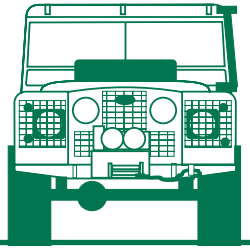


OTTAWA
VALLEY
**LAND
ROVERS**



October 2005

www.ovlr.org

Volume XXII, Number 10

Meeting Old Friends



see page 5-7 for story and more photos.

photos by Shannon Lee Mannion and Murray Jackson



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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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Thanks to all our Helpers

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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OVLV Newsletter

ISSN 1203-8237

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>

Radio Frequencies

VHF 146.520

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

December 2, 2005

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

OVLR Forums

Please see:

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

Editor Baton is Being Passed On

In a totally altruistic offering of himself on the alter of self-abnegation, the esteemed and reliable Terry King has offered to undertake the editing of our monthly club newsletter.

He writes, "I am stepping in as editor until the executive reviews the newsletter situation or until the next the election, whichever comes sooner. There is a proposal from a member to the executive whereby the responsibility for the newsletter would be handled by several teams. This idea will be explored and a decision made before the AGM or at the AGM.

So don't cry for me Argentina. I could not be more pleased to be passing the ink-soaked baton to Terry and thank him heartily for being a mensch among mensches.

Sign me, your erstwhile editor, Shannon

Note: Articles for the November newsletter should be sent directly to Terry King at tking@sympatico.ca

Baie James Trois

February 2006 short expedition

This will be the members from the Land Rover Adventure Association's third February trip to James Bay, once on the Ontario side, and this second of two trips on the Quebec side.

The Municipality of Baie James is larger than many countries in terms of size, yet only a handful of mostly small Cree and a couple of Francophone communities can be found. All of the native communities were former Hudson Bay trading posts, and English as well as eastern Cree are spoken here, with French predominating in the two or three non-native communities.

There is an exceptional sense of prosperity here, as the local inhabitants have benefitted tremendously from the rewards of the hydro-electric complexes in their territory. This is in marked contrast to similarly located communities on the Ontario side!

Each small hamlet has a nicely turned-out eight-to-ten room hotel and community centre/administration /restaurant complex. We will be visiting the communities of Weminji, Eastmain and Chissabi, all right on James Bay, and Radisson, the site of the giant 'le Grande Dam 1' complex.

All these communities are reached by the only north/south gravel road running up from the more southerly portion of the province.

Gas must be carried (it's as much as 380 KM's between stations), as well as Arctic-level personal gear. Trucks need to be re-equipped with lighter synthetic fluids (we have traditionally had these supplied by Pennzoil), a working block heater, recovery points front and rear, CB radio in good working order (you'd be surprised at the range of these in the cold, unpopulated countryside), otherwise a good stock Land Rover is more than able to make this journey.

Because of the small hotel capacity in Baie James district, only a small group can be accommodated, and we have set that limit for this trip at five trucks maximum.

What do you see when you're up there? Lot's of white, snow and ice, lots of trees (hundreds of miles of them) some winter wildlife (we might luck into



some Caribou sightings), and an unbelievable silence!

Is there danger? The main danger on this trip will be getting caught in a two-three day blizzard while hundreds of kilometers from the nearest habitation, and for this the vehicles and occupants need to be prepared. We always carry a satellite telephone for emergencies as well as proper survival gear.

Interested parties should contact the writer for more information and the dates of the trip planning meetings. Other information can be obtained on the Internet by punching in Baie James.

This is a fast trip this time, as we will do the route in six, maybe seven days, all in, leaving from Montreal and Toronto and possibly Ottawa, starting around the middle-to later part of February!

Ted Matthews, Mary Kaye, Patrick Findlay, Nathalie Tremblay

Members of LRAA & OVL

Contact matthewsted@aol.com

Is someone trying to tell us something?

Maybe those smarty pants in the Smart Cars?



Annual Oiler Comes Off without a Hitch

by Shannon Lee Mannion

photos by Shannon Lee Mannion and Murray Jackson

If you were expecting to bathe in mud and slush this year at the Annual OVLR Frame Oiler, think again. Not only was the oiler held at least a month ahead of when it ever has, but the day was absolutely sparkling in its clarity. That is, it didn't rain, it didn't snow, and whereas there weren't the pumpkins advertised for sale along the side of the highway, evidence that the date wasn't anywhere near Hallow'een, for a couple late-oilers, the slanting sun did get in their eyes a bit.

