

## 2011 COMMITTEE

**Kenneth Jones**  
Chairman

Cell: 084 509 1427

Chairman@landroverclub.za.org

**Vehicles:** Defender 110 DC TD5  
Defender Hybrid (Snail)

**Newsletter Editor**

**Brian Moore**

Cell: 0828420064

Newsletter@landroverclub.za.org.

**Vehicle:** Defender 2.5 Td5

**Gavin Mc Kenzie**  
Membership

Tel: 031- 2661175(h)

membership@landroverclub.za.org

**Vehicle:** Defender 90 TDi

**George Goswell**  
Events/Trails/Gates

Tel: 031-7002300 (h)

Cell: 0836581324

trails@landroverclub.za.org

**Vehicles:** Series 111S HT  
Range Rover 3 door V8

**Paul Stanley**  
PRO

Cell: 082 7777 976

pro@landroverclub.za.org

**Vehicle:** Puma 90

**Johan Scheepers**  
Social Events

Cell: 082 3552 344

social@landroverclub.za.org

**Vehicles:**

Range Rover P38

Defender 110 v8

Disco11 v8

Series

**Brendan Mitchell**  
Webmaster/Treasurer

Cell: 0832824218

web@landroverclub.za.org

**Vehicle:** Defender 110 TD5

Disco 11 v8

**Leon Jacobs**  
Regalia

Cell: 073 214 7756

Regalia@landroverclub.za.org

Range Rover V8



# LANDROVING IN KZN



May 2011

P.O.Box 70650; Overport; 4067

Monthly Newsletter of the LROC of SA KwaZulu-Natal

Find our Home Page at [www.landroverclub.za.org](http://www.landroverclub.za.org)

**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.**"

Greetings and salutations, fellow defenders of the realm (excuse the pun)

My sincere thanks, to those members and committee members, for the positive responses to my first newsletter.

It is indeed encouraging to receive constructive feedback – please keep it up! Right now, I need every friend I can get! My first issue was not without some minor gremlins, which slipped past the eyes of my resident sub-editors Randy Lover and The Worn Wench, and hopefully I have sorted them all this time round. If not, well 17<sup>th</sup> floor, off you go.....

Well, this month got off to an interesting start, to say the least. Having survived the stress of a rather unplanned and need I say unwanted 2 day business trip to ( C ) Ape Town , put up with the glut of countless April Fools and hot off the heels of sleepless nights ,endure budget airline trips sans Jagermeister and then finally been press ganged into a mandatory guest appearance at a clan gathering of octogenarians in the Valley of the Almost Dead, it was with great joy and ecstasy that a perfunctory bloody-eyed glance at my axle grease embossed events roster, late Saturday evening, revealed a looming gates outing for Sunday the 3<sup>rd</sup> April. (Phew! – some heavy reading there - sorry!)

Come pre-sparrows Sunday morn, a great rallying of the troops was required and with a tumultuous rattling of the cake tins that dear old great granny Myrtle, donated to the help-a-pauper-bachelor-find-a-red -hot-babe fund all those years ago, a trail of steaming gearbox oil was left from No7, all the way to the N2, at ever increasing intervals of splotch. (Defenders never leak, they merely mark their territory!)

Being totally surrounded by the fairer sex, having left some 15 minutes past ETD ("What do they do in the bathroom so long?" he wondered!), anxiety levels were running high, as we thundered past numerous heavies in the second lane from the left. All yelling at each other (early morning starts are such bliss in my household) above the roar of the 90km/h jet stream raging through the air vents, and not 10 minutes into the journey, traffic was brought to a standstill as a result of an unfortunate mishap on the N2, causing a great gnashing of teeth. It wasn't me! The big hand of my special edition Mickey and Pluto 25yr service award began to rapidly approach the little hand launch time of the LROC Express into the valley. Not one to feel left behind, or play tail

gunner (a haunting legacy of fear from the shower cubicles during National Service), I rapidly jumped onto the cell phone to the ever helpful George, to plead for some latitude on behalf of the Moore clan, (who will probably all be late for their own funerals), and to ask him to kindly wait for us, before departing.

