the frame, i.e., anything I won't

have easy access to once he's put all back together. A good solvent should take care of any residue of the undercoating left, and then I can prime and paint it.

🚗 A note from TerriAnn Wakeman: I have just added a web page on how to convert a series rig to power steering using the Saginaw steering box from a Scout. This page uses a lot of info and pictures provided by Bob Bernard as well as pictures and what I learned watching Timm Cooper make the conversion on The Green Rover. This page has a lot of pictures. Look in the recent additions page (button at the bottom of the screen) under Land Rover.

the site is: <http://www.cruzers.com/~twakeman>

It is a very nice conversion and I'm very happy with it so far.

🚗 It's all Nora's Fault! writes Al Richer: Of course, as Mike was persuading Nora's handbrake to work on one side of the Atlantic, Mr. Churchill's was failing on the other side.

Now, being the severely paranoid sod that I am, I've made it a point of honour never to leave the driveway without a functioning handbrake if at all possible. That single-point braking system just makes me nervous, and I figure the handbrake's gotta be better than nothing.

Well, a few days ago the unthinkable happened - I get to my destination, reach down, pull up hard on the handbrake, release the lever...

And the damn thing drops right back to the floor, released. Again **up**...

And again down. Thunk.

One more time - same results.

The button is moving in and out - the pawl is not catching. Doggone no-good, useless piece of iron. Oh, well - it needed greasing anyway. So, I dive into the handbrake mechanism through the center seat panel. Out comes two bolts and a cot-

ter pin, and the assembly is passed-out from under the seat into the light of day after about 15 minutes of contortions.

Did I mention it started raining about now - and my legs (lying on the seat, you know) were outside the truck getting soaked? I grab the lever assembly and cross-shaft and head for the house. After wirebrushing it clean it appears that the pawl itself has worn rounded on the end - not a hard fix if you can get the dogone thing out. I did, but at the cost of a snapped actuator rod - it had rusted in the lever and broke when I tried to disconnect it. After persuading the old rod out of the button I bent a new one - stainless-steel rod in 1/8" diameter is such a handy thing to have around. Threaded to match the original, that went in along with a re-contoured pawl. I reground the end - figured if it was good enough to last 36 years in the truck, I could get another decade or two out of it.

All cleaned, reassembled and greased, it was back out into the monsoon to finish the soaking I'd gotten and get the hand-brake lever back in. 15 minutes of contortions, 2 bolts and a new cotter-pin it was all back in. Pull up - and the lever stays obediently in place. Down on the button and it releases silkily.

Much better...ahhhhhh. I love it when a plan comes together. A quick adjust of the drum and all is right with the world. For once something went right - I shudder to think what that bedamned 109 is cooking up next.

Jan Hilborn writes to us about electrical demons... Okay, maybe God is pissed at me or something, as if all the dog excitement wasn't enough, Witt's parking break has also decided to follow Nora's lead, my faithful jerry can sprang a leak (is there anything I can do to save it, not surprisingly I have a sentimental attachment to the damn thing...), this morning my exhaust sounded louder than it should (I haven't crawled under the truck yet to see what's up, sounds like the muffler and not the intermediate pipe or the exhaust manifold), and finally, there are extra electrical demons running loose (extra more than the normal load all rovers carry...)

Yesterday morning the amp meter was pegged on the positive side for a minute of two after I started the truck, this morning it was

pegged for the whole 40 minute drive in (as long as I was driving at speed, at idle it went down to normal (a hair to the + side of 0). The idiot light isn't lit at all - so does this mean my battery is low low low and I'm successfully charging it?

Right now all I can think is it's a good thing I drained all the gas out of the leaky can or I'd just douse the truck, set it on fire, and never look back...

Bill Maloney sent us this tidbit: Want to scrub the inside of your lump? Buy 4 quarts of the cheapest ATF or Dexron ATF. (According to Mike Loiodice's little brother *Marvel Mystery Oil is red ATF mixed with castor oil. His brother got this information from some retired gent who used to work for the manufacturers of Marvel Mystery Oil.*—Ed.) Drain the sump then dump in the fluid. Let it run at fast idle for 15 minutes or more. Then drain and change your filter and clean out the canister. (You should clean the canister after every oil change anyway.) The transmission fluid is very slippery so no engine wear should come of this, but it has little film strength, so don't drive with it in there. It also is an excellent solvent (try some on your paint) and will dissolve some of the loose gunk in the motor. Clean out the pan at this point if you haven't already.

If you want to go all the way, change the oil once a week for a month, then once a month for some period of time, (driving it, of course.)

New father Russ Dushin writes: I finally broke out the Lincoln Electric 125plus this weekend...had to get the kid's room together first and that pretty much chewed through two or three weekends to do. Anyhow, this thing is tres cool. I like spittin' metal. Started by just running some beads on plate using some flux-cored wire...nothin' too pretty weld-wise... then spoke with my pal Tino who said "throw that flux cored shit away...go with the gas" so I switched back to the thinner wire and went with Ar-CO2. Much neater. Starting (just) to get the hang of it. Did some butt welds, some lap welds, tried joining two pieces in a "T". Busted most of these apart to inspect the quality, or lack thereof, of my welding. Hmm...penetration is obviously the key here, and it's important to get the angle of



Christine Rose deciding if the Disco is enough Land Rover for her.  
Photo: Martin Rothman

the gun and the distance from the work surface correct before you can go blaming other factors (voltage, wire speed).

I'm gonna make the rotary mower my first real project. The cowling on it shredded a few years ago while I was using it. Will try welding the broken seam back up, then slapping some reinforcing plates over it in a few spots. Should work but probably won't be pretty...

Just call me Sparky

 Ben Smith sends us this tale of woe...

After a 2700 mile weekend Dora is now in my driveway. I have my Whitworth wrenches that I bought at Stowe last year (Ben does happy dance).

The only really interesting part of the trip was the Black Watch engine failure. When the tank gets low and I have a load on a hill it has stumbles on me a few times. This time in bumf—k Texas the engine just died. One minute it is running the next it is engine braking. Even doing 55 mph at 2000 rpm in 5th gear. The only way to get it to restart was to stop. Then it would restart fine. After it did this a few times I found that I could restart then my speed dropped below 33 mph indicated by using the starter motor. Popping the clutch with the ignition on would not work. Bastard CPU. I toyed with turning the ignition completely off, but the idea of a locked steering at 55 mph seemed like a bad idea.

It's probably a clogged fuel filter or bad fuel pump. I'm find down to about 1/4 tank indicated (7 of 23 gallons left), then this kicks in.

Once I got home I shouldn't have parked Laz next to Dora. They've been plotting.

I finally did something worthy of that damn missing award. Previously I had pulled then engine and tranny from Lor ('76 LHD 101). This weekend's project was to pull the engine and tranny from Laz ('73 RHD 101). I had done some of the prep work earlier. Saturday was 6 or so hours disconnecting things and draining fluids. By the time it got dark, I was down to the Choke cable, the winch and engine mounts. Not much left for Sunday, right?

First of Sunday, I tried to get Dora to start to move here out of the way. I'd been chargin her battery for awhile so I thought she'd start right up. Nope. Turned over well through. Bugger. I got out the start fluid. Nothing. Double bugger. So while abandoned in Texas not only did she piss her brake fluid, but now there is no spark. Lovely. So she got a push. Now to the task at hand. Choke cable, not a problem. Winch. The book says to pull a cinch bolt, push jack under it then undo the mounting bolt and the whole things slides out. Right. That mounting bolt has a 30mm nut. No problem that a braker bar and some gentle nudges with a 20lb sledge couldn't handle. But the bolt is rusted in. I tried sledging that to no avail. But does it slide out? No. Even with help from a chisel? No. Ok, fine, I'll undo the bolts that bold the carrier to the frame and the winch prop should slip out. It does on my other winch. 3 of the 4 bolts

come out fine. The other snaps in the hole. Sassy, ain't she? I got spares of that. Does it slide out no? Fine, I'll unbolt the PTO from the tranny box and drop the assembly. Only one nut (the one above the winch prop shaft that you can only get an open end wrench on with poor leverage) refuses. Ok, I undo the 3 bolts holding the flange for the propshaft into the PTO. That slides out with a gear and some needle bearings. Finally the bugger winch is off. Next up are the 4 engine and tranny mounts. Not a problem.

