

Monthly Newsletter of the LROC of SA KwaZulu-Natal

P.O. Box 70650, Overport, 4067

Find our Home Page at www.landroverclub.za.org

FEBRUARY 2013 EDITION



LANDROVING IN KZN



Ed's comment, "The newsletter is published regularly on an irregular basis every month, printed as and when it seems fit and delivered when it suits. It will be late on your time, **but on time, on my time.**"

Disclaimer: The views and opinions expressed in this Newsletter are not necessarily those of the Club's Committee, Members or the Editors and may be incorrect

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THE “BULL” BAR

O SOLO MIO.....

Well I escaped the clutches of the medical fraternity sooner than anticipated, so I am back, and the rescue squad returned empty handed. My sincere thanks to all who gave messages of support, for what was a particularly troubling time for me-myself-I.

Miracles do happen, and it was a much relieved Ed who returned from the induced halls of darkness, to an otherwise intact body still attached to an otherwise disturbed mind.

What really amazed me was how rejuvenated I felt on recovering from the anaesthetic. I felt as if I had had the second most relaxed sleep of my life.

The first was.....well let me see now....., how shall I begin?

The seasons were changing, and the normally excessive dry heat of the Karoo underwent an overnight metamorphosis, and De Aar and its inhabitants were attacked by a sudden case of sleet. Ensnared in our little bungalow at the Holy Convent of the Lost Lamb, where we were temporary billeted, our little Band of Brothers, most of whom had never seen temperatures below 26 degrees Celsius, let alone sleet decided this was a good excuse for a forage into “enemy” territory, to rape, pillage and plunder! Our Commanding Officer always said, “Manne! Always hit them when they least expect it.”

Donning our bed-sheets and pillow cases, and making like a ski patrol from Ice Station Zebra, we slowly shuffled past the sentries in their guard towers, with fog tinted windows. Moving backwards so if they spotted us, they thought we were arriving, we schussed to the sanctuary of the vehicle pool.

A short 1967 Cortina 1500 Deluxe, Column Shift , Station Wagon drive away, the local bottle store owner, nestled somewhere between Human Butchery and Human & Pitt Undertakers (the locals there can obviously only take so much of lamb) experienced his first taste of the impending force majeure of the 80's, as a few shelves were divested of hydraulic sandwiches of varying culinary delight, by a number of advance party troops, with nothing else in mind but warding off the winter chill on the Eastern Front.

Our winter camouflage was so good, he never even saw us coming! Well, at least he was a Human, and a willing collaborator!

The crate of Colt 45 anti-freeze smuggled across enemy lines, disappeared faster than a 1945 Eisbein outside Stalingrad, and there was nothing for it but to break out the ration packs. Someone,(Name, rank and serial number withheld in terms of the Geneva Convention) , bleeding badly from both eyes in one socket, and needing intensive medical care, was laying wounded in some shell hole, yelling MEDIC!. MEDIC! HELP ME, I'M HIT!

In the din of battle, someone procured a stretcher and after placing yours truly on a table, the bearers produced a shiny 5litre silver bag of life saving plasma and a significant amount was immediately infused intra-orally by a concerned medic, to the obligatory pulmonary resuscitation, count- off- by- numbers chest compressions, which if I recall, reached the figure of 563, by which time all 5 litres had been absorbed.

“Will he make it DOC?” enquired one of the concerned troops, at the last glug.

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Bugger Morphine!

Kellerprinz Late Harvest, I have now discovered, should be regarded as a schedule 1 drug, and a warning should be printed on the label in bold letters saying Contra –Indications **“WARNING..Consumption may result in traces of nuts!”**

With the words of General McArthur “WE WILL BE BACK” ringing in my head, it was now time to put injury aside, go over the top again to fight valiantly to stem the Communist onslaught and earn my Pro Hep Gold Class with DSO and Bar.

The former two, being totally out of the question in my condition, left only the latter option available.

“Give me a Depth Charge” I yelled at the barman at the Merino Hotel, as I staggered between the other shorn sheep (You thought I would say Human didn’t you?), in full naval battle cry, having now used up all the Jaeger Bombs.

