



# Cross axle

The magazine of the Scottish Land Rover Owners Club

[www.slroc2.co.uk](http://www.slroc2.co.uk)

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## 60th Anniversary Issue







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## Chairman's chat



**H**ello, It is a great honour to be writing my first Chairman's Chat after my initial 6-months in the role. There is a massive amount going on in the Scottish Land Rover Owners Club as the club celebrates its 60th Anniversary and Land Rover themselves celebrate 70 years. I really hope there are events and activities that interest everyone.

Our competitive Championships are well under way and are being closely fought, the club has been real Green & Beach Laning (and whisky tasting) on a fantastic trip to Islay and we have shown off our vehicles and driving skills at the Scottish Land Rover Show. Hopefully you will enjoy the articles, pictures (and for those who have taken part) the memories from this edition of Cross Axle.

In addition to our normal Championship events - TYROs with Barry & John Anderson, RTVs with Gordon McCheyne, CCVs with Dave Mitchell and Speed events (Timed Trials & Club Comp Safaris) with Dave Hunter - the club has already been involved in a host of special events this year: the Classic RTV Trial (open to all Leaf, Coil & Air suspended Land Rovers), two teams competing in War of the Roses at Cartmel, shows at Thirlestane and Ayr, supporting Land Rover Experience at Dunkeld and a Green Laning Trip to Keilder Forest.

Although I have mentioned some individuals, they all volunteer and are all assisted by numerous other volunteer club members. Whether you want to participate in an event, assist in the planning or setting up, even marshalling on the day, please do

get in touch with anyone of us or the other committee members who would love your support.

Finally I hope you will join us at the Scottish Land Rover Owners Club 60th Anniversary Dinner at the Grange Manor Hotel, Grangemouth on the 2nd of February 2019 where we will celebrate through the decades of this great Club with memories from the past and hopefully some new ideas for the future. Look out for details in this magazine of how to book your rooms direct with the hotel and get your tickets from Steph Hunter or Abbie Thomson.

I hope to see you at an event soon,

Dean Pugh  
Chairman





# GIRL POWE

By Sheila Jessiman

So, who is this Sheila Jessiman anyway?

Apparently, this question was posed at committee meeting last year. It must surely have been followed by a sharp intake of breath around the table - I mean, don't you know who I am? Obviously not, is the answer to that! So, here goes!

I joined the club (as Sheila Wilson) in 1986 having been smitten with 'the bug' after a hurl in my friend Fraser Martin's Land Rover at Beith trial. My first event was a trial at Callander (Coilantogle), home of the infamous waterfall section, where it was necessary to collide with the trees to make the turn and to keep it moving or become stuck on the huge boulders. I was scared witless! My trusty steed then, and for the next 7 years, was a Series Ila Lightweight known as The Yellow Peril.

I was emboldened enough to try a Comp Safari soon after and my first attempt was at Kirknewton, a piece of land that was simply a pile of very smelly mud from end to end. I didn't finish the event! I was filled with awe to watch Jimmy Donaldson negotiate his way around the course with skilled determination in Old 80. I tried the next one at Gleniffer Braes and this time I was successful! The Peril and I thundered on after that, doing trials and comps in the early years until RTVs were started sometime in the late 80s. I acquired a Discovery in 1992, and started using it in RTVs about 2 weeks after I bought it!

I was part of the Club's team entry at The War of The Roses for several years, Claudia Aldridge and I being the first women to take part in the event in the Club's first year of attending. I navigated in several Hill Rallies in Wales in the mid 90s, taking part in the first event after its

resurrection following a 20+ year hiatus and in the following year my driver, Steven Ramsay, and I were featured on Top Gear. I tried my first ARC National sometime in the mid 90s, at Lincoln.

By now, my trusty steed was Jimmy, my dearly loved wee Series I 88" V8. Myself and Ian Sykes were the first people ever to use our Discoveries at a National RTV - I remember the sniggers from the fellow competitors in my group, who thought that a woman in a Discovery was going to be just the best entertainment, but by lunchtime they were well impressed by the motor's capabilities and there were a good few compliments flying! I am the only woman (so far!) to have won the Cameron Muir trophy, a delightful little Club trophy for the highest-placed Scot at the National rally.

