

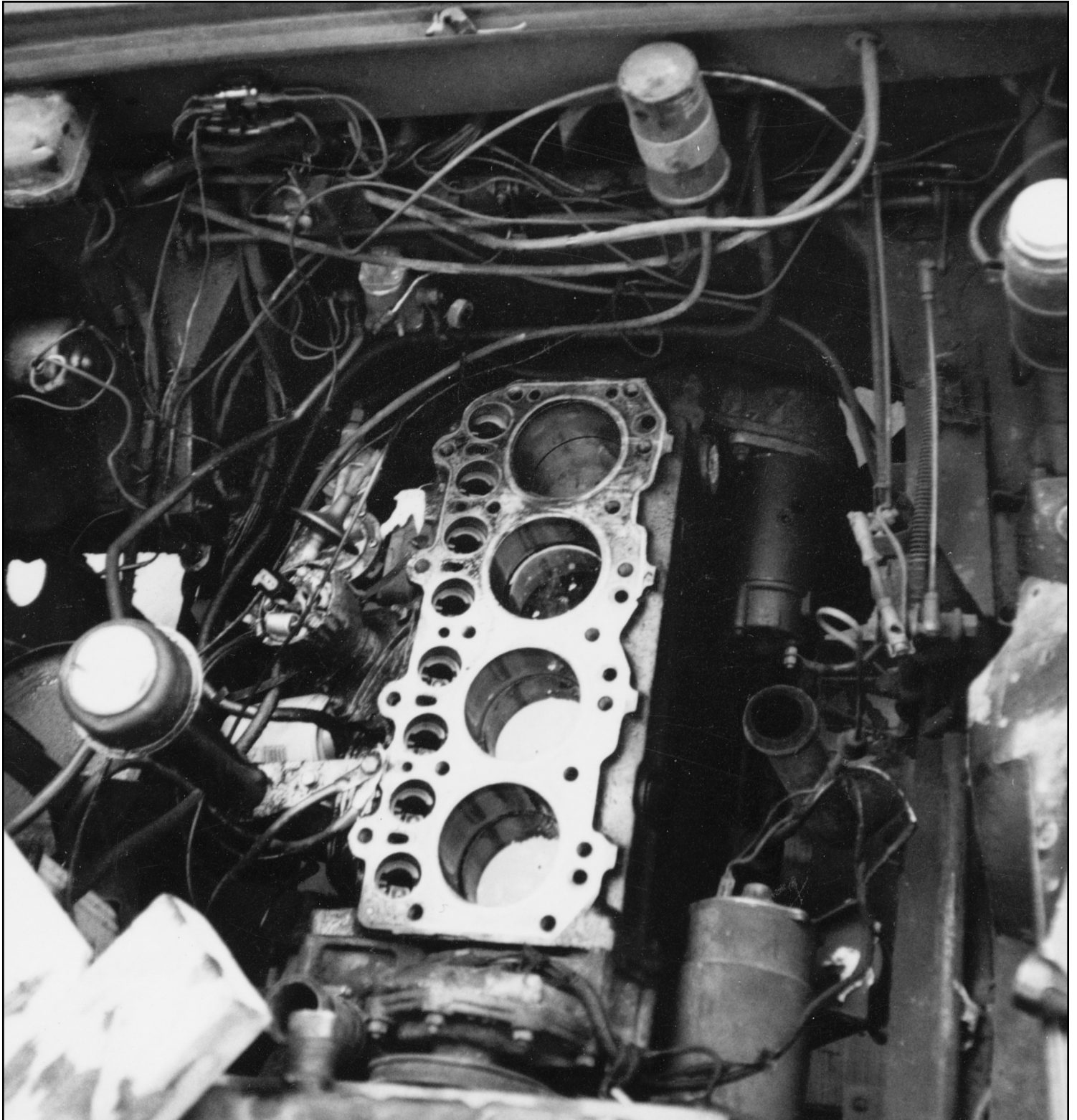
OTTAWA
VALLEY
**LAND
ROVERS**

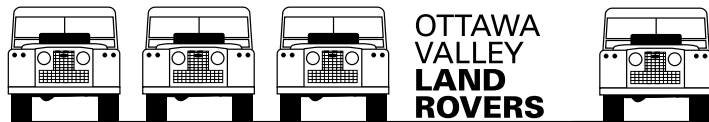


15 December 1999

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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.

OVLR 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: Canadians joining throughout the year pay CD\$30 per year; Americans and others pay US\$25 per year; membership is valid for one year.

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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) 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 may be 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/
OVL R/Land Rover HAM:
14.160Mhz @ 01:00GMT Tuesdays

“Everyone in North America that needs a 101 already has one. Except for Ben Smith, who needs two...”

– Al Richer

Greetings;

This month saw the annual Christmas gathering of Land Rover enthusiasts in a new location. Unlike past years at the Navy Mess, this years Party was held at the Hungarian Community Centre where dinner took a much better turn. In fact it was so good, **Chauncei Chan** was seen to eat more than **Roy Bailie**, our perpetual hungry camper!

Christine Rose has the latest in OVL R ware displayed. This years new Christmas fashion included a selection of vests, as well as the usual fare of shirts, sweatshirts and the like.

Andrew Finlayson set up a number of challenging games revolving around the traditional “Feelie Meelie” concept whereby you have to guess by touch the parts sealed inside a box. As has been the trend, there were more versions to try and challenge some of the experts out there with the “Extreme” version being added as well as a “Which part doesn’t belong” which threw off just about every person that tried. **Murray Jackson** carried on what is becoming a Christmas tradition, a crossword puzzle designed just for the ladies, though this year he ensured the ladies didn’t get any help by adding clues and answers that the guys were sure to be clueless about.

Our out of town visiting contingent was up this year from last. **Dave Lowe** lead **Team Daphne** on a pilgrimage from Toronto. A fortunate visit overall for him as he was present to receive our most valued award, the Lugnut. Dave has been working towards this award for a number of years, and every year he tried his hardest to top his last year’s efforts. As it was getting to the point where his antics were becoming indistinguish-

able from low level earthquakes emanating out of his secret Pickering Headquarters. The various Land Rover parts found along side highways was another factor in his recognition this year.

Not to be forgotten was another long distance visitor. **Jeff Berg** drove up from New York City to partake in the frivolities with Anne. Jeff won this years Gasket Under Glass Award for his obvious attention to engine detailing. If it were not for Jeff, we wouldn’t know about the proper use of fire brick and that Alan Richer has this thing about taking heads off and apart.

Team Daphne and Jeff were joined by a Vermont contingent of **Jeff Meyer** and **Bruce Fowler** who sauntered on up for some of the festivities, which for some lasted until 4:30 AM.

While there was no auction this year for the first time in many years, numerous items sent up by OVL R’s sponsors were raffled off as door prizes. This years gift to members who attended the Christmas Party were some neat notepads, repleat with OVL R logo and XCL tire marks across two of the corners. Many of those will be out to be used by the members!



*A quiet idyllic scene from the light off-road (now under 12 feet of snow), 16th Birthday Party
Photo: Dixon Kenner*

This Month’s Cover:

Christmas tree light wiring? Nope, it’s Jeff Berg’s engine bay druing the British Invasion head removal, September 1999 Photo: Jeff Berg



in the next month or so...

January 3	Executive Meeting, 7 PM. Phone Andrew for location
January 17	Social at the Prescott, Preston Street, 7 PM
January 19	Annual General Meeting, Royal Canadian Legion, Kanata, 7 PM
February 7	Executive Meeting, 7 PM
February 21	Social at the Prescott, Preston Street, 7 PM

future events:

(Dates & times subject to change)

February	Winter Romp, Maine
early April	Maple Syrup Rally
June 19-20	Downeast Rally, Maine
June 23-25	Birthday Party, Silver Lake, Ontario

Christmas Party aftermath: Winners and sponsors

LUGNUT AWARD: Dave Lowe (as turned in by **Tom "AquaFamous" Tolleson**) for a multitude of past sins, that range rear ramming innocent 88's, to crossaxling the mighty 101 in the middle of a city park, to undertaking more engine rebuilds than even Dixon manages and other assorted crimes too numerous to list.

TOWBALL AWARD: **Ben Smith** for all the towing he has done (A pair of 101's from Washington State to Los Angeles, Dora from Austin Texas to Los Angeles., volunteering to tow a friends 101 from Oregon to San Francisco etc.)