“INCOOOOMING!” went the battle cry.

“TAKE COVER!” screamed someone, as the world exploded in a kaleidoscope sound and colour.

Sometime later, now dazed, and leopard crawling under cover of darkness, some-where in no mans land between the Merino Hotel and the sanctuary of our own lines, the fear of dying in that far flung frozen sheep pen called De Aar, hit home.

Even worse, was the thought of being captured, thought for dead and thrown in a Pitt by the burial detachment, or being deboned and sold to an unsuspecting Rovos Rail tourist as someone else’s dry-wors. God knows, I was dehydrated enough for that option.

Somehow I needed to find shelter from the constant rain of ordinance exploding in my head.

It was then I saw the open unoccupied slit trench in no man’s land, and I slithered into its protective recess. Lying on my back, separated from my platoon, and all alone in the darkness, I lay expecting the very worst.

My eyes were drawn to the stellar array of the Milky Way above the sanctity of the narrow, dark and dank earthen walls of my slit trench, and my thoughts wondered to my loved ones at home, and the prospects of an early cessation of hostilities.

The sky spun and all went black, as battle fatigue took control. For the first time since the Rinderpest, I slept the sleep of the very, very dead.

At the break of dawn I came to, to the muted sounds of an approaching enemy patrol. I lay terrified, as I heard their muffled footfalls and muted voices approaching my trench.....”THANK BACCHUS, I AM ALIVE!” I thought to myself.

“Must have been creased on the head!” I muttered under my breath, as I felt the sudden onset of pain from my head wound.

“They will never take me alive!” I mused, as I prepared for the inevitable combat that would invariably follow.

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Unable to find my weapon, obviously lost in the field, in the heat of the preceding night's battle, I gathered up my strength and summonsed every ounce of courage my battered form could muster.

I could hear them right next to me.

The element of total surprise was in my favour. It was now or never!

I jumped up in the trench, and yelled "SURRENDER YOU COMMIE BASTARDS, I HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!" great clouds of steam, infused with an odour of decaying grape residue escaping my mouth in the frigid morning air.

"NAYEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! JOU MA SE- !@#\$... HEEEEEEEEELP MEDDEM! THE TOKOLOSH..... SHE IS COMING" went the terrified cry of the early morning nurses shift, as they scattered outside the main gates of De Aar Provincial Hospital I, as I emerged from the empty brick enclosed flower bed, in all my pale, mud spattered and earthen brown splendour, looking somewhat like the lead role in the 70's cult horror movie, The Living Dead from the Manchester Morgue.

So, if ever anyone of you wandering types happen to call in at De Aar and are in need of a really good night's rejuvenating kip, the next best thing to anaesthetic I can highly recommend, is 5 litres of Kellerprinz Autumn Harvest and an empty flower bed near the hospital gates.

That is if it has not been filled with Poppies or been turned into a monument to the Missing Nightingales!

Oh, by the way, the dispensing pharmacist and the Aspirin are really nearby too!

The Ed.

PS If you do happen to see Human Butchery when there, their meat is really to die for!

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OBSERVATIONS, RESERVATIONS, COMMENDATIONS

The Good



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And the Bad.....

Canadian Speed Controls

Speed controls being used in Canada. How's this for effective speed control?



I don't know about you, but this would certainly slow me down!

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People slow down and actually try to "straddle" the hole.



This is an actual speed control device that is currently in use.

It is MUCH cheaper than speed cameras, radar guns, police officers, etc.



Pretty clever, especially when they move them around every day.

Isn't art wonderful?

Yeah, yeah! BUT in SA we are not 'sissies' - we use the real thing!!!

(.... now for the Ugly)

Everyone seems to be in such a hurry to scream 'racism' these days.

A customer asked... "In what aisle could I find the Irish sausage?"

The clerk asks..."Are you Irish?"

The guy, clearly offended says... "Yes I am, but let me ask you something.

"If I had asked for Italian sausage, would you ask me if I was Italian?

Or if I had asked for German Bratwurst, would you ask me if I was German?

Or if I asked for a kosher hot dog would you ask me if I was Jewish?

