

SAD RAG

Solent And District Land Rover Club

Website: www.sadlrc.co.uk

Email: via club website



Camping and lanes in
Devon and Dorset

Nellies
Dell Pics



Off-Roading in
the Pyrenees

November 2009 No. 42

75p (free to members)

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Vice Chair's Comments

Well since the last Rag plenty has happened. Most importantly there was Nellies Dell Camping Weekend. We were treated to splendid weather on all 3 days, and the nights around the campfire were relaxed with many subjects being discussed, not just Land Rovers.

The Saturday Lanes were in my opinion brilliant. More about them in Green Lanes Officer's Comments though. The Sunday play day went well with everyone behaving but still having fun. I am hoping someone will do a full length write up on their experience of the whole weekend so I don't have to.

We are still looking for someone to be club Chairman, so if you think you can handle having to go to the pub another two nights a month then this may be the job for you!

Now that it looks like winter is on its way, I look forward to seeing more of you at the cub meetings on the first Tuesday of the month.

Treasurer's Comments

Despite the current state of the economy the Solent and District Land Rover Club seems to be holding steady at just over £3200.00 in our funds, this may seem a lot for the club to be keeping in the bank but it only takes a couple of badly attended events to reduce that total by a significant amount.

Future expenses will include more work to the Club Events Unit as well as the Clubs Insurance being due in the not too distant future.

Green Lanes Officer's Comments

The Lanes on the Nellies Dell event were in my opinion some of the best in Hampshire. The route included several of my favourite lanes, including Water Lane near Alton. if you have never done this lane then give it a go, but not on your own! It's an experience!

There were 3 groups on the event. Mikey K led the first group, while Jeff Harris led the second group. The third group, which I was leading, sat in with Kirk in his 110 was all pretty much standard vehicles, but we ended up doing one difficult lane that the other 2 groups missed. There should be a full write up of that day's laneing in a future edition of the Rag.

The September lane event was also a 3 group event. We headed off over Salisbury plain and further north using our in car GPS systems to navigate the hundreds of lanes criss-crossing the plain. We found most of the lanes that day were dry and dusty but we did manage to find a bit of Mud when we returned to the Plain at the day's end.

Thanks to Adrian, Steve and Rob for leading out on that event, and double thanks to Steve for letting me ride shotgun in his Disco, which managed to destroy a rear wheel bearing 2-3 miles from home.

Hope you manage to get it fixed soon mate!

Camping & Lanes in Devon & Dorset

Part 2

Although this was not a club event it did include 3 club members.

DAY2

I woke up on the Saturday morning to be greeted by clear skies and the wonderful smell of bacon cooking. The night before, Steve had joined us in his Discovery, so now we were 2 Discoverys, 1 Pajero swb and a Series 3 lwb. The plan for the day was breakfast followed by a day of lanes. After breakfast we started getting geared up to go while we waited for Dan in his Delica to join us making it a group of 5 vehicles for the day.

Dan arrived, so off we set, heading for the first lane of the day. The lane started by going through a farm yard then out across some fields before arriving at a river crossing, Steve said he had done this ford a year or two ago and told us it was deceptively deep on the right hand side, so, forewarned, I led the way into the ford. Deep!! It was splashing over the front of my bonnet at one point! I managed to drive on through it though and emerged from the other side with water pouring out of my Landy. I quickly parked up and jumped out my Landy so I could watch the others come through. Next through was Mike A in his Pajero. Watching him come through was nearly as scary as going through it myself. The ford dipped sharply at one point which put the nose of the Pajero in the water whilst throwing the back end up in the air! Still, Mike ploughed on through and it was the turn of Dan in his Delica. Once again the step in the ford makes the crossing look perilous, but Dan ploughed on through in his Delica to emerge dripping the other side. Mike K was up next in his 3.9efi Disco. He was slightly concerned as he had no snorkel and a V8, but he decided to give it a go anyway and ploughed on through just like the others. Finally, it was Steve's turn to cross the ford. It may have been the fact that he had done this ford before but he seemed to make it across with a lot less fuss than the others.

The next lane was only 5 minutes away and started by heading up a long twisting tarmac drive to a hotel. We then passed to the right of the hotel onto a UCR that climbed up a hill and through some gates into a field of cows. The

cows seemed very interested in us and getting through the gates wasn't easy with them there. After leaving the cows behind, we passed a small graveyard in the middle of nowhere. If we had more time I would have stopped for a look.