GASKET UNDER GLASS: Jeff Berg. All you have to do is read last month's account of his latest engine woes to realise that Jeff is a deserving person this year!

SILVER SWIVEL BALL: **Gordon Bernius**. If you happen to be awake at the crack of dawn, you can generally find Gordon around the Club trailer, cleaning, getting things organised, and then helping out during

the day at our various events this past year.

KEENEST NEW MEMBER: **Rino Granito** (the chap with the RR from Montreal)

PERSEVERANCE AWARD from Bruce Ricker to **Dave Meadows** for his seven year rebuild job which is about complete. The award is a pilot bushing mounted on a plaque which Bruce reports was forgotten during this rebuild.

TECHNICAL INNOVATION AWARD, or the "Dixon Kenner Field Chassis Repair Kit" to **Dixon Kenner** (made by **Peter Gaby** for the frame repair at Calabogie)

Biggest Nuts award for Scot Wilson

Murray Jackson got recognition for his series of crossword puzzles

Crossword Puzzle Winners: '99 OVLRL newsletter crosswords (4) sponsored by Atlantic British: - \$200 to **Fred Joyce** with perfect score, \$100 split between **John Parsons** (a non-local member!) and **Bruce Ricker** with 1 wrong answer, \$50.00 to Andrew Finlayson with 2 wrong answers. Solution grids will be posted on the OVLRL web page.

Christmas Party "Ladies Only" Crossword - prizes for 100% correct answers to **Sharon McDiarmid**, **Heather Rothman**, **Natalie Willey**, **Joyce Meadows** and **Shannon Lee Mannion**. Honourable mention to **Janet Dowell** and **Aimee Ingram** with only one wrong answer.

Feelie Meelie game winners:

Easy: **Keith Elliot**, **Fred Barrett**, **Scott Wilson**, **Martin Rothman**, **Harald Friese** [LR key fob, LR badge, wheel nut (15/16"), wiper blade]

Medium: **Christain Szpilfogel**, **Gordon Bernius**, **Brett Story** [Axle u-bolt, engine mount, brake shoe (10") gearshift grommet, hubnut]

Expert: **Dixon Kenner/Lynda-Marie Trifilette** [Brake/clutch pedal pad, frame shackle bushing, fill/checkplug, from front diff, hubseal collar, speedo retainer bracket, wiperarm stop bracket.]

Extreme: **Ted Rose** [Handbrake release (Late IIA), wiper/wash switch (III), horn button bracket (II) Door lock motor (disco), Hood spare tire holder (I), Door hinge (I)]

Seelie Meelie: **Dixon Kenner/Lynda-Marie Trifilette** [Shock absorber rubber, oil fill/check plug swivel housing, Early 80" name plate, handbrake crossshaft bushing support (Series)]

Part that did not belong: **Ted Rose** [80" brake reser-

voir, yellow 2w/4wd knob, Steering box bracket, grey/silver turn indicator switch, rear bearing housing on the transfer box]

Christmas Party supporters: Atlantic British Parts, MiniMan, Rovers North, Wise Owl, LRM Magazine, Christine's mum Louise. Dave & Joyce Meadows handled the finances, Christine Rose all of the arrangements for the location and meal. Andrew Finlayson put together the various Feelie Meelie games (Dale says he's ace a Range Rover one), and Murray Jackson who put together another Ladies Crossword Puzzle.

The following firms or individuals supported of OVLRL during 1999 at either the Birthday Party, Christmas Party, and other events.:

Atlantic British Parts, Mechanicsville, NY
Rovers North, Westford, Vermont
Wise Owl, Vancouver, British Columbia
British Bulldog, Massachusetts
MiniMan, Stittsville, Ontario
Classic Garage, Bedford New York
Simpler Thyme (LR shaped soap)
Land Rover Magazine, England
LRO Book Shop (Oshawa, Ontario)
Westboro Land Rover (Otto's), Ottawa,
Ontario

Kanata Collision provided space for the Oiler
The Deacon's provided space for the Birthday Party
The Fairhead's provided space for the Maple Syrup Rally
Royal Canadian Legion (Kanata) provided space for the AGM

Annual General Meeting

The next event of note is the Annual General Meeting. As it is traditionally held on the darkest, coldest night of the year. Our predictions say that this year that will be the night of Wednesday, January 19th. The AGM will be held at the same place as the past two years, namely the Royal Canadian Legion in Kanata on Hines Road at seven PM.

For those local members wondering where a ballot is for next years Executive, there were sufficient nominations to cover every position. However, once the Returning Officer had contacted all of the nominees, only one person per position remained. Next year's Executive will be announced at the AGM.

Appointed positions: If anyone is interested in any of the appointed positions, please contact Andrew Finlayson. The sane ones are Auditor, Returning Officer, and Club Equipment Officer. Secretary-Treasurer and Editor are for the insane and will probably be acclaimed for another term. Marshal is a lifetime appointment.

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

From the Editor: Yes, slight late this month, this Y2K nonsense is keeping some of us more than slightly busy, and being at National Defence, the Department is taking this all very seriously, least anything actually happen. One of those "better safe than sorry" affairs. The November newsletter was assembled, collated, stuffed, and mostly stamped by Bruce Ricker, Fred Joyce, Murray Jackson, Andrew Finlayson, with a special guest appearance by Paul Chasson who came all the way up from Prince Edward Island to help us out. We're blaming Paul for the dozen or newsletters that Canada Post returned s postage, though why we are not sure as some members have reported receiving their newsletter without postage last month!

A quick snippet for the newsletter from Dave Lowe... Poor mans pressure bleeder. Take one old master cylinder cap and a screw in type (tubeless) truck tire valve stem with

schrader valve. Drill hole in top of cap and screw in valve stem. Screw on to master cylinder. When I made this a couple of years ago I did not have too much success since the compressed air line just blew the fluid through too fast. I found the answer last week...use the 12 volt plastic Canadian Tire compressor. Bingo, enough pressure to do the job without blasting the fluid. Make up a long wire lead with a push-button switch and you can control the compressor while you have your head in the wheel well.

Secret News from Team Daphne Central: Hey! You will not guess what happened last night at about 5:30... We had an earthquake! Yep, about 3.9 which is puny I guess as quakes go but what the heck, just another reason for Toronto to claim world famousness. Centred about a mile out in the lake due south of me. Oooooohhhhhhh. A great rumble and a vibration. I thought what the heck, a tree must have come down, Nope!

'Twas a genuine quake and it wasn't the parts shifting in my shed!

🚗 Spy news from down south. Joe Tolerico succumbs to LR disease: It started with a rotten Series III, which was restored to factory condition, then sold. This led to a 110, which was assembled, and now washed, waxed, on a weekly basis (We have yet to see it in any mud). Well, now we hear he has obtained a Disco. This new vehicle is turning him into... well... don't you dare tell him... one of "those". He drives around, complete with his LR hat, LR shirt, LR owners log positioned in site w/LR pen turned just so to read LR, detail this, detail that... We did hear that he is intending to make this years Birthday Party. To show us how a proper wax job makes you slide through those trails so much easier!

🚗 A message from Mark Perry in Manitoba; Greetings Dixon, Sad to say, like the infamous Norwegian blue parrot, I am an ex-Land Rover owner - sold my '66 IIA - but to an excellent owner here, Cirk Harrold, who added it to his fleet of another IIA 88", a IIA 109", a Bugeye SIIA 88" - and a Disco. He's already got the IIA in excellent shape as his daily driver - even had the canvas hood on it a few weeks back - looked great.

So, while I'm stuck with this *@#%\$! J**p for now, I'm keeping my eyes out for my next LR ... Hmmm - wondering about those ex-UK Military D90s that guy in Brockville has - for \$18K each! - might hang tough for a Rangie, though, if I can find the right deal. Cheers

🚗 Red square update from Dave Bobeck: Between short bouts of having a life, I managed to get over to the garage to check out the 109. When we last left our dear friend he was sitting over a steaming gutpile that used to be his gearbox.

Today I inspected the remains, hoping to find something a little better than say, what I *did* find. Among the dead: 1st gear layshaft, err... *no* teeth left, 1st gear main not much better. About half of the teeth are worn down halfway. Wonder why... Input shaft (4th) gear, chunks of 1st gear sort of wedged in places. Perhaps worth magnafluxing or something (x-ray?) since there are a few small chips but no appreciable wear and these are NLA. Same with layshaft hi gear. Reverse gear. Toast. Layshaft front bearing, toast. Add in all the usual sundry bits and this should be a nice drop in the pocket for some third world back alley cog merchant. Oh, and just for your info...when trying to unstuck a stuck clutch, you can break things. One of the damper springs from the clutch disc was lying in bits at the bottom of the bellhousing.

