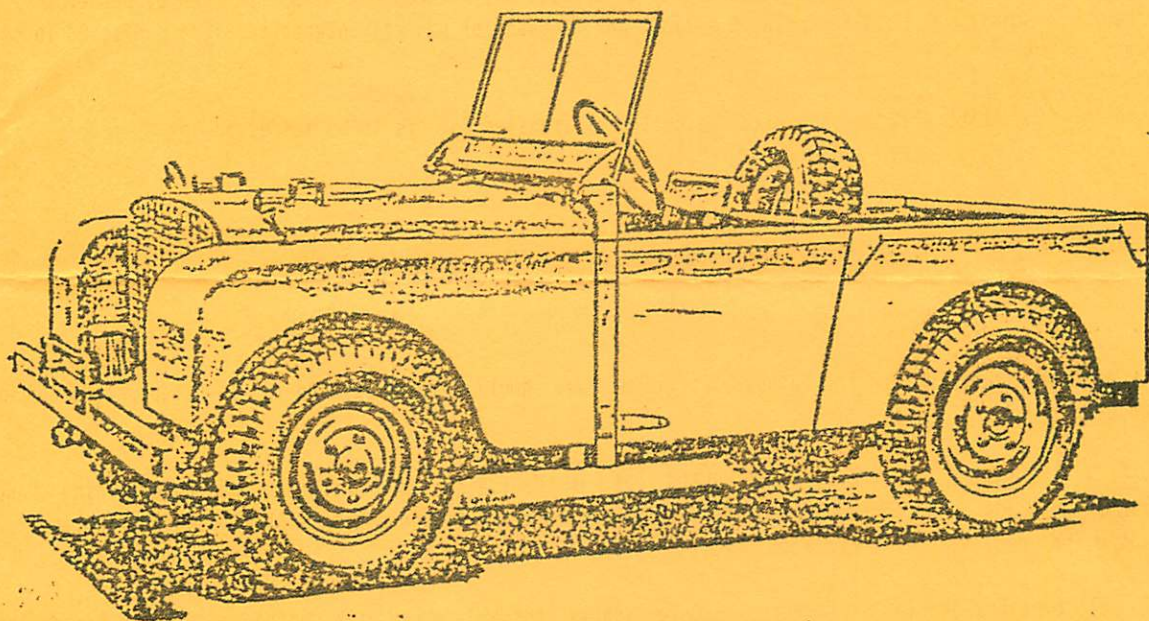


# TRANSFER BOX

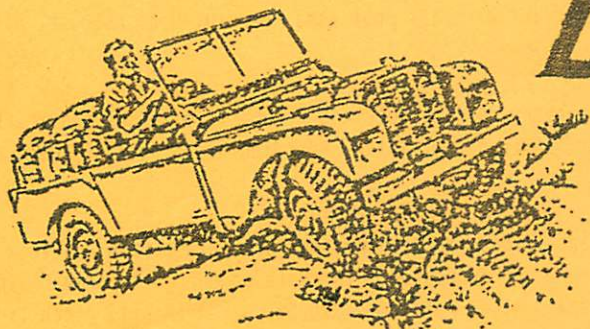


VOLUME  
No. 24

April 1948.



GO anywhere... DO anything



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40 YEARS OF LAND ROVER APRIL 88



ALROC (The Association of Land Rover Owners of Canada) is a Canadian non-profit association of Land Rover enthusiasts, be they owners, operators or occasional fellow travellers. Membership applications are invited ~~from all persons~~ at the cost of C\$7.50 per annum. Members will receive the Transfer box and the annual Membership directory, as well as other sundry mailings, and are entitled to participate in person or by mail in the annual meeting, and may hold office in the association. Through ALROC, members also have access to a considerable store of expertise and material useful for restoring and maintaining Land Rovers in North America.

Where local numbers permit, members are encouraged to form ALROC chapters, so that they might work and enjoy their Land Rovers together. By offering members better support for vehicle restoration and maintenance, as well as more occasions for having fun with like-minded people, local chapters will inevitably serve to strengthen ALROC and to preserve our aging Land Rovers.

ALROC is presently Headquartered in British Columbia. Elected officers are:

Harold Huggins, President  
Ron Low, Vice President  
Andy Graham, Membership Secretary  
Ron Reid, Secretary

The founding President is Harold Huggins.

TECHNICAL ADVICE is available to all ALROC members on a prompt basis through the mail or even by phone. It's free and it's not guaranteed, but it is usually good. Questions and answers of general interest will be published in subsequent issues of Transfer Box.

Correspondence with ALROC officers and with the Editor of Transfer Box is to be addressed to:

ALROC  
Unit 185  
1450 Johnston Road  
White Rock, B.C.,  
Canada. V4B-5F9

Cheques or money orders covering membership and advertising fees should be made payable to The Association of Land Rover Owners of Canada.

TRANSFER BOX is the official publication of ALROC. It is dedicated to helping and entertaining Land Rover enthusiasts across Canada and around the world. All manner of articles and comments having to do with Land Rovers are invited. Transfer Box reserves space for each chapter's news.

Material should be submitted in a legible, double spaced format, along with photos and illustrations. The editor reserves the right to correct grammar and spelling etc, to confirm the accuracy of the material, and to edit. (which is why he is called a editor!) When material from other sources is used, full bibliographic information should be provided.