To my surprise, George very downheartedly (or maybe I had just woken him from a deep slumber too early) informed me that owing to work pressure, he had to delegate the task of sorting the Inchanga gates day over, to he who shall henceforth be referred to, as Sir Kenneth De Escargot.

“SELF!”, I thought to myself, with darned socks and knitted brow, “I doth hope thou mighty steed canst catcheth Sire Ken, fore he sallies forth into the valley of the gourdied beasties?”

With a mighty steed called The Snail, all things might-eth be possible and, surely, if he couldn't dwell anon, I could always just follow his trail into the valley! “Forsooth, Does the Snail not also leaveth a trail?”, I pondered, gently nudging the 2nd love of my life into the void between the mudguard of the Super-link ahead and the Armco, taking great care not to ride over Constable De Klerk's gleaming knee high biker boots with my new BF Goodriche AT'S, as he frantically tried to consolidate 5 lanes of freeway congestion into one.

(I now know precisely where Michael Jackson got his inspiration for the moonwalk!). I tried valiantly to raise Sir Kenneth De Escargot Esq., but alas, yon Fair Damsel Luck had abandoned me, as all attempts to raise Sir Ken were met by a stony silence of the lambs.

“A pox on ye!” I lamented, “May the fleas of a thousand camels infest your armpits!”, giving the famed Agincourt bird to the aforesaid, yet now rapidly receding Constable. I could not help noticing he was frantically trying to scribble my partially obscured number plate number down on the back of his note book, with his police/army issue Bic Click (that only writes on the wrong side of the carbon). I was thinking, “He is going to give me so many tickets, I can start an album!”, to the accompanying chorus of “Wind your neck in Dad!” from the back and left passenger seat mounted “Ry..Daar” units.

“We'll make it on time Dad ...Just CHILL and take it easy!”

Yeah Right!

“It is fine for you lot!” I thought, finger nails gouging into the steering wheel and rabid froth spittle flying. “It's not you mangy critters who have to contemplate the looming search for the rest of the crew, on his lonesome, totally surrounded by the fairer sex and minus the services of a bonnet mounted twin 40mm Browning anti – Taxi../Goat../Lost Sunday lawn bowler with white hat on...../Light blue Toyota bakkie with 17 Shengi Church goers in matching regalia at back(....delete the non-applicable).... device.”

It suddenly dawned on me, that if Sir Kenneth De Scargot, was to be responsible for the gates day I should immediately contact a broker at Tuff Stuff and ask him if I would be covered for emergency helicopter extraction from the Inchanga Valley, and, if so would the additional premium result in me having to adorn my Landy dashboard with an appropriate Land Rover Military Green donations box, with a day-glow label reading .....“ Stuff Moby, Save a Poor Dick”, or worse, attached thereto?

Come to think of it, that's actually not a bad idea.....! Now where did I put that empty Grasshoppers Brothel-creepers box?

Lost in thought (and mostly in mind), and with turbo screaming in protest, I finally pulled into the gathering spot, followed 3 minutes later by the rest of my transfer box and half shafts, to be greeted by the familiar sight of the assembled gang, looking a little like Dianne Fossey's gorillas in the mist, with a mere 5 minutes to spare. “Aaaaah, we made it!”, I muttered, in genuine relief to myself, as I slumped over the wheel, tears of joy welling in my eyes..

“YOU SEEEEEEEEE!” came the smug crooning from the RY-DAAR unit, all chuffed as pie that yet again they had proven just what a moron dad was, but on closer inspection, our good man and tour leader supreme, Sir Kenneth De Escargot was noticeable by his absence? This was not a good sign.