This all must have happened when the bastard children of



*Bill Rice almost put Mrs. Merdle on her side again 16th Birthday Party
Photo: Quintin Aspin*

the PO got the poor old beastie stuck in Daddy's field. Left it out there for a few weeks/months, then the clutch got stuck. Dump the clutch in low range...bang...bang...bang...out come the teeth.

I put the broken teeth under Red Square's pillow. Maybe the tooth fairey will leave a few bucks in their place.

bugger bugger bugger... wait- this is fun, right? right

A complete engine gearbox swap is starting to look like an option. Figure \$500 for gearbox parts. Then when the engine gets replaced/upgraded, the need for speed calls. Over-drive...hmmmm...\$1200. Can you say "5-speed"? I knew you could. Now to find some \$\$\$



*Mike Loiodice's IIA light off-road, 16th Birthday Party
Photo: Quintin Aspin*

1999
in review:
**THE
BIRTHDAY
PARTY**



Some Non-OVLR News & Rumours

🚗 A sight to behold from Russell Dushin: So on my way to the local VW dealer (to price a '00 GLS Passat wagon con leather, etc...which turned out to be a waste of time since the schmucks wouldn't budge on the MSRP, contrary to what they told us on the phone...) I drove past... get this... a Hummer Limo. The thing must've been thirty feet long, at least. Probably can't even handle the slightest of speed bumps. What a joke.

🚗 Land Rover Trivia, the chassis: Chassis thickness is 3/32" otherwise known as 14 gauge. Spring hangers, body mounts, other parts that require extra strength are 10 gauge (1/8") (front of rear spring hangers is a good place to see this. also the tabs that hold the front of front springs)

🚗 East Timor by Rick Grant

Well, I've been back in Canada for two weeks and it took a chance encounter with a LR owner this afternoon at a dog park in Calgary where I was exercising the Border Collies, and the Land Rover, to spur me into action and write some sort of report on Land Rover's in Australia and East Timor.

Before I got to East Timor I had to cool my heels for a week in Darwin, Northern Australia, before the military would allow the relief agencies and me to fly into Dili, the capital of East Timor.

Darwin is one terrific place. Apart from the Canadian Arctic I have never met such friendly and outgoing people, such good beer, and such good times. Too bad there was East Timor on the other end but that's for later.



Guy Arnold's Series III, 14th Birthday Party
Photo: Dixon Kenner

Now, my knowledge of Australia before going was essentially limited to a Monty Python sketch where everyone ran around calling everyone else Bruce and they all wore flat brimmed hats with corks dangling from them. And then there were some bits scored from the Crocodile Dundee movies and possible a couple of Nevil Shute novels.

I was ready to discard all of those impressions except for the one where I firmly believed that all Australians drove Series Land Rovers. Well, I certainly did have to dispose of that one because in the week that I was in Darwin I saw precisely one Series IIA. Certainly there are others, but I didn't see them. Instead I saw more Toyota Land Cruisers (mostly with snorkel kits) and Mitsubishi's than anything else. They were everywhere. All of them white.

The All Terrain and the Ute (what I would call a pick-up) reigns supreme in the Northern Territory.

I had a chat with one of the logistics officers working for CARE who was in charge of buying vehicles for the Timor relief mission about the lack of Land Rovers and he, being an Aussie, was quite blunt that no self respecting "bushmaster" I think he called them, would be caught dead in a Land Rover because they were so computerised and specialised that it would be a death sentence to be caught in the Back of Beyond in one that had broken down.

It was for that reason and I believe some cost reasons that CARE and most if not all other relief organisations in Darwin were buying Mitsubishi's and other makes, but never Land Rover.

This sure wasn't the case in Dili when I finally got in there after the military had secured the town.

The United Nations Mission, which had set up and administered the election in East Timor that had precipitated the carnage by disgruntled Indonesian militias and the Indonesian army, used nothing but Land Rover Discovery's as their mode of transport.

As much a fan of Land Rover technology as I am, I am indeed getting sick of going into disaster areas and finding United Nations bureaucrats riding around in Discos and Defenders when an ordinary vehicle would suffice while even their own field officers in the midst of carnage, let alone the relief agencies, have to do with less.

So it was with some true bemusement that I scanned the United Nations compound in Dili when we were finally allowed back into the country to see that every one of the two dozen or more Land Rover Discoveries that the United Nations Mission had in Dili were immobile because someone had taken the keys and no one knew how to start them otherwise.

Two days after we arrived a local Dili entrepreneur showed up and offered for a price to make keys for all of the vehicles. The UN paid the guy the money and wouldn't you know, there were suddenly keys (original keys) in all of the Discos.

Apart from those two dozen Discos, something like 200 other spanking new Discos elsewhere in Timor had been looted by retreating Indonesian forces and while quite some number have been recovered I am sure that all over Indonesia there are some terrific deals on slightly used Discoveries with questionable histories. I personally watched while ten of them, prominently plastered with UNAMET labels, were loaded on an Indonesian Army barge in Dili for transport elsewhere.

The main military presence in East Timor when I was there was the Australian Army. They all seemed to be equipped with Defenders grafted permanently onto trailers of one sort or another. I really can't recall seeing an Aussie Defender without a trailer of some sort. It didn't seem to bother them in any way. I came across Australian Land Rovers and

trailers on tracks outside of town that would have been a challenge to an 88". I guess it's all a matter of how well trained you are as driver. But truly, it was impressive how they got those vehicles into places that I, on foot, in the mountains thought was impassable.

I drove one short trip early in the mission from Dili south about 15 Km to a village where we thought there was immediate need of food and medical aid. I was driving a Pajero in lead position, followed by Discovery, a 5 tonne truck and a HiLux (pick-up). The grade wasn't particularly steep, we weren't held up by worries of land mines (not a lot anyway) and the weather was fine. But the road, normal by Timorese standards, was so rough that it took 12 hours to get the convoy through. Admittedly the 5 tonner held us up but even so I'd have been hard pressed on my own in the Pajero to do the trip in much less than 10 hours. As for the Discovery and the HiLux – well the drivers were fine but their passengers were ready to walk back because of the way they'd been thrown around. I don't know if that was because of their drivers or their lack of foresight to wear seatbelts but I got no complaints from the people in my Pajero.

I just wish that once sometime during my time in East Timor I could have come across a wrecked or abandoned Series vehicle so I could score another souvenir part to add to my Series II.

 Winter engine oil? Alan Richer sends us this handy little guide

If your oil pressure is fine with the 10W40 go for it - personally I run 20W50 year-round and have had little difficulty starting even with an older battery.

Manual - hmmm... (shuffle, shuffle, as Richer produces a battered, paper-clipped manual from the recesses of his desk drawer...) And I quote from the Book of Rover - Page 40 - Recommended Lubricants (he states in a high, quavering voice) These recommendations apply to Temperate climates where



*Christine Rose's Disco. First Calabogie Run, 1999
Photo: Kevin Willey*

operational temperatures may vary between approximately 10° F (-12° C) and 90° F (32° C).

In order, they are for the petrol engine:

- SAE 20W
- Energol SAE20W
- Castrol Castrolite
- Duckham's NOL Twenty
- Esso Motor Oil 20W30
- Mobiloil Arctic
- Advanced Halvoline 20W20
- Shell X-100 - 20W.

and for the diesel engine:

- SAE 20W
- Engergol Diesel D20W
- Castrol CR20
- Duckham's NOL Diesel Engine Oil Twenty
- Essofleet HD20
- Mobiloil Arctic
- RPM Delo SPecial 20
- Rotella 20/20W

From this, personally I think I'll stay with my 20W50 for year-round protection. 10W40 seems like it's a bit light in the low end for startup, but after that it's OK. If you're in temps below 10° F consistently, then 10W whatever is definitely in order...with a block heater.

Of course, all of the brands above are terminally obsolete, but I think that the viscosity recommendations at the cold end still look valid.

