



Newsletter

November/December 1999

Issue 23



News, Clues and Rumors

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Any correspondence should be addressed to:
Northern California Rover Club
P.O. Box 14961
Berkeley, CA, 94712-5961

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.

NEXT NCRC MEETING

Will be held on February 18th at 8p.m. at
F.W. Spencer & Son
99 South Hill Dr., Brisbane
February Meeting Topics will include Land Use and the July trip with the PCRC.
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.

Meeting Minutes

The December meeting was quite a party....no really, it *was* a party. The NCRC Holiday party to be exact. A big thank you goes out to Jeff Rogers for planning and executing the party. While this editor did not attend, I heard it was quite a festival and a good (while restrained and moderate) time was had by all.

Newsletter submissions...

Okay folks we are once again in dire straits....We have no articles for the next newsletter and very few pictures.....PLEASE at least think about writing!

Submission deadlines for the next few issues follow..

Issue	Submission Deadline
Jan/Feb00	Feb 15
Mar/Apr00	April 15
May/Jun00	May 15

We would also like to request...no... **beg**. That all articles be submitted as PLAIN TEXT. Submitting articles in the body of an email message is perfect! Images can be in any reasonable format such as jpeg, tif, pic etc.

Submissions can be emailed to:
leslie@thelen.org ben@mitchellfamily.com

NCRC Events

NCRC Annual Mud Run January 29-30 .

CORRECTION: The last newsletter had an attachment erroneously locating the start of the mud run in Ukiah. THE MUD RUN WILL START AT WILLITS. Once again, club members will leave from Sherwood Rd. just across the road from Sun Cycles at the north end of Willits on Hwy 101 at 9:30am on Saturday. There will be a brief safety inspection. You should have a firm parking brake that engages in three clicks, recovery points front and rear, and either a hard top or roll cage. The usual waiver will apply. This year looks like being rather dry and probably an simple drive to Ft. Bragg. However, be prepared to camp overnight and bring everything you will need. In the event that the run is short some members may try exploring alternative routes in the hope of finding an alternate route for next year. For information on the annual NCRC Mud Run Contact Jeremy Bartlett
510-233-3167 bartlett@slip.net

Nacimiento-Los Padres Forrest trip.

The weekend of March 4th and 5th will be the 3rd trip led by Tom Walsh to the Los Padres NF and Fort

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Cover Photo

Well folks you may have thought you had seen it all but wait...this is a shot of Ben Mitchell being towed (backwards) by Ben Smith in Black Watch who was being towed by Bruce Bonar in Spot. Is this legal in California?

Hunter Liggett. Contact Tom at tomw@best.com for more information.

July Expedition to Kalimopsis Wilderness and Syskiyou Mountains on the California / Oregon border. Dates are being finalized now. We'll be meeting up with the Pacific Coast Rover Club in NW CA and SW Oregon. Visit the Klamath NF, Rogue River NF, see neat plants and drive the McGrew trail. Clark Bowen and Morgan Hannaford are working now on a great adventure. Stay tuned for more details.

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

Joe Lucas Mendo Not-a-Rally
April 28, 29, & 30

The largest gathering of Land Rovers in Northern California. Don't miss it, no one else does. Usually a big pot luck Saturday night. Contact Joe Lucas for details.

Pacific Northwest Team Trophy Challenge
May 20 & 21, 2000

The premier off-road competition on the west coast. Several NCRC teams will be competing against 4x4s of all makes in a challenge of both teamwork and driving.

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.

Trip Report

A somewhat limited narrative of the 1999 NCRC Fall Colors Trip:

Ben Mitchell

Around noon on Friday, I was getting anxious. I had arrived at work at an absurdly early hour so I could get a relatively full day of work in before leaving around 12:00 or 1:00 for the drive down to Bridgeport. At around 10:00, I'd been feeling fine. My truck loaded up, my gas tank was full, and there was not a cloud in the sky. Things were great. But around 10:30, a big rats nest of a customer problem developed that threatened to suck me in. People were talking about Saturday morning conference calls and all sorts of other mean, nasty things which were starting to look like they might delay, or preclude altogether, my departure. Grrrr...

The conference call threat subsided, we came up with a plan which had us working out a few minor details today and doing the bulk of the work starting on Monday, and things began to look up. I left a few things undone, sent a few emails passing work off on some other people, and when nobody was looking, beat it out the door at around 1:30, frustrated that I was already an hour behind schedule, but happy to be going at all.

