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LANDROVING IN KZN



Jan2013

Monthly Newsletter of the LROC of SA KwaZulu-Natal

P.O.Box 70650; Overport; 4067 Find our Home Page at 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.**"

Ha! Where are the Mayans now!

Greetings readers, and from behind the rusty keys of my Olivetti Mark V. Golf-ball Deluxe, may your 2013 be a truly spectacular one, filled with joy, prosperity and happy Land Roving.

The Christmas festivities are over, the holiday relegated to the memory banks, and it is once again time to kick-start the cogs into action, to entertain you. Time does fly when you are having fun!

I know there are a few of you who ventured far and wide over December, and it is your duty to mankind, the club and Sir Baden Powell, to share your exiting tales of destinations far and wide with those of us who were not as fortunate as you over December. So DIB DIB DIB and DOB DOB DOB, and put pen to paper! Your Ed needs you!

This issue is very late I know, but owing to circumstance beyond my control, I invoke clause 4, paragraph 2, sub-section (a.) of my condition of employment as Newsletter Editor, which reads as follows.....

" Notwithstanding anything contrary to the aforementioned, there shall be no onus on the Editor to adhere to any specific deadlines, whether he be ipso facto required by any law , proclamation, constitutional mandate or decree governing the timely production of written material, whether in the pursuance of his duties or not, which at all times shall be at his own discretion, howsoever determined by the Editor, who in his sole and absolute discretion shall elect to render such material at any time and in any format, type, mechanism, font, style whether electronically, on Twinsaver 2 ply, or hand hewn on basalt using nothing but a ball and peen hammer and the remnants of a hand sharpened half shaft."

Lolling on my new hammock, courtesy of the red jolly whiskered man (not Don Erwin this time), while gazing upon the looming storm clouds and hurricane strength winds

approaching camp Moowah at Mudmar, I pondered on what pearl of wisdom and wit I could share in this the first edition of the new age minus the Mayans, who like me, really sucked at mathematics.

Regrettably before any thoughts struck, the storm did. As is perfunctory with December Midland's storms, the accompanying lightning reminded me of my inbuilt super conductors and my recent garden escapade, and being the fuse-link between the nearest tree and the bull-bar of trusty Dusky the Defender and hammock supporter supreme, I had to make a rather sudden departure from the prone position.

So did a bevy of all night fishermen, who had spent the best part of the preceding night and day trying to persuade the sole carp in Mudmar to have a nibble. (THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE!)

All inspiration vanished, as for the next few hours I spent covering in the confines of my trusty 110, watching two thirds of Morgenzon camp site being wafted into Howick and my caravan tent being transformed into a hot weather balloon poised for take-off.

My thoughts again went back to my youth, and the great family gathering of 1967 at Aloe Fjord, at that other muddy puddle called the Vaal Dam.

Pater, Grand Dad and all the other barbell bashers of the combined family clan were there, and the Carp were nervous. The tent was erected, the bedbugs in the spare coir mattresses in the back of numerous Rancheros for the kids, received their annual airing, and the orange sack of Ijuba was rowed out and deposited by cunning means of Pater's unique Hiawatha Canoe triangulation method.

That night, as numerous Aluminium pots of mielie pap with custard and sorghum beer, or Bush-knife Bobby's Hou-Poephoh-Hou Curry were being prepared, as offerings to the Aloe Fjord monster, which legend has it, was a barbell so big, it could eat Jimmy Abbott sideways in one giant sluk, for starters.

The men-folk sat gathered around the tribal bonfire, slugging their hydraulic sandwiches, as Grand Dad held them all enthralled with his tales of his single handed capture of a record Nile Perch during ww2, using nothing but his military fire bucket and the contents of a Krupps 88imm ack –ack gun. The banter was interrupted by the crackling of Grand-Dad's valve operated radio set, as Granny twiddled the knobs, her mind going back to the V-day celebrations, when she last twiddled his.

Hissss, crackle....."Good evening listeners.....crackle.....This is Springbok Radio.....hissssss..... and here is today's weather report, compiled by Mortimer Thrupp!" Hissss.....and over.....crackle.....Vaal.....hiss.....crackle.....partly.....hissss.....severe..... POW-PHUT.

The faint aroma of burning Carmen curlers wafted across the campsite, as Granny staggered about, slapping the side of her flaming purple rinse, with her fluffy pink slipper. "Damn Blaupunkt Nazi valves!" she screamed at Grand Dad, "I told you it could have been booby trapped!"

"That did not sound promising", muttered Pater, to a muted chorus of "I agrees, yes's and a muffled mmmmm from Grand Dad, who as usual had left his false teeth in the bedside glass at home.

"There is nothing for it men! We shall have to do a sun dance!" cried Pater, rising to his feet arm outstretched and finger pointing to the heavens.

"Boys!..... Bring the firewood, and anything else combustible, including Granny's Bobotie!" went out the rallying cry.

Soon the campfire was a raging inferno, the like of which had never been seen since Sitting Bull whipped his braves into frenzy the night before Custer's prunes got stewed.