 December LR Magazine reviews

LRM: If you like Series ones there are 2 articles with some great shots. One of an owners trials in New Zealand shows and 80" (I think) in a river up to its hood. The driver appears to be either lifting himself out of his seat with his hand gripping the doortop, or else he is trying to open it against the current (An impossibility from the way the water is forced against the body

on that side). His next vehicle was a new '65 IIA wagon, where he says "One thing this vehicle didn't like was high speed road running, and after long trips, we would often arrive home with either a cracked exhaust manifold or burnt out exhaust valve." Well, at least the rest of us who have suffered similar problems haven't had to buy their vehicles from new.

A review of the book "Across The Top" revealed some fun re fishing for crocodiles in Australia: "Hoping for a crocodile, Malcolm baited a large shark hook and cast it into the estuary, tying the other end of the line to an ancient iron wagon wheel dumped nearby. The following morning the wheel had disappeared. From its original position, a large furrow led into the water. The receding tide revealed the wheel, buried deep in the mud, with the line still attached. Tugging only brought a huge dorsal fin to the surface; the creature was too heavy to be pulled ashore. Hitching the line to the Series one's winch, the catch was slowly hauled in, leaving a deep trail in the mud. They'd landed an eleven foot-long hammerhead shark!"

Also a Series one rally in Wales is covered. While the text is a bit thin the photos really jump out and grab you. There's a very nice bronze green 86" or 88" soft top from the rear with the back rolled up in the background, and an immaculate steam engine in the foreground of the main photo. If you didn't want a Series one before, you'd want one after seeing this spread.

Jeff Meyer's 109" rebuild saga continues. He had the rear propshaft shortened to accommodate the Salisbury rear end he had installed... and came up an inch short. Ouch! He had to have it lengthened to get it to fit. After stuffing a last log into

Jan Hilborn's fireplace in Vermont he heads up to Roy Bailey's body shop in Ottawa for the prep work for the 109's respray. Dixon was good enough to let him crash at his place, but it's unknown if he let Jeff stick a log in his fireplace (Oops! Almost forgot. Dixon doesn't have a fireplace!). Roy was really cool in allowing Jeff to assist in sanding and prepping the vehicle for paint. Some good photos of the prep work are included, but it would have been great to see some better shots of the finished 109 in the off white limestone paint. The article ends with an unlatched rear side door swinging open and denting the center T piece. Ouch!

In an article on the Dunsfold Land Rover Museum a visiting American is described: "I can't stand Land Rovers' he said with his tongue about as far away from his cheek as it could be. 'In fact, I don't like England very much either. This is my first visit, and I can't stand the beer... Give me a Ford Mustang any day,' he said, crushing his beer can in his hand." If ever there was an ugly American, he was a prime candidate. Fortunately not an OVL R member, though. Hmm... I wonder if he was forced to drink that awful warm dark nasty stuff that Mike Rooth likes to slurp down? **that** might explain it!

LRO: It's almost worth the purchase price for the cover photo of a pristine grey Series II 109" Wagon and the following internal article about Series IIs

Charlie Thorn reviews the new Freelander:

"Next time you're in a Freelander press the horn, it sounds like someone breaking wind in a biscuit tin." We look forward to hearing that. But must first we must find a biscuit tin.

An interesting question from a Disco II owner:

Q. "I am experiencing severe snaking when towing above 55 mph, especially downhill with my Discovery Td5. Land Rover has fitted a new tow bar, the caravan is correctly loaded and weighs less than 1500kg. The caravan was perfectly okay with my previous 300Tdi Discovery. Is the Series II suspension over-sensitive?"

A. "Provided nothing else has changed, your caravan should be no less stable with the Td5 than with



*Rino Granito's Rangie. 16th Birthday Party
Photo: Martin Rothman*



1999 in review: THE TUNE-UP

Although it is difficult to tell from these photos, Dixons's BDB was not the only truck worked on at the tune-up. from top, anti-clockwise: Ted Rose tries to make snese of the BGB's engine bay; Dixon looks to see what has fallen off on the drive over; Martin Rothman explains Series ones to Andrew Finlayson; Christian Szpilfogel's 110; in all its glory, the BGB.




the Tdi. However, comments from other owners would suggest that the suspension is indeed, especially sensitive. But the Discovery Td5 is designed to be an efficient towing machine, and you must insist that your dealer check everything out and rectifies any faults under warranty.”

LRM: Owners are admonished: “DIY owners of Land Rovers are risking the expense of major engine rebuilds by using duplicate replacement cylinder head gaskets to save a few pounds... Despite their sophistication, the company says the new generation of Genuine Parts gaskets cost little more than ordinary aftermarket substitutes, and are readily available from Land Rover Network Dealers.” Not in North America they aren’t.

And that goes for body panels as well: “This isn’t simply a question of us wanting to protect our market - there are safety and reliability issues here which need to be brought into the open so that people can make an informed decision.” In some cases as in outriggers and other frame repair pieces using thinner steel that can be true. But there’s an awfully steep premium for a LR door top over an aftermarket piece (and other parts too) for the safety and reliability mentioned here.

One very interesting article covers a 1966 80" Series I. In 63 or 64 some folks at Land Rover thought the line might be getting away from the simple basic form that was originally Land Rover (as if a ‘64 IIA is not basic). So they had their Experimental Shop put one together with NOS parts and an overhead cam Rover engine and put it through some tests. Although it was lighter and 6 seconds faster to 60 than a current IIA, the concept didn’t fly. But the original vehicle still exists and has been restored. In bronze green no less.

In a piece on Land Rovers in Australia in the ‘50s and ‘60s the early Series Is with their transmission freewheel mechanism that allowed full time four wheel drive is mentioned. It seems that if the vehicle was reversed in low range flat out up a hill and turned sharply with the free wheel engaged, the gearbox would lock up. The only way to remedy it was to dismantle the box. A pretty serious design flaw indeed. It mentions the freewheel system was soon dropped, but does not say if this was the cause.

 The following is excerpt #3 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 had just reached a flooded river crossing. The bridge was underwater and there was a truck filled with people and cargo at each side of the crossing. Each was unwilling to attempt a go at the river:

I removed my shoes and shorts and began to wade across the river, keeping the line of broken water on my left to mark the position of the bridge. The force of the water was tremendous, but by stepping firmly I was able to maintain my balance and at no point did the water reach my waist. Pete followed a couple of paces behind. I was glad of that for he was a talented swimmer and his presence gave me confidence to stride on. We stopped in mid stream and held a conference on the possibility of bringing the Land Rover across, concluding that all would be well as long as the vehicle remained squarely in the middle of the invisible roadway. We agreed that both of us should walk in front and lead the Landy over. Dave would drive and, apart from having to use submerged feet on the pedals, he should remain fairly dry.

We returned to the shore and explained our plan, taking the doors off the Land Rover as we chatted and piling them on the roof to reduce the area against which the river could exert a sideways force. Stepping once more into the rushing water, walking side by side and followed immediately by the high revving Landy, Pete and I began our second crossing on foot. In no time at all the Land Rover had its own private river surging in at the left-hand doorway, swirling around Dave’s bare feet and pouring out at the right hand side to rejoin the water that had churned their way beneath and around the vehicle.

Dave urged us forward, yelling that the Landy could make faster progress, but we plodded on, not wishing to risk an irreversible step and court disaster. He shouted above the roar of the water that steering was not difficult, even though he could

feel the continuous sideways tug of the river and the shuddering tilt that threatened to tip the Landy off the bridge. After what seemed an age the water shallowed and, sweeping us aside in a deluge of wave, Dave raced the Land Rover past us and up the far bank. We followed him in a burst of half drowned curses and began the process of drying ourselves, changing into more comfortable clothing and putting the Landy together again. Seeing that the river did not in fact present the




Martin Rothman's '52 80" in summer guise (bimini soft top)
Photo: Martin Rothman

impassable barrier that they imagined, the two lorry drivers leapt into their cabs and urged their passengers to clamber aboard. With women and children still being hauled up the sides, the two vehicles headed simultaneously into the river and onto the submerged bridge from opposite sides. The last we saw of them as we drove off merrily southwards was bonnet to bonnet confrontation in the middle of the eddying waters with neither driver willing to give way to the other and all the passengers joining in a vociferous exhortation to the others to back off the bridge. We left them to sort it out for themselves.

Land Rover My Love, John House
ISBN 1-85756-114-7

Available from the LRO bookshop:
1 888 LRO SHOP US & Canada. Put it on your Christmas list.

