



the ALUMINUM WORKHORSE



OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE LAND ROVER OWNERS ASSOCIATION, U.S.A.

Volume V, Number III, Summer 1988 - COPYRIGHT 1988 - ALL RIGHTS RESERVED -



Final edition

LRDA



★★★★★

NEWS

Summer 1988 - LRDA, BOX 162201, SACRAMENTO, CA. 95816

A member of the Association of Rover Clubs, Ltd., U.K.

Association Officer/Editor: Steve Hill, P.O. Box 162201, Sacramento, Ca.
95816 (916) 393-3767.

Front Cover: Brad Blevins

REGIONAL COORDINATORS

NORTHEAST - Ron/Bernie Mowry Box 1023 West Lebanon, ME 04027 207-658-9064	WASHINGTON - Gord'n Perrott 119 NE 60th St. Seattle, WA 98115 206-526-5858
SOUTHEAST - Chris Winters 1001 Tennessee Ave. Ft. Lauderdale, FL. 33312 305-791-2214	NEVADA - Marvin Mattson Box 9802 Reno, NV. 89507 702-972-3673
NORTHCENTRAL- Cliff Johnson Box 416 Lemont, IL. 60439-0416 312-257-7136	OREGON - Steve Zedekar Box 34 La Center, WA. 98629 206-263-4397
MOUNTAIN - Bill Davis 360 No 1000 West SLC, UT. 84116 801-363-2390	NOCAL - Steve Hill Box 162201 Sacramento, CA 95816 916-393-3767
SO GEORGIA - Steve Johnson Rte 3, Box 358 Tifton, GA. 31794 912-386-8498	SOCAL - Geoffrey Jackson 15918 Cecina Ct. Chino Hills, CA 91709 714-597-6216
NO GEORGIA - Jack Walter 481 Schaffer Rd. SW Marietta, GA. 30060 404-438-7746	NORTHWOODS - Bill Osterheim 10720 6th St. NE #311 Blaine, MN 55434 612-757-2939

BITS AND PIECES

Special applications for US members to subscribe to the "Land Rover Owners" magazine from Britain are available. Rates are \$40 per year, with bank cards the preferred method of payment. This eliminates the problem of the unstable exchange rate affecting our rates. Contact Steve Hill. Thanks to Cliff Johnson for his work while in England recently to secure this for us.

In our last issue of the "Workhorse" a fine article was printed for you #2 diesel types. However, an oversight on the editor's part left it unauthored. Let me take the opportunity to thank Tom Gilbert #249 for his work.

Members in the affected areas please note that we have numerous changes in our Regional Coordinators. Bill Davis will be assuming the job in the Mountain region. Kerry Oldham has accepted new opportunities in New York but assures me that once settled he will pick up the banner.

A new Northwoods Region has been established with Bill Osterheim as Coordinator. This is a much needed position as we have many active members in the Minnesota, Wisconsin area.

A closing note on the subject of Regional Coordinators: if you have five or more members within a two hour drive and are willing to organize two events yearly please write or phone Steve Hill for more information on becoming a RC for your area.

A few months ago the Association received a cease and desist letter from the attorneys representing Range Rover, North America - a subsidiary of Land Rover Ltd. - regarding the use of commercial ads in the "Workhorse" with the logo of Land Rover Ltd. This national campaign was brought about to protect Land Rover Ltd and its US branch from lawsuits revolving around "genuine" parts. For example, in an accident caused by faulty unapproved brakes, the fear is that the brakes you bought were assumed genuinely approved since they came from a reputable Land Rover parts dealer, causing a lawsuit over "faulty" brakes. Until this situation has been settled among all parties, the "Aluminum Workhorse" will cease running all ads.

Members please note a change since the last issue regarding Pedro Gonzalez's opening at the Academy of Science in San Francisco : the date has been changed from from September 24th to October 8th. We still plan to get together afterwards.

For info contact Steve Hill 916-393-3767.

Land Rover Spares

Here is a list of parts and service establishments to aid you when you are searching for parts or service. This list is published on a non-partisan basis for your benefit. Please help us keep this list updated by letting us know of new businesses or ones that have gone out of business.

ATLANTIC BRITISH PARTS
PO BOX 109, ROVERRIDGE DR.
MECHANICSVILLE, NY 12118
518-664-6169 *P *UP *R

ATLANTIC BRITISH PARTS
PO BOX 1068, WATERLOO
QUEBEC, CANADA, JOE-2NO
514-539-2669 *P *UP *R

ATLANTIC BRITISH PARTS
PO BOX 620
LEWISTON, CA 96052
916-778-3922 *P *UP *R

BRITISH AMERICAN CAR SERVICE
426 26TH STREET
OAKLAND, CA 94612
415-452-4322 *SV

BRITISH PACIFIC
101 WEST GREEN STREET
PASADENA, CA 91101
213-681-9783 *P *UP*SV*F*R

BROWNS LANE, INC.
7808 FAIR OAKS BOULEVARD
CARMICHAEL, CA 95608
916-944-0244 P *SV

CAMPART DIST., INC.
221-41 AVENUE N.E.
CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA T2E2N4
403-276-2211 P UP SV

