



Newsletter

March-June 1999 Issue 12

Club Information

Any correspondence should be addressed to:

Northern California Rover Club

P.O. Box 14961

Berkeley, CA, 94712-5961

Members are strongly encourage to submit articles, notes or letters for publication.

Club Decals

Additional club decals are currently available for \$4 each. The decals are approximately 2 inches by 4 inches and bear the club logo as it appears on the newsletter cover. To obtain additional decals please forward a letter with a mailing address, number of decals desired and a check for the appropriate sum to the club address.

Newsletter Back Issues

Newsletter back issues may be obtained on an as available basis for \$2 each. The \$2 includes postage.

Membership Application

A membership application form is located on the rear page of each newsletter. Please feel free to copy this form for anyone you may know who is interested in joining the Northern California Rover Club. Application for membership need not be made using the application form. Membership application should include: Name, Mailing Address (inc. zip code), Telephone Number, Type of Rover owned

Officers

Current club officers are:

President:	Bruce Bonar
Vice President:	Ben Smith
Secretary:	Mehdi Saghafi
Treasurer:	Jeremy Bartlett
Member at large:	Morgan Hannaford

NEXT NCRC MEETING

Remember, summer meetings will be held during club trips!..So the next meeting will be held during the July4-9 1st Annual Summer Expedition to NW Nevada, Black Rock Desert, Granite Mountains and Pine Forest Range.

NEW NCRC Website!!!!

Check out the new NCRC website!!

<http://www.roverstuff.com/ncrc/>

Elections

You should already have received your ballot in the mail. Though in light of the fact each position is uncontested you may feel unmotivated to send it in, it is important that you do. We encourage you to write in candidates for any position, and we also would very much like your input on meeting dates. Further, we would like to avoid uncontested elections in the future. Please consider running next year.

Also, please note that you received a "Club Directory" page with your ballot. This is a replacement page for the directory recently distributed. The margin cut off some portion of this page.

NCRC Award Nominees

Thanks to everyone who nominated fellow members for the, the Gnarlcissus and the Woody this year. The results will be announced later this year.

The Gnarlcissus is awarded to the club member with the most cosmetically striking Land Rover (this can be good, bad or ugly).

And the nominees are:

Rick Larson, Nick Baggarly, John Kieckhefer

The Woody is awarded to the club member who has had the most trouble with his or her Land Rover yet persisted in its ownership.

.....And the Nominees are:

Tom Walsh, Rick Larson

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Cover Photo:

Fun at Mendo. Lots of snow this year!!!

Club Meeting Minutes

4/16/99

Since Mehdi, wishes to step down from the work he has been putting into the newsletter, the newsletter status was discussed. Jeremy said he would get in touch with Ben and Leslie to find out the status and encourage coordination. The next issue of the newsletter is expected to be late due to transitional delays.

The 4th of July trip to the Black Rock desert was briefly discussed. Bruce Bonar will put together a brief description including a start meeting point and 2nd day meeting point. No further meeting points will be given because of the strong possibility of route changes and the anticipated difficulty of location the group and .

Web site. John Hong will be setting up the club website and maintaining it on his roverstuff.com site.

Meeting programs. The subject of educational topics for club meetings was once again discussed. Ben Mitch and Chris Dow had volunteered to discuss GPS and Laptop navigation. An October date was tentatively scheduled for that lecture. Blair Peterson volunteered the ability to supply a computer projector if needed.

Meetings. There was discussion of meeting location and times. No summer meetings will be held in office locations. Instead the meetings will be shifted to the club trips since minimal formal business needs to be transacted. Jeremy Bartlet will talk to Land Rover Marin about a possible December meeting.

Winter/Xmas party. Jeremy will look into holding a club winter season (Christmas or whatever) party at the Pyramid Brewing Co. in Berkeley.

Clark Bowen in Arcata and Morgan Hannaford will be helping to scout the California border area for the 2000 joint trip with the Pacific Coast Rover club.

The treasurer provided the status of the club funds as follows:

Account balance: \$1158.65
Petty Cash: \$24.76

Stickers: \$173.00
T-Shirts: \$100

There are no liabilities open at this time.

Expenses for the next year were projected at approximately \$1650 with estimated dues payment of \$2000.

Editors' Note

As noted in the minutes, Mehdi has stepped down as the newsletter's editor. We, the replacement editors, would like to express our sincere appreciation for all his hard work in the two years he has served as editor.

Mehdi created something from nothing. He started from scratch, and invented the format with which you've all become familiar. He went where no man had gone before. In short, he did all the hard work so we, his successors, could just copy greatness.

Those of you who've never laid out a document such as this before, may not fully understand the volume of work involved. I think that had we, we probably would have thought twice about accepting this responsibility. In any event, the next time you see Mehdi you should pat him on the back and thank him for his efforts.

As for the new editors, we will strive to live up to the high standard which has been set for this document. There will undoubtedly be glitches along the way, and we beg your indulgence as we make the transition. You've already noticed that the March/April issue is very overdue. In fact, it's so overdue that we're rolling it in with the May/June issue and creating the colossus you see before you now. Hopefully, you'll find this issue to be meaty enough to assuage any dissatisfaction you may feel at the loss of an issue.

In expressing again our thanks to Mehdi for his exceptional contribution, and to you for your patience, we remain,

Your faithful newsletter editors.

Ben Mitchell

Leslie Johnston-Dow

Congratulations!
Cynthia J. Kerner, D.V.M

*On June 18th, 1999,
NCRC member, Cynthia Kerner,
Graduated from UC Davis,
School of Veterinary Medicine.
She will be practicing small animal
medicine in Sacramento at Sacramento
Surgical Services animal hospital .*

Club Calendar

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Club Meetings

Club meetings are usually the 3rd Friday of alternating months (even months). Location will rotate occasionally. Until locations are formalized Contact Bruce 415-468-5000 x3009, or Jeremy 510-233-3167 for meeting locations and details.

NCRC Club Events

July 4 - 9, 1999 1st annual NCRC Summer Expedition. NW Nevada. Black Rock Desert, Granite Mountains, and Pine Forest Range.

We'll follow parts of the Lassen Applegate Emigrant Trail and explore several dramatic mountain ranges. Expect to see antelope, wild horses, burros, and other wildlife. This is an expedition-style trip suitable for all Rovers and levels of off-road experience. E-mail Bruce Bonar, brbonar@wenet.net, or call Bruce @ 415-468-5000 x3009 for meeting time and location. You'll need lot's of gas and water. Due to the nature of the area this trip cannot be joined after Monday morning.

July 31 - August 1st, 1999 High Sierra Trip.