 John Carroll, editor of LRW wrote to us in response to our review of his fine journal in our last issue.

Thanks for the copy of your ever excellent newsletter. I'm sending this e-mail in response to a couple of points that refer to things I wrote;

1. Series IIIs in the US: I think the sub-editor took a word or two out here. It should have read "not ...officially imported for much of this period..." As an aside, I'd be interested to know the exact year in which imports of LR's stopped.

(John, ask and you shall receive... according to OVL's club statistician, Ben Smith, the last Land Rovers built for our shores were 469 built in 1974. Sales of these dribbled into early 1975. The next official recorded sales were in March 1987 with 65 Range Rover Classics. -Ed.)

2. German (read Nazi) uniforms are a contentious issue here... (In France you can't have German markings on a restored Nazi vehicle). The current UK government is anti-guns, anti-vehicles, definitely anti-off roader and of course anti-Nazi. The historic MV movement wants to be taken seriously




*Christian Spilfogel's Series III. 16th Birthday Party
Photo: Martin Rothman*

as genuine vehicle enthusiasts rather than strange militarists. It also wants to be seen as respectful of history especially to the veterans still alive. While displays may be one thing, wearing them in public or where the public gets its first view of an event (the car park) is something else. In my (and many others) opinion Nazi uniforms don't do us any favours at all... and I speak as someone with a Canadian Army Harley and a Jeep not to mention my civvy Land Rovers.

Finally I could relate to the British car jokes... yep, I'm a gearhead.

Regards,

John C.

 Robin Craig writes: Freelanders are now available in North America. Ok, now I have your attention. Some bad news, they are kind of small! I was in Toys R Us today and found a silver Matchbox land Rover Freelander (their number 66) just thought it might make someones Xmas to get one in a stocking.



1 new member in December

John Putnins of Silver Spring, Maryland with a 1999 Range Rover 4.6 HSE

General Servicing: Repairs, Humour, Tales & Trivia

Brakes Galore, A Friday Story

Mike Rooth

"I've heard the weather forecast," quoth the DA "And it seems it's not going to rain today. If you had the day off you could do the Land Rover." You will recall that when fettling up the handbrake, Bloody Nora had revealed yet another inoperative brake, namely the offside rear, covered in oil. Not just the brake you understand, but half the axle, the wheel, the tyre. Oh yes you old sod, do it properly why don't you.

I had previously taken my long-suffering wallet on a trip to buy a new oil seal, prompting Mike to lift an eyebrow. "Is that *all* you want?" Too right it was. I was (I thought) already the proud possessor of things like wheel bearing locking washers, fuzzy cogs, and a set of brake shoes, all purchased when unnecessary following the dictates of the oft described Bobeck Method™.

The oil made dismantling the offending hub a doddle, if not messy. Land Rover really are thoughtful people over things like this. To facilitate repair, ensure that the fault lubricates all the bits you need to take off. That's what I call engineering. The worst part of this job is using all that rub rag up to clean off the grease. Hard to come by, good rub rags, and the DA hasn't exactly proved cooperative lately in the supply department. (Pause in the narrative here, to watch the local Dakota go over. Lovely.)

The thing I can't understand is that, covered in filth, the brakes appeared to work normally. No, I didn't say well, I said normally. It's different. At any event, the bits went back together suspiciously smoothly. I did mention that I was the proud possessor of all the bits I needed? Yes I thought I had. The problem with the Bobeck Method is actually *finding* the bits. As in, I couldn't. So with regard to the bearing locking washers we reverted to The Richer Reclamation Method. A large hammer and a brick. Good as new. I actually *did* manage to

find one fuzzy cog, but I know I've got a lot more. Somewhere. If I can find them.

All back together, all that remains is to scrub the oil off the tyre. Yes I know it's on the inside and no-one can see it, but I don't reckon oil does tyres much good. What we need here is a bucket with soapy water and a scrubbing brush. Guess where I found those? Distinctly frosty she was. I can't understand women sometimes. Wheel back on, round the other side, wheel off reflecting how much easier it is to replace brake shoes with the hub off. And that how, having finally found the knack, I'm *bound* to forget it next time...

Done. With time to spare. Lets have a look at those windshield washers. The drivers side works impressively well, the passenger side dribbles like a drunk asleep in a chair. Now Nora *hates* anyone fiddling with her washers. She's ticklish. She giggles, and goes all silly. And I've lost the poking tool I used last time. Prod, prod. Mmm. A bit better. Try again. Now *neither* side works. What now? Reflect that the windshield washer system has yet to be invented that will work when empty. Well empty of water anyway, though not empty of several years encrusted crud. "Is it supposed to be that dirty?" asks the DA in one of those oh so innocent sounding voices that



Bill Rice's Mrs. Merdle, still as hard top, 15th Birthday Party

Photo: Art Marker

could cut stainless steel at ten yards. Honestly, what a fuss to make over an old scrubbing brush. Remove washer bottle and clean out, refilling with water and washer fluid. Finally, wet through, fed up, and with the cleanest windshield in the county, thing works *nearly* as per instructions.

“Right” thinks yours truly, “coffee.” Er...hang about. There was a reason why that oil seal blew. And the reason, you clown, was deemed to be the axle breather. And deeming thusly, you rang Mike to see whether he stocked them. And he didn't, but he said you could repair them. And you'd forgotten hadn't you. Prat. *Sigh*. Grovel time again. After much swearing and grunting the thing comes out. Distorted.

It's brass. Not good naval brass, or even gunmetal, oh no, but soft, cheap yucky screw rod type brass. Give it a shake, not a sound. Now Mike had said that what happens is the ball inside

rusts, and what is needed is a stainless or bronze ball. In my infinite wisdom I thought that wasn't a problem. In my model engineering days I'd accumulated dozens of stainless balls to use in non-return (clack) valves. Repair to workshop (shed). And discover, having finally driven the breather apart with a hammer and pin punch up its...ahem...that I did indeed have plenty of stainless balls. Dozens, in fact. ALL THE WRONG SIZE. So this time we use The Kenner System. Which isn't really a system at all, but Dixon likes to think it is. It's actually a form of semi-regulated chaos. The old ball, which resembled the surface of the moon after a particularly bad meteor shower was painstakingly restored to something vaguely approaching round, and put back.

Rattles a treat, it does. What d'you mean does it work? It looks the part. I thought that's what it was all about.

How to Cover 1000 miles in the UK

Christian Szpilfogel

As some of you know, I've had to travel a fair bit in the past little while; however it was always to North American destinations with the occasional stop in to the Caribbean. As luck would have it, I had some work lined up in Strathclyde, Scotland and not having been to the UK in a few years, I figured I'd make the most of it!

So instead of just flying in and doing the job, I extended the trip by a couple of days on the front end. The last time I was in the UK, I spent some time in Birmingham. Solihul being on its outskirts, I figured it would be the centre of Land-Rover activity and shops. Truth is, most of the interesting stuff extends up into and through the Manchester area. This time, then, I landed in Manchester and hired a car (with unlimited mileage of course). I stayed in Stockport (a suburb of Manchester) figuring it was reasonably central to most of the Land-Rover activity while offering reasonable hotel rates.

Now I have been driving right hand drive cars for a few years and I have driven in the UK before but I'd forgotten the mind shift required to drive in the UK. Cars are coming at you from the opposite directions, roads are often skinny, and if you don't know the corners on your car you won't have any left. With that said, however, driving in the UK is great! Roundabouts simply make sense, and the roads are very well marked (even with the occasional missing signs). All you need to navigate is an AA road map and a street address. With this you can generally get to the right area and with at most 5 minutes of wandering around find the street you want.

To get warmed up, I took a drive up into the Peak District just past New Mills on Sunday afternoon. It is a beautiful part of the country further enhanced by the highest density of Land-Rovers I've ever seen! Name a Land-Rover model and there is an excellent chance you'll see one. There were a number of modified and specialty vehicles including: Police, Airport, AA, Tow-trucks, and much more.

Sunday night I wandered down to the local pub, and plotted my course for the next couple of days. Using a recent issue of LRO, I figured out where most places were on the map. Then plotted a tentative path.

First stop was to go by and see High Peak 4x4 where I bought my 110. They are in New Mills just where the train crosses under the town. Winston and Linda Gregson where there and put up with me for much longer than I had planned. Winston gave me some great advice and I altered my route plan. I also picked up a few items from the parts and second hand department. While in the area I also popped in to check out Hallam Brothers in Hayfield (just down the road from New Mills). Like High-Peak they resell Land-Rovers and offer a modest parts department.

