

Monthly Newsletter of the LROC of SA KwaZulu-Natal

P.O. Box 70650, Overport, 4067

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JUNE 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

Splonge my Tuck and Wang me ThackeryAAARRRRRRR!

"Gad but thirty days does fly so rapidly!" he cried, wringing his mitts in vain, as he wrestled with the June issue. But wait, all is not lost, oh esteemed fellows of the Great Green Oval! My head is still there, despite it being nearly removed by a phalanx of two-wheeled reprobates, eager to remind me of my lineage at Curs at the Park. And there was I thinking for all these years, in blissful ignorance that I was me-myself-I, fruit of the loins of my esteemed parentage and descendent of a long line of Potato Famine survivors.

All is now revealed. For those of you who may feel similarly, I can now confirm, without further ado, that I am in fact a descendant of a bunch of !@#%&^ useless Land Rover Owners Club, !@#%&^ Bastards, as so ably confirmed by Biker Bart and the entire chapter of the Wing Dings Motorcycle Club. Thanks boys, I always wondered if I was adopted!

Now that we have that sorted and I can focus on my decent family, for a change.....befive I get three carried away.

The whole episode at Curs in the Park, my first ever, invoked memories of a bygone era, when beer was cheap, petrol even cheaper and cars affordable and easy to maintain. These were the heady days of Ford Cortina's, Anglias, Beetles, Morris Minors, Hillmans and yes, even the almost totally indestructible Datsun 120y(I'd rather eat worms than drive a Datsun!). How many, I wonder, remember the phrase attributed to the old VW beetle, which I seem to recall, went along the lines of... "A VW beetle is like a Point Road prostitute. If it is not out in the streets late at night making a frigging noise,,..... it is lying somewhere on its back in the bush!"

I digress.

These were also the heydays of motorsport in South Africa. The days of Team Gunston, STP (Sex Takes Practise), Total Galoobs, King's Park Speedway, and for the best on affordable weekend motor-sport entertainment, at least in my neck of the woods anyway, the Ottawa Speedway circuit, in Verulam, where on Any Given Sunday one could watch Australian side car, speedway, flat track and stock car racing. Highlight of the day was always the Joe Soap event, where any aspiring idiot, could take to the track and compete in the last event of the day. It was the stuff of legends!

One day, shortly after having my wrists pierced so I could wear cufflinks with my Safari Suit, among my little group of mates, who were regular & keen supporters of the Ottawa mayhem and destruction, a seed slowly began to germinate in the minds of a mate Kevin and I, to enter the world of stock car racing.

The seed, once germinated, was given a rapid fertilisation one fine Saturday afternoon, after copious quantities of Castle had been imbibed, in the back yard of his house in distant Umkomaas, where, in those days men were men and women grew twigs on their chests.

As Maggie, my trusty Station Wagon, with her column shift gearbox, was just not up to the grade, it was decided his Cortina Mk11 GT, with the nude picture of Doris Day in the steering wheel, and that secret weapon of all secret weapons, the nodding dog, would be it!

Consumed with unbridled enthusiasm, a watermelon and a Stanley knife, we set about making our first foray into the world of flat track, by venturing into the sugar cane plantations surrounding Saicor.

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Being rather short of gear, the plan was to cut the watermelon in half, disembowel it and fashion a matching set of Jim Clark look –alike nut huts, whilst consuming the inners to rehydrate.

Tossing the melon on the rear window ledge, we cruised down the driveway, passing his father, a resident employee of the Saicor Sugar Mill, as we departed.

“Where are you two off to, boys?”, enquired his Old Man sternly with creased brow, somewhat mindful of our unsteady state and the rules and regulations of the ever-so-peaceful-Saicor Employees Village Estate.

“Er.....the shops Dad!” muttered Kev, in all innocence, mindful of his Dad’s senior position with the Company, and undoubtedly his prowess with the fists.

”Just be careful, and no bloody nonsense or else!” he cautioned with furrowed brow.

As if to reinforce our good intentions, we drove sedately from the driveway, as he stood hands clasped on hips, and we bid him a cheerful adieu with appropriate angelic disposition.