"Hold um dinner squaws, um braves have um important pow-wow!" yelled Pater, as he picked up his Kysna Woodcutter's axe, donned his veldt bush hat with assorted porcupine quills in the brim and began to work himself and the men folk, into a caterwauling, whooping, gyrating, writhing mass of prancing lunatics around the fire. Uncle Ted beat out a rhythmic tattoo on an upturned kerosene tin, and Grand dad rattled his Quality Street tin of blood pressure tablets in hypnotic unison, while we all pranced around the fire in a hypnotic trance-like stupor.

"Aaaaay Hya! Hya! Hya! Aaaaay Hya! Hya! Hya! Wakka Wakka Yahyah, Wakka Wakka Boombah, Wakka Wakka Hutshut, Foy Floy! " "Great Father in um sky, her-um plea of-um Big Chief No Poep. Send-um sun to um dam tomorrow. Let-um mighty braves catchum many carp for um pickled fish sandwich. Send um sign in um sky!" went his heavenward plea to the mighty God of sunburn, as Gran Dad furiously wafted smoke signals with his Karakul skin Karos. The rest of us cupped our mouths, whooping in a frenzied cacophony of savage accompaniment.

Finally, exhausted, he collapsed into a heap, his eyes rolled back in his head, foam and spittle lining his mouth. The braves fell to the ground like exhausted zombies.

"Should be a great day tomorrow!" mused Grand Dad, licking his finger and holding it up to the gentle night breeze, as the tribe members slowly awoke from their stupor and settled back into their armchairs for some more pow-wow-ing underneath the night sky. A small clearing in the sky revealed the Milky Way in its gem encrusted splendour.

"You see!" said Pater smugly, "I told you it works!"

20 minutes later, the lightning struck. One minute later, the first hailstone the size of a Hex Valley grapefruit struck the fire, sending burning embers across the campsite like a barrage of rockets from an exploding Stalin's organ. 2 minutes later, an eerie sound akin to the sound of a werewolf wolf in full cry erupted from across the murky waters. At the same time, the policeman at the tip of Pater's rod catapulted 6 feet into the air, as the Aloe Fjord Monster, drunk in Ijuba sorghum beer delirium, took the half a day old chicken leg that Pater had put on his hook for fun, and headed for the sluice gates.

Run away! Yelled the braves, as the hurricane strength wind hit the campsite, sending the caravan tent inverted over the top, with all the poles pointing heavenwards and lifting Ouma's skirt, and her mammaries as I recall, above her head. Guy ropes flailed like the tentacles of a deranged octopus, with tent pegs whizzing through the air like arrows.

"Daaaaarling Heeeeeelp!" screeched Mater, as she and the other squaws, hung onto the tent flaps, being shaken about like a rat in a terriers mouth.

"I'VE GOT A FISH! I'VE GOT A FISH.....!" yelled Pater, as he ran tripping headlong over Gran Dad, who was now trying to burrow under a Rancho, crying "I don't want to die, I have not been baptised yet, I have not been baptised yet!"

By now, cowering in the back of the Rancho, watching the large dimples appear on the underside of the canopy roof, I was vaguely aware of Pater writhing and dancing like John Travolta on steroids, in the intermittent strobe light flashes of lightning, his fishing pole bent like a hook. Cries of EINA! OUCH! JOU BLIKSSKOTTEL! Carried over the shrieking demented howl of the wind, as hailstone after hailstone bounced off his head and shoulders. Nothing, I repeat, nothing was going to stop him from landing this fish.

"I'll get the gaff" yelled Uncle Ted, running like the first marine to disembark on the Anzio beach head, Ouma's colander now firmly wedged onto his head.

Mater and the squaws, by this time, having lost all their finger nails from hanging on to the canvas, which was now heading for runway Charlie 1 at Jan Smuts, were by now safely ensconced in the now tent-less caravan. Their wide eyed faces were pressed to the cracked plexi-glass windows screaming in muted in terror and concern

"Where are the kids? Where are the bloody kids?" you morons!

Suddenly, as if by magic, the storm abated, just as suddenly as it had begun. The campsite looked like the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. The sudden deafening silence was overpowering. Pater by now was leaning backwards at 45 degrees, with his rod bent like a palm tree in a tropical cyclone. The sudden stillness of the storm battered night was perforated by a demonically hysterical cry.....

"It's a monster! It's a monster!" yelled Pater, sobbing in his hail stone battered delirium.

Just then, Pater landed the monster. Its ugly slimy black head reared above the surface, and then disappeared as it porpoised toward the bank in the shallows, in violent protest.

"Gaff it! Gaff it! For Petes sake, yelled Uncle Ted, before it gets away!

"I've got it, I've got it!" screamed Uncle Nev, as Gran-dad choked on his home brewed peach brandy from which he forgot to remove the pips.

"WHAT IS IT?" yelled six terrified kids from the back of the Ranchero, as Uncle Nev slipping on the ice coated bank, suddenly upended himself in the slimy muddy foreshore, Gumboots emptying into the dam.

"BWAHAHAHAHA" roared Uncle Ted, as the Aloe Fjord Monster was man-handled to shore.

