

From the Chairman

Jul 2011



Our good friends at the LROC national have generously given us some funds to purchase some equipment to assist on our runs. We have purchased a GPS to help with my terrible sense of direction, two way radios to keep in touch when in convoy and so we don't have to pass messages down the line to close the gate, a fold up table to display the regalia that our members always love to buy and a kinetic tow strap to assist Toyotas and Tourags we may encounter from time to time. A great big thank-you to Attie Smit our national chairman and the always helpful Isla for all their assistance we are most grateful for all the goodies.

I would like to ask all members who are receiving the email and SMS notifications regarding planned runs to reply to the notifications either yes they can attend or no they will be unable to attend. Many of the runs we book require a minimum number of vehicles to attend (mostly ten vehicles) and if we do not receive any reply we do not know if the members have received the notice and so we end up phoning around to find out who will be attending.

We do realise that not everyone can attend all the runs but would appreciate a reply on or before the reply date so we know where we stand and we can communicate with the farmers.

If members have any suggestions of any new runs they would like the club to attend please let myself or Julian know.

Regards

The Prez (Paul)

Tanglewoods

Elandsrivier

Date 29 May'11



On a very chilly Sunday morning, 29th of May 2011, seven enthusiastic club members and their passengers, gathered at Makro. In spite of the cold, the excitement in the air could be felt. En-route to Tanglewoods, we stopped off at Uncle Freddy's for our chairperson, Paul, to join the convoy. We set off once more to our destination, Tanglewoods, on the Elands River road. On our arrival, the amenities at our disposal were presented to the group. Without hesitation and eager to set out on the course, we started the preparation for the much needed breakfast. Within moments, the aroma of sizzling bacon, sausage, fried tomatoes and golden brown onions, got the taste buds working. The breakfast was enjoyed by all where after we set off on the much anticipated course.



After a couple of gentle climbs and decents, we experienced the beauty of the swollen Elands River, waiting there for us to cross. The course of the river was followed, till we were swallowed by a dense forest.

It soon became apparent where the name "Tanglewoods" originated. Apart from the obstacles faced, some of our guests literally landed on their face in the process of removing fallen down trees, which obstructed the course. Thanks to Paul, the chairperson cum chainsaw operator, who acquitted himself well of the task. (.....by no means a forester!)

After the second or third tree being removed from the course, it became apparent that the jungle was getting denser and would not be able to be navigated. The decision was made to back-track, much to the disappointment of the group.



After exiting the jungle, we followed the flow of the river, till a new crossing point was found, being a rock bed. From here we started to ascend the mountains, which entailed a climb of approximately 200 meters. Soon we were overcome by the magnificent panoramic views which this route, along the summit, offered us. The fynbos and blooming proteas (.....not the cricketers) was a sight to behold.

En-route to the camping site, a possible hideout of Ghadafi was shown to us. This being a tunnel / waterline dating back to 1939.



We proceeded to the campsite where opinions and thoughts were exchanged. The group then said their goodbyes.

Hennie Jordaan

Brakkeduine

17 April'11



Belinda the girls and I were waiting at the Humansdorp Wimpy for the other Landys to arrive, we didn't have long to wait before the convoy arrived led in by Ian Meaker in his Range Rover 4 door classic it is good to see Ian back in the LROC attending the runs, his experience and sense of humour are always welcome.

We said our greetings and tried to get everyone going as there would be plenty of time to chat once we were at Brakkeduine.

Ian led us off and set quite a pace on the dirt road his Range Rover was obviously not feeling the bumps he did tell me later his speedo is some what inaccurate.

Once we arrived we were able to enjoy some coffee etc. and deflate out tyres while we waited for Choppie to come and lead us out onto the sand. Some of the ladies elected to stay behind at the camp and enjoy a chat rather than join their partners on the run.

Eleven Landrovers headed out onto the sand the recent rains making the sand quite firm and much easier to drive than the last time we were at Brakkeduine, some areas where we had battled before were like driving on tar. Things were about to change when we went out on the dunes actually for Mark Lippstreu it got worse just before the dunes as his Disco succumbed to Dean Suttons folley and went off the track just before entering the dunes requiring some assistance to get it back on the track again unfortunately the said Disco developed some transmission problems later in the day but did finish the trip before deciding to relieve itself of it's ATF.



We all enjoyed playing around on the dunes with varying amounts of success. Wayde with the ever present grin coaxing his Disco 1 up the dunes, Dean and Arlene on their last run before emigrating to Pretoria seemed to be able to make the hard dunes look easy and the easier ones difficult, I will certainly miss the sound of Deans glorious V8.

Mark Van der Merwe and friend in the standard defender diesel with the mari biscuit tyres battled through out but still seemed to really enjoy themselves.

Brett seemed to be having one of those days as his Disco 2 did not seem to enjoy the sand.