The next lane we planned to try had a TRO on it so we diverted round it and headed to the start of the next lane. This lane had a large Road Closed sign across but no official TRO notice on it. After a bit of discussion it was decided to give this lane a miss also and head for the next lane on the list.

This lane was quite narrow to start with and it managed to claim a wing mirror from one of the Discos, but after a minute or two it started to widen out and head uphill. During this climb, Dan, in the Delica, started to get strange clicking noises from his transmission. At first we thought it was his auto free wheel hubs, but couldn't pin point the source of the noises. By the top of the hill the noises were getting worse, so Dan decided to make a run for home while his Delica was still driveable. Back down to 4 vehicles, we headed for the next lane.

This lane headed slowly downwards as it travelled across the side of a steep hill, getting to the bottom the lane split and we took the fork that headed back up the hill into a small village. The lane split again at this point and we took the right hand fork only to have to turn round again and use the left hand track as the lane ahead narrowed to a footpath with no chance of pushing through.

We headed south to the next track, a slightly muddy lane but no real challenge, turning right at the end into the next lane. We had to stop dead, as there was no evidence of a track ever having existed. Instead, there was a winding footpath that crossed and re-crossed a tiny stream using several narrow wooden bridges. Again we diverted round this "lane" to get back onto the route. The next lane, which turned out to be the first actual Byway of the day (all previous lanes had been UCRs). This pleasant lane passed beside two houses before winding between farmers fields and a small wood. It was at this point I had a small lapse in concentration and took a right fork instead of a left one, but the guys behind me two, of which had onboard GPS, called me on the CB to let me know my mistake, I slammed the Series into reverse and aimed the back end into a gateway I had just passed, but I was in such a hurry I didn't notice the ditch on the right hand side and I dropped my wheels straight into it. Well, after driving back and forth several times, I decided I was unable to drive out, so Mike in his Pajero gave me a quick tow to help me out.

Back on track we headed down some extremely narrow roads to the next lane, which turned out not to exist. According to the map, we would have had to drive straight through where someone's house was. The road was a dead end, and so

began the lengthy process of trying to back up 4 vehicles, up hill, on a very narrow lane, with all the residents coming out to watch. Not my idea of fun I can tell you!

Eventually we were all back up on the main road and so we headed round to the next lane. This narrow and scratchy lane curved around the side of a hill before dropping down onto another minor road in the bottom of a valley. We pointed our trucks uphill and followed several minor roads up to the top where we joined the A30 for a short time before turning right into the next lane. This UCR turned out to have been inexpertly surfaced with tarmac and so was very bumpy but boring at the same time. We quickly headed down hill to a ford crossing the river Yarty. We then turned left into the next lane of the day.

This lane had been resurfaced sometime in the last couple of years with gravel. Unfortunately whoever had done the job hadn't done it properly and so the left side of the track had been completely washed away. I decided to try to stay up on the right hand side and headed off up the track. Slowly the washout got wider until suddenly my Landy's back end dropped down the slope followed immediately by the front end. Looking ahead, the washout seemed to narrow again so I kept going, trying to make it to level ground again. What I didn't notice was that where my Landy was now tipped over at quite an angle the branches of the hedge on the left hand side were straight inline with my windscreen. Next thing I knew, there was a sharp crack and a branch was sticking in through the passenger side of the windscreen! I stopped and selected reverse, and then I backed up until my windscreen was clear of the branch. Another sharp cracking noise and the front of my passenger side windows now had a large crack across it where another branch had pushed it in. This was because all my left hand side was now resting heavily against the hedge and bank. I stopped and got out for a look. By this time the others had wandered up to see how I was getting on. Seeing me wedged into the bank, we gathered round to work out a rescue plan.

First idea was to cut back several of the larger branches to allow me to reverse out, so after several minutes of chopping and sawing I started my Landy and selected reverse once more. I managed to move back a couple of feet before becoming wedged firmly. The side slope was sending the back end hard into the bank. We next decided to try digging away the right hand side of the track and placing all the gravel under the left hand wheels. This worked and I was moving again. Reversing back onto the road, I got out to survey the damage. The Passenger side windscreen had a hole in it and was badly cracked most of the way across, the passenger side hardtop front window cracked and the passenger side hardtop rear window also cracked (I didn't see that happen!).

Climbing back in, we drove a bit further south to stop at a wide grassy verge where we decided to have lunch. Within minutes, all of us had our cookers going and various smells such as Sausages, Bacon and in my case Beef Stew and Dumplings were wafting around any passers by.