In 1997, I had a go at driving a Hill Rally myself and entered the





# FIRE

then Membership Secretary, but for the last 17 years I've been the Trophies Convener. The Club has a fantastic array of awards and it's been my privilege to have been in charge of them for so long.

Scottish Hill Rally in Jimmy, my navigator being Suzy Emiliani from Lincoln. Suzy had lost most of her pens and paper out of the window by the second stage and by halfway through day 1, I thought my arms wouldn't last out much longer, because Jimmy was leaf-sprung and had no power steering (haha, I had to get that in somewhere!). However, we soldiered on to finish 26th out of 52 entries and won our class! I believe I may be the only woman ever to have driven a Hill Rally in such a vehicle.

This was my peak as a competitor, being one of the lads, always having great support from the guys. Subsequent to this, I have marshalled and co-driven with my husband Grant at club events and Hill Rallies.

I was on the Committee for about 18 years. During that time, I organised the club shop and was

I was asked to state my favourite trophy in this article - impossible! There are far too many unusual and magnificent ones to select just one. We have some 'pairs' - the Dunbartonshire and Lothian shields and the W Baird and W Nolan cups. Some are unique, such as the Speed God on Wheels and The Claymore, a new addition this year. We now have 2 glass bottles, the Belford Trophy and The Dynamic Duo, which have their own challenges on presentation day, and many of the 41 have a great deal of club history etched into them.

Although I do a lot of grumbling, I get a huge amount of satisfaction seeing all those wonderful awards set out on AGM day and I hope you all do too.

I must just quickly finish by thanking the membership at the time for approving Sharon Scott's proposal at an AGM to give me Honorary Membership of SLROC - a great privilege! ⚙







# old blue

By Alan Morrison

It all began with a handshake, the universal sign of commitment and agreement.

My search for a Series 1 had been on and off for a couple of years. Disheartened by the ever climbing market values and the high prices of non-running projects, the dream of owning an 80" or 86" fell on the back burner, smouldering away but never going further. I blame Tim Slessor - his book 'First Overland', as well as the desire to not follow the well-worn footsteps of the Insa Turbo Defender 90 crowd, meant finding something a little different. My patience was eventually rewarded.

I was informed of an old 80" trials car for sale, needing work and likely a bit rough, but a genuine car. I viewed it and after some keen haggling, we shook hands and just like that, I owned one. I was then faced with the questions: "Where will I keep it?", "What am I going to do with it?", "What have I got myself into?"

Many will recognise the car in question: 'Old Blue' seems to be one of the old guard of the SLROC, famous back in the day for all sorts of reasons. I picked it up in August with my mate Kevin, who has a trailer licence and had offered to collect it if I bought it. Armed with a battery booster and easy start, we attempted to bring it to life, as the prospect of pushing



and hand winching it onto the trailer didn't appeal. A few minutes with the booster and some easy start, it lazily turned over and after a few failed attempts it fired up and I was able to drive it onto the trailer.

A check with the DVLA shows it as first registered in November 1950. The chassis and bodywork that remains is mostly Series 1, with a home made bulkhead that has a Series 3 windscreen fitted. The rest is a hybrid of later Land Rover parts, likely replacing worn, damaged or outdated older components. The engine is a 2.25 litre petrol with SU carb; it runs rich but has a lovely smooth idle and pulls well. The running gear is a mixture of later Series parts - the gearbox and transfer box are from a Series 2. It's also running on modified Range Rover Classic Rostyle wheels, machined to fit the Series 3 axles - something I've not really seen before.

The interior has been modified for racing and competing, with extra dials, different seats, seat belts and a roll cage for if (or when) it lands shiny side down - which it has done, according to the stories I've been told about the car! Since the purchase, I've not really had much chance to get to it due to work and it being stored a few miles away. I have, however, been slowly gathering the correct 80" parts for the rebuild.

Watching, putting feelers out and waiting has helped me get a correct 49/50 bulkhead with sidelight holes, a windscreen with good glass and a straight frame, replacement door tops and NOS smoked side lights.

I have driven it a couple of times since - the lack of any assistance for steering and braking is a new one to me, as is the lack of synchromesh on the gearbox. Like many an old trials car, it's stuck in low range but a chat at the AGM has given me a few ideas on what's wrong and how to solve it. To begin with, I plan to give it a mechanical overhaul of the brakes, inspect the steering, replace the lazy starter, check the leaf springs are ok and change all the fluids. I'll then attempt the rat's nest that makes-up the electrics, as the vast majority of gauges and lights don't work and some are in need of replacement.