Transfer Box is not copyrighted, and no compensation is offered for material published therein. Upon request, material can be returned to contributors.

Publication dates are quarterly, falling on the 15th day of January, April, July and October. To assure publication in a given issue, material and advertisements must be received on the first day of the preceding month. Back issues may be ordered for the cost of reproduction.

Advertising in Transfer Box is available in both classified and layout forms. Non-commercial classified ads from ALROC members will be published in two consecutive issues unless otherwise requested. There is no charge to members in good standing. Commercial and non-member classified ads are to be prepaid at a rate of C\$0.50 per 4 inch 12 pitch line per issue. The editor reserves the right to stretch out obscure abbreviations. Half-page and full-page layouts are available at C\$8.00 and C\$15.00 respectively per issue. The preparation of relatively simple layouts from rough submissions is offered at no extra charge.

While apparently implausible advertising claims will be questioned prior to publication, the Transfer Box team and ALROC cannot be held responsible for published advertising claims. Prepaid ads booked for four consecutive issues will be accorded a 15% discount.



You are invited to understand that not all the problems that befell #24 were foreseeable. I have had all the misfortune that could befall any person trying to get a magazine out by a deadline.

There was the day that the gremlins got to the stencil maker, some weeks ago and it took weeks to get it to make more. Then the printer got into difficulty, it wouldn't print. Then the inker went west. But here we are on the brink of another issue. The kudos go to our founder, mentor and president for his patience. He is you know. (patient )

It is noted elsewhere that Rhonda Wood provided some of our copy ready to take to the stapler. A HUGE thanks. We are indebted to an old magazine lost somewhere in the archives for the cover picture. It is to celebrate the 40th year of Land Rover. Sure it is old but it is taken along with #22 and shows the progress.

You will note that the change in postal arrangements allows us to skimp on envelopes but we pay nearly twice as much to get them to take the magazine. Oh well that is progress.

In order to streamline we have left the Presidents, Vice presidents and club messages out. There will be other issues and we will have some great news to add at the end of April when the final plans for the 2nd Annual All West Rally will be announced.

We will have some news from Ottawa Valley and Island Rovers then too.



The differential or third member of the drivetrain, be it the one that hums, whines or goes clunk in the night, after a hard day in the bog, is not all that complicated. One of the main causes of differential failures is contaminated lubricant or lack of it, so it's well worth the time spent to roll under and check these things because preventive maintenance is much simpler and cleaner I might add, than overhaul. However, if your diff. does develop one of the aforementioned maladies, necessitating a major operation, you might want to read on.

Now you might think it unnecessary to mention that the half shafts need to be removed prior to the diff., but I did come across a guy who had struggled for some time before realizing it. So much for the manual he was reading. Next drain off the oil, remove the diff. and put it on the bench. It's important to note that before a single bolt is turned, one of the bearing caps should be marked with a centre punch to line up with a corresponding punch mark on the housing to ensure both caps go back on the same side. With removal of races, caps and adjusting wheels, the left and right sets can be tied together with a piece of string unless they are to be replaced.

In terms of ring and pinion gear installation, there are two basic terms to keep in mind. (1) pinion depth and (2) backlash. Pinion depth or checking distance is the measured distance from the back of the pinion gear to the centre line of the ring gear. To alter the pinion depth, you either add or subtract shims from behind the inner pinion bearing race. When replacing the pinion, use the shims removed on stripping at least .020" should be used to establish a starting point. If the shims were badly damaged they should be replaced. There is a pinion depth gauge available but it is rather expensive and hard to get, so the alternative is to install the pinion without the seal and attach a scale, try the one in your fishing tackle box. This is to establish bearing preload using about 2 feet of butcher's cord, wrap around the pinion flange, make a small loop in one end and attach this to the hook on the pull scale. Make a steady pull with the scale and once the pinion is turning freely, check the reading on the scale, it should be between 6 and 10 lbs. Once this has been achieved, replace the pinion seal and install the ring gear, the finer details are in your manual.

Before you decide you've had enough of this lot and start thumbing back to read about someone's latest bush crashing adventures, it's reminded that this isn't difficult, just a bit time consuming. With the diff. assembled, the backlash can be checked to make sure of no mis-alignment in ring and pinion gears. To do this, position a dial indicator perpendicular to the tooth travel. Hold the pinion securely and turn the ring gear through it's backlash. Movements shouldn't exceed .008 - .010 inch. Place the dial indicator at three positions on the ring gear and adjust backlash accordingly. Once this clearance is satisfied, the tooth contact should be checked. Prepare a concoction of red lead powder (obtainable at your paint store) and engine oil, then paint it on both sides of the ring gear teeth. Simulate a load on the gears by holding a piece of wood between the ring gear and the housing, to cause friction on the ring gear while someone turns the gear in the normal direction of rotation. A contact pattern will show which is comparable to that of actual use. By this final check, the accuracy of the pinion depth will be confirmed as to whether it needs to be moved again. It should be noted that when installing a new gear set, be sure they are a matched set by comparing the numbers on the two gears. We worked on a tooth pattern for quite some time until this was discovered, but then again there were four differentials in pieces all over the work bench, so do as we say and not as we do and it will all work out as things usually do in a successful operation. All things being equal, about 2 hours out and mobile again.