Put the hoist up on the 101 load bed. It barely spreads over the tranny hole. I have about 2 inches to spare. But I've done this before without a problem. Up comes the engine/tranny. I start moving it back. I almost have it to where I can put in 4x4s under it, but I need to moved it back a little. But I have the arm set wrong so that it is slightly tipsy. OK, if I'm standing on it, but when I go to move the engine loose...it goes ass over tea kettle. Dropping the engine and tranny back down the hole and towards the ground. Body work near the passenger seat gets munched. The pulley puts its marks in the rad. And now the diff lock unit has slid under a frame rail and won't come out. Bugger. Russ is at school. So I gets my high lift and rummage for the bit that lets me use it under compression. I get some chain and rap that around the pulley. The high lift goes upsidedown from the roll bar to the chain. I tie the high lift in place with rope over the roll bar to the dash and over the windscreen to the bumper. By lifting with the main hoist (now repositioned) and lifting the front of the engine with the hi-lift, I can maneuver it back around the frame rails and up. Once safetied on the 4x4s, the rest of the lift went ok and the bugger is out. The engine is 12volt engine number 95600018A. Not only is it seized. One of the frost plugs has gone MIA. That engine might truely be shagged.

Now to start fiddling with cables since they are easy to get to. Then I can start putting the '76 engine in the '73.



*FINSUP in happier days, Don't worry Jeff, it will all sort itself out (see p. 16)  
Jeff Berg followed by Eric Riston, 1998 R.O.V.E.R.S. Assateague Island Event  
Photo: Spencer Norcross*



🚗 And now for something completely different... more news from Ben Smith, as he continues his campaign for the Towball award. (thereby completing the first 2 legs of the OVLTR Triple Crown.) I ended up towing someone again. This weekend Northern California Rover Club had a desert trip into the White Mountains. We camped near the Bristlecone Forest at about 8200 feet and then visited the patriarch Bristlecone Forest (these are the oldest living things on the planet). Towards the end of Saturday we were investigating a light road. Over the CB came a message from one of the D90 owners, Ben Mitchell. "Umm, guys I gotta stop, I have a minor...major problem." So we stopped and went to investigate. He was shift-



Murray's Lightweight in the mud pit, 14th Birthday Party  
Photo: Dixon Kenner

ing from high to low. It came out of high fine, then the lever went slack leaving him in transfer box neutral. Some investigation showed that the lever and external linkage was ok. Something inside was screwed (no resistance). And we had started down hill, down a dead end trail.

So I had a RR classic pull Ben M. back about 15 feet so that he had some elevation to roll forward and get off the trail. That let the Rangie by. The Black Watch was next and was designated tow vehicle. After a 15 bazillion point turn on the single lane trail I was turned around and could tow the D90 uphill. (Towing him backwards,) I made it about 200 yards before I started spinning all 4 tyres. We tried a few time. Then another D90 came down to give me a tug while I pulled Ben M., like the two little engines that could. We finally started the few miles downhill with me pulling and him braking. About a mile later his brakes started smoking. Next we tried him free rolling and me only hooking up when he came to a stop. We had to do this a dozen or 2 dozen times over the next 5 to 10 miles of trail and graded dirt road. Minor stream crossings made things very interesting. Once we were back to pavement, I had to tow him on the towstrap for about 15 to 20 miles from 5000 feet to our

camp ground at 8000+ feet. Up a steep pass. At one point I ground to a halt and could only get moving in 1st low. Shifting was a bit interesting. And the CB was very useful.

Back in camp Ben M. dropped his transfer box bottom plate the gears were all ok. Then he pulled the console that covers his middle access cover and the cover. He pulled the top of the transfer box and found the problem. A lever is held onto the shaft that the linkage rotates. That lever is held in places by an allen screw that is supposed to be locktited in place. It wasn't and was loose. Ben put it all together again Sunday morning and was mobile. Last I heard he was headed off for home—400+ miles away.

All told we did about 100 to 120 miles of light, dirt, desert and mountain roads this weekend.

### 🚗 Nigel's Disease Red Alert! Level: DefCon 5+

Russ writes us: Nigel's rear cross has developed a couple of *iffy spots* on the lower right side. Bits of rust poking through the waxoyl. So I touched them...ugh. Not too solid. Not solid at all. I could literally hear the weakness in the metal as it flexed. Got brave/stupid and broke out the gasket scraper...wasn't long before I made a few holes...wasn't long before they got bigger...wasn't long before a 2" x 1.5" hole was punched in the bottom of the rear cross behind the right spring perch (at the rearmost portion of the rear crossmember). This one will need a patch. Broke out the MIG and began to patch the smaller holes just by filling them in. **Oi.** It sorta worked. I built it up, and ground it down, repeating ad nauseam. Not gonna be able to make it look perfect, that's for sure. The smallest holes look OK, but the biggest one (*oh, at times it approached the size if a Kennedy half dollar...*) will be a glob of ground down weld. It's that or apply a patch. Generally, though, it's all still solid and the rot was limited to the three or so sites I hacked away at.

🚗 A note from Brave Sir Robin (Craig): So as winter is fast approaching and my 110 came only with doors and a windshield I need some weather protection fast. To that end I really only wanted a truck cab but to find one in Canada is not very likely. So I elected to put on a series truck cab, 'cos I got one real cheap. To do so requires replacing the 110 windshield with a series one, which is relatively easy. I removed the 110 windscreen completely, including the alloy castings on the front of the bulkhead. I next stripped out the glass and retaining angle from the series windshield. Then I cut off the bracket for the threaded bolt adjuster completely, also I removed the centre divider rail. I used a Walter Zip cut blade in my mini grinder which I have adapted by removing the guard. (Usual caution warning for bozos here, **watch out for kickback** and subsequent loss of fingers etc....) Once the remaining frame was wire wheeled out I popped over to the local Standard auto glass 'cos I know the boss. They cut a laminated one piece section for me and threw in a roll of the tar strip for securing the glass in; all for a cheapo \$72!

# Some Non-OVLR News & Rumours

**🚗** More news from the home office:

Rover awards contract to R-JH Public Relations

(14 September 1999) Rover today announced the signing of a contract with UK based R-JH Public Relations, whose chairman is Lady Wessex (formerly Sophie Rhys-Jones).

The agency has been retained to undertake a specialist media relations campaign to promote the Rover marque. Heading up the R-JH team will be Lady Wessex who has continued her commitment to run the agency since her wedding in June. She uses the name Sophie Wessex in her professional life.

Commenting on the agreement Rover chairman and chief executive Professor Werner Sämman said: "R-JH has a reputation for high quality ideas and excellent contacts with key media. They will work on brand building and certain corporate projects alongside our in house public relations staff and other agencies. We look forward to reaching new target groups."

Sophie Wessex said: "We are delighted to be part of the team that will deliver BMW's ambitious world-wide plans for the Rover marque. This commitment, which will take this proud name forward into the next century, forms an important part of Britain's manufacturing and export development."

**🚗** Land Rover set for V Reg Success

(23 August 1999) With all of its models - Freelander, Discovery, Defender and Range Rover - dominating their market sec-

tors, Land Rover is looking forward to another record breaking month when 'V' registration vehicles go on sale in September.

Latest changes to models in the award-winning Freelander range include the availability of duo tone leather seats, 16 inch sports alloy wheels and air conditioning as standard.

The Freelander range, priced from £16,995 for the 1.8i three-door, is top selling off-road 4x4 vehicle in Europe and will also be expanded in September with the availability of the Freelander Commercial which is aimed at the business market.

The all new-Discovery was launched at the beginning of this year with features including Active Cornering Enhancement (ACE) for class-leading handling, four-wheel traction control and self-levelling rear air suspension. For September, detail changes see power-folding mirrors as standard on XS and ES models and an auto dipping interior mirror with built-in compass on the top of the range ES.

The performance and appeal of Defender was transformed at the end of 1998 with the introduction of the all-new TD5 2.5 litre diesel engine. This year, Land Rover is celebrating this success with the introduction of the Heritage limited edition available in 90 or 110 Station Wagon form.

Defender Heritage features a classic look with a choice of Atlantic Green or Bronze Green paintwork, mesh grille and silver finish bumpers complemented by Lincoln green leather trim. Four-wheel Electric Traction Control (ETC) and anti-lock braking systems further enhance ultimate off-road capability. Air conditioning is also standard.

Petrol engined Range Rover models benefit from improvements refinements and drivability of the V8 engine introduced earlier in the spring of this year. Diesel engine derivatives account for nearly half of UK Range Rover sales. In response to customer demand Land Rover introduced the fully specified dHSE to meet demand for a top-of-the-range model.

All Land Rover models come with a three year warranty and are available with a wide range of financing packages including Land Rover 'Freedom Finance.'