Misbehave?.. Who US?NEVER!

Out of sight, a few left turns saw us heading into the sugar cane plantations, with devious intent.

“OK Bubs! Keep your eyes open for the security guards!” said Kev, as he gunned the motor, slamming me back into my seat, as we headed for the clearing at the top of the hill.

Ottawa, here we come!

The plume of dust we left behind made Beep Beep the Roadrunner stop to check if he was in neutral, as we took the sharp left hand turn at the Y- junction ahead, and hit the hill-climb at pace!

We approached a clearing on the brow of the hill at Mach 3, resplendent with tractors and abandoned agricultural implements, and slewed to a broadside halt, as Kev tugged at the handbrake, the motor already beginning to ping in protestation.

Sitting snugly between the Massey Ferguson and abandoned cane cutters cart, with no space to swing a machete, I turned to Kev.

“Awesome Dude!” said Co-pilot Moowah, “Shall we make the skid-lids now?”, as the gravity defying melon thumped against the side sill, it’s parabolic trajectory being closely monitored by Fido still at full extension of his coil sprung jowels, on the rear window ledge.

“Ummm. Did you see that Y junction down there?” said Kev, “Let’s just “Woeter” down the hill, “Gooi” a handbrake turn and climb back up here, and then we can sort it!” as he fixed the bottom of the hill with a determined stare, hands firmly clasped on the wheel like a man possessed. The whites of his knuckles were reminiscent of the upper snow-bound reaches of the Matterhorn.

“Oh well Ok then!” I said, “What goes up, must come down!”, as Fido furiously nodded away in agreement from his rear window perch, his springs emitting a strange “Boing-ity, Boing-ity” resonance reminiscent of an Agincourt long bow arrow hitting iron-wood.

We hit the approach to the Y junction at what must have been 80km an hour, as Kev lined himself up for the handbrake turn. He applied the hand-brake to the last ratchet and the rear of the bus broke free, as

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we drifted majestically into the corner, casting a tidal wave of blackened and burnt cane dust to the four winds of fate.

The grins on our faces were tempered only by the sudden and unanticipated presence of the 75 cm wide and 20 cm deep, parallel Massey Ferguson tractor ruts, we had not quite noticed before!

“Oh Koek!” said Kev, as we entered rut one ,doing 80km sideways and 60 km forward at the same time.

“KERWHUMP!” said both right wheels, as they entered the rut in choreographed unison.

“WHAAAAAGH” said both occupants, as we rotated around our own orifices in what appeared to be slow motion.

As we entered a veritable Cumulo-nimbus cloud , of soot black dust. I distinctly recall seeing heaven and earth three times, as well as Massey Ferguson rut 2, before the world I knew disintegrated into a whirlwind of soot black terra-firma and exploding glass. All went dark and ominously silent, to the accompaniment of a Kent motor now needing a rather large shot of Choats Extract of Car and Money.

Sometime later I awoke, sideways, in single pile, to the sound of a flock of Ha- De- Dahs.

“ HAH HAH HAAAAAH!” they cried, as I realised I was no longer in my seat, and lying upended on Kev, who was now motionless, apparently missing his right arm, and by the traces of red fleshy substance and purulent white inner skull lining covering both him and I, and the interior of the car, devoid of most of his cranial content as well.

“KEV, SPEAK TO ME BUDDY” I yelled, as I desperately clawed my way from the overturned vehicle via the passenger window, and ran around to the driver’s side, peering intently into the now 3 inch high front windscreen aperture, sans glass with flailing Wipers fanning the dust and simultaneously frantically flicking pieces of brain from my personage in horror.

His soot blackened form was as motionless as the stunned cane rat, frozen in abject terror on the roadway ahead as it was being stared up and down repeatedly by Ferocious Fido, nodding furiously and daring him to just try to run for it!

Kev lay spattered in brains, with his broken and obviously missing half skull head firmly pressed into the powdery black and dusty roadway, where his side window used to be. There was no sign of his severed arm! The sweet smell of death was everywhere! It smelt just like watermelon!