By Robin Stringer  
Island Rovers



ASSOCIATION LAND ROVER OWNERS of CANADA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

1 July 1986 to 31 July 1987

Opening Balance

RECEIPTS

Membership	\$ 1,185.00
Donations	65.60
Advertising	180.00
Sales (back issues, decals)	98.00
From ALROC Ottawa	200.00
Bank interest	52.62
Miscellaneous	<u>3.85</u>

TOTAL receipts

\$ 2,385.07

DISBURSEMENTS

Printing & Supplies	443.59
Postage	677.86
Telephone	103.69
<u>Misc. Items</u>	
Rubber stamp	15.76
Returned cheque & servico charges	15.51
Receipt book	4.59
Start-up loan repayment	<u>25.00</u>

T O T A L disbursements

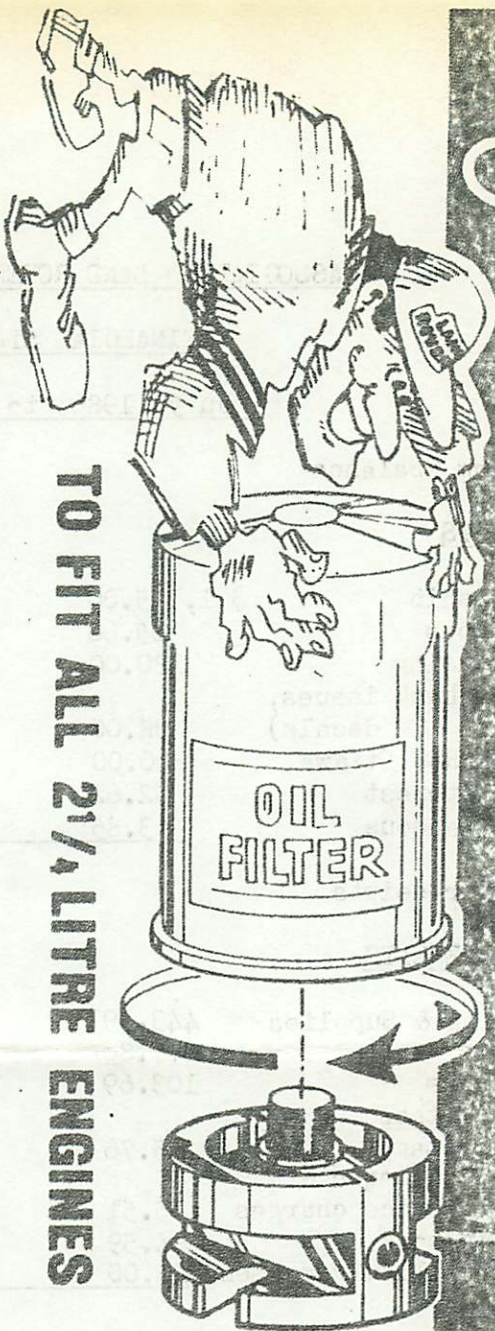
1,286.00

C L O S I N G Balance

1230.00  
\$ 1,099.07



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## PLAIN TALES FROM THE ROAD

By Jeremy Clark

My first Land Rover experience took place in Montreal sometime in the mid fifties. The Land Rover in question was a blue I09 soft top "Radio Rescue RAC". What distinguished this Land Rover from my other toys was first of all that it was not a Dinky but a Corgi and secondly that each axle had its own spring suspension! I recollect that it was given to me as a Christmas present and that Christmas day I ran it all over the living room furniture, while my sister arranged her doll house, and my father sat under the Christmas tree reading the Northern Miner, and plotting the deal to end all deals.

Nairobi, 1973. Leaving the large jumbo jet, I could not help noticing that all the service vehicles on the tarmac were Land Rovers—it was obvious I had arrived in a civilized place. After various plane transfers, I ended up on a very deserted dirt airstrip somewhere in northern Zambia. This was not exactly the portrait that had been painted for me when I was hired on campus back in Montreal. You know parties every night, dinner jackets, pith helmets etc. I must admit I felt quite foolish standing in the middle of nowhere, clutching several sections of a ham radio antenna, and trying not to panic. Eventually a local contractor whizzed by and gave me a lift into town, where I found the company house. Inside were two other shell-shocked individuals—we looked at each other and all broke down laughing. They also had been sold a load of goods. The next day we were piled into a very new I09 and driven to company headquarters.

Month-by-month flew by. My neighbour's constant attention to his Land Rover left me in total awe. Bob Van der... had bought his 88 at a local mine



auction. The furniture of his flat was truly unique. A huge gear from a 200 ton Electra Haul dump truck forced his living room table. His electrical fixtures were equally unusual--all manufactured by Joseph E. himself, the prince of darkness. The kitchen cupboards held their own... next to every sealed container of sugar or coffee was a Land Rover part... door hinge carefully polished, spark plug, speedometer. This spectacle of mechanical life across the road from my flat made the deepest impression on me. Due to my nonexistent savings, the only vehicle I could afford was a 19-year old Rover model 75--a Rover at least, but not what I really wanted. It's previous owner, Hans, had distinguished himself by running a border post in Botswana, and having been shot at numerous times. One expended bullet had managed to find its way into his rear end, adding incredible zest to his story every time we heard it at the mine club. The king of the mine club, this was an institution that will always remain dear to my memory. Zambian beer and listening to the juke box, Dave Jones and "cheer up sleepy Jean oh what can it mean, to a daydream believer.."