As we proceeded further into the dunes with the ever present wind sandblasting us, Gerry managed to get his 2.8 LWB stuck on the chassis on one of the dunes requiring a tow backwards to release him, he did however make up for his mistake by being one of the few to complete one difficult section without having to have two goes at it, the 2.8 motor sounding very sweet as he powered through.

Driving in the sand is always demanding and requires concentration and experience. I was fortunate to have Choppie's father drive with me at one hill, his experienced coaching enabling me to after several attempts to finally get the Range Rover through which was very pleasing for me.

At one difficult hill Brett again battled with his Disco 2 having several goes but still unable to quite summit the top. I swear he moved more sand than an Arab building contractor that day. Ian then powered up in his V8 Rangie to the cheers of the crowd. (Guess I won't be getting any discount on my next trip to Savoy after this news letter!)

To finish off at the Roller Coaster Dean showed again the capabilities of his Disco 1 as he conquered the full roller coaster course.

We headed back to camp and lit the fires, pumped our tyres, enjoyed a beer and braaied some meat before we headed home, another great day in the bush.



Regards **Your Prez**

Zuurberg run

26 June'11



I lay awake listening to the rain wondering what the roads would be like for the run the next day and how many of the LROC members who had booked for the run would brave the cold rainy Sunday morning. I got up early and packed the last few items into the Range Rover and encouraged Belinda and Meghan to get ready to brave the cold with words of encouragement such as, remember the Sunday lunch at the hotel it has lots of nice deserts and meat and I am sure it won't be too cold once we're going.

I quickly went through the list of requirements for the trip, hot water for the coffee + tea, Hot Chocolate for Meghan, change of clothes in case we get horribly stuck in the much anticipated mud, rusks, biscuits, biltong, chips, blankets + pillows for Meghan, beanies warm jackets, etc. etc.

At 6:45am we pulled the Rangie out of the drive and headed for Nanaga Farm Stall, we had received 2 phone calls to check if the run was still on and of course replied certainly as I was looking forward to driving some muddy roads.

When we arrived at Nanaga I was pleased to see some Landys already in the car park with their owners gathered in a huddle keeping warm and chatting.

We greeted everyone and as we waited to see if more would arrive I showed the drivers the route we would be driving. A few minutes later several more Landys arrived and soon we were 10 vehicles a very pleasing turn out considering the weather.

We left Nanaga at approximately 8 am and headed towards Grahamstown to pick up our first dirt road I turned on to the road and after a short distance stopped to wait for everyone, to ensure no one missed the turning. It was at this point that Erna's son in the 110 behind us leaned out and said to me, come and smell inside the Landy there is a smell of rotten eggs coming from under Erna's seat, I can tell you it was with some trepidation I lifted that passenger seat not knowing what I might find there, but my initial suspicion was confirmed it was not a pair of Brian's old hiking socks it was the battery giving off gas. We disconnected the battery and connected the reserve battery and had the Landy going again quickly although they still had to live with the smell of the battery for much of the trip as it cooled.

We completed the first road and turned left to Shamwari I had confirmed with Ruth at Shamwari that we could drive through the park she told us it would be fine there would be people at the gates but the

roads were atrocious and she was right, but what fun in a Landy as we slipped and slid along hitting puddles the muddy water splashing over the windscreen we were grinning like Cheshire cats. We drove through Shamwari without seeing any game although I must admit I was so focused on staying on the track that an elephant could have been standing right next the road and I wouldn't have seen it. We turned right out of Shamwari and headed for Alicedale riding on an unexpected tar road into Alicedale. After a brief stop for coffee and rusks we were off on the next leg.

I left out some of the route and took a road through another game farm as the time was moving on and we certainly did not want to be late for lunch, we saw lots of buck, Wildebees, antelope, warthog and ostrich.

A short trip down the N10 and we turned onto the dirt road to the Zuurberg another 25kms of dirt roads with mud and small river crossings (some would say not enough mud) and the last few kms climbing up the mountain to the Inn, we arrived at 12:45 and enjoyed a beer in the bar and met Julian + Helen who were sitting by the roaring fireplace waiting for us to arrive. We had a delicious lunch and enjoyed the company of our fellow LROC members and eventually said our goodbyes and headed off home around 3:00pm another great day out.



Regards

Your Prez

Zambia - Trip report

18April - 6May'11



OK, so it was a boring day at work and I was feeling lousy for a little trip somewhere exciting... I've always been interested in Zambia as my previous manager in the UK (Birmingham) worked in Zambia for two years and always telling us stories about life out there. So I decided to go - this was mid 2010.