In this bizarre world known as the bay area, a 1:30 departure is way too late to avoid traffic, especially on a long weekend (which for me was only 2 days, but long none-the-less). I was actually pleasantly surprised to sit in bumper-to-bumper type traffic for only 20 minutes or so right around Tracy. Not too bad. My new motor wasn't overheating any more than expected (more on that when I do my 4.6L Engine Swap article), and the truck was running great. After I hit I5, there was essentially no traffic, and I breezed along onto 120 toward Yosemite.

At the 108/120 split, I vaguely remembered Bruce writing that the shortest path was to take 108. This compounded with my having read Lone Pine which is up North somewhere (there's a sign for it on US89 as you leave Markleeville) to confirm my misconception that I was, as stated above, headed for Bridgeport, not the other B town out along US395 which happens to be 70 or so miles further south - Bishop. Of course, this proved to be entirely false. In any event, I opted for 108 and headed out over the exceptionally twisty Sonora pass.

When I hit US395 and saw the sign which said -> Bishop 107 I experienced a moment of clarity, and the

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hitchhiking spiders in my car heard a few expletives. My frustration was significantly amplified by the next line -> Lee Vining - Junction US120 49 which reminded me that had I taken the right hand fork back at the US108 US120 split, I could have cut the corner and saved myself quite a bit of time. Oh well...no turning back now.

I pulled into camp without further incident about two hours later, rather happy to be out of the saddle after an eight hour trip. Most of the weekend's attendees had arrived already and though many were asleep, a number were occupied as expected, drinking beer and talking Rovers whilst huddled near a campfire. Much though I really just wanted to sit down and have a beer, I took half an hour to set up my new tent, which received a fair bit of comment as it's a little non-standard. See it in person sometime on an NCRC outing. Eventually I was able to relax by the fire and drink my Sam Adams (with upside down labels, no less; though probably not as valuable as similarly plagued stamps).

About 10:30 or so, Ben Smith and Kelly Minnick rolled in. Quite a few comments about Ben's early arrival later, we were all settled back around the fire as it was getting rather cold. People slowly drifted off to bed. I think Ben and I were the last ones standing and we called it at about 1:00.

It was a bit chilly up there over 8000 feet. I believe Bruce said his thermometer hit 38F overnight. Brrrr...

We got a late start the following day and were on the trail sometime around 10:00. It was after all, an overland trip and nobody seemed to be in a huge hurry. We went up and toured the Ancient Bristlecones at Patriarch Grove. Somewhere up there is the oldest living organism (a bristlecone) known on earth, which we all agreed was pretty remarkable. After pausing for a few group photos, it was back to the trails.

Everything was, as advertised, scenic and not particularly challenging. I hadn't had to shift out of high range for the whole trip, but wasn't all that bothered by it - I was ready for a nice, relaxing weekend. We descended into a valley with a small stream running through it and decided to have lunch.

After lunch, we continued on to a fork in

the road. To our right was a leisurely trail out through the valley to the road back to camp. To our left was an in and out on the same road trail which someone had told Eric was a little on the gonzo side. To maintain the appearance that this was a trip for all Rovers and that people had the choice to go either way, Bruce and Stephanie said they were leading the group back to camp, but that anyone who wanted could head up this trail and see what there was to see. When it became clear the nobody would be accompanying Bruce and Stephanie back to camp, they happily joined everyone who wanted to explore the new road.

The trail twisted up a somewhat rutted, twisty and steep (but not overly challenging) path to the top of a ridge and then dropped down the back side. This descent was steep enough that I decided it might be a good idea to shift to low range. Clutch in, feather the brakes, lever forward, engage low...engage low...engage low...hmmmmmmmm... Lever back, engage high...engage high...engage high...double hmmmmmmmm... No drive...no good...

I rolled to a stop on a relatively flat portion of the trail and radioed the convoy that I was having a spot of trouble with my transfer case and though it ill advised to continue rolling down the hill until it was sorted out. We stopped and Ben Smith and I began the diagnostic process.