In the caravan, the squaws now sobbed in abject misery, the thought of having to de-scale and gut it. This was the cherry on top of their now ruined dinner strewn over the remains of the groundsheet.

"IT'S.....IT'S.....IT'S..... ..A CRESSI SIZE 13 RUBBER FLIPPER!"

Don't ask me people, I have no idea how, or from whence it originated, but it is true (the flipper).

Interestingly though, we never did find the rest of the scuba diver, and nor did we, the tent.

Neither did we frequent Aloe Fjord again, nor, as I recall, did we ever perform Pater's Sun Dance again.

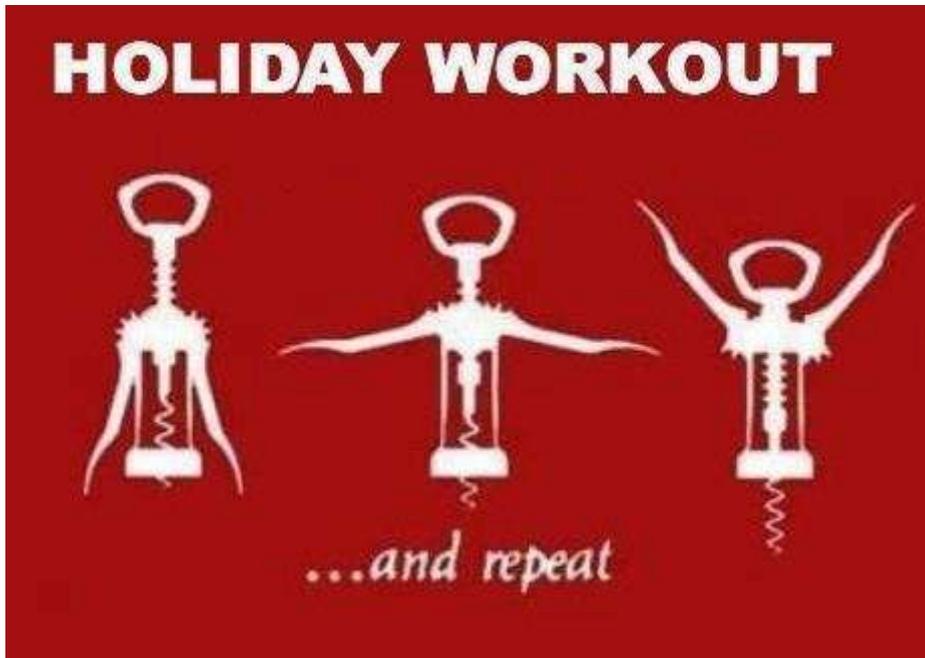
Sorry Dad! I had to go there.

Now where did I leave my suntan lotion!