**🚗** Great Divide press event— Update #1. We just wanted to let everyone know that the Great Divide



*Christine Rose auctions off the parabolic springs, while Matthew Rose wonders if this is a kids only auction.  
Photo: Martin Rothman*

10th Anniversary press event in Colorado is going extremely well. The first wave of journalists enjoyed two full days of off-road driving on Tuesday and Wednesday. Reportedly, the weather has been glorious thus far and each of the specially-outfitted Range Rover 4.6 HSE press cars (along with the Range Rover support vehicles) is performing flawlessly. Thanks especially to the work of Bob Burns and Tom Collins, the trip is proceeding according to the play book. The phrase "without a hitch" might be apropos but I didn't use it.



*Peter discusses the finer points of series ones with Keith Elliot using Peter Thompson's S1-88 & Eric Zipkin's '50 S1*  
 Photo: Martin Rothman

Wave 1 crossed two 13,000-foot peaks during their drive. Both waves of journalists stayed at the rustic Irwin Lodge—a hotel with no electrical power and no telephone—in Crested Butte last night and the first group left for home at 6:15 this morning.

Wave 2 began their driving early this morning and will arrive in Breckenridge late this afternoon. From there they will travel to the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, arriving tomorrow night. If weather and Land Rovers behave, their adventure should be just as successful. Details of their journey are forthcoming.

**🚗** Alternate parts! Alan Richer says: a good Range Rover hint for you folks with plushmobiles. The lower driver's door hinge was toasty on Lucy, my RR, lots of slop. It was so bad the back of the door had scraped the floor trim.

Off comes the hinge and the pin is knocked out, to reveal that the hole in the centre section is worn oval and the pin itself resembles an hourglass. Ick...

So, off to NAPA. When there, I score a set of Chrysler replacement door-hinge pins. These are designed for a 3/8" hole rather than the 5/16" hole the Rover hinge has. I squared up the hinge parts in the vise and drilled them 3/8" on the drill press, then tapped in the hinge pin and ground it off flush to the bottom of the hinge. The package has two pins of varying lengths - both of them are too long for the Rover hinge, so that means you can do two hinges for the cost of one package of pins.

No slop, no droop and the door closes beautifully—for the sum total of \$4.00.

**🚗** Bill Maloney sends us this: The following is an excerpt from *Land Rover My Love*, a rather entertaining account of a young school teacher in Africa and his adventures with a Series I in the late '50s. The author was visiting a diamond mine and relates a story told by one of the mining administrators on an example of employee theft:

"On one occasion his department had a number of tips that led them to suspect two particular employees, one a miner and the other a member of the catering staff. When the two men booked to take their leave at the same time extra vigilance was organized. Although the men were seen to be preparing the Land Rover for a safari trip and had openly bragged about their big game hunting intentions, the security sleuths had unearthed the fact that they had both booked air tickets to Europe, so suspicion mounted even further. When the two suspects in jovial holiday mood and dressed in bush jackets and floppy hats, reached the middle security gate with their Land Rover, loaded with every kind of kamping kit like an advertising float in a rag parade, canvas water bottles dripping cooling into the dust from every nook, the police moved in. The men were stripped, searched, x-rayed and isolated in a locked office. Their baggage was hauled out and combed through. The water bottles were ripped apart and the camping kit dissected. Nothing was found. The cops then started on the Land Rover, but this one was systematically taken down to the last nut, bolt and ball bearing and spread out along the road. No diamonds. Just as the security branch were beginning to formulate phrases of abject apology, one budding Sherlock Holmes cast his eyes upon an apparently sealed and unused can of axle grease. He opened it and thrust his enquiring fingers into its sticky interior. The mystery was solved: £25,000 worth of gemstones were buried in that grease like plums in an uncooked cake mixture. The fate of the men was a lengthy jail sentence but we failed to ascertain the fate of the complete set of Land Rover spare parts strewn along the mine access road. They weren't there when we drove out. We took the trouble to look."

It's a fun book. Put it on your Christmas list. *Land Rover My Love*, by John House. ISBN 1-85756-114-7 Available from the LRO bookshop: 1-888-LRO-SHOP in the US & Canada.



# General Servicing: Repairs, Humour, Tales & Trivia

## A brake in time...

Mike Rooth

The handbrake to be precise. Here I was with two weeks holiday, a garage full of bits, and I had to choose the hottest day of the year (with humidity to match) to do the job. It was a measure of my sheer desperation that I'd been and spent *money*. New expander, new adjuster, new brake shoes, and a whole, crippling, 20 pence on two nylock nuts for the adjuster. Support local industry, that's me. As previously described, I'd spent an entire morning turning a non functional handbrake into a non functional handbrake, so wasn't especially keen to repeat the experience.

Readers of these chronicles should appreciate that work done on Bloody Nora is done outside (so what's different) and with insufficient room either side for Yours Truly to lie at right angles to the heap.

To work! Jack up offside rear wheel, remove wheel... oh you sadistic pile of rusty bolts! Oil. All over the tyre, wheel, brake drum. I blame Bobeck, I really do. What to do now? Ignore it. You cant see it with the wheel on anyway. Remove prop shaft. Hmmm. I'm sure the bolts shouldn't be *that* easy. Say thank you to Nora for them being that easy. Remove Jesus Nut. What? Ah, well, yes, its the nut in the centre of the handbrake drum wot holds the thing together. Going to be hard work, this. *Finger tight?* What's she cooking up now? Off comes the whole brake drum assembly, splines and all, in one lump. Pleased smile. "Where's the coffee?" Spotted the deliberate mistake have you? Rush and get a container to catch the oil now draining with gusto out of the transfer case. A vastly *overflow* transfer case. Due to the fact that the gearbox leaks into the transfer case and hasn't been drained out for at least thirteen years. Oh well. Cant have too much of a good thing, I suppose. Retire to lawn chair while oil drains. Get out spares and look at them while oil drains. Have lunch while... well you've got the general idea. Ponder deeply whether its necessary to remove the brake backplate to change the oil seal.

On the above subject you definitely do *not* believe the Workshop Manual. The lying swine says it isn't necessary to remove the brake flange to change the shoes. So we consult a certain little publication called "Land Rover Restoration Hints and Tips" or some such, in which it was stated that the backplate was unbolted and swung out of the way on top of the transfer case. I had already decided that it would be a shame to

take the shiny new actuator out of its wrapping, since my modification to the fastener of the old one had, unusually for me, according to the DA, actually worked. Which of course involved scrabbling around in oily muck to look for the bottom slug and roller, both having obeyed the laws of gravity, and fallen out. After locating these, worked out which way up they went (they wont go in the wrong way), and fixing them in place with the Special Tool (item: one elastic band), we remove the adjuster and fit the new one. Just like that! The backplate even came off without much of a struggle. Nora, being of the Oily Wad persuasion has the useful little removeable tray under her centre seat, which gives some access to the handbrake assembly from the top. Put bluntly, it lets some light in and little else, but did prove useful when removing the backplate. Plus, in this instance, Yours Truly being right way up, so to speak, rather than inverted, the sweat dripped off the end of my nose, instead of getting in my eyes.

Of course, all this was proving a little too easy. Messy, dirty, sweaty, grovelly, but not *too* awkward. Until we come to the oil seal. "Remove the oil seal" the book says. Useful. Brief and to the point, I suppose, but hardly descriptive. The first screwdriver I came across was seen to be *bending*. So we got a bigger one, a real brute duty job. It didn't bend, but neither did it shift the oil seal. Sod this for a game of soldiers. Reverse attitude, wedge screwdriver in and *kick!* One oil seal duly removed. Ten minutes later, with several large hammers, a king size socket



Bill Rice's soft-top Mrs. Merdle  
Photo: Dixon Kenner

(which I've had a while, but never found a use for) and a lump of wood, we had a new oil seal in occupation. Re-assembly was relatively easy, although those confounded pull-off springs on the brake shoes make getting the new shoes on a real pain. However, go on they did, albeit with a full use of Anglo-Saxon to assist the shining hour, and about another gallon of sweat to pre-contaminate the shoes.

Whilst recovering my composure, I took a harder look at the splined end of the output shaft. What's this? A fuzzy cog? Nah, can't be. It bloody well is! Remove fuzzy cog, otherwise known as a felt washer, normally used on the ends of half shafts. Any ideas as to what this was doing on the end of the output shaft of the transfer case, should be sent to Dixon in a plain brown envelope, clearly marked "bin". Suffice it to say that the drum assembly fitted perfectly well without it. Or almost. The drum assembly had to be... er... *persuaded* into position, giving rise to a certain apprehension about whether the new shoes would

drag. They did. So I pulled the handbrake on. **Spraaang!** Something adjusted itself. And the drum rotated freely. Of course, the Special Tools were removed after the shoes were in situ. The elastic bands being given the Stanley Knife treatment, and the shoe ends being lifted just sufficiently to remove the bits. Be it noted here, that new adjusters come ready fitted with the Special Tool which I consider a generous gesture.