Or if I had asked for a Taco, would you ask if I was Mexican?

Or if I asked for Polish sausage, would you ask if I was Polish?"

The clerk says..."No, I probably wouldn't."

The guy says..."Well then, because I asked for Irish sausage... "why did you ask me if I'm Irish?"

The clerk replied..."Because you're in Builder's Warehouse"...

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TECH TALK

To be or not to be.....

I guess I may well be treading on unstable ground here, but in the absence of anything technical to report on yet again, I raise an issue for general consumption, and dare I say it "commentary".

Our outing of the 17th March, gives rise to the following question; What is the general view of club members to non Land Rover vehicles accompanying us on our organised club outings?

A number of Lada's, Toyota's, a Jeep and a Gelandewagen were evident at the line up to our last venture into the valley. Whether they were owned by existing members whose usual mode of transport was unavailable, were invited guests of members, or simply just self invited like-minded off road enthusiasts who happened upon our gathering by chance is unknown. (I would guess a combination of all three scenarios)

What is evident is that their attendance of our Land Rover Club day, caused a fair amount of frustration, and some consternation among many members, who were inconvenienced as a result of a number of incidents along the trail, which caused continual convoy hernias. This also so, as recovery efforts, owing to the particular vehicles inability to forge certain of the obstacles along the way, also inconvenienced some. Some may even argue that certain of the vehicles were in no way mechanically sound enough, or suitably equipped with recovery gear, to have even ventured into the valley to start with on the day, albeit on a relatively easy grade three trail.

It would be good to receive the general views of members, on this somewhat delicate matter.

At the root of the issue is our club constitution, which dictates that we are a Land Rover Owners club, with the purpose of enjoying our vehicles and promoting the Land Rover Brand.

Elitist, however I would suggest we are not! Nor would I proffer are we, as off road enthusiasts, unwilling to render a service, or unwilling to lend a helping hand to other like minded individuals in need. This I think would be an unspeakable act of elitist selfishness of the greatest magnitude, and I very much doubt we have any members in the club who fit this category. Land Rovers of course like any other vehicle can and do break down as well.

It is a rather contentious issue, and one as the Club Newsletter Editor I am somewhat reticent to comment on, save to say that, I believe in all fairness, the only times we should be condoning attendance by non-Land Rover vehicles on our organised days (unless an organised Committee event), is in the specific circumstance of a current, paid up member, having no alternative but to drive another vehicle due to unavailability of his or her Land Rover, in the special case of a prospective new Land Rover Club Member awaiting delivery of a Land Rover, and more rarely in the event of a member wishing to entertain a close personal friend, family member or visitor to KZN.

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What I am prepared to say is that I feel it is only fair and respectable, for any member seeking to invite a non Land Rover Club member, in a non Land Rover vehicle, to first seek the approval or consent of the Events Organiser, or the given trail leader of the day, or even the Chairman in need, well in advance of the event, especially in light of previous comments made.

This would also save the Committee members or trail leader the unenviable task of having to confront a non club member, or member, and deny their attendance of the given event on the day, and risk incurring the wrath of the Gods.

It must be borne in mind here that many members' faces are not universally known to all the Committee members and many members do not regularly attend every event.

It should also be incumbent upon such member to ensure that his or her invited guest is fully aware of the need to be fully equipped with the relevant recovery gear and equipment, and assume full responsibility for the well being of their invited guest for the day.

Would it be unfair of me to volunteer that such vehicles and invited guests, if permitted to join up with us, should always remain at the rear of the convoy, so as not to impede or infringe on the enjoyment of others who may have stronger views on the matter?

Failing that, the Event's Organiser or trail leader of the day should perhaps advise these individuals that they are to assume responsibility for their own devices, and simply not form part of our convoy at all.

I don't know, but the jury seems out on the matter, so you are the judge!

PS. The views contained herein are not a personal attempt to embarrass or make example of any specific individuals who partook in our recent valley drive. All further commentary on this subject is intended in good humour (see below), so if any of our members did drive alternate vehicles, do not take my tongue in cheek humour, or my comments above, personally.

Remember Complaints Department, 17th floor.....please use the stairs!