Preparation: I work for the motor industry and therefore only allowed leave during December shutdown. So, first step was to approach management and beg for the required 4 weeks leave over the Easter holiday period. The leave was granted providing I worked the time in over December, great!! As for the vehicle - the Landy's twin SU carbs were set-up to be as lean as possible for better fuel consumption. The swivel hubs were checked for the correct preload, wheel bearing inspected and replaced. My idea was also to keep the vehicle's mass as low as possible - it reduces stress on components and helps with fuel consumption. As a V8 owner you will notice this fuel conscious trend throughout the newsletter.....so NO roof rack, No winch, No towbar, No side steps, NO bullbar, No rear seats, No Spotlights ... Ok so I went a little overboard. I'm more used to long distance touring on my bike and space and mass is always a big consideration.

The rear seats made way for the little fridge freezer mounted on a piece of hard board, the high lift was jack mounted on a piece of hardboard fixed to the right rear inside wheel arch bolted through bench seat mounting holes - a spare set of side shaft were mounted in the same manner on the opposite side fender. I also bought two red plastic Addis jerry cans at Makro and a blue 20l unit for the water. Also used 4 cheap plastic storage cases to be used as - a tool box - tinned food box - cutlery box and a miscellaneous box. Clothing bags fitted in the back on top of the storage cases - oh yes and the two small little tents folding chairs, table and gazebo behind the front seat in the passenger footwell area, Done!!

Day 1 - Mon 18 April 11: We drive to Bloemfontein - the road is terrible and we spend more time stuck at road works than actual driving time - Overnight at a place named Maselspoort in a rondawel. My dad snores - no that is an understatement! It's more like a chainsaw on steroids. I promised myself NEVER again!

Day 2 - Tues 19 April 11: Set-off via Mafikeng to Ramatlabama border post to enter Botswana. We pass through without any issues. It's started getting very dark by the time we arrived in the first town and start looking for accommodation...the motels were resembling that of the movie Hotel Rwanda. Large hall ways painted in light green with large cracks in the walls and the beds weren't made. All this luxury for only 400Pula P/P per night (R420). We decide to moved on towards Gaborone and luckily found Mokolodi campsiteok not a campsite.. a garden amongst chalets to pitch our tents.



KUBU Island
Botswana



Day 3 - Wed 20 April 11: Next morning we setoff to Serowe in the hope to sleep at the Khama Rhino lodge. Arrived quite late again and found a beautiful campsite and immediately decide to reverse a young tree completely squiff causing a small dent in the rear chassis cross member I wasn't #@#\$\$% upset - haven't even had a beer at this point. We're joined by Robert and Martini Faber - actually distant family of the Faber Castell pencil manf. We did not get an autographed pencil and never saw any Rhinos.... and the Kudus spent the whole night licking the salt off Roberts Pajero knocking their horns against the side off the vehicle.

Day 4 - Thurs 21 April 11: Following advise from Mokolodi 's guests we set off to Kubu islands. On the morning off our departure we met a group of six vehicles also heading the same way - Leader named Oosie and best friend named Koosie. We decided to join up as Kubu islands were situated in the middle of the Makgadik gadi pans and the road was said to be in an unknown state. Letlakane was the first stop on the way to Kubu - So we filled up - bought food and proceeded fighting with the governmental official in a dingy flaking green office regarding permits for Kubu . I got tired off arguing and left this to Oosie and said goodbye to Koosie. We eventually found the "road" and proceeded on our own. The Pans are beautiful, one huge area of hard crusted mud surrounded by tall weaving green grass. We did not have much time to enjoy the scenery as a huge storm was brewing, a head of Cumulus clouds were approaching fast, dark blue/black in colour and saturated to the point that it was dragging on the floor, oh and lead by a curtain of lightening.

We continue to follow muddy tracks and eventually found two other vehicle at a "junction". (I stick in the mud - literally), locals in a Nissan bakkie and a middle aged couple from Cape Town also in a Nissan D/Cab. The little convoy of 2 then followed the locals to show us the way to the upper access road or the less muddy path. As we stop to pay them with two cold ones the rain and lightening reached us. We continue with the path but the rain is so heavy that the wipers cant keep up - almost like one continuous cloud break.

What's that red warning light on the dash!! The water in the tracks became so deep that Landy is getting water splashing over the bonnet and wetting the alternator thus causing the red battery charge warning light. We reached the Island whilst still raining. The camp sites.....sorry the dirt under the baobabs are covered in streaming water ways. We setup camp in the rain.



Day 5 Friday 22 April : The sun is out and our spirits are high. We decide to investigate the Island. It's invested with huge baobabs and the rocks covered in ancient fossilized bird poop. Koosie en Oosie came to say hallo back at the campsite - they got so stuck crossing the pans on the way to the Island that they had to recover 3 vehicles. After a healthy hearty pronutro (chocolate) breakfast we set off for Nata. We drove from 10am till 4pm to reach Elephant sands campsite just outside Nata. It was filled to the brim with Gautengers - all with great big Land Cruisers and Pajero's - like little ants busy busy setting up these humongous off road trailers. They were knocking and banging and setting up the microwaves and levelling the kitchen sinks. All whilst holding a cold bear ..sorry beer in one hand (actually Brandy and coke). As the sun was setting a Matriarch and all the cress came to drink water right there next to the campsiteall the foreigners are taking pics with long lens camera and quietly admiring the beauty and grace of these magnificent animals. On the local front though, some Gautengers stood there, a dop in one hand and a fag in the other looking at all this ...shouting at the wife - "hey bokkie -flash him he wont mind huh huh huh " followed by " ag Fanie I'll sommer flash him wiff bofhthe elephants promptly left. We met an elderly Lady travelling on her own in a Land Cruiser Troopy. She gave us advise on were to go in Zambia.