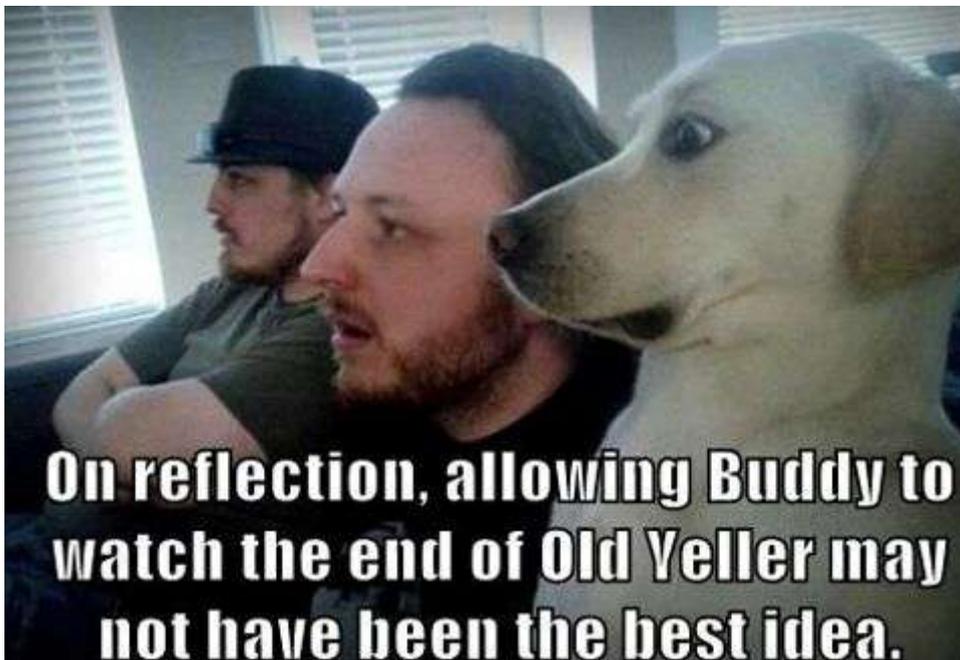
The Ed

OBSERVATIONS, RESERVATIONS, COMMENDATIONS

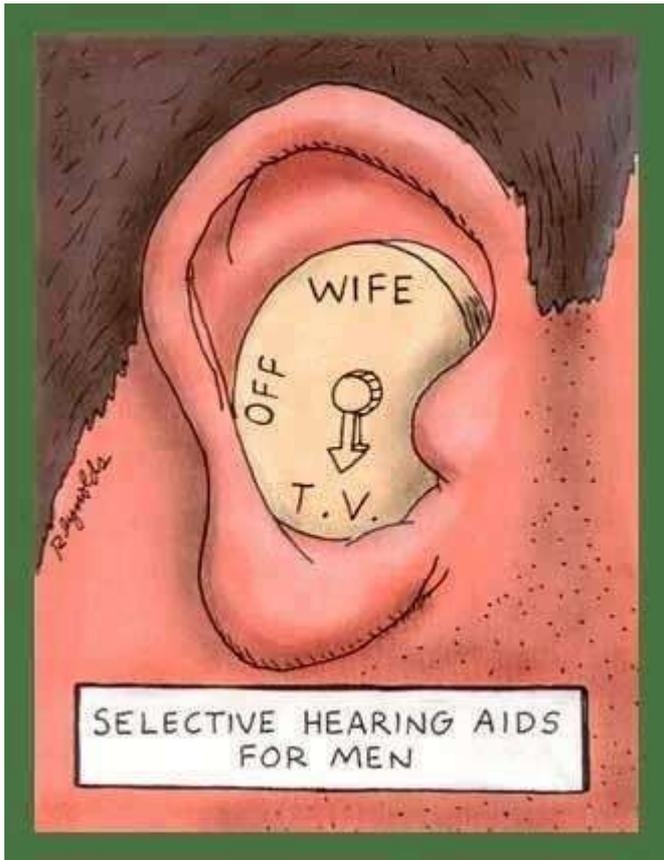
The Good



And the Bad.....



(.... now for the Ugly)



TECH TALK (A blast from the past, with thanks to none other than George Goswell, our most avid & regular contributor)

NATAL- WHAT A BUNCH OF CHARACTERS By: Natalie Tonkin 1998

We had our first introduction to the Natal Club members at a launch of a new 4 x 4 trial. We met and got talking to Adrian and Phill. Jeez – what a group of characters this club must have. We were not disappointed.

Adrian told us about an annual traditional trek to “the best kept secret”: Nmyeni, along the south coast. No map will get you there, that is for sure. So I got in contact with Allen Cullen (event’s organiser) and asked him if we could join, he was very eager to have us join them. I requested that we meet up with someone to lead us to this notorious place. It was arranged that we would hook up with Peter Basset in P’Martizburg at 17.30. We would stop along the way for supper and arrive at the camp about 23.00. We asked if anyone else would be leaving earlier and were set up with Dean Sawich. Perry and I would be travelling from Witbank so we left one day early and spent the night at Heart’s Ease near Winterton, Drakensburg.

With map in hand, we set off at 7h00 in order to meet up with Dean in Durban at 10h30. we arrived at Dean’s place at 10h00 and he was nowhere to be found. So one call to his cellular confirmed that he was 20-30minutes away and we would have to wait. Instead of pacing the ground, we went in search of ice creams and found them at the beach. Typical in-landers-must go to the beach before doing anything else!

When Dean finally came round the corner it was to see Perry in the typical Landy-owner position: body under the Landy with legs sticking out. Dean is a dwarf that makes up for size in character. He is the only person I know that can stand upright inside a Landy. We helped him pack and were off to the first of many stops before leaving for the unknown. Our first stop exposed us to Ken, a soft-spoken young man whose Landy gave up on him two days before. Next was dry ice and then bread ahead. I am sad yet happy we don’t have one of these bakeries inland – the smell is welcoming and once inside it takes great effort to get out again. We nearly broke the bank in there! Next we met up with Allen Cullen to receive charge of the club awning, Allen said he would see us on Sunday.

Then the journey began: we headed out of Durban to the South Coast and Picked up George, brother and kids at Port Edward. We entered what was the old Transkei and after about 40 km, left the main road behind us. We had travelled about 500m when we were already testing our driving skills. Dean led the way across the river and over the lush green hills. As the road became a track and the track gave way to grass, we were beginning to believe that this place was indeed “the best kept secret” and there was no way that a map could help you. Darkness began to set in and we were swarmed with natives telling us their life story and looking for a job. We kept a steady pace of 20 km/h but these youngsters with no shoes, kept up for about 6 km. I think they would make some of our cross-country athletes’ look sick!

Finally it was dark and Dean still led the way. We stopped at what looked like a little village and Dean got out and went into the nearest hut. Now we started to get worried – it was dark and Dean was asking for directions – or so we thought. Next Dean appeared with a smile saying he had informed the ranger that we were there. Wow, we were not lost after all. Another 5 km and we were there. The wind was howling but we all set up camp and had supper together. Dean and Ken stayed up and chatted while the rest of us slowly faded. At midnight Peter Basset and Eric arrived and kept Dean and Ken up till 2h00. George and his brother had to move their tent during the night because the wind nearly carried them away.

