

TRANSFER BOX



FALL 89
No. 27



"WHERE SHEEP ROVE AND GRAZE"

ALROC
Founded 1977
Canada's Original Land-Rover Owners' Group

Transfer Box is published by the Association of Land Rover Owners of Canada (ALROC). The objective is to publish three issues per year.

Editorial material, including stories, technical tips, letters, photographs and anecdotes concerning Land Rovers, is invited from readers. No payment can be made but we'll print as many submitted articles as space permits.

Commercial display advertisements are published on a space-rate scale; commercial interests are invited to request a copy of the current rates. Non-commercial members may place personal 'for sale' and 'want ads' free of charge. Separate ads must be submitted for each issue. Whenever possible 'camera-ready' material should be supplied. Business cards are suitable for advertisement.

While we make every effort to ensure information is accurate, Transfer Box cannot be held responsible for advertisement claims. Until more voluntary help with the necessary skills shows up, we are not in a position to construct advertisements for commercial enterprises.

ALROC is a non-profit organization dedicated to the 'proper care and feeding' and preservation of the Land Rover. Application for membership in the Association is invited from readers and enthusiasts from any part of the globe.

The annual membership fee is \$15.00 and covers the publication and mailing costs of Transfer Box, membership processing and office supplies. Membership term is one year from receipt of funds. The fiscal year of ALROC ends 31 July. Financial reports will be published annually following the general meeting. The mailing address of the Association and Transfer Box is: #185 - 1450 Johnston Road, White Rock, British Columbia V4B 5E9.

PRESIDENT: Harold C. Huggins, White Rock, B.C. VICE-PRESIDENT: Ron Low, Sooke, B.C. TREASURER: William C. Chaster, Sooke, B.C.
Member-At-Large: Michael M. Fisher, Vancouver, B.C.

#

COVER PHOTO . . . this bright butter-daffodil-yellow 1957 export model Series IIA 109" pick-up Land Rover is the property of Mr Harry Bapty of Fulford Harbour, B.C. (A good fit in Lotus-land for sure). The photo is our first-choice of the (few) submitted to decorate this issue's cover. We extend compliments & sincere thanks to our fellow-member for his support and co-operation.



Discovery, the new Land Rover, pictured for the first time

Land Rover challenge to Japan

DISCOVERY, a medium-price Land Rover model, will be launched at the Frankfurt Motor Show in September and go on sale in Britain at the end of the year. It is designed to compete with the Japanese four-wheel-drive vehicles.

The new model is intended to fill the gap between the increasingly luxurious Range Rovers and the more utilitarian Land Rovers. Discovery will compete with Japanese models such as the recently improved Mitsubishi Shogun range, which has become Range Rover's nearest rival in Britain.

Prices are expected to range from about £16,000 to £20,000. Engines will include the present aluminium 3.5-litre V8 or a new turbo-diesel.

There was speculation that the new vehicle would be a "mini", competing with the

By John Langley
Motoring Correspondent

smaller Japanese, but it is full-size, though likely to be lighter than the Range Rover.

It will be well equipped. A stepped rear roof with skylights gives extra head room and load space at the back. It is the first entirely new vehicle from Land Rover since the launch of the Range Rover 19 years ago.

This gives the British company a third product range to cushion any uncertainty about future sales of the older Land Rover to impoverished Third World countries.

Discovery is aimed at the fashion-conscious personal and leisure market, where this type of four-wheel-drive vehicle is becoming increasingly popular with younger motorists. Some big manufacturers will be enter-

ing this market, including Ford, Renault and General Motors, which tried to buy Land Rover five years ago.

Meanwhile, sales of Range Rovers are running at record levels. After the success of the company's sales drive in America, the Rover Group is now looking at the possibility of selling the Range Rover in Japan, where there is a strong demand for luxurious cars with the right image.

● Our Business Editor writes: Car sales still rose last month despite Government efforts to curb demand, but industry figures suggest growth may be slackening. Sales were 174,667, up 3.5 per cent on last year. In the first six months, sales rose by more than 8 per cent to almost 1.2 million.

City report — P23

We know you can't tell a book by its cover and, as Tennyson put it, 'the old order changeth, yielding place to new'. So we take it as truth that the above picture is an authentic Land Rover. But hold on: what's all this geography about 'Japan' - 'Third World' - 'America'? The gods must be crazy indeed! Would it be un-meet of this humble organization to remind the Land-Rover-Gods-in-Solihull of this huge, rich and highly developed country: Canada, which sits above the 'America' mentioned in the above story? There is an abundance of yuppie driveways and yuppie bank accounts ready and willing, we'd aver, to meet any challenge Discovery might want to throw at them. But Solihull would first have to ship over some of the new models, eh? Britannia may no longer rule the waves, but Britannia just might rule the driveways of this first-class country for Landrover given half the chance. How about it Solihull?