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Sani: The torture pass that Land-Rover tamed

Article courtesy of George Goswell

Over the past 65 years, the Land Rover's toughness has become legendary. In the incredible 65-year-saga of the Land-Rover there can be fewer places where this sure-footed vagabond has played a greater role in the opening up of an area than Sani Pass.

Snaking its way up a narrow valley between Natal and Lesotho, Sani Pass is steep enough to give mountain goat vertigo. The pass soars by some 1330 meters in a matter of six and half kilometres. (It sounds better in old language – 1000 feet a mile for four miles.)

Sani evolved as a bridle path linking Mokhotlong, high on the Lesotho plateau, with trading stores near Himeville in Natal. Pack donkeys brought bales of wool down from Mokhotlong and returned with bags of maize and other necessities – the round trip taking just on a week.

It was the local district commissioner who first cleared the pass sufficiently to bump, grind and heave his way up in a vehicle. In 1956 David Alexander started Mokhotlong Mountain Transport to provide a freight link between Natal and Mokhotlong. A few years later while travelling on a train he met up with Bill Bright, a Railways statistician. Alexander asked Bill Bright to pay him a visit at Himeville to see if he could put Mokhotlong Mountain Transport on a sound business footing.

Things happened fast. Alexander said he wanted to get out of the business, and Bill Bright found himself as a co-owner of MMT with John Webb and Arthur Major – and it was a partnership that was to become a legend over the next 15 years.

Bright, Webb and Major started off with one long wheelbase and one short wheelbase Land-Rover. This fleet was eventually to grow to 22.

The bread-and butter of the business was always the freight transportation. Long wheelbase Land-Rover pick-ups loaded with three quarter ton of freight would labour for six hours from the MMT headquarters near Himeville, up Sani and Black Mountain passes to Mokhotlong – and that was if the road was clear.

Come winter, and the picture changed somewhat. That six-hour trip could turn into a four-week struggle digging through 3 – meter-deep drifts of snow. Of course there was always the possibility that the weather would turn and all the excavations would be covered in snow again. When the World Food Programme started granting aid to Lesotho, MMT transported vast quantities of yellow corn meal, milk powder and bales of clothing to Mokhotlong.

“The World Food Programme had some rather quaint ideas of the culinary preferences of Basotho,” said Bill Bright. “From time to time we had to haul consignments of dried fish, ham loaf and cheese up to Mokhotlong. I somehow doubt whether these were ever eaten.”

The freight drivers were a special breed of men. On one occasion a driver bailed out of his Land-Rover when he realized that it was going over the edge of the road. The vehicle plunged

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down a 50-metre bank and landed on a lower section of the pass on its wheels. The driver walked down to the vehicle, started it up and continued happily on his way.

"I once had to use one of our freight vehicles for a trip. Every time I applied the brakes, the Land-Rover would nearly veer off the road. I couldn't work out what was wrong, so I completed the journey. I later asked the regular driver of the vehicle if he had noticed anything wrong. "Oh yes," he said, "a few weeks ago one of the brake wheel cylinders was leaking, so I cut the brake pipe and crimped it over with a pair of pliers to stop the leak." After I'd firmly placed a boot in his posterior, I was able to meditate on the consequences of his refined repair job failing.

START PRAYING "But, you know, I always maintained that if your brakes or steering or gearbox packed up you would still be able to get yourself out of trouble, if two of these packed up at the same time, you would start sweating, and if all three packed up you would start praying. I never had a serious accident during my years with MMT," he said.

While the average Land-Rover owner can expect his Land-Rover to be a member of the family for many a year, Bill said the MMT vehicles lasted a maximum of two years before ending on the scrapheap for cannibalization.

The more glamorous side of MMT's business has always been the tourist trade, where Land-Rover station-wagons are used to ferry parties for day trips to the mountain chalet at the top of the pass. The scenery is still spectacular, but gone are the days when the Land-Rover had to reverse and turn on the hairpin bends.

NEEDLE-SHARP "One of our drivers was once negotiating the needle-sharp Grey's Corner when a tourist asked why it was called Grey's Corner. "Because you only get around it by the Grace of God, was the quick reply," said Bill Bright.