There's a lot of work needed to get it to where I'd like it to be, but one job at a time and I'll be running around in Old Blue with a big smile on my face 🌀







# SLROC Islay May 2018











# Islay Roadtrip

(aka SLROC goes that wee bit further for a dram)

By Neil Scott

When someone suggests they are needing a drink, it's usually pretty poor service when they have to wait almost 2 years to get it, but after some lengthy research and friendly discussion, the drinks order was finally satisfied.

About two years ago, glass in hand and thoughts of the Scottish Land Rover Owners Club's 60th Anniversary to the fore, Dave in his usual animated manner stated that we didn't need another bottle of whisky, we needed sixty! Now if it hadn't been Dave and Steph at the helm (dog and bone come to mind) with their sheer tenacity and determination, this great event would not have been the success that it was; it would maybe have ended there and then as an off the cuff comment on a merry evening.

After lots of head scratching, a link was found between Land Rover and Kilchoman Distillery on Islay, founded by Anthony and Kathy Wilks. Kathy is the great-granddaughter of Spencer Wilks, MD of

the Rover Car Company in the 40s. It is well documented that the name 'Land Rover' was conceived on the island.

What a winning combination, whisky AND Land Rovers! And for once we could do both at the same time - ROADTRIP!

Things started to fall into place, Anthony and Kathy loved the idea of strengthening the link with Land Rover enthusiasts and we just loved the idea of an excuse to travel to a beautiful part of the country to sample some whisky. We arranged with Kilchoman to have 60 bottles of cask strength special edition produced for the club.

The date was soon set and ferries were booked. We were going camping on an island off the west coast in early May. As the weekend got closer, the chill of winter faded. That said, when the advance party arrived on the Thursday, text messages were sent out





“bring extra groundsheets, the campsite is sodden”. With this in mind, the main party arrived at Kennacraig for the ferry to Islay in dank, drizzly weather. Low and behold, at the other end of the two and a bit hour crossing on calm seas, it was dry and sunny on Islay, and it stayed that way for the entire weekend with not a drop of rain in sight.

It was a diverse bunch of Landys: Emrys in his S1 80 (winner of the ‘Mesolithic’ award), Michael in his S1 88 (winner of the ‘Tim Slessor’ award for toughest journey), team Hunter in their 110 bootleg hauler (winner of the ‘Iain Og Ile’ award for best storytelling family), a brace of 101s (impressive and imposing, see pics on beach!) and a gaggle of Series, 90s, 110s, RRs, Defenders, Discos and Freelanders - a right good mix.

Most of us camped at Port Mor Centre in Port Charlotte, a great site with fantastic open views across the bay, a restaurant and bar and good

showering facilities. It was an incredibly relaxed weekend with two key activities: First and most important, we had to collect the whisky, but had to wait until Saturday afternoon (torture). So in the morning we scattered and explored various parts of Islay, agreeing to meet later that day at Machir Bay for a photo shoot and to meet Anthony and Kathy.

We were joined by a couple of local enthusiasts who couldn’t ignore this influx of Land Rovers and felt compelled to join in. Kilchoman have their own liveried company Defender which added some gravitas to the meet. After some celebratory photos, we sped off to the distillery where we were treated to a superb and informative tour by the boss himself. It was brilliant to get a insight into the running of a relatively new distillery. If the tasting session was anything to go by, all their hard work has certainly paid off. Kilchoman punch well above their weight in a competitive market and, uniquely, use Islay grown barley and bottle their whisky on site.





We left Anthony and Kathy behind with a parental tear in their eyes as we whisked away the liquid gold. Then we moved on to the sombre moment of the weekend. In February of 1918, the American troop ship Tuscania was torpedoed off the coast of Islay by a German submarine with the loss of over 200 men. Only eight months later another American troop ship Otranto sank after a collision with another ship at nearby Machir Bay with a loss of over 400 lives. We were piped into Kilchoman military cemetery by our Club President, Michael Bruce. He then caught his breath and proceeded with the 'Ode to Remembrance', leaving us all with thoughts of those who had gone before. After a peaceful moment to reflect on the past, we trundled off back to the campsite with the Defender sitting a bit lower on its springs with 60 bottle of precious cargo on board.