ALROC RESPONDS TO LRO MAGAZINE



ASSOCIATION OF LAND ROVER OWNERS OF CANADA

The Editor
LRO, The Hollies
Botesdale, Diss, Norfolk
England

March, 1988

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the Association of Land Rover Owners of Canada I write to convey congratulations in bringing to fruition your publication for the benefit of Land Rover owners. We consider it the best of its kind to date. Please know you may depend on us to help spread the news of this new comer to the literature of Land Rover through our publication Transfer Box.

May I say your LRO venture equates with my years of fantasy of just such a publication for the same goals with my purchase, circa 1969, of a 1966 109" bought when on vacation in Vancouver. Though my holidays were rapidly winding-down the 1817 mile return to Yellowknife, Northwest Territories at the wheel of this sure-footed machine was the high-point of my vacation.

I left the north about the time Leyland stopped export of Land Rover to North America. This made orphans of unnumbered LR's in this country (Canada is, by the way, the second largest land-mass on the globe and spaces between one LR owner and others can be great indeed).

Through spotter-cards on wind screens with galvanized strips, there developed a grouping of LR owners which in time became ALROC, the first of its kind in Canada, fortuitously in the nation's capital, Ottawa.

In turn, we've seen develop at least three other groups of local nature take shape in this country. The influence of these groups has worked enormous good in keeping on the road considerable numbers of the marque which otherwise would have been abandoned to waste away. The exchange of information via newsletters between members and groups is of inestimable value to Land Rover literature.

It would be our hope to see the Canadian field of LR activity well represented in the pages of your excellent publication.

Yours truly,
Harold C. Huggins
President, ALROC

A L R O C
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Canada's Original Land Rover Owners' Group



**The only
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for Land
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Range
Rover
owners &
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ODE TO OLD LAND ROVER

By

Deb McMillan

Ever since I was just a little tyke
Been blazing new trails with an old dirt bike,
But my favourite TV show, the whole world over,
Had a cross-eyed lion and an old Land Rover.

So I told my Mom and I told Dear Dad
"That's the kind of wheels I wish I had."

But the years went rolling by and I guess you know,
It wasn't in the trees where Land Rovers grow.

So I traded off my bike and saved some extra money
To buy this yellow Rover -- it sure looked like a honey:

So we took him for a run one day,
Me and Dave and other friends who'd come to
play.
Well, we knew it had no brakes but that didn't
bother us
We'd just avoid the hills 'cause we weren't
in any rush.
But we came upon this ridge and, before I
knew! We're over!
And down we went a-flying, four in this old
Land Rover.

Then this four-foot stump had the nerve to block our flying trail
but Rover wouldn't have it! And he whumped it without fail!

Dave and Don they banged their knees and Glenda bumped her head
'Cause in my panic I'd stomped the clutch instead!

That just made Rover go faster yet and explode into that stump --
I'm amazed he didn't roll and give us all a dump.

I just sat behind the wheel and friends said
I just grinned,
But old yellow kover he got even, for both
my shins were skinned.

Then I gave the wheel to Don and said "now get us up this next hill."
We'd have no need for brakes for sure if Rover ain't been killed.

We made it to the top okay but not without travail,
For Rover died on that mountainside blazing us new trails.

#

Submitted by Mrs. Deb McMillan
Williams Lake, B.C.

August 1989

SHOULD WE SEND THEM A BILL?

It bears repeating. ALROC's central purpose is to be useful to the greatest number of Land Rover owners in Canada to help keep their vehicles in good running order for as long as possible. All else is secondary within our mandate. If in the process some of our intended beneficence crosses international borders, then, welcome to it and good on us, we say.

There can be no question that ALROC, Canada's original group of its kind, has had a salutary effect on Land Rover, per se wherever it is. Not only do we speak kindly of the marque but may even be heard to do so with considerable passion if not heat, particularly when L-R is lumped with the less-pure 4X4s of the 80s which sit so handsomely a-gleam in the driveways of the unconfirmed.

Which prompts the question where would the very words Land Rover be on this continent were it not for the voluntary ideological, not-for-profit organizations which like our own, persist unceasingly in championing Britain's big Meccano set? We know where; so far down the tube they'd be out of sight! For, unless these eyes deceive me, about the only commercial advertising plugging Land Rover in Canada today is to be found in the pages of hit-and-miss publications like this one produced by small-voiced outfits with ^{no} clout in the business world. Yet they do bring business to the retailer with parts and service to sell as we know first-hand over the years. It is axiomatic to say the more members ALROC can lay claim to the more our commercial friends stand to gain. That's the nub - - - ALROC bringing buyer and seller together for the benefit of all of us. It grieves us painfully to know an L-R is down somewhere for want of its owner not knowing where to turn for a replacement strasselbreuger, say, when in fact there are several dealers who have the part in stock.

Lord Nuffield, the great British philanthropist and sometime chairman of British Motor Corporation (in those nostalgic post-war years when Austin, Morris, Riley, MG et al were cock-o-the-

roost), when asked the secret of his success allegedly responded thusly "early to bed, early to rise, make a good product and advertise". Well, we are doing all we can with our limited resources to heed the good Lord's advice. We say to our friends in trade: we want to see your business advertised in these pages because we believe you stand to profit from it. With this mailing we repeat our spotter card caper; with full cooperation from our members we can expect to pick up new members who will sooner or later be in the market for something or other and cash to pay for it.