Ellies on Nata road to Kasane



On the ferry crossing the Zambezi

Day 6 Saturday 23 April Botswana: It's early in the morning and we awake to another downpour. When's the rainy season in Botswana then? Packing up quickly we set off for the Zambian border crossing. Spot a lot of Ellies on the road - Oh some important advise! don't stop for pics, they are not Addo elephants and storm at you. I set a new 0 - 100km/h run in the Landy that morning. Then later I get pulled over and fined P2400(R2550) for speeding - I even asked the officer if he recognized the badge on my vehicle! We arrive at Kasane and fill-up with fuel (Botswanas fuel price is much cheaper than Zambia - R7 versus R12/ltr) and food supplies and head straight for the ferry to Zambia. Eish what an iffy business, the 2 ferries working are in a terrible state of disrepair - so we immediately boarded the first one to cross the mighty Zambezi. One Landy, one Truck and trailer - 100 locals and plenty of booze gets loaded. The booze then gets off loaded in the duty free zone (Middle off the river) from the ferry while at full speed battling the currents, onto a hollowed out tree stump canoe (Mokoro) to disappear down to river away from customs.

Wow - great fun, a local decided to give us a geographical lesson and proceeded to explain to the Camera all the countries borders meeting at this point, whilst waving in the general direction of Botswana, Zambia, Angola and Namibia. The calm of the ferry soon stopped as the mayhem of Kasangula border post hit us. a Thousand locals all storming down on you to give you advise, sell you something, beg and just bother you it seems. mister mister! One will quickly allocate himself to you and take you through the maze of offices and required paperwork, police clearances etc. We were forced to buy third-party insurance at 261000Kwacha & pay Council levy 20 000Kwacha & Carbon Tax for the 3.5 V8 200 000Kwacha & Road Fees \$20 US Dollars. Oh I wanted to use the loo - that was 700Kwacha (I made sure I got my moneys worth) - hand soap was washing powder in little pile next to the basin...at least I think that's what is was meant for ?! We drive the 70Km to Livingstone and find accommodation at the Waterfront Inn at \$40 US for 2 nights camping. We enjoy a hearty warm meal at the restaurant overlooking the Zambezi and spotting the wildlife at the waterhole - American girls German girls and some rare Polish ones too ..



Vic falls viewed from the Knife edge footbridge

Market in Livingstone

Day 7 Sunday 24 April Zambia: The day is spent enjoying the local scenes. Started by going to Shoprite for food stocks and Airtime. Then proceeded to the Victoria bridge and watched the foreigners doing all sorts of expensive adrenalin sports - bridge swinging, bungee jumping, Micro light flights etc. Visited the Knife edge bridge - what a sight - all these lovely ladies drenched from the spray bellowing up from the bottom of the gorge. The falls weren't bad either :) Also enjoyed haggling with the locals -

Mister mister only \$50 - No I'll give you \$30

No no Mister make it \$40 - Ok I'll give you \$20

Day 8 Monday 25 April Zambia: Set off early and stop in Kalomo - the last town prior to entering the Kafue Nat park. Fill up again and ask a young South African welfare worker (named Jaco) about the best route through Kafue. First he stated by insulting the Landy - how bad the gearboxes are and the side shaft and the engine and the I looked over to his Toyota D/Cab Hilux featuring a proper bent chassis. So as Jaco stopped to take a breather from the insults I calmly said to him - at least the Landy is still straight!

He then asked how much fuel do we have extra? (two plastic cans bought from Makro), how much water? 2 Lt in the fridge ...at this point his chap starts freaking out, Kafue is not a joke he shouts!! How many spare wheels? Just the Marie biscuit on the rear door! WHAT !! if you break down the lions will get to you if the dehydration doesn't get you first....panic panic, even gives us his cell number. We drive a 70km dirt road to the southern gate of Kafue named Dumdumwezi. We pay at this dilapidated small iffy green office and the warden makes us sign a register - the last visitors signed 4 days ago ...my mind starts wondering about Lions, spiders, licking the dew of leaves in the morning....