Location to be determined. Either Courtright Reservoir in the Sierra NF or Hell's Half Acre off Hwy 4, depending on snow levels and other factors.

August 14-15 (Tentative) Pismo Beach.

Contact Tim and Mimi Spears @ chateaumimi@juno.com for more information.

August 21 - 22, 1999 Blue Lakes - Deer Valley Trail.

An old favorite. This year we'll probably run it north to south, and include the Strawberry Trail as well. A moderately challenging off-road experience.

September 24,25,&26. Urban Adventure II.

Camping in and touring around San Francisco. More details to follow.

October 8 - 11, 1999 3rd Annual Fall Colors Tour.

This year we visit the White Mtns and the Alabama Hills for bristlecone pines, petroglyphs, dramatic vistas, and, of course, golden aspen. An expedition-style trip, suitable for all Rovers.

November 5 - 7, 1999 2nd Annual NCRC Rally. Mendocino National Forest.

A day and a half of special tasks, navigation with tulip diagrams and rally-style time-speed-distance driving.

Intended to be challenging and fun, not brutal. (Date is tentative pending Mendocino National Forest approval)

Participation in NCRC events is open to all members, their guests, and prospective members. Everyone is required to sign a liability waiver and all vehicles must pass a basic tech inspection.

Non Club Events

July 24-25. SCLR Bodie trip

July 24-25. Paradise Lost.

Contact Bob or Sue Bernard for info on this annual trip to between Lake Almanor and Paradise. bobnsueb@maxinet.com

September 4 - 5, 1999 Portland All British Field Meet.

Always an excellent turnout of Rovers (160 in 1998). Free camping on the grounds of the Portland International Raceway. Swap meet on Sunday.

September 12, 1999 Palo Alto Field Meet.

This is the largest Bay Area British Car gathering.

Calendar items should be sent to Bruce Bonar at least 2 months before the event. brbonar@wenet.net 415-468-5000 x3009

For more information, or if you want to organize a trip, call Bruce or Jeremy.





Technical Information



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Rust Removal for Restoration

(Home Chemistry 101)

by Jeremy Bartlett

In the process of cleaning up some old Series 1 parts I stumbled across a technique for removing surface rust that some of you might be interested in.

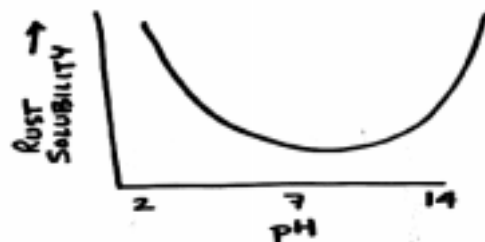
There are several established, do it yourself rust removal techniques. Some of the more aggressive involve the use of acids such as hydrochloric (muriatic) acid and follow on protective coatings such as phosphoric acid (the prime ingredient in most "rust stoppers"). Think of this as direct action, dissolving the rust and some of the underlying metal and then protectively coating it.

If you're interesting in aggressively removing rust you can find hydrochloric/muriatic acid in the pool supply section of your local hardware store. One of the more interesting home removal techniques that appears to use acidic solutions is Ron Beckett's use of dark molasses. He has documented this on his web page (<http://www.users.bigpond.com/hillman/hoca/rust.htm>). For those of you without web access Ron's approach is to make a solution of 1 part dark molasses to 9 parts water and soak the part for a few days with intermittent brushing. Based on his photographs this approach appears to work quite well, but I've not tried it myself. I have used hydrochloric acid, which has the advantage of working very quickly. However, I dilute hydrochloric acid if I'm going to use it. An important safety note in using strong acids: ADD ACID TO WATER not visa versa, and use safety gloves and goggles. Think of it this way: if something splashes when you're pouring wouldn't you rather have water with a bit of acid splash you than acid with a bit of water? Using an aggressive acid also means that the piece will need extensive water washing on removal and immediate re-coating with paint to avoid renewed rusting.

A common drawback of acidic rust removal techniques is that the acid is also corrosive to the underlying steel. (Remember basic chemistry where acids dissolve metals? $2H^+$ and metal = $metal^+$ and H_2). Upon exposure to air, the etched surface of the steel tends to surface area of the steel due to the acid etching. If the piece is galvanized, the acids attack the zinc coating damaging it rendering the

approach almost useless if you don't intend to re-galvanize.

This is where my latest chance discovery comes in. I was cleaning crud off an old shifter column and left it to soak over a couple of days in a bath of pure detergent (Simple Green). On removing it to clean it I noticed that some light corrosion had also disappeared and the metal had acquired and almost new appearance. At this point I remembered some aqueous chemistry. Rust is an assortment of iron oxides (combination of iron and oxygen). These iron oxides dissolve in both acidic and basic solutions but not in neutral solutions like water. Figure 1 illustrates this dual dissolution property. We've looked at some of the acidic solutions above, but what about basic solutions? Most detergents are moderate to strong basic solutions. In theory these will dissolve rust. Furthermore, these solutions have one further advantage; they tend not to dissolve underlying metals. (Remember basic oxidizing/acidic vs. reducing/basic half-cell reactions? ... maybe not ☺). Anyway a solution of suitably strong detergent should remove rust while leaving the underlying metal, including the galvanizing intact. There is also a secondary chemical advantage to this approach. Basic solutions (detergent) also tend to be reducing solutions which have a chemical drive to deposit iron on the soaking piece (this gets back to those half-cell reactions you might remember). So while you are removing the rust, there may be some mild chemical plating of new iron onto the



component, which helps to restore and protect the piece.

I proceeded with an experiment. I submerged a galvanized fuel filler neck half way into a



Technical Information



tub of Simple Green and let it soak for a week. I occasionally rubbed and brushed loosed dirt and corrosion off. Figure 2 shows the result. The upper portion is the original condition lightly rusted piece. The lower bit is the restored component. Unlike acid cleaned parts, it has not developed a renewed rust veneer after a few weeks of exposure and the galvanizing is intact including it's aged patina if you care about that. Furthermore the detergent bath nicely removes accumulated dirt and grease. The only drawback seems to be finding tubs big enough to fit the pieces you want to clean.



CB Tuning: Using a Standing Wave Ratio meter

(Home Physics 101)



Tuning your CB antennae may offer you a significant improvement in transmission. CB antennae are tuned using a Standing Wave Ratio meter (SWR meter). These meters should be available from any CB or HAM radio shop. Oddly enough Radio Shack still sells them too☺. Depending on the meter you may also need to purchase a length of coax cable to place the meter in line with the antenna. This is the case for the Radio Shack meter that I use. The meter will come with instructions but the basic principle is to calibrate the meter to the channel you intend to transmit on (or that you want to tune the antenna to), then adjust the antenna using the SWR function of the meter.