As a tail-winder, does anyone out there have even the remotest idea of how many hundreds of thousands of dollars Cdn for L-R parts are exported annually to the benefit of the UK economy? Business the UK gets without, apparently, having to lift a finger to attract it. Nor without putting out as much as a single pound note on advertising in this country.

Well, as a lawyer was reported to have said when he heard the story, 'send Thatcher a bill'.

#

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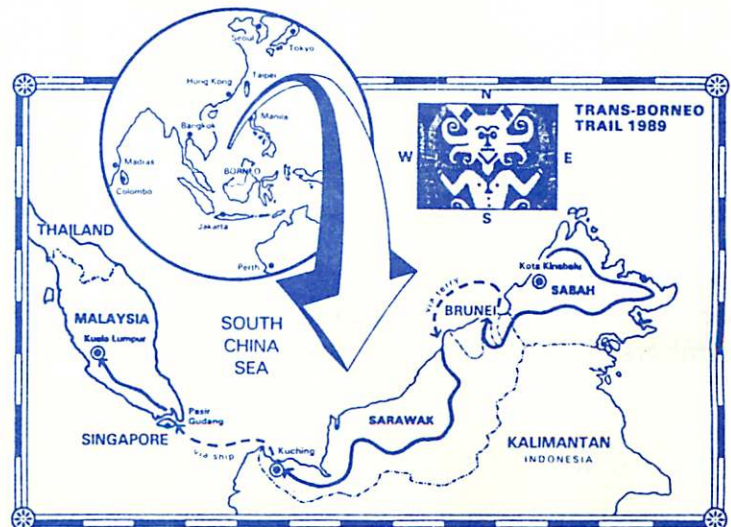
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TRANS-BORNEO 4x4 ADVENTURE is an annual international clubmen off-road adventure traversing for 14 days the northern flank of Borneo over 1,990 km of some of the most challenging and varied terrain set amidst the world's oldest jungles. Entry is by invitation only.



In keeping with the spirit of adventure, the **TRANS-BORNEO 4x4 Adventure Award** is presented to the team with the best off-road driving skills, vehicle recovery & winching techniques, obstacle course handling, team spirit, respect for vehicle and equipment and concern for the safety of both participants and local residents living along the trail. The award does not carry cash prizes.

TRANS-BORNEO 4x4





semiahmoo senior secondary school

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PHONE: 536-7686

1989-06-23

Association of Land Rover Owners of Canada
Mr. H.C. Huggins
#185 - 1450 Johnston Road
White Rock, B.C.
V4B 5E9

Dear Mr. Huggins

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for your enthusiasm, cooperation and interest regarding the Lindy Bolton honorarium/award.

It was a proud moment for Lindy and the Business Department when she was presented with the card and cheque by the Vice Principal during the awards ceremony.

Please extend our thanks to the other ALROC members, for it is organizations like yours, who take an interest beyond the groups that make the students education more meaningful.

We hope we can be of service to you next year. Please do not hesitate to contact us at the school.

Yours truly

N. Lowe
Department Head
Business Education

The above letter is one of the most cherished of the hundreds in the ALROC files for the obvious reason we apparently contributed some-thing worthwhile to a most important community institution and some of its members. As all good citizens know, you can never go wrong in helping young people feel good about themselves. And, when this is in connection with their education, then, your papers come back marked A-plus! To the principals at Semiahmoo High School we say thank you for the opportunity. We are happy to share this with our readers.



LAND ROVER IN THE LAND OF KIPLING'S "OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS"

Like many other Land Rover owners I rely on my '70 IIA for daily transportation. It's ruggedness and all-wheel drive traction allows me to motor in confidence regardless of the weather or road conditions. The sub-zero temperature of Canadian winters however have revealed a serious shortcoming in my vehicle's ability to provide any measure of driver comfort (read WARMTH). I took up the challenge this past summer starting with the replacement of my aging OEM door panels. In their place I put home-cobbled affairs of lexan and cut-pile carpeting with one-inch thick styrofoam SM filling the gap between them and the door skins. For draft-proofing a dab of silicone proved invaluable in sealing errant holes left by bolts or screws that have shaken loose in the vehicle's eighteen-year history.

To ease the initial chill a car blanket was thrown over the dreadfully cold vinyl seats. Also useful in this regard is some sort of steering-wheel cover. The rate at which the interior warms up now depends on the ability of the coolant to reach the appropriate temperature. To speed up the process a vinyl rad muff was sewn up and resides in its place of prominence.

