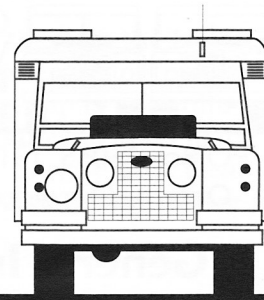


OTTAWA VALLEY LAND ROVERS



OCTOBER 2002

WWW.OVL.R.ORG

VOLUME XIX, NUMBER X



Terry King on the Camp Trail (Terry King also claims photo credit - you tell us)



OTTAWA
VALLEY
LAND
ROVERS

PO Box 36055, 1318 WELLINGTON STREET,
OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA K1Y 4V3

General Information

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

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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OVL R NEWSLETTER

ISSN 1203-8237

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, Shannon Lee Mannion (ottawavalleylandrovers@sympatico.ca) or via post to the club address. Photographs should be sent directly to S.L. Mannion, 2-41 Florence St., Ottawa, ON Canada K2P 0W6. Please include photographer's name, captions, identifications of people and vehicles, and a return address if you want the photos back.

Deadlines: Submissions to the OVL R Newsletter must be received by the 15th 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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RADIO FREQUENCIES

VHF 146.520
CB channel 1
FRS channel 1 sub 5
SW 14.160 MHz
OVL R/Land Rover HAM:
14.160Mhz @ 01:00GMT Tuesdays

ONLINE

<http://www.ovlr.org>
Any ideas for the website please contact Dixon Kenner
Land Rover FAQ: http://www.fourfold.org/LR_FAQ

SUBMISSIONS DEADLINE

The 15th of the month for inclusion in next month's issue.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

\$35 CDN for 1/4 page ad,
must run for minimum of 3 months.

UNDER THE HOOD



There's Black Haven. But the OVLR did better. We went to Blacker Haven, second only to Blackest Haven.

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HEY MAN, WHAT'S GOING ON?

OVLR 2002 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

October:

ROAV Middy, Oct. 4-6

Great Marlborough Forest Cleanup, Oct. 20, 9:00 am

OVLR Social Oct. 21

OVLR Frame Oiler TBA

November

OVLR Social Nov. 18

December

Christmas Party, Hungarian Hall, Dec. 7

OVLR Social Dec. 16

January 2003

OVLR AGM on the coldest night of the year

Note: Socials are held at the Prescott Hotel on Preston St. in Ottawa the third Monday of every month at 7:00 p.m.

TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS

CLASSIFIEDS

1986 110 DEFENDER PICKUP

67,000 KM, LHD, \$12,000 CDN
Call Kevin at 709-689-4055 or 709-368-8670

1974 SERIES III LWB LAND ROVER.

Right hand drive. Full canvas top. Virtually new military re-built transmission. New clutch plate. Five good tires (one new). Ex-British MOD with mil.spec.(so I'm told) suspension. Salisbury rear-end and (a real bonus) Overdrive. Extras include a hard cab which turn her into a pick-up truck, and two oil bath air cleaners. \$10K or nearest reasonable offer.

Contact: mocha1@starband.net

DAVE'S GOT PARTS:

Parts for sale/trade/give-away, to fit Series IIa & III, maybe others.

(a) pair of hand-made, heavy-gauge steel bulkhead outriggers. Sized for surfacemount on existing frame.
(b) full set of custom-made leaf springs for 88" (maybe 109"). Very hefty, and never been used supplied with shackles and bolts.

Come inspect these items in south Gloucester, near Manotick. Beer accepted as barter/payment!

David at 613-822-1315 or dhuddleson@sympatico.ca

1991 RANGE ROVER CHASSIS

Almost perfect condition. For sale real cheap. Mary says it must go. Came out of Texas Rangie rolled by careless owner in Vermont (What's that funny white stuff on the road and in the trees?). Located in Grimsby, Ontario buyer must collect or arrange shipping ASAP. \$200 OBO or exchange ZF HP21 Trannie (Yes mine died again). Call Trevor at 905-945-6128 or email bluerover@unforgettable.com . (RINO, if you're reading this hurry up or it may be gone)

MURRAY JACKSON'S LOVELY LIGHTWEIGHT

...is still available but it will soon go into winter hibernation. See photos at <http://www.motor-cross.ca/LGTWGT.htm>. Contact Murray at (613) 837-7781 or mjackson@igs.net



If you guessed it's Matilda, you might have won a prize. Winners will be notified by mail.

WALTZING MATILDA

by Martin Bashaw

After a few summers of tinkering in the garage Matilda rides again. Matilda is a 1958 Series II. She was in the first batch of LHD Series II made for export by Solihull. This is by no means a concours restoration. It does however run, stop, and turn. She also leaks very well, even with new seals. I have driven it to work every day since mid August, and I'm still working out some of the kinks. The rebuild included sourcing and fixing a 2.25 liter to replace the original 2 liter, fabricating and welding the rear 1/3 of the chassis, upgrading to a dual line brake system, and spending lots of time and money on parts and stuff. Almost all mechanical bits on the truck were either rebuilt or replaced, in some cases it was rebuilt then replaced! During the rebuild I noticed that Canadian Tire's bottom line improved, and Princes Auto started mailing me their catalogue. Do you think my spending habits could have had anything to do with this? So far in my travels a few Range Rover owners have waved or given me the thumbs up, and one gas station attendant called it a "Jeep". P.S. I still have the 2 liter engine sitting in my garage. I am willing to part with it cheap, if it goes to a good home. (613) 798-2139

Welcome New Members

Mark Tullock of Nepean

Mick McCoy of Golden Lake, ON with a SIII 109 Pickup, 101 300 TDI, 101 V8

Wolfe Schaefer of Belle Tere, NY with a 1966 SII 88

Nigel Gray of Kingston, ON with a 1959 SII 88

GENERAL GOINGS-ON

OVLR TECH TIP OF THE MONTH

PLEASE RELEASE ME, LET ME GO

by Andrew Finlayson

When trying to diagnose a failing clutch release system on a Series II or IIA and all seems ok with the hydraulics side but you just can't seem to get that clutch to release all the way, here are a couple of things to check:

1) check the tube and pins that connect the cross shaft to the clutch release lever. The pins and tubes do wear considerably and even fracture some times! Also be sure you have minimal wear in the pedal box to clutch master clevis pin area (a little wear here can make a huge difference).

2) If you have checked everything else and have found virtually no play anywhere and you are sure your hydraulics are nicely bled then if your Land Rover has high mileage get out that Big Huge screwdriver (that is available at Lee Valley Tools in Ottawa) and have a quick check of your crankshaft end play.