Photo 1 shows a meter placed in line with the antenna. Always connect at the antenna end of the circuit to get accurate readings. Once you've connected the SWR meter in line with the antenna, transmit without talking and check the SWR strength. Adjust your antenna (usually a screw or slide adjustment) and retry. It may take several attempts to get the optimum setting. Take a number of readings of different channels but focus your attention on the channel you will use most. The channels adjacent to that one should improve as a function of the improvement of the channel you're tuning.

An SWR meter may also have a field strength measurement function allowing you to roughly measure the field strength of the transmitter. The one I use from Radio Shack does. The meter allows transmission strength to be measured in a 15 to 20 ft. circle around the antenna. You'll need a partner to do this. Measure such a circle off in, for example, 36 equal segments (10 degrees each) and have your partner transmit (not talking) while you take a measurement at each location. Plot the position on the circle on a circular plot with the radius measuring field strength and the angle measuring position. The resulting map will show the field strength distribution around your antenna. Have you ever noticed someone on the trail who can't be heard when they're ahead of you but can when they're behind you? A field measurement would probably confirm that the transmission strength and direction was truly the culprit; this seems to be the case for my antenna currently.

Trip Report

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Los Padres/Ft. Hunter Liggett

by Joe and Patti Earnest

CAMPING

"Hiss, crackle, hiss, Patti? D'yer hear me, over?"

"Sure do, what's up? Over."

"Do you know where the camping chairs and table are? Over."

"No, Why? Over?"

"They're still in the bloody living room, that's why. I considered putting extra chairs into the Rover for campsite guests to use, but completely forgot that I had taken the chairs & tables off the roof-rack after last week's wine country trip. Over."

This was not a great start, and it was only Thursday evening.

I had tried to find a volunteer driver to drive our Range Rover (RR) down to Los Padres (LPNF), but had failed, so I was driving the camper van while Patti drove the RR. At least we would be comfortable camping after a hard day's off-roading. After a misguided tour of Fort Hunter Liggett, and a brief chat with the helpful gendarmes, we crossed the bridge marked "Unsafe" and were headed down the "other" Nacimiento-Ferguson Road to Nacimiento campground. By the time we arrived it was actually Friday, 1:00 am. We were the only ones at the campground, so we used the 2 vehicles to take up 2 sites and put up an NCRC sign on a third table to reserve some space for others arriving Friday and Saturday. The campground has a fast flowing stream at the back edge, providing a constant background white noise, similar to wind rustling through leaves. All very peaceful and relaxing, when you're not worrying about your 7 year old son falling in and being washed downstream.

We awoke late Friday morning, breakfasted on scrambled eggs with diced prosciutto, Jarlsbergh, spiced with chopped garlic and the dregs of the previous night's wine bottle. Towards the end of breakfast the camp concessionaires arrived to prepare the campground for the weekends onslaught, so I asked them about fees and discounts. Adventure Passes are needed to park or camp in the Forest (\$5/day, \$30/yr). Camping fees are due at the improved campgrounds (\$8 or \$12 per site), and discounts are only available if you are eligible to join AARP, or ADA has meaning for you. Regular Joes pay full fare, and I am both - regular and a Joe. Without prunes even.

We headed to Mission San Antonio where we bought an Adventure Pass and a Secondary pass for \$5 at the church gift shop, and then headed into the bustling metropolis of King City on a camping chair hunt. A visit to the Ranger Station (in the other block of King City) revealed a few things: The good news is that a BM

permit is not required on BLM land - a shovel will do. After all, does not the great beast riding the winds, mounted upon the state flag, do what he does in those same woods? An off-roading permit was not needed though, as off-roading was not permitted in LPNF. Sorry I asked.

We returned to camp, re-provisioned, with furniture, to find a young man with his motorcycle, patiently waiting by the NCRC sign we had erected. Russ, who had left LA at the crack of dawn on his Yamaha 250 dirt bike, joined us for some cold cuts, cheese and french bread, and we opened a bottle of Chianti to wash it all down with. Through the afternoon and into the evening the conversation and the wine flowed and by 10:30 p.m. it began to take its toll on us all. Russ climbed into his sleeping bag and we retired to our van, convinced that no one else was going to show up at all. Apparently, soon thereafter Ben arrived in his red Disco carrying a case of beer and Russ was roused to join in the festivities. Others continued to arrive until about 2:30 a.m., but I was only vaguely aware of slight variations in the drone of the babbling brook.

Saturday morning we awoke to find ourselves surrounded by a crash (or is it a leak?) of Land Rovers. As we prepared to depart, Eric made a comment about



the night's camping spot, which caused me to enter into a flurry of stuffing sleeping bags and other assorted gear into the Range. The "NCRC Los Padres forest trip V2.0 details" message I had glanced at had lead me to believe that we would be camping at the Nacimiento campground. Patti was not at all keen on spending a night in the boonies, unprepared and without a tent, especially

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Los Padres/Ft. Hunter Liggett

with a perfectly adequate camper van nearby.

OFF ROADING

Pretty quickly we were off, into the wilds of LPNF. Initially the roads were quite easy, some minor slopes and side tilts, but nothing serious. We climbed over a ridge, and soon we could see the Pacific off to our right, framed between two mountain sides. Mackie was not too disappointed that the sheep turned out to be white-caps.

Then we came to an imposing gate, constructed of 8 inch diameter steel pipe, painted a glaring shade of yellow, and very securely locked shut. To the left of the gate was about 3 foot vertical rise along the edge of where the road had been cut into the hillside, and a few 6 to 12 inch boulders stacked at the base. BUBBA, the Big Ugly Brute with a British Accent, driven by Eric and Brig arrived at the cliff first. Without changing stride, BUBBA was up and over. This was a truly magnificent sight. The front came straight up till the whole vehicle was at an impossible angle, and then the rear wheels followed suit. A Disco made it over, then a Defender 90 and soon it was my turn. I engaged low range and approached the face as I would a parking garage ramp. Wonder of wonders! The RR's front end came up so that we were looking straight up at the sky, then the front began to lower and the rear began to rise. With a little scrabbling of tires we were up and over, in the most nonchalant of manners. Blase? Rather, eh what, old chap! It's never over in a Rover!