Awwww!



Oilers are notorious for netting surprises. Like the time Roman Boeringer in a TDi five-cylinder Land Rover sporting Swiss plates arrived in the yard. Like a turtle with his home on his back, Roman'd been travelling for nearly a year all over the States and Canda. He'd checked our web site and discovered that if it was Saturday and he was in Ottawa, the local LR club was getting together and why not, he asked himself, should he not be there? And he was. Several members of OVLR are still in touch with Roman who is back in Switzerland, working as an architect and still driving the bronze-coloured diesel.

And then there was the year that Yves Fortin, a former president of the club, came with his

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Annual Oiler (continued from page 5)

not-Land-Rover green and yellow truck. I think the highlight, for me, at least, was when he got dressed and undressed, right down to his skivvies, while bringing a few listeners up to speed on his endeavours of the past year.

This was a couple years ago and it would've been good to see him (wink, wink, nudge, nudge) again, especially since he's just fresh from winning the first annual Canadian Iron Distance Race. Yves crushed the field of 68 by finishing 14 minutes ahead of his closest competitor in this gruelling swimming, biking and running race. Congratulations, Yves!

This year, the surprise guest, actually two, came in a, uh, was that Camel Trophy Yellow paint or GM Moonlight Over Sahara Sand, Series I, bedecked in parkas and woollies underneath, no doubt. Everyone was pleased to see two of our club's founding members, Mike McDermott aka McD and Al Pilgrim, or Bates, that's it, no Mr. or Master or anything else, just Bates.



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Annual Oiler (continued from page 6)

After much guffawing and reconnoitering, some people actually oiled the bottoms of their trucks with Dave Pell and Kevin Newell definitely winning a prize, if there were a prize, for the most charming oiling costumes. Midst swapping of greasy coveralls and talk of cabbages and kings, three right-hand vehicles were oiled first and then the rabble followed, old, new, borrowed, blue, ending with an emerald TDi and a big Ta Da.

Eternal thanks to Roy Bailie for providing Kanata Collision as our site, and to strong, silent Brian for holding down the fort in Roy's absence, to Terry King and Dave Pell for taking care of the morning coffee/doughnuts, to Fred Joyce for storing the wands and hoses, to Murray Jackson

for retrieving greasy bits for repatriation to Fred, and to Bruce Ricker for being chef supreme and cooking up a mess of dogs and buns to go with the potato salad yours truly slaved over.

And with that, oil's well that ends well.



Norwegian Nirvana

by Wayne Potter

Owning a Land Rover is just the start.

Have you noticed that those with Solihull in their blood usually have a love for “the great outdoors” very much in their blood, also. I know the things I like in life, such as Land Rovers, canoeing, camping, bikes, to name but a few, and just being outdoors in beautiful and preferably remote places, tend to all go together.

Yes, there is another link you end up cold and wet in all of them as well. Masochists aren't we! Yet there seems to be frustratingly less and less scope to use our beloved vehicles and outdoor interests. But read on. I may have at least a partial solution.

There is a place just 24 hours ferry ride away from Britain with astonishing mountains, forests, glaciers and ice sculpted fjords; an unforgettable experience that you, your Rover and toys will love...Norway....one of nature's greatest achievements.



There may not be a great deal of true off-roading to be had in Norway, fair enough, but there are some excellent gravelled back country tracks and toll roads; these being maintained by the land owners, hence the toll.

Some can be testing at times, not Camel trophy testing, but interesting in their own right especially during spring if snow is still on the ground, before the giant snow clearing machines have cleared a way through. The machines leave banks of snow several metres high; creating great back drops for photos of your beloved Rover.



In our experience like all Scandinavians, Vikings excluded, [only joking] Norwegians tend to be welcoming, friendly and helpful to travellers. I have visited this astoundingly beautiful country on several occasions; it's a country full of unfamiliar rugged landscapes and natural history.

With a population of little more than four million scattered far and wide across a country of 125,050 square miles and 1,600 miles length, it's not exactly over-populated. Due to the gulf stream Norway can be warmer than its northern latitude would suggest, making camping during the summer months a very pleasant experience. July and August are good months to travel, with long days, the snow having been cleared from high passes and temperatures in the south reaching the upper 80s.