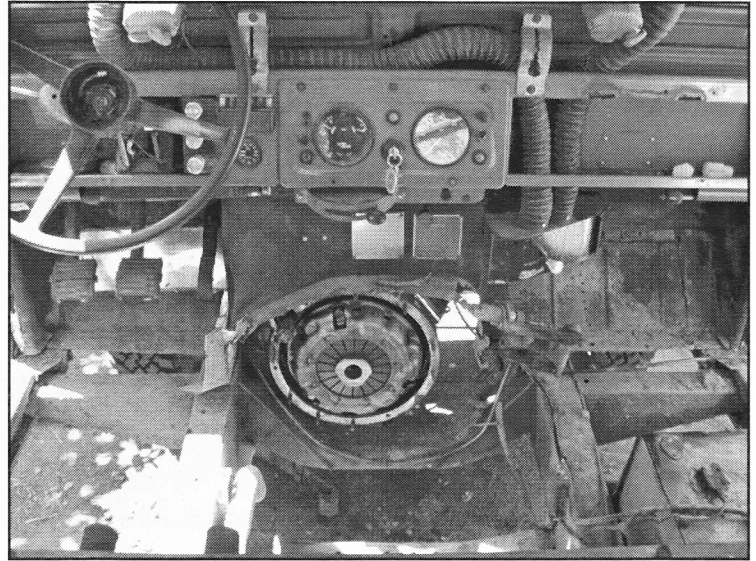
Now I know this sounds silly but it has happened to me. I had a late Series IIA that was "a little tired" shall we say and one night before a big off-road event, the clutch was acting up. After hours of transmission in and transmission out etc, we discovered that the crankshaft was moving fore and aft so much that the clutch would not quite release fully!

So what did we do about it?

I drove it anyway. :)

Hope this helps!

Please send your tips and thoughts to: dcaf@magma.ca



PARAGON IS A VIRTUE

provided by Chris Browne of Boston

Chris Browne offers the following preview information on the upcoming celebrations for the 55th Land Rover anniversary.

So far we have the date: August 1, 2, 3, 2003
And a place: Pargon Park, a 15,000 acre privately owned playground for off road enthusiasts. Check it out at www.pargonap.com
The web site: www.landrover55th.com

As soon as we've agreed on the price for food, we'll add the registration package to the site. We will be able to provide breakfast, lunch and dinner.

There is a Yahoo email list to subscribe:
www.landrover55th-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

There will be a logo for the next edition of OVLR newsletter and lots more information. Site facilities include a base lodge to which we'll be adding a tent or two for vendors, open air eating, etc. Accommodations are listed on the paragon site and will be on ours to including campgrounds and B&B to hotels. An initial goal is to have 200 vehicles registered by April 15. Why?? Well this would assure us of exclusive use of the Park. Biggest event ever at Paragon was a little over 400. It can take it!!!!

So this pirate walks into a bar with a steering wheel sticking out of his pants. The bartender says to him, "Erm, did you know you have a steering wheel sticking out of your pants?"

"Aye," replied the pirate, "and it's driving me nuts!"

TALL TALES AND QUESTIONABLE ANTICS

PLAYING ON THE CARP TRAIL

photos and text by Terry King



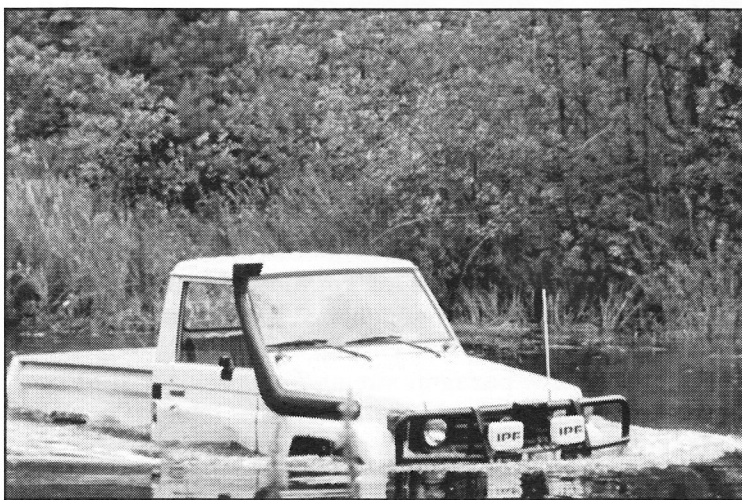
Moses (played by Kevin N.) parts the Green Sea.



Like a rock, parked in the trail.

These photos are from the Carp Trail run in August when 3 of us from OVLR joined up with you. All photos taken by Terry King. Red Discovery is Kevin Willey. Green Series Land Rover is Kevin Newell. Black Discovery is Terry King. Great shots of the Toyota in the swamp. This was the S10's first trip offroad as I recall. We were all impressed with his power at low speed up those inclines (with road tires). Jeeps did great throughout. Did I leave anyone out? Hope not. I plan to get out again sometime with you.

Cheers,
Terry King
OVLR



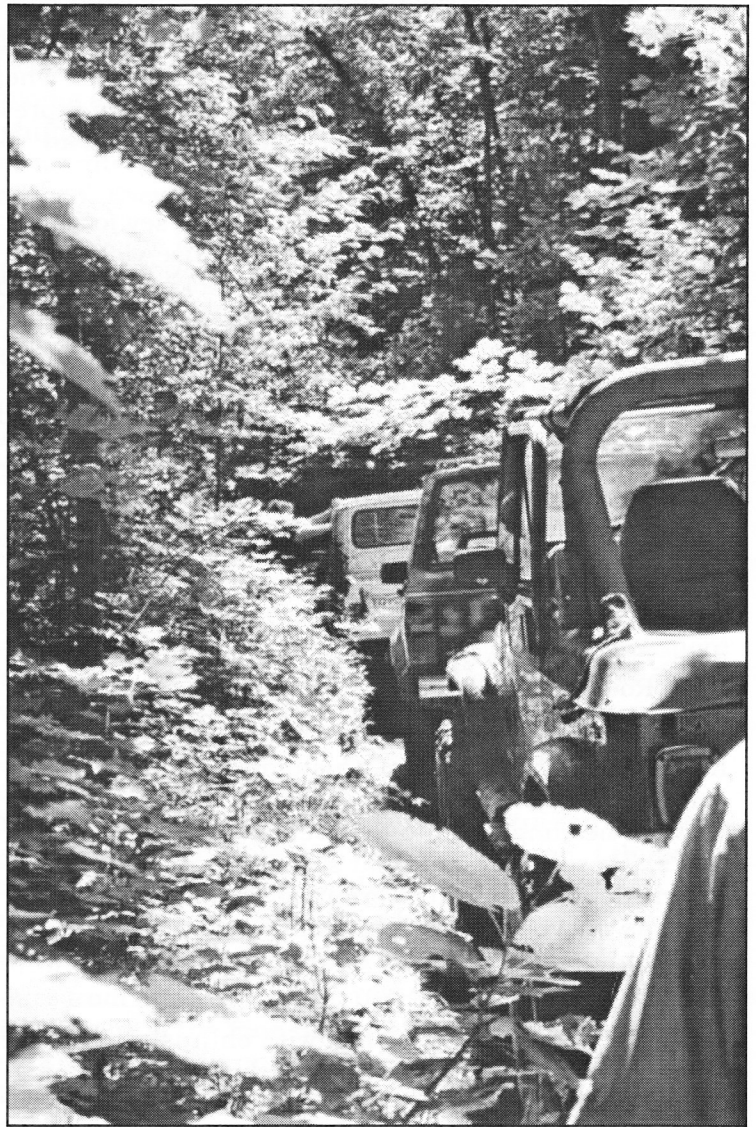
The Amazing Swimming Toyota



The Toyota thought this a better idea than Rover did.



Apparently some people actually chase carp on the Carp Trail.



If you look closely, you can see soccer hooligans trying to tip over the Toyota. Or maybe someone is just talking to the driver. But we like the first story better.



Kevin W. dives in.



"Abandon ship!"