Most of my off road experience has been in and around the Sahara, the Kalahari and the Okavango delta, so sand, mud and water are what I'm familiar with. To me this climbing ability was awesome in a brute such as BUBBA, and absolutely incredible in a luxu-mall-runner. I had never even sat in a RR till I came to the US. 109s and a few 88s were all I knew. They were capable, but utilitarian, and when it came to creature comforts, they were heavy on the creature, but very light on the comfort. The RR on the other hand was just a delight.

After "the climb" we continued on, crossing several streams, deep gullies and steep hillsides. I just followed, enjoying the drive, snatching glimpses of the scenery where I could. Exactly where we went I haven't a clue, but it was grand. One of the trails we took was fairly overgrown and much less traveled and maintained. Climbing up the side of a hill, the road had been significantly washed out, with deep gullies and a thick coating of wet mud. With much slipping, sliding, spinning of tires and a few additional attempts we all got through. It was quite thrilling to see the vehicles, their tires fighting for grip, wheels pointed one way, body sliding another way, the slope heading a third way and the road taking a fourth

way. Descending the other side required a little caution too, as there were deep gullies, but here the mud was replaced by big boulders, requiring careful placement of wheels and differentials. I helped KC in his blue Disco get through cleanly. As Russ was on the CB inquiring about the hold up, I went through a little faster than I really wanted to, but fortunately the tow hitch took the brunt of the abuse. Ben came through next, and with his modified truck was able to choose a different line. He made the whole thing look quite easy, and KC and I look a little tentative, if not silly.

We had lunch within 100 yards of the Nacimiento-Ferguson road, and then took off again. We drove through the Pallisades to a bridge that once linked Hearst Castle to its hunting lodge. The bridge is closed to vehicles, but from its deck we could see healthy sized fish, just waiting to steal the bait off your hook.

A few mud holes and stream crossings later



BUBBA waded through a stream where the water came up pretty close to his wheel wells. The water was deep and swift as was evidenced by the truck's upstream slant and the tendency for the rear to get pushed downstream every now and then. My bone stock Range Rover slid easily into the water and moved right along. With an effective bow wave and minimal slide slip or wheelspin, everything was going well until a sheet of water washed over the bonnet, reaching the base of the windshield, setting off screams of glee from Mackie. Fortunately the windows were up so no water sneaked in that way. Much of the mud splashed on at previous mud holes was washed off, but some of the water did make its way in through the door bottoms and onto the carpet, especially on the upstream side. Once across we all opened our doors to let the water drain out. Even more curious were the never ending streams that flowed from within the chas-

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Los Padres/Ft. Hunter Liggett

sis, which looked remarkably like Rover at his favorite fire hydrant. This water crossing was another high point of the trip for most of us.

THE DITCH

We arrived at a gully that must have been 15 to 20 feet deep, with steep sides and a muddy stream at the bottom. KC's disco made it through with a little difficulty. I got half way up the other side and lost traction as my wheels slid off my chosen line and into the existing mud tracks. I backed down and tried to go back up the other side, but lost traction again, so I snapped the lever back into forward and tried to go through again. This time



I met with less success. Pretty soon I was mired in the mud at the bottom. Eric winched me back out and I tried again, but even though my front wheels were cocked, again the draw to the existing ruts was too great, and this time I barely made it out of the mud. Fortunately the tow strap was still attached, so BUBBA was brought back into action, and this time I was winched further back up the slope. In his wisdom, Ben suggested that this would be a good time to attach a front strap. While I was being hooked up, the Black D90 made it all the way across after a few false starts. BUBBA too made it across, with absolute ease. And so, strapped front and rear, I took off to try and emulate the D90. The RR only made it as far as the D90 had gone on its first 2 attempts. Perhaps weight, tires and a deteriorating surface worked against the RR, but with tow strap at the ready, I was soon pulled forward the final few feet by the ever ready BUBBA. Ben came next in the red Disco, and his crossing was essentially a repeat of mine, except he had a front strap pre-attached, and he only needed one attempt.

Once we were all across we continued to drive around, scouting for suitable campsites. Last year's campsite had become rather overgrown, so a new spot in a sandy riverbed was chosen, after crossing a rather

steep levee. A somewhat protected depression was found, so the vehicles were parked in a crescent on the top of the escarpment to further block the winds, which by now were becoming rather forceful. As the tents were being erected, drizzle began to fall, and an upward glance revealed a dark and brooding sky. The thought of spending a rainy night in a flash flood prone riverbed, without a tent or adequate preparation was too much for Mommy, so a return trip to Nacimiento Campground was in our future. (Spending a night in the passenger seat or huddled under the RR's chassis wasn't too appealing to me either.) We hung around the campsite a little longer, not ready to leave the company of our newfound friends. We popped the cork on a bottle of champagne left over from New Years and begged Brig for some cups, which she cheerfully supplied. The rain was beginning to get more steady, and the wind gusts were wreaking havoc on the makeshift awning. A premature end to daylight was fast approaching, thanks to the overcast sky, so we said our good byes. With the advice to "turn left on the little gravel road, and then left again on the big gravel road", we were on our way.

THE RETURN TO NACIEMENTO CAMPGROUND

Halfway up the levee from the campsite we ground to a halt, forward progress limited by the angle of the incline and the slickness of the newly moistened grass and mud. I backed down the hill and tried again with a little more momentum, but not too much as I wanted to avoid bouncing the RR excessively for fear of further damaging Patti's bad back. After a previous ditch she had already taken her drugs for the day, so discretion was the better part of



valor. I got further up the levee, but again I failed. Mackie said "Daddy, I'm scared." The rain had misted up the inside of the windows, the heater wasn't hot yet, light was failing and I was sliding down the hill, with visibility approaching zero, I wanted to be back on the black top road

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Los Padres/Ft. Hunter Liggett

in a big hurry. I slid back into a tree stump, donating a bumper end cap to the forest and creasing the lower panel. Not quite a badge of honor, but a badge none the less. Patti says, "I sometimes drive this to work, I don't need no stinkin' badges, you hear?" With a big run-up and a lot of action to find traction we were up and over. Patti and Mackie found the wild ride quite thrilling.