It transpired however, he was already in the valley, setting up the day's gates, and so without further ado, the convoy wound its way down the hill to the gates location, yours truly very relieved to have some company, and looking forward to some refreshing fun. I wondered, as we snaked our way down the incline, if he had perhaps got stuck there the day before, and spent the night curled up against the Snails shell for life sustaining warmth.

Arriving at the play area, the Snail was conspicuous by her absence, and I subsequently established that on the preceding day's recce, Sir Kenneth De Escargot had done the Snail an injury of the worst kind, by leaving her transfer

box(?) (or what Lilliputian remnants are left of it) decaying on a rock somewhere, or something equally devastating like that.

There was a sudden de-rusting and ker-klunking of cogs in my helmet, as it dawned on me that the day's gates could prove to be an interesting experience for all concerned.

Having just parted with a substantial amount (and still in a state of mild shock), for the repair of my trusty steed, that gnawing feeling I get in my gut, every time I have to reach into my imitation Busby, to liberally fling Leopards, Buffalos and Rhinos at he- who- so – trustfully- repairs -my -bus, returned with a vengeance. There really should be a law against such wanton abuse of our local wildlife resources!

Well, true to form, the valiant Sir Ken, who's Escar-now-did-not-go, did not disappoint anyone.

Alighting to inspect the jousting- terrain for the day, it was immediately obvious that I should have actually brought my Mark 1V Panzer! Adopting the strategy of countless of my preceding family members (Did I say I come from a long line of survivors?)I hauled out my highly polished Khyber Pass bugle and sounded the retreat, in the key of b flat pumped up. Why on earth should I wantonly destroy a fine family tradition now, I thought.

Mind you, not many standard class entries actually came forward. Must be a common gene lurking there somewhere. Absolutely no disrespect to Sir Kenneth and his ability to set a gates course intended or implied, but looking at the first gate, was to me, like looking into the very jaws of hades!

Fortunately, some of us are made of sterner stuff and bigger bank balances. So hats off to those brave ones like Brendan. Brendan inspired us all with his bravery at being first to attempt Sir Ken's first gate, which was enough to discourage most of us. He did not make it, but Well done anyway Brendan the Brave– for that you win the Bells Play of the Week in my book. It must have felt a bit like “going over the top”!

Richard and Johan also decided to give it a shot in the standard class, despite the trying wet, muddy conditions and driver ability/ structural integrity testing marker positions. Johan kept us suitably entertained with some interesting water hole antics in his Series 1, including a failed attempt at getting his driver-less running Series to extricate herself all on her own, while he thought no-one was looking. No chivalrous attempt at throwing himself down in front of her was observed, as she lay in the water ‘till she got her skirt wet! Tut! Tut! I was particularly impressed at the ability of this old girl, as she held her own against many of the more modern vehicles

Richard the Lionheart kept us all truly inspired at his determination to overcome all obstacles minus his power steering, only to be rendered a late unfortunate casualty with a punctured front diff courtesy of a submerged rock, and retired gracefully with undoubtedly a lingering case of Schwarzenegger biceps by the end of the day.

A thoroughly enjoyable time was had by all (?), especially the modified group, who spent most of the day delighting us lesser mortals with some spectacular action, thrills and spills

Richard, courtesy of KKK Don, discovered, proving that it is never too late to learn, that Sunlight Soap can actually stop a diff leak, courtesy of a bog-side tip from our resident KKK affiliate. Don, who was quite content not to get his Sunday clan whites soiled, as he peered at Richard groveling in the mud, directing works. Note to file – I must carry a bar of sunlight in my bag too in future, even if it is only ever used to remove gates induced skid marks!

Just in case it didn't work, Don was careful to inform us that he also permanently carries some Lifebuoy. Not sure what this is for, but maybe it is simply much better at washing traces of goat from his front bumper, than Sunlight! (I won't go there, Don!) With all the mud about, it was at least encouraging to know that someone had brought some soap, to go with all the river water and rocks Sir Kenneth was throwing at us.