BLACKER HAVEN LAND ROVER EVENT

Photos and text by Christine Rose

Ever since we bought the Disco, I vowed to Ted that we would attend a lot more Land Rover events. I knew when I got myself into this whole Land Rover thing the expression, "In for a penny, in for a pound," would have an enormous meaning.

This time we planned to head to New Jersey for long-standing club member, Ben Smith's, house-warming party. Little did I realize we would be looking at close to an eight-hour drive. I guess the bonus was that we would be travelling to the Blacker Haven event in Jersey without kids, that is if you don't count Dixon. So much for intelligent conversation that wouldn't revolve around all of that Rover stuff.

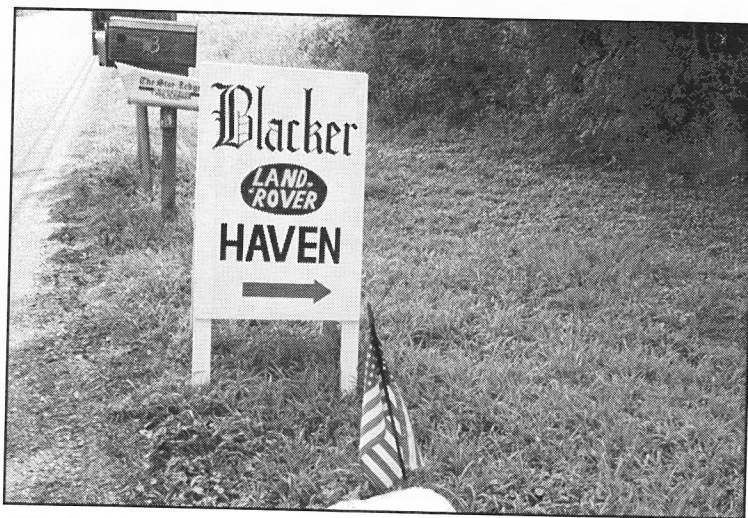
Dixon was a good boy, arriving the night before and crashing on the couch so we could get an early start. Early is defined differently by many but it amounted to an 8:00 a.m. departure. The cooler was well-packed so stops would be few and we headed out on the road for Jersey. But first, a quick stop for oil. What is it about Land Rovers and oil?

We made our way to the U.S. border in under 1-½ hours only to have the U.S. Customs officer ask "You're going to Jersey to go camping?" after I explained to him we were heading down to New Jersey to go camping at Ben's. He seemed somewhat surprised. His tone of voice left me doubting our little excursion. The balance of the trip was uneventful but it became very evident that the hot and humid weather we had left behind in Ottawa was going to follow us all the way.

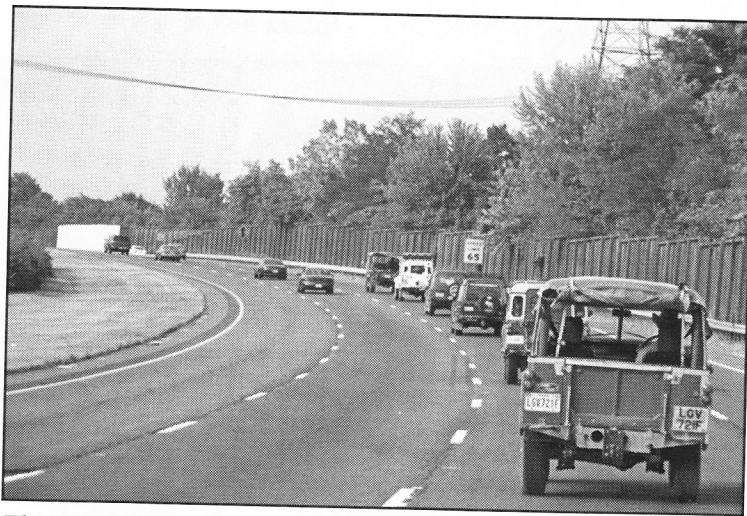
Our arrival at Ben's was met with enthusiasm but we should not complain as we blasted the air conditioning for the entire trip. Dixon reminded of a quote I once made, "I'll take comfort over nostalgia anytime." This was one trip I would never have undertaken in a Series vehicle and I am not usually very high maintenance.

We were greeted on the lane by Ben, Spenny and Bo. After the usual handshakes and hugs we settled in for an evening of tall tales. As many of you are aware, when I have the need to track down Ted, I only need to look for a bonnet up and the back side of a pair of Land Rover shorts. We arrived at 4:00 p.m. and it took less than two hours to find that Ted had "assumed the position" over Spenny's truck. Some things just never change.

While Ted tinkered on Spenny's truck, Alan Richer found himself a little treasure to work on. While doing the usual garage tour, (nobody ever seems as enthused about the house), Alan had found a 1945 vintage generator that apparently had not been run in over 30 years. He was overheard to say "I will have it running in an hour." Well, not only did he have it running in the hour we went off for refreshment for half an hour but he returned to complete the job with five minutes to spare. One of many amazing feats from the weekend. All right, not so fascinating to some but I just go along for the ride.



Blacker than what, exactly? This way to the trailer park!



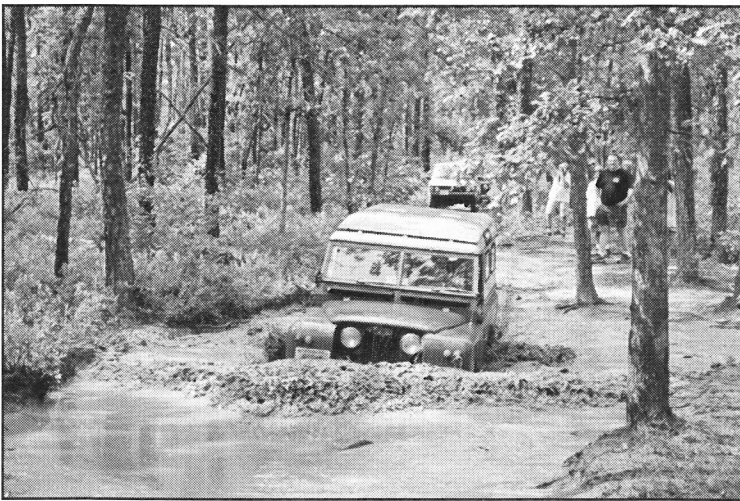
This is what a convoy looks like.



This is what a lost convoy looks like.



Bronze medal: Quintin. High artistic points but a lower technical rating.



Silver medal: Dave Bobeck. Excellent form.



Gold medal: Jeff Berg! A virtual tsunami of a bow wave left the judges damp with excitement. Lori Sickley, one of the spectators, called this bold move "the Pig Splat".

Dinner that night proved to be an exercise in frustration. While preparing the evening's feast for Ted and Dixon the winds began to pick up as the Caesar salad was being tossed and the steaks were grilling on the BBQ. Needless to say the balance of my chef tasks saw me holding an umbrella with torrential rain, high winds and lighting bolts abound, causing me to toss my umbrella in the air after each bolt as a line of thunderstorms moved through. Eventually we managed to enjoy a bite to eat.

Some of the later entertainment revolved around the idea that Jeff Berg and Bill Caloccia were out there, coming down in Jeff's 88 sans top. Despite the high humidity, which didn't quit all weekend, we all managed a decent night's sleep. So much for Eric, Jeff and Bill who were slumming in a nearby motel. So much for taking my "Comfort over nostalgia", applying it to camping, and raising it to new heights!