Calgary 1975. With Africa securely out of my system, at least so I thought, I decided to wander around town, take a break from a long field trip installing radio gear in the Rocky Mountains. Lo and behold, I came into an industrial section and there on a small lot were three 88's. I immediately found the owner and discovered that they were government surplus and could be purchased. My job suddenly sank into insignificance and on the following Monday, I stormed into the Royal Bank, got a demand loan, and shortly after, drove I29--a camouflaged British Army Land Rover off the lot. One of the fellows I was working with assured me he had rolled his Land Rover down a



trail on Beaverfoot Range and despite a few dents, had driven off without incident. He did advise, however, that I reroute my exhaust pipe through the cabin to heat it up. With this encouragement, I29 crossed Canada back to Montreal.

After driving I29 around Montreal for several years, I decided a rebuild was in order. Following the example of other local fanatics, my apartment started to fill with Land Rover parts. To add to this inventory, was an increasing supply of cryptic manuals and documents required to overhaul a non-standard 24-volt radio type. In parallel with my rebuilding enthusiasm was an equally growing deterioration in my personal life. Women do not share in the advantages of replacing selenium rectifiers with silicon ones, nor do they enjoy watching television on jump seats. This I was very slow to learn, and increasingly Friday and Saturday nights were spent in lonely vigil in the garage. What I had thought would be a several week job, turned into months and eventually years. Finally in the spring of 1982 my best and probably last friend Diane helped me lower my rebuilt engine into the chassis. It would be impossible to thank all the people who assisted me in this rebuild. David loaned me his backyard during stripdown, and Tony gave up a lot of his time helping me remove my engine and carting it out to Sam's to have it rebuilt.

Tanjungkaran, South Sumatra 1982. Barely weeks after the last cadmium plated bolts (removed from a retired STC microwave radio repeater) had fastened the rear box to the chassis, the phone rang and I was off again. I will never forget my first day in Indonesia. I was in charge of a field party who's job was to survey and lay the groundwork for a new communication



system in Southern Sumatra. The very day I arrived, the Marco Polo Hotel had a special showing of "west of Java" with Maximillian Shell. From the window of the hotel one could see Lampung Bay and beyond that "Anak Krakatau", or son of Krakatau, the volcano that blew up in 1883. The tidal wave it caused ended up just literally metres below where I sat. Our survey party started out from the hotel in two IO9's courtesy of Mr. Darman from Champion Motors in Palembang. Our drivers, Abbas and Ibrahim guided us faithfully for one month all over Lampung and Sumatra Selatan provinces. None on this planet probably knows Land Rovers better than these two gentlemen. At night after we called it a day, they would work fitfully to repair anything required and make adjustments. Their tools amounted to nothing more than would fit into a small bag-yet even a brake job, an axle change or building a pontoon bridge out of coconut trees was just an average day's work to them. My heart beats when I think of driving along the coast road, the Sunda Straits on my right and Radja Basa on my left. The sweat pouring down my back...the rice paddies, villages with hundreds of kids turned out properly in their red and white school uniforms and of course Abbas guiding the IO9 carefully missing all the holes, with a wide grin and complete confidence.

Toronto 1987. Well here I am starting at my blue radio rescue IO9.

It's a long way from Montreal in 1950, but curiously enough, like dead reckoning symbols on a navigation chart, Land Rovers and radio have played major roles in my life, in fact, they have become a way of life.

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# LAND ROVER RULES! OH?

Jason Dowell won the Jeep Cup Off-Road Rally divisional event staged in Durham, Ontario July 11th, 1987. There was a field of forty-eight vehicles including some incredible jacked-up V-8 monsters and only two Land Rovers. Somebody was heard to say after the event: "Some guy from Ottawa won it, in a Land Rover, can you believe it?"

Jason gets a factory ride in Reno to run in the main event. Good-Luck Jason. Too bad you can't have a 110 from Solihull for the final rally!

(\* American manufacturer of two- & four-wheel-drive vehicles)

The above comes to us from Ottawa Valley LAND ROVERS, for which our thanks. Jason Dowell has a long association with ALROC and was among those present at the founding meeting in Ottawa some ten years ago. We, too, extend our compliments and best wishes to Jason on these events.

WHICH REMINDS US . . . through a little bit of a numbers game and a search through mounds of paper, it has been determined with absolute certainty that it was February, 1977 when, in Ottawa, we handed out a broad-side to all and sundry with a Land Rover connection as a gift to a New Testament for Old Land Rovers across the country. The first meeting of a formal kind was held in May '77 in Conference Room #11 of the Ottawa 'Citizen'. Therein is the genesis of ALROC.

THE LAND-ROVER OWNERS' CLUB of AUSTRALIA extends an invitation to ALROC, and all Land Rover Clubs the world over, to attend an International Land Rover Convention in March, 1988. The nine-day programme will be held to coincide with the Australian Bicentenary Celebrations. The small historic township of Braidwood, 80 kms or so from their Capital Canberra, is to be the site of the Land Rover activities. For further information write Mr Kevin La Motte, Convention Organizer, Sidney Branch LROCA, P.O. Box 126, Strawberry Hills, N.S.W 2012.