Of course, my brake adjuster spanner didn't fit the new adjuster, so recourse was had to the one size fits all spanner. Which proved to be a damn sight quicker anyway.

The result, you'll be pleased to know (if there's anyone still awake) is a working hand brake. All that remains for me to do now, is to lose the habit I've acquired of keeping half my right foot on the footbrake, and half on the throttle at traffic lights. This technique having been used to keep Nora at a standstill whilst keeping the engine revving sufficiently to eliminate exhaust smoke. But it's an uphill struggle.

## **The Somethingth Annual British Invasion in Stowe, Vermont**

Dave Bobeck

Whooop I'm back....

Thursday I left VA with the hope of outrunning the hurricane. That plan simply fell flat on its face and I fought my way through 40 mph winds and driving rain for hours on end. Bridge crossings (Susquehanna, Delaware Memorial) were a bit unnerving but not as bad as I'd anticipated. I was fully prepared for the canvas coming off.

A brief lull on the NJ Turnpike, and then battered again the rest of the evening until I tired of it and got a room. I shoulda stopped at Russ Dushin's place. Anyhow, according to Dixon I was hallucinating but I did see several tress down near the road, one leaning over the guardrail onto the road and many that looked like they would go on to the road if they did fall. A lot closer than 90 feet. A large (about 24" x 10 or 12 foot) piece of scaffolding that had been left hanging from an overpass let go and blew down, landing perfectly square on the shoulder about 100 yards in front of me.

On top of all this, GreenHELL was sending me little subtle messages that she didn't want to be out in this mess. First was the intermittent starter. Nothing a few minutes standing in the rain with a hammer won't fix. Then the ignition coil decided it was too wet, and I had to wake it up with a refreshing spray of WD40. Then I had to wave the magic hammer around the starter again. Fortunately I was able to do all of this parked in the relative safety of the highway shoulder under an overpass, a comfortable 24 inches from the hurtling trucks and buffeted sedans.

I pulled over in Catskill NY, somewhere between Athens and Leeds. Hmm. Anyhow, the Seafood Fra Diavolo was heavy in my gut and the rain had soaked my clothes while I tried to once again correct the no-start situation, so I decided that I would get a room for the night and dry off.

"I need a room with a TV, a phone, and a bed" was what I told the cashier, and that's what I got. I called Jupiter Hollow to advise everyone of my change in plans and settled in for a night of watching news and prepared for my 6:00 AM wake up call which arrived much too early.

At 6:30 I was back on the road, now dry but still fighting off powerful winds. The rain picked up again just outside of Glens Falls NY and continued long past my arrival at an empty house in VT at about noon on Friday. The trip took longer than planned due to an unscheduled 30 minute wait for the Magic Hat brewery to open.

At 1:30 or so I got bored and took off for Rovers North. I ran into Spenny there and spent some time chatting with the various folk that I usually just talk to on the phone. Spenny and I braved the rain and went outside to look at all the cool trucks awaiting their various fates. Off in one corner was a pile of somewhat worn out 90/110 style door tops. Not too worn out to replace the doortops on GreenHELL, says I, and secured a pair for myself as did Spenny.

After a few hours we returned to Jan's house where a gaggle of Rovers was growing in the driveway and a bonfire was brewing. Lots of tilting of beer containers ensued, and the rain continued until around midnight. At this point, as more folks gathered around the fire, Dixon decided we needed to burn an old couch that was near the fire pit. Apparently this had something to do with seeing if the couch was a witch. If it burned, it was a witch. Or something like that. Jan managed some fireside "diplomacy", and so the couch, and Dixon's reputation, were spared. Apparently our Mr. Kenner was drinking heavily, well, more heavily than usual so as to combat the effects of his allergy to the dozen or so animals residing and visiting in the Hilborn household.



*Setting up the new OVLRTent  
Photos: Jeff Berg*

Present toward the end of the evening and passed out in various corners inside and outside were myself, Jeff Meyer, Dixon, Jan, Dave Lowe, and Brett Storey. Maybe others but I really can't remember.

Saturday morning we were all feeling refreshed and woke up at the crack of dawn. Yeah right. Dixon, with his combined pet allergies and hangover gave a more literal definition to the phrase "Hair of the Dog." The rest of us plodded around sullenly until Jeff and his "friend" Abby made some breakfast. I don't recall what exactly it was but there was something that tasted and felt like coffee and I remember seeing a dozen or so eggs swishing about in a bowl.

We took off around 10 and headed out in convoy to crest Smuggler's Notch and descend into the town of Stowe for the British Invasion. First we stopped at the show field for all the cars, that had been relocated up hill due to the effect of the storm. There some of us registered and some of us just watched as nothing happened. Growing tired of this, we all slowly migrated over to the farm where Rovers North had the off-road course set up. I decided to save my \$10 and not do the off road course (until later), and spent the day wandering around, talking to other owners, meeting people, checking out cars and drinking the occasional beer. Jeff Berg was having problems with Finsup and Alan Richer decided that the problem was a blown head gasket. So, torque wrench (mine) procured, and coveralls buttoned up, Al set about taking apart Jeff's engine.

I casually commented to Al that "When you told me if you had to work on Berg's car one more time you were going to take his bloody head off, I thought you meant something else!"

This resulted in uproarious laughter and me being momentarily very pleased with myself. Well, the head came off and there was nothing wrong with it, nothing at all. They say the valves were bad but they looked fine to me, but what do I know. I do know that Al was liable to blow a gasket himself.

I didn't pay much attention to the trials course but the usual suspects were out and "about" and everyone took turns driving either Quintin Aspin's or Eric and Ann Zipkin's 80" Series I. Even Abby who has never driven off road as far as I know, much less been behind the wheel of a Series I scored an 8 out of about 25 gates. Apparently all the other 80" drivers scored a zero and Sunday there would be a "toss off" or some such named tie breaker. The off roading ended around 4:00 PM and folks started to go their separate ways.

A bunch of people went to dinner. A bunch of people drank some beer. After dinner, a bunch of people went back to the show field and some went somewhere else. I separated myself from both groups and headed north in search of gas and over the Notch. A bit steeper going back up, and a bit darker too. On the way down the charge light came on. Tremendous. The engine kept dying and coming back on, a recurring theme since the previous days' thorough soaking. This resulted in some spectacular backfiring as my muffler repeatedly filled up with unburned petrol fumes. I found some petrol on the other side of the Notch and filled up. I pulled the HT wire off the coil and drained the water out off the little bathtub formed by the rubber boot. A squirt of WD40 and lets hope that's all it takes.

Just about then, Eric Zipkin, Ann, Quintin, and George Bull and Joanne pulled into the station. Everybody stood around for awhile and then we proceeded in convoy to Jan's place for another bonfire. this time no furniture was sacrificed but many yarns were spun and more unsuspecting beer containers were tilted toward and emptied into eager little mouths.

Sunday was another lazy morning. Arriving late at the show field I was greeted by Lanny from Rovers North.



“Congratulations on your award”

“Huh?” I turned around and looked at GreenHELL, who, I had just been thinking, would never ever, ever, win any awards anywhere no matter what. Waffling between breakfast and going to collect my award, I opted I for the latter. I watched the end of the award ceremony and then collected my bounty. Returning to the Land Rover field I was distraught to find the French toast in the club trailer had been all but vaporized by the hungry Canadian hordes. I finally located the inimitable Mrs. Rose who graciously whipped up a special batch of the toast français pour moi (maintenant s’il vous plait). Death from starvation averted, I propped my ill-won plaque in front of the bonnet mounted spare and hoped that maybe somebody else would be able to figure out what exactly about my vehicle earned it this honor. Was it the pop-riveted patches in the rear tub? The 3 different shades of Pastel Green? The mashed in fender where I rolled it onto its side? The bumper that has no hope of ever returning to its original shape? Oh well, can’t complain I guess.

In the off road competition, Jeff Meyer won a winch. Eric Zipkin had proclaimed earlier on Saturday that his sole reason for attending was to win the set of tires that was being offered. Sadly, but to the amusement of everyone except perhaps Mike Hopwood, (*Mike Hopwood is a fine one to talk, many of us remember a snapping tow strap taking out the back window of his D90, when he and some other D90 owner decided to see how fast they had to drive apart to break said strap—Ed.*) Eric didn’t do so well in the “Toss off”, flinging the Rovers North Off-Road School’s County LWB Range Rover up and over the last hill and straight into a tree stump. He did clear the gate though. I think his prize was a gift certificate for one bent steering rod.