The next morning, the balance of the troops had arrived for a sum total in the neighborhood of 25, including dogs. The likes of Bill, Bill, Bill & Bill (yes four Bills) Lori, Dixon, Ted, Eric, Jeff & Jeff, Nate, Al, Mike, Q, Christina, Spenny, Dave, Bo, Goose, Lucy and Ben, plus a few more I am sure I have missed, saw us pile into our trucks with event packages in hand for a day of green laning.

Now like a good little girl I pulled out my map and various other paperwork Ben had provided for us. Ben must be inspired by Birthday Party registration packages as these were very complete. <aside> Hmmm, I think that Ben might be vying for that Birthday Party organiser's job.

The green, later found to be sand-laning was about two hours from our Readington base camp in Wharton State Park, a part of the Pine Barrens. Ben did say the journey was about an hour and a half in a newer LR but it is always advisable to over-estimate with a Land Rover convoy.

What a hoot. The whole lot of us were an embarrassment to Land Rover kind. We took over three hours to arrive at our destination. We lost one club member completely (Bill Maloney when his directions blew out the window. Really!) so that he went home. The group unintentionally broke up into more than three groups. The group obviously did not read their registration package as Ben had also provided a copy of Rick Larson's "Rules of Convoy Driving". We must have broken every rule in the book.

Despite the rough start the park was beautiful and the trails were many. There was a stop by the Oswega River, which offered us a chance to have lunch and cool down. The off-roading was fairly uneventful, the white sand at times to being similar to driving through snow. A slightly retouched photo would have made it appear that we were driving in the winter, if not for the shorts and hundred degree weather. Then we hit the "Black Hole". Ben in all his wisdom poured himself into the 30 foot wide hole in his 101 only to find himself drowned and out.

(continued on next page)



Oops. Ben gets rescued.



Bill Rice checking for alligators. None were found to everyone's disappointment.

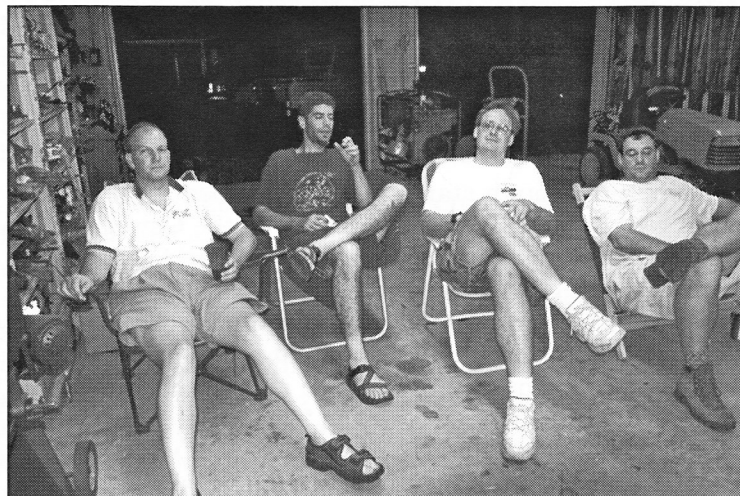
This was the photo opportunity of a lifetime. Ted was going to use our virgin winch to pull a 101 out of with numerous cameras to record this moment in history. After hauling Ben out he managed to redeem himself by getting through on the second try. The others? Ted, Dave Bobeck and Quintin made it through on the first try. But then, we had the others. Jeff Berg made a wonderful "pig splat" it right in the middle. He was then in turned pulled out only to have Jeff Meyer manage the same stunt. Bill Rice rounded out those who performed the feat solo. To be fair, Mike and Alan went around the hole rather than risk their Range Rovers in the mire.

We made our way out of the park with no other mishaps or excitement but personally I would like to have stuck around the hole for some more entertainment. The rest of the trip was smooth as we made our way back to the entrance parking lot. It never ceases to amaze me how stupid people can be. Quintin had left his towing vehicle and trailer in a near-empty lot only to have some idiot park his car practically blocking the ramps. Personally I think we should have moved his vehicle across the lot to leave him wondering what the heck had happened.

That evening saw a great BBQ feast put on by Ben, his girlfriend Christina and both sets of parents. Chef Alan cooked up a storm of burgers and other sundries. Before dinner we managed to test out Ben's short off-road track on his property only to have Ted rip off the bumperette and bent the steel bumper only because he would not believe me when I said that the tree is not going to get out of his way no matter how many times he tried. A few stories were swapped throughout the evening some believable and some not. We turned in before bewitching hour so as not to have to endure too painful a drive home the next day.

The morning saw a visit from one of Ben's neighbours. She was very concerned he was turning his place into a trailer park. How insulting! This is the same house who whenever the parents are away the cops show up at the teenager's parties for unruliness. That neighbourhood is going to the dogs, literally.

We packed up and were on the road by nine. Trimmed a half hour off the trip and no hassles at the border. A good time was had by all. 🚗



Discussing philosophy.

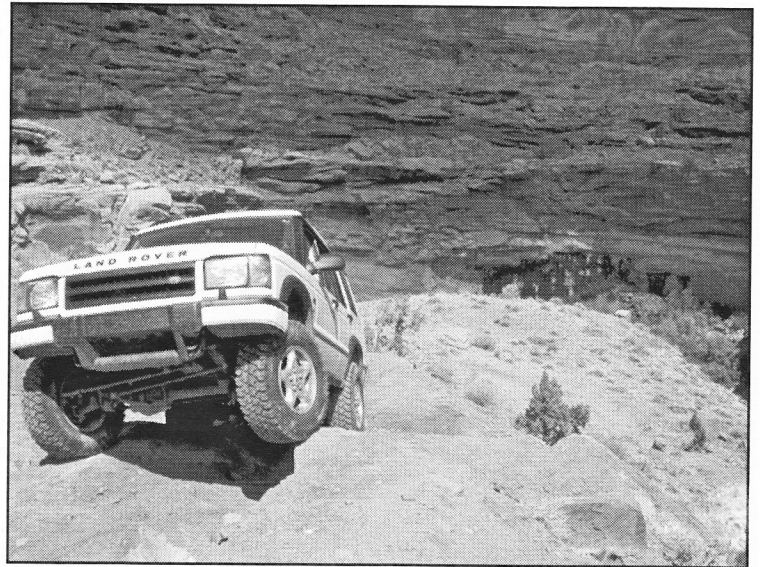


Baptizing Ted and Christine's Disco.