WE SALUTE . . . Al Sigurdson of Edmonton, Alberta for his efforts in recent months in pulling together members of the same breed in that Province. This gentleman operates under the flag of The Land Rover Register of Alberta which carries one of the neatest & appropriate of logos for the purpose to come our way -- half Maple Leaf & half Union Jack in conjunction. Published at irregular intervals is the ROVERREGISTER NOTEBOOK, the 2nd number of which was published in August. This is a most excellent contribution to LR tribal matters in Canada. Not the least virtue of this latest addition to the LR vault of heaven is the writing style of its NOTEBOOK's author -- an unforced kind of bubbly moon-struck dry wit that makes it one of the most engaging publications of its kind anywhere. The word for it is 'inimitable'. We wish the Alberta connexion every success and look forward to receiving future copies of the NOTEBOOK. Its address is The Land Rover Register of Alberta, P.O. Box 5035 Station 'E', Edmonton Alta T5P 4G1

"LAND ROVERS HAVE REPLACED CAMELS IN A LANDSCAPE STREWN WITH WRECKED CARS THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT." So reads a sub-head in the magazine Real Travel, Summer edition 1987. The article is an expatiatory piece on organized/package desert tours. Some good pictures along with the good words. The magazine is published at #310, 1167 Kensington Crescent NW, Calgary, Alta, Canada T2N 1X7. \$2.95 . . . BACKPACKER Magazine for July '87 carries a not-too-flattering account of Land Rover performance in the Australian Outback as laid on by R.J. Reynolds International Camel Trophy. Never does the author tell us what it is about Toyota Land Cruiser that makes it superior to Land Rover in identical circumstances. Excellent photo-spread of a new 90 LR bonnet-deep in a river.



SPECIAL THANKS . . . to Rhonda Wood (always a hard act to follow) for her excellent article on the All-West Land Rover Rally, 1987 published elsewhere in these pages, and to Roverlanders of British Columbia for permission to re-print.

NEW HORIZONS . . . yet another Good Thing is in store for the Land Rover fraternity. An independently published monthly magazine from the UK called Land Rover Owner. Glossy, 50 pp more or less, some colour with broad spectrum content rich in sources, owner opinion, narrative & experiences & lotsa pix. Pricey sort of. 25 pounds UK Sterling (roughly \$50 at present rate of exchange here; check with your Banker). Cheque or postal order payable to LRO Publications; address to Land Rover Owner, 66 Mount Street, Diss, Norfolk, England, IP22 3QQ.

CHAMP-ING AT THE BIT . . . ALROC member Mr C. James, Box 195, Armadale, Nova Scotia, Canada B3L 4J9 is seeking help through our pages as follows; we are only too pleased to afford him our co-operation. Mr James will welcome any information on the whereabouts of the FV1800 Austin Champ brought to Canada (two at least known) and, if any, to the USA. Sources of printed matter, photos, etc. Mr James will defray reasonable cost for photocopies. As well, our member will welcome information in any form from persons with hands-on or even night-mare experience with this creature out of Austin. As Mr James puts it: please be charitable, this could someday afflict someone you know!

FOR SALE . . . Land Rover 1966, 109". Warn hubs, winch, manuals. Needs brakes and charging system. Frame, poor. Write Jamie Tattersfield, Box 134, Pemberton, British Columbia V0N 2L0. Phone (604) 894 6603.

FOR SALE . . . Land Rover 109 Station Waggon; re-built LR 4 cyl motor, Warn 8000 winch, gin pole. Enquiries to Richard Merrell, 843 Lee Avenue, White Rock, B.C. (604) 538 2722.

FOR SALE . . . Land Rover 1966, 88", running order, needs work-over; frame not all that bad; winch. Also remains of 1965 88". Good body panels & glass, engine & transmission, locking hubs. Enquiries to: ALROC, #185, 1450 Johnston Road, White Rock, B.C. V4B 5E9 (604) 536 5580.

FOR SALE... Unique Land Rover conversion. Chev 6, Series III trans. Camperized to sleep 3, Updated dash, console, coil sprung, frame boxed with steel. Much Much more. Alan Margison, 4022 Locarno Lane, Victoria, B.C. Phone 604 721 0585

For Sale or Swap Land Rover 109 Land Rover...all stock. 68 Canada 6 extensive regular service, some rebuilding. Not on the road for 3 years. Contact box 6336 Victoria, B.C. V8P 4G0

FOR SALE... Land Rover 1963, 88, winch, body good, mechanics fair, Low miles, been off the road for 7 years. Needs brakes. \$2000 firm. Inquire Island Rovers, Box 6336, Victoria V8P 4G0

FOR SALE... Series III full synchro transmission, transfer box complete from bell housing to park brake. \$500 firm. May need seals, been sitting on the floor for 3 years. III Trans, Box 6336 Victoria, B.C. V8P 4G0



# ROVERREPORTS

## The All-West Land Rover Rallye

by Rhonda Wood

photos by Russ Sterling, Andre Maier  
& Phil Carter

Graveyard shift finally over, "Emily" gased, oiled, pumped and loaded: my first 4WD run ever!