I had heard no catastrophic noises, so it was unlikely that I had trashed any gears. Moving the shifter back and forth, yielded substantially no resistance; so it was starting to look like a linkage problem. Start by pulling



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A somewhat limited narrative of the 1999 NCRC Fall Colors Trip..con t

the boot off the shifter and seeing to what it was attached. A simple link rod, with a good connection. Not the problem. Drat, that would have been easy. Wait a while for the exhaust to cool and feel around to see where the other end of that rod was connected. Another simple connection outside the transfer case, also with a good connection. Double drat. That would have been almost as easy as the other end.

At this point, it was clear that the thing to do was to tow me back to camp and attempt to resolve the situation there. It was about 4:00, we were on a steep hill, and it was going to take a while to get back. We didn't want to be towing me after dark.

After a brief but challenging reshuffling of vehicles, we got Ben's Black Watch behind me, but we couldn't get my truck turned around; so he strapped to the pintle at the back of my truck and dragged me up the hill backwards. (Think: Pushme-pullyou) At one point, the ground was soft enough that he couldn't pull me by himself; so Bruce's Spot was backed into place and we did a double pull. Once we got my truck on the flat at the top of the ridge, we were able to get me turned around so I could go down the hill in forward, again strapped to the Black Watch.

About a mile into this, it became clear that it wasn't working very well. The key indicator was the incredible smell of overheated brakes emanating from my vehicle. It seems that braking two vehicles down a steep hill with no compression assistance was more than they could handle. We stopped for 20 minutes while they smoked and loaded some milky quartz and firewood into the back of the 101FC. Eric and Bridgid were good enough to play Tail End Charlie during this operation in case we needed anything - everyone else went on ahead.

After the smoke subsided, we regrouped and tried a new strategy. Since we were pretty much going down hill, I could just coast, and my brakes would only have to slow one vehicle, not two...and I could go faster so they wouldn't have to slow me as much. This comes with a big professional driver on closed course type warning (though neither were present on this occasion) as coasting down a steep, twisting hill without compression braking, and with brakes that were smoking not five minutes prior is not the best idea. But whatever...

The problem we had to overcome was the several little bits of uphill and the stream crossings along the way. For this, it was decided that momentum would

be our friend, and Ben and I went tearing down the mountain at a breakneck pace while Eric and Bridgid (wisely) decided on a more sedate pace.

Though I nearly lost it a couple of times, I made it down the steep portion without killing myself and proceeded on to the flatter trip out to the road about 6 miles further out the canyon. Here again, it was mostly downhill, but not as steep and with more uphill stretches and more water crossings. It's the water crossings that kill you. They really rob momentum. Anyway, again though there were several near catastrophic cornerings, in general the coast down the mountain strategy proved successful.

The only time I started thinking we might have another real problem was when the water from a rather aggressive dive into the creekbed splashed through the hole above the shock tower where I'd removed the plastic mudguard to facilitate airflow to my newer, hotter engine, and started the coil making arcing sounds. We stopped and blew on it a little bit and once I started up again, there were no more arcing problems. On again toward the bottom.

Every once in a while, Ben would have to back up and tug me over an uphill or stream that I couldn't carry enough momentum into to make it past. On one rather amusing occasion he came back with his flashers going because the exit from the stream which hung me up had bounced him so violently as to set off the warning alarm. Doh... Like I said, professional driver - closed course - training for PNWTTC type driving here. It was actually quite challenging in parts. The dirt was rather more like flour and if you had any speed at all it seemed more like you were hydroplaning than driving on terra firma.

Anyway, we eventually made it to asphalt and the Black Watch valiantly towed me about 10 miles and 1500 vertical feet back to camp, where I had a quick bite to eat and began tearing into my truck. After reconfirming that it wasn't an easy fix, I first pulled the inspection cover on the bottom of the case figuring I could just push the gear into high range, refill, and drive home to let Philippe (at Roverland) sort out the problem. On getting it opened up however, it proved impossible to move the gear. Drat.

I then took a deep breath and pulled my center console and the access panel below it to expose the top of my transfer case where the linkage attached. A quick review of the shop manual (which Bruce remembered to bring and I did not) gave a better idea what I was

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looking at and I proceeded to unbolt the top portion holding the cross shaft selector widget. This sounds significantly easier than it was because it was quite a ways forward of the access panel and it was rather challenging to find a position where it could be worked on.