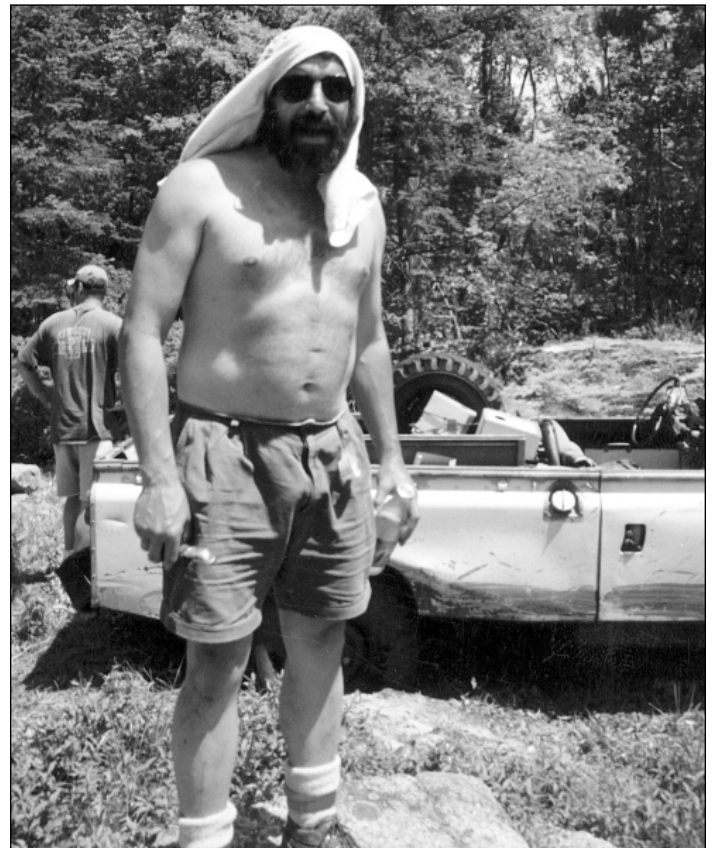
Sunday evening Jeff Meyer, Bruce Fowler and myself were the last three people out on the field, and we played for an hour or two on the off road course, trying different lines and posing the trucks in precarious positions for Jeff’s camera. Later we headed back over the Notch and played some pool with Jan and Abby, ate some pizza and drank a beer or two back at Jupiter Hollow before hitting the sack.

Monday morning I woke at about 10 AM and everyone except Jeff was gone. Abby brought us coffee in the morning and then left, presumably to go to work, which is what normal people do on Mondays. Jeff and I dug through his pile of parts, looking for bits that would be more useful on Red Square than in Jan’s barn. Having fully loaded up on said spares, we took off in search of food. Jeff’s new 109 seems to drive really nicely, it really feels like you are in a new Land Rover. It’s quiet, and does not sound like a truck that has been taken apart and put back together.

One turkey sandwich and one slice of apple pie later, and we were headed back to Jupiter hollow. I packed up the last of my belongings and headed south at around 3:30 PM. I arrived in NJ at my parents house at midnight, having fully enjoyed driving the long distance without any rain. I woke up at 10:00 AM and looked at the window. More rain. Great. I got a quick breakfast, helped with a few things around the house and then split. Just

before Philadelphia, GreenHELL started complaining again. Again with the sputtering and stalling. Pulled over on the left hand side of 95. Opened the door to see a lake about 6 inches deep. Ok, pulled back onto the tarmac. engine sputters, and dies. I get out, WD40 (now almost empty) in hand, and remove the coil wire from the coil terminal again, dumping the water out of the little bathtub. This is ridiculous. I slid the boot down about six inches or so where it won’t collect water anymore. That solved, feeling somewhat self satisfied, I get in the car and turn the key. Nothing. Look at the panel switches; headlights, wipers, heater, all on. Shoot. Guess I’m waiting for the fuzz to swing by and give me a jump-start. Then it hits me. The 4-way flashers are still on. I’m not even getting a charge light. Or an oil pressure light. Something is afoot, says I. I got out my trusty “Leatherman™” tool and removed the steering column surround. Not having patience or a test light even, I stuck the starter solenoid wire on the hot side of the fuse box and off it went. Bonus. I then “hot wired” the beast, and after adjusting the passenger side mirror to avoid “disintegration upon reentry,” I pulled away off of the shoulder just as Mr. Policeman was rounding the U-turn about 1/4 mile back.

I arrived home in around 4:00 PM, mostly dry and not much worse for wear. Only 240 e-mail messages to wade through, and a truck to unload, and laundry to do, and work to go to. The culture shock of coming from Vermont to Washington DC hasn’t quite worn off. I hope it doesn’t for a while longer.



Mike Loiodice, King of the desert... or is that dessert?  
Photo: Quintin Aspin

## FINSUPdate

Jeff Berg

Looks like I'll be attending the Middy either in "The Shark" or by accompanying Caloccia in his Rangie. Once again, "*Solihull, we've got a problem*" and FINSUP is not cleared to launch. It figures. Miles of new trails, a Trials course and me with no ride. It's extra painful because FINSUP has made every Middy since the first. I took delivery one week prior to the first Mid-Atlantic. I made last year's "between Turners"—that is the first Turner got me there and back before the piston split. Oh well, I'm sure everyone else will appreciate the pictures I'll be able to take.

I'm bummed out. I really thought I was coming to the end of the long string of "minor" problems that have plagued FINSUP and I for the past year-and-a-half. To recap (briefly) I've installed a Turner. Installed another Turner when the manufacturing of *that* Turner proved to be faulty. Once that was sorted out I tried to take the vehicle to the Winter Romp only to have the fan let loose from the hub and fly through the radiator an hour from home. Got that fixed but picked up a problem with the temp. gauge—seems to be faulty senders as all other systems check out okay. (Yes, that's sender(s) plural—I've switched it.) The it was the refusal to run at idle after load had been applied—turned out to be a cracked diaphragm in the PCV. Got that sorted out and took the truck to Stowe. When I start Bruce Fowler notices that the trucks not running on four cylinders.

After major work on the field at Stowe and then later back at the condo, and with help from Bruce Fowler, Jeff W., Al Richer, Quintin Aspin and others we got the idle difficulties sorted out. (When all was said in done it turned out to be an intermittent problem with the Lumination ignition—this was after we pulled the head. Don't ask—it actually seemed plausible at the time. Anyhow a "new" points distributor and coil solved the problem in the end.

Though pulling the head proved to be totally unnecessary it was extremely educational. Not only do I know how perform this procedure—and how to reseat valves using



Bruce Fowler finishes up the distributor swap.

Photo: Jeff Berg

only a smashed up fire brick, Power Blaster, and an 18V cordless Bosch drill—but we got a real good look at what Turner calls "precision" engineering.

I hope Bruce Fowler doesn't mind my quoting him. "This is the worst job of planing a head I've ever seen." was his response when he saw the thing. There's a visible ridge on the mating surface and there are several depressions in the surface as well. Dixon saw it too. The valve seats are **not** hardened—in fact they look to be the original valve seats (no inserts) as they're somewhat pitted beyond what my "experts" would expect for an engine with 2K on the odometer. The seats are also undercut—they're quite shallow. I've said in the past that I'd buy another Turner—though only through a reliable dealer like Rovers North or Atlantic British. I'm now withdrawing that statement. Any future engines will either be rebuilt locally (or through Rover-friendly machine shops in Maine or Troy, NY) or will be sourced from Rovers North. (They're rebuilding their own through machine shops local to them.) Turner seems to be taking some shortcuts these days—or maybe they always took them and their reputation is based on advertising dollars or pounds. Too bad. But, as they say in the car ads, your mileage may vary.

As bad as it is. Bruce and Jeff (with moral support and catering by Jeff Aronson) did an excellent job of helping me to sort the Turner out and I left Stowe feeling happy about it, more knowledgeable about keeping the beast on the road, and pretty exhausted after the all night "machining" session that took place on the washing machine in the basement of our condo—



Bruce Fowler crushes fire brick for the regrind job.

Photo: Jeff Berg



The head goes back on at last  
Photo: Bill Caloccia

this from three guys that really just wanted to enjoy a relaxing stress-free weekend.

Anyhow, on the way home something in the drive-train locked up. I drifted over to the shoulder and, in the process of “troubleshooting” selected lo-range which, along with a good dose of wellie, “cleared” the problem with a clunk and a lurch. I made it home at 50 mph but things are definitely not “right.”