The stock fan-motor is best described as marginal, in fact on "high" setting it proved incapable of stirring the inevitable layers of dust to be found in the vehicle's dash area. It was when this lazy apparatus quit altogether that I decided changes, and drastic ones at that, were definitely in order. The defrost chores are now handled by a small electric fan pirated from the roof vent of a converted camping-van and mounted overhead above the windscreen. The same van incidentally has provided several other items including dome lights and a much appreciated day-night rearview mirror. The rear window is outfitted with a frost-free plastic bubble that in the summer will be replaced with an electric element-type window defroster. A liquid anti-fogging formula also helps in this department and makes scraping the

windows free of snow and ice as well as such things as bugs much easier.

With the defrost under control attention turned to the area of heat. I settled on the VW gas heater as the ideal alternative. It is capable of providing instant heat whether or not the vehicle's engine is running and if kept in good condition does not live up to its dangerous reputation. If you decide to go this route select one from a VW van as it is much larger than the beetle version. To my knowledge there are no wiring diagrams for these units so expect to spend some time in an open area with a gas can and battery. Needless to say it pays to pay attention when removing the heater and its accompanying fuel pump from the donor van. A shop specializing in VW's can usually be expected to help if you run into difficulty.

When mounting the heater keep in mind that the air intake and exhaust must be vented to the outside. This can be accomplished by replacing a window with a piece of plexi-glass and cutting the necessary holes in it. An inverted air scoop from a Camaro can serve to keep rainwater out of the air intake. The exhaust pipe should be repositioned above the air intake to avoid recirculating exhaust fumes.

I'm now wondering what can be done to keep the tin can cooler in summer?

#

AUTHOR! AUTHOR! It is with red face we confess to having 'lost' the original type-script of the above article so are not able to give credit to its authorship (yet another casualty in our on-going paper-battle which, happily, seems to be on the increase). Will the article's author please drop us a card so that we may give proper credit in the next issue of Transfer Box. (Thanks and apologies, Ed.)

FIGHT RUST NOW! BEFORE THE FROST SETS IN.

With front-end safely on blocks or ramps, scrape, brush and hose frame as long as time and your temper permits. Allow to dry. Brush on liberally any oil-based product - - used oils & greases, oil paints, light tars & coatings (scrounge local Thrift Shops). Drop front-end, lift rear section & repeat. Lastly & for sure: stuff rear cross-member with oil-soaked scrunched-up newspaper. Repeat next year and the next and the next ad inf! You'll never regret it.



LOTUS LAND TO GET INNOVATIVE LAND-ROVER ENTERPRISE

Sooner or later it had to happen. And where more likely than in go-for-it Lotus Land aka 'Super, natural British Columbia' as the tourism industry puts it. Where you can get out of your yellow yachting wellies and, in a couple of hours, buckle yourself into your \$400 X-country boards, 5000 feet up from where your yacht bobs in the swell. Where the scale of the wilderness is enough to make even a bellicose Texan hushup and look down at his feet.

What we're talking about, is the reality of what has been the dream of many readers of these pages over a long, long time — Land-Rovers up-front offering adventure seekers packaged off-road tours.

If that's your dream, my Bucko, step aside and let Green Road Wilderness Enterprises get on with it. For that's the scene in Lotus Land, where a fleet of restored Land-Rovers is being readied for the bushes and the bears come next spring.

According to their news release, the Green Road operation will offer expeditions to groups of 20 or so on some of the finest mountain roads on the continent. The business will operate from North Vancouver.

The general factotum is South African Ray Wood. Get Ray into your sights and you'll know why there are Mr. Big shops in this big country. He is also big for Land-Rover.

We hope to run an up-date on this in our next issue. For further information; write Green Road Wilderness Expeditions Ltd., 3396 Marine Drive, West Vancouver, B.C., V7V 1M9 Phone: (604) 925-1514.

LAND ROVER PARTS & SERVICE

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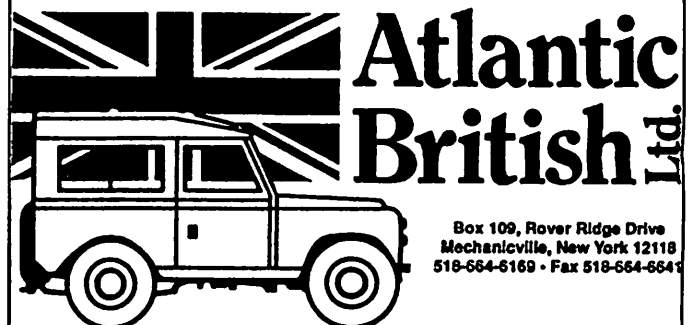
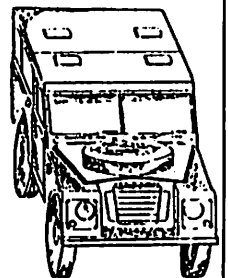


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TIT-FOR-TAT



this & that

Failure to produce as promised by a contributor finds us with fewer articles of the kind we know readers want and we planned for in this issue. We're sorry to let the side down in this way but rather than wait longer and run the risk of getting out-of-phase with the calendar, we've decided to press on and make the most of what we've got in hand. The cover says 'Fall' & the calendar tells us October is just now on the horizon!