It had begun in a conference room back in the early spring, when the heads of all known Land Rover clubs in Canada met and discussed a pan-club event. Harold Huggins and Ron Reid of ALROC, Ron Low and Steve Bradshaw of the Island Rovers and Mike McDermott from the Ottawa Valley. The end result was a 3-day 4x4 weekend starting from just below Princeton on the Hope-Princeton highway, going roughly west until we hit the Coquihalla - hopefully on the free side of the tollbooths.

With a starting time of 09:30, Saturday, August 1st, I was planning a slow'n'easy trip, reaching Placer Creek, at the north-east corner of Manning Park Friday night. Ray Wood loaned me his 1964 2-door 109, Emily, who turned out to have her own ideas regarding 4x4 techniques: not for Emily was there the instant feathertouch braking, nor was her passing by to be o'er quickly forgotten, if the constant flow of oil from the rear engine seal was anything to go by. But she was a lovely lady - how marvelous to be behind the wheel of a Land Rover again !!

Phil Carter was to be Host that night and general urger-on of late-comers the next morning, and I left Vancouver at about 1:00 pm so he and his overdrive would pass us; if we were in distress, he might even stop...Just past 200th when I caught sight of a dark Land Rover barreling along - in the fast lane yet. It was Phil - convoy!

The weather was bright and sunny, dark clouds, hard rain - I couldn't help but think that Aart will be deliriously happy if it's pouring on the trail. At Similkameen Falls, a rainbow above the river - a good sign. Suddenly Phil winged off onto the soft shoulder and

**Nineteen Land Rovers and One Suzuki ready to start.**

screached to a halt; I had to overshoot, Emily not being predisposed at that moment to stop. Phil had seen a little 80" coming down: Terry Mitchener and daughter from Westbank.

At Placer Creek Phil started up his kitchen cum dining room out of the back of his 109 as I amused myself by returning waves and honks from people going by - and there were a lot of honks - and put frantic but fruitless efforts into waving in two huge Labatts trucks roaring by: I was rewarded with big grins and honks. Well, I tried...Suddenly, out of the blue - an invitation to a full steak dinner came from the back of the 109 - lordy how we do *rough* it in the bush. We sat in the dusk with coffee, greeting about 8 Land Rovers before 10:00pm.







Come the dawn, or more precisely 09:15, those who had landed during the night gravitated back up to the highway, and we continued to flag down those who had in some cases driven 150 miles just before starting the run. Introductions flowed and vehicles poured over, then we were off. I lept joyfully into Emily - who wouldn't start. Rumrumrum. "Rhonda." Harold Huggins leaned in through the passenger window. "These things usually start better if you turn the key?" Jeez.

We reached the seismic trail at Friday Creek within a few minutes, stopping on it to gather and set our hubs. Once we were moving along the trail, I was immediately taken with how the Rover seemed to drive herself, as cliché as that sounds; apart from a rather alarming arthritic crunkling from Emily as we gently undulated over, into and out, I quite enjoyed the whole thing. The weather was grand with the proverbial sunlight sparkling through the trees, the trail dry & grassy for the most part, with a healthy growth of alder between the tracks and the occasional puddle harbouring the occasional spring-eating boulder. As the 1964 88 in front gradually pulled ahead out of view, I kept Emily's young sister Sam ( a 1978 109 ), with Ray and clan aboard, in the rear view mirror. The trail quickly got to be not terribly obvious: the trick seemed to be to head for any break in the foliage. Doing just this on a right turn, Emily's front end suddenly began dropping, and before me lay a most peculiar sight: air.

I caught a glimpse of a Land Rover front end whizzing around the bend at the bottom, which didn't seem right, and a sprinkling of bedding, food, tools and people all down the hill. And Emily was still moving. I pulled/pumped/ground everything I could reach and stopped. Inhaling for what seemed the first time in a week, I could hear young Evan Wood: "Dad, I think there's a hill"....do tell. Emily was shifting.



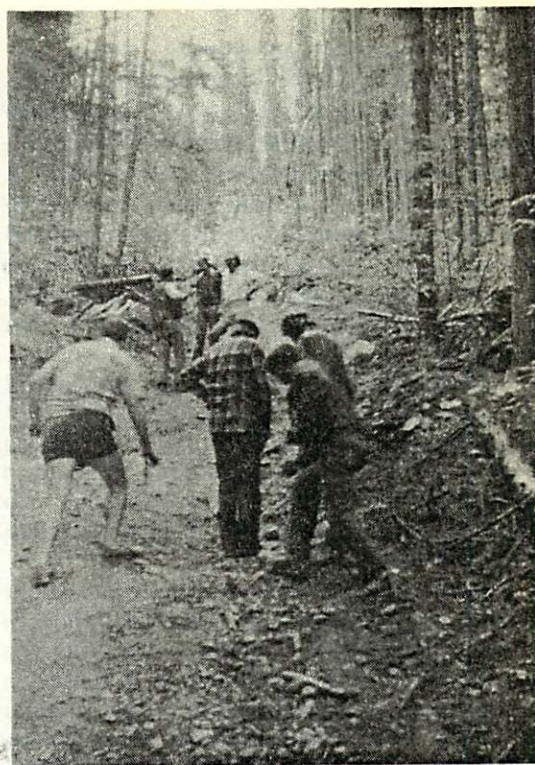
*Top left:* Phil Carter's banner on his 109 at Placer Creek.