I kept the pace up in the hope of making Nacimiento-Ferguson Rd. before it got completely dark. This meant a bumpier ride, but it seemed that the risk was worth it. Every thing looked different in the failing light, but I pressed on. We made one stream crossing and then at the next, a 3 inch wall of water came over the bonnet and up the windshield. Thoughts of hydraulic lock raced through my head as I pressed on through the stream. A sudden whirring noise followed by horizontal rain inside the RR signaled that water had perhaps entered the ventilation system via the intakes at the base of



the windshield. On cue, Mackie started crying "Daddy, I'm scared and wet." Water came in through the bottom of the doors, the transmission tunnel was soaked, Mackie was now wailing, Patti was obviously anxious, but putting on a good front, trying to calm Mackie. The windows fogged up completely, so I used some paper towels to clear the windshield. Due to the 100% humidity in the RR, the windows fogged back up within minutes, and the paper towels were now soaked. A quick touch of a button and the driver's side was automatically lowered and I was able to hang my head out the side and see, while flushing out some of the humidity at the same time. The increased wind noise was added to with even more panicked wails of "Daddy, I'm scared, I'm wet and I'm cold." We soon came to another water crossing and I was not keen on stalling out in the middle of it with potential floods approaching, especially after the stories we heard last week of German tourists being washed away in ravines

in very similar circumstances. So I climbed out intent on checking the depth. Over the engine and exhaust I could hear "Mommy, I'm scared, wet and cold. Why is Daddy leaving us here?" Within 2 paces I realized that 1 more step would send water over the top of my boots and down to my socks, so I returned to the RR, and removed my boots, socks and pants. I strode barefoot and almost bare bottomed back to the stream and began to stumble across on the pebbles, as the water level rose first to my calves, then knees and ever upwards. My torso is not calibrated for Land Rover wading depths, but I figured that "no icicles on the testicles" was a pretty good rule of thumb, of course taking into account thermal expansion, using the other rule of thumb: "chilly on the willy make the sac contract". Reaching the other side, I thought warm thoughts of a warming glass of sherry - Dry Sac maybe. I must have been quite a comical sight, standing there on the far bank, two dark brown shivering legs propping up a light tan Camel Trophy one-piece miniskirt & top combo, with water droplets dripping from hairy legs glistening in the glare of the headlights. The water was bone chillingly cold, but I started back across the stream, arms alternately clutch-



ing the Camel Trophy jacket for warmth, and flailing outwards to regain balance as rocks shifted underfoot. Dry above the waist and intact where it counts most, I returned to the RR, climbed in to the truck and started slowly across, confident that after the last crossing the Rover could take this crossing in its stride. Before reaching the other side, I felt a slight loss of power accompanied by a rough running engine. Trying not to alarm the rest of the family, I downshifted, upping the revs and continued.

We came to a more traveled gravel road, with street signs. I walked over to the sign with a flashlight in hand, only to find that the sign was dead, from numerous gunshot wounds. A few miles later we came to an intersection, with road signs, though there was no way to tell which name applied to which road. As I reached for the

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Los Padres/Ft. Hunter Liggett

sign to see if it would easily turn to align with one road or the other, with a light “tink” the sign came off in my hand allowing a much closer inspection than I had ever wanted. The inspection did not take long as the paint had long since faded, leaving a dull gray faceless rectangle. Again we repeated the mantra “go left, not so young man” and continued. This road also looked reassuringly more traveled than the other. Within a hundred yards I learnt that a decision had not really been called for as our chosen road made a right turn and joined back with the other road.

We continued through more water crossings, dead ends and blank or missing road signs, slowly working our way to bigger, better and wider gravel roads. By now the heater had expunged itself of most of its moisture and the windshield was at least usable within 12 inches of the defroster vent. I pressed on, with more and more confidence, going mainly by instinct, convinced that Nacimiento-Ferguson Rd was not far away. And then boom! There it lay ahead of us. For my wife and son, the relief washed away all fears. For me, two words still ran around my brain - “hydraulic lock.”



Within 3 miles we were back in LPNF, and a mile later the miss disappeared and power was restored, as was my confidence in my Rover and myself. Yes, sitting there at the wheel of my Range Rover, barefoot and clad in my underwear only, I almost felt like the hero my family thought me to be. Which made me think of a new rule of thumb - “manliness? not during pantlessness”.

Perhaps to convince me that the mad dash had been worth the effort, Patti cooked a ragout/casserole of layered bacon, rib-eye cubes and potato slices topped with sliced onions. It was hot, hearty and accompanied by a Turning Leaf Merlot, it was delicious. That night we slept soundly, warm and dry in our VW Westfalia, hoping

that the lack of rain on our side of the ridge was a good indicator of the weather on the main group’s side of the ridge.

SUNDAY

The easter bunny had brought Mackie a little stuffed rooster, which when squeezed emitted a fairly reasonable rendition of a cock crowing, at a rather impressive decibel count. Mackie was completely hidden under the sleeping bags, so a little crowing seemed in order. On the second squeezing of the rooster, a sonically guided, rooster seeking little arm shot out from under the covers, grabbed the rooster and disappeared back under the covers. Pretty soon we had him awake and searching the campsite for easter eggs. He had dyed one dozen, and 9 of those had survived the trip, including a blue one that read “Daddy”, a pink one that read “Mommy”, a yellow one that read “Buddy” (our dog), and a few others. One by one he found all his Easter eggs and carefully stacked them on top of the candy in his Easter basket. Once again we were alone at the campsite. I opened up the RR to speed up the drying process, and after breakfast we headed in to tour Mission San Antonio. The mission has a neat reservoir, aqueduct and grist mill, in addition to a sizable museum encompassing the religious as well as western and military history of the area. A really cool Padre, often incognito, is only too happy to impart information, if you are lucky enough to encounter him. We encountered him again on Easter Sunday, where, being a member of the Franciscan order, he was dressed in the traditional brown habit little changed from those worn in the time of Cadfael. An hour or two later we were headed back to Fremont. I have heard that the more exciting off-roading took place on Sunday, but trying to find the group again would have been impossible. A fair compromise was reached; Mackie and I got to do some off-roading that we were most interested in and Patti got to see the mission that she was most interested in.

We had a great weekend, with family camping, group off-roading with a wonderful bunch of people, and visited a mission and museum. We look forward to doing this again. During the course of the day Patti, suddenly thrown in at the deep end of videography, figured out how to pan the camcorder, and now that sheinterknows where the zoom button is, we ought to get pretty good video next time. On the other hand, maybe not: she wants a turn behind the wheel!

T r i p R e p o r t

Land Rover TReK

By Jeremy Bartlett

Background

Some of you may have heard of Land Rover North America's (LRNA) TreK competition which is something of a mini-Camel Trophy in style. The 1999 Trek event was held on private land between Bodega and Bodega Bay north of San Francisco and was run over several days in mid May. TreK is basically an internal company event with teams of three members drawn from Land Rover Centre employees. I was fortunate enough to make Land Rover Marin's team and competed in the first day of the preliminary events. I thought I'd pass on my perspective or our team's day.