Nowadays many of the steeper areas have been flattened and the road surface receives regular maintenance from the Natal provincial Administration.

"To give some idea of how things have improved the six-hour trip to Mokhotlong has now been cut down to three hours," Bill said.

Bill Bright, John Webb and Arthur Major sold MMT in 1972, and it is still run as a freight and tourist company.

Bill Bright paid tribute to the vehicle that made it possible. "I have a tremendous love and respect for the Land-Rover," he said. "We worked our vehicles hard, and I don't know of any other vehicle that could have stood the sort of punishment we dished out."

Article appeared in "McCarthy Torque" June 1984

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RECENT EVENTS

17 March –Umgeni Valley

The clan gathered outside the Botha's Hill spar, for 09h00 departure. The number of vehicles exceeded expectations as at least 20 plus eager beavers set off on convoy into the valley.

Going was initially slow, this Paddy's day, as a number of back markers (and dare I say non-Land Rover type vehicles which had somehow become attached to our gathering) held us up. One in particular, a Gelandewagen was the regular culprit, much to the disgust of my invited guest Dave whom had been refused to bring his own non-British, Big Red Panzerwagen for the drive. (He still has not recovered from the poor showing of this vehicle, and is still receiving counselling. He wishes it to be made known to the club that he in no way wishes his Big Red to be confused with this similarly coloured vehicle, if happened upon in the valley – There Dave, I said it!).

Eventually after a gruelling hour or so of intermittent waiting and stop starts, we ended up on the pipe line bridge, for a mandatory convoy photo shoot. Actually it was quite an impressive line up, and true testimony to the marvels of modern engineering, as was evident by the ever opening expansion joints of the bridge deck spans, as pointed out by Brendan as we chatted.

I wonder if the engineer really ever intended over 60 tons of rolling dynamic mass to attempt a crossing let alone park bumper to bumper across its width. Anyway, it did not collapse and send us all plummeting into the river bed below, so hats off to Acme Concrete and Reinforcing.

We meandered down to slippery slide rocks and onward to the big rock area. After yet again more waiting for some other wayward Russian vehicles, that were no longer "rushing", due to mud problems, we congregated near the big rock where some good fellowship followed around the proverbial hot stuff, we got to meet some of the new faces in the club and generally chewed the fat, some of us more than others (Last time I buy my short ribs from Gateway Spar0!).

Somewhere in the background we were entertained by the intermittent musical strains of a Gelandewagen attempting to start!.(I had to put this here Dave!)

Lunch and some gentle playing over, George then led us back via the slippery slide rock to a high mountain top, from where we had a commanding view of the valley and the lush rolling hills of Natal, and the tiny red Gelandewagen, stuck yet again, far, far , below (I know Dave, I know.....)

En route however, a certain village idiot who shall remain nameless, managed to get himself wedged upon a rock and a tree, removing some undercarriage bits, but thanks to Jan & George, a quick winch had him back on the road, after all his concerned passengers were ejected. Thanks! One potential nomination for the Wally award lurking methinks! (Note to self – Always trust your first instincts. Note to wife – I really MUST buy a winch!)

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At least however, Dusky started better than a certain Gelandewagen (It is British, after all Dave....that's why we won the war!)

After a short stint at the gathering spot atop the hilltop for the mandatory photo shoot, and after Mosquito Net Mike (surname name withheld, and don't go there please!), muttering things about the war, and in some need of counselling, had calmed down enough, it was back past the stationary Gelandewagen (Heh! Heh! Dave...) and off homeward bound, leaving some of the convoy to leave a fairly decent set of tracks for the Gelandewagen to follow (I am really enjoying this now Dave!), when it finally got going again.

A thoroughly enjoyable day, albeit very frustrating for the convoy leaders, however there will no doubt be a Committee review of who will be allowed to join us on club meets in the future (Yes Dave I know it is no relation of Big Reds, and I apologize in advance should any passing club member give you wayward looks, or a middle finger salute, in future!).



Gentlemen – start your motors!



A Bridge too far?