Once it was removed, the root of the problem was readily apparent. There is a rather large set screw (a.k.a. grub screw) which attaches the selector widget to the cross shaft. Over the past 65000 miles, this screw had gradually backed itself out to the point that it finally worked free of the detent in the cross shaft; so that now, as the cross shaft rotated, the widget didn't. It occurred to me that there really ought to be some loctite on that sucker which, of course, there wasn't. Interestingly enough, the shop manual is very clear that when assembling this linkage, you should be sure to apply loctite to the threads to prevent just this problem. GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR...

In any event, I was greatly relieved that the problem was what it was, as I could simply tighten the grub screw (with loctite, this time), reassemble everything, and drive home. At this point however, it was quite cold and dark, and the campfire was looking very inviting; so I broke for the evening and took a very welcome shower in Tom

Walsh's camper before settling in for a few well-deserved beers and some stories around the fire.

Early the next morning I began the reassembly process which went quite smoothly. Thanks to a much appreciated trip by Bruce to the local auto parts store the night before, I had both an ample supply of clean 90Wt, and a tube of RTV Blue to aid the process. By about 10:30, the truck had taken its first tentative steps forward and I was engaged in the final reassembly of the interior bits. Satisfied that I was clear of danger, the day's convoy headed out. (I decided that discretion was the better

half of valor and was packing up and heading home.) I was on the road to the bay area by about 11:30.

About 25 miles into the trip, I began to note that an electrical problem I'd been trying to diagnose that had previously resulted in a stumbling when I turned on all my lights was now cropping up with only the heater fan running. Of course, I couldn't turn the heater fan off because I needed to run the heater to keep the engine from overheating; so I was forced to endure the stumbling. Sigh...

This new problem, coupled with the fact that I was driving on a field repair inspired some creative routing for the return trip. I began to think in terms of the 100 mile tow radius afforded by my AAA Plus membership.

Let's see... If I skip the 120 and 108 turnoffs and head straight toward Tahoe, it's only about 75 miles until I'm within the tow radius of my family's place at Fallen Leaf Lake. And from there back to Palo Alto is around 200 miles, which means I'm always within the tow radius to some safe haven... I think I've found a reasonably secure route here.

The tremendous sigh of relief I breathed when I got within 100 miles of the Tahoe basin notwithstanding, I was not without some concern as I turned up towards the pass on 89 (I think it's Monitor, but there're a million passes up there). On average, about 20 cars a day traverse that pass and I'd managed to break my cell phone the day before I left on this trip and was thus communications free.

Despite an increasingly pronounced stumble, now rearing its head even with the fan off (it was getting cooler out), I rolled into Fallen Leaf without major incident about 30 minutes later. Whew...

I took a quick tour of the status of our construction project (rebuilding the cabin) had a quick dinner with our construction manager (my mother) at the Tahoe Pizza Company (which is a reasonably good pizza place, if you happen to be in the area) and continued along on my return trip, extremely glad to be back on well known and heavily traveled roads.



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At this point it was starting to get dark so I turned on my lights. The stumbling that had begun to become a problem with almost no additional electrical load was now becoming virtually intolerable. About 20 minutes later I decided I had to stop and try to do something about this as I was clearly going to damage my brand new engine if I allowed this to continue for another 200 miles.

So there I was, sitting on the side of the 2-lane, twisty portion of US50 just below Twin Bridges, in a very small turn out on the side of the road, at that dusky part of the day when it's the very hardest to see. Great...

In discussing the potential causes of this problem with Philippe (of Roverland) back when it was a less pronounced issue we had suspected that the likely cause of the problem was a faulty alternator. I thought that it should be relatively trivial to make it home on the power from two optimas without the alternator, and decided to simply disconnect the alternator lead at the battery and wrap it in electrical tape.

For those of you thinking you can't just disconnect the battery at the alternator, in my case you can. The welding system I've installed includes a separate lead that goes straight to the battery, and you basically tape up the old alternator lead that's part of the main harness and let it dangle out there.

In any event, when I got in the truck, fired it up and began to roll forward, I heard an arcing sound below me. Stop! Shut down! Open box and look for cause of problem... I couldn't see any. It occurred to me that perhaps the tape on the alternator lead was insufficient insulation and that it was arcing to the side of the battery box. With the seat box open, I fired up the truck and there was no problem. Hmmmm...

I then tried the ignore the first warning sign and try again strategy of putting the seat box/seat back together and trying to drive again. I fired up the truck and listened for a few seconds. All's quiet on the electrical front. Then I started to drive forward... Zttttt Zttttt Zttttt (more arcing). OK I think to myself it wasn't doing this when the battery was hooked up, so we'll go back to that strategy because the arcing sound I'm hearing has got to be worse than an engine stumble.