Although I had planned to stick around Manchester, Winston strongly recommended I stop by MVS in Fradley (just north of Birmingham). It's just a little more than an hour south



Harry Bligh's Volvo, er... Rover. Please note tilt made of beaver pelt

of Manchester and a half hour north of Birmingham. A beautiful drive through the Peak-District. If you like pre-1983 Land-Rovers and especially military variations this is Mecca! The key here is volume of stuff.

As you enter the estate, you are greeted by a field of just over 3000 Land-Rovers (yes with 3 zeroes). You have to register at the office but after that you can look around at leisure. While seeing 3000 Land-Rovers in one place was inspiring, it was second only to not two warehouses but two HANGERS of surplus military equipment. This must have been an old air-field. The Hangers were piled with engines, gearboxes, axles, etc. Pretty much everybody who is offering military surplus is getting it from here including RPI and Craddocks. I saw the V8s people having been trying to sell; they are off 101 FCs. I saw the S3 gearboxes one of which Kevin Willey bought. I saw gaskets and parts by the crate load. If you want stuff here though, you either have to visit in person or arrange your own shipping. In general the retailers are selling it for the same price you would get it here as they get volume discounts. V8s for example are #750 at MVS or RPI; The gearboxes though are #350 at MVS while #411 at Craddocks so there is room to negotiate at Craddocks (I did before when I bought my soft-top there).

I didn't buy anything here figuring it might be difficult to carry a gearbox or an engine on board my flight. But now I and now you know a little more to buy wisely.

I had a little more time left that day so I went to visit Equicar 4x4. Ted suggested this place when he knew I was looking for a bulkhead. Equicar is about half an hour from MVS and northwest of Birmingham. Winston mentioned they could be a bit pricey. They are an outfit which does salvage, restoration, and conversions. They have a half dozen LHD 90/110 bulkheads which are fresh off new Land-Rovers which were being converted for the media visiting Bosnia. Apparently the conversions use Kevlar lined shells which is why they often have surplus panels. The LHD bulkheads are very easy to convert to RHD and for a mere #150 I had one that I hand-picked shipped. Surprisingly a brand new (from the factory) bulkhead costs #375!

They also have racks of one piece defender doors in various conditions ranging from #100 to #200 depending on condition. Unfortunately they didn't have door bottoms for the two piece doors on the station wagons. I'll probably have to try PWB for that. Need a panel? They have a panel.

Craddock's is only about 10 minutes from here so I also quickly popped by there. It hasn't changed much since the last time I was there. They have a nice show room and the breaker-yard is interesting. A red Land-Rover fire-engine was parked in the yard. They are worth a stop if you are in the area.

It was getting late by this time so I trekked back north.

Being a regular Coronation Street watcher, I had to visit the set while in Manchester. It is at Granada studios and it is well worth a visit if you're there.

Next was off to Liverpool to visit the famous Land-Rover Supermarket. Head to Mersyside and make a right onto Speak Hall Rd. (not a left into Speak Hall). About 200 meters down look for a big Yellow L. The LR Supermarket is in fact a Supermarket! All the L-R parts you might want available in aisles. Want electrical, visit aisle 1. Suspension? aisle 4. You get it. It's not a Loblaws in size more like a Loeb.

I spent all afternoon just wandering through the aisles. Dave was working the counter and was very helpful. He packed all the stuff I bought (including stuff from other stores) into boxes ready to carry on the plane. Stuff here is offered in both genuine and alternate supplier. Although I have had problems with them shipping stuff in the past, after seeing the store I will continue to order stuff from there. The parts looked of generally good quality. They also have sale items and I picked up some rear bench seats for about 80% off.

As it was getting late in the day, it was time to make my 4 hour trek to Glasgow. Just to make it more interesting I diverted through the Lake district taking the skinniest road I could find. When you do this make sure to stop by Beatrix Potter's cottage and pick up something for the kids. Beautiful views through this area and well worth the diversion.

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detroit locker





detroit true-trac

I got into Glasgow about 11 PM where I was to stay at the Queen's Moat House Hotel. When on business travel I always get "guaranteed late arrival" clauses so I was surprised to find out that they were overbooked and had given away my room! So for that night they taxied me out to the Beardsmore Hotel. This is interesting. It is a combo Hotel and Hospital with a pub in the middle. Being in Scotland this seemed somewhat appropriate. Go to Pub; get stinking drunk; intoxicated to the left; alcohol poisoning to the right. It turns out there was a better reason. It was a hospital which was a white elephant and so was converted to a private hospital and hotel and attracting rich Arabs. This is better illustrated by the bilingual signs. English and Arabic.

That said it was a beautiful hotel and very comfortable. The Moat House made up for their errors and put me in a full suite overlooking downtown Glasgow and even had a basket of fresh fruit and a bottle of wine waiting for me. Very nice!

Thursday Night/Friday Morning *Andy Grafton*

After breaking range's rear diff, I decided that I wanted it to have 4WD for the weekend. I elected to put the new second hand diff in last night. A quick trip to the LR shop after work sourced everything I could possibly need – new bolts, nuts, gasketry, studs (just in case...), wheelbearing lock tabs. You name it. Got home as the rain started and elected to do the work in the garage. Moved the forward control into the street, shortie out of the garage into the street and pulled what would fit of range into the garage.

Front diff had to go to the back because the trutrak jobby only suited the front. Drain oil out of front diff... I still can't find the drain plug – I saw it hit the floor and roll but I was distracted by a visitor and didn't see where it went. I think it is under the pile of axles somewhere. Steal drain plug from axle on said pile. Front axle supported on axle stands, wheels off, track rod off. Wozzis? Why has my steering damper just fallen in half? Must have something to do with trying to compress sand in it. Steering damper bracket and other half of damper unbolted from axle casing (you can do this without taking the damper off the bracket). Scratch in Big Bin where I know there was a steering damper. OK there is one; bent but at least the rod is still attached to the piston.

Diff end of propshaft off, undo diff-hold-onto-axle nuts bar the top one. Order pizza, pepperoni with extra cheese. Remove swivel assemblies complete from axle, pull them off with the halfshafts, so the splines come out of the diff. Why do they make brake pipes so short? Undo last

I actually worked for a few days and then had an afternoon off so I took the train into Edinburg where the summer Festival was taking place. These are world scale events which overlap each other including Fringe, Film, TV, and Book festivals. Big stars were present though I didn't see any. Edinburg is very lovely and crowning it is the castle on the rock in the city's heart. I got an added bonus here as the military tattoo was on and many Land-Rover Wolves were present in the front courtyard.

Well after all this it was time to make my way onto a plane home lugging by this time two big boxes and my big suitcase which started the trip light and ended up being stuffed. Plus a bulkhead in the mail. All this while my finances are a bit tight (I just quit my job a while back and it'll be a few months before I see my invoices paid) but what the hell; how often do I get to go to the UK anyway...

diff nut, break ribs, get covered in oil. Diff is out. Cellphone rings, stops and takes messages, rings again, stops, takes messages, rings again. Aaaagggghhh. Put diff on plastic oil tray. Crunch. No more tray. Start to dial 100 to check cellphone messages. Phone rings, just as I hit the "Go" button. Ex-girlfriend wants a "chat". Oh joy. Caller ID transmission should be enforced. Try and talk whilst cleaning inside and outside of front axle. Finish conversation, fit gasket and diff, bolt on diff, reattach swivel housings after 20 minutes pissing around trying to get the long halfshaft splined end to locate in the diff (bolts done up damn tight, with Loctite; how in hell do they expect you to get a torque wrench in there?!). Refit front wheels. Clean inside rear axle, clean old gaskets off diff and axle, put gasket on studs, diff into rear axle, bolt on.

Attempt to fit rear halfshafts. The garage isn't wide enough. Look outside – pissing with rain. No bloody way am I going outside. Garage is wide enough to fit one shaft at a time if the car is all the way over one side. Grab Hi-lift jack, insert under tow hitch and lift/shift car to one side making appropriate grunting noises. Shame about the scratches in the lightguards where it bounced off the wall. Insert/tighten one halfshaft, repeat performance with hi-lift to get it the other side, and insert the other one. Refit front propshaft and rear prop with all new handbrake drum. Oops nuts won't do up due to handbrake exit damage on studs thanks to drum departing car on the freeway (pissy little crosshead screws...). Use nee-



Andy's Range Rover gets just a spot of maintenance.



dle file to clean up threads. Do up nuts. Tighten everything again, just in case. Fit bent but working steering damper. Fill diffs with oil.