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Spot the missing Gelandewagen!



How green is your valley?

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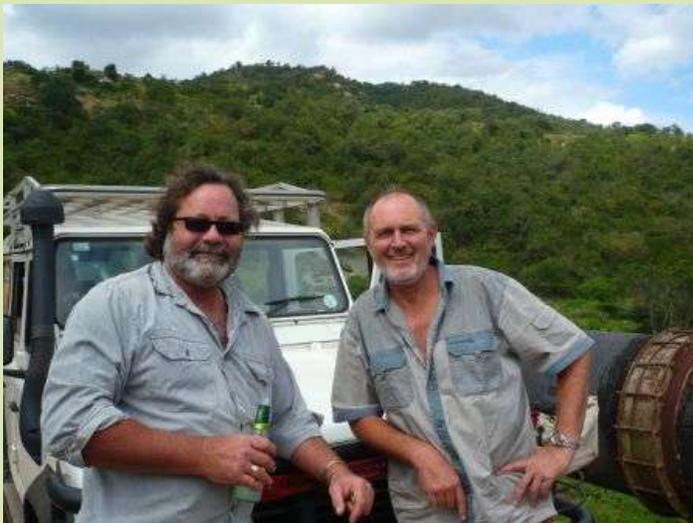
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We're not inside...we're on top!



Dave, minus Big Red, receiving counseling by the Ed! (Just so members might recognize him)

Lesotho trip (Part 2)

Yes, yes I know.....I see an award looming here!

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WAZZUP

LROC KZN PROVISIONAL EVENTS DIARY 2012/2013

When	What, where	More Info.	CONTACT PERSON	Grade
14 April	NUNGWANE WATERFALL TOTI.	Scenic trail to a 70m waterfall at the back of Toti. BYO braai at the top of the waterfall for lunch. Meet at Doonside Shopping center at 08h30 for 09h00.	Brendan Mitchell 0832824318	3
26 April – 1 May	TEMBE ELEPHANT PARK	Trip fully booked.	George Goswell 0836581324	3
19 May	CARS IN THE PARK PMB	Cars in the Park, Pietermaritzburg, an exhibit of motoring history by the various Cars Clubs with over a 1000 vintage and classic vehicles on display. An event to show off the LROC and rub shoulders with other car club members. 53 Land Rovers have been pre-registered to be on the LROC stand. X17 of them are Series 1 Land Rovers. For those members who did not pre-register you can still join us but you will have to park in the public car park and walk in. Join us it's a club social with a BYO braai for lunch. Braai fires will be provided.	George Goswell 0836581324	1
1 June	GATES EVENT RECCE	Gates recce on Sat and the Gates event on the Sunday. Why not make a weekend of it and camp over? Social BYO braai on Sat night.	George Goswell 0836581324	3
2 June	1 ST GATES EVENT	Killarney is the venue. 1 st Gates event for 2013. Seperate obstacles for standard and modified vehicles. More info to follow	George Goswell 0836581324	3 / 4
14 – 17 June	SANTA MARIA MOZAMBIQUE	Rustic camp site, be prepared to be self-sufficient.	Pierre Joubert 0823238372	2 / 3
July / Aug	SNOW RUN	When the snow is thick enough to play we go.	George Goswell 0836581324	3
16 Sep	MUSEUM TO MUSEUM FOREST TRAIL	Baynesfield to Malcom Anderson museum. The scenic trail will be on forest tracks and dirt roads (grade 2/3) There will be a charge of R50.00 per vehicle as per the last few years and all monies will be donated to the museums. Meet at 08h30 for 09h00 depart at Baynesfield Estate.	George Goswell 0836581324	3
21 – 24 Sep	LESOTHO	In at the bottom, up the middle, then across to the east and down Sani. Sound good, route still being planned but it's going to be a drivable route not a vehicle breaking route.	Brendan Mitchell 0832824318	3

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TRAIL GRADING: All our Events / Trails are graded according to the 5 grades below.