D.A.P. ENTERPRISES
7 KENDRICK RD.
WAREHAM, MA. 02571
617-291-1211 *P *UP R SV S

DIXIELAND ROVERS
RTE 3, BOX 358
TIFTON, GA 31794
912-386-8498 SV, F

GREEN HILL GARAGE
GREEN HILL ROAD
BARINGTON, NH 03825
603-332-8504 SV

MORGANS SPORTS CAR WEST
1570 S. 300 W.
SALT LAKE CITY, UT. 84115
801-487-5979 *SV

NORTH JERSEY LAND ROVER SUPPLIES
12 WILLS AVENUE R.D. #1
STANHOPE, NJ 07874
201-398-5715 *P SV S

PAUL SAFARI COMPONENTS
PO BOX 39, QUEENSTON STREET
ONTARIO, CANADA L0S-1L0
416-262-4446 P UP F SV

ROVERS NORTH
BOX 71
WESTFORD, VT. 05494
802-879-0032 *P *UP F SV

ROVERS WEST
731 S VINE AVENUE
TUCSON, AZ. 85719
602-792-0295 *P *UP R SV S

SCOTLAND YARD
3101 E. 52ND AVENUE
DENVER, CO. 80210
303-297-9237 *SV P UP R

SCOTTY'S LAND ROVER SERVICE
45 RIDGE PARK DRIVE
CONCORD, CA. 94518
415-686-2255 *P *UP

1st NATIONAL GARAGE
4734 PEARL ST
BOULDER, CO. 30301
303-449-7195

THE IMPORT GARAGE
1815 S.E. 50TH
PORTLAND, OR 97215
503-235-5951 *SV

UNION JACK ROVER SPECIALISTS
PO BOX 30318
TUCSON, AZ. 85751
602-721-0361 *SV

WEST COAST BRITISH
6398 DOUGHERTY ROAD #34
DUBLIN, CA 94568
415-824-6091 P UP SV

THE BRIT NW LR Co.
1043 KAISER RD. SW
OLYMPIA, WA 98502
206-866-2254

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROVERS
732 51 AVENUE S.W.
CALGARY, ALBERTA T2V 0A7
403-253-7977

LAND ROVER ENTERPRISES
2104 JEROME AVE.
YAKIMA, WA 98908
509-453-8580

VERMONT ROVERS
CAMBRIDGE, VT. 05444
802-644-2128

KEY
P - NEW PARTS
UP- USED PARTS
SV- SERVICE & REPAIR
S - LR SALES
F - CUSTOM FABRICATOR
R - COMPONENT REBUILDER

'61 LAND ROVER 88", trop.
locking hubs, dual tank
shocks, FM cassette. M

LAND ROVER 88", 4 cyl
cellant mechanically-ne
smetics, driven daily - \$

MARKET PLACE

'66 LAND ROVER 88", Trop. r
w headers & exhaust sys
rior redone, recent re
00 or trade for 109"PU.

LAND ROVER 109", 4 cyl
w paste green paint, in
mechanical condition - \$320

'72 88 6 cyl. Chevy \$2,800 Contact: Dave Wilding 916-457-
2047 CA

'56 107 4 cyl S/W, fwh, rebld eng. exec cond. Contact:
Peter Van Wart 415-332-2384 CA

'60 88 4 cyl RHD, rebld eng. \$3,000 Contact: Eric Gleason
503-658-2636 OR

'71 88 4 cyl rebld eng/brakes, paint \$2,900 Contact: Vic
Winchcombe 205-649-0445 AL

'63 88 4 cyl, eng gd, \$700/BD Contact: Eric Radecki 916-
481-3753 CA

'66 109 4 cyl, NATO pu, well equipt. Contact: Tim
Johnson 207-825-8094 ME

'63 88 4 cyl Chevy, fwh, od, needs clutch work \$1,000/BD
Contact: Mike Kenyon 415-488-4714 CA

'67 109 4 cyl, RHD, w/roof rack Contact: Geoff Jackson
714-597-6216 CA

'51-'57 Series I's and parts. Contact: George Taylor
604-826-8023 CANADA

'62 88 Contact: Randall King 214-549-2032

Back Issues of Britain's "Off Road and 4 Wheel Drive"
magazine. Contact: Norman Lewis 6486 S. Kipling, Little-
ton, CO 80127

-PARTS-

5- 31x10.50x15 Norseman tires w/ spoked wheels \$250.
also, parting out '63 88 4 cyl Contact: George Sims
916-888-1838 CA

Garage sale, numerous parts to list Contact: Dan Anderson
916-758-7462 CA

Full length metal roof for 109 2-door, new. Contact: John
Palmer 916-938-3392 CA

Parting out 12 Frameless LR all types, all Series except
SI. Contact: Ron Mowry 207-658-9064 ME

-WANTED-

S-I 80"/86" parts- panels, lights, etc. Contact: Nigel Clark, Rte 6, Box 298, Morgantown, WV 26505

2 plastic Diesel grille badges, diesel manifold Contact: Craig McClure 404-284-0265 GA

1 plastic Diesel grille badge Contact: Ron Mowry 207-658-9064 ME

Full length metal roof for 109 2-door. Have cab for sale or trade. Contact: Bill Reid 415-595-3943 CA.

-CALENDAR-

CALIFORNIA - SEPT. 11th Palo Alto Brit Car Show. Contact: Steve Hill 916-393-3767

OCT. 2nd San Diego Brit Car Show. Contact: Steve Hill 916-393-3767

NORHTWEST - OCT. 2nd All-Brit Show, Westminster, VT. Cotact: Ron Mowry 207-658-9064

SUMMER 1992 Proposed trek from Halifax, Nova Scotia to Anchorage, Alaska. Trek will be about one month long. Assistance is needed in all aspects of the trip. If you can join or assist in any way, please contact Ron Mowry, Box 1023, West Lebanon, ME 04027 or phone 207-658-9064. An invitation is extended to all Land/Range Rover owners.