Which is what I did, but when I began to roll forward, I again heard the arcing sound. Now I'm getting worried as I've got no stable state in which

to limp home. I again powered down the engine and went to get out, but when I took my foot off the brake I began to roll forward (forgot to put it in gear/engage the parking brake). Interestingly, I hear Zttttt Zttttt Zttttt. I think Now that's funny... and immediately crawl under the truck - well, almost immediately, I had to engage the brake and put it in gear first - to look for chafing in the alternator lead.

I didn't see any in the places I would have expected to see it, but through perseverance and desperation I eventually found the cause of the problem. When I'd routed the wire from the passenger's side of the transmission tunnel to the driver's side, over the top of the transfer case, I apparently used one zip tie too few, and as the insulation heated up and got soft, the wire drooped down and rested on top of the front output yoke of the transfer case. Twice every revolution, it would get rubbed by an arm of the yoke. Over several thousand miles, this ultimately wore away the plastic protecting sleeve, the insulation, and by now, most of the wire itself.

As much as I was bothered by my initial incompetence during the installation, I was ecstatic that (1) I had fully diagnosed the problem, (2) a little electrical tape and a zip tie would get me on my way without the aid of a tow truck, and (3), the problem would be cheap to fix when I returned to the bay area.

Once I'd wrapped that wire up and tucked it out of the way, the stumbling and the arcing all disappeared and I made it home incident free (from that point anyway) at around 11:00 that night.

What a trip!



The 1998/99 New Years Mojave Road Trip Lineup.



Everybody's free to lower their windscreen

(With apologies to Mary Theresa Schmich who penned the original "Everybody's Free to Wear Sunscreen" for her column in the Chicago Tribune, and to Lee Perry and Quindon Tarver who turned it into a popular song, but not to Kurt Vonnegut, which "the internet" mistakenly credited as having spoken such words at an MIT graduation.)

Ladies and gentlemen of the Land Rover persuasion.

Enjoy your Land Rover.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, Rovering would be it. The long-term benefits of life in the slow lane have been proved by Scientists, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience.

I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your rover.

Oh, never mind. You will not fully understand the power and beauty of your rover until they've faded.

But trust me, in 20 years, you'll look back at photos of your rover and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much possibility lay before you and how fabulous you really looked.

Your rover is not as slow as you imagine.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to solve that gearbox problem by chewing bubble gum. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindside you at 4 pm on some idle Sunday.

Do one thing every day that scares you.

Wear clean underwear.

Don't be reckless with other people's parts.

Don't put up with people who are reckless with yours.

Change the brake fluid.

Don't waste your time on jealousy.

Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. The race is long and, in the end, it's only with yourself.

Remember compliments you receive. Forget the insults.

If you succeed in doing this, tell me how.

Keep your parts receipts. Throw away your fuel bills.

Double Clutch.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know where you want to go with your rover.

The most interesting rover owners I know didn't know at 22 what they wanted to do with their rides. Some of the most interesting 50-year-olds I know still don't.

Get plenty of motor oil. Be kind to your transmission. You'll miss them when they're gone.

Maybe you'll get stuck, maybe you won't.

Maybe you'll have a diesel, maybe you won't.

Maybe you'll sell your Rover at 40, maybe you'll dance the funky chicken at the 75th Land Rover anniversary.

Whatever you do, don't congratulate yourself too much, or berate yourself either.

Your choices are half shafts. So are everybody else's.

Enjoy your rover. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of it or of what other people think of it. It's the greatest instrument you'll ever own.

Fix your own rover, even if you have nowhere to do it but your living room.

Read the directions, even if you don't follow them.

Do not read rover magazines. They will only make you want more rovers.

Get to know your previous owners. You never know when you'll want to ask them something.

way to learn more about Rovers and the people most likely to unstuck you in the future.

Understand that suppliers come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on.

Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle, because the older your rover gets, the more you need the people who knew it when it was young.

Drive in New York City once, but leave before it makes you hard.

Drive in Northern California once, but leave before it makes you soft.

Travel.

Accept certain inalienable truths:

Fuel prices will rise. Compression will fall. Your rover, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, prices were reasonable, compression firm and even, and children respected your rover.