Saturday night was the obligatory BBQ and bonfire on the beach, with chat of what had been discovered around the island and what we could look forward to the next day.

In search of adventure, twenty one Land Rovers set off, first along some unsurfaced roads, expertly guided by our local man, Tom. We ended up at the first and pretty unique one, the Spit at Bruichladdich. Here some intrepid explorers, or idiots, ventured out on the Spit for some fairly unusual photos, but hey that's why we have Land Rovers, to go where others won't dare. Next it was time for the big one, remarkably called 'The Big Strand'. 12km of sandy beach, twelve kilometres!

We arrived with our grown up heads on, all parked up in a nice neat line and took plenty of photos, then mischievous grins started to appear. You couldn't

actually see either end of the beach, so we just had to explore. Do you remember when Le Mans had the standing start? Sand was getting kicked everywhere, bodies were flailing about to get to their cars and off up the beach before the next driver. It was a cross between Mad Max and Cannonball Run, without the Doc! Without giving too much away, Martin in his D4 really enjoyed driving on the beach - better than the M8, he said, no cops.

Now you would think the locals would know what they were doing down on the beach, why wouldn't they, it's on their doorstep. So it was with some amusement that Tom in his 110 and Alan in his P38 ended up in need of recovery. Not to worry, we'll put a 101 in front of a S1 and yank you out!

Remember I said about the whisky weighing down the Hunter 110? Well it certainly wasn't slowing them down on the beach!

There was more drama to follow that evening - Stu and Jenny in their stunning brute of a 101 had to make sure they were back in time for Stu to start his new job, so they headed off early that evening. About a mile from the campsite, the 4.6 v8 decided it fancies spending a wee while longer in this braw place! I suspect those in the know quite enjoyed being called to the rescue - it turned out it had stripped the dizzy drive gear on the end of the cam. Luckily, the following day a spare was salvaged at a friendly local garage and within a few hours, it was back up and running and just in time for Stu to make it back home for work.

The Sunday night was a combination of chat and live music in the local pub and back at the campsite for a blether and tuneful vocals from Billy.

Monday arrived and we headed off to explore before heading for the ferry home. We only scratched the surface of this stunning place, full of history and character. We will all be back to Islay, whether as part of a club outing or on our own, as we all left a wee bit of ourselves behind when we left on the ferry.

A final word on the whisky - SLROC held on to 3 bottles. One was raffled at May's Scottish Land Rover Show, raising funds for mental health charities in central Scotland, one is under strict security with the Club Chairman (aka the Keeper of the Bottle), and one is held by the Club President as part of the club's archive.

Islay. It was a cracker! ⚙️





# Where am I?

By Ian Stewart

I'm sat, waiting to be told to start, but from my seat all I can see is bonnet, all I can do is anticipate the drop ahead of me.

Begin with the car in 1st gear. I drive off the edge and down a gentle (45) degree Loamy Bank. The soft ground gives as I cross the small ridge, and the car slides a few feet sideways towards a big tree. However I've seen a few others go through, and I should stop sliding before I hit the tree. Carefully applying some power, I climb out the other side of the bowl then lift off as I gently veer left (someone else missed that, lesson learnt), I clamber over the saddle to clear a wee axle-twister. A quick goose of the throttle on a hard left up to get up the muddy bank (again, a known problem as there's no grip if you take the wrong line) and get to the top.

Looping round, I drop down through a gap in the bushes, making sure I straddle the ruts if I fall in, I'm pretty sure I won't get back out, and that'll ruin my run. Line myself up and, with some trepidation gun the engine and throw the car up across the bank, turning right and hoping that I've gone fast enough to go high enough to miss the cane, and not so high that I fall over.

With a handful of steering wheel, I get myself back under Control, miss the bank on the other side of the

track, and still have enough control to drive up the track to the next gate. Once back on the flat, I head through the brambles to a simple hop up a 2-foot step and take the longer route (round a tree) to get a better line for the last few gates. I know that the next gate is the top of a 20 foot steep and slidy slope, because I slipped trying to walk down it earlier. So I double check I'm in bottom gear and I drive over the edge.

