

OTTAWA
VALLEY
LAND
ROVERS



December 2009

www.ovlr.org

Volume XXVI, Number 12

Awards 2009



Fred in search of the Lugnut. (see pages 7-9)

PHOTO CREDIT: T. KING



PO Box 478

CARP, ONTARIO CANADA K0A 1L0

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.

OVL R 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 \$45 CDN per year, Americans and others pay \$45 US per year (discounts available if you receive newsletter by email). Membership is valid for one year.

Radio Frequencies

VHF 146.520

CB channel 1

FRS channel 1 sub 5

SW 14.160 MHz

OVL R/Land Rover HAM:

14.160Mhz @ 01:00GMT Tuesdays

Online

<http://www.ovlr.org>

Any ideas for the web site please contact Dixon Kenner

Land Rover FAQ: <http://www.lrfaq.org>

OVL R Forums

Please see:

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

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could you help out?

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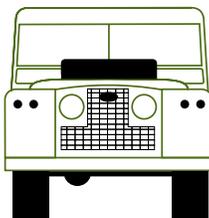
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OVL R Newsletter

ISSN 1203-8237

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

Submissions: Articles and photographs may be submitted to the Editors, Terry King (tking@sympatico.ca) or Dixon Denner (dkenner@fourfold.org) or via post to the club address. Please include photographer's name, captions, identifications of people and vehicles, and a return address if you want the photos back. For the best reproduction of photos, use the highest resolution possible. Do not include photos in the text files.

Advertising Information: \$35 CDN for 1/4 page ad, must run for minimum of three months. Free ad space is provided to members.

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

Editorial Policy: The Editor of the OVL R newsletter reserves the right to edit any submitted material for space and content considerations. Articles, statements and opinions appearing in the OVL R newsletter do not necessarily reflect the position of the officers, board of directors, members of the OVL R 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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Hey man, what’s going on?

OVLР 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 Peter McGough for location. email mcgou@msn.com

Notices:

Jan. 27 2010 AGM: Kanata Legion, 70 Hines Road, Kanata — 7:30 p.m.

Jun. 24-27 2010 OVLР Birthday Party. – mark your calendar for next year!

New Members Wanted!

Invite your Land Rover obsessed friends to join OVLР!

See page 2 for subscription details.

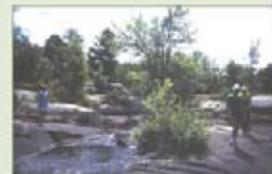
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Ottawa Valley Land Rovers Anniversary Scrapbook



25 Years of Off-road Fun and Friendship!



President's Message

BY PETER MCGOUGH

So this rounds out another year of drivel and diatribe from the President. Aren't you sick of it yet? Where's the ground swell of indignation, the popularist uprising, pitch forks and all. All this to say that the AGM is on the 27th of January and I will present myself before the stake. Really, you deserve better.



President Peter McGough

The Christmas Party was a great success and yet again thanks are due to Dave and Gabe for their organizational skills, to Roy Parsons for the Feely Meely and to Murray Jackson for the Ladies Crossword, which appeared to be a challenge to many this year. I am sure that the events and awards will be describe in more detail elsewhere in this issue, even if for no other reason than for Dixon to give

some lame reasoning as to why he did not deserve the "Gasket under Glass". We all know the facts and the decision was unanimous.

It was nice to see Andrew Jones' collection of Rovers growing nicely and safely ensconced in the drive shed of his new and charming country estate in the rolling hills of Pakenham. Andrew and Dom (well I think Dom, anyway, you did mention it didn't you Andrew) have suggested that we hold a Fall event at the Farm and a number of members scouted out the potential, under the cover of a house warming party, and it looks like a great venue. Ideas welcome.

A friend from the Prairies sent me a request for help. Her husband's cousin, in Puerto Rico, has 71 SWB Station Wagon. Based on the photos he keeps it in great condition but the speedometer is broken. As you can see, it is calibrated in KPH. I thought I had a spare, but search as I may, I can't find it and I'm generally so organized ... Hmm. If anyone has a spare or suggestions please let me know.

All the Best for the Holiday Season and for a New Year full of Joy, Hope and Peace.

*Peter
mcgou@msn.com*



One of the more imaginative ads we've seen on eBay

Never crossed the Sahara, but has rescued Thomas the Tank when he's gone off the tracks and presumably off the wagon.