As usual Gary, Alfie, Leon, Byron and Pierre put on an awesome display of what their vehicles are capable of, but the cherry on top of the cake for me in particular, was observing some spectacular attempts by Alf to launch his Rangie into outer space (Isn't that where he came from originally?), and a lot of serious metal clanging and bashing by the others, as to the eyes of the inexperienced and cowardly, they tackled some immensely intimidating obstacles.

Conditions in the valley generally were cool and really wet and muddy, and some of our more junior members had an absolute ball playing in the mud, emulating the dads. How rewarding it is to see kids really enjoying themselves in true pig-pen style. It rather took me back to my childhood, reminding me of “clay-lights” fights, clay oxen and long range storm water pipe exploration in the outlying kopjes of the Reef, adjoining suburbia. Sigh!, Our kids do miss so much these days don't they? Although parents now-a-days must have far less anxiety than ours did! All they really have to worry about these days is Nokia Thumb Splints, or Nintendo radiation exposure!

Not many gates were conquered by lunch time, and a great time was had by all on the rocks, as we retired for some burnt offerings to the Gates God, and socialized around the braai fires.

The most unfortunate part of the day was having to put up with the attentions of a few of the locals, who found it necessary to loiter and make a general nuisance of themselves, by hovering around unguarded vehicles and generally intruding into "our" space as we ate, hoping for handouts. It is such a pity that for the second time in a row, these youngsters made absolute pests of themselves. Some of them were sporting some interesting hardware, but I am not aware of any vehicles that were tampered with, or of anyone who may have lost their possessions to these kids. Interesting to note was despite the pretence of being hungry; they were all sporting pretty expensive cell phones. Signs of the times! It would be nice however if someone on the committee could speak to the local chief/headman and request that he educate the youngsters in the area to give the club some privacy when we play in that part of the valley, especially when eating. I guess it's an exercise in futility, but clearly if this becomes a regular issue at this venue, there is bound to be a confrontation in the future between an irate member and these irritating youths. Never-the-less, for the most part they were ignored, and we were able to share some good laughs at the expense of some members.

Perhaps the committee should invest in a pair of matching Rottweiler deputy-marshals to assist unwanted/annoying spectators gain some traction over hill and dale. At least I can imagine there will be very few roll backs.

Sir Kenneth, took the cake for the day, when by being asked by members of the round table if he had a knife to cut some meat, produced a Commando Combat Dagger the size of Excalibur, that would have had Rambo quivering in his boots and King Arthur demanding a refund. OK Ken, we know all now yours is now officially bigger than all of ours! Not to be outdone, KKK Don had us in fits of laughter as he expounded the virtues of his (care of Ken) minuscule snatch block, for us all to admire (he claims it works!). Not sure if Ken was trying to further prove his point here, or whether Don was just subtly trying to remind him that sometimes, dynamite comes in small packages?

Pierre gave us all an impromptu reveal of the latest trend in traditional tribal body markings - "The Club Foot Tan", and then further amazed us all with his incredible ability to suppress his pain threshold as he turned his meat with the smallest pair of tongs seen in the valley, since Moses played full-back for the Pharaohs. Don't know what it is with all this "size "stuff with this lot, but they certainly all contributed to some big laughs.

There was a further hefty amount of laughter when Ken's plate, resplendent with his luncheon, took off down the rocks under its own steam, sliding at least 4 meters away under Dons vehicle at a crucial point in our banter. Someone, maybe Winston, I don't recall, quipped that his meat must have just seen his knife, and was getting away while the going was good!

Of such moments are fond memories made!

Post lunch saw more hectic stuff from the modifieds, as they ventured into rocky territory, with Leon and Gary having a ball exercising their winches, with recovery after recovery. There were however some anxious moments for bystanders, as traction was lost here and there, on the slippery wet granite, and for the environment purists among us, Byron, Jan, Gary and Pierre gave everybody free lessons on how to chop firewood with a Landy, or in some cases how to rather cunningly disguise your Landy/Rover as an Acacia. See web site pictures for details.