As the rear of the car starts to slide right [Meep!] I need to catch it as the gate at the bottom is off-set! I know it's there to make us be more controlled, but several cars have wiped that gate out already, and I don't want to follow suit, and I hate side slopes!

Surprisingly I've got through that gate and need to suddenly go full right, then full left so I don't end up stuck in the ditch that's claimed a few people today. My luck holds (actually, it's mostly down to having a really good car), and I claw my way out the ditch and I Desperately seek the finish.... I'm guessing it's where everyone's standing - yes, I can see the red marker, and head that way... looking for the matching white marker. Flippin' heck - that's 6 feet up a thick mud bank... I gun the engine and hurl the car up the slope... mud rooster-tailing from all four wheels as grip fails...

NOooo! I can't make the final gate!! ⚙



# TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

By Billy Phillips



The weekend of Saturday 21 April was the date of a revival of an old favourite two day event, CCV on the Saturday and a comp safari on the Sunday, held on the ever popular Ballencrief site with kind permission of the Reid family.

I can't actually recall just how long it's been since we had one of these two day specials, but I looked forward to it with eager anticipation.

Saturday morning came, trials car loaded the night before, then an ominous text early morning said that Alex my bruv was feeling under the weather and would not make the event. Now this was a shame as we had jointly fitted new springs and shocks to his trials car and we were keen to see what improvements could be detected. On the up side, he wouldn't be there to witness my "careful" driving of his car, which of course I always do "ahem!".

There were ten excellent sections laid out for our entertainment, my thanks to Dave, Dave and Dave for all their hard work and any one else who hammered canes in.

The random shuffle had me second away on the first section, which I fared quite well on. Second section, and I'm first away and again not too shabby - had my driving skills improved, was it the new springs etc. or was it what one Dave commented, just "lucky". Whatever it was, I wasn't complaining.

The sections set for the 14 drivers were challenging but doable, with the right skill level and we were not cane dodging, which I find to be more about your car rather than your ability.

Ballencrief is an excellent piece of land with such varied terrain that the course builders can challenge man and machine over the ground, not the tightness of canes, excellent stuff.

Lunch time came and things were still going well. More importantly, the sun was shining and eating your pieces looking out over the hills to see the now three Forth bridges in all their splendour had everyone in good spirits.

After lunch things took a decidedly downward turn where the points were concerned. A particularly nasty downhill to sharp right turn at the bottom had most drivers taking 10 or 8 penalty points, except for one very fortunate fellow, who by the use of black magic and witchcraft, levitated through the offending gate without incurring the penalty and scored a very commendable 1, giving him a significant advantage over the rest of us. However the sun was still shining, the craic was good and the company even better.

The last section was the very definition of a trial, a very rocky section which claimed many victims - a killer hill climb claimed most, and only a few made it through the "jaggies" from hell to arrive victorious at the clear gate. I was one such fellow, my spirits lifted to finish the day on a high note. My hands were shaking with adrenaline such was the effect of negotiating this awesome section. I smiled a big smile at the finish marshal. "EIGHT" what?! "EIGHT, but I got all the way round". "Loss of forward motion". "Well I wheel spun a bit, well quite a big bit really, but I got all the way round". "Shall I mark your card?". Crest fallen, heart broken and my scone well and truly stolen, I returned to camp to receive the final scores. By the time I had driven over the hill I was cheering up again, driving an open top landy on a Scottish hillside on a bright sunny spring day, well what's not to love?

My result was sixth, not too bad. The master of the dark arts unsurprisingly finished first - well done Michael.

Well tomorrow is another day and it's a combined score that decides the overall winner, so bring it on!





## Bathgate day 2

Sunday morning and I arrive on site, this time towing my beloved lightweight on the trailer. I felt I should rest my bruv's car out of mechanical sympathy, for what was sure to be a trying day and nothing to do with the fact my lightweight has a v8 and Fox shocks! All scrutineered and signed on, the drive round let us see what was in store for us - and the course didn't disappoint. It was sure to be fun.

Now the thing about a comp safari is you race on your own against the clock and you don't really know how well you're doing unless you pester the timing team constantly. Fearing the wrath of Steph, I decided retreat was the better part of valour and stayed out of the caravan. So at the end of the day, I obtained a copy of every time per lap of all competitors and I have attempted to see how most of us fared lap by lap as if we were racing side by side.