The warden tells us that the only campsite available this time of year is at Nanzhila plains and we should reach it before dark ...and this was at 10 in the morning, followed by don't take that track or you will be stuck for days ...how much water have you gotshittttttt. With much trepidation we follow a very sandy track so deep that the rear diff leaves a little line in the middle mannetjie. We reached Nanzhila plains just prior dark - but only after I started changing my driving style to that of oom Sarel - yes oom Sarel van der Merwe

At Nanzhila plains we were met by a PE couple Brad and Ruth - they run the most beautiful campsite/resort in Kafue. Hell that was a lekka break - we were introduced to Mosi's -the best Zambian beer ever !! actually the only Zambian beer. We even had our own disco lights - flash your torch over the grass next to the water plains and thousands of glow-worms respond in flashes of neon

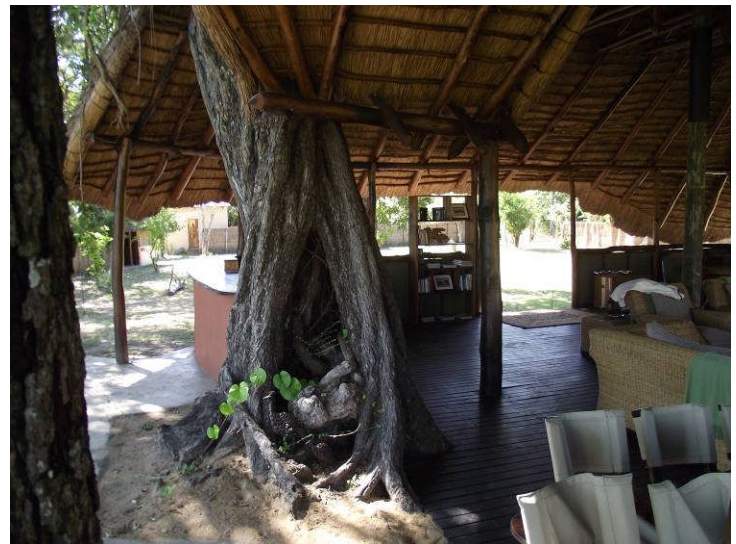


Day 9 Tuesday 26 April Zambia: The stay was so lekka that we decided to stay another night, we spent the extra day sightseeing. We spotted one waterbuck and one monitor lizard, oh... and a mating pair of wattle cranes. They're funny - the male ever so often does this "strictly come dancing" flamboyant cha cha disco moves opening his wings to display his biceps swinging the hips and all -then the female responds by ignore him like a stop sign. Reminds me a bit of my metric farewell.....hmm

We also went in search of the very scares black cheeked lovebird only available in small numbers in that very region - we found thousands of tsetse flies instead. and these flies bite, bliksem they make your eyes water.



Roads in the Kafue Nat
park Zambia



Nanzhila Plains lodge

Day 10 Wednesday 27 April Zambia: after a detailed map was sketched on the back of a fag packet we set-off to another South African running a hunting lodge named Nsonga safaris.

Again we are greeted with a huge smile and a firm handshake. Again the Mosi come to the rescue and we get offered a nifty luxurious tent. The little fridge in the Landy gets raided again to provide supper and even more Mosi's. This campsite is also located next to a huge water plain. So the whole night we could hear the barbell slapping their tails on the water - not sure why?

Don't sleep at all as my father again decide to cut down Sherwood forest with his snoring. Never again!

Day 11 Thursday 28 April Zambia: More roads sketched on the back of a brochure this time - we are heading for Mukambi lodge situated on the edge of the Kafue river. This will eventually be the furthest north we could go. On the way there we stopped off in Itezhi Tezi - the largest man made water reservoir/dam/lake in the world. Sign board every where - NO pictures.....so on top off the wall as we cross the open slues we are met by two police officers guarding the wall with AK47's, very nice locals - we ended up sharing some Mosi's. don't ask...

Stop for fuel in the town but get told that we need to buy a fuel voucher first somewhere at a governmental building ?? how much fuel do I require to fill ? it's really pretty dof . Anyhow we find the building resembling a school - people sitting in offices playing board games. The one lady that does print the voucher tell us that the power is off and as a results we should come back later...ok when...maybe later perhaps tomorrow ??who knows.

Ahh time for the Makro cans - we empty the well bloated cans giving us an extra 40Lt - about 200km range for the V8.

This was followed by the worst dirt road ever made !! 120km of 1st gear speed pothole ridden muddy criss crossing road, tarred 10 years ago with small patches of tar remaining. Apparently a BELL grader was sponsored by a European nation at huge costs - it graded 500meters before the local managed to snap the blade - this was a year ago - we spotted the grader. Arrive at Makolodi - pitch the tents and fall asleep to the sounds of the side stripped jackals.