The nature of the bush, which was very overgrown in places, was such that with all the hectic activity going on, it was rather difficult to be in two places at the same time, so further commentary on the standard's performance after lunch was cancelled due to lack of chameleon eyeballs, and the limited sounds of things breaking from yonder rocks. So standard drivers, accept my apologies for further lack of coverage herein.

The day having drawn to a conclusion, was ended off with those present, minus yours truly (still suffering from the onset of a sudden case of poverty), wending their way back to civilization via the rocky river bed. Sir Kenneth De Escargot, still not satisfied with the day's lack of breakages, ably directing from the passenger seat of Pierre's vehicle, as the convoy clambered away leaving a trail of assorted undercarriage parts.

Discretion being the greater part of valour, we departed taking a rather leisurely drive through suburbia, safe in the knowledge that the bank balance, and the bodywork would be remain reasonably un-dented.

Well at least for this month that is!

See pics below



Mines bigger than yours

Pierre's feet – please wear sunglasses!



KKK Don demonstrates typical view through clan



regalia  
Pierre, How'd you like your fingers, medium rare or well done?

It was good to see a lot of moms, and some teens along for the ride, and judging by the colour of the feet of my crew, a great time was held by all.

The good news for some of us, following numerous post event complaints from spectators and competitors alike, regarding the unsuitable conditions, extreme standard class challenges, lack of adequate parking, extreme modified

challenges etc. (sorry Ken) the committee has unanimously agreed, in the interest of peace and harmony, to scribble the first gates, and offer a repeat performance. All points scored in this event will thus not count for the club's annual gates challenge tally. Apologies to those who showed immense courage and fortitude, but you have been mentioned in dispatches.

It has also been decreed by the committee, that at every future gates/other event, we should have a minimum of 2 and max of 4 volunteers to assume responsibility for control of the event, oversee safety issues and have at least one, or two suitable recovery vehicles, with fit and proper recovery kit. All members attending events please step up to the plate to assist, especially if you are not taking part in the particular gates on the day. The Chairman, Events organizer, or trail leader on the day may choose to delegate these responsibilities as he sees fit, to ensure that we are maintaining adequate safety standards and control of the events. Now that you are aware of how big Kenneth's knife is, please don't argue with him.



Them muddy knees have got me all a quiver.....



Byron pretending to be an Acacia pod

## OUTSTANDING SUBS

### The Good

All of you fine upstanding members who have paid your subs since last newsletter!

## And the Bad.....

### MEMBERS IN BAD STANDING

The following members have not renewed their subscriptions by 31 March 2011, and as such are membership has now lapsed. Any party appearing on this list wishing to consider renewing membership is to supply completed membership applications, together with penalty re-joining fee and subs, to the Club Chairman for consideration by the Committee. **If you have paid but have not supplied the treasurer with confirmation, please do so. If you have decided to leave the club, please inform us so we can remove you from our mailing list.**

MemberNo	Surname	MemberName
435	Bunge	Peter
409	Butler	Mark
447	Contet	John
458	Davies	Ken
325	de Robillard	Anthony
347	de Winnaar	Craig
455	Dowdall	Hilton
437	Downing	Hendri
043	Firman	Paul
267	Hewett	Tony
403	Hill	Jonathan
356	Kemp	Kingsley
318	Labuscagne	Greg
397	McArthur	Howard
443	McCleary	Brian
204	Pass	Jonathan
446	Pistorious	Gavin
461	Rootman	Shaun
344	Rudd	Kevin
007	Sawich	Dean
420	Shackleford	Gregory
238	Snedden	John
441	Stevens	Andrew
368	Stone	Paul
452	Terblanche	Ettienne
421	Twiggs	Darryl
355	Van Wijngaard	Ryan
448	Vosloo	Johan
251	Watkin	Nick
445	Watson	Ronnie
327	Wight	Rodney
087	Williams	Leslie
135	Wing	Lloyd
291	York	Denis

(.... now for the Ugly)



## TECH TALK

### What is a VELAR?

VELAR was the name used to disguise the true identity of prototype Range Rovers when they were road tested prior to the launch date.