Respect your rover.

Don't expect anything else to transport you. It can tell.

Maybe you have a trust fund. Maybe you'll IPO. But you never know when either one might run out.

Don't mess too much with your Rover or by the time it's 40 it will look like a jeep.

Be careful whose parts you buy, but be patient with those who supply it.

Advice is a form of nostalgia. Dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from the heap, wiping it off, painting over the ugly parts and recycling it for more than it's worth.

But trust me on the Rover.

Mechanics & Parts & Service 9

The following list contains parts suppliers and mechanics who support and work on Land Rover and Range Rover vehicles. **This is not an endorsements list.** Before using particular vendors or mechanics we suggest you talk to fellow Land Rover and Range Rover owners regarding their experience and recommendations. Please contact us with any businesses or updates you would like to see added to this list.

Atlantic British [P, OV]
Box110. Rover Ridge Drive
Mechanicville, N Y 12118
tel. 800-533-2210

Badger Interior Coachworks
259 Great Western Road
South Dennis, MA 02660
tel. 501-364-2680,
fax 508-760-2281

Britalia [S, P]
2210 San Pablo Avenue
Berkeley, CA
tel. 510-548-0240

British Bulldog. [P, NV]
394 Kilburn St.
Fall River, MA, 02724
tel. 888-874-3888,
fax 508-674-5025
bulldog@meganet.net

The British Car Co. [S]
5830 Paradise Dr.
Corte Madera, CA° 94925
tel. 415-927-2995

British Motor Car Dist. [D, S, P]
901 Van Ness Ave.
San Francisco, CA
tel. 415-776-7700

British Northwest Land Rover Co. [S, P, OV]
1043 Kaiser Rd. S.W.
Olympia, WA
tel. 206-866 2254

British Pacific [P]
3317 Burbank Ave.
Burbank, CA
tel. 800-554-4133

Carpenter Rigging [AA, ABA]
222 Napoleon St.
San Francisco, CA 94124
415-285-1954

Cole European [D, S, P]
2103 N. Main St.
Walnut Creek, CA
tel. 510-935-2653

DAP Enterprises, Inc.
86 Clinton St.
Springfield, VT, 05156
tel. 802-885-6660

Desert Rover [ABA, NV]
15245 So. 16 Place
Phoenix, AZ° 85048

Euro Parts, Ltd [P]
1910 Prospect Ave.
East Meadow, NY 11554
tel. 800-274-4830

Great Basin Rovers [P, AA]
342 West 1700 South
Salt Lake City, UT
tel. 801-486-5049

Hubacher Cadillac and Land Rover [P, S, NV]
#1 Cadillac Drive
Sacramento, CA, 95825
tel. 415-460-4600

RAB Motors/ Land Rover Marin [D, S, P]
J
540 Fancisco Boulevard West
San Rafael, CA
tel. 415-460-4600

Roverland [S, P]
San Francisco, CA
tel. 415-648-0885

Roverland Parts [P, NV]
2038 Village Point Way
Salt Lake City, UT 840093
tel. 801-942 7533

Rovers North [P]
1319 VT Rt. 128
Westford, VT
tel. 802-879-0032

Safari Gard [ABA, NV]
41095 Fig St.
Murrieta, CA 92562
tel. 909-698-6114

Land Rover San Jose [D, S, P]
4040 Stevens Creek Boulevard
San Jose, CA
tel. 408-246-7600

Scotty s [S, OV]
(Chevy conversions)
tel. 510-686-2255

Shamrock Services [S, NV, OV]
15195 Arnold Drive
Glen Ellen, CA 95442
tel. 707 935-3605

UK 4 Wheel Drive
P.O. Box 123
Estacada, Oregon 97023
tel 503-630-6765
fax 503-630-7519

West Coast British [S, P, AA, NV, OV]
190 Airway Blvd.
Livermore, CA 94550
tel. 510-606-8301

Wise Owl [P]
3396 Marine Dr.
West Vancouver, Canada
tel 1-888-880-2600
fax (604)-921-729

XKs Unlimited [P]
850 Fiero Lane
San Luis Obispo, CA 93401
tel. 1-800-444-5247
xksunltd@aol.com

P	Parts
S	Service
D	Dealer
NV	Newer Vehicle
OV	Older Vehicle
AA	After-market Accessory
ABA	After-market Body Armor

Revised 11/22/99

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: _____