*From the top:* Aart van der Star's early-80s Military Lightweight. Terry Mitchener's 1952 80", possibly the oldest Rover there. Aart's 1955 107 pickup, the First Aid truck, driven by John Parsons.

*Left:* We Three: Andre & his 88, Emily and Terry's 80

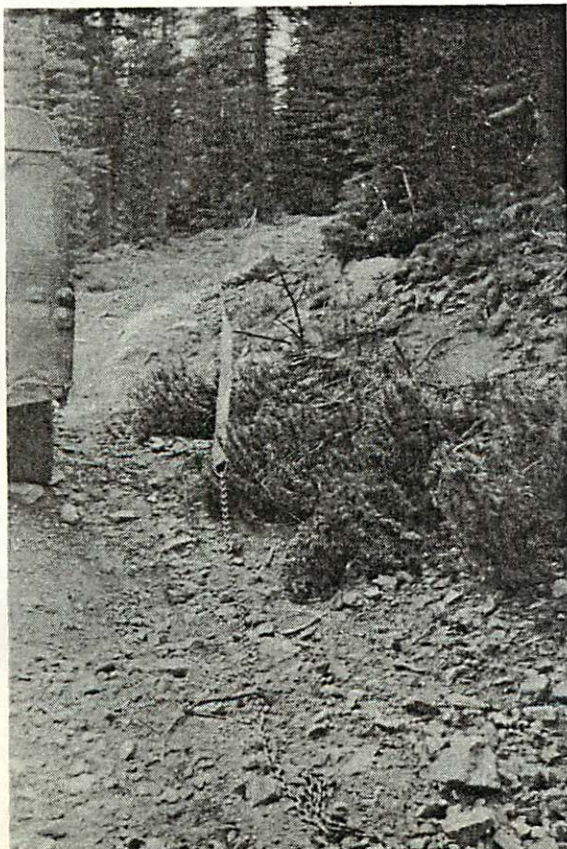
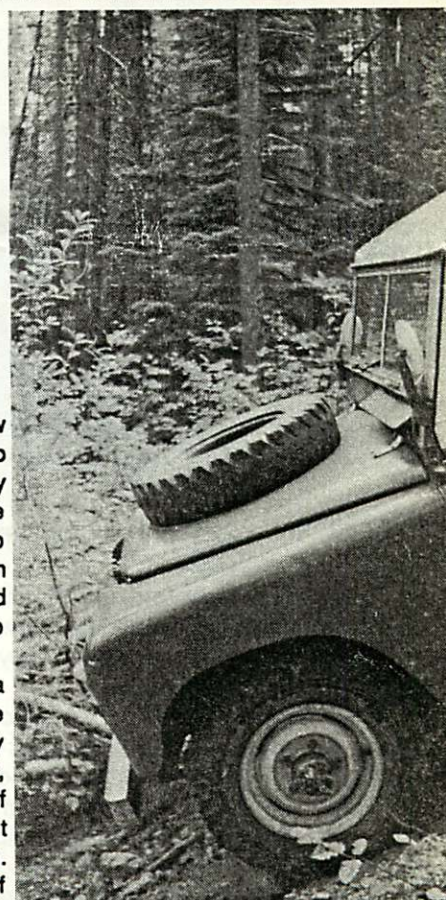






The '64 88 had apparently lost control on the loose surface, rolling side over side, then end over end around the bend: Russ Sterling's first sight of his follower was of its roof as the rear end pointed skyward - it came to rest as in photo. Gail & Russ were on hand immediately with bandages for a hand injury to one of the 3 young men, who was later taken into town for stitches. The 88 was able to PTO itself out of the bush, the bumper was pulled straight and both crew & vehicle finished the trip! Needless to say, I let Ray take my Rover down...

We reached the Whipsaw by early afternoon, where talk buzzed around about The Hill we had to go *up*, dread, dread, dread. Vehicles began to splinter off to attack the next leg, eventually a group of about six of us headed for Lodestone. Following Andre Maier's swirling dust clouds, I could just see Terry's headlights behind me and, after a time, it was apparent there *were* only the 3 of us. The trail became much like before: a bit rockier, darker & damper; I was glad for Andre's patience and careful approaches - several times he stopped and suggested attacks for me. It was obvious that Terry needed no advice - the 80 fascinated me, happily tacking anything in its path.



The topography was by now becoming quite different, moving into the alpine, with explosions of tiny flowers in a rich green mantle. We reached Wells Lake and stopped to stretch and check oil levels, then remounted our steeds, and rambled on and up. And up and up... so where's THE HILL anyway.