All of which poses the question: Transfer Box --- a sort of 'club' paper the product of its subscribing members, as originally conceived, or a compilation of cribbed material from other, related sources. Which? Right about here we have to confess we've never dazzled as pirate but we can do a fairly capable job when permission has first been obtained to re-print others' work. A task, we don't hesitate to say, which makes heavy demands on an already heavy and not diminishing work-load. Furthermore, like making a rabbit pie one has first to catch ones hare! The commonsensical solution of course, is to structure an editorial committee which could, hopefully, bring some much-needed professional qualities to the work as well). Scattered as we are across this huge chunk of real estate Canada, such options don't come easy, eh? Helpful comments will be welcomed.

WE EXPRESS GRATEFUL THANKS TO...the 56 persons who responded with membership funds without being directly appealed to; we hinted in last T-box we'd not look askance at any funds received while we geared-up for our annual membership reminder! Proof enough surely, that we must be performing some good in the colonies! The new membership year for everybody commences in this issue for which we enclose a renewal form for your convenience. Of course, if you mailed funds earlier or if our mails cross you will please ignore....To Fred Booth of ABC Equipment, Doncaster, Yorks, England for his thoughtfulness in sending along the news story with photo of LR's new member 'Discovery' seen on another page....to Land Rover magazine, Norfolk, England for their generosity in giving space to our letter earlier this year, an abridged version which we publish elsewhere. We have since received mail from Canadian readers of the British magazine. We're happy to reciprocate in giving equal space to LRO magazine in this issue....to Jonathan Yardley, Fulford Harbour, B.C. for his kindness in sending in the Financial Post story on the new Land Rover 4WD book on survival....Jim Powaschuk, Swift Current, Sask., for help in breaking new ground in his province. Pulling together makes everything seem just that much more worthwhile.

LAND ROVER CALENDAR...like the lead-balloon, this number didn't rise, maybe we just didn't present the idea attractively enough or maybe it doesn't fit our mandate anyway Or did we hear the scream 'please, not another calendar'. For the time being it's on the back burner. Maybe we'll blow on the flame from time to time and see what if anything develops.

MAKE AN OFFER...if there is anyone out there with an itch to restore one of the finest automobiles of all time, a Rover 2000, 1966 vintage, here's your big chance. This is a 'best offer' opportunity with most, if not all, proceeds going to the ALROC bank account. If interesdted, please drop Transfer Box a line soon.

SPOTTER CARDS SPELL "NEW MEMBERS"

We keep our promise: this commendable piece of writing as some readers will recognize, first appeared in our papers in 1987. Unfortunately, due to mechanical problems at the time, much of the text was almost unreadable. It is now our pleasure to re-print the article as was promised the author.

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 109 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 out laughing. They also had been sold a load of goods. The next day we were piled into a very new 109 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-box from a 200 ton Electra Haul dump-truck formed 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. Its 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. Speaking of the mine club, this was an institution that will always remain dear to my memory. Zambian beer and listening to the juke box, Davie 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 88s ! 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 129--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, 129 crossed Canada back to Montreal.

After driving 129 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 weeks 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 the stripdown, and Tony gave up a lot of his time helping me to remove my engine and carting it out to Sam's place to have it rebuilt.

Tanjungkarang, South Sumatra 1982. Barely weeks after the last cadmium plated bolt (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 whose 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 1863. The tidal wave it caused ended up just literally metres below where I sat. Our survey party started out from the hotel in two 109s 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 know 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 cocconut trees was just an average day's work to them. My heart beats when I think of driving along the coast road, the Sunda Straights 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 109 carefully missing all the holes, with a wide grin and complete confidence.

Toronto 1987. Well, here I am staring at my blue "Radio Rescue" 109. It's a long way from Montreal & 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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WATER SPORTS ON CANADA'S 'ROCK'

"OH MITHER WE'RE FOOKEE!"

That was the last thing Pres McD heard before the 109 dove beneath the ice of a Newfoundland river last month.

The driver of the 2A "regular" was OVLK member Kevin Burton of St. John's who had just made the startling discovery that a quiet stream in July is not necessarily the same after a November snowstorm.

McD and Dave Smithers were in Newfoundland ostensibly on government business (tee-nee) and arranged to meet with Kevin, his brothers and friends for a little Land Rover fun on the Rock. The original plan was a tour for the benefit of the "mainlanders," a little trip to the outback and a meal of venison cooked over an open fire. Before that could happen, St. John's was buried under the worst blizzard in nine years. Unlike large, Ontario cities where six months of winter means an army of snow removal equipment, Newfoundlanders have a different approach. "If you just wait a little bit, it'll probably melt, eh."

With that in mind, Smithers and McD were still snuggled in their over-priced hotel when Kevin's kick on the door cut through their dreams. Apparently quaint Island phrases don't apply to Land Rover owners. After a visit to the Burton homestead for photos of vintage Land Rovers (great) and Kevin and his brothers as toddlers, a half-dozen LRs headed for a nearby bush for a little "drive."