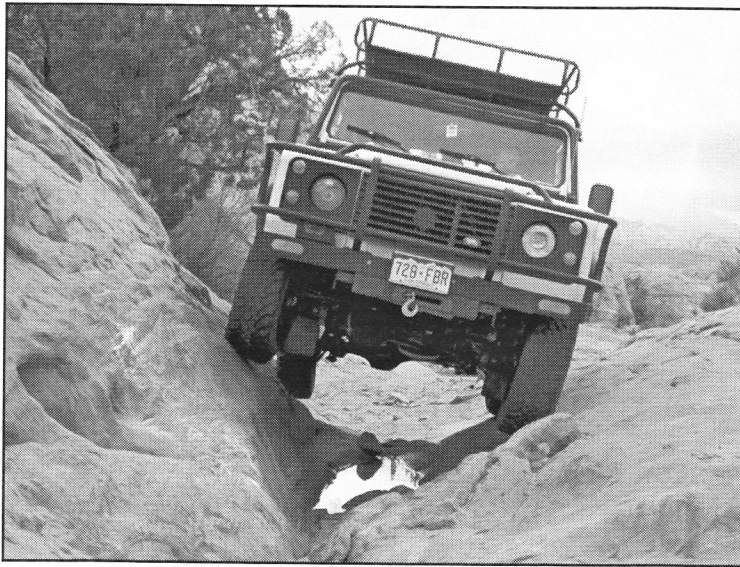
POSTCARDS FROM THE SOLIHULL SOCIETY NATIONAL RALLY, MOAB



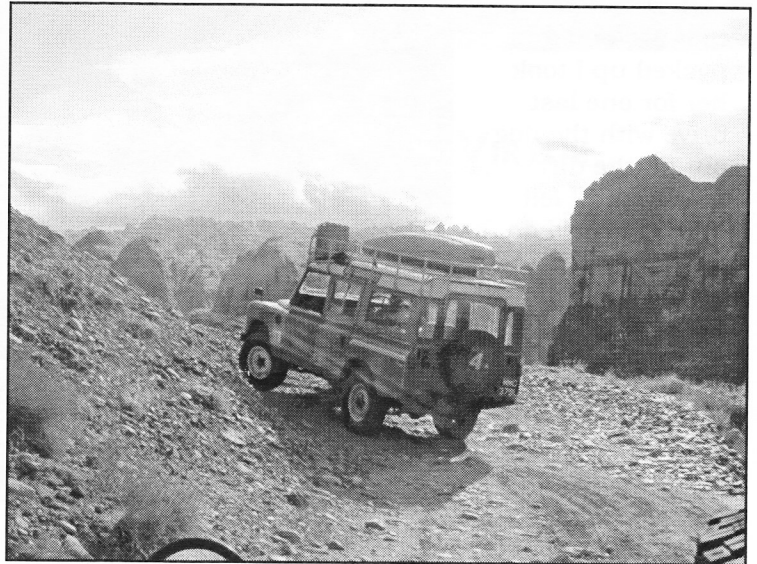
The Birthing Rock, a famous petroglyph at the beginning of the Kane Creek trail.



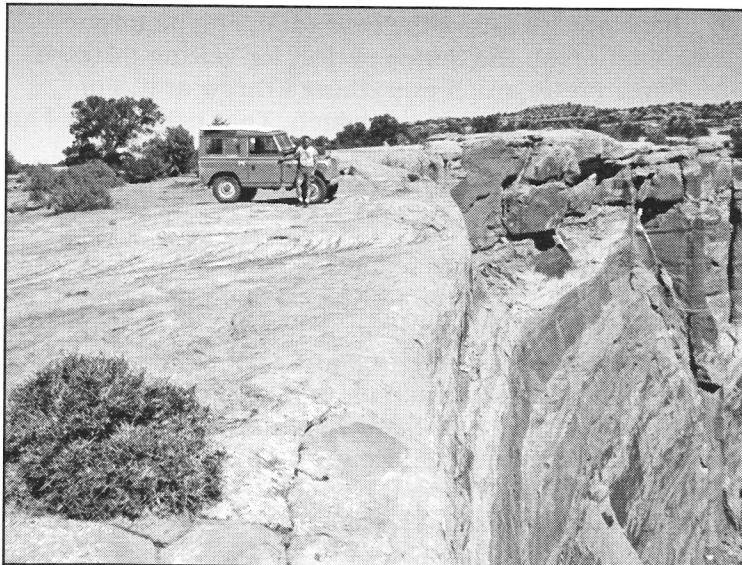
Dave Lucas climbing out of the Kane Creek canyon. The correct line has you very close to the edge of a drop here.



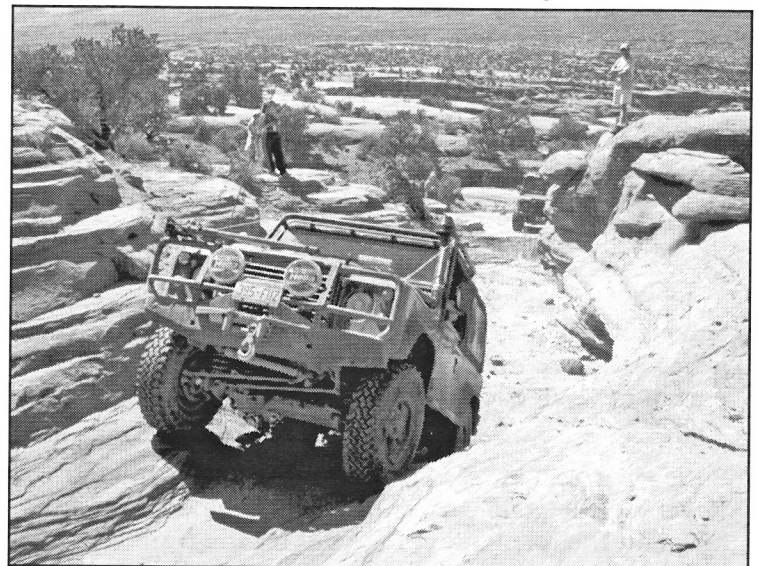
Jen drives The Wedge on Poison Spider Mesa.



John Alden and Mehetabel climbing up Poison Spider.



Keith Tanner (the author) parked on Metal Masher.



Mirror Gulch on Metal Masher.

HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE (ROVER)

by Alastair Sinclair

I've just moved from the country into the Glebe. The dog still likes to lie under the Series III when she gets a chance and I sat out back with her for a little while last night reading a back issue of Motorsport and watching the sun go down on the Rovers. Nice then, apparently, having gear oil in the fur.

Parked next to the Series III was my recently acquired Range Rover. The series needs a bit of work and the list of bits and pieces has grown to the extent that I've taken her off the road, mothballed after the recent move, after five years and over 500,000 km of use as my only vehicle. It looks funny, washed up and full of boxes and bits, waiting to be brought back to life, although it still leaks and for some reason I take it as a good sign.

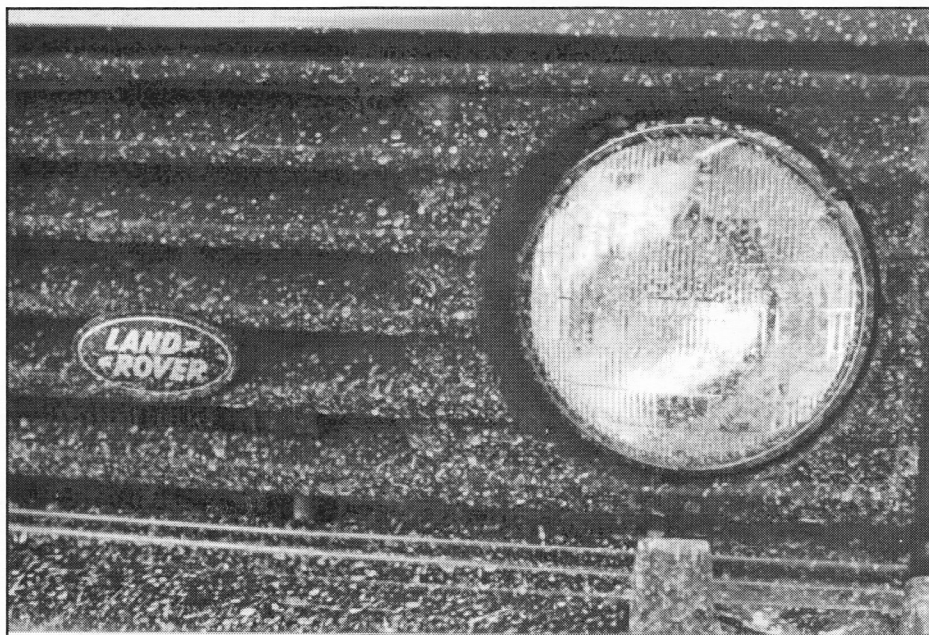
Before I put the roof back on and packed up I took her for one last drive with the dog out on the dirt roads, and I felt then, as I still do now, that it must be the best thing I've ever rolled around in. Nothing, aesthetically, comes close, and there is an intangible purity and honesty to the whole thing that stems from its purposefulness.