Oil. Shit.

Get in shortie and depart on Oil Quest. 5 garages, many amused/bemused garage attendants and half an hour later I have 10 x 500ml bottles of EP80W90. Return home and refill diffs. No stock of gear oil in rondobosch/mowbray/sybrand area of Cape Town today.

Oil left over after filling diffs – what the hell – check the other oils and top up as needed. Grease propshafts.

Start Rangie. Oil pressure? What oil pressure? Oil light flickers on and off, in time with erratic heartbeat. Switch off, crawl underneath again and reattach all the wires I pulled off with my over exuberant wrenching. Move rangie out into road, now with oil pressure warning lights extinguished. Joy of joys; lots of rain and hence wet tarmac to test the TruTrac diff. I feel a test drive coming on. Lunatic in range rover spinning wheels at random careers around streets of Southern Suburbs, mainly

sideways. Wet zebra crossings are a good place to test traction control devices.

Get home. Stop shaking. Move shortie back into garage. Move forward control back into driveway. Or try to. It's diagonally right across both lanes of our road and immobile with the fuel pump going nuts. No petrol. OK switch tanks. No petrol. Reserve tank. No petrol. Leave blockage in road and search garage for petrol. Nope. Shit. Petrol Quest? Don't think so; it is 02:30 and I can't be bothered.

Maneuver forward control around the road with the starter motor. Not so easy making tight turns with heavy steering whilst looking over your shoulder reversing and holding the not-so-conveniently-placed ignition key in "start" position. Nearly break right wrist as wheel hits kerb and kicks back. Miss gate (don't know how) and park forward control in hedge at side of driveway (bad angle of approach, starter motor won't pull the bulk uphill). Exit through passenger side door as hedge is trying to get into cab through drivers door. Park 110 across top of driveway in feeble attempt to hide incredibly poor parking from rest of street.

Bed.

Rangie is once again mobile. I'll know my true feelings about the TruTrac once I've used it enough to comment properly. Initial impressions are very good, but the handling of the vehicle has changed a little. Traction on wet surfaces is a lot better, the steering wants to self centre more vigorously than before. When accelerating one wheel hard off a kerb, the front axle doesn't clank clunk as before but I'm not sure is that is because the diff is tighter or the wheel is restrained by the diff. Judging by the state of the pin in the diff that came out it wasn't the best specimen to start off with. Swapping diffs front to rear has made both of them a lot quieter than before; now I can't hear them at all. They whined a little before, particularly the rear, or was that the passengers?

The Lugnut Manifesto (& travel diary!)

Mr. Lugnut

What a long, strange trip its been.

September 20, 1999: Once the proud trophy of the Ottawa Valley Land Rover Club, now just a relic. Winners shun me. The club doesn't even bother to engrave plaques with the lucky recipients, merely scrawling their name on a paper mailing label, and slapping it on me. How humiliating to go from a carefully carved and cared-for memento to a neglected trophy, shunned by all, only to be abandoned in a foreign country due to the excess of drink. No choice now. Just me and the road.

September 23, 1999: Rarely leaving Ottawa, and not looking forward to returning, I think I'll wander about the South a bit and see what the 12th province looks like. South a bit, then west, met up with some Dead-Heads - decked out in tie-die and

partaking of wacky- tabaccy. Nice people. Met some great people along the way, like Mr. Pneumo, spoke with a funny accent and looked like the stay-puft marshmallow man, he invited me to visit him in his home land, think I'll go. Before I know it, I'm on the left coast, city of Lost Angels and all that. semi-tropical sun, sand and fun. Time to hit the beach.

September 28, 1999: Book in on a flight to New York, swing by Coney Island for a dog. Now Coney Island hot dogs are fantastic, or so you think when you really want one, and while you're indulging. Then you a while afterward, you remember why you haven't had one in months, and swear off ever having one again, well at least for another few months... Went to Ellis Island, visited Lady Liberty, considered emigrating to the 12th province.

October 1, 1999: Ring up friends at Sea-Land and catch a container bound for Manchester.

October 18, 1999: Clear the port in Manchester, head South into Cymru, seeking the seat of Arthur's court. Met this human in a tin suit, he showed me the way. Merlin divulged some trade secrets about loosening lugs. Fresh eye-of-newt can be hard to come by in some places though. Headed for Mr. Pneumo's now.

October 21, 1999: Eurostar trains don't suck.

October 23, 1999: Do a few laps about the Arc d'Triumph, then borrow it's cap and rotor, and re-set my points. Check out the Parisian monument to Iron Oxide, then head to Lyon to visit Mr. Pneumo.

October 25, 1999: Mr. Pneumo is a great host, he supplies me with new sneakers, and then suggests we head to Monte Carlo, where the gardens are filled with splendor, and in a unfortunately, I am strangely reminded of Ottawa, and the years of neglect and shame, and decide to risk it all on Red 25.

October 28, 1999: Recovering from a hang-over from white wine, and newly rich, I decide to continue my travels, stopping along the Italian coast, and then onward to Venice.

October 31, 1999: Such a wonderful time to be in Venice, even if it is not a vehicle-friendly city.

November 7, 1999: Have traveled many long days to reach the Nile valley, but the dryness and heat here makes me long for my beloved Canada and the upcoming winter. Have run through all the winnings (unfortunately, a trophy adorned with paper mailing labels isn't worth much at the roulette table). Must now head directly back. Onward to Lapland.

November 21, 1999: Have taken a break up at the Arctic circle, it is already mostly dark here, I share a few remaining hours of sunlight with some native bears, and how head out across the icepack, hopefully to reach Hudson's bay in a week, and Ottawa in time for the Christmas Party. However, I'll only return to the club if they engrave the plaques for the recent winners, and Mr. Kenner is at least nominated for the Lugnut Trophy for abandoning me in Stowe, Vt.



With a little help from my friends...



My tired old 88 was in desperate need of a major fettle. The engine, while running well and strong, was using oil at an alarming rate and the front swivels leaked like sieves. But the real scary bit was the bulkhead...

The toe boards were non-existent and the metal below the windscreen where the front vent flaps attached was crumbling away by the minute (the vent flaps themselves were only held on by the operating levers). It was a very sorry state and had been neglected much too long.

I had been building up a stock of bits, including a galvanized bulkhead and a rebuilt five main bearing engine, to repair these other problems for the last three or four years. The big problem was coordinating the help, a place to do the work and the time. That and the fact I was more than a little apprehensive to strip out and replace an entire SIII bulkhead.

Enough procrastinating! The Easter long weekend was going to be it. Now, people might think we were a little too ambitious thinking we could do all this work in a three day weekend, and you might be right. But, four years ago, Dave Lowe,

Tom Tollefson, Larry Berti and I did a complete chassis swap on my 88 in 25 hours flat. How much worse could this be?

The Usual Suspects met at Team Daphne Headquarters Thursday night. We stripped off the hardtop, as it was time to go to canvas anyway, and the windscreen, just for the badness of it. We then prepared to load all the new and shiny bits for transportation down to the Team Daphne Rebuild Facility.

Did you know you can fit most of an 88 into the back of a 101? We were able to stuff into Tom Tollefson's 101 a rebuilt 2.25 engine, a crated gearbox, a crated Salisbury rear axle, a SIII bulkhead, two rebuilt front hub assemblies, a radiator front panel, a complete hoop set c/w roll bar, a wiper motor assembly, a windscreen, and a complete steering column and box assembly. And there was still room left for Tom.

With my 88 being my only available transport at the time, I drove it home that night in its stripped down state. And not knowing the legalities of driving a vehicle on city streets sans windscreen, I tried to look inconspicuous (yeah right, with tank goggles on) and stuck to the lesser-used roads. The only tense

Photo Above: After partial strip down at the Team Daphne headquarters the night before, Brett Storey delivers his 88 to the Team Daphne rebuild facility early one cold April morning for much needed repairs.

Photo: Larry Berti.

moment I had was making a left turn at one major intersection. There, making a left turn directly across from me was one of Toronto's finest. I muttered something to myself but as we made eye contact, he just smiled. No ticket today. Cool!