Eight different teams of three participated each day. Every day another set of eight teams would arrive and compete. The winning team of each day went on to the final event. The event changed slightly in later days as timing, and events, etc. were refined. It was also altered a bit during our day as conditions changed. We arrived the afternoon before the event and parked our cars on one side of Salmon Creek and walked over to the other side on a recent constructed bridge. (I think the Camel Trophy folks like log bridges.) Three person tents were set up for each team, and there were a couple of large common "tents" for meetings/meals and the organizers.

The event is run with LRNA vehicles. This year saw the use of specially equipped Discovery II models. They had been painted a pumpkin orange with black trim (reminiscent of camel trophy vehicle paint schemes). They were also saturated with decals from assorted equipment suppliers (Photo 1). What stood out for me after a quick look were the Safari Gard rock sliders and Hi-Lift Jack mounts. Some vehicles had Southdown center armor plates running from the catalytic converters back to the rear of the transfer case. ' nice but probably overdone. All the vehicles had Warn winches mounted on front. The body work was modified slightly; for example the front grill was changed to a mesh and the integral fog lamps had been removed (I saw some of the remnants in the ranch dumpster when helping with some of the garbage). Of course it was also a nice ego boost to see one's name with one's teammate's' on the side of the vehicle (Photo 2).

The TreK competition itself was divided into several off road events that will be familiar to many club members. These activities were mixed with orienteering, mountain biking and canoeing, akin to the more recent Camel Trophy competitions. In fact, TReK

was set up by a group largely consisting of ex-US Camel Trophy participants. This group had obviously gone to a lot of work and trouble to set up the courses and event. I'm somewhat jealous that club activities will never be likely to meet such a level.

Start

During a day's competition, many team activities were staggered. However, all teams crawled out of their team tents at 4:30 in the morning. I think, theoretically there was wakeup call although I'm rather sure that everyone was awake by that time in anticipation. By 5:00 am we all gathered in that main "carnival" tent to receive our instruction books for the event and take a Land Rover trivia/technical quiz while consuming breakfast. Some chose to cram themselves with food and some to minimize intake in anticipation of early effort; knowing my mediocre physical condition I opted for the latter strategy. At about 5:45 everyone, started a half mile sprint in faint light up one of the nearby hills (rumor had it there were no downhill sections on the property ☺) to an area where our vehicles were parked. Once all team members were at their vehicle, the team then drove to an event called the "Service Drive".

The Service Drive

This was a timed event which ran roughly as follows: Drive to a start line where the spare tire is retrieved by hand (it took two of us) after following an appropriate compass bearing down the local hill. Secure the spare tire and H-Lift. Drive to a start line. Retrieve an air filter from a specified compass bearing written on the old filter and change the air filter. Drive forward again. Break out the recovery equipment and manually Hi-Lift Jack the vehicle forward a specified distance then stow gear. The distance required about three operations of the Hi-Lift. As we all know, brand new Hi-Lift jacks don't necessarily release easily, and ours was no exception. Then we had to winch forward to a specified point. This was winching with the vehicle winch. Secure all gear. Drive to the finish line. We didn't have any particular blunders on this and came in somewhere in the middle of the pack. This was to be our pattern for most of the day. Working the Hi-Lift quickly is a team effort since one end really needs to be held down while someone gets their exercise swinging the handle; we traded off as each member tired. No one managed to knock themselves out with the jack.

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Land Rover TReK

Land Rover Cross

Following this our team was slotted to run two obstacle courses billed as Land Rover Cross events. These were cone gate courses driven for time. The second course emphasized more side angles. The cone gates were set with a large cone and a small cone; the large was to be passed to the right. Each team member drove each course twice in succession after a practice drive. A ten second time penalty was recorded for each cone hit with twenty seconds for any missed gate. Most of you are probably familiar with this type of course. I think we did fairly well here, coming close to getting the rear loose on occasion and managing to get some use out of steering with the ABS functioning in dirt! By the time of our later laps we worked out a technique where I hung out the passenger window to spot the driver on the passenger side at speed (no team member was allowed outside and safety belts had to be on at all times). The passenger side, especially the rear, was where most cone hits were occurring so we tried to control this more. After our final run we were told we led that event so far.

Trek Trials

From here we found our way to the next event billed as Trek Trials. This was essentially more of the same game. It consisted of a caned course through a much more technical section in the head of a wooded gully. The section was set up like the typical ARC rally section with caned gates, and of course, the obligatory log bridge or two, the bridges being more or less just as wide as the tires. Did I mention that the Camel Trophy folks seem to like log bridges? There were some nice off camber turns to negotiate as well as some relatively steep sections through slick terrain. As many of you will know, the object was to maneuver the vehicle through the course while not touching the canes. This was to be done three times, once with each team member taking a turn driving. There was a time limit of thirty minutes total. Four minutes were allowed to "walk" the course initially. The event itself was not timed and each team member drove once (driver changes on all courses were included in the time, so we got proficient at that). Again no external spotting was allowed so heads out was the order of the day. Again I think we probably performed near the middle of the pack here. We kept within our time limit and didn't suffer too many hits, in my opinion.

TSD

After this came a Time Speed Distance (TSD) event. The sun had now come up fully and it was now about 9:30pm. To me, the TSD section wasn't difficult compared to what some of us are used to on the Pacific Northwest Team Trophy (and dare I say NCRC rally). Speeds were a bit lower around 6 to 10mph. We did well, apparently being one of only two teams to complete the event. This amazed me since we actually got lost on the last 2 diagrams (fortunately after the final check point!) and the directions otherwise were not cryptic.

Orienteering

Our final event before lunch was an hour and a half of orienteering. We were provided a color copy of a topographic map of the site in the morning along with our handbook of instructions. Locations of orienteering flags were provided on a map except for three or four where lat./long. coordinates were provided. Personally I found it a bit of no brainer to just pencil in on the map where these were since the axes were labeled on the map. "Lets see ... N 38 20' 45.7" W 123 00' 35.0" ... hmm. .. that lines up with a building marked on the map... wonder where the flag is?" I believe other teams were hindered by their GPS, relying on that to enter the coordinates as waypoints to "find" their location, but I could be wrong. I clearly remember seeing one team the evening before frantically reading through the instruction manual of their newly acquired GPS. Anyway, we did quite well in locating the flags but were disqualified from the task because we ended up taking a gravel road that we weren't supposed to go on for part of our travels. I guess we need to listen better in the future.