Lunch finished, we quickly pressed on, heading along 3-4 minor roads to start the next lane. This pretty lane followed the bottom of a small valley running alongside a small stream with bluebells on the surrounding slopes. Eventually, this lane met another, and we turned sharp right onto this new lane, climbing up the hillside to finish up going through a farmyard and back onto minor roads.

Crossing the border momentarily into Somerset, we did a short lane that ran alongside a major A road that in Roman times had been the Fosse Way. We turned left and dropped back into Dorset while at the same time doing the next lane, a well kept dirt track that crossed and climbed the side of a hill, before rejoining a minor road. Several lefts and rights led us to the start of the next lane. This lane was one of my favourite lanes of the day as it wove between trees in semi darkness due to the trees having grown together over the top of the lane. This lane was quite muddy in places with a couple of sharp turns to get between the trees, finally emerging at the other end to cross a minor road and go straight into the next lane.

This picturesque lane climbed up through a wooded hillside to emerge at a small Hamlet situated just a few yards from a B road. We turned onto this B road and followed it for about a mile before turning left onto the next lane. This lane led sharply down hill and ranks almost joint favourite for the day as it had a couple of large holes on its route that took some careful navigating, but then it was back up the hill and onto the minor road which in turn led back to the B road.

It was at this point that a couple of us decided we needed fuel, so a quick detour found us filling up only a mile away from the campsite. After a brief discussion, it was decided to cut the route short and head back to the campsite to try and effect some repairs before the next day's lanes. Back at the campsite once more, we said goodbye to Steve as he had to head home. Meanwhile, we got on with cooking our evening meals, straightening our panels and chatting about the day's lanes before heading off to our own tents to sleep.

PART 3 IN THE NEXT SaD Rag

Jer

Club Merchandise Available

E-mail me at Merchandise@sadlrc.co.uk

Hoodie in Green or Black with SaDLRC printed in white on the left breast.
Size S to XXL with personalised back print optional. £26.00

Fleece in Green or Black with SaDLRC printed in white on the left breast.
Size S to XXL with personalised back print optional. £30.00

T-shirt in Green or Black with SaDLRC printed in white on the left breast.
Size S to XXL with personalised back print optional. £17.50

T-shirt in Grey with the club logo printed on the left breast.
Size S to XXL, personalised back print optional. £16.50

Baseball style cap in khaki with the club logo printed on the front.
One size fits all, £8.00

Two tone Mug green and white with the club logo printed on it.
£11.00

Plain white Mug with the club logo printed on it.
£4.00

Other items with the club logo are being looked at. Please contact Jer for more details.

Offroading in the Pyrenees

Our Pyrenean 4x4 holiday started on Sunday night in Ascou la Forge, a small village high in the mountains. We left the warmth of the Mediterranean earlier that day. Myself and my wife Elizabeth, together with our fifteen year old son Kieran, were travelling in our Discovery II TD5 to our meeting point: a campsite where we would spend our first night. The road was good but as we neared our destination, it climbed above the clouds turned into a single track and deposited us at a damp and soggy campsite in the late afternoon. It was a wet and misty start to our week. On arrival, we signed into the office and were allocated our pitch.

We soon met the two other families who were to be travelling with us. Both groups had been in the campsite for several days. Steve and Clair with their daughter Jessica were nearest to our pitch. They were using the week as a 'dry run' for a future expedition to Iceland. They travelled in a dark green

Defender TD5. It had a snorkel and under body protection. They also had a built in fridge freezer, a dual battery and a mains inverter. Karen and Bob with their son Michael were sited a little further away. Their Defender 110 had a V8 petrol engine with an LPG conversion and lifting roof. They also had an Oztent for greater flexibility. Unfortunately, the vehicle had been causing problems on the journey from the UK. Karen and Bob missed their ferry to Bilbao due to the car's refusal to start. This early problem was to prove ominous.



We pitched our tent and the drizzle began. We blanched at the thought of cooking in the rain and so planned to return to a town in the valley, Ax-les-Thermes to eat in a restaurant. Soon Helen and Wayne together with their dog Skippy arrived and said their hellos to each of the families in turn. They together were Landtreks and were to run the tour. We had all booked the Original Pyrenean tour which comprised the early trails discovered by the pair. As they live nearby in Ariege, Helen and Wayne are familiar with the terrain and are regularly researching new trails and new tours. They soon erected their Oztent and settled to cook an evening meal.