NORTHCENTRAL SEPT. 25th All Brit Car Show, Desplane, IL Contact: Cliff Johnson 312-257-7136

NORTHWOODS - SEPT. 9-11th Land-Rover Picnic Medford, WI Contact: Bill Osterheim 612-757-2939 or Aero Design, 218-722-1927

LAND ROVER OWNERS ASSOCIATION
P.O. BOX 162201
Sacramento, CA 95816

Letters



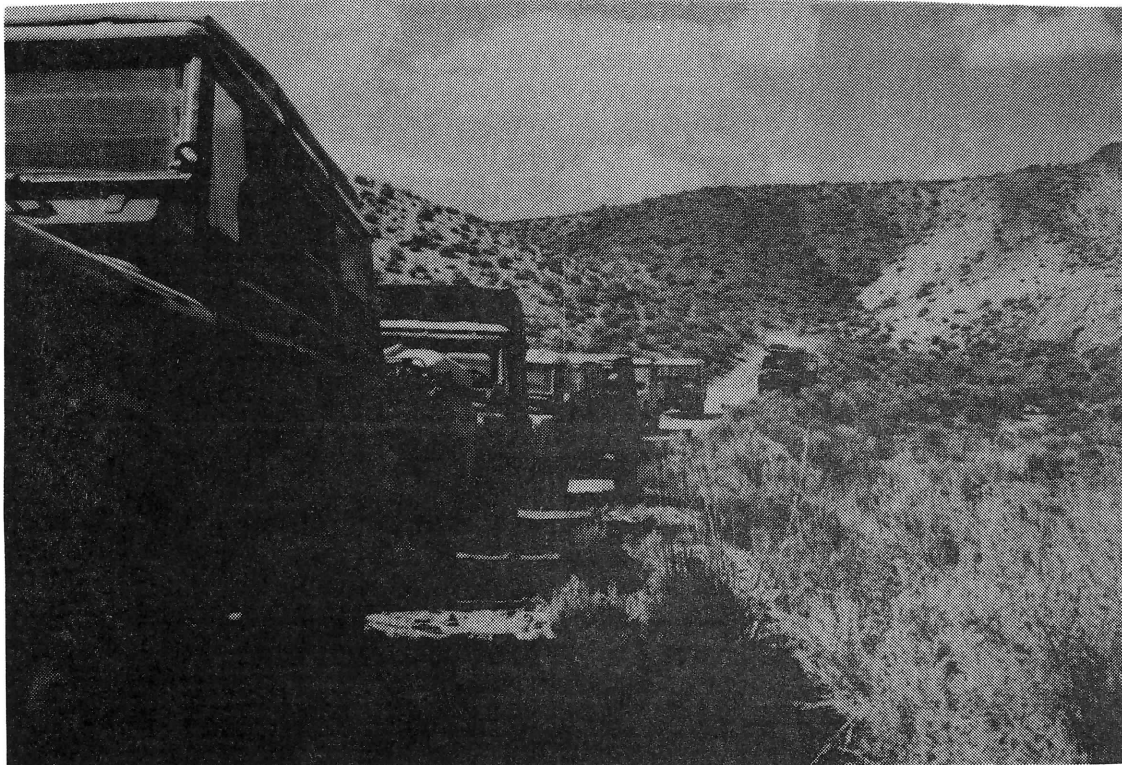
Brian Kemsley has extended an invitation to any Member visiting the state of Alaska to stop by for a cup of coffee or a place to stay/base camp. Contact Brian at 511 Carolyn, Kodiak, AK 99615, 907-486-9405.

Mike Yee related a story involving his '67 109 Dormobile while employed with BLM. After loading up the Landy with diesel fuel, a spare tire for a 900 series Unimog and cold beer, he finally was able to catch up with the rest of his fire fighting crew. The Dormobile camp attracted a lot of attention with its stereo, cold beer, wind break and other comfortable additions to the outdoor condition. Discussion became lively when a firefighter noticed that the Dormobile was not a government vehicle, but as usual was the most versatile workhorse pressed into service. (However, no large order was placed to Solihul even with all its glowing reports, sad to say.)

Dan Anderson has written with some experience regarding loose nuts, bolts and miscellaneous fixings on the swivel pin housing and track rod ends. Periodic tightening sessions will solve the problem. But on another difficulty, he is open to any suggestions anyone might have on what to do with brake drums which have been turned to greater than the 10.030 in the maximum recommended diameter, other than throwing them away.

Cliff Johnson sent some suggestions on keeping that Landy of yours in tiptop condition. He highly recommends using a solution of two cups vinegar to a gallon of hot water for a wash down of panels prior to applying paint or primer.

If you are short of money - "Sears" brand aluminum gutter and siding paint can be used to spruce up the Land-Rover with many colors available.



"BOSTON TO BLACK ROCK"

Part II

by

Glen Foster

After almost 24 hours since our last rest stop in California, we were reluctant to leave Denny's air conditioning to climb aboard the 109 again. At least the early morning skies were blue, for Gerlach still beckoned a few hours away.

Covering ground fast when you had to was where the V-8 really paid off- my Passport radar detector monitored the free-fire zone through the dry and barren landscape. Driving the last 60 miles at 70-75 mph, we finally pulled into Gerlach on schedule. Topping up again at a gas station at the edge of town, we spied a red 88 jammed full of gear and people. We had had visions of finding a paper plate tacked to a fence post reading "Trek Cancelled". What a welcome sight!