Canoe Racing

After lunch came the infamous, at least for the first day's teams, canoe race. This event was billed as a five mile team canoe race down Salmon Creek. To give the organizers their due it was a race and it did involve canoes, but it just didn't involve a lot of paddling. It turned out to be more of a four mile portage race. Water was low enough in the creek that the canoes could only be intermittently paddled probably about a fifth of the total distance. We began inauspiciously by heading down the creek in a mad dash and not realizing for several hundred feet that we actually had the canoe backwards! This didn't make too much difference to our placing because all the teams were routinely capsizing in the process of dodging branches and snags. (We were actually required to wear our

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Land Rover TReK

bicycle helmets for safety in addition to the lifejackets) (Photo 3). Pretty soon the teams spread out and the event became a personal slogging match with the canoe and the creek bed. In the course of the event I think we found just about every possible way to carry, drag, float or otherwise move a canoe without being in it. Of course frequent capsizing was the order of the day. This was fine until we got near the coast where the wind picked up and the chill factor increased. We almost got blown back faster than we could paddle once we reached open water. By the time we approached the finish we had almost figured out how to steer the canoe ☺, and were getting proficient at



getting back into it. We made it to the finish after about two and a half hours to be greeted by the news that the mountain bike return race to base camp was cancelled due to risk of hypothermia and time. I can't say I was disappointed.

"TreK"

After a drive back to camp, all teams assembled for the final head to head competition. This was a timed event consisting of a series of tasks starting at the base of a hill. The tasks were laid out in a rope corridor along which the teams progressed with their vehicle. Touching the rope was cause for penalty. Driver changes occurred throughout the course. We exceeded the time limit about half way through due to a time penalty and slow winching but I'll describe the whole thing.

The first section was probably 50 feet of ditches that tested the articulation of the vehicle. This was easy going. Following this was a large two feet or so diameter log on the ground hinged at one end to

form a "gate". This had to be winched open, then winched closed after the vehicle passed through. The latter required snatch blocking to the rear of the vehicle. This is where we incurred our time penalty when a team member stepped over a slack cable. Things got worse from there as the marshals got finickity about re-spooling the cable, at least that was my perception. Had we continued after this we would have driven over 3 or 4 pits big enough to drop the vehicle into. These were spanned using, you guessed it, log bridges (have you noticed a common theme through the event?). The catch was the bridging poles had to be carried down from the farthest pit to the first one before you could proceed with spotting/driving the vehicle over the pit. Then they had to be carried around to the next one without touching the rope cordon.

After the pits, there was a post gate and my favorite task (even though I didn't get to do it). It was called the extreme side tilt. The organizers had built up a steep, long berm. One side of the Disco II had to be driven up onto the berm thus placing the vehicle at a 60 degree side tilt; needless to say this is sufficient to roll the vehicle. Before this roll point was actually reached, the vehicle had to be secured to prevent roll over. This was done using straps looped through the door pillar. But there was more than this. The straps were shackled to a snatch block which was attached to a wire rope running the length of the berm about 15 feet from the vehicle. The snatch block was attached to the cable in such a manner as serve as a wheel along the cable. This enabled the load of the vehicle to be taken by the cable to prevent rollover while at the same time allowing the vehicle to roll forward. Once this rigging was complete, the vehicle then had to be driven along the approximately 50 feet long berm at 60 degrees lean! Photograph 4 hopefully makes this clear.

Following this task another log gate was opened, the vehicle was deliberately high centered on a berm and winched over it then driven down to a cattle pond. On the far side of the cattle pond was a derelict 88 which had to be winched across the pond to finish the task. The only catch was the only way to secure the cable was to swim the pond! To insure the 88 got to the other side, someone had to steer it across while it was winched. This required near submersion. Part of me is glad to say we timed out before that one.

All in all participating in the event was a blast though very different from typical club rallies, and I'd love to do it again.

Trip Report

PNW TTC Spectators Report

By Rob Kerner

We pulled into camp Friday at around 4:00 PM. Base camp was in an open area surrounded by lush forest. I quickly saw the Land Rover contingent. We were greeted by Jim Holmes in his series II, and the

Ben Mitchell's brother Sid riding with Don Morton. We headed first for the snow and a special task that was right before it. The special task was a broken down Series Rover that wouldn't run and they timed you how long it took you to get it started. I watched some



Copes in the Airstream Land-Rover. Jim graciously delivered a Jack Macnamara manual locking differential with 24 splined hardened axels for Regent from Great Basin Rovers. We set up camp and watched as people pulled in, set up camp, and got the tech inspections done. Next to arrive was Jeremy Bartlett whom we had played car tag with on I-5 starting around Weed, CA. Tom arrived with Ben Mitchell in his Ford F350 with Ben's D-90 on a trailer. Last from this group was Bruce and Rick in Bruce's Dodge with Spot on his trailer.



Jeepers go through it and their first comment was the reason it wouldn't run was that it was missing 4 cylinders! After getting points for having cables to jump it (which did not fix the problem), you then had to find the coil had a wire off, and the rotor was bad. Meanwhile, the snow winching had begun...



Friday night was an early one since the drivers needed to be up early and had very long days ahead of them.

Saturday morning I met Ed Sanman and got the all-important spectators map with locations marked for interesting viewing. Our viewing group consisted of Cynthia, Brigid Cope, and myself in the Rangie, and



The team of Bruce Bonar, Rick Larson, Jeremy Bartlett, and Eric Cope had begun in the snow and as it turns out we wouldn't see them for another 6 hours. After about an hour of viewing winching through the snow, we headed down the mountain and back up the other side to a location marked as "slide..." It was a trail that left the main road, and was off camber and very slick. The downhill side had many stumps, which could reach up and grab you. We ate lunch here and waited for a very long time (Cynthia got lots of studying done). Later we would find out the wait was due to slow going through the snow. The spectating group got bored, so a couple of the locals took their trucks through, including Don. Finally the first group came

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through from the snow, and it was a D90 and a series Hybrid. They motored quickly through this section with a little counter balance; it was very impressive how quickly they worked together! After about 5 more groups, the Bruce/Jeremy team came through.

After winching through the snow for 6 hours,



they decided to bypass this section so they could move on.

We then drove down to the medical special task and watched as the groups had to render first aid to a seriously injured dummy and a baby. Sad to report the baby could not be saved; it was dead at the scene.

Now it was on to the gravel pit. There were 3 special tasks located here. The first was timed winch rigging. Bruce and Rick ran into a snag here because Bruce had replaced his winch cable with thicker cable, but shorter length. The cable had to be double rigged



to the National Guard Hummer, which was about 90 feet from the start. The difficulty came in that Bruce's cable was only ~90 feet long! Rick was struggling with all his might to stretch the cable when Bruce had to get out and give him the last inch, so that there was NOTHING on the spool. Next, there was also a timed single pull.