Rain does play a part in keeping all that spectacular scenery green, but hey we're Brits, we wrote book on rain. Still, best bring an assortment of waterproof clothing, which I'm certain you will have plenty of and whatever you do don't forget the industrial strength mosquito repellent...you'll need it!

At a Norwegian Landrover Club [Norsk] meeting a few years ago, my wife, Helen, and I were shown by the ever helpful Norsk members Inger-Margrethe and Wiggo, a really excellent circular route beginning and ending at Bergen, the capital of the western fjords, a route just so good we virtually retraced it again on our last visit.

It takes you across some of the most beautiful and stunning scenery in Europe. Let me share this route and sites along it with you and maybe this summer you will load up that Rover

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Norwegian Nirvana *(continued from page 8)*

and head off yourself for an adventure in the land of the midnight sun.

This Western fjord area is a most dramatic and beautiful place and perfect for a first time touring visit, easily reached on the Newcastle to Bergen overnight ferry. Ensure you have a green card, warning triangle and the Norwegians ask that you drive with your headlights on and dipped at all times, so make sure the alternator and battery are in good shape.

At the same time give your brakes and tyres a good check over, as some of the roads and tracks are extremely steep and tight at times. As regards taking a caravan, best I can say is some do, but I can't over emphasize how steep and how tight some roads are. If you're going in a Series vehicle with a Rover back axle best take a couple of spare half shafts...you'll probably be OK but better safe than sorry.

Over the years, several 109s have taken us or should that be shaken us safely around this magnificent country with various Canadian canoes strapped to the roof and a well-loaded Sankey trailer sometimes tagging along behind. The trailer being not too bad at negotiating the bends but a really dead weight on the climbs. Crossing the mountains fjords etc. will dramatically slow your progress so only expect to cover about half the distance in a day that you would in the UK.

Fuel is cheaper in Norway (at least, it was in the ninties), no surprises there, but only just and widely available, but out in the back country best keep topped up with perhaps a little spare in case of emergencies or if you're like me the odd navigational error sometimes referred to as getting lost.

Speed limits on country roads are 80km/h [approx. 50mph] but that won't be a problem, you're not in a race, and the grandeur of your spectacular surroundings and steepness of the narrow, uncongested roads will keep you to a steady pace.

The thrice weekly summer ferries from Newcastle to Bergen costs around £500 to £700 for two adults and one vehicle return depending on time, vehicle and accommodation, more if you strap a canoe to the roof, but with all those



lakes, fjords and rivers it's almost a sin not to. Oh and don't forget some good hiking boots and a fishing rod. And more mosquito repellent.

The roll-on, roll-off ferry takes about 24 hours and is pleasant enough, but here's a tip, on boarding go straight to the onboard cinema ticket office and get yourself a couple of cinema tickets as they sell out quickly there's usually a good film on to while away a few hours before the bar, then bed. Next morning you should emerge bright-eyed and bushy-tailed ready for a look around Bergen, the gateway to the western fjord area and our start and finish point.

Bergen, a city built on seven hills, is best seen from the lookout point on top of Mount Floyen high above the town centre, reached on the funicular rail the 1,000 feet high elevation giving magnificent views over the city itself and surrounding hills and fjords; don't miss the excellent fish market down by the harbour whatever you do as it has a lot more than just fish to offer.

Camping is easy with several sites nearby, camper type vehicles being able to stay on hard standing right in the city centre itself at the Bobil centre...very handy.

Drag yourself away from Bergen; you can always leave yourself a couple of days for a proper look round before getting the ferry home. Top up with fuel and provisions and exit Bergen via route 580 then bear right on to the E16 for a few miles before joining Route 7 heading east past Oystese; following the winding road around the coast of Hardanger Fjord.

If you are first time travellers to Norway all

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Norwegian Nirvana (continued from page 9)

on board will be wide mouthed and silent at the magnificent landscape before you; but drive on there's even better to come.

Carry on to Bruavik where the road suddenly comes to an end, Hardanger Fjord barring the way. Drive on the quick, inexpensive and frequent small ferry over to Brimes; take a break and some photos. Once off the ferry follow Route 7 east again.