Slumping to the ground in dismay and forlorn resignation at the inevitable walk home to break the sad news to his Dad, of his son’s untimely demise, my sorrow and trepidation, was tempered by a sudden movement in the vehicle.

Kevin’s black and soot covered bearded face began to quiver, as his lips parted to reveal not one, but two rows of gleaming Mentadent White and very much intact teeth! He looked just like a Welsh coal miner home for a lunch time quickie! Gad! It was a miracle!

He uttered the sweetest sounds I have ever heard . “Hey Bub’s! Any..puff....chance....cough.... I can.....spitooeey.... havehack....some of thata-a-a-aah-choo....Watermelon now, please?” , between ejected puffballs of jet black Miners Tysus dust and matching gloss black Haley’s Comet phlegm

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Well how was I to know, that brain matter is grey. I should have realised then that between the two of us, even if it were chocolate brown, we probably wouldn't have had enough between the two of us to fill a Smarty!

Gradually he moved, revealing his right arm, which had been pinned to the door by his prostrate form, and extricated himself via the remnants of the windscreen. Shaken not stirred, we pushed the car back on all four wheels, and slowly made our way back to his house, peering like hunchbacks through the windscreen aperture from under a somewhat lower roof, narrowly avoiding trashing the roving Saicor Village neighbourhood watch patrol car and cane fire brigade in the process. They had apparently been alerted by a Fire Marshall sitting in his watch tower somewhere near Scottburgh, who had seen what appeared to be a Hiroshima like cloud of black smoke erupting on the horizon.

As if it were not too obvious, we high-tailed it home, with them in hot pursuit following the lingering scent of pulverised watermelon, and trail of pips, which led them to right to his Old Mans garage door.

Kev's Dad, naturally not too impressed, was as I recall, the first person to bring my, and his son's assumed parental lineage into question, as he muttered words like "Just what the @\$% have you two! @\$% useless good for nothing !@\$ Bastards been up to now!"

Sigh! We never did quite make stock car drivers, but we certainly learnt a lot about panel beating that afternoon. Kevin, mostly from his Dad!

How he regretted not having made our skid-lids then!

Oh Well, by the time his Old Man was finished with him, and we were ultimately finished with the Great Cortina Rebuild however, all the Gunston's were smoked and Ottawa racetrack was sadly closed.

It was probably just as well.

After all these years however, I still cannot look at a watermelon without smiling!

Come to think of it, I must take one to Curs in the Park next year.

Seeing as I've lost touch with Kev, I'll share it with Marshall "Mosquito-net" Mike. We may need it!

The Ed

Ps – The last I heard of Fido, he became a house hold legend and the star of a popular dog food advertIf you really want to know why he's always nodding his head?.....It's the Grrrrrrrrravy!

Ok!..... , I know!.....I'm sorry!

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OBSERVATIONS, RESERVATIONS, COMMENDATIONS

The Good

SA new National bird

Common name: Indian Mynah.

Scientific name: **Guptensia Waterkloofus**



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the Bad.....



The killing fields of Killarney!

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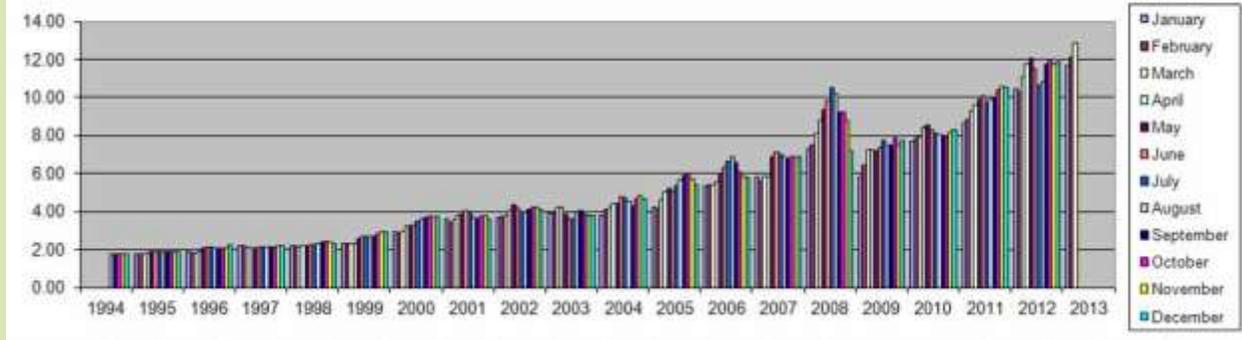
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and the UGLY.....