Sometimes, you just step in the right pile. And it all makes perfect sense. How did I fall for the iconic utility of this truck? Growing up, I was always greasy mending a variety of quirky rides. Fussy two-seater British cars, cobby CJs and Scouts. Underpowered fresh-air forty Vdub buses. Limited-use fun that occasionally ran off with my wallet for the love of open-air motoring or four-wheel bogging. But the vintage Land Rover is different. All inclusive. A combination of all past pursuits, but better. How can this be? These old rides are all made of the same metals and spare economic thinking. They'll crush down to similar cubed weights and recycled scrap value. As odd as it appears, ducking clenched tribal fists, its basic engineering behaves seemingly more refined than an early army or CJ Jeep.

As a convertible, it has every basic charm desired on topless summer evenings that most roadsters deliver for quadruple the investment. Rugged, squared off and simple in its Marine Blue and cream, I swear underneath it has a plate stamped Matchbox® or Dinky® with a commensurate price tag. Of any ride to pass through my garage, this is the first one I don't even care to keep fluffed and buffed. My young nieces and nephews have a free pass to climb in and out, up and down for hours, perplexed by the right-hand hoop. They try to hotwire it with a popsicle stick so they can get it back to Sir Topham Hat asap to pull Thomas the Tank Engine out of the local watering hole after pissing and steaming all day. Rover and Perkins rob banks with Bertie, Trevor, Harold and Bulgy they argue. Cheaper than a humdrum redwood jungle gym full of tires and ropes in a schoolyard or city park, the Land Rover can actually go somewhere under the toyish racket of the Perkins. Mostly to the custard stand,

a local hayride to get enough uneaten melting swirl to primer the bed again. Hosing out the back before the dog licks through the paint, my oldest nephew reminds me "Once you go clickety-clack, you never go back." The kids swear the chattering engine talks and runs on French fries as they dance in the temporal puff of blue smoke when started cold. They want to drop out of kindergarten, drive around town and start delivering mail. USPS is

hiring young, ambitious independents with a good, new attitude. And a driver's license not forged on a paper plate.

Crunches granola, dirty footed, cleans up well, loves to do your chores.

This diesel truck will go for

long drives on the beach and let you take her trout fishing in the mountains without any complaint if you want. It's a versatile dream date. While I appreciate the peace prizes Land Rover earned rescuing the third world, this truck can only wish to escape to the Sahara or primitive destinations found in National Geographic. My girlfriend has it on a localized short leash, rolling into weekend farmer's markets, bartering exotic greens out the back for garden swaps. As reliable as a plow horse without devouring bales of emergency funds, the truck asks for nothing. Just something to do. I have a small piece of land that constantly grows chores. Pulling stumps. Yard cleanup. Hauling firewood. The compact 88-inch footprint, nimble steering and versatile power make for the perfect mule. Or border collie.



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eBay Ad *(continued from page 5)*

So good, I think I'll have another.

And now I have two vintage Land Rovers. Let me explain as I open up a bottle of aspirin. Hop fueled, late night horse-trading among cash-strapped friends over the survival merits of high volumes of low technology found me waking up with a 109 Series IIA in my front yard, parked on a clean title and an I.O.U. Marine blue. White cap. Cream wheels. So similar, yet completely different personalities. Rubbing my eyes, one has got to go before they start inbreeding like sheep. While I'll never don Wellies or wear a tweed jacket with matching cap and elbow patches, I am scheming a plow and bush-hog for the 109 from the next Matchbox® accessory catalog. Gentleman farming, not quite. The 109 just hauls more homebrew when the chores are done.

Its mother was a tractor that wore army boots.

I sold my Kubota to get this truck. What an upgrade. The dead simple four-cylinder Perkins swap is period to the truck. The conversion was done in the UK and is as clean and competent as Vo-Tech 101. It is an eighties/nineties style mill, also used to power boats and farm tractors the world over, bolted to the stock trans and drivetrain without much modification. This non-turbo Perkins is a compatible match to the existing gear ratios. It also feels equal to the modest horsepower available in the anemic gas engine, but with gobs more torque when needed. While the diesel rev range is shorter compared to the gas engine, it produces plenty of low and mid-range power as expected. It loses a little oomph in fourth gear as a hill approaches, though. Heading up to 45/50 mph tops, most of the work is done in third gear. First gear will pull your mother-in-law's house further away into the next county. Second is the most frequent place to start. As with the gas engines, a Fairey or Roverdrive would be necessary for deliberate highway use. For trundling into town, exploring back roads or mischievously combing country club sandpits for stray golf balls, it's perfect. As needed, the Perkins spares are plentiful and readily available here in the US. The motor is tight. No leaky injectors. A proper racket. There is really not much to do except change the oil when you want to show your affection. The NAPA spin on filter conversion keeps you from taking an oil bath, too.

The truth has a way of leaking out.