Drifting through snow-covered fields on a picturesque hill-top overlooking St. John's can be relaxing--until Kevin pointed the 109 down a steep hill explaining now, at the bottom, there was this neat little creek only eight inches deep and folk could drive along it and have all kinds of fun. While the rest lined up along the bank, Kevin guided the LK into the water. Smithers had deftly remained on shore but McD, as Kevin's passenger, could only mutter a silent curse and hold on.

You guessed it.....several yards downstream the "eight inch" water level began seeping under the doors. Another few bumps and McD's bum caught the first spurts of ice water through the door latch. But it wasn't until a huge slab of ice rose like jaws and crashed over the bonnet that the river began pouring through the windscreen vents.

He couldn't have said it better. Twenty yards ahead a tree had fallen (Kevin said it wasn't there last summer) and the hard ice had backed up, raising the water in the river. The 109, its engines screaming, four wheels churning against the rising wall of water, charged under the ice.

With visions of the Titanic dancing across the frozen wind-screen, Kevin cranked the steering wheel toward the nearest shore. With a great heave and the bending of fenders and door sills, the 109 shuddered to a stop with one wheel on the bank and the rear sunk past the tail lights in the foaming river. McD and Kevin sloshed out the passenger door leaving empty bottles and bits of clothing bobbing around behind them.

After the mandatory period of funny but cruel snots about ice fishing and submarines, it was time to rescue the old dear

...well almost time. 'Gimmee the chainsaw and we'll cut this tree away. Didn't bring one. Gimmee the axe then. Haven't got one. Now about a shovel? Nope. Sigh. And so it went as the hours passed and the sun began to set on our nappy--but chilly group.

There was some fun with Kevin's capstan winch--after they dug through the ice with bare hands to find the control. First the rope broke. Another effort got it jammed and the capstan, which is not reversible, can't be disengaged under load. Cut it. A chainsaw arrived, and the offending tree butchered and the water level fell to its summer depth. With that the Land Rover was started up and with a roostertail from the exhaust pipe, driven downstream to a shallow and turned onto dry land.

Kevin and friends went home to chip the ice off their frozen little bodies. When the "mainlanders" left he was busy making plans to drive to Ottawa next summer...if he could find the right river.

(Re-printed courtesy Ottawa Valley Land Rovers: author unknown).



COVER PHOTO PROGRAMME . . . though we were not deluged with material the response to this appeal was encouraging and we want you to know a photo of your Land Rover as a possible Transfer Box cover shot will be warmly welcomed. What we don't use on the cover we may find space for on the inside pages from time to time. Sharp focus is imperative of course; the bigger the frame or image is an important consideration, too. For reproduction purposes monochrome (black & white) prints are to be preferred but don't feel too mortified if the person behind the counter doesn't quite know what it is you're wanting to put in your camera!



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New Land Rover manual a guide to 4WD survival

By John Griffiths

Financial Times of London

EXCEPT FOR avid do-it-yourselfers and those whose cars have broken down, an auto service manual is unlikely to be high on most people's list of interesting reading.

Not so the latest one from Britain's Land Rover, whose ubiquitous four-wheel-drive workhorse had its 40th birthday last year.

Chapter seven, for example, notes that, without a water top-up, there is no prospect of survival beyond 2½ days in 50C temperatures even when parked in the shade — a reference to the driver, not the vehicle.

It is just one of the more exotic pieces of information in a manual entitled, *Working in the Wild: Land Rover's Manual for Africa*, written by Bill Treneman and Kirt Carolin (Rover Merchandising Service, PO Box 534, Erdington, Birmingham, B24 0QS, £9.50).

Its foreword has been written by Princess Anne, as president of the Save the Children Fund, and in the context of the vehicle's role in enabling the fund to carry out its work in remote areas of Africa and elsewhere in the Third World.

Compiled by two Land Rover engineers who worked for years in the Sudan, the manual depicts maintenance, repair and sheer survival aspects of four-wheel-drive operating. These are a world removed from the mushrooming cult and leisure 4WD market in which most vehicles rarely, if ever, leave the paved highways.

The publication, the authors say, "bridges the gap that exists between conventional motor manuals and expedition handbooks . . . it pulls together the practical experience of dozens of people who know and understand the dangers, challenges, difficulties and pitfalls encountered in hostile territories."

Land Rover folklore abounds; one story recounts the ire of users in the bush when radiator grills were changed from steel to plastic — making them no longer usable as barbecue racks.

The manual, however, lacks levity and is aimed at least as much at companies, government agencies, and other group organizations as at individual owners.

Spare parts programs, fleet management, in-the-field workshop operation and even construction, as well as emergency procedures, go far beyond simply keeping a vehicle running.

Much of it would be wasted, however, on the leisure 4WD brigade. To know that holding one's arms above one's head to form a V is a code to a passing aircraft that "our vehicle is abandoned — pick us up" would have limited relevance for city dwellers.