Nsonga Safari - looking for Elephants



KAZUNGULA DISTRICT COUNCIL

P.O. Box 61433
LIVINGSTONE, ZAMBIA

GENERAL RECEIPT No 295327

Date: 01-05-11

Received from: DEB 1361 EC

The Amount of (In words) Twenty Thousand

Kwacha

In respect of: M/N

Code	Amount	Sign:
	K20,000	
	1	Name:
Total	K20,000	Desig:

Day 12 Friday 29 April Zambia: Nice cuppa in the morning with some of Ouma se beskuit . We book a game drive for the evening and so I spend the morning washing all the mud of the Landy. Then I occupied myself with the most traditional African hobby - I fell asleep in the middle of the day under a tree...didn't take much practise. Was most surprised to wake up with a couple of pigs - yes around the corner a group of 4 farty warthogs had joined me while asleep and at this point was snoring just as loud as my Dad - never again I said !!

We prepared for the game drive by consuming more Mosi beer . the drive was on the back of another Cruiser with the ride comfort of a wheelbarrow and about the same features ;-). Got to see Puku, one gazillion tsetse flies (yes I counted them all) and a group of five young Lions on the Lafupa road - first year for these youngsters on their own according to the guide. Later the evening we were invited as guests by the owners for a brilliant Red meat festival , Zambeef style..

I caught 5 minutes of the royal wedding and was terribly disappointed, Prince William and Kate could have had a nice Landy as a wedding car but nooooo her dress might get a little oil stain.

Day 13 Saturday 30 April Zambia: Our circular route west towards Mongu had to be revised. Again Africa throws you a curve ball - the Zambezi is apparently 6-8-meters above it's normal level and the only ferry crossing will only be available in Julyand this will pose a problem to my wife and management (same thing really come to think of it). So we head towards the east, LUSAKA , eish. This was an uhhmmm an interesting experience. Shacks lining the road side for Kilometres prior to reaching the city centre . These shopping centre shacks sell anything from Hippo tow nails to running shoes for a three toed sloth.

Another speed trap in town, the officer firstly shook my hand to congratulate us (sarcastic git) and then promptly bribed us. So we negotiate a fare deal of 150 000Kwacha and I sped of with my super fast F%\$#@ \$ Lambo ... Landy. If anybody could advise the author where he could purchase 4 x racing slicks in 7.50X16 he would greatly appreciate it.

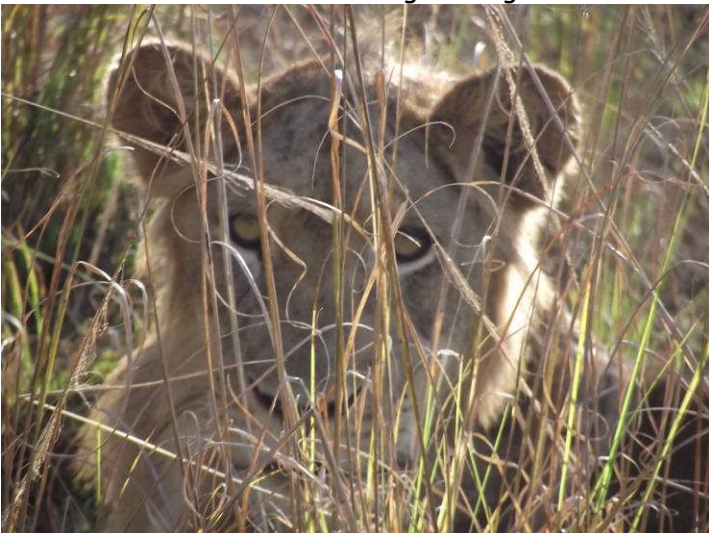
At this point we are aiming for Livingston and judging from all the speeding fines the Lambo should make short work of this 900km journey - IT Didn't ! departed Makumbi at 7am and reached Livingston at 6pm. fuel consumed for the day was 460 000Kwa at Mumbwa, 200 000 at Lusaka, 180 000Kwa at Mazabuka and 100 000 again in Livingstone.

Camp again at the Livingstone Waterfront and perve at the same bar. (R1=760Kwa)



Lusaka street market

Day 14 Sunday 1 May Zambia: Up early - withdraw Kwa1 000 000 and feel like a millionaire until I paid for the cup of coffee(kwa3500/cup). We exchanged what remained to dollars, stock-up at ShopRite with the essentials 2x cases of beer a steak and a tomato! Not sure why we bought the tomato - seemed like the right thing to do at the time.



One Million Kwachas

We aim the Lambo towards Kazungula - and as we are about to depart she goes dead vrek/niks/kapoet in Livingstone city centre. No lights on the dash and no response from the ignition or starter. The million Taxis drivers and locals were livered as we were blocking main road. I wiggle and wiggle the ignition and she coughs to life and I quickly drive round the corner out of traffic. You cant really afford to strip the Landy on the spot because of having to unpack the toolbox on the pavement with

plenty of eyes watching your every move. I manage to find the address for Foleys Land Rovers in Zambia and promptly drove there as it was only 5km away. The little security guard at the workshop gave me the owner Nick's cell number. I phoned but was told that he is out of town and I would have to wait until Tuesday (as the Monday was a public holiday). So we moved the Landy under a tree across the road and started stripping the dash board and quickly found that the DPO (Dipshit Previous Owner) had fixed the ignition switch with Pratley steel and this has now decided to finally give up. The wire terminals were welded onto the switch terminals and as I pull/force them off I inevitably touched a live wire against the body and sparks flew.