Without over-mentioning it, this truck is solid-state. Analog tube-type. No motherboard. It is one of many Series Rovers out in circulation in mixed condition without known mileage, courtesy of Jaeger, but can be easily wear-dated by knowing what's been done and knowledgeably guessing what might be on deck or in the bullpen. This slimy limey is mechanically solid and more confidence inspiring than your average hobbyhorse. While the transmission isn't packed with sawdust and the rear isn't stuffed with banana peels, it is guilty of a recent repaint, new tires, seats and mats, fresh lenses and aluminum side curtains. The truck is well presented but has the patina of a pre-washed pair of Levis with reinforced rivets. It has a new starter and recent battery. With solid compression, it fires right up smooth. The drivetrain does its job without any noise, slop or complaining. There is no overdrive, but the transmission is syncro without wining or grinding. It snicks into gear every time. The clutch is strong, precise. The transfer box falls into position as did new. The front hubs spin freely and lock. Now let's jump inside... While the speedo is bouncy and untrustworthy, all the other gauges, switches, wipers, horn, fan, warning lights and electrics work as expected, and the Perkins actually provides some decent heat for the cabin despite the lack of insulation. The steering is tight and can track a straight line without getting sloppy, but underway, the 88-inch wheelbase demands attention. Now jump back outside and underneath... the underside is typical greasy, grimy and weepy in all the right spots for a slimy limey whose gaskets are supple enough to seal most of the fluids in. No excessive puddles, but surely some drips. The frame is solid without any rot or accident damage. There is a pair of sill straps that could use reattachment from the frame to the wings. The suspension is solid and predictable. The brakes will stop on a dime. This truck is a beast. But don't put away your spanners so quickly, as the British perfected patented imperfection. Surely something needs attention. Maybe it's only an empty pint glass. J

Hickeys, Warts, Quirks and Bumps.

What needs to be tended to? Not much, really. If you were blindfolded, the truck would feel and function as expected. Open-eyed, most of its character flaws in appearance reflect honest use,

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A December diatribe...

ARTICLE AND PHOTOS BY D. KENNER

Where to start? Dear, dear, such hurtful misinformation abounds about the condition of the BGB. She is quite sensitive and such propaganda only makes her less than co-operative.

As some readers might know, I received an award at the Christmas Party. The criteria was based upon numerous fabrications, circulated by agent provocateurs who, as far as I can tell, are simple jealous! It was actually postulated that my poor, "long suffering" BGB was unable to transport my bride from the church to reception. This is simply not true! Falsehoods abound!

The BGB is fully functional. This was clearly demonstrated in this photo where the BGB can be seen parked near Kirkwood Manor, not in the driveway where it normally rests. This unretouched photo [1] was taken the day after the wedding when Ben, Bruce, Christina, Dave, and Quintin showed up,



started it up, drove it onto the street, to allow the Dormobile to be moved, which allowed the 80 inch to be loaded onto Q's trailer for transport to Ben's place for some TLC.

Now, while "Gasket Under Glass" does look rather attractive back over my fireplace, I must remind the Executive that the conditions for its award were mostly set by Bob Wood many years ago, 1996 I believe. The premise starts with a "I can't believe it actually ran" award, since it uses a head gasket with the most spectacular burn through that Ted Rose ever saw yet got the BGB from Ottawa to Stowe

Vermont, over the Notch, and back! Speaking of which, has anyone seen Ted lately? He is getting almost as elusive as Bob Wood was! Where am I going with this?



Oh, yes, while not sex, lies, and videotape, the BGB never being successfully videotaped (she's shy), the lies must be addressed. By applying Occam's Razor, when you strip all of the fluffery, complications, and sophistry away from an argument, what is left must be the truth. Simply put, while the BGB does have an aggressive maintenance regime, the reason that Ted's Land Rover mysteriously appeared in front of the Church was simply that tradition. Since Queen

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A December diatribe... (continued from page 7)

Victoria, custom dictates that the bride shall wear white, or some colour approximating it. Ted's 88" is the cleanest Rover in the city, if not Ontario, outside of Toronto of course! Had the fair Deborah gotten near the BGB, she would have looked like she was just coming out of a REME shop. Which actually raises an fascinating question. Why is Ted's 88 so clean? Hmmm? Shouldn't there be an article on that? And where is Ted anyway?