It was a rainy and cold night. The agreed start time the following day was 9 am. and all groups were ready on time. Unfortunately Karen and Bob were



Nellies Dell Camping Weekend August 2009





experiencing difficulties starting their 110. However, with some brief mechanical attention, the engine rumbled into life and our Pyrenean adventure could begin. The day started with a dry and sunny atmosphere although the clouds of the night before took some time to disperse. As we climbed towards our first trails, we were able to look down on the remaining clouds hugging the steep valley sides. The winding road led to the Col de Pailheres, which was a spectacular viewpoint, especially as we had climbed above the clouds, and all was clear and sunny. We stopped for photographs but Karen and Bob needed further work on their reluctant starter motor. In the end Wayne towed them to the Col to allow them to bump start down the five mile descent. Fortunately their engine burst into life within the first few feet and we were all thankful to continue on our journey. For the rest of the day the route remained in France and towards the end of the afternoon we descended to our campsite in Estevar. Further work on the problem starter motor gave no solution and therefore Karen and Bob decided to drive to the Land Rover dealer in Andorra la Vella the following day to arrange for a new starter motor to be installed.

The travelling days in the week formed a familiar pattern. All families were punctual and were ready by the agreed 9 o'clock start. There was usually some early mileage on roads until we encountered the first trail. We stopped for drinks and snacks by a picturesque viewpoint mid morning and there was an hour's break at lunchtime, usually spent in a mountain meadow or beside a river. There was an afternoon break before we descended to a campsite in the valley at about 5 or 6 pm.

After another rainy night, Tuesday started dry, sunny but cold. After some quick food shopping in the campsite store, we were all again ready by 9 o'clock. Karen, Bob and Michael would be travelling with us for the first few miles and then continuing to the dealer in Andorra, while the remaining three Land Rovers would climb to trails along the Spanish boarder. The day gradually improved in temperature and by lunchtime it was sunny and hot. We spent most of the day on trails. While descending towards the Andorran boarder, we were met by a Garda Civil patrol car, which stopped us and checked documents. Unfortunately, the two officers wanted to check the contents of our car in detail and, before they left us, they had checked the contents every box and bag in our car. Our final few miles of the day were spent on roads threading through Andorran towns until we reached the northern part of the principality where we booked into our campsite in Xixerella.

Within the week two rest days were scheduled. We were about to enjoy our first day without the need to pack up and drive by early morning. We all arose late. Kieran and I played golf on an extremely pretty and well maintained pitch and putt course beside the campsite. Our afternoon was spent swimming in the pool, food

shopping and resting before our next travelling day. Clair, Steve and Jessica were more active and used the chairlift at La Massana to visit the mountain overlooking the campsite. We all enjoyed a meal in the campsite pizzeria in the evening accompanied by the regular fizz of flies hitting the “insect-o-cutor”.



Thursday morning was cold but clear. In the Andorran valleys, warmth arrives when the sun creeps down the mountainside and finally illuminates the pitch. Karen and Bob had arrived at the campsite the previous evening, but only to say goodbye. The garage had located and fitted a new starter but the engine refused to run smoothly on petrol and LPG was unavailable in the area. The family had decided to return through France where they could locate LPG stations. The other three cars and occupants said their sad goodbyes to Karen, Bob and Michael for the last time and climbed by road up the steep valley sides. We were to take a semicircular series of trails between Andorra and Spain. We enjoyed a very long steep descent into a valley occupied by a tiny village complete with an extremely small café. During the descent we stopped by a group of 4x4 vehicles on the ‘One Life’ tour. By the evening we were in a campsite just across the border in Spain.

Friday was the fifth day of the tour and, after buying bread from the campsite bar, we were again on our way soon after 9 am. This climb proved to be the most

difficult of the trip. Wayne explained that the ascent was several miles long with deep ruts and washed out sections. He advised us to keep the Land Rovers as level as possible and to engage difflocks. This was especially important for Steve with the heavy Oztent on his roofrack. The climb proved as difficult as we were warned. It was a slow crawl with a precipice on the nearside. We were constantly several inches from a drop of several thousand feet into the valley far below. By keeping the car as level as possible we were occasionally leaning outwards over the precipice. Losing concentration and steering erratically would have proved fatal. To emphasise the point, at infrequent intervals along the difficult sections of track, derelict cars and trucks could be seen far below buried in trees and heavily damaged. There were two sections where the action of recent rainfall had created deep gullies in the trail. One was tackled with advice and demonstration from Wayne. The other, several miles further, required the gully to be filled with rocks before the three cars could complete the steep rutted descent. The trail continued upwards until we reached the highest point on our tour, a peak at over 8,000ft. We stopped next to the summit radio station and watched as thunder storms ran through the valleys below us. We finished the day in the pretty Spanish town of Sort. Helen and Wayne knew the campsite owner and we were waved through to our pitch without the need to register.