The Range Rover is very nice, too nice in fact, for what I am accustomed to. Unlike any Series Rover it is not completely devoid of pretension and embellishment. The presence of a radio was initially a bother and all that wood and leather makes me cringe every time the dogs gets in covered in mud and whatever else. I will say, though, that it is a real Land Rover. I immediately recognized the bloodlines and on the bottom side everything was pleasantly familiar. The swivel balls, solid axles and sturdy frame gave me a good feeling and I liked that it had a nice towing set up at the back. I had never driven or even ridden in one before it became a part of my collection of dilapidated things.

When I first took possession of the Range Rover the Series was still in regular use and so I kept the Range Rover as "the good car", the one that the dogs couldn't jump in, the one I didn't take out on the trails and the

one car that I knew could be kept in somewhat respectable condition. It is a great highway truck, other than the tendency to wander and never go in a straight line, and the towing ability is really useful. I especially appreciate the significant reduction in travel time on long distance trips, but not the corresponding thirst of an engine nearly double the size of what was previously under foot.

Once I mothballed the Series I was pretty good about keeping the Range Rover off the trails but I've broken down a couple of times since then and here are some of my thoughts about the Range Rover in comparison to a Series Rover:



Art. Ponder this study of a classic Range Rover. (Shannon Lee Mannion)

For a truck designed with some pretty good off road abilities they sure skimmed on the paint. I think if you look at it the wrong way it scratches. Otherwise good paint looked like it'd been through the wars after one gentle trail ride through Marlborough forest where the bush isn't even that dense.

The coil suspension is a revelation. While I am far too much of a traditionalist to run anything but the original leafs on my Series I see why so many people butcher their trucks and fit coils.

I have always found the gear ratio/engine torque combination on the Series perfect for getting through and over pretty much everything I throw at it. For everything else there is the winch. That being said, I am completely smitten by the Range Rover's torque and power. It can be used to good effect especially when maintaining momentum is a priority.

The downside to that lovely V8 burble is all the weight in the nose. Not to mention the extra pounds from the wood, leather, stereo equipment, cruise control, air conditioning, power steering, anti lock breaking system, power seats, windows and on and on. I cringe at the thought of what it will cost when it all starts to go wrong. The accumulated weight of all of this is sufficient to make the Range Rover sink like a stone at the first hint of damp soil. The technique would seem to be


to sink in and push through, whereas in a Series you can 'float' through some sections. Combine this weight with the piddly factory Michelins and you soon have a very expensive bit of kit stranded in the middle of nowhere.

This is exactly where I found myself this weekend. I stopped in the Marlborough forest, which is now open for the season, on my way back from Kingston. The recent rain didn't do much and the trails are still very dry for this time of year. That didn't stop me from becoming hopelessly dug in. A little jacking and some strategically placed logs had me quickly on my way, but I was surprised at how, despite the extra travel and articulation, the Range Rover's weight had quickly rendered it useless for further forward progress.

I have admiration for those brave enough to take their Range Rovers off the beaten path but I have once again decided that mine will remain a great tow car, a long distance cruiser and a great truck for the back roads where the long wheel base and supple suspension make it a treat to drive after the job the Series has done on my kidneys.

To really enjoy the Range Rover on the trails I believe you need to invest in some beefier rubber as well as a winch. The weight of the vehicle means that when it is stuck it is really stuck. Unlike a Series, which can frequently be rocked free, the Range Rover is too heavy for just a couple of people to really get moving again. My other concern has to do with the jacking points. It is difficult to wedge the Hi-Lift in without it doing some damage to bits that Land Rover wants an awful lot to replace. I have learned that the hard way after crunching a fog light. I did this in a parking lot, not on any trail, and the dealer wants \$197.00 per light. This pricing philosophy seems to apply to the other bits as well.

If I had another daily driver I would consider these modifications to the Range Rover, but for now I will be putting my money aside to buy the series bits. It doesn't make sense, to me at least, to use a vehicle so lavishly appointed in this way, out in the muck. So, for probably the last time in the foreseeable future, the Range Rover is spattered, covered in a thick coating of clay after some wheelspin was necessary to get it out of the bog, while the series sits clean and pristine.

They are both exceptional vehicles, each with their own unique character and abilities. Given the choice for long drives and moderate trail work I would chose the Range Rover. When life is not as hurried and the terrain is more challenging I will grab the keys to the series. I am not planning to ever get rid of either one, but if you gave me one last drive before I had to shuffle off I would be back in my old favourite, roof off, doors removed, windshield folded down and dog at my side. 



More art. The OVL: your one-stop culture shop! (Alistair Sinclair)

YOU ARE WHAT YOU DRIVE - 100% LAND ROVER

by the Cotton Brothers of Africa

Series 1

These guys usually come from KZN and wear veldskoens and veldt hats. They are relaxed easy going and enjoy a good few pints, preferably in the berg somewhere. Their vehicles are hardworking and have been in use for longer than the owners can remember. They run them on a strictly break and fix maintenance plan. Really proud owners make use of "new" remanufactured parts, less proud owners upgrade to series 2 and 3 parts. Accessories are limited to functional homemade devices that last forever. These owners are still struggling with concepts such as gearbox synchros, high speeds (80+ km/h), turnkey ignitions and engine sizes greater than 2.0 litres.

Series II

An interesting bunch here who are not quite sure where they fit in. Clearly technology and progress are important to them otherwise they would be driving a Series 1. However they draw a fine line between progress and unnecessary luxuries. These guys decided way back in 1974 that Land Rover had gone soft by opting for things like a plastic dash, syncro gearbox and a plastic grill. Consequently they regard the Series 2 as the last of the real land rovers. These are adventurous outwardly mobile types who pack their vehicles overnight and head for undisclosed locations. Accessories are irrelevant to this group as they clearly have the best vehicle manufactured with plenty of space so they have it all.