Fuel prices since 1994

	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013
January		1.75	1.89	2.20	2.16	2.20	2.80	3.62	3.86	3.90	3.78	4.21	5.26	5.84	7.32	5.82	7.67	8.64	10.43	11.67
February		1.78	1.84	2.22	2.17	2.29	2.86	3.42	3.72	3.90	4.08	4.19	5.38	5.61	7.50	6.42	7.86	8.84	10.26	12.09
March		1.70	1.79	2.14	2.10	2.31	2.95	3.59	3.78	4.20	4.17	4.61	5.39	5.85	8.11	7.24	7.91	8.27	11.05	12.82
April		1.84	1.87	2.05	2.21	2.31	3.22	3.77	4.03	4.25	4.39	5.01	5.56	5.85	8.78	7.24	8.40	8.62	11.77	
May		1.88	2.07	2.08	2.22	2.56	3.22	3.87	4.32	3.88	4.41	5.22	5.98	6.88	9.32	7.21	8.54	8.90	12.05	
June		1.87	2.14	2.11	2.27	2.68	3.31	4.01	4.19	3.61	4.77	5.05	6.34	7.11	9.83	7.36	8.27	10.07	11.50	
July		1.80	2.15	2.11	2.28	2.68	3.51	3.96	4.00	3.61	4.70	5.34	6.61	7.03	10.50	7.73	8.12	8.74	10.61	
August	1.73	1.80	2.08	2.10	2.31	2.69	3.60	3.70	4.00	3.99	4.54	5.62	6.90	6.88	10.20	7.52	8.02	9.92	10.83	
September	1.76	1.88	2.04	2.14	2.40	2.69	3.66	3.62	4.09	4.06	4.31	5.91	6.54	6.78	9.24	7.52	7.92	10.00	11.76	
October	1.77	1.90	2.04	2.14	2.42	3.82	3.72	3.75	4.21	3.84	4.67	6.02	6.06	6.87	9.24	7.88	7.96	10.37	11.97	
November	1.77	1.87	2.08	2.22	2.35	2.90	3.74	3.79	4.25	3.82	4.84	5.72	5.85	6.90	8.79	7.49	8.16	10.60	11.76	
December	1.77	1.86	2.23	2.22	2.29	2.90	3.72	3.58	4.09	3.82	4.85	5.42	5.78	6.90	7.18	7.76	8.29	10.49	11.89	



TECH TALK

Nothing to report this month..

May as well fill the space with a word of thanks, to Pierre Joubert from the Committee, for his short stint as a Committee Member. A special word of thanks also, to Liesel Mitchell, who has kindly volunteered to handle membership matters in his absence.

Rumour also has it Sir Kenneth D' Escargot has bought a new vehicle.....



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A healthy shout-out to Paul and Kerry Stanley on behalf of all the members on their recent nuptials. Congratulations once again! Paul, you may now use the prefix Mr. in front of your name! May you have a long and blessed union.

Kerry, now that you have made an honest man out of him, you have the Chairman's permission to kick him out of the house on any organized event day!



RECENT EVENTS

Cars in the Park – 19 May 2013

Finally, after 4 years I managed to get it right, and attend my very first ever Cars in the Park display. The day started off with a fair number of exhibitors gathering in the frigid early morning, air at the Cato Ridge garage, where after much needed coffee to awaken the grey matter and ward off the early morning chill, we departed on time for a change, to Pmbg en masse. (Ken was not there!)

Having had less than 4 hours sleep, I must confess to being a little worse for wear, but somehow, the family managed to make it on time for the early departure, without too much grumbling (thanks girls!).