So as not to get writing cramp, I have abbreviated competitors to initials only. You know who you are!

**Lap 1** and MJ is off to a flying start with AT BP IK DT JMc DM BC AL NS DH following on in that order.

**Lap 2** MJ is still out front but DT moves up to second AT BP IK DM JMc BC AL NS DH follow.

**Lap 3** MJ AT BP DT IK DM JMc BC AL NS DH.

This format stays the same until lap 6 when BP moves up to second place.

**Lap 7** and now BP is first, DT is second then MJ AT DM IK JMc BC NS DH AL.

**LAP 8** and I'm still in front, 11 seconds ahead of Dougie. Michael is snapping at his heels only 4 seconds behind him. Next is Andy, but now the times open up - he is trailing one minute behind MJ.



Now the racing is taking its toll on the cars. After a roll, Alistair Lawson has called it a day. Punctures, overheating and an array of problems are befalling the cars. I, however, am thinking I've got just 2 laps to go, keep the heid and it should be all good. However you know that bit where there is a longer straight and a kind of bump, and if you hit it fast enough you get a bit of air... well it is too much fun to behave, isn't it?

Aced it again, what fun. Next corner and hey, wait a minute, I'm facing the way I just came. Turn it around, plant it and, what's going on? Same again. It doesn't take a genius to work out that I have blown a diff on landing. Bugger!

I finish my lap carefully and think it wasn't too bad - but analysing the scores, lap 9 now reads DT BP MJ AT DM IK JMc BC NS DH AL.

**Last lap** and now all I can do is nurse it round, hopefully quicker than a maximum. Well, what a costly mistake.

**Final places** - DT MJ AT DM IK BP JMc BC NS DH AL.

My last lap was 1 minute 20 seconds slower than my average and it kicked me down to 6th, same blooming place as yesterday.

All in all, still great fun. Many thanks to all who helped make it happen. I am writing this account weeks after the event. My car is still broken, and family and work commitments are keeping me from finishing my repairs.

Today I drove my bruv's car at a CCV. You win some, you lose some... sometimes you lose a wheel, eh Dave?!

But today, all is well with the world, I wonder why 🌟





# BACK FOR MORE

By Robert Wilson

Well it has been a few years since I had to do an article for the club magazine. In fact, I think they were paper and card and George and Mags were the editors. This must have been around 1993 when I joined the club and had built my first trials motor from an old Q plate coastguard lightweight series 3 from 1975.

I had only been to one trial but straight away got the bug and that spurred me on to build my first motor. I started just doing the RTVs and trials as I only had a single hoop and the full cage was added later, allowing me to take part in the club comps. This was budget motor sport and I drove to and from the events in whatever state it was in after the event! I do remember tagging on the back of the Falkirk troops convoy a few times back from a borders event which was always a good laugh.

The time came when we had to get our cages tagged and I would

have had to spend a bit of money on mine to continue. This was a struggle as I was on a tight budget at the time and just starting out my landscape business so it had to be put on the back burner. I came away from the main club events but still took part in the Boxing Day bash or the odd trial when I could. A few years later, I got the urge to come back again, so the search for a motor started.

After a bit of asking around, I finally heard of a Series 1 80" possibly for sale. It had a 3.5 v8 conversion which needed work and a proper cage. It had its original number, LAA 139, and would be well suited to trials, so it was purchased. As I was working on it, I started to take part in the RTVs with my 5 year old 300tdi Defender 90 works truck. When you look at the number of 90s doing RTVs now, it's funny to look back because I was one of only two Defenders at the time that were in the RTVs. I had a good year with this and won the Diesel snail trophy - 7th overall, I think.

One club mag had an advert for NESCRO events which looked interesting. I phoned up to see if they would let me take part. It was a 2 day historic rally called the Caley 500, starting in Perth and finishing in Dundee with an overnight stay in Aviemore. Yes they said, but we will have to put you at the back of the pack as we don't know where to put you. The entry consisted of old cars such as TR4s, Minis, Hillman Imps and Austin Healeys.

This turned out to be interesting, as 5 miles into the rally my mechanical lever to the clutch sheared, leaving me with no clutch. I wouldn't be beaten though, so started each special timed stage by starting on the key and doing clutchless gear changes. By the end of the first day, I was happy to still be competing but was then told I was leading the class!! We then had a great second day but dropped to second in the class but got the spirit of the event award. I was hooked.