I hope to carve out the time this weekend to nurse the car up north to my parents’ place and drain the various oil chambers to look for metal bits. We have a gearbox, a transfer case, an overdrive and a rear diff to choose from. (I think I can rule out the recently replaced front diff but I’ll drain it anyhow.) My hypothesis is that something worked loose and got jammed between gears. Low box “removed” the jam but there must be some teeth missing—or something loose—because things just aren’t “right.”

To add insult to injury, the headlights failed a mile from home. At least they waited until I got off the interstate and onto local roads (at 2:00 AM). I’m not real concerned about this—it’s most likely the cheap far-eastern hi/lo switch. Does anyone know a source for a decent American/German/quality Asian switch for this purpose? My local auto parts stores all stock the same crappy bit. Anyhow, I don’t think this will be too hard to sort out, but it’s another item for the punch list.

**Another one bites the dust!** You can relax, I’m not talking about Turner engines here. Though I’m still not 100% satisfied with the way the truck is idling I want to take another stab at adjusting the valves and do a compression check before I start to worry ‘bout it. (I re-torqued and adjusted on Sunday but am not completely confident in my feeler gauge skills yet.) Symptoms: Blue smoke on startup. (Might be as simple as the rings not being completely seated on this low-mileage motor.) It seems to miss on idle and when it does “water” comes spitting

out of the tail pipe. Also there’s “click” coming from the motor. I’m hoping it’s just a mis-adjusted valve and not signs of a deeper problem. I also have a major exhaust leak where the manifold joins the downpipe. The bolts are snug so I guess the joining area itself is worn. I also want to make sure that the “temporary” PCV that Jared installed is still operational. But the engine is running and it’s not what caused my “lockup” problem on I-91 during the drive home from Stowe.

I nursed FINSUP to the folks’ driveway yesterday. Vibration from the drive-train was getting worse but I made it without any real problem. Before investigating that *tranny* problem I did an oil and coolant change on the motor—as you probably recall we had the head off at the British Invasion. That complete I crept under the Rover and drained the transmission through a strainer. All I got was nice clean oil—no signs of water and no “bits” were present. I pushed my finger into the gear box and that also failed to reveal any sign of metal bits or chunks.

On to the transfer case—same result. Moving back we come to the overdrive. As I was placing the wrench on the drain plug I noticed something amiss. “*Solihull, we have another problem.*” The overdrive casing was broken around the point where the (main?) shaft of the overdrive is mounted into the case. That shaft was sitting proud of casing by approximately 1/2". “Gee, that might cause some excess vibration.” I also realized that I’d been overlooking a key clue all week. The overdrive lever itself had developed a more intense vibration. In the past I’ve been able to tighten the mounting bolt and make this go away but on Sunday when I put a wrench on the bolt I found it to be snug.

Anyhow, that’s it for me and overdrives. This one was purchased new three years ago (after the “original” OD bought the farm in rural Pennsylvania) and has always been treated with proper respect. At least this one got me home!



Field repair at its best, a little Comet and hand cleaner, will clean that puppy right up.  
Photo: Dixon Kenner



I'm looking into the Ian Ashcroft hi-ratio transfer gear and will probably install that kit. For the short term I can pull the OD and go back to my "emergency" transfer gear and cover plate. (Always carried since I was without the last time I had an OD problem.) I could have the truck ready for the Mid-

Atlantic but I'm still not happy about that motor. No more road trips until everything is sorted out.

*Did I mention that all I really want to do is drive my Rover for awhile?*

## **How NOT to cross the Border: A Confession**

*Dave Lowe*

O.K. Here it is. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me, Dixon. The drive to Stowe was uneventful, a long boring four hour drive down the 401 highway from Toronto to the border crossing into the U.S. of A at Cornwall. Then another three hours across New York and into Vermont. The convoy comprised Brett in his 88, Al Dormer in his 88, Charlie and Laura in an unmentionable vehicle and your humble scribe in the 101 (as we passed Brockville we talked on the C.B's about stopping to lay a wreath at the spot where my 101 blew it's rods out of the block on the same trip last year) Crossing over the bridge and approaching the U.S Customs Inspection is always interesting in the 101 since it is right hand drive and with Caesar the very large Pyrenean Mountain dog sitting in the "drivers" seat is always a source of some comment.

A pleasant lady at the booth, we chat, I get the usual questions and across we go. I stop on the other side to exercise my prerogative or whatever. When I came out of the washroom, two guys were examining the 101. Hi, says one and then proceeds to tell me about the Land Rover he owned years ago and wished he had never sold. I tell him I have heard that so many, many times. We chat. He's a nice guy. He wants to know where he can buy one, I tell him that his best bet is direct from the U.K., as it is bursting with ex-military series stuff. I tell him about the 25 year rule for the States. We chat about where the 101 came from (Belize) and about my collection of vehicles. Oh, well time to go. We exchange cards and addresses, He is a Special Agent, U.S. Department of Customs and Immigration!

The Stowe weekend was great (See any of the other stories in this newsletter... —Ed.) and Brett and I decide to leave late on Sunday and take the ferry across Lake Champlain

into New York and bumble back through the Lake Placid area . Overnight stop at Lake Saranac and on Monday a pleasant drive through the Adirondacks and on to the Cape Vincent ferry, crossing into Canada at Wolfe Island. A quick stop to fix a leaking exhaust and to fettle Brett's C.B. was the only drama.

We turn the corner at the ferry dock and the ferry boat is waiting. Damn, we usually get to wait and enjoy an ice cream. The ferry is very small and only takes about eight vehicles. The boat Captain knows us from many previous crossings and starts to rearrange the vehicles already on board allow us to fit. At this juncture male and female U.S. customs agent appear out of their tiny booth. "Oooohh," says the very attractive female agent. "I like that one best!" pointing at Brett. Caesar the wonder dog works his magic and she comes over to pet him. (what a chick magnet!) I should add at this point Brett has been a changed man since he was featured on the front cover of last months OVLN Newsletter... in colour no less... and spent most of the weekend telling me that all the good looking, pleasantly fronted (thanks Frank for that expression) females were staring at him and wanted to "Do him." Thus the agents comment merely served to reinforce his delusions. "My



*Tom Tollefson's 101 on the RTV course, 16th Birthday Party, June 1999*

*Photo: Martin Rothman*



Saturday lunch, 16th Birthday Party, June 1999  
 Photo: Andrew Finlayson

husband wants one of these,” she says “but a long wheelbase.” I give her my E-mail address and tell her to get in touch.

Very pleasant. “What a perfect weekend this has been.” I think as we chug across the St. Lawrence river. For those not familiar with this particular area it is the leakiest border on this planet with over 3500 illegal immigrants, mainly Asian, a year crossing from Canada into the States to say nothing of the booze, cigarette and drug smuggling. Canadian immigration law and enforcement is beyond pathetic, it would be laughable if it weren’t so embarrassing. Why the States don’t just close the border completely until those clowns in Ottawa get their act together is a mystery. However, on with the story...we dock at the Canadian side and disembark. I am the last off the boat. Brett approaches the Customs booth which is the size of a Photomat booth and two agents appear, one male and one female, both with faces as hard as a bag full of chisels. “Oh nice,” as Onslow would say, “welcome to Canada.” Brett is questioned by the blonde female and is allowed through. The customs agent (female blonde) approaches and asks the usual questions, how long in the States, anything to declare, what did I buy. No problem. She then asks me for the Ownership Certificate for the 101. Not a problem.

She then asks where the VIN plate is positioned on this vehicle. I demount, walk around the vehicle and dislodge the wonder dog from his front seat.

“Put the dog on a lead.” says smiley face.

“Oh, he’s ok,” sez I “He’s a big teddy bear.”

**“Put the dog on a lead.”**

Oops. Yes Marm. She leans into the vehicle and reads the plate number.

“The number does not match the plate.”

“What?” sez I, can’t be. Oh \$#^%@! I must have got the plates mixed up when I rebuilt it a couple of years ago.

By this time Mr. Customs Man has walked over.

“This vehicle is not legal, you are trying to bring it into the country illegally”

“No I’m not, I own a lot of vehicles and I must have got the plates mixed up.”

“This ownership is not for this vehicle and you will not be allowed to bring it into the country”

“Yes it is...” (*Cool it Lowe, play the grey man!*)

After all what am I going to do, flee the country? They have all the necessary paperwork to identify me.

“No way,” says the Man, getting into his fierce face mode. “It doesn’t work that way, we do not chase after you.”