Looking to the South you will see a huge lake-filled plateau, this is Hardanger Vida Europe's largest mountain plateau a 3,000 foot [914 metre] desolate, high, treeless wilderness inhabited by large herds of reindeer; a network of tracks linking a myriad of lakes, making for an area excellent for hiking and fishing.

At this point you may want to camp. There are several campsites in the area some with small log cabins to hire, but remember Norway is an excellent country to "natural camp" as anyone has the right to camp on uncultivated land or "outfields." Obviously, a little common sense is required here as to where exactly you camp we don't want to upset our hosts. Find somewhere flattish and not too rocky; we all know one stone will infiltrate underneath your ground sheet and you will lie on it all night, but do your best. Also, take some six-inch nails to use as tent pegs, you may need them.

If there are a couple of vehicles, stringing a sheet between them when camped makes for a good shelter, windbreak and social night amongst the stars. Keep your eyes open for moose too [the Norwegians call them elk] on our



travels we have never seen any but that's not for the want of trying. You will probably see several, everyone else seems to.

Whilst we were at the NORSK event in Lillehammer in 1995, a 110 crashed into an elk just up the road, killing it. The local butcher arrived at the crash site to cut up the unfortunate beast in record time. The driver was OK but the 110 needed a complete front end; apparently a common occurrence in Norway!

We continue our journey still along Route 7 the Bergen to Oslo rail line now keeping you company along the way to Geilo one of Norway's international winter sports resorts where some of us cold and wet brigade may have wanted to risk life and limb on the slopes but in summer, I doubt there will be any snow.

Onward to Gol, a place with some great places to camp; one of my favourites being a tranquil spot amongst the trees next to the stream sited just off the main road on the right before we turn off on Route 51 from Gol to Leira. ...check it out.



From Leira, head North on the E16 for a short while before turning right at Fagernes to take a dirt track marked Vestfjellvegan on some maps, heading north east now towards Lillehammer. This track winds its way through forests and small lakes with only the odd log cabin for company, take a break at the large timber café towards the end, like something from TV's "northern exposure" the large Moose head greeting you as you enter.

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Norwegian Nirvana (continued from page 10)



The track ends at Route 255 which you now follow south to Faberg where it meets the E6 north of Lillehammer. Famous site of the winter Olympic Games in 1994, Lillehammer is the most northerly of the three towns on the edge of Lake Mjosa. Here it's worth taking at least a couple of days to explore the area, as there are lots to see and do.

We usually camp outside Lillehammer at Hunderfossen where Lake Mjosa narrows becoming the river Lagan and site of some Norsk Landrover Klub meets. It's situated just over the bridge off the main highway, the world's largest Troll, a fibre-glass statue stands guard over this excellent campsite having all the usual facilities as well as log cabins. The site looks out across river Lagan.

Now, here's a chance to get that canoe in the water, if you haven't already. The site looks out over the hillside where the Olympic down hill ski run was held. For those with a head for heights on the hillside directly behind the camp site you can also get taken down the actual Olympic bob sleigh run; your own personal sled pilot taking you down; a not-for-the-faint-hearted, white-knuckle ride I can assure you, making Land Rover trialing suddenly feel decidedly tame..... Don't eat beforehand!

The Vege museum, nothing to do with vegetables, but a motor museum showing the history of motor vehicles in Norway, is also on the hill directly behind the camp site and it's well worth a visit. Lillehammer itself, which also has a motor museum, is but a short drive away and has much to offer; why not get comfortable on site and get the bus into Lillehammer. While you

are there, make sure you have plenty of film for the camera, as you'll need it on the next leg of our Norwegian tour.

Leaving Lillehammer behind us we continue back on route E6 heading north where we can take an unsurfaced toll road called the Peer Gynt Vegan named after Norway's notorious marksman and ski runner Peer Gynt.

From Tretten turn right off the E6 and take Route 254, after a few miles turn right onto this unsurfaced desolate mountain pass which travels round in a huge semi circle of lakes and mountains reaching an altitude of over 3,000 feet [915 metres]. Now, we are heading west on the Bygden Jotunheimen Vegan track, cutting close to the stunning lakes of Vinstri and Bygden. Bygden has Europe's highest scheduled boat service at 3,477 feet [1,060 metres] and the area has several picturesque wilderness places to camp.