The name was fitted to the bonnet on a black strip and the letters were sourced from the P6 Rover parts bin - the A was an inverted V.

VELAR is traditionally thought to stand for Vee Eight or V8 Engine in Land Rover. However, the name had been used on a prototype Rover sports car, of which only one was made and is now at [Gaydon](#). The name is derived from the Velar meaning to look after, to watch over or the Italian meaning to veil or to cover. The name was created by an engineer at Alvis and was created out of the letters and ROVER. So the VELAR motor company was used by [Miller](#) (the Range Rover's Development Engineer) as a decoy name for registering pre-production Range Rovers. As such company, which was registered in London, is credited with making one sports car and forty or so station wagons.

The first VELAR was made in the summer of 1967, six further [engineering prototypes](#) and a driveable prototype were built. The last of this run, built in January 1970 was production standard.

During 1969, a production line was constructed at the Solihull Factory and twenty eight [pre-production prototypes](#) were built. These vehicles were assigned production chassis numbers from 35500001A to 35500025A (and 35800001A to 35800003A left hand drive) and assigned London registrations of the series YVB 151H through to YVB 177H. Whilst these VELARS were intended to be production standard, they bore various prototype features such as aluminium bonnets, smooth dash boards, Land Rover type seats and hand-made roof panels. Many of these vehicles were dispatched to the engineering department and were used for on-going development and conversion. A few of these Velars were used for publicity (notably YVB 153H and YVB 160H) and featured in promotional film footage such as 'A Car for All Reasons' and magazine test reports.

In May 1970, a [batch of 20](#) production standard Range Rovers were built, 5 red, 5 white, 5 blue and 5 green. These were used for the press launch in May/June 1970 at the Meudon Hotel near Falmouth, Cornwall. These Range Rovers



Land Rover, already been made Spanish Velare Mike Dunn, in ALVIS by [Geof](#) decoy name the with making

after which chassis were virtually



were assigned Solihull registrations NXC 231H to NXC 250H consecutively with chassis numbers 35500025A to 35500045A.

Until recently, only one engineering prototype was thought to survive (AOY 289H chassis number 100/6). However, chassis 100/7, registered YVB 150H, was recently found and is now undergoing full restoration. Only three of the 'YVB' pre-production prototypes remain unaccounted for, although many are in need of, or are undergoing full restoration. Seven of the press cars are still missing.

With the passing of time and natural wastage through scrap yards, all surviving early Range Rovers may be assigned the noble status of classic car. In particular, these few Velars are increasingly sought after and the beautifully restored YVB 151H is reputedly valued at £100,000. Despite their rarity, VELAR owners often gather through the Range Rover Register and a convoy of twenty or so VELARS may be spotted on the leafy lanes of Warwickshire as if through a time warp of nearly thirty years.

Info sourced by George Goswell

## UPCOMING EVENTS

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### TEMBE TRIP

George informs me that all 20 spaces needed for the Tembe trip have been filled. We are so looking forward to the experience, and I look forward to posting an article on the trip. Watch this space.