You got that right, I say to myself, as Pythonesque visions of row boats laden with Chinese refugees, oars flailing the water pass from shore to shore and power boats laden with cases of booze, and bales of drugs roar by, all behind his back. I mean 3500 illegals a year is pretty close to ten a day.

“You can leave it over there at the end of the dock, it’s not going through”

Yea, right under the sign that says: Welcome to Ontario. But there is no compound, what about security?

“Oh, it will be alright.”

Yea sez you, think I.

“What time do you close up this place? 8 o’clock?”

Damn there is no way I can drive the 400 miles to Toronto and back in that time. “Look, if I can contact my sons they could get to my house and fax the papers. Would that be OK?”

“Maybe.” says the stern one.

I get on the phone to my sons house and ask them to drive to my place (about half hours drive for them) and ask them to find the file for the 101.

We wait The two agents start to ask me why the vehicle came in from the States and if I brought it in. I try to explain how we sent a club member to Belize to see what was being sold off from the Brit military base.

“So you didn’t actually bring it in then.”

“Well no, you see it was brought in on my behalf by this guy called...”

“But what was it doing in the States?” she asks, which is when I realised she must think Belize is in Africa or somewhere. She starts to take down the particulars of the vehicle and asks me “Who makes it?” “Land Rover.” “What country is it made in?” “UK.” “What model is it?” “101.” “No, the name.” “It doesn’t have a name it’s a 101.” “It must have a name.” “No it doesn’t.”

I go outside and bring in the latest Rovers North catalogue. Brett and I give them quick lesson in Rover identification. She starts to look at the ownership. It says the colour is brown on this. *Oh bollocks!*

“Well you see it was sort of brown when I first registered it, it was camo coloured sort of brown and black and green.” “So you painted it then.” “Well sort of and I forgot to change the paperwork.” “Where is the insurance?” I give her the insurance papers. “This vehicle is not listed.” “I know, you see, this vehicle is only used occasionally and I just phone up my broker and he makes a note that I am using vehicle A and takes off vehicle B for whatever period I tell him.” “Hhhmmmm,” says the blonde Communist.

Brett and I go outside. I am trying to stay cool while at the same time muttering foul oaths about Fascists, Commies, blond b%^&\*s of questionable gender. Of course Brettski the super cool dude keeps whispering in my ear.”

“Ya know, I think she fancies me, I think she would like to do me”

Get stuffed, you pervert. Piss off.

“No really, did you notice she has blonde eyebrows? Cool, a real blonde! ooohhh!”

“Will you get the hell away from me, she’s a commie \$^\$\$ #&~!!\* \*%\$ @&(%\$!”

We wait and wait. I am walking up and down trying to think in a straight line. We have been here since 1 o’clock and it is now about 4 o’clock.

She calls us in. My son is on the phone, I try to direct him to where the file could be in my superbly organised office (shut up, Dixon.) There is no way he can find it or another plate that I think is the correct one. We give up. I

move the vehicle and we start to pack whatever we can into Brett’s already packed 88.

I will have to leave the rest and hope it survives. Suddenly a light dawns... Hang on... this is all about money. That’s all, just money!

Back into the office. “Excuse me, nice Custom’s person, (my guy has left for the day) Am I correct in saying the issue before us is a matter of money. Taxes paid and all that?”

“Yes.” says the blond, who really is quite cute.

“There is no issue about it being 15 years old.”

“No.”

“Then may I suggest that you make out a bill for whatever amount you think is appropriate and I will pay you and be on my way.” I do not care about the amount since I will reclaim it when I get back home (and it will be a lot cheaper than running up and down the 401 with some stupid piece of paper just to satisfy some paranoid tax collector).

“I will have to get a valuation.” she says.

“Forget it, they will not have a listing.”

“Oh they will.”

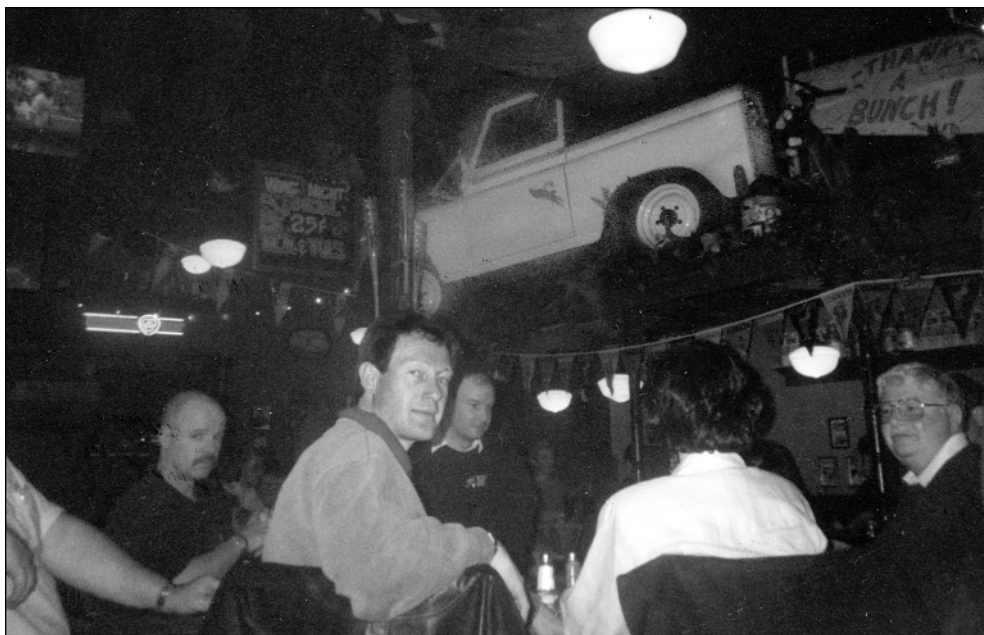
“No, they won’t.”

She gets on the phone and the same performance starts... “A what? Who makes it? etc., etc.” There is no listing.

“I told you.”

“I will have to phone my supervisor.” She tries to explain. I end up on the phone with her female boss.

“You had better make it a short story. I am finishing work in a few minutes and I have to pick up my kids, so make it quick.”



OVLRExec meeting at Trader Joe’s. Left to right: a portion of Bruce Ricker, Kevin Willey, Ted Rose, Dixon Kenner, Christine Rose (back to camera) and Dave Meadows. And yes, that is a Land Rover hanging from the ceiling.

Photo: Andrew Finlayson



(What sweet swivel servants we employ!)

I tell her the story. I don't care how much, it is irrelevant. She says it sounds very suspicious, why are two people driving two separate vehicles, "Why didn't you go in one vehicle?" (%^^%#^\*! Because it's a car rally you dimwit!)... and "Why was it brought in to the States when you said it came from Belize?" (Sheesh!)

"Look, I drove this vehicle from Canada into the States on Friday at noon and now I am coming home. Check at the Cornwall border crossing if you do not believe me."

Just then Brett, who by this time was drooling twice as bad as the wonder dog, (all over the counter, embarrassing really), comes up with the answer!

"Dave..." says Brett "...that business card from the Special Agent, it has all the telephone numbers, even cell numbers." We contact him, I give the card to Ms. Agent and Brett and I go outside to finish off the packing. Suddenly she appears at the tailgate of the 101 and hands me the keys and the ownership.

I am dumbstruck.

"Are you saying we can go?"

"Yes," she says, "we will check on your story and will take it further if it is not correct."

I tell her I will fax the receipt for the importation to her tomorrow. Whhhheeeew. I feel as limp as deflated balloon. No explanation of course. We repack, chuck the dog into the 101 and take off for Toronto. The this time is about 5 o'clock. What a hell off a way to end a weekend. Brett by this time is seriously in lust with Ms. Customs Agent, and is convinced it was all because she wanted him.

Poor sod... I don't want to talk about it. In the cold light of the next day I had to admit it was my own damn fault and they were on the ball doing their job. Just thank our lucky stars Tom Tollefson in his 101 and Ian in the Lightweight were not with us. Now that would have been interesting. I found the correct plate and faxed all the stuff and hope I never hear from them again.

Here endeth my confession.

Happy now Dixon?