Then noticed that a fancy new Landy pulls up at the Foleys workshop across the road - it's clear at this point that the guard is explaining to the driver chap that we are in distress. He promptly opened the big metal gate - pulled in and locked it again behind him. I walk over and asked the guard who just entered and it happened to be the owner Nick. I spot him through the big metal gate and immediately strip my moer. "Hey you" I shout "are you Nick". His head drops and as to show his dismay "YES" he shouts back. "Oh Ok, I thought you are out of town!!!"



Fixing the Ignition switch

Anyhow he finds a new ignition switch unit and charges us 170 000 Kwachas. I fit the unit only to discover that I still don't have any form of life from the Lambo. Realizing that I must have blown a fuse when arcing the red wire against the body we check the fuse box. No fault found, eventually with the Landy stripped butt naked bonnet off air cleaner off and a makeshift electrical tester from a brake light bulb we trace the very well hidden main fuse box against the side of the firewall. The blown 60amp fuse was replaced by copper wire and hoera she starts -celebrate with Mosi's.

The Lambo landy now races towards Kazungula at 140km/h - onto the ferry and in Botswana with one smooth move -except that this is Africa. This hobo with a tattered orange bib makes his way over to us at the Kasane border post - we instinctively know he's targeted us, you just get that feeling when you see those yellow eyes intensely focused on you. "Hallo sir - we are currently under attach" he says. "this foot and mouth yes" he continues to explain as he starts opening the Landy rear door to get to my fridge.

He then confiscates my fresh and crispy Shoprite tomato and some other goodies. He targeted my plastic sealed steak but I offered him a beer instead .We were quite tired so found the first campsite and camped out for the night.

Day 15 Monday 2 May Botswana: So it's morning again and I'm crawling out of my little tent. The old man is already busy with the coffee. Eventually we get all packed up and head towards Chobe's main gate . Stop to fill up and drama ...There is no fuel in Kasane at any of the filling stations. Also being a public holiday nobody can give us any idea of when the tanker will arrive. The normal answer is "Maybe today perhaps tomorrow" . So back to the same campsite but this time we park out at the fancy hotel with all the foreigners. Order coffee and sit. It was only after 1 pm that afternoon a tanker arrived but on our visit to the station the cars were already queuing around the block and the tanker isn't filling the underground tanks. The tanker didn't have the coupling hoses !! Can you believe it !! a set finally arrived on the back of a bakkie from another filling station. We eventually arrive at the Chobe gate and more drama. did you book accommodation - No mam.. long story short after paying plenty of money we were allowed to camp at Ihaha.

Chobe was a pleasant surprise - with more animals you can wave a ceremonial cow tail flyswotter at. We saw many herds of buffalo in their hundreds - we had to shoo then out the way literary. The tracks were thick white river sand with deep ruts criss crossing all over the place which explains the very concerned look of the poor dad's face as he came flying down the road in his Renault Scenic people carrier - mother in tears and two kiddos starring at us with eyes like saucers.

Ihaha - the campsite is a little dirt patch with a dirt bin and a dirty fireplace. Fetching water out of the Chobe was exciting especially if you spent the afternoon looking at all the giant Crocs tanning all along the banks of the same river.



GENERAL RECEIPT
5 AND TRANSPORT
DEPARTMENT OF ROAD TRANSPORT
Accounts Form 40 S
Stocked by Min. of Finance
ORIGINAL

Refra
No. 0362605

RECEIPT FOR THE PAYMENT OF ENTRY FEES

Name of driver: *Mr. Eugene Strydom*
Name and address of Owner / Company: *Dir*

Port of entry: *Kazungula* Date: *23-04-2011*
Travelling from: *RSA* To: *Kafue*

Vehicle details: Make: *Landcruiser* Number of Axles: *2*

Registration No.: - horse: *DCM 861 EC*
Engine No.: *1011*
Weight: *23 APR 2011* Empty / Loaded: *Empty*

Fee paid (Specify currency): *\$ 20.00*
Amount in words: *Twenty US dollars Only*
Signature: *[Signature]* Date: *23.04.2011*

Waiting in-line for fuel at
Kasane

The bath room facilities were not great , it had no lights, no hot water and the toilets were dirty. Were also quite surprised to run into Kosie and Oosie again. Their convoy of 6 grew to 8 vehicles. Caught up on the latest happenings and assist fixing one of the adventurers faulty fridge wiring. That night we fell asleep with the sounds of the buffalos grazing right pass our little tents - snorting and breaking through thick bush or it could have been the old man ?!