Series 3

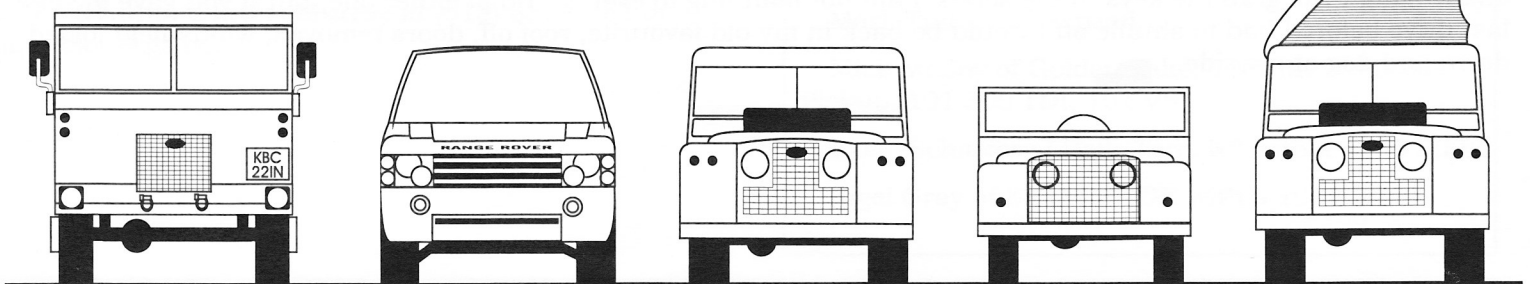
These are the first generation of softened Land Rover owners. Clearly more sophisticated and in touch with the real world these guys like their luxuries. Being able to combine the undisputed ruggedness and performance with comfy trim and a smoother ride, sold these guys on their Landies. These owners as well as being outwardly mobile have shown tendencies to be upwardly mobile. They are family types eager to get out and see the lesser known spots in Southern Africa. The hardcore Series 3 owner still considers himself a descendent of the Camel man and prouds himself on the fact that his model actually took part in the Camel trophy back in the early days when it was still the real thing. The really adventurous Series 3 owner is an overland veteran and busy planning or doing a Trans African trip. They like to be thought of, in retrospect, as the cream of series owners, but don't know that in series vehicles the cream runs the other way! They like driving the best of the cheap Land Rovers.

110

These are truly powerful individuals with a need for speed and a thirst for power. The thought of driving a Land Rover with a V8 made these guys go soft at the knees, and all else seemed irrelevant. With the thirst for power still fresh on their minds, the thirst for petrol hit their pockets. But like the vehicles they drive they persevered and found comfort in the burbling of the V8. These owners started to resemble the average population where features such as roll down windows, smooth gear changes, functional heaters and speeds in excess of 100km/h are considered normal. These owners are clearly status conscious and pride themselves on driving a 20-year-old vehicle that looks exactly the same as the ones currently rolling off the production line. To some owners the accessories mean more than the vehicle itself and in some case the accessories actually cost more as well.

Defender Tdi (consider 90 & 110)

These owners, as common as they seem, are breeds unto themselves. Strangely enough they exhibit some of the eagerness and loyalty evident in behavioral patterns of a Series 1 owner. Some of these tdi owners are oblivious to the existence of a Series 1. These owners drive state of the art vehicles and pay state of the art prices for them. They are definitely upwardly mobile and like to think that they are outwardly mobile. For the milder owner, Getaway destinations do just fine but for the Series 1 like owners more exotic destinations are in store. These guys are also true individualists, often putting up with abuse from family and friends alike for buying a truck that costs more than a BMW. They adorn their prize catches with every camel trophy accessory available and look like they are going on an overland trip everytime they leave the driveway on their way to work. They can always be recognized by the fact that one eye does not blink or turn as it is used to monitor engine temperature. They all secretly hope their vehicles will outlast a V8. To the question "Do you smoke?" they usually answer by saying "A little on acceleration"



Defender 2.8i

These are owners are street smart speed freaks, diesel haters, red light draggers and toy boys, they are the bad boys of the Land Rover fraternity. Both street racers and monster trucks are fair game to the 2.8i owner. All of them really great people and love their Landies but with umbilical cords still attached to BMW, this group is not quite aboard. These are confident owners who lead busy lives and do not have time to waste on breakdowns and engine problems. They are comfortable in the right hand lane and can hold their own on any freeway. Despite their clean-cut appearance they have definite mud plugging tendencies and are hell-bent on proving that their machines are as capable as any other Landy.

Classic Range Rover

Clearly these are incredibly stylish people with an eye for a piece of art worthy of display in the Louvre. Comfort, style, sophistication and good taste set these owners apart from any other Land Rover owners, never mind other 4x4 owners. They are content at knowing they drive the best universal 4x4 ever made and that it is still capable of taking on the newest head on. Shunned by their stable mates and welcomed by the rest these owners have successfully managed to integrate with Land Rover and non-Land Rover owners alike. Extremely flexible and forward thinking means that these people are always ahead of the pack and well balanced. They are generally very confident and un-intrusive.

Range Rover Vogue

As an owner of such an immaculate piece of machinery you are clearly invincible and a leader in your field. Petty arguments about whose vehicle is better and other low life vehicle bashing techniques are way beneath these kings. Fellow owners include kings, queens, rock stars, movie stars, world leaders and oil barons. Association with fellow Land Rover owners is by choice and a memorable occasion for mere mortal Land Rover Owners. The impeccable taste and style displayed by these owners means that their vehicles are pristine and only adorned with the finest useless accessories. Silence and peace are important to these owners as they effortlessly glide from destination to destination. As with all things, off roading is a choice that some owners either make or don't make, it is entirely their decision.

Discovery

Being in the right place at the right time is something that all of these owners have in common. Somewhere between a Defender and a Range Rover owner is where these guys find themselves. Content with the middle road these owners are movers, but not necessarily shakers, unless of course they drive a really old shagged-out Disco. They are well-balanced individuals who accept challenges without compromising comfort. They don't necessarily regard themselves as Land Rover owners, unless they really want to. Image and appearances are all important and the Land Rover badge just says it all. Many of these owners can be very deceptive especially on weekends, when they transform both physically and mentally into wannabe camel trophy adventurers. With the financial backing of a multinational company they descend on accessory outfitters to clear out their stocks and then head for the nearest mud hole to test everything.

Freelander

These owners are the most normal by public standards, but the strangest by Land Rover standards. They are very cautious level headed people who are starting to take risks. They typify the label hunters of our time and are extremely brand conscious. They are clearly intelligent go-getters who worked out that the Land Rover name buys them a lifestyle and free off road driver training. They have their feet firmly planted in the city and see dust roads as a challenge. They have an inner voice telling them that something in their lives has to change. For some of them this will become a reality as they start to sell all their belongings to afford more or better Land Rovers.

Multiple vehicle owners

These owners are the most unstable and unpredictable of all. Their allegiance to any particular model has been surpassed by an obsession for anything Land Rover. It is not known whether or not this is due to all the vehicles that they own, or this has resulted in them owning all the vehicles they own. Despite being unstable and unpredictable these people are well aware of their fate and quite content to see it out. They are generally great storytellers with incredible memories, recalling triumphs and disasters with equal amounts of glee. They can be incredibly convincing at times, especially on the topic of Land Rovers. There are two types of multiple vehicle owners.