We were to spend the second of our free days here in the centre of Pyrenean

watersports. Canoeing, kayaking, canyoning and rafting were immediately available. Kieran and I opted for the white water rafting, as this activity was new to both of us. We were taken to the activity centre and fitted with wetsuit, buoyancy aid and helmet and then taken upstream by coach. We were given a safety briefing, and the eight of us allocated to our raft embarked. Our steering down the river, the tempestuous Noguera Palleresa, was achieved by our helmsman giving three simple instructions in Spanish “forward (avante), backwards (atras) and stop (stop).” When drifting in calm waters, crewmembers were encouraged to drop over the side to give others experience in rescue.

About half way into our journey, we were puzzled to find that all the rafts were pulling up on the bank. I at first felt that this was the premature end of the journey. Our helmsman in faltering English explained that the stop was for us to “do the jump into the river”. I then looked up and saw a pedestrian suspension bridge crossing the river above us. On the bridge were twenty or thirty people in wetsuits with red helmets preparing to jump into the swiftly flowing river. My next assumption was that this was some sort of dangerous sports club and these nutters were about to hurl themselves off. Our role was to be the audience. I became a little more concerned as we were all herded towards the bridge. It became clear that we were all expected to jump! This was clearly part of the white water rafting experience. Kieran was keen and all the crewmembers in our raft took their places with enthusiasm. As I could not think of an excuse quickly enough and even less translate it into Spanish, I felt that the direct route downwards was probably best at this stage. The water was icy and quickly penetrated my wetsuit. The current was swift but after a few strokes, we were all at the bank and being helped back into our raft to continue our descent of the rapids. The river was calm in places but violent rocky stretches were common. Waves could crash into the raft. The craft would often collide with rocks, the banks and other rafts. We were alternately thrown towards the centre of the craft and then over the sides but our feet were firmly held in place by straps on the raft floor. Soon the river began to settle into a calmer pattern as we approached our destination of Sort. Elizabeth together with Steve, Clair and Jessica were waiting to take pictures as we drifted past the campsite. Looking at the calm river they commented on the “relaxing time” we must have had that morning! The day finished with all of us eating in a lively pizzeria owned by the friend of Helen and Wayne.

The trails throughout the week were usually dry forest tracks in the lower stages. As we climbed, the aspect opened out with the approach of the higher slopes. The surface was usually dry, hard and stony. Boulders and slippery shale were also common. The mud encountered was usually shallow and posed few problems. Some of the trails were deeply rutted and on one or two occasions, tracks were badly ‘washed out’. Once it was necessary for Wayne to abandon an attempt to

negotiate a particularly badly washed out rut. We all helped to fill the gully with rocks so that a safe descent could be made by all the vehicles. Streams and rivers were generally shallow at this time of year. They caused few difficulties but provided good photo opportunities.

Our last day, Sunday saw us completing two trails. Towards the top of a valley side soaring over a huge flock of sheep, were six or seven griffin vultures. These were enormous creatures with a wingspan of several metres. The shadow of one of these large birds, which passed on the road in front of us, looked like a small aircraft. In the afternoon we followed a trail which ran down a magnificent river valley. Our final stop was near Vielha near an 'out-of-season' ski resort. The afternoon was grey and blustery and threatened rain. The weather matched our gloomy mood as we said our goodbyes and swapped addresses. We stayed in convoy until the French border where our routes ran in different directions.

Helen and Wayne were excellent guides. The trails were carefully researched and were regularly amended to respond to changing conditions. Each trail was entered into a satnav and backed up with pacenotes. We were encouraged to bring basic spares such as belts and spare fuel and Wayne carried a winch, tow strap and hi lift jack together with spare parts for common Land Rover engines. Helen brought a library of pamphlets about sights and attractions along our route. Together they were professional and friendly but they also allowed each family space to 'do their own thing'.