The next morning was clear and beautiful. We all introduced ourselves and were told of how Dean had woken Peter up by banging against his Landy right where Peter’s head was. These two together clearly spelt a good time, they gave each other grief continuously and caused many sides aching with laughter. After a walk on the empty beach we had a full breakfast. To appease the leader of the troop (Allen Cullen), we decided to try to figure out how to erect the awning. It started with just Peter and the rest of us sitting, watching and, of course, adding our comments to the process. But in the end we were all deep in ropes, poles and laughs.

Peter soon moved his whole camp under the awning, proclaimed himself the Mullet King and set about informing us of all the hysterical things that members had done in the process of becoming experienced drivers. We left at about 15h00 to go to the “showers” natural rapids/waterfalls about 2 km away by car and 1 km by walking over the hill. Eric was so nature-conscious that he refused to bring soap, Peter talked him into using some of his and Eric, who slipped on a loose rock, dropped the whole bar into the pool at the base of the waterfall. So much for being nature conscious! He felt so bad! Peter and Ken decided to walk back to camp. It is amazing how quickly the hours passed, It was only when I noticed Perry returning from the beach with his fishing gear that I realised it was supper. The evening passed with the same jovial attitude and all were relaxed though I could not picture Peter tense or in a business suit at all.

The next day was as perfect as the last and we decided to do some snorkelling – it was a long trek down the beach with no success. Perry fished a bit while we all sat and talked. Next thing Peter yelled “Perry’s got one” and shot off down the beach like the lions were after him. Perry had caught a Rock Cod but it was still quite young so he released it again once everyone had seen it. Everyone slowly moved down the beach back to camp. Perry fished and I suntanned as we made our much slower progress down the beach. When we finally got near camp, Allen and his boys had arrived and Joe, a relatively new member with a shorty bakkie and four boys with her (3 hers). Because she didn’t know what terrain she would have to cover to get to camp, she had dragged a venter trailer with her. Poor trailer. The two older boys hitched onto Perry because they were keen fishermen. Now Perry had someone to fish with. We all went with our newcomers to the waterfalls and spent 2 hours splashing, cleaning and swimming. Perry, Dean, Ken, Peter and I all walked back to camp. It was a nice, undemanding walk with the most interesting wind-blown rocks. I never had believed they were natural, but there they were. Perry piggy-backed me across a really muddy “river” – my hero!

The evening was spent once again in stories of absent Landy owners, these characters get up to such funny tricks that they never run out of stories. Unfortunately Eric had to be back at work on Tuesday, so he started his preparations in order to leave the next day after breakfast. These guys didn’t seem to know how to plan their leave correctly – first Allen arrived on a Sunday and Eric returned on the Tuesday (Wednesday was a public holiday) – where is the logic in that? The next day was spent doing nothing much, a walk along the beach, listening to Peter talk nonsense. Perry and boys set off to fish with one of the kids returning, very proud, with a black tail. They all had bites but only one was hooked – who was it that said fish were stupid!

Off to the big waterfall we went – it was beautiful and a bit scary standing on the ledge at the side of this 200m waterfall. There was no way that you can swim there, the current would have swept you over the edge in no time, so we set off further up stream. We found a shallow confluence with a very sandy bottom. The two “roses” sunned themselves while watching the “thorns” play a very funny version of cricket in the river. A great time was had by them all the game seemed a lot easier when you weren’t holding the bat. Peter seated himself in the river under a tree with his cool box next to him – only Peter! Unfortunately Ken lost his watch in the river while fighting off one of the boys. After a “organised” search we return to our showers with Peter promising to take Ken back there the next day when the sand had settled.

We soon experienced Allen’s cooking abilities – he brought enough to feed all of us and set about making a curry that was of restaurant quality. With the fish the boys had caught earlier he started a fish stock that was to be starters at tomorrow night’s supper. Our days consisted mainly of breakfast at 11h30, a walk on the beach, or a canoe in the lagoon (canoes courtesy of George) an afternoon trip to the showers but otherwise nothing constructive at all. Just what a holiday should be! This, our last day, was no different with the only exception being Peter building himself up for the Mullet contest tonight. Peter had, true to his words left early with Ken and three of the locals in search of Ken’s missing watch. It wasn’t long before they returned with smiling faces. Ken duly paid out the reward of R30.00 – from the local’s facial expression it was the most money he had ever seen.

The day passed much too quickly and the only interruption was a sudden and violent storm that hit our campsite. Thank goodness for the size of the club’s awning and accompanying windbreak. It was only the next day that we found out we were 200 km away from the famous Umtata tornado. Finally it was time to taste Allen’s wonderful mussel soup made with the fish the boys had caught. He truly is a genius! For the main meal we all braaied the meat we had brought but hadn’t eaten because Allen’s food was so good. Our next form of entertainment was to watch the Mullet King loose to the kids and have to surrender his royal status. This was hard for Peter, so they made him the Mullet Prince – out of pity I think.