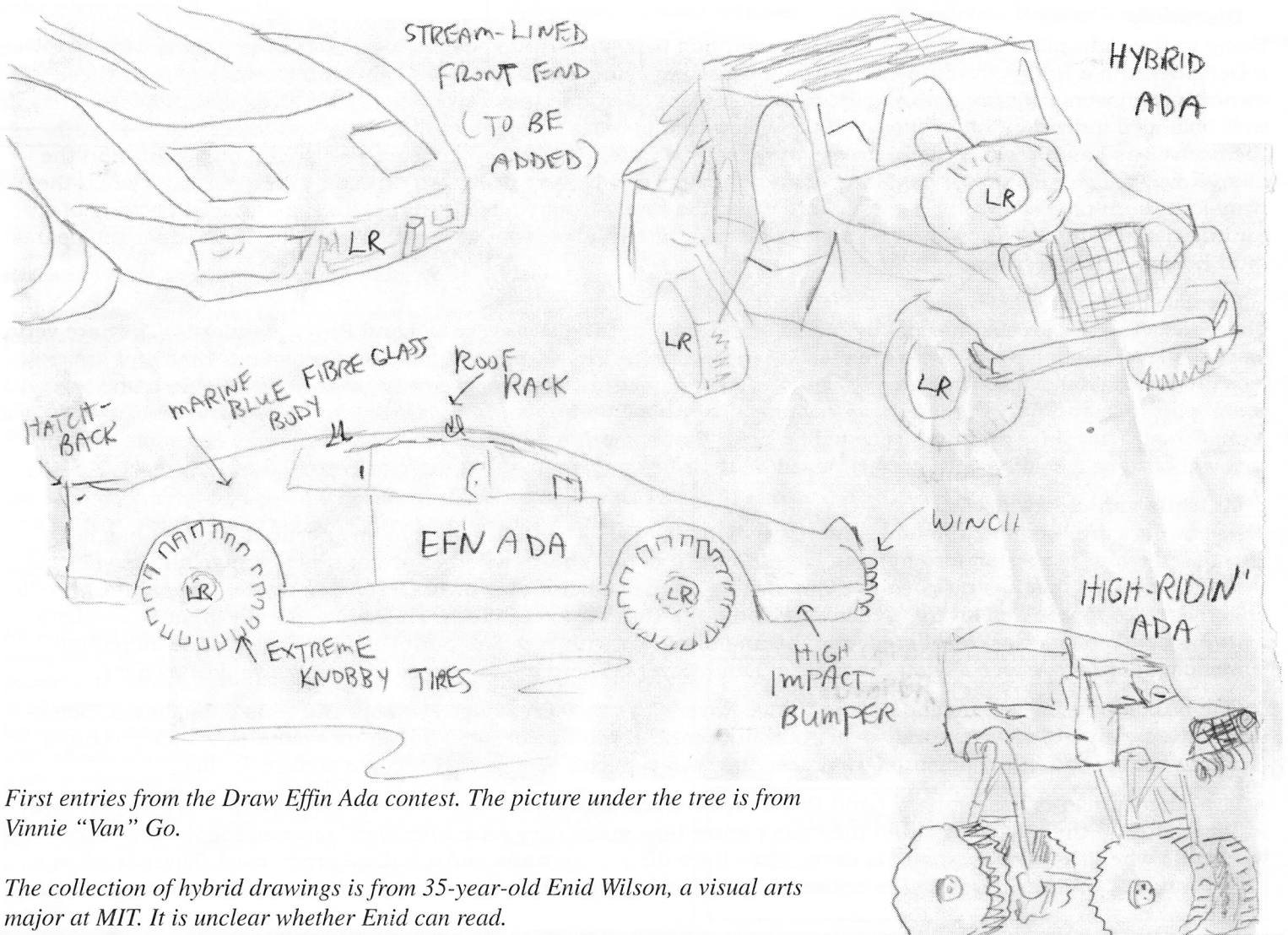
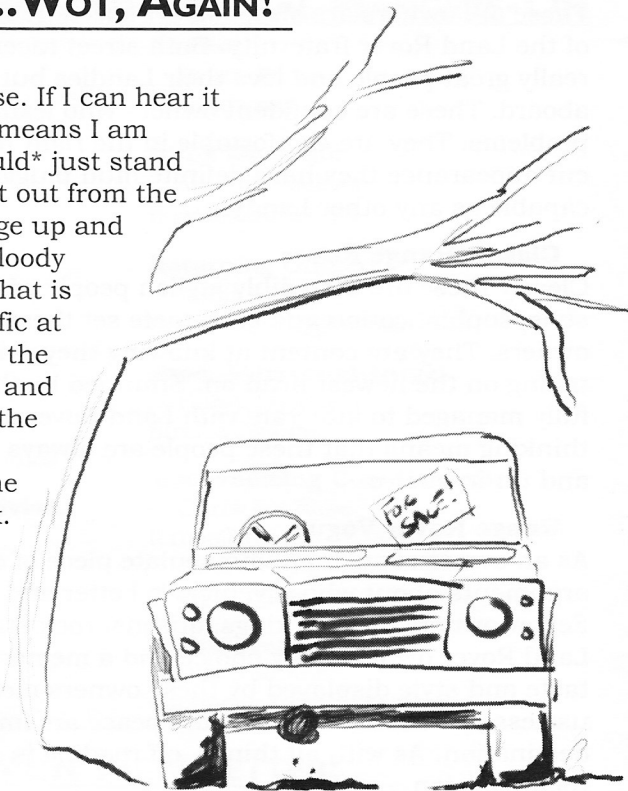
One bunch buy Discos, Defenders and Range Rovers 'cos they are image symbols and thus must-haves. Sometimes fitted with lots of accessories to get that authentic Tomb Raider look. Sometimes Land Rover ownership is found to be fun and in a moment of weakness they buy a Series vehicle and become hooked for life.

The other bunch is the die-hard Land Rover types. Born in and into Land Rovers they spend every penny, every waking hour on their vehicles, often they don't know how many they have and "new" ones suddenly appear on weekends when the wife/husband is away. They have dirty fingernails and a MIDAS credit card. There is often a broad range of vehicles covering the entire range but never will a brand new vehicle be seen in their possession.

EFFIN ADA GETS FARMED OUT...WOT, AGAIN!

by Mike Rooth

No ,a fool am I, again. And there is no need for enthusiastic applause. If I can hear it over here, without benefit of Brunel's hurriedly dropped bit of wire, it means I am spending many scrips of the realm without reason. Well, I mean I *could* just stand outside and shout. You *should* need a phone...The old pony fed, I set out from the farm to a well earned bottle..er..well..Fine. Start up, no worries. Change up and up...to 3rd. No 3rd. Yer wot? OK, try top. No top. Eh? NO TOP? This bloody gearbox has just been Wallet Whopping overhauled! By experts! Well that is more or less what they said. Therefore two miles, in traffic, yuppy traffic at that, in second. Piss orf you berks I'm bigger than you lot. So..back at the farm (By bus. Use Public Transport 'e ses. Ten minutes takes an hour and a half. I really *dont* want a tour of the town I've lived in longer than the totty...sorry..have.On the other hand the totty....) Shut UP Rooth. <cough> Anyroadup Ada was booked into Keith's place at the farm. The horse type farm. And went down in 2nd gear. And sat there for a week. Keith lent me an old Fraud van. And Ada sat and sulked. Keith announced with glee he had procured for me a replacement gearbox. I saw it. Oh dear. It had a plate on it which said summat like:"Reconditioned by 45 W\S REME Rhine...and stuff" The Rhine Army. AND, a 11A box. OK, the 11A box is, IMO, better but REME? It would not fit.A Mil box has a spigot on the I/P shaft. And Keith mended the 111 box. I think.I hope. It sounds..original...Here we go again. This is NOT the end.....promise. Because...



First entries from the Draw Effin Ada contest. The picture under the tree is from Vinnie "Van" Go.

The collection of hybrid drawings is from 35-year-old Enid Wilson, a visual arts major at MIT. It is unclear whether Enid can read.