### WAZZUP

#### LROC KZN PROVISIONAL EVENTS DIARY 2011

<u>When</u>	<u>What, where</u>	<u>More Info.</u>	<u>CONTACT PERSON</u>	<u>Grade</u>
<b>29 April – 2 May</b>	<b>TEMBE ELEPHANT PARK</b>	Camp over in the big 5 Game Park, in an area out of bounds to day visitors to the park. 26 Adults and 7 kids will be enjoying the Tembe experience.	George Goswell 0836581324	3 / 5
<b>15 May</b>	<b>CARS IN THE PARK</b>	Cars in the Park, Pietermaritzburg. Our annual event to show off the LROC and attract new members. For those who have not been to Cars in the Park, its an exhibit of motoring history by the various Cars Clubs. It's a day to socialize with other LROC members and enjoy the hundreds of cars on display. <b>Arrive early before 08h30 and its free entrance for the driver and 1 passenger in the Landy plus you get to park on the LROC stand. All Land Rovers welcome and especially SERIES LAND ROVERS.</b>	George Goswell 0836581324	1
<b>21 / 22 May</b>	<b>NON STOP ADVENTURES</b>	Camp over weekend at Non Stop in the Baynesfield area. R50.00 pppn. Various trails to suit all, or just relax in a bush camp site next to a small stream. Hot showers and flushing toilets.	Leon Jacobs 0736575708	3 / 5
<b>5 June</b>	<b>BAYNESFIELD, MUSEUM TO MUSEUM TRAIL</b>	Baynesfield to Malcome Anderson museum. The 1 <sup>st</sup> section of the trail will be on forest tracks and dirt roads (grade 2/3) with an option of a 4x4 route over the last section. (Grade ?) There will be a charge as per last year for the trail and all monies will be handed over to the museum. More info to follow once we have done a recce.	George Goswell 0836581324	3
<b>18</b>	<b>GATES RECCE</b>	Umgeni Valley is the venue. Meet at Waterfall Spar	George Goswell	3 / 5

June		shopping centre at 09h00.	0836581324	
19 June	GATES	Umgeni Valley, big rock area. Meet at Waterfall shopping centre at 08h00 for 08h30 depart. It's a BYO braai for lunch with braai fires provided.	George Goswell 0836581324	3 / 5
26 June	TOTI WATERFALL TRAIL	Social trail and braai. Grade 3 trail with options for the adventurous. BYO braai for lunch with braai fires provided.	Johan Scheepers 0823552344	3 / 5
17 July	BAYNESFIELD ESTATE OPEN DAY	Time marches on, a military theme open day. <b>Wanted</b> SERIES 1, 2, 3 or Lightweight Land Rovers to display on a LROC stand.	George Goswell 0836581324	1
27 – 28 Aug	BOSTON	Camp over weekend at Boston. Interested in a grade 4/5 trail, then this will be for you.	Leon Jacobs 0736575708	4 / 5
Nov	LAND ROVER VS TOYOTA	8 <sup>th</sup> Land Rover vs Toyota Challenge		

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

8 May	BAYNESFIELD OPEN DAY	Baynesfield Music in May. Excellent day for the family	George Goswell 0836581324	1
28 May	NATIONAL 4X4 CHALLENGE	NATIONAL PLUS REGIONAL 4X4 CHALLENGE. Highstakes, Cato Ridge	George Goswell 0836581324	1
17 July	BAYNESFIELD OPEN DAY	Baynesfield Time Marches On. A military theme day. Excellent day for the family	George Goswell 0836581324	1
27 August	REGIONAL 4X4 CHALLENGE	Eston or Ballito.	George Goswell 0836581324	1
1 Oct	NATIONAL 4X4 CHALLENGE	NATIONAL PLUS REGIONAL 4X4 CHALLENGE Pietermaritzburg, Mountain View	George Goswell 0836581324	1
12 Nov	REGIONAL 4X4 CHALLENGE	Idube, Camperdown	George Goswell 0836581324	1
4 Dec	BAYNESFIELD OPEN DAY	Baynesfield Estate Open Day Christmas Market	George Goswell 0836581324	1

### Note For All Gates Events:

1. Only paid up LROC members will be able to compete in the Gates Events from now on.
2. Non LROC members welcome to attend as spectators.
3. Only LAND ROVER vehicles will be allowed to take part. No other make of vehicle.