The next morning on the trip back to Tom's, I was feeling a little more adventurous. Even though the temperature was hovering just above the freezing point, I decided to take the 401, Canada's busiest freeway. Ha! Can you say "Wind-chill?" I only lasted about 4 kilometres before I had to head for the slower pace on the city streets. Still, it was worth it as I got some of the funniest looks from others on the highway.

After all the main players arrived, the strip down proper commenced. Besides Dave, Tom, Larry and myself, our friend Perry Giannitsis joined us. Also putting in appearances through out the weekend were Paul Catalano, Larry's brother Ron, Nigel Howard and Michael Hatton.

The bonnet, wings and doors came off no worries. Unfortunately, the door hinge bolts refused to come out of the bulkhead. In my quest to have all the necessary bits on hand to do this rebuild as easily and painlessly as possible, I had made countless lists of parts we would need throughout the next three days. But, as is sometimes the case, I may have inadvertently missed a few. Door hinge bolts were not on the list (although the little gaskets behind the hinge were... go figure).

Seeing as we had absolutely no intention of saving the old bulkhead, Tom "The Torch" Tollefson set to work with the

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blue wrench, cutting access holes so that he could heat the bolts from behind. They never stood a chance and easily came out after the heat treatment.

With the radiator and breakfast off, and the floors and seat box out, the job of stripping the bulkhead was at hand. In retrospect it may have been advantageous to do this in a slightly more organized fashion... but where is the sport in that?

With several people on either side, the bulkhead came apart at an alarming rate. The heater and blower were removed, as were the brake and clutch pedal assemblies. On the other side, the dash (Series III remember) was stripped out and the wiring harness removed. We then undid the bulkhead from the chassis. Wow, this was getting serious now.

The engine and gearbox were now easily lifted out as one assembly and set off to the side. Then Larry and I set about removing the old and very leaky front hub assemblies to be replaced with the rebuilt units complete with an upgrade to 11 inch brakes. A simple job and the first step in getting my Land Rover road worthy again.

By about 8 PM we had the new engine and gearbox in and it was time to call it a night. It had been a productive day. The next morning Larry and Ron set about stripping the rest of the little bits off the old bulkhead. The newly galvanized breakfast was bolted into place and the front prop shaft was installed. Now it was time to offer up the new bulkhead and it went into place with minimal swearing. The truck was really starting to look the part again and I was too happy.

Most of the day was spent doing the fiddly little things like bolting on the heater and blower, the clutch and brake masters, hand throttle, wiper motor, accelerator linkage, steering assembly and all new brake and clutch lines. It was amazing how many little, and time consuming, jobs there were to do. Dave was relegated to pipe bending and did a most tidy job of the brake and clutch lines.

As day two ended it was with some concern on my part. We still had a lot to do on the bulkhead and we hadn't even gotten to the wiring har-

Tom Tollefson and Dave Lowe make short work of the disassembly of Brett's bulkhead. If only the new one had gone together so easily.

Photo: Brett Storey.



ness yet. There was also the Salisbury to modify and install. Hmmm.

Sunday morning found our numbers reduced to Dave, Tom, Perry and myself. We uncrated the axle and Tom set about modifying it by moving the spring mounts inboard to suit the 88 spring location. Dave fabricated the brake lines to the rear and on the axle itself while Perry and I removed the old unit from beneath the truck. With new U-bolts and brake lines waiting in the wings, it was a joy to cut through the old stuff with the torch and the axle was removed in no time.

After Tom had finished with the mods, it was time to offer up the axle and everything fell right into place. We bolted up the new hardware, installed the new drive shaft (the Salisbury requires the drive shaft to be shortened about 1 inches) and lowered the vehicle to the ground.

Awesome! That Salisbury surely looks the part under the rear of my 88. No more busted half shafts for this boy!

With half the day gone now it was fairly obvious that we were not going to meet our deadline. Not by a long shot! %*#&\$@!

Well, we had put it off long enough and there was no getting away from it any long... it was time for the wiring harness and the rest of the dash. Luckily for me, I had managed to rope Dave into this project and it was here that he really earned his keep. Being intimately familiar with all things electrical, Land Rover wise, this was his show now.

First we untangled and sorted out the harness as best we could. Then came the task of feeding everything through the bulkhead and getting each wire pointing in the right direction. This all proved to be very time consuming and all to soon we were well into the evening. That's all for tonight.

Now what to do? Tom was kind enough to let us use space in the adjoining shop and Dave said he'd be happy (ok, he never actually used the word happy) to swing by after work during the week to see if we couldn't get the beast back on the road again. The only real remaining hurdle now was transportation for me? Again, Tom came to the rescue by offering me the use of his

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101. Far out! This should turn a few heads at work.

So, that was us for the next five nights, meeting at Tom's and fettling the electrics. A rather tedious endeavor. While Dave poked and prodded, spliced and tested, Tom and I busied ourselves with body repairs to the wings and the sills and installed the hoops and roll bar for the canvas top. We also bleed and adjusted the brakes and clutch, added the proper oils to the proper components, and just generally tried to keep busy.

By the following Saturday (yes, we were still at it) there was light at the end of the tunnel. We were ready to bolt the wings back on, but not before Dave totally redid the wiring there too. He even got the side marker lights working, after 15 years of non-functionlessness.

I must say, Dave did an A1 job on the wiring. Not only did he get everything working as it should (it certainly didn't before), but he fixed up several SPOT's (stupid previous owner tricks) and a good few SCOT's (stupid current owner tricks) as well. The electrics have never been better! Hell, he even dove into his bag of surplus wiring so as to use the correct colour coded wire whenever he needed to replace or lengthen a lead.

By Sat. night, we were finally ready for start up and a test drive. I knew, from trying to adjust the valve clearances, that the engine was tight, but not that tight. The poor 'ol starter motor couldn't even crank the engine over. There was nothing for it



The "A Team". During major surgery on Brett Storey's 88, including a bulkhead and engine swap, some of the gang pose for an impromptu photo. From left to right, Larry Berti, Dave Lowe, Tom Tollefson, Perry Giannitsis and Paul Catilano.

Photo: Brett Storey.



Tom ^The Torch^ Tollefson modifies the spring mounts on the Salisbury axle for fitting to the 88.
Photo: Brett Storey.

but to get out the tow strap and get a tug from the 101. That was just the ticket and after a short pull my 88 roared back to life.

That first trip around the block was exhilarating and the truck felt so different, so good. Gone were all the rattles and general sloppiness that I just must have gotten used to over the years. I was too happy!

Once again, it was late. There were still some odds and ends to do but they would have to wait till tomorrow. Right now, the shop was in need of a major clean up and we had to deal with all the left over bits including the old engine, gearbox and axle. That done, I tried to restart the beast one more time but it still would not turn over on it's own. We put the battery on the charger and left for the evening.

First thing I did Sunday morning when I got back to the shop was hit the starter. A great big smile spread across my face as the

engine fired right up. So maybe it was just the battery? Tom and I spent the morning doing the last couple little jobs we had left then wasted a good hour loading everything back in the 101 for the trip back to "Crazy Dave's Tall Grass Storage™"

The trip over to Dave's was mostly uneventful, except for when the idle dropped while stopped at a light and the engine stalled, then refused to turn over, once again. That and the fact it started to snow, and I hadn't actually put the canvas top on yet. Oh, and the engine seemed to have lost a lot of power and wouldn't cruise much over 60 kph. Other than that the trip was fine.

We did a quick timing check and that improved the power issue dramatically. We also threw the canvas on but by then I was soaked to the bone anyway. So what! I had my Land Rover back together and it was better then ever.

So that's the story of our three day major rebuild. It took a little longer then we had planned but in the end I think it was all worth it... at least for me. I really need to thank Perry, Larry, Michael, Ron, and Nigel for all their help. I couldn't have done it with out them. Thanks too to Paul for all the wrench twisting and the many coffee and donut runs. And last but certainly not least I need to thank Dave for giving up all his week-nights while slaying the electrical system and Tom for his help, the use of his shop, all the nuts and bolts he supplied, and for giving me his 101 for the week so I could get to work. Thanks guys! I owe you all big time... again.

PS – It took about three weeks for the engine to run in to the point where it would restart easily when hot.



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

Wade Zumbach is selling his 88. \$5000.00. Includes a pile of spares, new and used and a spare rover. Contact Wade by phone: (613) 237-3620 and leave a message. photos are available online by e-mail request: wadez@sprint.ca

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