The next event was strapping two trucks

together with an aluminum can tied to the center of the



strap, and the goal is not to let it hit the ground while navigating an obstacle course. Here Bruce burned up



some oil in his winch because there was a very loose climb that you couldn't make with a truck tied to you.

Finally there was gated timed course.

We then returned to camp to watch the balance beam (Ben/Jim team set a land speed record at around 8 seconds!) and get some food.

I had gotten a flat somewhere along the drive up, so my own special task was changing the tire in the muck. The night run was a light spectacular: Doug had routed the competitors back through camp to confuse them; so Brig, Cynthia, and I sat around the campfire and watched the light show go by as all the trees shimmered!

While the teams drove through the night, we

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went to bed. Sunday was a long drive home for us, so did see was a great event; and I probably won't be just



watching next year...

Participant's Note...

The Pacific Northwest Team Trophy Challenge is a phenomenal event. Great people, lots of vehicles (including a disproportionately large number of Land

Rovers), and a thrilling combination of competitive spirit and challenging driving.

Though it's not for the faint of heart, it is a wonderful event for those with the right attitude. Speaking for myself, it has been the highlight of my Land Rover year (if not my whole year) both times I've participated. I would encourage anyone who thinks it sounds like fun to put together a team and head up to Oregon with us next year. You will not be disappointed.

Come expecting to do a little damage to your truck. If you go home pleasantly surprised, so much the better.

Come expecting to get very little sleep on Saturday night. If you go home pleasantly surprised, so much the better.

Come expecting to meet stiff but friendly competition. Most of us are "in it to win it", but we're also there to have fun.

Come expecting to have the time of your life. You won't be disappointed.

For more information on the PNWTTC, contact Doug Shipman of Ship's Mechanical Services.

-Ben Mitchell



Dr. Drip



Dr. Drip Does the Twist

Hello Greasy Readers,

Dr. Drip is happy to report that he has survived his 2 welding classes with only mild scorch marks to his ego and can now relate to you his Colorado adventure in March.

The event was the "First" Annual Twist Off. Born of He man posturing on the D90 email list (www.yellowdefender.com) the Twist off was supposed to settle once and for all the eternal question "Mirror Mirror on the wall whose Rover be baddest in all the Land."

What was envisioned as a relatively intimate gathering of 15-20 Hard Core D90-listers soon snowballed into a raw meat chomping horde approaching a hundred.

Dr Drip arrived without mishap very early Friday am after a rather chilly drive through the mountains of Utah and Colorado in the roofless red

rover. He is quite certain that snow was present at the higher elevations.

Friday day was spent strutting and jiving with the arriving masses of spectators and many an internet name was put to human face. A thoroughly enjoyable process!

Friday night was spent at a delightful BBQ dinner at the home of Bill and Rachael Burke conversing and consuming mass quantities. There was also a very fine raffle and auction. Many thanks to the Burkes!

Saturday morning was devoted to the ramp index travel testing and in the afternoon the hordes regrouped at the infamous 21 Road for the offroad trials.

From the Lovely Miss Stephanie and her new camera come these 2 images. The winning RockWare D90 tackles a section of the 21 road. There are also several famous people in this picture.



Dr. Drip



Dr. Drip Does the Twist

Tom Collins, US Camel Trophy Organizer in orange and black jacket on the left. Bill Burke, US Camel Trophy Team 1991, in ponytail in front of the D90. (www.bb4wa.com)

Jim Allen of LRM (www.lrm.co.uk) and 4 Wheeler Magazines with camera and backwards ballcap just behind the D90.

Marc Williams, new editor of 4 Wheeler Magazine wearing shorts and moving into camera position just in front of Tom Collins.

Joe Lucas in bottom righthand corner probing nasal passage. (www.miningco.com)

While Dr. Drip is fairly certain that the RockWare vehicle placed first and the Desert Rover vehicle a close second, he remains oblivious to the exact technical reasons why and begs forgiveness. Full details will be forthcoming in several motor mags soon so seek statistics there gentle reader.

Sunday morning began the trail ride from Grand Junction. CO to Moab,

In closing, the Dripster is delighted to learn that the American musical icon Chubby Checker has several songs that involve Twisting and perhaps they



will utilized as theme songs at next year's TwistOff 2000.



Here we have a picture of Stephanie's Boyfriend's Rover Spot near the Colorado River. (Dem damn Dee 90 guys get all the hot chicks!)

There were 2 groups of about 20 Rovers each plus a couple of "Domestic" trucks. As DD had never done the offroad thing in either of these states, this was a most enjoyable ride right up to when all of the bolts fell out of his rear prop shaft. <cough>

Anyway, many of the Twistoffers remained in Moab for the rest of the week to participate in the Easter Jeep festival but alas Dr. Drip had to return home.

LET'S TWIST AGAIN

Yeah, let's twist again
Like we did last year
Do you remember when, things were really hummin'
Yeah, let's twist again
Twistin' time is here
Ee a round and a round and a up and down we go again

TWISTIN' USA

Everybody Twist
They're Twistin'
*Twistin' U.S.A.
One more Twist
*Round and around and an up and down we go
Yeah Yeah Yeah
***Make it with the shake it to and fro
***Yeah Oh Whoo
***From Boston to LA
***Don't cha know they're
***Twistin' U.S.A.
They're Twistin' in Washington
In Cincinatti, England, Europe
They're Twistin' in Asia, Africa and Australia

Northern California Rover Club



Membership Application Form

The Northern California Rover Club is a new club dedicated to providing communication between owners of Land Rover and Range Rover vehicles. We aim to provide a venue for the enjoyment of the vehicles including off road activities and their maintenance by focussing on providing a means of connecting fellow owners. The Club will be holding meetings on alternating months and aiming at producing a newsletter covering issues of interest and providing a forum for communication.

If you are interested in becoming a member of the Northern California Rover Club send this form and a check for \$20 made out to Northern California Rover Club to the following address:

**Northern California Rover Club
P.O. Box 14961
Berkeley, CA 94712-5961**

The \$20 covers membership dues for one year with all the rights of membership outlined in the club bylaws; members will receive an initial membership card and club decal, all newsletters mailed in that period, and an annual directory of club members.

Please provide the following information and indicate if any of it should not be included in the club directory which will be distributed only to other members. The NCRC will assume that all information provided is to be distributed unless indicated otherwise. Please note that members must be over 18 years of age and have a valid driver's licence.

Name:

Street Address:

City, State and ZIP:

Tel. number (day):

Tel. number (eve):

Types of Land Rover/Range Rover owned:

Rover related interests: