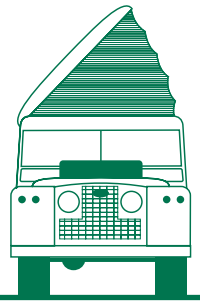


OTTAWA
VALLEY
**LAND
ROVERS**



September 2005

www.ovlr.org

Volume XXII, Number 9

Oil Up



Don't miss this year's Oiler on September 24th
- see page 3 for more details.



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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is published twelve times per year for club members. The editor welcomes submissions of text and photographs for publication.

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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FRS channel 1 sub 5

SW 14.160 MHz

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\$35 CDN for 1/4 page ad.

must run for minimum of three months.

Beneath the Bonnet

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Hey man, what's going on?

OVL R 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

September 24, 2005

Annual Frame Oiler at Kanata Collision, Roy Bailie's esteemed business, at 5862 Hazeldean Road, Stittsville. Phone 831-3397 if lost. 9:00 a.m. to 1:00ish Early bird gets the worm, or at least the doughnut, in this case. (Rain Date: Saturday, October 1/05).

September 18, 2005

TTC Bronte Creek British Car Day 2005, Toronto Triumph Club British Car Day. This is the largest all British event in North America with over 1000 cars, www.britishcarday.com

Sept 17-18, 2005

British Invasion, Stowe, Vermont

The best car event in the East with over 500 British cars, a must participate event on Saturday. Pre-registration before September 5th required. (refer to web-site). More info: www.britishinvasion.com

October 1-2, 2005

British Reliability run <http://www.mibrr.com>

On October 1st, 2005, up to 50 vintage British cars will depart Marshall, Michigan, for a demanding 700-mile run through Michigan, Ohio and Indiana to raise money for charity. This run, the third annual, is titled "America's British Reliability Run" is an endurance run of sorts, fashioned after those run in the UK. They always benefit kids, this time, kids coping with cancer. For more info see the August OVL R newsletter.

December 2, 2005

Dave has confirmed Friday Dec. 2 for the Christmas Party at the Hungarian Village.

Malaysia Off Road Explorer: MORE

Dear Valued customer,

We are presently promoting an Eco-Adventure-Tourism package called the Malaysia off road explorer. This package consists of some very new and exiting tourism concept featuring the rain forest of Malaysia. This new and exciting travel package takes you to the depths of the Malayan rainforest in fully equipped 4wd vehicle driven by highly experience 4x4 enthusiasts. This 5-star package is a 7-day 6-night experience and start in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Please click on to www.malaysia4x4.com for more information on this package.

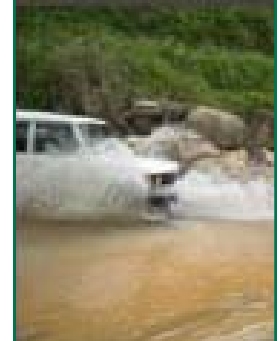
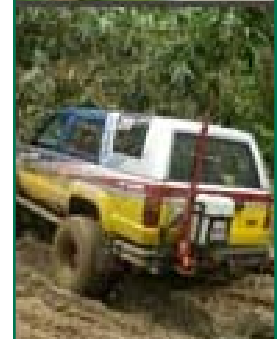
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This is MORE (Malaysia Off Road Explorer)

Discover one of the world's oldest treasures, the MALAYAN RAINFOREST, with one of our great Malaysia Off Road Explorer (MORE) Packages. Traverse through cultures and nature, be awakened by the scenic quaint Malay villages to the sporadic settlements of the Orang Asli (Native) and mesmerized by the lust greenery of Malayan Rainforest. Adventures and more adventures, our packages offer the once in a lifetime experience to be one with nature. Our fully equipped 4WD vehicle will bring you to terrains not possible by conventional vehicles.



Annual OVL R Frame Oiler

September 24, 2005

KANATA COLLISION (ROY BAILIE'S ESTEEMED BUSINESS)

5862 Hazeldean Road, Stittsville

Phone 831-3397 if lost.

9:00 a.m. to 1:00ish

Early bird gets the worm, or at least the doughnut, in this case.

Rain Date: Saturday, October 1/05



The Endangered Species Act and the Fisherman

by Del Albright, BlueRibbon Ambassador

Our California correspondent, Del Albright, has some trenchant thoughts on conservation.

Sixty feet under the warm Mexican waters off the coast of San Felipe, the giant creature swam effortlessly, constantly on the prowl for food. Weighing a hundred pounds, he could pretty much eat anything he wanted, so when he saw the Corvina rock fish dangling in his path, not trying to escape, the monster went in for the kill.

On the surface, lulled by the tropical sun, I drifted in and out of a sleepy state as our old boat drifted lazily with the Baja current. The smell of salt air was strong, but the wind was light. We used parachute cord hand-line for fishing in these Mexican waters because the fish were so big, rods and reels were just too slow on the retrieve for meat fishing. I came suddenly awake when the hand-held fishing line began to tighten in my gloved hands.

Strung over my knee, down under my foot, then over the boat gunnels, the hand-line set up was designed to transmit the fight of a fish throughout the lower half of my body. Immediately there was no doubt that I had a big fish on the line. My gloves began to smoke as the line streamed out to sea. I tugged back with all my strength and began to haul the line in hand over hand. I pushed down with my shoe on the hand-line to increase the tension against the big guy on the other end.

"Old Red Wing," our 16-foot, fiberglass over wood boat, started moving faster than the ocean current as the big monster pulled me and the boat along. Red Wing got her name from the red wind wings that came off the windshield, on what otherwise was a white boat. It was also the name of my Dad's favourite song that had the words, "Now the



Del's Dad, Elmer, in 1961, holding a freshly caught Totuava, weighing nearly 100 pounds - one of the last of this giant fish species.

moon shines tonight on pretty red wing." I remember that it didn't seem like much boat in that large ocean.

Thirty minutes later, with a little help from my Dad, I had the monster up to the boat. It was right at one hundred pounds. Not bad for a 16-year-old kid!

Today, when I think back nearly 40 years to that fishing trip, I have mixed memories. The fish was called a Totuava (pronounced two-tuava), a Marlin-sized croaker and close relative of the White Sea Bass. They hardly exist any more. At least the big boys are gone. They were fished to near extinction in the late 1960's. Commercial fisherman used everything from dynamite to gill nets to catch these Mexican monsters.

It makes me shake my head over their loss. It almost makes me wish there had been something like the Endangered Species Act (ESA) back then. But the ESA today really makes me shake my head. This is a two-headed serpent.

Had there been some sort of International ESA, maybe the Totuava would still be swimming



"Red Wing" was named after the red wing tips of Dad's 16 foot ocean going vessel, as well as one of his favorite songs of the old days -- Now the Moon Shines Tonight on Pretty Red Wing.

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The Endangered Species Act and the Fisherman *(continued from page 6)*

in the Sea of Cortez. But then again, if you look at today's ESA, you see how ludicrous the current form of the Act really is. Today's ESA is in bad need of reform.

Today's ESA puts third generation ranchers off their land and out of their home. Today's ESA cuts off water to hundreds of farms over some obscure sucker fish that no one likes, eats or cares about. Today's ESA puts the livelihood of an invisible gnat over the needs of people and homes. The list goes on. The ESA needs reform.

We need a version of the ESA to keep wonderful critters like the Totuava from going the way of Klamath farmers or Old Red Wing (who went to the boat grave yard years ago). But we do not need a piece of legislation that completely lacks common sense. We need to protect people and private property rights while still managing our resources with common sense laws.

In fact, if we can find some political candidates who run on a platform of common sense, then I say we get behind them and support them whole heartedly. Further, I would hope that these same candidates (or existing politicians) would put some common sense back in the ESA.

Dad and I were catching Totuava back in the 60's by launching old Red Wing through the surf on a completely undeveloped and nearly deserted beach right outside San Felipe. Now, as you can guess, there are a lot of development and boat docks – but less fishing.

It's the way things go today. It's called growth and change. We just need to manage this growth. But we must put common sense back in politics and government. Hopefully the common sense that President Bush's administration is trying to put back in government will filter down to local National Forests and BLM lands for our recreational needs.

No matter how you look at it, the key is for us to be involved and included in our own future. Even good, common sense politicians can't read your mind and know what you need for your form of recreation. We must tell them. The same goes for our public land managers. We must also be included in their decisions about our land and waters.

Yes, we need to manage and conserve our resources. Yes, we need to be part of national and international efforts to keep wonderful critters like the Totuava from disappearing. But NO, we do not need to sacrifice generations of ranching or recreation or anything else unnecessarily to fulfill some two-bit yuppie's dream of saving the world. The ESA needs to be reformed with a big hunk of common sense thrown in the mix.

Whether you're a fisherman, hunter, motorized recreationist, sand duner, dirt biker, mountain biker, equestrian, atv'er, rock collector/miner, or whatever, don't let your form of recreation go the way of the Totuava.

Del Albright, internationally published author and BlueRibbon Coalition Ambassador, has written volumes about access and land use for over 20 years. For more information, visit his web site at: www.delalbright.com or visit BlueRibbon at www.sharetrails.org.



Bob Wood sighted at annual Frame Oiler in October 1994. The Bob Wood Sighting Society was ecstatic! (for the uninitiated, that's Bob aka Mr. Land Rover, second from left.)

Dormobile Saga Continued ...

by Wayne Potter

In the last installment, we left our intrepid travellers just as it started to rain...

Deeper and deeper sandy black shingle-bottomed rivers were tackled, our home made snorkel proving its worth on more than one occasion. As the day progressed our confidence in our 109 grew as each one was systematically ticked off. Hour after hour, we travelled across, lava desert, waded rivers and streams.

Eventually, this brought us to a vast washed out plain, with braided river crossings. In second gear low, we battled on, the power sapping qualities of the sodden volcanic ash almost bringing us to a halt on several occasions and causing us to get lost in the quagmire.



Foot firmly down on the throttle, not able to let up for a second, the little 10 inch wiper blades cleared but a fragment of the water being thrown up and made visibility a big problem. We aimed for where we thought the route continued, eventually making it to solid ground. How?... a total mystery!! ...

The temperature noticeably dropped as we neared several glaciers, the enormous Vatnjokull on our left and the much smaller Hofsjokul, to the right. A couple of large cabins appeared, judged from the maps to be the rangers'. The lady ranger greeted us with a smile ... "Couldn't find a bleaker place could you," I said to her on entering the cabin, "Should see it in winter," she replied.



She went on to tell tales of people and vehicles getting stranded, breaking down or running out of fuel ... We listened carefully. Only open for about 12 weeks, the cabins provided emergency accommodation if the weather got really bad; a small fee would also get you in if you didn't fancy erecting your tent. Apparently many do take up this option and a few good groggy nights have taken place there.

Outside, on the roofs of the cabins, were poles with flags on top, apparently so skidoos or the Icelanders huge 4wd's don't drive into the roofs of the cabins during the winter when three to four metres of snow can fall. Now that's what you call snow!

We woke freezing cold, the Ebberspacher heater deciding to pack up just when we needed



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Dormobile Saga (continued from page 8)



it most, half way across the Sprengisandur right at Iceland's centre. The second day brought much of the same: river crossings, lava plains but after the previous day it was a breeze. We felt like old hands at this crossing Iceland business.

The Landrover was still going well; no brakes to speak of due to them being continually wet, but hey, what are gears for. The 2a's Smiths heater keeping the chill from our bones. Just! Hoping to make it possibly to the South coast, we continued with the old 2a taking everything thrown at it in its stride.

We did our washing as we drove in a large plastic container with a combination of Icelandic tracks and Sollihul's leaf springs doing the rest – the container becoming known hence forth as, "The Sprengisandur." Half way through the day, something totally unexpected appeared. In the middle of this vast nothingness was a café?... Not wanting to look the proverbial gift horse in



the mouth we went in. Well ran to get in, actually, the weather having taken a turn for the worse. "Tea and Kit Kats, please!"

Not on any of our maps, this mirage of a café turned out to exist by being supported by the 4x4 coaches bringing tourists in for heat and sustenance. On the wall were photos of light aircraft, which believe it or not, just land outside! What a place.

Getting nearer to the rugged mountainous region of Landmannalaugar, we survived more rivers, a storm and the mistake of parking on an active fisher. We only noticed after realising that the steam wasn't coming from the 109 but from below it, We made two really deep river crossings, one of which we only just made without stalling as the water lapped at the windscreen. A taller Suzuki ridiculously followed us through but stalled mid-stream and had to be unceremoniously dragged out by an Icelandic 4x4 monster truck, never to run again whilst we were there.

This campsite was a Landrover owner's paradise, a warm oasis in the middle of so much bareness, only accessible by light air craft or 4wd, even then only just, by the looks of things. Set in a flat green valley surrounded by partially snow clad mountains, it had a warm water stream running through it, together with hot natural pools fed from near boiling, clear sulphurous springs. There were naked female Scandinavian types everywhere. I talked Helen into staying on for two days.

Dragging ourselves away from the Landmannalaugar area was difficult, with stunning scenery, great off roading, it's an area that had more to offer than we had time to see it; definitely top of the list of areas to visit when photos and memories force our return.

For no apparent reason whatsoever, the passenger side of the 2a windscreen shattered when we were parked and minding our own business. We just sat there bewildered; to this day no reason has come to light as to the cause.

With mosquitoes coming in by the dozen through the gaping hole, we temporarily patched

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Dormobile Saga (continued from page 9)

up the windscreen with the lid from one of the storage boxes off the roof and carried on. With Helen's visibility now impaired, navigation was harder as she couldn't see what was coming up, but we managed to find our way to Geysir, passing on the way close to Mt. Hekla, which last erupted in 1991.

Geysir [the gusher]; its name now taken by all geysers throughout the world, now reduced to a hot blue pool about 65 feet across, can only now be made to erupt artificially by throwing soap into it. Close by, and now upstaging it, is its smaller but still very impressive little brother Stroker [the churn], which erupts every 10 minutes or so.

A large bubble of boiling hot water teases those watching as to when exactly it will explode, and to what extent. Numerous other pools of gurgling, spitting water surround the two geysers, some so clear you can see into the tube from which the water comes, reminding you just what country you are in, and to be very careful indeed as to where you tread.



Dragging ourselves from a wonderful outdoor geothermal swimming pool surrounded by snow-capped hills we drove the short drive to Iceland's finest and most dramatic waterfall; circled in its own spray and rainbow. Gullfoss [the golden falls] drops into a massive canyon in the river Hvita; the whole area worth several days stay. Take some wet weather gear, you'll need it.

The Land Rover had a smashed windscreen, dodgy gearbox and no Ebberspacher and now a smell of burning signalled the demise of the Land Rover's own Smiths heater. It looked like it was going to be a tad chilly from here on.

We decided to head towards civilization, sure the old Rover was rebelling at the hard time we were giving it and responding by trying to freeze us to death.

Back on the bitumen again and heading for Reykjavik Iceland's capital, we travelled fast! On the way, we passed the totally mind blowing Blue lagoon, like something out of Dr. Who, the sulphurous turquoise waters from the geothermal station creating an excellent place to soak away all those worries, the sulphurous stink of the water concealing many a small sin.

A piece of plastic temporary windscreen bought from a fuel station en route to the capital replaced the box lid across Helen's side of the windscreen; smashed windscreens are obviously a common occurrence in Iceland. This bit of opaque plastic afforded some vision to Helen but

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Dormobile Saga (continued from page 10)



really needed replacing with a genuine Land Rover screen ASAP, hopefully once in Reykjavik.

We had done it – crossed Iceland, only touching bitumen on our way into Reykjavik; not really sure whether our success was due to luck or judgment. The river crossings on average had been lower than expected; only once or twice coming over the bonnet. Very little snow had barred the way and mechanically, apart from the two heaters and the windscreen making life for us feel a touch fresh, the Land Rover had run as they say “like a goodunn.” Even the gearbox, although still jumping out of gear on over run didn’t seem to be getting any worse ... Luck or judgement? We settled for a bit of both.

Our trusty 2A Dormobile’s roof went up once again right in the centre of Reykjavik amongst dozens of other 4wd’s, some off the ship we had come on were also in a state of disrepair, all licking their wounds. Searching for a windscreen, holiday souvenirs and with plenty of film for all



those giant 4wd photos, we entered the bright cosmopolitan wealthy city that is Reykjavik.

Surprised at how big Reykjavik was, we wandered around this warm friendly city eventually getting lost and having to be pointed in the direction of the one and only Land Rover garage that anyone knew of. It actually turned out to be a Land Rover hire business; the extremely helpful staff fortunately had a suitable windscreen and only £20, a bargain in the land where beer is a fiver a go.

After numerous 4wd photos and souvenir buying we bumped into Peter Brown, the Londoner that we met at Myvatn. The coincidence amazing. Back at the campsite, all



helped each other fix their various vehicles, an air of camaraderie amongst travellers coming to the fore. Relieved we had made it from Wirral to Reykjavik in a reasonable state, we just relaxed and enjoyed newfound friends and Iceland’s capital.

A few days later up North in Akureyri, Iceland’s petite but beautifully formed capital of the North, the 2a was running OK and the decision was made to go back into the interior and try Iceland’s second longest 4wd route “the Kjölur,” again running North/South taking us between two massive glaciers the Langjokull and our old friend Hofsjokull passed earlier. This brought us back out on the South coast once more ... Foolhardy? Maybe, but that’s what we came for. It’s not often you get a chance to do

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Dormobile Saga (continued from page 11)

something like this and the gearbox didn't seem to be getting any worse, the windscreen was back in one piece, the Ebberspacher and Smiths heaters still refused to work, but the old 2a felt up to it and we were getting far too used to bitumen roads anyway.

The yellow knob resumed its proper position and the 2a drove back into Iceland's surreal interior. The route more rocky and corrugated than before making our shaky way for hour after hour across corrugations to a scenic camping spot full of boiling mud pools and steaming "fumaroles", little mini volcanoes with steam coming out of the top, to you and I.

The main attraction though was another natural hot water bathing pool that we'd heard about back in England. Here 4wd's congregate midway across the route. Situated about halfway along the track in between the two glaciers, it's an easy if long and shaky full day's drive.

Hveravellir was full of expedition-prepared 4wd's including several Series III's and a couple of 110's. Most of their owners, as expected, relaxed, beers in hands in the hot rocky pool, where else? The two glaciers created the perfect backdrop.

Next day and heading South still on the Kjolur route the long rattley drive would see us back at Geysir, the track still very corrugated with the occasional water crossing. Whilst parked, we seemed to arouse the interest of a large passenger plane, presumably taking people on a sight seeing tour, which on spotted us in all the bareness of the interior.

It suddenly swooped down to just a couple of hundred feet above our heads, its passengers waving, then turned round came back and did it again, finally tipping its wings as a goodbye gesture. Imagine that happening whilst parked up in the Lake District.

The 109 drove on nicely, doing the washing in the back unlike us, shaken but not stirred, and we made it safely to the end of the dusty Kjolur.

A couple of days later, now heading East on the main ring road, Route One, we passed many more incredible waterfalls along the way, including the huge vertical drop of Skogafoss and



we crossed numerous long single lane wooden bridges linking up both sides of the island.

These bridges are quite an achievement in a country with very few trees; before they were built, a drive from east to west involved a long detour around the island; only fairly recently built and even more recently washed away when volcanic activity below the glacier melted millions of tons of icy water, washing away the bridges, road and anything else in its path.

Camping the first night in the small town of Vik, [where I got attacked by arctic terns], we saw two ex-Russian landing craft used for pleasure trips. Onward we drove past a tongue of the enormous and imposing Vatnajokull glacier, the 2a running like clockwork as the end of our adventure came ever closer as the miles passed by.

Seeing as our 13th [unlucky for some] wedding anniversary the night before had been spent in the back of our Dormobile in a howling gale, towels attempting to keep the worst of the sideways driven rain out, only a drop of sherry and the heat from a single gas ring to warm us, we treated ourselves to a boat trip through the icebergs at Jokulsarlon.

Heading north up the east coast the 2a clung to the very edge of shear-sided shale cliffs. There were still higher cliffs above us with views across the eastern fjords. Longing for one last taste of Icelandic interior, we took a short cut on a track called the Oxy. What a superb rocky track it turned out to be, reminding us very much of General Wades military road up in the beautiful

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Dormobile Saga (continued from page 12)

highlands of Scotland, with steep second gear low climbs, the odd stream, the inevitable waterfall and stunning views back across Iceland. What a grand finale.

The Oxy brought us back to Egilsstadir [Fred Astair], which is where we fuelled up at the start of our trip. Here we totally 'wimped' out and stayed the final days in a grassed roofed wood cabin, "Heat, warm and it's dry" were Helen's first words on entering the cabin after many weeks living in the Land Rover.

We amused ourselves by looking around the town motor museum. It inadvertently showing a history of off road vehicles in Iceland ... At the back sat the inevitable, a bronze green ... Land Rover Series One!

In Seydisfjordur, whilst awaiting our ship, amongst all the returning grubby vehicles was a clean, tidy, white 110. The British registration prompted us to introduce ourselves to the elderly lady owner. She told us that this was her first visit to Iceland, but far from her first time overseas by Land Rover!

She had kitted the vehicle out like a small house, kitchen, bedroom, even blue ornaments tacked to the top of the dashboard. It turned out she was originally from Australia and had been travelling the world for more than 30 years. The reason for the British plates? She returned to England every ten years or so for a new Land Rover.

And we thought we'd had an adventure!

Addendum

Wayne writes in a recent email:

I thought the photos, to be honest looking back in retrospect, could have been better. We had a Pentax Zoom 105R but I can't remember now what ASA we used but they are a bit dark, possibly due to the weather being dull also.

Helen and I took all the photos and she is the blonde in them. You will notice that there are no photos of us driving through rivers considering how many there were, but we didn't dare stop being on our own in case we got stuck.

It's nice of you to say we are adventuresome, but it certainly doesn't feel so. I think a more daring adventure we did was in '97 when we went on a trip to Australia and ventured into some really remote places; the Cape York Peninsula, then down to Alice Springs, followed by the Kimberley and Perth to the south coast; unfortunately in a Toyota Land Cruiser and Ford Explorer. We have owned Land Cruisers before and quite like them, but the Explorer didn't live up to its name.

Since you asked about daft things we have done, when we came back from Australia I spent several years designing and building an elevating camper roof conversion much better than any Dormobile (and I've owned five) called a "Landtreks Campertop". It cost us an absolute fortune in time effort and materials and they were built completely from ideas gained over many years. I had to make and design the moulds to build them with no guarantee that they would work, this alone took 18 months, in fact the first few went to the rubbish tip.

In the end, I built three finished Landrover Campertops, but although I had a lot of interest in them they were not cost effective to build. I have kept the last one I built and will be doing an article for one of the UK Landrover magazines about the experience, now that I can face writing it. I have attached a couple of photos, Wayne Mitchelson is on with his old Camel 110 on the photo with our Campertop.

We have had some good news today by way of an email from Living France magazine in England, who are keen to do an article on us making the big move and what we are doing here in France, so hopefully it will give us some good publicity.

Cheers

Wayne & Helen Potter

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More Photos from the Annual OVL R Frame Oiler



Classifieds

FOR SALE

I have a 1959 Series 2 88" pastel green daily driver, comes with hard and soft tops, Weber carb, receipts since 1980. Many new parts, comes with some extras.

\$5,500 negotiable

The truck is in Kingston, ON.

Call Nigel evenings (613)548-8210

or e-mail Nigel.F.Gray-1@can.dupont.com

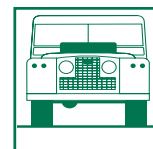


YOUR AD HERE

FREE add space to members.

Send information and/or photos to:

ottawavalleylandrovers@sympatico.ca



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

See page 2 for
subscription details.

OVLRL Forums

Please see:

<http://www.ovlr.ca/phpBB2/index.php>

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 OVLRL



Submissions for the Newsletter

In order to get the best reproduction of photos, please use the following formats:

- use the highest resolution possible (200-300 dpi; 100-150 lines per inch)
- save in jpg format (don't use tiff format unless the files are from a Macintosh)

When sending word files, do not include photos in the text. Just put a tag where you would like the photo placed in the text and send the photos as separate files.

Include captions and photo credits for the photos. For more newsletter information, see page 2.

Tony Pouliot



NAME: Tony Pouliot, 25 year old Dairy Farmer

VEHICLE: 1996 Land Rover Discovery

MISSION: My Land Rover works for a living. It's off road nearly every day on my 1,100 acre farm, often towing heavy loads. Then it doubles as a family car. It's versatility and reliability make it a perfect fit for my life style.

SUPPORT: Cash is hard earned in farming, so I need to be careful how and where I spend it, that's why I rely on Rovers North for my parts and accessories that I need. They really know their Land Rovers and always offer the best prices on the highest quality parts. I've been around with the discount after market parts, and the stuff just doesn't hold up, and to me that's false economy. Like most serious Land Rover owners, I guess you need to go through the after market experience to really appreciate a company like Rovers North. Price, Knowledge and availability, that's why I rely on Rovers North.

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