Although I was a regular camper as a child, this was the first time that my family would camp on a holiday, so we planned carefully. We chose 'Brute' plastic boxes bought from Solent Plastics in Southampton. These, when stacked, would exactly fill the space in the back of the Discovery. They would also easily lash to the eyes in the luggage area. When lashed down, these boxes gave no trouble, even in the worst trails. Elizabeth devised a packing plan with cooking equipment in one box, bedding in another and so on. She marked each box with a list of contents so that it could be repacked quickly and easily each morning. We took two tents (as we were camping in the Mediterranean before our 4x4 holiday). In the Pyrenees we used a Khyam Freelanders. This is a quick erect model using built in rods which snap into place. It takes only a few minutes to erect but longer to fully peg out. Oztents were very popular with the other participants, all of whom carried one. By the end of the week, we were a little surprised by their popularity. They were much heavier than our tent, needing two to lift onto a roofrack. Although they were quick to erect, they were no quicker than our much cheaper model. Finally, as they were single skinned, they suffered from excessive condensation.

We enjoyed our week of offroading in the Pyrenees. The driving required long

periods of concentration. The camping was also tiring with the need to be fully packed up by 9am on each of the driving days. The weather was variable. Rain was a regular event especially early in the week and it is far from enjoyable to cook and pack up when wet. The temperature rose later in the week and we were able to enjoy sunshine and clear skies as the week progressed. We enjoyed rest days in Andorra and Sort and saw wildlife and views of the Pyrenees that would be impossible to experience from the valleys. The company was great. Steve, Clair and Jessica were great company and we shared an interest in the landscape and wildlife. Helen and Wayne were excellent guides. They were friendly, knowledgeable, helpful and sociable. They were always ready for a chat or to go for a drink, yet they were happy to let us 'do our own thing' when we wanted to.

Was our car up to the job? Most certainly. Discovery IIs do not appear to be the most suited to serious offroading with a fragile valence at the front and difficulty fitting a front recovery point. Our model was not fitted with a difflock but had traction control which worked perfectly. We only heard a faint burble on the toughest of sections while the car slowly but surely pulled itself out of difficulty. The Discovery had the much derided self levelling rear air springs. These had a useful feature to raise the rear of the car several inches while offroad. We used this feature all the time as it improved the departure angle in difficult sections. Our car was only minimally modified with a steering guard and a rear differential protector. Our Pirelli M&S tyres also coped without difficulty in the rocky terrain.

Howard Little, Pictures by Kieran Little

Forthcoming Events

Saturday 21 November 2009	Sommerley	see Off Road 4x4 events on Forum to book
Tuesday 1 December 2009	Christmas Meal	see Social events on forum to express interest
Sunday 27 December 2009	Duck race	see Social events on forum for details
Sunday 2 January 2010	Ice Run - Green Lanes	See Green Lanes 4x4 on forum to book
Tuesday 5 January 2010	Club Social	

Winching Hand Signals Quiz

Below are hand signals commonly used in winching. Match the hand signals with the instructions. Answers have been hidden on www.sadlrc.co.uk



Steer in this direction



Power in the rope

Power out the rope

Stop the winch

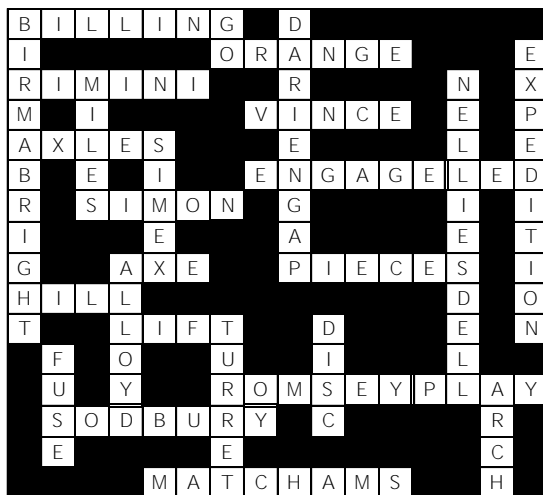
Use the brakes

Drive (use power to assist the winching)

Pulse wind the rope



Answers to Crossword from August SAD



Answer: It's meant to, it's a Land Rover. When it stops leaking, you know you have run out.

Answer: It has a lot in common with the titanic—turning circle and the ability to keep out water.

Answer: No, it's meant to have five on each.

Answers to spot the difference

number plate, extra reflector, extra speaker, inside door handle on driver's door, warning sticker in middle of spare wheel, wing mirror, extra dent below light cluster, TDi label, extra holes in spare wheel, reverse light

Next time:

Camping and Lanes in Devon and Dorset Part 3
 Halloween Run Photos
 Maps quiz
 A Year in a Land Rover

Duck Race Photos
 Ice Run Photos



Spot the difference—10 to find