I ask dear reader, how could a couple, married in a Land Rover themed wedding, not have a functional Land Rover? Even the wedding cakes were Land Rover themed as shown by these couple of photographs! [2]

Yes, there were nine Land Rover themed cakes. Each table had a cake that denoted some Land Rover related activity over the previous year. From the Winter Romp at Bruce's, to Blacker than Night at Ben's, to the Maple Syrup Rally, Birthday Party, or Christmas Party and others. [3] (The Guy Fawkes cake so well done that it vanished from the National Gallery fridge! Yes, Stolen!). Certainly, the main wedding cake was labelled "Requires Maintenance", and it featured a green 109", but it in

no way implied that the BGB was not up to its stuff on wedding day! [4]

In conclusion, I proposed a Ted Rose Sighting Society. The newsletter editor would like to solicit photos of Ted [5] and or his 88". The editor of this learned journal, being quite versed in Photoshop or Gimp, will know fakes!

As I have raised an award from the Christmas Party, maybe a few words should be mentioned there. First, a healthy number of members were in attendance, many with rather low membership numbers. #1, #6, et cetera. Though I do caution paying attention to low numbers. A certain series of numbers vanished as far as the low numbers. For example, while #109 was there, yes, all of the Land Rover "wheelbased" were quickly taken, where was #88 (Ted?). Enough of numbers!

The Christmas Party had the usual allotment of contests to challenge the guests. Murray Jackson again supplied his "Ladies Crossword Puzzle". To ensure that the husbands and boyfriends were rendered impotent, the number of Land Rover related questions was kept to a minimum. None I believe. Yet, three ladies did manage perfect scores

and won some dainty wee cakes from "The Lady with the Most Cakes™". Those highly capable women were Deborah Sévigny, Laura Speedie's mom Anne and Wendy Ratcliffe.

The traditional Feelie Meelie and Seelie Meelie were also on offer for all comers. The Seelie Meelie was especially evil this year. An assortment of parts out of modern Land Rovers, not a single person got one part correct! Shocking! Either these modern vehicles

require no maintenance, or... <shudder>

The Feelie Meelie came in the well established Easy, Medium, and Hard selections and numerous people participated. As well, Dave Pell was not allowed to put in Kubota tractor parts. All were

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A December diatribe... (continued from page 8)

fairly challenging, and a number of people did well in more than one level. That said, the winners of the various challenges were:

Kevin Newell - Difficult; Fred Barret - Medium;
Dixon Kenner - Easy

Now for the awards. Towball was off somewhere, missing in action, however it was awarded to Andrew Jones who used Peter's trailer to move his running 86" from Oxford Mills to the new Jones estate.

Generally, the Towball goes to the member towing a Land Rover about. The sillier the reason, the greater chance of success. EG, former winner Spencer Norcross who has his 88" towed to Rovers North for a busted gearbox when a shock bolt was loose.

One new award entering the ring is the Grey Poupon Award. This is to be awarded to the person who uses fanciest vehicle off road. Whether it be a brand new plush-mobile or a magnificently restored Series vehicle. The first winners are Dom & Scarlet Perodeau who at the Madoc Guy Fawkes took a 30th edition Range Rover off-road. Brave souls.

Gasket under Glass: I quote our President: "to Dixon for having to borrow a LR from Ted Rose to use at his marriage. Where was the BGB?" Thank you Ben. You are encouraging me to write more for the newsletter <cough>.

Silver Swivel Ball: an award to someone who has put a lot of effort into helping the club over the past year. This year it went to Terry King, for his outstanding efforts in producing the newsletter. I note Terry was not at the Christmas Party, his Land Rover probably dead from some two month long maintenance effort that is now in its fourteenth month, but did he get an award for that? No... Granted, maybe I do him a disservice as he was towing JL's "Brutus" home again! Oops, should not talk out of turn! (ed. note: "Don't ask how many dead Discos I have at the moment").

The Golden Wench award: To again quote our esteemed President: "I am not entirely clear why or what the award is for. But, we are giving it to Gab for the outstanding job she has been doing for our designer clothes and other merchandise offerings." While I am unaware of the origins of this award, Gab has been doing a wonderful job in the merchandising realm!

Last, but certainly not least, the honoured, and sometimes feared Lugnut. Surprisingly enough, it was not awarded for badness this year. Obviously our newsletter editor and President have a price. Maybe they are actually in collusion for that highly embarrassing situation up in Calabogie this Fall. Oh well, I shouldn't really say anything about it. That said, Fred Barrett won for being talked into taking "Molly" (formerly Al Pilgrim's "Sally"), his 107" onto the RTV to validate the course. "Fred! What were you thinking!?" It was messy...

All in all, the Christmas Party was excellent and there was plenty of food for all. Hoping to see some more familiar faces there next year ... I understand that it will coincide with the annual meeting of the Ted Rose Sighting Society.



Proof of the Grey Poupon.