Because Perry and I had to travel over 1000 km to get back home we packed up everything just before the storm hit us, except our tent of course and now prepared to leave the next day at 7h00. We were sad to have to leave this place and the wonderful people we had met, they would only be leaving after breakfast. Unfortunately all good things come to an end. It was agreed that, because we would be the first to leave, we would scout out the river to see if the sudden storm had caused it to swell. We had obtained directions for the “long” route out but we would cross the river via the bridge and would be able to see if it was flowing strongly.

The next morning everyone was up a little early to say goodbye to us – they must have enjoyed our company as much as we enjoyed theirs. And we set off sliding along the muddy track. The Transkei is famous for it’s black mud that becomes like ice and we got to experience it first hand. We also experienced their red mud. We went forward, backwards and sideways in our attempt to reach the tar road again.

I reported back to the committee about the good time and we agreed that the clubs should get together for future outings.

THE DUSI CANOE MARATHON 14-16 FEBRUARY

Reminder that George may still need some more member volunteers to participate in next year's Dusi marshalling exercise. A number of people have already volunteered but this does not mean if you have not by now, you cannot. Just make it quick, as George has a cut off period for organizing, meals, drinks and t-shirts from the organizers. Here are the volunteers to date. Make sure you confirm your t-shirt sizes with George by latest Sunday 27 th

	Name	T Shirt	Thur	Fri	Sat
1	George Goswell	XXXL	YES	YES	YES
2	Ryan Goswell	XXXL	YES	YES	YES
3	Paul Stanley	XL	YES	YES	YES
4	Brendan Mitchell	XL	YES	YES	YES
5	Kenneth Jones	XXL	YES	YES	YES
6	Gary van Schoor	XXXL	YES	YES	YES
7	Cheryldene van Schoor	M	YES	YES	YES
8	Terry Cowan	XL	YES	YES	YES
9	Margaret Cowan	L	YES	YES	YES
10	Richard von Berg	XXL	YES	YES	YES
11	Malcome Parry	L	YES	YES	YES
12	Ray Oliver	XL	YES	YES	YES
13	Jeanne Gerber	XL	YES	YES	YES
14	Rudi Koch	L	YES	YES	YES
15	Elaine Richardson		YES	YES	YES
16	Deon Venter	L	NO	YES	YES
17	Alan Gevers & Son	XL & S	NO	YES	YES
18	Robin Bauer	L	NO	NO	YES
19	Merle Bauer	M	NO	NO	YES
20	Brian Moore	XL	NO	NO	YES
21	Allen Cullen	XXXL	NO	NO	YES
22	Jeff Peters	XL	NO	NO	YES
23	Dave (Allen friend)		NO	NO	YES
24	Deon Venter's Son	M	NO	NO	YES
25					
26					

RECENT EVENTS

Lesotho trip – Part 2

I know I promised you the next riveting episode in this edition, but there is nothing like a bit of suspense.....

4TH ANNUAL GATES 2012, 21 Jan 2013

Yours truly was not able to attend this first meet of the 2013 calendar, but received this update from the Chairman at time of going to publication

We had to cancel gates on the 20th due to unforeseen digging that has blocked the main route.

The rear access route – although we did it very early in the morning – wasn't suitable for the std vehicles as the water level was very high so we had little choice but to cancel and took everyone to Killarney for the day – did a waterfall run.

WAZZUP

LROC KZN PROVISIONAL EVENTS DIARY 2012/2013

<i>When</i>	What, where	More Info.	CONTACT PERSON	Grade
2 / 3 Feb	24TH AGM OF THE LROC KZN	<u>The BIG EVENT of the Year.</u> LROC 24th AGM to be held at Killarney 4x4 Track, Shongweni. It's a camp over weekend with the AGM at 10h00 on the Sun followed by a spit braai at 12h30.	George Goswell 0836581324 Kenneth Jones 0845091427	3
14 – 16 Feb	THE UNLIMITED DUSI CANOE MARATHON	The LROC will again be involved with the Dusi (23 rd year) and we require members, friends, cousins and others to assist over the 3 days with traffic control at key spectator points. Are you able to spare some time and help out on the largest 3 day canoe marathon in the world, then give George a call. All 3 days would be good but if you are only able to help for a day, no problem.	George Goswell 0836581324	3
10 Feb	UMGENI VALLEY	Meet at the Botha's Hill Spar and we will enter the valley below the old Rob Roy Hotel. It's a scenic drive which will include a view site or 2. BYO braai for lunch next to the river. Meet at 08h30 for 09h00	George Goswell 0836581324	3
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.	Johan Scheepers 0823552344	3
26 April – 1 May	TEMBE ELEPHANT PARK	Camp over in an area out of bounds to day visitors. The trip is run as a fundraiser for the Tembe Honorary Officers who are busy with various projects in the park. Chalets are fully booked and only a few camp sites are still available.	George Goswell 0836581324	3
19 May	CARS IN THE PARK PMB	Cars in the Park, Pietermaritzburg. Our annual event to show off the LROC and attract new members. It's a BYO braai for lunch with braai fires provided. For those not wanting to braai, full bar and catering is available. For those who have not been to Cars in the Park, it's 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	George Goswell 0836581324	1

Miscellaneous Events not organized by the LROC but worth supporting.