Next came two more Land Rovers, an 88 P/U and a 109 two door camper. Now we were happy! Around the corner sat many more Landys baking in the Nevada sun. We drew deep breaths and pulled in. Everyone was very enthusiastic and pleasant. Jim "Scotty" Howat came forward and introduced himself and a small crowd gathered around my 109. What a great feeling to be genuinely welcomed after coming such a distance!

We shook hands with a dozen people and try as I did I knew I'd forget the names. Marvin Mattson and Lea Magee I remembered right off. Scotty even had a friend along, Barry Moran, who had come from England just for the Trek. And Jim and I thought we'd get the Long Distance Award!! After a quick sandwich and rest, it was time to hit the trail.

With C.B.s switched on, we took the road leading north out of Gerlach. Taking up last position, the column of Land Rovers stretching in front of us was quite a sight. The column turned out onto the Playa, a hard-packed and cracked ancient ocean bottom. The veterans, you know how you are, disappeared in the billowing dust trails and heatwaves. As speeds increased, so did the dust- enough that you could not see the vehicle in front of you.

The hard ground seemed easy to drive on until softer patches were hit. Warnings about these and some deeper tracks flew in over the C.B., allowing us to reduce our speeds in time. Lea told us later how some tracks are etched semi-permanently, scarring the land.

Floating on heat waves, billowing dust like steam out of an engine, we pressed on. I could imagine how easy it was for the Natives to spot wagons or cavalry from great distances. Even the hills to the sides seemed to float in the shimmering heat. Jim and I wore bandanas to ward off the white dust, making us look like some strange modern day outlaws in sunglasses and hats.

We found it! crackled the C.B. and up ahead the specks turned off to the left, an entrance found by skill, experience and I suspect a bit of luck. It was a hard packed road, leading into the low hills and cutting through open spaces filled with endless sage. A slight breeze hardly dented the desert sun. We stopped to await Lea and Marvin who had waited in Gerlach for stragglers. Drivers and passengers fanned out among the sage looking for arrowheads, with a warning to all to be careful about snakes! I chatted with Bill and his companions in the red 88 and he loaned us a book on the Black Rock which was interesting to read. (Nevada Desert, by Sessions Wheeler, published by Caxton). After nearly scorching my arm on the window edge, I wished I had taken Marvin's advise about wearing a long sleeved shirt for the sun.

We were off again into the dust. Mile after mile of sage rolled by. If you didn't know what you were doing, it was clear that you had no business being out here alone. The desert can be a cruel master, but a beautiful one at that. Dark outlines of mountains and hills, images of torn colored paper, loomed off to the sides. Each layer a bit lighter than the next, cradling the deep blue sky.

Here and there a small stream would intersect our path, indicated from afar by the uncharacteristic tall green grass that thrived around it. Marvin and Nancy, being the brave souls they are, were first into the mud and got hung up. Paying out their winch cable to Rich Brengman's 88" they were out as quick as they got in. It was great to see that all of the participants were familiar with their rigs, unlike 4-wheelers who are all show and "no go". To each their own of course, but can't help but marvel at some "monster" trucks that never leave the pavement.

Stopping for lunch in the scorching sun, we were glad to have kept our meals simple as suggested. A quick sandwich and ice cold drink washed down most of the fine dust, which was everywhere. In duffle bags, bread bags, so fine that I imagined it was in the motor oil as well as the other vehicle fluids. So thick, it coated my usually drab olive 109 white.

Driving until late afternoon through the dusty sage, we stopped for the night at High Rock Canyon. After setting up camp, Marvin led a group to the Cave of Names. Climbing down out of the heat of the present into the cool and darkness of the past revealed names and dates of pioneers over a century old. Written in axle grease and paint, their signatures revealed little of the hardships they must have endured passing through this country.

I pushed on by myself, along the road out of the canyon to Dan the Pack Rat's Cabin. Along the way I met a few of the locals- large deer and some good sized snakes sunning themselves. With only the sound of my breathing and crunching of rocks underfoot keeping me company, the landscape shimmered from the heat.

Sitting in the shade of the cabin, I could easily imagine how this land must have looked to the travelers. The Natives loved it, the pioneers probably hated it, not knowing what lay ahead and paying dearly for every mile passed. I felt very fortunate to have been able to see it the way it was.

Heading back to camp just before sunset, it was a relief to hear voices again and to see the 10 Land Rovers next to the stream. After supper, having been awake now for more than 30 hours, Jim and I decided it was time to rest!

Whoever said it gets cold in the desert at night was right! Waking up frozen at 3 AM in the 109's hammock sent me scrambling into the cramped darkness for my down bag. Shivering myself to sleep, I swear I heard coyotes howling in the distance.

The next morning found us heading out of the canyon, along a road that passed through many stream beds, often with rutted and steep banks. I have installed Quaife locking diffs in the front and rear and the 109 lugged up and out of the ruts. A word about locking diffs- if you ever get the chance to purchase one or two, do so. They are sort of the icing on the cake, but no matter what your powerplant is, you can simply do things much easier.

We soon came to a section of trail where the pioneers were forced to lower their wagons down a steep incline in order to keep moving. Etched rocks still bore the marks of many ropes in their struggle and the wear of the thousands of wagon wheels passing nearby.