Nor are the developed world's police likely to take kindly to the advice that "emergency puncture repairs can be carried out without patches or replacement tubes" — by stuffing the tires with grass or rags.

THE FINANCIAL POST, '89 APRIL 22



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all-west rally '89

Pimainus Lake, 12 miles due east of Spences Bridge, a one-time whistle-stop on the Thompson River in British Columbia's dry-belt, was the site of this year's rally, August 5, 6 & 7. The Lake is around 5000 feet above sea-level.

This year's Rally was different from previous years in that rather than doing a trip with different camps every night we made our base at Pimainus Lake. This proved to be more relaxing, and drew more family participation than previous years.

Approximately 18-22 vehicles were present with roughly 5 trucks joining us from the U.S.A.

The location proved to be ideal for this type of event. Swimming, fishing and canoeing were possible right at the lake and there was plenty of opportunity for some off-road exploring.

This year two trail bikes were used to scout out runs which saved lots of time as the area was new to all of us.

An excellent time was had by all. Many thanks to André Maier, without whose efforts this event would not have been possible.

See you all next year!

(Story by John Parsons)

#

FOR THE RECORD . . . it was both a misnomer & misleading to give the title 'All West' to the rally held at Pimainus Lake this year and reported by John Parsons in these pages. The rally programme was originally conceived and initiated by ALROC early in the summer of 1987. As planned this was to be an annual event, the creature of three Land Rover Groups in British Columbia, hence the title 'All-west'. The initial meeting was held at the call of ALROC; Principals present were Mr. Tom Hinkle, then President of the Roverlanders of B.C., Mr. Ron Low, President, Island Rovers, with President of ALROC in the Chair. The agreed Modus Operandi was for the triad to meet annually to structure and promote a joint-rally event scheduled to be held over the yearly official British Columbia Day week-end in August. As was done in 1988 ALROC took the lead in writing to the other groups suggesting an early meeting to allow sufficient time for the efficient planning and decision making at all levels, for this year's rally. The date of the letter was 16 March, 1989. No official acknowledgement of the letter was received from either group by mail or telephone. In the middle of the week immediately before the event, ALROC received an invitation to attend The All West Rally III. That is, the All-West Rally that wasn't All-West. (We hope it will be plain for all to see from the above that, despite ALROC's good intentions we were not in any way or at any stage, responsible for the All-West (sic) Rally '89; that it was both disrespectful to others of the triad and the good cause itself and falsely misrepresentative to attach the title 'All West' as appeared on the promotional literature advertising the event. Ed.)

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YOU HAVE A STORY FOR
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Engulfed by the endless expanse of B.C.'s pristine wilderness beauty, Land Rovers seem puny on the site of the 1989 rally. Reminiscent of Bishop Heber's famous lines ' . . . Though every prospect pleases, /and only man is vile'.

(Photo by John Parsons)

HELP WANTED

. . . . True-to-the-book colour is the concern of Lloyd Vaughan as he prepares the metal of his 1959 88" for a re-paint. Dark green is the colour wanted. Members with good specimen colours, sales brochures, colour specs and the like that would help Lloyd get it right the first time are kindly asked to give their help to Lloyd at 525 Ventura Crescent, North Vancouver, B.C. V7N 3G8 Canada.

FOR SALE

. . . . Wife says, "It's them or me". LAND ROVER Series 11A 109, ex-military, 2 door, dormobile top, carawagon interior. O.D., Safari rack, 4-cyl., lots of extras. With military utility trailer and series III 88", mechanically great, parts or restore. Phone Phil Blanchett, (604) 427-2172.

HELP EANTED

. . . . George H. Evans, 49782 Larsen Road, Sardis, B.C. is about to begin or may have already started, the big job of a complete overhaul and engine re-build on his 1965 Land Rover. George would be grateful to anyone in his region (Fraser Valley) who could find time to call around and give him suggestions or advice on how best to proceed with the job. "I would like to talk to a few other local members", George writes. He may be reached at 858-3936.

OUR APOLOGIES . . . to Land Rover UK Ltd., holders of the trade-mark 'Land Rover', for the typographical error in running the two words together as may be seen in these pages. We failed in not demanding advance proof copy of the printers.

IN MEMORIA . . . Warrant Officer Wayne 'Doc' Brunel, Canadian Forces, died July 9, 1989 at age of 45 years. Wayne joined our ranks in Ottawa soon after ALROC was founded. He had served in Canada, West Germany, Middle East & Cypress. Wayne will be missed by his many Land Rover friends.

TRANSFER BOX reaches more Land Rover owners across this great & good country than any similar publication - - pushing on 300 specific addresses coast-to-coast, north of 60 (plus some foreign & off-shore). ALROC is dedicated to being helpful to L-R owners wherever and to engender good fellowship & co-operation amongst the Land Rover community. Amen. We solicit your help in spreading the ALROC-TRANSFER BOX gospel.