14-16 Feb 2013	DUSI CANOE MARATHON	Volunteers needed to man waypoints	George Goswell 0836581324	
21 – 24 March	LANDY FESTIVAL	See http://landyfestival.co.za for more info		
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	George Goswell	

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.

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.

TEMBE ELEPHANT PARK - BOOKINGS. 26 April – 1 May2013

- **Self Cater Chalet PACKAGE 3 Nights @ R 940.00, 4 nights R1090.00, 5 nightsR1265-00** price per person sharing for duration indicated (chalets consist of 2 bedrooms with inter-leading door, 3 beds + 1 mattress)
- **Self Cater Camp PACKAGE 3 Nights @ R 715.00, 4 nights R825.00, 5 nightsR935-00** price per person for duration indicated (campsite is amongst the chalets and within the Ponweni Camp fenced area and space is limited)
- These are package prices only, and the full package price needs to be paid regardless, if guests opt to shorten their stay.
- All school going children of school going age are ½ price. This includes pre school.
- All money is to be payable BEFORE arrival.
- There is a minimum requirement of 20 people for the trip to take place.

Please use your **NAME and TEMBE** as a reference on the deposit slip when making a payment into the following bank account.

Land Rovers Owners Club of SA KZN
Standard Bank
Cheque Account 251 366 510
Branch Code 045826

Please forward a copy of the deposit slip and the following info to George Goswell at FAX **031-7004703** or email **kznlroc@mweb.co.za**

1. **Your Name.**
2. **Cell phone number.**
3. **Number of adults and kids paid for.**
4. **Vehicle type.**
5. **Vehicle registration number.**
6. **Date you intend to arrive at TEMBE.**

AGM 2nd to 3rd February 2013

24th Annual General Meeting

THE LAND ROVER OWNERS CLUB OF SOUTHERN AFRICA - KWAZULU NATAL

On behalf of the committee we will again be offering a spit-braai at our cost which includes salads, plates etc. – just bring yourselves and, of course, your landy. Drinks are, of course, on a “bring your own” basis.

For catering purposes, please send me (Kenneth@pcvs.co.za) confirmation of attendance and family numbers. A reminder, that the spit-braai is limited to paid-up club members and immediate family. Please don't try to include your second, third, fourth cousin and/or friends. PS. Only one wife each, please.

Details as follows:

Date Sat 2nd to Sun 3rd February 2013 (Camp-over weekend)
Venue Killarney – we have the use of the Boma for the weekend
Time The AGM itself will be at 10:00 with the spit-braai at 12:00 on Sunday, the 3rd February 2013 – but nothing stops you from arriving earlier

Chairman's report, financials, nomination forms etc. will be sent out shortly.

On Saturday 2nd February 2013 we will be having a Rhino Charge event.

In essence, we will have a number of waypoints (probably three or four) and the challenge is to reach each of these waypoints by way of the shortest distance (the shortest distance is obviously a straight line so the team that manages to reach the waypoint in the straightest line - through rivers, donga's etc. - will obviously be the most successful. The recce for this is the 27th January 2013 at Killarney so if anyone interested, let me know.

We propose teams of at least two vehicles and a suggestion is perhaps one modified and one standard - this way each team can be responsible for their own recovery.

Vehicles must have proper recovery points - not debateable - to take part. The shortest route will give you a 100% chance of getting stuck so part of the fun. It is preferable that at least one of the vehicles has a winch (but not mandatory) as this will be of huge assistance. Each team will be allowed to take whatever other aids they wish and also crew members.

Please can any members who are interested in doing the Rhino Charge please email me their names - we need to have at least a couple of teams to make it worthwhile.

We invite members to camp-over. Last time we organised a waterfall midnight run that was huge fun and are probably likely to do so yet again.

Killarney costs are:

Camping R 50.00 PPPN;

Day visitors at R 20.00 per head;

Trail Fee R 50.00 per vehicle per day

Belinda will collect the above and these costs are to the account of each member.

Hope to see all of you there.

Best Regards,

Kenneth

*Are you an active member, a kind that would be missed,
or are you just content to have, your name up on a list.*

*Do you attend the functions, and mingle with the flock,
or do you simply stay at home, to criticize and mock.*

*Do you take an active part, to help the work along,
or are you satisfied to want to only just belong.*

*Do you voluntarily, a job or function seek,
or leave the work to just a few, and talk about the "clique."*

*Come to events and help with hand and heart,
don't be just a member, but take an active part.*

It's your Club and now is the time to contribute to the success of the LROC KZN.

You are expected to BE AT THE AGM

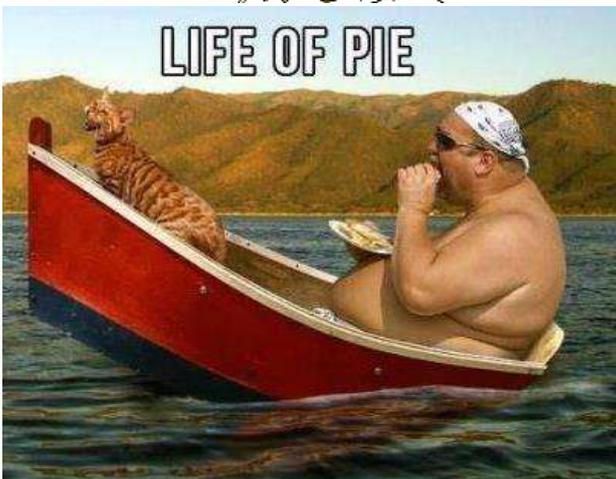
WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS.