At Bygden, take Route 51 north now following the twisting valley of the river Otta heading in a northwesterly direction into the Jotunheimen range meaning "giants' country," and it is!... With peaks of 7,900 feet [2,400 metres] the highest in northern Europe, it's Jostedal glacier, the largest in mainland Europe that will also make for sights and hikes to dream of; but as the scouts say, "Be Prepared," be sensible and stick to the tracks.

We drive on past Lom on Route 15 with its stave church dating back as far as 1,100 AD, the landscape gradually changing from lush green forest, becoming more rocky and rugged as we climb higher. Bear left now at Grotli on Route 258 as we climb to around 3,800 feet on my own

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Norwegian Nirvana *(continued from page 11)*

personal favourite, a truly spectacular 16- mile-long, narrow unsurfaced dirt track across the northern edge of the Jostedalsglacier, this track taking you across snow clad mountains with blue icy lakes following the lines of snow marker poles eventually bringing you out at the year round ski slopes at Videseter. Now you might get on those skis.

From here on our own downhill run starts on Route 15, the steep decent bringing us down through a stunning valley with hairpin bends, and tunnels, eventually bringing you down into Geiranger Fjord, claimed to be Norway's most beautiful fjord, and I certainly wouldn't argue with that; the view from the campsite looking down the fjord is magnificent.



Stop here, camp, and treat yourself to a flight in one of the float planes that operate from here or a boat trip past the Seven Sister water fall, preferably both, and relax. You have earned it.

Now would be a good time to give your Rover a good shake down especially the brakes if they have cooled enough. You'll now be thinking he wasn't joking about the gradient of the climbs and descents. ...but there are plenty more to come!

We leave Geiranger and head north on the steepest road so far, the aptly named 'Eagle Road' not quite low box stuff but second gear and in my 109, that's where I left it. Stop and look back as you near the top, and again further on at the lookout point at Dasnibba if time allows. If there are any full-sized liners in the fjord look like model boats.

Head north, still on Route 63 towards Andalsnes, another small ferry crossing taking you from Eidsal to Linge. Once back on terra firma the road and mountains get more spectacular as the miles pass, the whole area a climber's paradise. To the east lies Trollindane, at 6,000 foot the tallest of the now surrounding mountains. Close by is Trollsveggen [or troll's wall] a sheer vertical wall of rock over 3,300 feet high that challenges climbers from around the world. Look out for parachutists or mad base jumpers.

In due course, you will find yourself perched at the top of the Trollstigan; as you look down on the extraordinary site that lies before you; the troll's ladder or troll's causeway whatever you want to call it. This I assure you will be a drive you won't forget in a long while, your ears popping as you drop almost 3,000 feet in just a few short steep miles, rounding eleven of the tightest, and steepest of bends, crossing over the bridge past the mist laden 600 feet high

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Norwegian Nirvana *(continued from page 12)*

Stigfoss waterfall as your Rover plummets to the valley floor.

Take a break and snap some photos in the car park whilst looking back at any other vehicles coming down; it's quite a sight.

At Andalsnes take Routes E136/E39 west, this is almost as far north as we go as soon we will head south, but first, follow the stunning coast line west then head inland past Stordal on Route 650. At Liabygda board the ferry crossing to Stranda the route taking you through a maze of lakes and fjords the whole area ideal for camping especially around Stryn, Loen and at Olden float planes take people on sight seeing trips over the nearby Briksdal glacier.

You can also drive the minor road that hugs the lake edge down to the glacier; signed Briksdal from Route 60, along the road will emerge what can only be described as a large concrete pipe which you drive through; I defy any of you not to think of the film "The Italian Job" and start singing, "This is the self preservation society," on entering, the window wound down listening with a smile to your exhaust note, especially if you are a V8 pilot. It's a worthwhile detour even though the road ends at the foot of the glacier meaning you having to double back on yourself; but there is also a café at the end!

From Briksdal, rejoin Route 60 and then the E39 and at Skei take Route 5 through a series of very long, steep, dim tunnels, engineering masterpieces in their own right. The road takes you very near to the Jostedalsglacier and has viewing points from which you can see Songnefjord in the distance.

Last time we drove through these tunnels, our head lights suddenly decided that this was an appropriate time to pack it in, leaving us driving in all but total darkness narrowly missing the rocky tunnel sides and oncoming trailer towing trucks, who typically gave us the horn and headlights treatment in annoyance...as if we switched them off on purpose!..Very entertaining.