## LANDY CLUB KIDZ

Sadly at the time of going to press, I have not had any articles from any of our junior members. Moms and Dads forgot to read my newsletter to you didn't they? Please make them report to the Ed's office and write 100 times

'I must read the last newsletter to my kids!'

## LANDY CLUB TEENS

Some teens did accompany us into the valley, and as proof that they do exist, here is a photograph of 3 of them, Cassie Moore, Christie and Kate Joubert, showing that fashion does still have a place in the Inchange Valley! Well done to Shannon for helping Dad with the photography, and helping remember all the names! Now where are the rest?



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## DID YOU KNOW...?

Sadly, recently, Selwyn and Jean Amber lost their little beloved and trusty companion Sassie in an unfortunate accident, from which Sassie did not recover. She was run over accidentally, and despite their best efforts to save her, she unfortunately died of her internal injuries.

Sassie was a much loved regular four legged member of the Club, having shared many a members' tent, and warmed many a heart, adult and child's alike, with her loveable Jack Russell nature, as she moved around with the club, for I believe 13 years or so.

Condolences are extended, on behalf of all who knew her. May she be running truly free, in that great rabbit warren in the sky! She will be missed.

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Rumour has it that Brendan is about to deface a perfectly good Discovery, and a provisional chat has been held about holding a technical day at his house, for any club members who wish to learn the finer art of vehicle demolition and modification, which will be made open to members. More, on this interesting project, to follow.

Brendan has also promised to supply us all with an article on the best way to import spares.

## HANG OVER RECOVERY



*An Englishman, a Scotsman, an Irishman, a Latvian, a Turk, an Aussie, an American, an Egyptian, a Japanese, a Mexican, a Spaniard, a Greek, a Russian, an Estonian, a German, an Italian, a Pole, a Lithuanian, a Swede, a Finn, an Israeli, a Romanian, a Bulgarian, a Serb, a Czech, a Brazilian, an Argentinean, a South African, a Zimbabwean and a Swiss man..... all go to an erotic night club.*

*The bouncer says, "Sorry. I can't let you in without a Thai."*





**(Mr. Chair please take note of above for future events!)**

**WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS.**

Remember it's your club and you will get out of it what you want to. You have purchased **THE BEST 4 x 4 x FAR** and now it's time to use it. See you at the next club event.

Name	Name	Name
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**Classifieds** If you wish to place an advert, please forward the info to [Web@landroverclub.za.org](mailto:Web@landroverclub.za.org) or [Newsletter@landroverclub.za.org](mailto: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.**

We have a Howling Moon tent (3 x 3 m), with extension (3m x 3m, for sale). Used twice – R3000.00. Easy put up. Also a large, superior quality groundsheet – 6.5m x 3.6m. R450.00 (cost R945.00 from Outdoor Warehouse) – used once. My contact details are:

Cell: 0849955535

031-5644333

Email: [keithshirley@telkomsa.net](mailto:keithshirley@telkomsa.net)



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I have the following vehicle for sale:

Land Rover

Defender 110 CSW 2,5 TD5

2005 model

White

111000

CD player, A/CMag-Wheels, Full service history with Land Rover Umhlanga every 10000km,R60000 worth of extras on: Bush bar, Warn 9000 winch with remote, Warn driving spot lights, Roof rack - heavy duty, Rear ladder,40L extended fuel tank - gives you a range of 800km, Dual battery system with new 105Ah Deltec battery with power points for fridge at back as well as point for trailer, Cubby console safe, 29Mhz radio with extra speaker and aerial, Dog gaurd transit barrier installed behind rear seats, Water proof grey cotton seat covers, Brand new BF Goodrich AT tyres, Tracker unit ,Packing system at back with loading platform and tie down points for fridge, Original rear bench seats still in plastic - should you require extra seating, SAC CHIP -30% more power, Jate ring recovery points on front, Remove-able side awning

My asking price is R185000 onco

Contact me for pics, or a test drive.

Shaun Palmer

0834425271

031-2620519 home