After lunch, we pulled up to another landmark- an old stone shack used by sheep herders at the turn of the century. Inside, graffiti revealed the mark of more modern pioneers: "The Sage Brush Kid in 1933" and "Jeeped in, and Jeeped out, David, 1954". Even then it was no small feat! Stevens Ranch greeted us in late afternoon, and we were able to celebrate July 4th, 1987 with a welcome reprieve from the Nevada sun and dust with a cold shower. Later we gathered in the main room trading Land Rover folklore. Dan Anderson played master of ceremonies with a deck of cards to cut for prizes, a pile of Rover decals and stickers. Jim and I hung out after most went to bed and talked with Lea and Rich to the wee hours about God, Guts and Guns. It was cold again and Jim and I walked around a bit watching shooting stars and moonlit streamers of clouds.

Packing up in the morning, we found a fenced off area with a few petrified tree trunks, marking what remains of the petrified forest. Even out here so far away from civilization, we have had to resort to finding ways to thwart thefts.

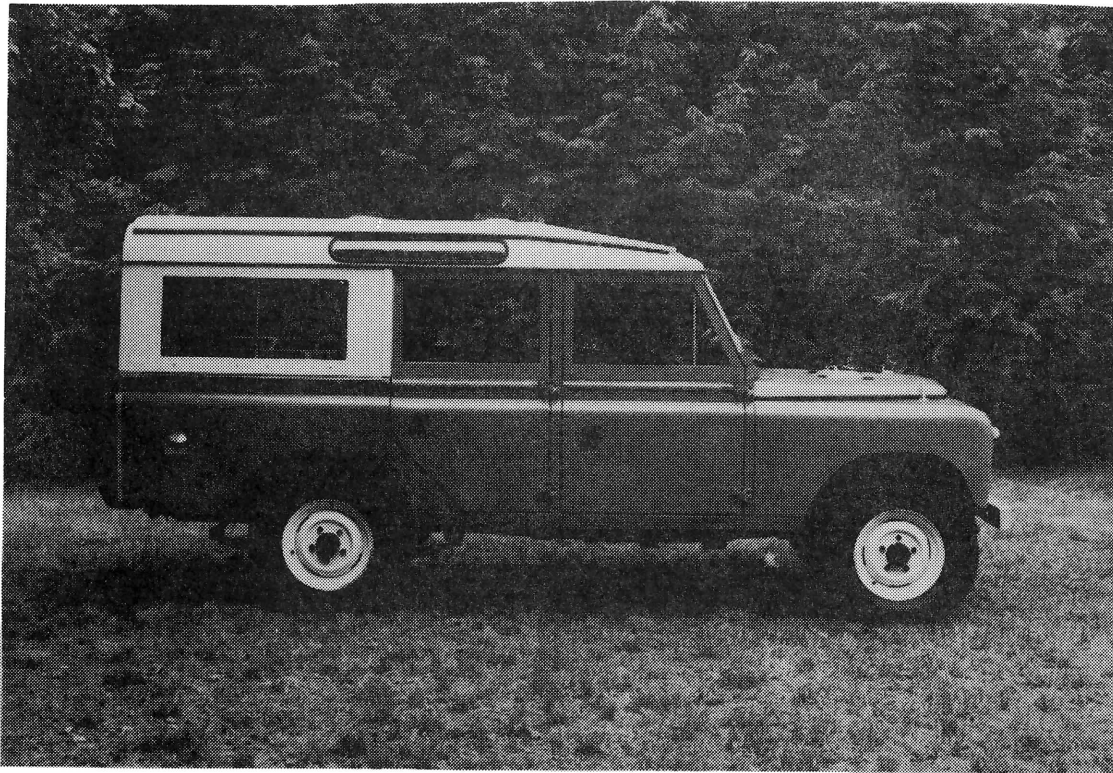
After seeing David Goodson off early to head back to Washington, we all headed up narrow trails into the hillsides to see Leadville, an old mining town. Rovers parked at all angles on a narrow hill as we walked among what small shacks were left of the town. As we rested, a Toyota Land Cruiser sidled up between us with a couple of cheery prospectors and a dog, scampering up the hill and out of sight.

Back across the Playa, my favorite part, to Gerlach, where a very sharp looking 109 4 door belonging to Domingos Dias joined us for a trip to some hot springs. Back again onto the Playa, we turned off into some tall green grass. Up bubbled hot mineral water 6 feet into the air, forming its own freeform statue, next to a deep pool of warm, clear water. We could have stayed for hours talking to our new found friends, but we had to push on. Swapping addresses and final goodbyes, we set out on the long road home. We reached Reno in the evening, enjoying the neon sights, and by day, of course, the casinos. That evening found us in Winnemucca where I did most of an oil change in the dark (not recommended). Tuesday we left I-80 and headed north through the deserts of Idaho, kidnapping a sage brush and tumble weed to take back east. Past the Craters of the Moon Park, with its lava landscape, into the Tetons and Yellowstone Park Wednesday. That night we drove through an 11,000 foot pass in the mountains.