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.

New Members who have joined or re-joined LROC over the past few months

Member No	Surname	Member Name	Salutation	Email Address

HANG OVER RECOVERY



First day of school

A proud young Sandton mother drops her son off for his first day at school

“Now be a good boy, Cockroach!”

“Think about your mommy lots, see, Sweet-potato!”

“Wait for Mommy by the gate after school, Pumpkin!”

“Mommy loves you very much, Angel-pie!”

At the end of the day she waits lovingly for him at the gate.

“And what did Snoekums learn on his first day at school?”

Boy: “I learnt that my !@#%*^ name is MARCO!”

A Man's Age -- as Determined by a Trip to Makro

You are in the middle of some kind of project around the house --.

Mowing the lawn, putting in a new fence, painting the living room or whatever.

You are hot and sweaty, covered in dust, lawn clippings, dirt or paint.

You have your old work clothes on.

You know the outfit -- shorts with the hole in the crotch, old T-shirt with a stain from who-knows-what and an old pair of tennis shoes.

Right in the middle of this great home improvement project you realize you need to run to Makro to get something to help complete the job.

Depending on your age you might do the following:

In your 20's:

Stop what you are doing. Shave, take a shower, blow dry your hair, brush your teeth, floss and put on clean clothes.

Check yourself in the mirror and flex.

Add a dab of your favourite cologne because you never know, you just might meet some hot

chick while standing in the checkout lane. And you went to school with the pretty girl running the register.

In your 30's:

Stop what you are doing, put on clean shorts and shirt. Change shoes.

You married the hot chick so no need for much else. Wash your hands and comb your hair.

Check yourself in the mirror. Still got it! Add a shot of your favourite cologne to cover the smell.

The cute girl running the register is the kid sister to someone you went to school with.

In your 40's:

Stop what you are doing. Put on a sweatshirt that is long enough to cover the hole in the crotch of your shorts.

Put on different shoes and a hat. Wash your hands.

Your bottle of Brut Cologne is almost empty so you don't want to waste any of it on a trip to Makro.

Check yourself in the mirror and do more sucking in than flexing.

The hot young thing running the register is your daughter's age and you feel weird thinking she is spicy.

In your 50's:

Stop what you are doing. Put on a hat; wipe the dirt off your hands onto your shirt.

Change shoes because you don't want to get dog crap in your new sports car.

Check yourself in the mirror and you swear not to wear that shirt anymore because it makes you look fat.

The Cutie running the register smiles when she sees you coming and you think you still have it.

Then you remember the hat you have on is from Gold Coast's Bait & Beer Bar and it says, 'I Got Worms.'

In your 60's:

Stop what you are doing. No need for a hat anymore.

Hose the dog crap off your shoes. The mirror was shattered when you were in your 50's.

You hope you have underwear on so nothing hangs out the hole in your pants.

The girl running the register may be cute, but you don't have your glasses on so you are not sure.

In your 70's:

Stop what you are doing. Wait to go to Makro until the Chemist has your prescriptions ready, too.

Don't even notice the dog crap on your shoes.

The young thing at the register stares at you and you realize your balls are hanging out the hole in your crotch.

In your 80's:

Stop what you are doing. Start again. Then stop again.

Now you remember you need to go to Makro. Go to Shoprite instead and wander around trying to think what it is you are looking for.

Fart out loud and you think someone called out your name.

You went to school with the old lady who greeted you at the front door.

In your 90's & beyond:

What's a bundings ? Something for my garden?

Where am I? Who am I? Why am I reading this?

Did I write it? Did you? Who farted?

To commemorate the release of the topless photos of Kate Middleton, Royal Doulton will be releasing a Collector's Edition of two small jugs

7 Wheelchair athletes have been banned from the Paralympics after they tested positive for WD40

**A mummy covered in chocolate and nuts has been discovered in Egypt
..... Archaeologists believe it may be Pharaoh Roche...**

**Just A Reminder to those who stole Electrical Goods in Last Years Riots....
Your One Year Manufacturers Warranty Runs Out Soon**

**"ITS A BOY" I shouted "A BOY, I DON'T BELIEVE IT, ITS A BOY" and with tears
streaming down my face
I swore I'd never visit another Thai brothel!!!**

2 Indian junkies accidentally snorted curry powder instead of cocaine. They're both in hospital... one's in a korma...

the other's got a dodgy tikka!

**In the first few days of the Olympics the Romanians took gold, silver, bronze, copper,
lead
and anything else they could get their bloody hands on**

**Sailing results are in, GB took gold, USA took silver and Somalia took a middle aged
couple from Weymouth**

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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.