## New Members

12 new members in September

**Andrew Westmacott** of Potsdam, NY with a 1996 Range Rover 4.6 HSE

**Marcie Kelly** of Barre, VT

**Allen Hantman** of Rockway, NJ

**Maura Memont** of Methuen, MA with a 1971 SWB and a 1995 Range Rover

**Jay & Linda Johnson** of Groveland, MA with a 1966 SIIa

**George Bull & Joanna Cameron** of Center Ossipee, NH with a 101 FC, a 1987 Rangie and a 1961 SII 109

**James Schneck** of Strafford, VT with a 1969 Ila 88

**Leonard Ostroff** of Hamstead, Quebec with a 1998 Range Rover

**Jenny Chon** of Scarsdale, NY with a 96 Disco

**Howard Smith** of Cooperstown, NY with a 1977 101 GS FC and a 1972 Lightweight

## Rovers & Parts for Sale

*Some Vehicles etc. For Sale received in the club mailbag. (Note: If anyone wants to sell or trade parts of vehicles, drop a line, either by post or e-mail with all the pertinent details, and they will appear here.)*

1972 SIII SWB, new paint, many new parts, all restoration records available, runs well, licensed and motor vehicle inspection. \$5500.00. John Larlee, Fredericton, NB, Phone: 506-453-9643, email: jlarlee@coxhanson.ca or jondlar@hotmail.com

1967 Ambulance. Contact Sid at 416-240-1950 at 53 Sheffield Drive, Toronto, Ontario

Series IIA SWB 1973 registered. Custom built frame, no rust. Stainless steel exhaust. Safetied in June '99. New brakes, and Cooper tires. Asking \$6500. Phone Kanti Barnes at 299-7538 or email: kanti\_barnes@hotmail.com

## 13th Annual Frame Oiler

**Background:** Can we say rust? Rot? The eye-opening price of a new frame? The precursor to putting your Land Rover for winter storage? Since 1987, the Frame oiler is for you, whether you will be storing your vehicle or continuing to use it as a daily driver through our salt infested winter. If you want to do the family Bentley, that's fine, but Land Rovers take priority on the ramps.

**The Event:** The annual chance to cover over the underside and other metal bits on your Land Rover, as well as yourself, with the finest quality goo. In some years not only is the water repelling abilities of this goo tested on metal, but sometimes on you should there be a downpour happening.

We will have a compressor, ramps, oil, and all of the paraphernalia on hand. The idea is to thoroughly coat the inside and out of your frame, door-posts etc, to inhibit corrosion. This kind of oil is very tenacious and not easily displaced by the brine you will be driving through. In order to have a proper application, it would be best to hose down the innards of your chassis, in order to remove mud, clay, cow manure, bull... etc. Do this a couple days in advance of the event as the oil works best on a dry chassis. If you have not cleaned the underside of your Land Rover before, a guide can be found in Maintenance - Cleaning page in the FAQ. There are lots of otherings to consider cleaning. If you are doing this in preparation for storing your Rover for the winter, some pointers can be found on the winter storage page in the FAQ.

As usual, the club Expedition Trailer will be in attendance, so coffee for early morning arrivals will be available. Lunch later in the day.

**When:** Saturday, October 23rd. 9am is the official starting time, though people are known to get there a lot earlier.

**What:** Bring, or wear clothes that you do not mind getting a bit oily. In fact, depending on your skill, they could get very oily, so overalls might be a good idea. You are responsible for oiling your own vehicle, unless of course you can bribe someone else to do it for you. Bring a clean Land Rover. The oil you put on will work better on steel, rather than damp mud.

**Accommodations & Food:** You don't need accommodations obviously, though food is always something near and dear to our hearts. With the Trailer in attendance, for those arriving bright and early, read before eight am, there is the opportunity of some breakfast. For those arriving later, there will be lunch served. In the past this has ranged from home-made chili to hamburgers

**Reservations/RSVP:** None required

**Cost:** At this time, it is assumed that the price will remain at the same place it has for the previous twelve Oilers, namely \$25.00. This all inclusive price gets your Land Rover up on a set of ramps, a spray gun in your hand, and

an interested audience to see how well you manage. From there, how well you do is up to you.

The entry fee includes lunch. If you just want to come and watch, socialise and have a few brew, lunch from Chef Dave will set you back \$5.00

**Activities:** Spray the underside of your Land Rover with lots of goop. Have lunch, maybe a brew or two.

There will be a Social afterwards at the Cheshire Cat or the Swan at Carp.

**Getting There:** The Frame Oiler has traditionally been held at two spots. The Hart's residence in Kanata, or Roy Bailie's business in Kanata. This year, it is at Roy's shop.

Roy's Shop: Kanata Collision is located at 5862 Hazeldean Road, just east of Stittsville. To get there, take the Queensway/417 west to Terry Fox. Head south on Terry Fox to Hazeldean Road. Turn right (West). Approximately a mile and a half later and you are there. Kanata Collision is on the left.

A map and hyperlinks can be found at <http://www.ovlr.org/OVLR.events.oiler.html>

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#### \*\* NEW PRODUCTS \*\*

- **GBR POLYBUSHES** - Series I-II-III
- **GBR GREASABLE POLYBUSHES** - Series I-II-III
- **GBR SOFT POLYBUSHES** - Defender, Discovery, Range Rover

#### \*\* SPECIAL PACKAGE DEALS \*\*

- **ARB OR DETROIT LOCKERS & 4.1 GEARS** - Defender, Disco, RR
- **PARABOLIC LEAF SPRUNG SUSPENSION** - Santana Springs, Bilstein Shocks & GBR Polybushes
- **COIL SPRUNG SUSPENSION** - OME Springs/Bilstein Shocks



**detroit locker**



**OLD MAN EMU™**

**detroit  
truetrac**



# Land Rover UK's New Project SVX:

The embodiment of over 50 years of Land Rover know-how, Project SVX offers breathtaking 4x4 technology at the push of a button. 100% exhilaration at the turn of a key.

How far will Land Rover go in pursuing limitless capability? As far as your nerves can stand. And then some. After all, as Project SVX demonstrates, every vehicle we build points the way into the kind of terrain that stops the competition in our tracks. Electronic Traction Control, Hill Descent Control, Td5 engine, all firsts for Land Rover, all prove that Land Rover can truly lay claim to the title of the World's Best 4x4 By Far



## Engineering:

- '99MY Defender 90 - topless
- TD5 manual engine torque increased from 300Nm to 375Nm (+25%)
- Galvanised chassis with strengthening plates and webbing
- Four-pin locking cross-axle differentials - quick release centre mounted switching with ETC disable built-in
- Modified suspension - gas discharged shock absorbers, uprated coil springs for improved articulation and vehicle height
- Unique 20" alloy wheels
- Unique tread pattern off-road terrain tyres
- ABS brakes
- Ventilated front disc brakes
- ETC - Electronic Traction Control
- HDC - Hill Descent Control with centre mounted quick-release switching
- Heavy duty protection cage
- Raised air-intake integrated into protection cage
- Detachable winch with front and rear mounting points and in-board stowage
- Flow through mesh intake grille
- Long range fuel tanks protected by Rock Sliders (underbody protection)
- GPS (Global Positioning System) - detachable
- Full underbody protection - sump, diffs, gearbox, steering
- Modified Side sills (rock sliders)
- Modified utility fascia with contact breakers, not fuses

- Recovery hooks
- Off-road Recovery kit
- Fire extinguisher

## Interior:

- Two waterproof full support specialist off-road seats with built-in grab handles
- Body colour throughout - no carpet
- Alloy tread plate, footwells and loadspace compartment
- Lightweight alloy foot pedals
- Alloy gearshift and transfer lever

## Design:

- Unique Green micatallic body colour - Himalayan Green
- Unique aluminium bumper and cappings front and rear
- Unique alloy grille
- Alloy mounting plates
- High cut front & rear wheel arches with unique eyebrows
- Removed windscreen
- Detachable doors
- Detachable tailgate
- Raised sill finisher for increased ground clearance
- Bright anodised body structure elements - hinges, fuel filler cap, body rivets, rear corner finisher and cabin top surround
- Body-coloured door mirrors
- Heavy duty suspension components





# JUST THE THING TO TAKE THE KIDS TO SCHOOL IN.

People use Land-Rovers for all sorts of tough jobs: going on safari, crossing the desert, exploring the upper reaches of the Amazon...taking the kids to school.

But that's only natural. After all the Land-Rover's not only tougher and stronger than other vehicles. But it's more versatile. There's an inside that can be set aside, for picnics or going to the zoo.

That's the beauty of rugged old Land-Rovers. They do what cars do, and then twice as much again.

Whether you're tiger spotting in Thailand or tom-tit spotting in Tunbridge Wells, a Land-Rover's for you.

For you in more ways than one. With seating for up to twelve in the Land-Rover Station Wagon. High-visibility seating which means you've got all-round vision.

You see it all. And that means safety. That, plus the extra strong body-work makes Land-Rover the family favourite.

Land-Rover for tough jobs, like taking the kids to school.

**The Rover Company Limited,**  
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