

Your cars

This issue: A Chevy Carryall working in California's largest park, a graceful Gazelle and a Land Rover called Bert

1966 Chevrolet Carryall 4WD Factory Lift

By David Bainbridge, San Diego, California

I traded a 1952 Ford pick-up for this in 1991 when I started a research project in the Anza-Borrego Desert. Crossing sand dunes and blow sand was possible in the 2wd Ford, but if you bogged down it was hard to get out. The odo broke a few years back, but it's done more than 300,000 miles now.

It's been really reliable, although once it failed to start when the starter motor fried. Faced with a 15-mile trudge in 40°C, I tried to bump-start it. Not easy, especially on sand. Miraculously, a native seed collector showed up and gave me a push with his truck. It can go like stink thanks to the 350ci V8, but the transmission



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whine is irritating and you can hear the dollars getting sucked from the tank. It gets 12-15mpg if you take it easy.

I enjoy reading *PC*, which I buy at Barnes and Noble, and I'd like a Minor as I had a hopped up 1000

convertible with a 1275 head when I was a student. It was great fun off-road but proved to be a bit weak - broken wheel studs were a real problem as I recall...



Patrolling the Anza-Borrego Desert, the largest state park in California.



1978 Land Rover 88-inch Series III

By Gordon D Brown, Oxfordshire

I started reading *PC* about four years ago and have subscribed ever since. I really enjoy the magazine so I thought I'd send in a picture of my classic. He's called Bert.

I've owned him for three years now and he's a rolling restoration. He started life in the Strathclyde Police, then spent many years in north England and Wales before joining me in Oxfordshire. I am going to smarten him up a bit, replace worn-out parts when needed and keep on top of routine maintenance. Thanks for the inspiration.



1991 Lancia Delta Integrale 8v

By Michael Ridout, South Wales

I bought this when I was only 20, so you can imagine how much the insurance cost. I've always loved these cars but never thought I would end up owning one.

A friend put me onto this car and, after speaking to the owner, I went for a peek. The following Friday I was the very proud owner of my dream machine. It gave me seven months of happy motoring before disaster struck. A crank bearing gave out, but fortunately we have a mechanic in the family. He taught me how to rebuild the engine, and port and polish the head and now it's all back together and ready to be enjoyed again.