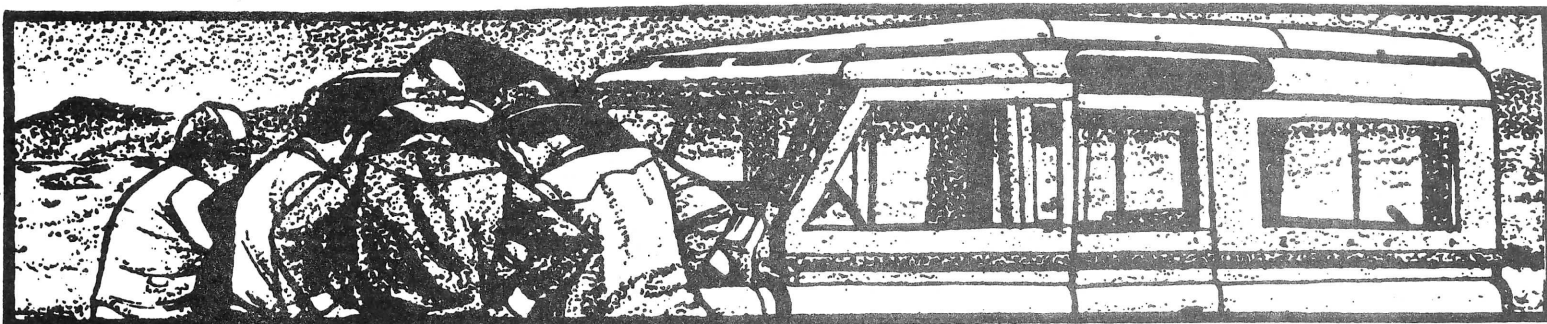
The V-8 lugged for air, so I dared not shut her down while Jim and I played in the roadside moonlit snow. Thursday we woke up to rain and pushed on as it cleared and warmed up to Custer Battlefield Monument, which is quite a site to see. By dusk, we had reached Devil's Tower Monument, not seeing Richard Dreyfuss or any aliens. Friday we reached Mitchell, South Dakota and began a 38 hour nonstop Boston Marathan. Pausing only a few hours Friday night in Chicago, our all night push saw us through Indiana and Ohio, and a bit of Pennsylvania in the dark. New York's morning greeted us with incredible fog banks, just the thing you want to drive through after being up for so long. All Saturday night the 109 ate up the New York roads and we arrived back home at 11 PM Saturday night. Unpacking in the dark, Jim's 88 finally was loaded, tumbleweed and all. As he headed home, I collapsed in now strange surroundings after calling the 109" home for the last two weeks.

I hope you've all enjoyed my story and photos. It was truly an unique experience, one I'll not soon forget, no matter how hard I try...only kidding. Would I travel almost 7,000 miles in two weeks in an archaic Land Rover ever again? You bet I would. We met a lot of fine people all over the country, and the bunch in the Black Rock were some of the best. I hope to meet some of them again in the future as well as new Land Rover friends.*

*Glen Foster and Jim Shurtleft returned to Black Rock again this year in a new Range Rover, but that's another story.....



This '67 Safari with a Chevy Six conversion is proudly displayed by owner John J. Mills.



TECH TIPS·by the numbers

SWIVEL PIN HOUSING OIL SEAL

The Easy Way

by

Jim Howat

This operation I have done over the years (with customer approval) with the same results as the normal procedure found in the workshop manual. Except this method takes half the time and you do not disturb the hydraulic system causing less frustration.

1. Jack up front of the vehicle and remove the road wheel.
2. Drain off the universal joint housing oil.
3. Clean the swivel pin housing and the swivel pin housing bearing surface.
4. Remove the swivel pin housing oil seal retainer complete with seal, cut the seal and discard.
5. Cut the new seal using a fine jewelers blade (split seal) and a razor blade cut on the rubber. Twist the seal and fit it over the swivel axle housing, proceed with operation 8 of factory manual. Putting the spilt to the top of the housing, with a touch of silicon on the spilt.
6. Set the adjustable lock stop bolt.
7. Refill universal joint housing with one pint of gear oil.



Fine family photo, the people are Gay/Mark Hooks with Barb/Justin Laubenstein in foreground. Thanks to Mike Laubenstein for the photo



"KNOW THOSE ROVERS"
The
Series IIA



The time is September 1961 and Land Rover has introduced a new 2 1/4 diesel engine identical to the petrol engine capacity. In doing so ushered in the Series IIA vehicles. These vehicles comprise the majority of the Land Rovers available to us in North America.

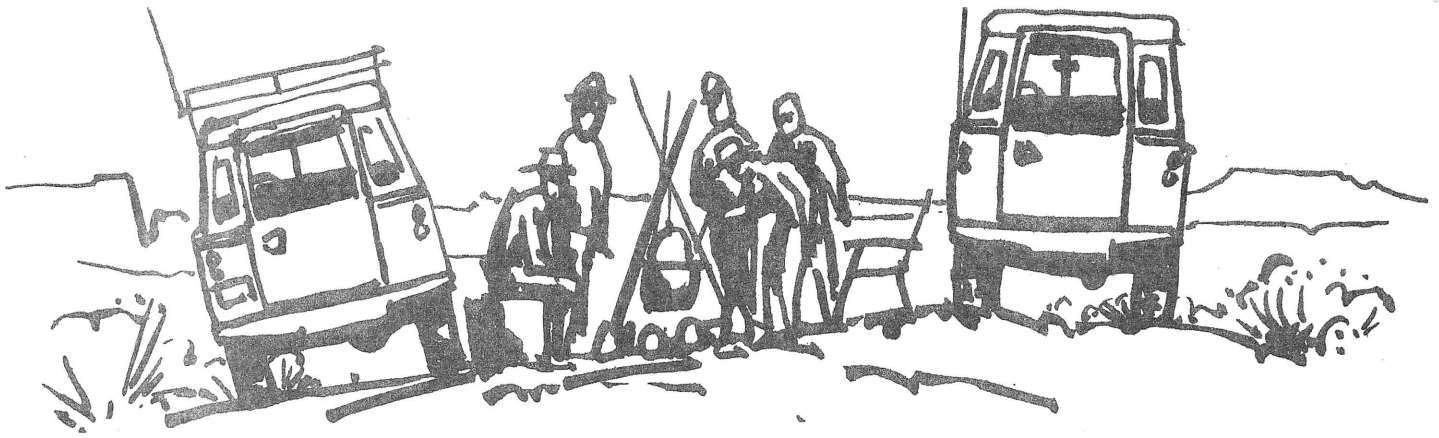
Six years later in April a six cylinder petrol engine appeared. These came in two configurations, with the North American version using a Westlake-head high-compression engine from the Rover sedan. All six cylinder engines were designated for the long wheel base Land Rovers. But despite a Powr-Lok limited-slip differential being fitted, the vehicle's off road performance was very poor compared with its four cylinders counterpart. This dilemma was due to the torque peaking at 3,000 rpm opposed to 1,500 rpm. Coupled with the increasing safety and emission standards in North America, importation of the 109 variant came to an end in 1967.