Hopefully safely through the tunnels, you will arrive at the very pleasant little town of Songdal, an excellent place to spend a day sitting at the head of Songnefjord, deepest and longest of



Norway's fjords. Two excellent campsites are just out of town. The one we use is right on the fjord edge, excellent for launching canoes, fishing or chilling the wine or beer prior to the barbeque.

From Songdal it's a short trip on Route 5 to Kaupanger where you catch the ferry over to Revsnes As you leave the ferry behind you, snatch a low gear that you like as you will be seeing a lot of it as another enormous and sustained climb is in front of you, which seems to go on and on the tree line diminishes then disappears completely as you wind yourself ever upwards to the top, the trees now replaced by partially snow covered mountain tops, waterfalls and small ice blue lakes.

Drive on and stop when you get to the lookout point looking down towards Aurland a photographer's delight. This gave, I think, the most awesome view that I personally have ever seen, ships and ferries not so much looking like models as more like small specs; float planes flying in the distance.... below you! As they say, seeing is believing, so best see it for yourself.

Well, you know what they say, "What goes up must come down," yup, the road leading down the mountain side into Aurland is incredibly steep yet again. At one point, we had no choice but to pull over to let the now completely faded and smoking brakes cool enough to continue.

Once at Aurland on the valley floor the little Christmas card village of Flam is reached James Bond style through a hole in the side of the mountain wall and has quite a posh campsite if

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Norwegian Nirvana (continued from page 13)

that's your thing. Flam is a little village pleasantly dominated by its famous and remarkable "Flam mountain railway" which spirals its way up the six miles and almost 3,000 feet past the torrent of Kjosfossen waterfall to Myrdal.

Don't be tempted once at Myrdal to jump back on the return train, instead stop and savour this special place; some even camp, though there is no proper campsite. Back down in Flam excellent ferry trips down Naeroyfjord, Norway's narrowest fjord are also available, the sides being twice as high as the fjord's width.

We make our way back now on the E16 towards Bergen our start and finish point, stopping en route at our last port of call the quite large town of Voss. The town itself is a great cultural Norwegian place and base for sport fishing, mountaineering and is a renowned winter sports resort; with hundreds of lakes rivers and streams, the area is a fisherman's paradise.

There are several campsites in and around Voss, on our visits, we stay on one in the woods at the lake edge; don't camp right at the water's edge though or you could end up going for an unscheduled swim in the night as when we were

there the lake tended to rise and fall a fair amount.

From Voss sadly our tour is coming to a close as the main road returns us to Bergen. Hopefully you will have a few days to spare for a proper look around Bergen before the ferry arrives. It has a lot to offer from its modern hotels and shopping precincts to the old Hansa merchant's homes at Bryggen, or sit and relax with a beer or coffee at one of the many waterside cafes.

I guess you could zoom from place to place and do this trip in around a week, but surely that's not what it's all about at all and would defeat the object, much better if time allows spending two or more weeks, it's a truly beautiful country.

If you do take the time to tour around Norway, be it by Range Rover, Discovery, Freelander or like me, in an old IIA, you will see its biggest and grandest attraction; it's not the mountain tracks, salmon fishing, world-class skiing, white water canoeing or even its friendly, welcoming people, all of whom have a passion for "the great outdoors." In fact, it's the overpowering beauty that is of course that magnificent land that is..... Norway itself..... Enjoy!

Drive-by Sighting of Bob Wood (well, almost)

In a daring wouldbe drive-by sighting of the infamous Bob Wood, president-elect, Miz Maniacy snuck up on the Bob-mobile outside his palatial estate and took this rather mundane shot.

The divine Miz M. would've taken some shots of the LR Series caps and other nebulous pieces in the backyard as she slipped a few still-warm dogs and buns onto Mr. Wood's Louis IX dining table he keeps tucked under some trees in the back yard but the foolish digital camera flashed FULL.

Meanwhile, Bob Wood, like a smug Rip Van Winkle look-alike, slumbered on, TV flickering dimly in the subdued light, oblivious to the ministrations of club members.



As Kurt Vonnegut said to the point of meaninglessness, "So it goes."

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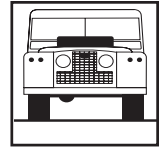
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Include captions and photo credits for the photos. For more newsletter information, see page 2.

More Oiler Photos!



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.

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