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. . . . to get into corners when cleaning-up carburettors, distributors and other critical parts there's nothing to equal those hooked 'explorers' dentists use to locate holes in your teeth. Ask your dentist to remember you next time he has one for re-cycling. Another excellent device for the same are the small-size bamboo skewers used in making those piquant morsels: first a red-meat, then a tomato, then a mushroom, then an onion, then a red-meat, then a tomato, then a beer.

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SPECIAL NOTE

. . . . the wee sticker that comes with the enclosed loose, green advertising sheet is a peel-off though it may not look it. Blowing on it won't help one little bit!

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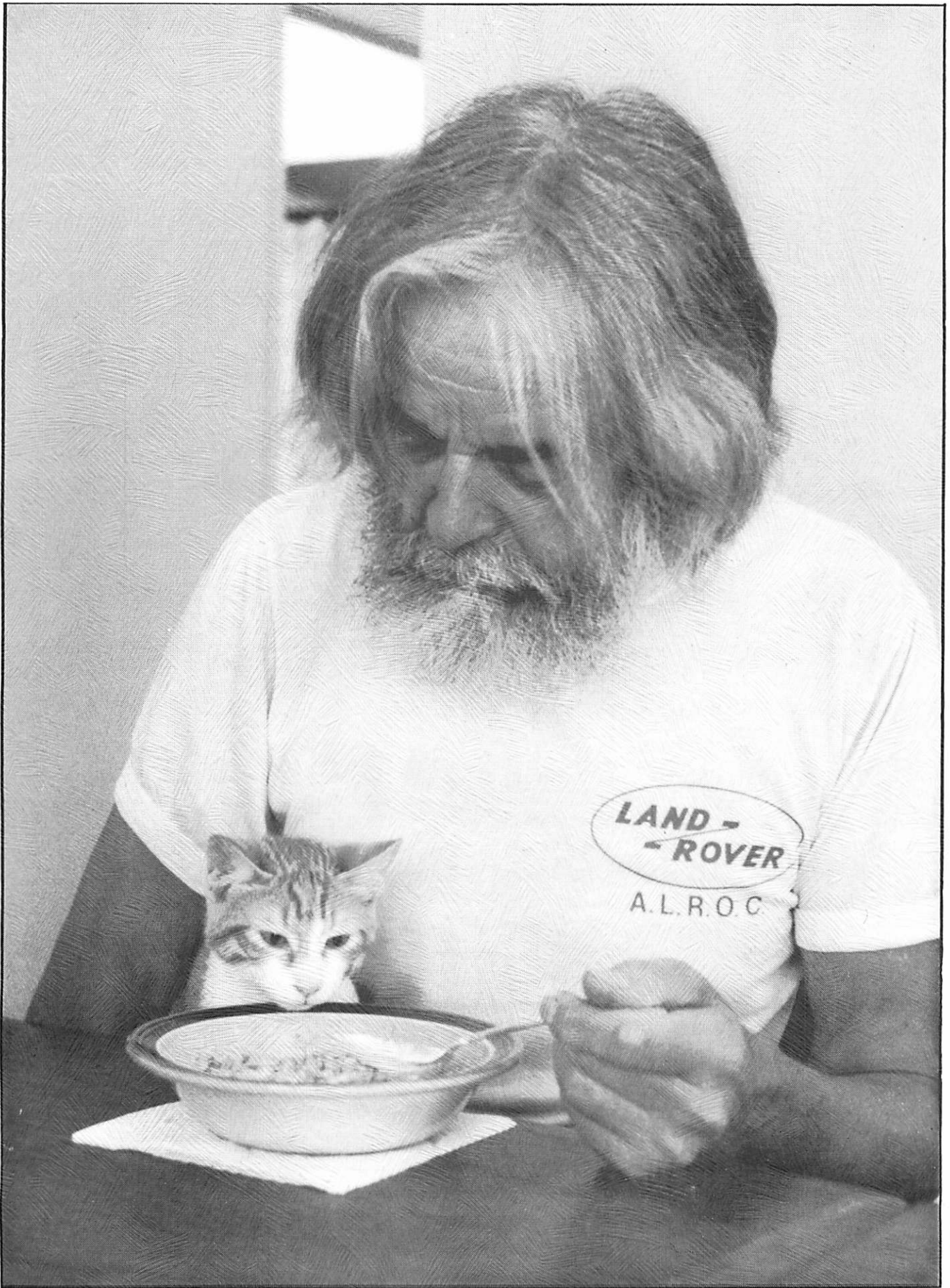
. . . . our Reader Adverts department presents a vexing problem. Few members ever take the trouble to let us know if their ad got results or not. We are always pleased to repeat the ad when space allows, but we can only do so when we receive your request.

No longer displaying the distinctive split wind-screen, a hallmark of Land Rover, this late model Ninety is the property of Martyn Russell of Salmon Arm, B.C. The bigger model is now labelled One-Ten. Transfer Box will welcome news of any other late models known to be in Canada.
(Photo by Gary Lindberg)

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