However, during this time, other refinements appeared as optional upgraded interior accoutrements, such as deluxe seating, headlings and trim packages.

In the Spring of 1968 the headlamps were moved from the radiator area to the wings, meeting many new foreign lighting requirements.

September 1968 saw an unveiling of a new 1/2 ton or lightweight 88 for military applications. It was lighter and used removeable body panels for air portability. Although you will find a few in the States they are very rare, but highly practical for hunter and fisherman.

In conclusion, it must be said that of all the Series developed for Land Rover, this IIA- whether an 88 or 109- is considered by many to be the best mechanically structured, save for the '66-'67 109's problem with rear axle breakages. This weakness was quickly solved in subsequent years with a different differential design. There are still many IIA's in prime condition out there, waiting for the right person to come along. We've received many letters and pictures of proud owners having ferreted out their Landys, especially in old farm buildings and driveways. Keep your eyes open lads and lassies!



A TALE OF A MIGHTY SAGE

by
Brad Elevins

So you want to know how this ol' critter got a name like that, eh? Well son, if you've got a minute, I'll tell ya. Although I gotta start by sayin' she sure don't deserve it none. I 'spose it's just one of them things that goes to show there aint no accounting for taste.

It was back in '87, just after the big "Black Rock Run" of that year. (July, I think). A few of us hard cases hadn't had enough, so we tanked up and headed back into that ol' desert one more time. It wasn't long before we was pulling up to this little blue spot on the map called "Fly Geyser". Turned out to be a real nice place... most of the day. We should'a known there was a good reason for that name. Them bugs was big as eagles! And hungry too! I saw one carryin' a sheep off, but he had to drop it when a couple of mosquitos ganged up on 'im. By the time that sheep hit the ground, there weren't nothin' left but fluff!

Needless to say, we didn't stay there very long for fear that we'd be next. We wandered out a ways and found a nice little spring to set up camp by. Little's the word too. Why, I could drain my radiator faster'n that thing flowed! In fact, when we got there, there was some old timer that had been there for the last fifteen years just tryin' to fill his canteen. We stayed a while and, on the particular day I have in mind, we was sittin' around with nothin' to do since, the day before, we spent all our time fillin' the trailer with all the gold nuggets and indian artifacts that was layin' around there. So we decided we'd do us a little target practice. After we had hunted down and killed all the beer and soup cans in the county, we figured we better do somethin' about dinner. Seemed like rabbit country, so we decided to go out and get us a couple.

Now, before I get on any further with this, I think I'd better tell you a little bit about that bunch a' galoots I was hooked up with out there.

First, there's this fella that calls himself "Scotty". Why, he thinks so much of that country he comes from that, by the time you've talked to him for five minutes, you get the idea that the Garden of Eden was a golf course somewhere around a town called Ayer. And Adam and Eve... why they was kicked out, not because of no apple but, 'cause they couldn't keep the greens up!

Scotty's boy was out there with us too. Name was Ian. College boy. Gonna make space stations or somethin'. Mind you, I seen 'im build his own Land Rover from the ground on up. Twice. He never ever took no help from a single soul or even looked at a book about it and got it all done in about two weeks of spare time after school. He could drive it pretty good too. Why, on a good day, he could handle that 4 wheeler near as good as me, if I was off a bit.

Next theres Dom or Don, or somethin' like that. I think he was from South Africa or Brazil or some place near there. (I know what you're thinkin', and you're right too... I was surrounded by foreigners and should a' expected that I wouldn't get out of there unscathed). You should have seen the gun this guy hunts rabbit with! It's a stainless steel piece of hardware with a barrel about as big around as my drive shaft! It's hard to imagine tryin' to salvage any meat from a rabbit hit with a slug from that, I'll tell you.

Now, Barry's from a place in England (yup, another foreigner!) called Bolton. Bolton is a right funny place. It's the one place in England that I know of where they don't speak English! You've got to read a book about their language before you can even begin to understand what they're sayin' to you. And they don't think there's anything wrong with themselves, but that it's everyone else that's turned around. Aint that somethin'!

Of course you know about me already. The kind a' guy you'd want your daughter to marry. The kind a' guy you just gotta trust and believe in. Yup, steady as a rock and a heart a' gold.

Well now, Scotty stayed in camp and the rest of us headed up this creek bed to look for rabbits. It was dry after the first fifty feet but if the rabbits didn't mind it, we didn't mind it neither. We was huntin'. Some hunters! Seems like whenever anything out there even looked like it could move, there was so much noise and dust and general confusion that we was just lucky one of us didn't wind up with a hole through 'im. Most of the time though, when the smoke and dust cleared, there weren't nothin' there but a bunch of shot up dirt. I'm sure we had seen a rabbit some of those times but I guess we either just plain missed or Don got 'im. Well, somehow we ended up with two fine jacks. There's somethin' you oughta know about the high desert jack rabbit tho'. At fifty yards he looks to be around the size of a young mule deer. But by the time you get 'im in your bag, you've realized why it is that even them bugs that hang around Fly Geyser won't be bothered with 'em.