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Arriving at the venue, we were ushered into the LROC stand by George and Ryan, who had camped overnight, where we were literally sandwiched into the available space. What an array of Land Rovers there were, with at least 41 odd vehicles of every marque and condition. Jan and Brendan took centre stage with their vehicles parked atop the articulation ramp, displaying their awesome suspension, and the rest behind.

By 09h00, all the vehicles were in place, the club Gazebo erected and registration complete. As usual George and Ryan did a fine job adorning his vehicle with pictures of all their and the Club's exploits, which was a big hit with show goers, as was the finely kitted Forward Control which was a definite crowd puller. I must confess to looking rather longingly at the neat bed at the rear, which I could have quite easily tried out well before lunch.

Our ranks were graced by a large number of Series vehicles, including some of the Australian imports belonging to the Lotter's. Judging by their current condition, these old ladies (or are Series Land Rovers Gents?), if they could speak, must have some amazing stories to tell, and I for one look forward to seeing them restored to their former glory one day.

First prize of the day must however go to the Guthrie's, whose restored 1952 Series 2, was an absolute show stopper. Well done on a fine restoration effort!

A fantastic time lapse photographic display was put on by one member, (name eludes the Ed – apologies) who documented the full restoration of their Defender pick-up, in the form of a 10 or so minute graphic video summary of the process, PC screen et al, causing some envy among those of us who wish we had workshops of such caliber, the resources and wherewithal to undertake such a task. A real labour of love and a very disciplined approach to documenting the full restoration process – must be an award lurking there somewhere too! Nice interesting touch for the crowds as well!

Walking the various displays was immensely pleasurable, and for me in particular, an eye opener, as I had no pre-conceived ideas of how big the event actually is. It is simply amazing to see the vast array of vehicles and the efforts to which so any enthusiasts will go to preserve our motoring history, or to pimp their rides. I just cannot reconcile seeing a 1948 Chrysler restored to pristine condition with a 100 w “pimp my ride “ system in the boot and chromed mags – sacrilege for some I suppose, but to each their own.

A great lunch time braai was had by all, and after munchies, a few of us sallied forth to provide some respite for the events Marshalls, to man the entry gates. Mike Cullen, Brendan, Johan, Paul and I were at the main entrance, and within the first few minutes had an eventful start to the shift. No sooner had we begun, than we had our fortunes read by the events convenor, for letting a motorcyclist through the barrier to allegedly “collect his pillion passenger who was too inebriated to walk”, when a rather unruly bunch of motorcyclists gave us a hard time, and things were starting to get a tad ugly. They adopted a rather threatening approach, muttering things about using us as traction and stuff. Whistling for back up, Brendan arrived and single handedly sorted the situation out, while Paul and Johan pretended not to notice, and Sheri and Sybil stood rather worried on the fringes, no doubt more than a little concerned at the prospect of seeing their hubbies flattened and used as traction by Biker Bart and the Wing Dings Motorcycle Chapter. Lucky for the bikers, they backed off. If they had torn my club shirt, they would have been in BIG DWANG from SWAMBO who had so laboriously made sure it was clean for the

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event! Thanks Bouncer Brendan! Next year you may have the day off while Paul and Johan can stand at the gate and throw the bikers in!

Fortunately the confrontation diffused without too much ado, but of course Mike and I were the subject of much derision by the bunch of rather irate, and dare I say, linguistically talented bikers, much to the delight of Johan, Paul & Brendan. Whoever said being a Marshall isn't fun! At least they did not drive over our feet (Keith!), or backs, or heads. Mikes usual sense of humour however, made the stint worthwhile.

Back at the stand, we opened up a few bonnets, and it did not take too long before the usual gathering of knowledgeable fellows was seen huddled over engine bays and imparting technical know-how to all in sundry, which was my queue to take a much needed rest.

We had a fair amount of interest in membership on the day, so who knows, our ranks may just swell.

All in all it was a great outing, and a big thank you from all the Committee, to George for his organizing, and all those members who took the time and trouble to put on a great club showing, going to great lengths to trailer in projects in progress, assist with marshalling, erect gazebo's, provide braai fires, provide great camaraderie and generally promote our brand to the general public.