For years after this, I took part in historic rallies from Angus to





Kendal. As years went on, I helped some friends in the club set up the Saltire Rally club which has become quite a good wee club. My time has always been tight with work taking up more time every year, so after my Land Rover started having reliability issues with the engine, it had to be put to the side.

I had always been in touch with Gordon Berry, doing work for him from time to time and social events. I then met back up with his sister, Susan, who was the Newsletter editor for around 7 years and who had been a friend during my first years in the club. Well who was to know, but romance blossomed and we were married in 2008. For a while, I was so busy with sorting out houses and work, I didn't have much time for motorsport.

Last year, I started to look online for any trials motors that wouldn't need much work to take out for the odd event. A few months ago, I spotted an 80"

Tomcat on eBay with a 2.2 ohc Rover engine. It looked the job, so how much was it bidding at? So bid, bid, bid again, you are the highest bidder. But it had 4 days to go. Someone would be bound to bid on it. Days went by. No other bids.

4 days later in a restaurant for my brothers 40th birthday, my phoned binged - You have won!!

"Susan, look what I've got!" she laughed and said "What have you bought now?"

So after picking it up from Huddersfield, I got a wee bargain. I sorted out the wiring and a few other bits and am very pleased. I'm hoping to do RTVs, CCVs and timed trials when time allows.

It's great to be back in the club again, seeing some familiar faces and some new ones. As ever, it's a great friendly atmosphere and I'm looking forward to taking part, but I must say that the restrictions have been put on eBay!!!! ha ha ⚙





2<sup>nd</sup> February 2019



## AGM Dinner



Please come along and help us celebrate 60 years of our club at the Grange Manor. We are holding the 'rogues gallery' in the entrance of the hotel and asking club members to copy a few photos from the start of the club to the present day. To be included in the gallery please get in touch with Stephanie Hunter or Lindsay Macbeth (see page 2 for contact details).

<b>AGM</b>	<b>2pm - 3pm</b>
<b>Trophy presentation</b>	<b>4pm - 5.30pm</b>
<b>Dinner</b>	<b>6pm - 8pm</b>
<b>Entertainment</b>	<b>8.30pm</b>

There will be live entertainment from Johnny Lee Memphis - Johnny will be taking us through 60 years of music. (This will be in a separate room next to the dining room).

Tickets are £25pp (£12.50 for the children's menu) available from Abbie Thomson or Stephanie Hunter.

If you wish to stay please contact the hotel.

### **The Grange Manor - Grangemouth**

Garden Rooms £75 - Main house rooms £115.

Anyone booking rooms please book as of now!

If you require early entry into your room you must arrange this with the hotel when booking (£15 charge for 1pm entry) normal check-in is at 3pm, checkout at 11am. Breakfast 8am-10am.

*Grange Manor, Grangemouth. FK3 8XJ*

*01324 474836 • grangemanor.co.uk*

### To start

**Carrot & Lentil soup**



**Buffalo mozzarella & Slow roasted tomato Salad**  
with toasted pine nuts & basil dressing

### Main

**Slow cooked diced beef**

with in a rich gravy with a puff pastry topping



**Supreme of chicken**

wild mushrooms, baby onions & pancetta



**(V) Goats cheese & red onion tart**

with balsamic dressing

### Pudding

**Sticky toffee pudding**

& ice cream



**Traditional apple pie**

& ice cream

## Children's Menu

### To start

**Carrot & Lentil soup/Heinz tomato soup**



**Potato wedges & garlic mayonnaise**

### Main

**Beef burger**

with skinny fries



**Macaroni cheese**

with garlic bread

### Pudding

**Choco pudding**

With Choco sauce



**Trio of Ice cream**

All proposals for discussion at the AGM must sent in writing to the Club Secretary, Billy Phillips, by 19 January 2019.



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Extra Urban 28.3 (10.0) – 76.4 (3.7), Combined 21.6 (13.1) – 67.3 (4.2). CO<sub>2</sub> emissions g/km: 299 – 109.

The figures provided are as a result of official manufacturer's tests in accordance with EU legislation. A vehicle's actual fuel consumption may differ from that achieved in such tests and these figures are for comparative purposes only