Anyway, we shot 'em so we knew we'd eat that night. And, as the saying goes, "you shoot it, you skin it". Since Barry shot one of 'em, we familiarized him with this saying. He wasn't countin' on that.

It was a tough job with the language barrier and all, but I showed him how to do it. Even tho' I had read the book on Boltonese, I had to use one of the other guys as an interpreter. You see, book learnin' only goes so far and, when I couldn't keep up with 'im, he'd get all flustered and start hollerin' what I could only assume were obscenities about the "bloody colonials". To this day, I wonder what some of them words mean.

By the time the job was done, we had us enough meat for a, uh, modest stew. We took up donations from from all the supplies, finding a can of potatoes here and a can of onions there, and it ended up that we come up with enough odds and ends to make a fair amount after all. We took and browned the meat real good and then threw everything else into the pot. We let it all simmer for a while and then tasted it... not bad. After addin' a bit of salt and pepper it was actually presentable. I figured it needed a little somethin' to spice it up... you know, give it that gourmet touch. So I says to myself "why not a little sage? We got lots of it around. A little local flavor'd be just what it needs". The sage out in the desert aint what the Italians would call sage. It's sage brush. But it has a real good smell to it and I judged it to be a fine cookin' spice. The guys weren't real

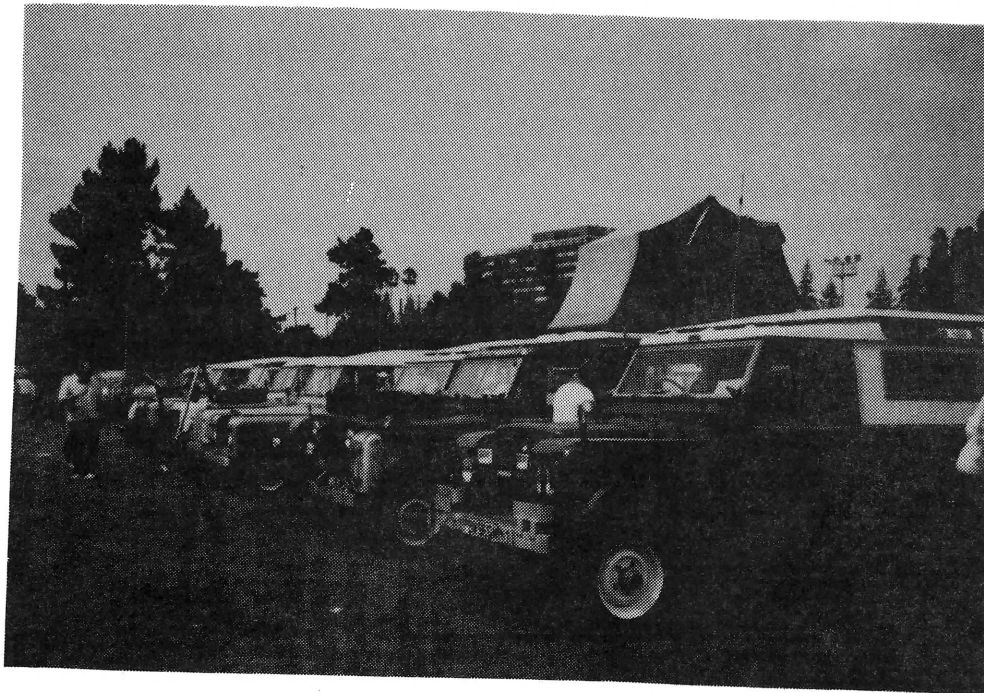
excited about that. I guess they never had much sage before. So, I threw in just a pinch. I was a mite surprised a few minutes later, to find that such a small amount of spice could do such wonders to an otherwise plain and ordinary stew. I was tempted to add some more but, well these fellas just hadn't had the culinary background as me, so I just let what was there cook in real good. When I tried it again it was pretty tasty!

Well, after the guys had had a chance to try it, their opinion was a bit different from mine. In fact, they began to talk about a hangin'. One of 'em said I should be sent over to Russia to cook and then we wouldn't need no bombs. It ended up that they put their plates of stew out on the borders of our camp to keep the coyotes away. I got to admit it worked.

Needless to say, I didn't cook breakfast the next morning. Or any morning after that. In fact, it don't look like those guys're ever gonna have the pleasure of tastin' my garliced rattlesnake recipe now. Oh well, it's their loss.

I guess that's just about it. This ol' Rover an' me've been branded ever since then. They call me the Sagemaster now, and this ol' girl got tagged the Sagecoach. I can live with Sagemaster since I generally master anything I sets my mind to but, she really don't deserve what they did to her as I'm sure you now agree.

Now, you can believe what you like or none of it... it makes no nevermind to me. I know what was 'cause I was there. And if you don't believe it, why'd ya bother askin' in the first place?



A fine Association turn out for the Palo Alto All Brit Car Show

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Save this change of address form and send it to us if you move.

NAME _____ MEMBER # _____
OLD ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ZIP _____
NEW ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ZIP _____
OLD PHONE # _____ NEW PHONE # _____

SEND TO: LAND ROVER OWNERS ASSOCIATION
P.O. BOX 162201
SACRAMENTO, CA 95816



LAND ROVER OWNERS ASSOCIATION, USA
P.O. BOX 162201
Sacramento, CA 95816



LAND ROVER - THE ETERNAL 4X4