

OTTAWA
VALLEY
**LAND
ROVERS**



May 2005

www.ovlr.org

Volume XXII, Number 5

“The closer you get
the better she looks”



See article and more photos on pages 6-11



PO Box 36055, 1318 Wellington Street
Ottawa, Ontario Canada K1Y 4V3

General Information

Ottawa Valley Land Rovers is the oldest and largest Land Rover club in Canada. Membership is open to all Land Rover enthusiasts. Executive meetings are held on the first Monday of every month. Social meetings are held on the third Monday of every month, generally at the Prescott Hotel on Preston Street.

OVLV offers a monthly newsletter and a variety of activities throughout the year, from mechanical seminars and off-road rallies to social events and family oriented outings. Members receive discounts on parts from a number of North American suppliers. Off-road activities come in several categories. The light version, which is usually entertainment during a rally or at one of our family summer events, consists of a little "mud bogging" or tours along country lanes. The heavy stuff, which is usually several days across public lands navigating by compass, topographical maps and aerial photos, involves bridge building, river barging, and driving conditions ranging from cedar swamp to rocky hill winching.

Membership: Canadians joining throughout the year pay \$35 CDN per year, Americans and others pay \$30 US per year. Membership is valid for one year.

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Murray Jackson, Roy Parsons, Kevin Newell, Bruce Ricker, Peter Gaby, Fred Joyce, Andrew Finlayson and all those whose names I just know I'm forgetting.

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Submissions: Articles may be submitted to the Editor, Shannon Lee Mannion (ottawavalleylandrovers@sympatico.ca) or via post to the club address. Photographs should be sent directly to S.L. Mannion, 2-41 Florence Street, Ottawa, ON Canada K2P 0W6. Please include photographer's name, captions, identifications of people and vehicles, and a return address if you want the photos back.

Deadlines: Submissions to the OVLV Newsletter must be received by the 15th of every month for inclusion in that month's newsletter. All items submitted for publication should be legible and signed. Names maybe withheld at the request of the writer. This is your newsletter. If you wish to write anything, we welcome your input of any kind.

Editorial Policy: The Editor of the OVLV newsletter reserves the right to edit any submitted material for space and content considerations. Articles, statements, and opinions appearing in the OVLV newsletter do not necessarily reflect the position of the officers, board of directors, members of the OVLV, or its sponsors or advertisers. Where specific data regarding operation, safety, repairs, or legislation are concerned you are advised to obtain independent verification. The Club, officers, and contributors can accept no responsibility for the result of errors or omissions given in this newsletter or by any other means.

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Submissions Deadline

The 15th of the month for inclusion in next month's issue.

Online

<http://www.ovlv.org>

Any ideas for the website please contact Dixon Kenner
Land Rover FAQ: <http://www.lrfaq.org>

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CB channel 1

FRS channel 1 sub 5

SW 14.160 MHz

OVLV/Land Rover HAM:

14.160Mhz @ 01:00GMT Tuesdays

Advertising Information

\$35 CDN for 1/4 page ad,
must run for minimum of three months.

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Hey man, what's going on?

OVLR Calendar of Events

Socials

Socials are held at the Prescott Hotel on Preston St., Ottawa, the third Monday of every month at 7:00 p.m.

Executive Meeting

Executive meetings are held on the first Monday of the month. Please contact Jean-Leon Morin for location. morinj@tc.gc.ca

May 29, 2005

Oxford Mills Vintage Motorcycle and Car Show, Oxford Mills, ON. Just off Highway 16, near Kemptville.

Go before 11:00 a.m. if you want to ensure a spot inside the fence with other show vehicles. Entrants are free and get a lovely pin. Others pay minimal amount at gate. Delicious BBQ and baked goods on sale.

June 24-26, 2005

OVLR Annual Birthday Party
Silver Lake, Ontario

Saturday, July 16, 2005

All British Car Day

10:00 am - 4:00 pm, Britannia Park (Lakeside Gardens)

All British vehicles, any marque, any year. \$20.00 registration

Please see website for details www.britishcarday.ca or call Don LeBlanc 596-5692

Welcome New Members!

Matt Pearson of Ashton, ON with a 2001 Discovery

Debbie Lisak of Ashton, ON

John Murphy of Bromont, QC with a 1987 Defender 110 and a 1989 Discovery

Jonathan Warren of Huntsville with a 1984 Defender 110, a 1959 Series II and a 1965 Series IIA

New Members Wanted!
Invite your Land Rover
obsessed friends to join OVLR!

See page 2 for
subscription details.

Cummings along with me!

by Jean-Leon Morin

By now we've all see the pictures of my "new" long wheel base on its maiden voyage. I'm glad to announce that the damage isn't terminal and, although it ended up coming home behind Alastair's Range Rover, the carnage is limited to some slight bruising of my ego and a bent front bumper.

Now that you've all seen the wreck, I figure it would be a good time to tell the tale of why and how I built a Land Rover with a Cummins 5.9 litre six-cylinder turbo-charged inter cooled diesel.

As much as I would like to say that it's because I wanted to have more power than the 300TDI owners, this whole mess of an idea started in Nova Scotia. As an attempt to travel the east coast without spending a fortune, I had taken a job working for a small construction company located in Riverport, a small fishing village located close to Lunenburg. One of the vehicles which I had the pleasure of using was an early model Dodge Ram. I spent a lot of time driving it around, pulling trailers, hauling garbage, and I was impressed with the pulling power and economy of the engine. I immediately thought it would be a great engine for a conversion into a Land Rover - an engine that is known for reaching the million-km mark between overhauls, coupled with the durability and simplicity of the Land Rover bodywork, suspension and chassis.

I remember spending an evening with a note pad and a tape measure, trying to figure out how exactly this could work. The engine was huge. It was roughly twice as long as a 2.25 L, which could be accommodated through the use of a Stage One front end, but the biggest problem was without a doubt the height of the block and the weight. At that stage, I really didn't have the time, space or money to take on a project like this, so I made some notes for the future and abandoned the idea.

Fast-forward a few years. Having graduated from college, I found myself with an abnormal amount of time on my hands and a Land Rover with a dead engine. The Ford in-line six that was living under the bonnet had been running on zero oil pressure for a few months (seemingly defying logic). I started thinking about my project once again. The main issue was finding the "right" engine. In addition to the Dodge truck line, Cummins 6BTs were used in all kinds of applications, from marine powerplants, to generators, loaders, buses and medium duty trucks. Most of these engines didn't have the correct bellhousings and injection pumps for use in a road going vehicle. It came to me that the easiest way to get an engine would be to find a wrecked Dodge truck and purchase it complete - that way it would already have the correct injection pump, perhaps a power-steering pump, and other ancillaries needed for the transplant.

I finally ended up buying a 1993 ex-tow truck from a towing company. The truck was the worst vehicle I have ever seen - it



Cummings along with me! *(continued from page 4)*

looked like it came straight from the set of the Road Warrior movies. The wiring was mainly composed of house solid-core wiring with marrette connectors, the under-hood coated with a hundred pounds of grease and grime, and the engine was a non-runner. The owner of the company told me that they had purchased it off of another used-car lot (Suspicious Auto Repair - on Startop - no joke) and removed the wrecker body. The truck was dead and they didn't really know what was wrong with it. However, the turbo was good, it was complete, and I figured at the very least I had a core to rebuild, so I bought it.

It turns out, these "mechanics" had had a little fun with this engine. The alternator was seized. They had cooked the starter trying to get it started, and finally given up for fear of a seized engine. They had left it outside for over a year with an open intake causing the intake valves in the rear of the head to start rusting and become seized. In addition to this, the injectors were seized solid! It took me quite a while to get all of this right, from having the head rebuilt, to the high torque starter (\$\$\$!), but finally after nearly a year of messing around I had it all back together and running.

During the engine repairs I was also working on how exactly I could modify the chassis to accept the engine. This turned out to be the most difficult part of the swap. I had to modify the 109 chassis in several locations, as well as extend the front horns and relocate some cross-members. Finding the right location for the engine in the frame took days of jacking, blocking, pushing, shoving and shiming a thousand-pound block of cast iron, and fabricating engine mountings that would distribute the awesome torque of the engine into the frame was quite a challenge.

I ended up spending a massive amount of time on small details such as trying to get the engine as low as possible in the frame to keep the centre of gravity low, but at the same time high enough not to foul the front axle and driveline. Finally, after over a month of nearly constant grinding and cutting, I had a completed chassis ready to swallow a Cummins engine. Then came the driveline adapters, transfer case (an LT230 from a Discovery), driveshafts, axles and brakes. It was really all a matter of taking it one component at a time as the entire project was just simply too massive to contemplate as a whole. However, it is getting closer, I am finishing up some details and I hope to have it all completed for the Birthday Party.

Driving a Land-Rover with 500 ft. lbs. of torque at 2000 rpms is an experience, especially when the windshield is folded down and the top is off. It is best described as a bobtail Peterbilt with removable top. The powerband is all wrong, the engine doesn't really know what to do with itself as the transmission is always shifting to keep rpms in check, and the turbo's wail is deafening. However, it's just way too much fun. I can honestly say that I've never had so much fun with a Land Rover as the few drives I've taken around town with this machine. The weight of the engine isn't really all that noticeable with power-steering, and the handling is surprisingly good. I really can't wait for the Birthday Party, where we'll see how it works off-road!



How Now Curaçao!

by Shannon Lee Mannion

A recent press junket to the island of Curaçao revealed hundreds of SUVs. There were American, Dutch, Japanese, Korean, German, but not one British Land Rover on the road.

Curaçao is the largest island of the Netherland Antilles grouping, formerly known as the Dutch West Indies, that includes Aruba and Bonaire, Saint Martin and Saba. Sometimes, the first three are referred to as the ABC islands, no doubt, a geography teacher's helpful suggestion to aid student recall. I have to admit, when I was given the assignment to cover an international drag race on Curaçao, I knew that it was a Dutch protectorate some place in the Caribbean but I did not know exactly where I was going. Turns out, 40 miles from Venezuela. (Proper pronunciation of Curaçao is cur, as in dog, a, as in at, and sow as in pig.)

After a longish journey that introduced me to "the hub," Atlanta's huge airport and then a brief sojourn on Puerto Rico, I arrived via a rather small American Eagle airplane to the equally small International Airport of Curaçao.

Coming from the relative chill of late-spring in Ottawa, the blast of warm, humid air was welcome as I disembarked.

I was met by two people who would be my companions for the next four days,



Land Rover Dealership on the island of Curaçao located in the Netherland Antilles, 40 miles off the coast of South America, i.e. Venezuela, close to the islands of Aruba and Bonaire.

communications consultant, E. Parce Ainsworth from New York City, and Johnny Salazar, of Stadius Strategic Brand Builder whose client, Mirant and the Curaçao Utilities Company, arranged for the trip. Their goal is to raise the profile of the island so that businesses will realize this as an ideal location and expand or relocate there. Tourism gets a nod, too, when people hear about this as a "go to" place.



Front and back view of an SsangYong Korando 602EL 4wd outside the airport on Curaçao. Made by Daewoo apparently.



And don't forget, Canadian and American Snow Birds looking for a six-month home, you have an ideal nest waiting for you on Curaçao

But this story is written specially for members of OVLR because Lord knows that the island needs more Land Rover owners. As I pointed out above, there were SUVs and trucks

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How Now Curaçao! (continued from page 6)

from numerous other manufacturers and even though there was a dealership, shared with BMW, there did not appear to be any LR's in the showroom and I certainly did not see one new or even old Land Rover on any of the roads or in anyone's driveway.

We scoured the island. The standing joke was that when I couldn't be located, Parce and Johnny knew to look in the nearest parking lot because I'd be strolling looking at the various vehicles and taking photographs of the ones we don't have in North America. I found a few Land Cruisers this way and many of those cab/small flat bed configuration vehicles. They look to be long wheel base and every one I saw was painted white.

I felt bereft of finding one thin Land Rover on Curaçao when I was fortunate enough to be in Willemstadt, capital city of Curaçao, on Saturday, April 30, when



Not as many crew cabs seen but here was a newly-minted one on one of the thriving streets in the capital city of Willemstadt.



Woman in colourful costume celebrates the ascension of Queen Beatrix to Holland's throne 25 years ago.



This is a very popular truck on the island.



Indicative of typical Dutch-style architecture. Most buildings are painted in pastel blues, pinks, yellows, greens and orange. Vehicles on the island appear to be contemporary and mostly of Japanese or Korean origin. Rarely did one see a rust-bucket driving by. In poorer sections, however, there were some abandoned vehicles in yards.

Queen Beatrix of Holland's 25th year of ascension to the Dutch throne was being celebrated. Everyone was in town sporting orange party finery, greeting their friends, enjoying the fiesta/sidewalk sale/long-weekend atmosphere. Children had their hair tied in multicolored ribbons, teenaged bellies shimmied beneath lime green and orange T-shirts and everywhere, the sound of salsa, jazz and tumba, a local merengue-style music, was in the air.

Similar to Canada and the United States, the local car club, whose name I didn't catch but something like the International Car Club of Curaçao, was putting on a display of some of

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How Now Curaçao! (continued from page 7)

their best metal. Alas, although there were 15-some vehicles, including an Avanti, a Studebaker, a Jaguar 150 and even a rodded Model A, there was nothing in a khaki-coloured aluminium body. But I introduced myself to several owners and asked wherein doth reside the island's Land Rovers. This had them mystified. They conferred among themselves in Dutch although they spoke excellent English, as does nearly everyone on the island (other languages are Spanish and the local dialect, Papiamentu) and answered, "We think someone in Banda 'Bou has one." Oh, that was helpful.

I was staying at the unique Kura Hulanda Hotel in Otrabanda, steps from the waterfront, and a stroll along the Queen Emma Bridge over to Punda, the main shopping area. Otrabanda means "other side" so Banda 'Bou, I figured, must mean "over there somewhere." With the promise of melting aluminium in subtropical sun leading me on, I adjured Parce and Johnny to keep their eyes open for this elusive vehicle as we were to travel to the northwestern end of the island the next day where Banda 'Bou was located.



Odd Daewoo Damas, at least, looked odd to me as it seems to be narrower than most minivans. Seen everywhere, usually being driven by small businessmen. Billed as a tough and dependable cargo hauler, the "dream car of the small enterpriser."

I rode shotgun in Johnny's chilled Mitsubishi. Most vehicles have the air conditioning going full blast at all times. Except for some die-hard Jeep drivers with their bikini roofs, the sun is merciless and convertibles just aren't done. As it is, you are probably wondering if I was there to cover the drag race, what was I doing sightseeing on a glorious Sunday afternoon, prime-time in



Another version of a diesel utility vehicle that is ubiquitous to the island. This one is called a Delta and as cabs go, has quite a commodious one.

North America for Pro Stock, Super Stock and Sportsmen, alike to hit the track.

Not in Curaçao. And I would venture to say that any place in the Caribbean that they run drag races, big also in Aruba, Trinidad & Tobago and Jamaica, they do not run races during the heat of the day. The races I covered started late afternoon or early evening and ran until past midnight, sometimes to 2:00 and 3:00 in the morning.

Think about it. Racing requires full coverage safety wear including leather pants and jacket, helmet, protective footwear, perhaps gloves and goggles. One sits in a lineup ready to take one's turn ... baking. And people racing motorcycles are sitting right on top of a howling engine with the exhaust right at their legs. Fortunately, dusk arrives early in the tropics and with the setting of the sun comes relative relief when coupled with the constant trade winds from off the Caribbean Sea. The average daily temperature is around 82° F or 27° C and although it does not fluctuate more than five degrees over night, without the effect of the sun's rays, nights are a perfect temperature.

Thus, we had almost the whole day to run around the island sight seeing and looking for the promised Land Rover.

The two-lane blacktop that took us to the Northwestern most tip of the island elicited some interesting sights, from several Landhuis where

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How Now Curaçao! (continued from page 8)

Dutch landlords, starting from the mid-1600's, marshalled the efforts of island folk. At this point, these workers would have been mainly African slaves who lived in much smaller, poorly appointed quarters called kanuku houses. Sometimes, these kanukus were surrounded by waist-high cactuses. This may have been more of an attempt to delineate space or to perhaps beautify their homes as there are few predators on Curaçao. Goats, lizards and white-tailed deer, yes, but no large carnivores.

We were actually on our way to Boca Tabla near West Point at the norther-western end, planning to stop at Jaanchies for lunch, when several unidentifiable pick-up trucks appeared carrying loads of men holding on to huge kites. Whether this was something being done to celebrate Queen Beatrix Day or kites being brought to the shore in anticipation of the May first Labour Day, we were unable to find out.

We are near Mount Christoffel, at 1,239 feet (372 metres) it is the highest point on the island and is bordered by Christoffel National Park, a preserve that offers excellent hiking but no offloading because, you got it, there are no Land Rovers operational on Curaçao! Well, OK, there's supposed to be that one in Banda 'Bou but we'd driven through BB, craning our necks, checking out behind the low-rise houses and nary a Land Rover was there.

We pulled over at Jaanchies, behind a Jeep that was fully open to the elements, read sun and more sun, in front of an assortment of other SUVs. A Galloper, uh, galloped by. My research



A concrete bench and garbage receptacle sit in a terrain that is at once bleak and beautiful. Not much need for four-wheel drive though.



At Jaanchies, the Trupial Kachos or Yellow Orioles added a cacophonous charm to our lunch of Iguana Soup, Karko and Funchi, a side dish made of corn meal.

indicates that Hyundai makes a Galloper that resembles the Santa Fe and then Mitsubishi makes one and I believe that this is what I mostly saw.

Jaanchies, sort of like an upscale roadhouse, had all the charm and restfulness of a comfortable dining room at your grandparents. Some tables had rocking chairs for you to sit in and everywhere was the cheerful sound of hundreds of Tupial Kachōs or yellow Orioles that stayed in a semi-enclosed, heavily planted patio area along the front of the restaurant. Every so often, someone would come out with a bag of refined white sugar and give the sparrow-sized birds a couple scoops. This they love and so they stay.

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Daihatsu, a Japanese vehicle that is not unlike the Dutch Daf and the Korean Kia and quite similar to the German Volkswagen Transporter although seemingly bigger and heftier. Without the threat of rain, open vehicles are a workman's delight and these carry everything from giant kites (actually seen on the highway) to construction supplies, terra cotta roof tiles and people.

How Now Curaçao! (continued from page 9)

It was at Jaanchies that I became a culinary explorer and ordered three items I've never eaten before: Iguana Soup, Karko (Conch) and Funchi. All quite interesting but I must say that it was a little surprising to actually have the skeleton, sans head, of the iguana floating in the bowl. Aye, doing the backstroke he was.

I was never so happy to have an Amstel Bright at hand to cleanse my palette.



Waiter, there's an Iguana in my soup!

We returned to the Mitsubishi and proceeded northwest toward Boca Tabla. The volcanic origins of the island are readily apparent and the combination of rocky coast and rough sea has resulted in open caves being carved into the igneous rock. At least, this is what we've talked about at lunch and it is what I am keen to see.

Suddenly, past Johnny's grip on the steering wheel, I think I've spotted a Land Rover. We've had many false sightings of small squarish trucks that for a moment resemble a Land Rover but no



Interior shot. Not much left of this baby.



joy. That is, until now, because there is indeed a forlorn Series II or IIA, probably from the early sixties, hunched down behind an abandoned shack. I shout, "Stop, Stop, there it is!" I am clearly over the top with excitement and Parce and Johnny have no idea what I am going on about but they are patient and willing to give in to my maniacy.

The property looks totally abandoned but I expect that the people are simply at work or shopping. The truck is off to one side so even if they were home, we would not have bothered them. On the other hand, I wish they had been home and come out to chase us away as I would've loved to know what that truck was doing there.

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Forlorn and abandoned.

How Now Curaçao! (continued from page 10)

The photos tell the story. The interior is gone and I didn't look to see if the engine was still there. The windshield was more or less intact but no grille and no badging anywhere. But you know, given the dry conditions, the body panels are probably in better shape than some of the ones we, here, start out with. One can only surmise the sense of humour of the person who went to the trouble to paint "Hummer 2" in green on the front and back quarter panels. Looks to be a recent job as there is no fading of the script. Tires deflated.



Dilapidated Land Rover, defiled with "Hummer" left to sink slowly into the desert.

But I, on the other hand, am pumped up about my find. One of the 130,000 inhabitants on Curaçao had the good taste to bring a Land Rover with them when they homesteaded at some time over the past forty-odd years.



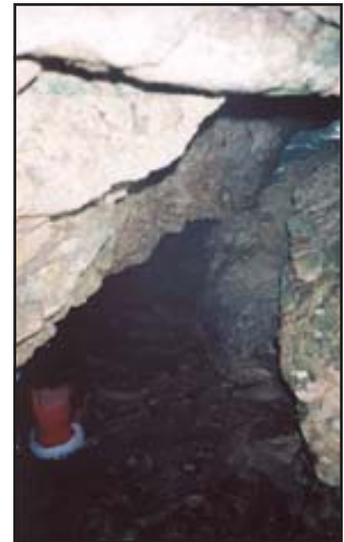
Front end detail of the Daewoo Muuso, SWB version of the Korando. Not touted as a rock climber but does nicely on the relatively barely elevated sand and washboard surfaces around the island.



Rear view of the Daewoo Muuso. Excessive overhang past rear axle hampers hill climbing but this vehicle manages fine on trails and on non-exacting off-roading.

Boca Tabla where the surging sea has carved caves into the volcanic rock.

At the left-hand corner sits a woman in white shorts and a red tank top.



I tear myself away. Parce and I, our sandals filled with pebbles, pick our way through cactus as we dodge ubiquitous lizards on our way back to the Mitsubishi. There is Boca Tabla yet to see and then back to Willemstadt via the northeastern route where we will form a belt buckle, as it were, on the narrowest band of the island, about 4 km from shore to shore.

That evening sleek vehicles from all over the Caribbean will thrill me at Curaçao International Dragway with their amazing paint jobs and hellishly loud and fast engines. However, none will please me as much as the humble little Land Rover as it sinks peacefully into the desert sand.

International Scout colour-coordinated to haul Frank Brandao's 2001 Dodge Avenger, Best ET 6.948, Speed MPH 199.17.



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Trainee Required!

Editor of widely-read monthly newsletter about Land Rovers seeks trainee to join the circus and take over as ring master. Need not be a trapeze artist nor an elephant handler. Being able to type may help. Patience and tact, an asset. Join the great team of people who bring it all to you.

Please reply to Jean-Leon, President of OVLR



Classifieds

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FREE add space to members.
Send information and/or photos to:
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