PHOTO CREDIT: T. KING

eBay Ad *(continued from page 6)*

not neglect. There's a stone chip in driver side glass. A repairable crack in the exhaust downpipe. Some experimental skimcoat on the rear driver side wing is starting to crack off due to the Perkins determination to stress test any item not welded on. Occasionally, I replace a few nuts, bolts and split pins that wiggle off in protest. The hardtop, which spends most time under a tarp, has a few dings and a pair of small holes from a previous rack. Solid, secure, it is shelter from a storm. The windows slide freely in the slightly mossy, original channels. Under the bonnet, fresh radiator hoses and another seasonal fluid change are in order. There is an old-school adjustable hitch on the back and recovery pins on the front bumper to keep from sliding into trouble. No professional grade accessories or radio. The Perkins qualifies as both.

Cutting to the Chase.

The truck comes with a clean title, VIN LBAAG1AAnnnnnn, a pair of rear lamp guards, a new folding bench seat and tailgate for when the tin top comes off in time for the next blizzard or summer breeze. This time of year, the truck toboggans through Frank Capra's "It's a Wonderful Life" as the low-horse open sleigh. A case of your favorite English ale is included, too. Served slightly warm, with a spare smashed bloody good over the front bumper and a deserved toast. You never really own these things, they seem to just

get shared among friends. It is always thrilling to catch, and sad to release. For more perspective, should you want to spend quite a few quid, chase a splendid restoration. Buy one done or enjoy the soulcraft of turning wrenches over bloody knuckles and a large checkbook. The aesthetic is different, but the ignition key turns practically the same. There's plenty of contemporary rock crawling appliances available too, if the slick rock of Moab keeps you up at night. This truck hardly deserves a restoration or a trophy. In closing, it seems to be a solid hobbyhorse that never was sacrificed in the Darien Gap or tricked out for the Sahara. It is just a modest piece of farm equipment from a time where less was more. Simple as a sludgetrap. This truck asks for nothing. No babying. No chamois diaper wipes. Park it between the lawnmower, bicycles and power washer. Change the oil once in a while. Crawl around underneath and let me know if it says made by Lesney™. Somewhere, I swear it does.

Pickup.

Within one hour of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania recommended or will deliver within a day's drive for a tank of fuel and a trailer rental, worth barely a hundred quid.

Truck is currently sipping hot Castrol tea over biscuits when not driving down the wrong side of the road. Contact me with any questions, anytime.

Memories of Spring!



Maple Syrup Rally – 2009.

PHOTO CREDIT: T. KING

Classifieds

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Invitation to Ottawa All Clubs Darts Tournament

Hello everyone,

After losing our venue this year, and not finding an alternate in time, we would like to get the All Clubs Darts Tournament back on the planning calendar for 2010.

The date for this fun event will be Saturday February 20, 2010 during the afternoon. There are still a couple of locations being considered, but it will almost certainly be in the east end this year. I shall be confirming the location and other details soon, but would appreciate it if you could extend this invitation to your club membership to let them know that it is coming.

Hope to see good participation again this year.

*Best regards,
Don Leblanc*

Interested? OVLRL members please reply to David Pell <djpells3@yahoo.ca>

2010 Annual General Meeting

Date: January 27, 2010

Time: 7:30 p.m.

Place: Kanata Legion
70 Hines Road
Kanata

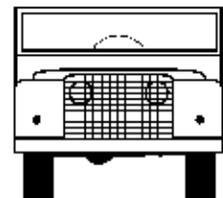
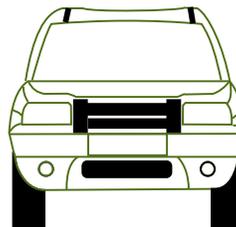
Excerpt from OVLRL bylaws approved 98/12/05

Voting

1. Every full member shall be entitled to receive notice and attend all annual, general or special meeting of the members of the corporation, to vote in person or by proxy on all questions, matters or subjects which must be submitted to the members, according to the Act and the present by-laws. Associate members shall be entitled to receive notice of meetings of members, but shall not be entitled to vote.

2. At all meetings of members of the corporation, the outcome of any motion put before the members shall be determined by a majority of votes unless otherwise specifically provided by statute of these by-laws. Voting for the directors shall be by written ballot received by tabulation day. Members attending the election in person will also vote by written ballot prior to the tabulation of mailed-in ballots.

Please send nominations to Bruce Ricker <b.p.ricker@rogers.com>



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We are also OVL R Club Members = Enthusiasts serving Enthusiasts!

*Season's
Greetings*

PHOTO CREDIT:

T. KING