It was very tired Ed. who with both eyes in one socket, laid his weary foot fingers and rodded bones to rest come Sunday evening, but a great day out nevertheless, and one which I will look forward to attending again.



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Santa Maria – Mozambique

Cancelled as a result of political activity! CAUTIONARY ANNOUNCEMENT.....Members seeking to visit MOZ, are urged to look at recent posts on the SA4x4 Community Forum. It seems as if Renamo are again active and criminal elements are targeting SA travelers recently. Use it , don't use it.....

CARS IN THE PARK 2013

Mkuze 15-17 June

Although not a club organized trip, we were joined by John Eakin, Eric Warburg and friend Dominique, for a last minute impromptu trip to Mkuze Game reserve, at Emshompe Camp.

For Erik & John, it was their first visit there, and for Dominique her very first camping experience ever.

A great weekend was had by all (I hope), as we traversed the length and breadth of the park in search of the elusive Cheetah, Leopard and Wild Dog. The days were spent taking in the various waterholes, lakeside hides and vantage look out points.

The park itself remains very dry, with most waterholes still showing the ravages of the prolonged drought in the area, but the lakes were full to capacity and some large crocs and hippo were observed languishing on the far banks.

All in all a good weekend's sightings, with John catching the first prize for Leopard spotting including a photo to prove it, and yours truly catching the Wild Dog in the throes of their early

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morning hunt (all six of the pack remaining, including two three legged ones!) and some Hyena. The dogs are being closely monitored and are "denning" very close to the campsite, ensuring a good chance of a sighting depending on the time of day, with their range extending from near the campsite right to the airfield some kilometers away. The campsite is now fully fenced, which in a way is a great pity, as previously we have had rhino, civets and even leopard in the campsite (which we missed by a night!).

There was a presumed Leopard kill in the early hours of the morning, very near the camp site, but the bush was unfortunately too dense to see anything. Apart from the odd isolated distant Hyena cry in the night, and Erik's snoring, the camp site was absolutely quiet, with a few Nyala grazing around the tents nocturnally and guinea fowl nesting high in the trees.

Plenty of wildlife was evident, at the ever popular main waterhole hide, which must rate as one of the best in the country in terms of activity and if reports by camp management are anything to go by, very little Rhino losses so far (only two this year apparently), but uncharacteristically only one specimen was seen this visit, so I hope for the best for these magnificent beasts.

We were very unlucky to have missed Kingsley Holgate and his expedition who were camped next to John, as they are currently involved in an anti Rhino poaching campaign. We did however manage to get a wave from him as we left on our early morning departure to view game. It would have been genuinely interesting to meet with him and establish how his campaign is going, and just chat with him in general about his travels and Landy stuff. Maybe next time!

Cassie had an interesting run in with two Leguaan at one of the hides, nearly stepping on them in the process, which had us all in stitches, this being her second encounter with animals at the same hide. The first being with Hippo, but I shall not go there and embarrass her in public! Must remind her to wear her Crocs next time!

Such was the enjoyability of the outing, I had completely forgotten it was Father's Day, and was pleasantly surprised by the girls with a great new telescopic torch and model Land Rover to add to my growing collection of Land Rover trinkets.

All in all a great time was had around the campsite underneath the crystal clear night sky, as we huddled around the iron-wood coals, with food a-plenty thanks to combined contributions by all. John's tinned mushrooms and his packet of Cashews were a big hit, and for once the Ed was allowed to sit and relax while Shannon and Cassie did most of the braai-ing.

Dominique, suffering from a recent bout of Knee-monia did her best to entertain us with her constant tripping over the tent, roots, tent pegs, Erik and the like. Don't worry Dominique, we will make a camper out of you yet – hope the knee recovered.

The return journey saw us take in Charters Creek for the first time, and I am happy to report for those interested, that the lakes are full to capacity again. The Charters Creek campsite is however still closed to the public, and a tad run down, which is a real shame. Fanie's Island, according to the boards displayed, is also still closed until further notice.

Thanks to John and Erik for the company. Maybe next time some more members will join us.

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

JUNE 2013 EDITION

I promise to have my radios working next time John!