1. Complete novice soft dirt road trail, no low range required. Suitable for all Land Rovers including the Freelander.
2. Limited low range required but suitable for the novice driver. Suitable for all Land Rovers including the Freelander.
3. Low range and limited off road knowledge required. Suitable for all Land Rovers with certain trails not suitable for the Freelander.
4. A low range technical trail suitable for the experienced. The inexperienced will be able to do the trail, as assistance will be available from the more experienced members. Suitable for all Land Rovers except the Freelander.
5. Extremely technical, suitable for the experienced and/or modified vehicles only with the possibility of vehicle damage.

Misc Events not organized by the LROC KZN but worth supporting.

Sat 25 May	NATIONAL 4x4 CHALLENGE	Kwazulu Natal's leg of the national 4x4 circuit. This is an event we support as spectators, do not forget your camera, it's all action. Full catering and bar facilities available. Highstakes is the venue. Starts at 09h00	www.4xtr.co.za	1

HANG OVER RECOVERY



How does Moses make his tea? Hebrews it.

Venison for dinner again? Oh deer!

A cartoonist was found dead in his home. Details are sketchy

I used to be a banker, but then I lost interest.

Haunted French pancakes give me the crêpes.

England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool .

I tried to catch some fog, but I mist.

They told me I had type-A blood, but it was a Type-O.

I changed my iPod's name to Titanic. It's syncing now.

Jokes about German sausage are the wurst.

I know a guy who's addicted to brake fluid, but he says he can stop any time.

I stayed up all night to see where the sun went, and then it dawned on me.

This girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I'd never met herbivore.

When chemists die, they barium.

I'm reading a book about anti-gravity I just can't put it down.

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ONE LINERS

I did a theatrical performance about puns. It was a play on words.

PMS jokes aren't funny. Period...

Why were the Indians in North America first? They had reservations.

We're going on a class trip to the Coca-Cola factory. I hope there's no pop quiz.

I didn't like my beard at first. Then it grew on me.

Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils?

When you get a bladder infection; urine trouble.

Broken pencils are pointless.

What do you call a dinosaur with an extensive vocabulary? A Thesaurus.

I dropped out of communism class because of lousy Marx.

All the toilets in New York's police stations have been stolen. The police have nothing to go on.

I got a job at a bakery because I kneaded dough.

Velcro - what a rip off!

Words from a Pilot.....

During a commercial airline flight an experienced Air Force Pilot was seated next to a young mother with a babe in arms. When the baby began crying during the descent for landing, the mother began nursing the infant as discreetly as possible.

The pilot pretended not to notice, and, upon disembarking, he gallantly offered his assistance to help with the various baby-related items.

When the young mother expressed her gratitude, the pilot responded, "Gosh, that's a good looking baby, and he sure was hungry!"

Somewhat embarrassed, the mother explained that her paediatrician said that the time spent on the breast would help alleviate the pressure in the baby's ears.

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The Air Force Pilot sadly shook his head, and in true pilot fashion exclaimed, "And all these years, I've been chewing gum."

Smart Ass

Two young businessmen in Florida were sitting down for a break in their soon-to-be new store in the shopping mall. As yet, the store's merchandise wasn't in -- only a few shelves and display racks set up.

One said to the other, "I'll bet that any minute now some senior is going to walk by, put his face to the window, and ask what we're selling."

Sure enough, just a moment later, a curious senior gentleman walked up to the window, looked around intensely and rapped on the glass, then in a loud voice asked, "What are you selling here?"

One of the men replied sarcastically, "We're selling ass-holes."

Without skipping a beat, the old timer said, "You must be doing well. Only two left."

Seniors -- don't mess with them. They didn't get old by being stupid!

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Classifieds

If you wish to place an advert, please forward the info to
Web@landroverclub.za.org/Newsletter@landroverclub.za.org

Please note that ads will run in two successive newsletters where after they will be removed. For ease of reference those highlighted in red have already appeared and will not appear in the next newsletter unless you specifically send me an email asking me to keep the ad.

27Mhz Radio wanted

Do you know of anyone selling a second hand radio at the moment?

Contact Bryon Machado.

Cell: +27 82 940 5105
Tel: +27 31 305 1841
Fax: +27 86 644 1129
Email: sales@sadsacks.co.za