Andre stopped at the base of a dry waterfall: the grin on his face horrified me. THE HILL? Eeeek. By this time we were joined by Hal Berry, and after a brief inventory of equipment, there was nothing for it but the old push-me-pull-you routine. Andre gunned his 88 up about 1/3 of the leg, a rope was taken from the 88 up to a pulley on a tree and down to Emily, who then reversed, pulling Andre up far enough to continue up on his own. Me next: a rope snaked up around a corner to Andre, who was out of sight, and with choruses of *gogogogo* we bounced, ground and spun, keeping a wary eye on that murderous rock on the right. Then Terry's turn to be brought up by the

**Top left: The Rollover**  
**From the top: Yes, that's where is was.. Emily's roof can just be seen at the top of the hill.**

**Emily hanging 7.50x16s.**

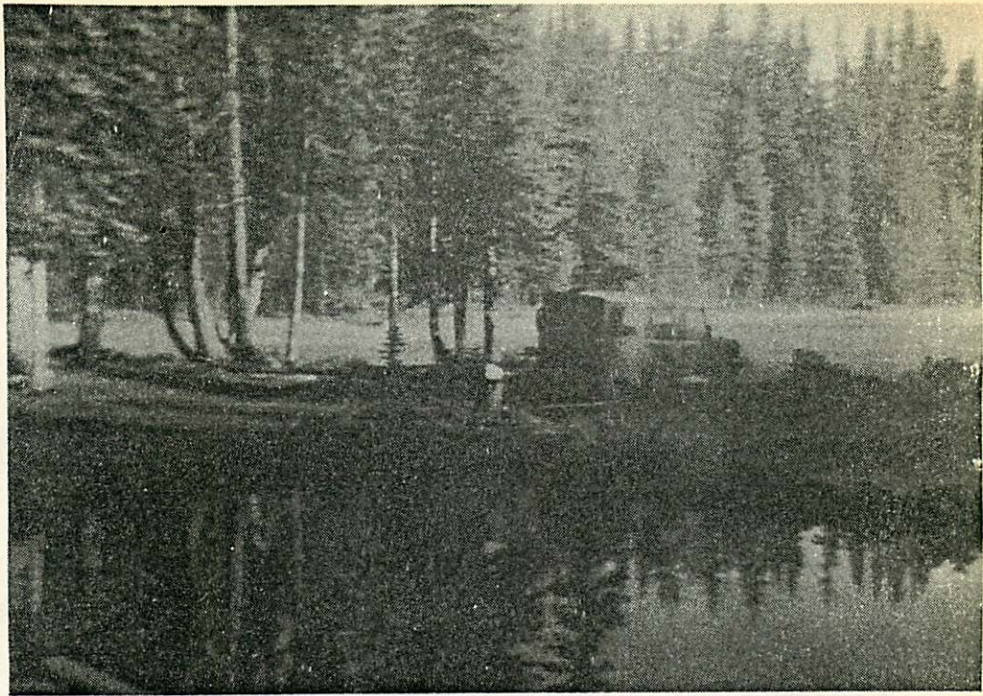
**Left: Andre's 88 just before being pulled up the other HILL.**



109: more *gogogogo* and suddenly Emily's rear member ripped apart. Terry was ok, continuing up on his own. Hal made it up almost unaided. Now we would have had terrific photos of all this, if a Certain Someone had put film in their camera! A few minutes later, at a point where I seemed to be sitting on the door, the 109 started to spin and fall backwards: we were caught up and lying on our side. Terry and Andre came back (thank you, thank you) and, pushing on the roof, we soon had her righted.

We had our lights on by the time we reached the lake, where we crawled/fell out and congratulated ourselves. Andre rubbed Emily's left wing: she had not escaped from her lie-down unscathed. Nerts. Terry pulled out his 5lb persuader and bashed the rear member back into shape - it looked awful.

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright and boy, did my hands ache. Raymond, owner of a beast of an 88 (one of the few making it up The Hill unaided), and who had arrived sometime in the night, had his kitchen going in no time - yours truly once again forced ahem to rough it with



which was very evident throughout. This was one of the best attended Land Rover events in British Columbia in years, and I sincerely hope it will become a regular happening.

I think something worthy of mention was the actions of the young folk on the trip: it was a great pleasure to have them. And they proved very helpful and responsible - in some cases for me, downright indispensable in critical moments. I look forward to seeing them again - and *more* kids: not many 4x4 groups can offer our peculiar brand of sanity (?) required for family-oriented outings!

Here's to it all again next year!

**Top:** George Taylor at Wells Lake

**Middle:** The First Aid truck gets a bit itself from Aart.

**Bottom:** Ye Editor's white knuckles, with Andre ahead and Terry reflected in the window above the tire.

bacon, sausages, eggs, toast, coffee - I *love* this 4x4 stuff! Because I had to be back for work Monday, I said my goodbyes, and waited for someone else with a need to get out that day. By 2:00 the first vehicles came through - Sam and the Wood contingent! Nervously twisting my hair and chewing my nails, and staying out of arm's reach, I took Ray for a tour of the new improved Emily... well, I'm still here, typing the story!

I headed for home soon after that, racing over endless miles of Jackass Mountain - landing on the wrong side of the toll on the Coquihalla reaching Vancouver at 9:00pm on the nose.

Space prohibits here for now, but there are of course many stories to be told: a side trip was taken by a few to the top of Lodestone Mountain; the efforts put into getting the main body up The Hill were long and hard - on people and equipment; the casualties were numerous - the 107 lost both diffs shortly after The Hill, several others lost springs, diffs and lots of oil - every one was brought out, some tenderly, some self-propelled battered & glorious, some unscathed. But all this was surely outweighed by the fun & camaraderie