WAZZUP

LROC KZN PROVISIONAL EVENTS DIARY 2012/2013

When	What, where	More Info.	CONTACT PERSON	Grade
29 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
30 June	1 ST GATES EVENT	Killarney is the venue. 1 ST Gates event for 2013. Separate obstacles for standard and modified vehicles. More info to follow	George Goswell 0836581324	3 / 4
Postponed	SANTA MARIA MOZAMBIQUE	The Department of Tourism in Mozambique has issued a warning for travelers to be weary of escalating violence due to the upcoming elections in July. There have been 2 cases of tourists being harassed this last week in the area we would have been traveling through. In the interest of safety we would rather postpone this trip until more favorable conditions preside.	Leon Jacobs 0732147756	0
7 July	BACK OF PINETOWN	Ready for a challenge, join us for a grade 4/5 trail. A few escape routes but not always. Steep rocky hills, big donga's and bike tracks up the hill amongst the trees. The possibility of scratching the Landy and bending the side steps is real. Meet at the bottom of the hill behind the Pinetown Vehicle Licence Offices. 08h30 for 09h00	George Goswell 0836581324	4/5
28 July	2 ND GATES EVENT	Slip and Slide rock in the Umgeni Valley. Come along for the social or enter the Gates challenge. Meet at 08h00 for 08h30 across the road from Botha's Hill Spar, R103. BYO braai for lunch.	George Goswell 0836581324	3/4
July / Aug	SNOW RUN	When the snow is thick enough to play we go. Tyre chains will be required.	George Goswell 0836581324	3
8-11 Aug	LESOTHO Baboons Pass.	You have heard about it and read all the horror stories of failure on the pass. Forget what you have heard and come and experience it 1 ST hand. If dry its drivable in a day without vehicle damage. We have done it, now it's your chance to smell the fresh air at	Kenneth Jones 0845091427	4/5

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		the top.		
15 Sep	MUSEUM TO MUSEUM FOREST TRAIL	Baynesfield to Malcom Anderson museum. What trail starts at a Museum, ends at another Museum and climbs to over 1500m along forest tracks? It's an easy scenic grade 2/3 trail suitable for the family. There will be a charge of R50.00 per vehicle as per the last few years and all monies will be donated to the museum. Meet at 08h30 for 09h00 depart at Baynesfield Estate. The pub will be open, a braai fire will be lit or you can purchase a hot meal in the Museum. Take a look, it's an interesting place to end a trail. http://www.minervareserve.co.za	George Goswell 0836581324	2/3
21 – 29 Sep	LESOTHO	In at Qachas Nek, down to the bottom of Sefrong Gorge, cross the Senqu and up to the falls at Semonkong, across to Thaba-Tseka via back tracks, onto Matebeng pass and exit Lesotho at Ramatseliso	Brendan Mitchell 0832824318	3

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

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.

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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
510	McConnachie	Graeme	Graeme and Mellany	mcconnachie@telkomsa.net
511	Shooter	Ian	Ian and Leslie	ian@drakensberghiker.co.za
512	Guthrie	Gordon	Gordon and Mary	nutman@absamail.co.za
513	Cronje	Pierre	Pierre and Ina	cronjihilton@telkomsa.net
356	Kemp	Kingsley	Kingsley and Derrin-Lea	derrinlea@gmail.com

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HANG OVER RECOVERY



Now in Leon's regalia stock..... Crocodile Skin Seat Covers



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The SOUTH AFRICAN Border Patrol is asking citizens to be on the lookout for a red 1951 Chevy which they suspect is being used to smuggle illegal immigrants across the border from ZIMBABWE and into points along the SOUTH AFRICAN Border.

If you see the vehicle pictured below and have reason to believe that it is the suspect vehicle, you are urged to contact your local police department or the SOUTH AFRICAN Border Patrol.



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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.

HOUSE SITTERS (Pinetown based)

Retired couple available for complete peace of mind while away from home.

We will take care of your home, pool, garden and pets as lovingly as if it were our own.

Pet and garden lovers.

Contact Colleen or Barry 0767281239 (Family to Jean & Selwyn Ambler)