Day 16 Tuesday 3 May Botswana: Heading towards Maun via the Savuti. Sand roads turning into mud the further you drive south. Mopani tree forests like you have never seen before, I eventually get so tired of driving all day that half the time we don't notice the wildlife or even stop for a photo. Another gate within Chobe - more fees to be paid and another farm gate in the middle of nowhere.

I'm greeted by 'Hallo sir - we are currently under attack' . "ahhh let me guess - the foot and mouth" Yes sir can I look at your fridge . This time they confiscate our vacuum packed steaks and boerewors bought in Botswana Kasane Spar. They chuck it straight on an open fire on the side of the road. I wasn't half the moer in - I offered them some BBQ source to go with the steaks. Eventually arrive in Maun and stop off at Audi camp - the local receptionist speaks terrible english. We pay and make our way to an open campsite. We just finished setting up camp and a group of Capetonians arrive - they booked the stand. So we move to the next door stand . This time the receptionist arrives at the site and starts shouting at us in front of the whole campsite that we are not allowed on this particular stand and she goes on to explain that because that site has electricity we have to pay an additional 70Pula. I really hated Botswana at this point - they honestly target the South Africans and charge absurd fees for every little thing they can think off.

Hard at work on the ferry



Day 17 Wednesday 4 May Botswana: I'm determined to get home now - poor landy having pushed as hard as possible east towards Serowe then again south aiming for Palapye and Mahalapye . Thought we might make Gaborone by evening but it was not to beit started going dark as we reached Mahalapye and with my 2 candle light headlamps and donkey carcasses littered along the side of the roads we decided not to drive at night.

We ask everywhere for a campsite in Mahalapye, consult the GPS and even ask for advice at local motels. No luck except the one Motel mentioned that we could camp in the parking lot for a small fee. We agree, and once we setup camp - what do the locals do - increase their price to almost double 400Pula with No access to any bathroom or toilet . We eventually used the security guards toilet. To make matters worse, sleeping in a tent on a hard gravel parking lot with spotlight luminating through the tent is not easy.

Day 18 Thursday 5 May Botswana: We got going early - suppose we were just tired of trying to sleep. The Landy being pushed to the limit again - racing towards Ramatlabama border post to South Africa. We decided that we will drive and see how far we can get before dark. We reach Jan Kempdorp and sleep in the Royal Hotel.

Day 19 Friday 6 May South Africa: Home !!



Nalasanga check point



Fallen Baobab provides a tasty meal for the Elephants

Makgadikgadi Pans



Regards
Your Editor

Land Rovers

With Land Rovers we can go into the bush
We turn all the mud into mush
Here comes a mountain
Up we drive
Here comes a river
In we dive

Discovery, Defender
And Range Rover too
And plus the old Series
We'll never forget you

What good memories you can have
With your Land Rover old or new
Like having lunch on a hill
Or watching dripping mountain dew

You can go to places
Cars can never go
You can go to places
Only Land Rovers would ever know

You will make many friends in the Land Rover club
Who have some thing in common with you
And it's not that you all like going to the pub
It's that they're into Land Rovers too

Just remember
You're special if you drive a Land Rover

By Kelly Foster

On the Fun Side

They say 90% of all Land Rovers ever manufactured is still on the road. The other 10% have reached their destination.

All Land Rovers are like women - They moan on long journey's, embarrass you in front of friends and you spend more money than you ever expected once you've committed yourself to one.

Police officers shake your hand when they issue you a speeding ticket

Why do most Defenders have jerry cans and gas bottles fitted?
So that the driver can make coffee while waiting for road assistance .

Landy's have the best fuel consumption of all 4x4's.
That's because they are always being towed by something else.

Why do LR's always drive in convoy?
The are playing 'Who's the weakest Link'

I always wondered why they called their models, a Series 90, Defender 110 etc. But this weekend I found out, those numbers in the model name are the top speeds.

When you drive on a toll road, you get these yellow emergency phones next to the road. Stop and look closer. On the phones there are emergency numbers I: police, ambulance, doctor and Landrover Service

Q: What do you find on pages 4 and 5 of the Landy's user's manual?
A: The train & bus schedule.

Q: What is the sport-version of a Landy?
A: When the driver wears Nike shoes.

Q: What do you call a Landy with brakes?
A: Customized.

Q: What do you have to do if your Landy gets in the way of a swarm of killer bees?
A: Stop pushing and take refuge inside the car.

Q. Why do the latest models have rear window demisters.
A. To keep the hands warm when pushing.

Land-Rover Eastern Cape Special offer.
Buy one and get a dog free, so you don't have to walk home alone...

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Mintcondition no money to be spent ready to travel
R65000 Lots of extras Contact Ian 0845665920

Until next time, GO BEYOND!