



Uniden Pro 520 XL CB Install by Jody Potter

I decided to hard-mount a CB in my '72 FJ40 "Buddy" recently, but could not find a suitable place to mount it. I don't have a front roll cage to mount it overhead on and I just didn't like how it "worked" down on the console. I also didn't want to -- or really could find a good location to -- mount it under the dash. I saw somewhere on the web where another 'Cruiser had installed theirs where the ash tray went in the dash. This seemed logical and I investigated the fitment of my Uniden Pro 520 XL in there... It works! I cut down some small brackets from the hardware store, drilled two new holes, and presto it's done. Really simple.



You can use any of the Uniden 510 or 520 series radios or their Radio Shack counterparts. It sticks out far enough that the speaker on the bottom is exposed and you can hear it really well -- no external speaker required! It's easy to get to when fiddlin' with the knobs too.



Here's a closeup of the brackets. I used the holes already in the brackets and cut the ends down close. A little black paint spiffs them up! Below where the bracket is screwed to the dash is the original ash tray screw. The holes I drilled will be completely covered up by the "wings" of the ash tray insert if I put the ash tray back. Cool huh?



See how well the radio fits in the opening? Perfect!



Fits good, looks good, I can hear the speaker, easy to get to... What more could you ask for? Oh yeah, I used a magnet mount mic hanger so I didn't drill any more holes!!

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every now and then, but never trying to crank up the old relationship, just perhaps a wistful stare or a passing glance as I went about my busy days. Would she take to my caressing touch, or simply refuse all advances, leaving me cold and unfulfilled?

Before I could start the process, I knew I would need to invest more of myself, she was just that demanding. She certainly had not taken kindly to the abandonment that she most undoubtedly felt. On the surface she had aged with some grace and dignity, as much as one could after being tossed aside like an old worn out shoe.

She now had a pallid cast on her once radiant skin. She had settled into her new life so deep that I had doubts that she could be pulled out, much less willingly come out under her own power.

The fateful day came last weekend when my son, after a lot of pestering, finally convinced me to make the effort. To renew our acquaintance. To at least see if she would respond to an initial overture. I used to know what made her tick, but now... it had just been so long!!!

I approached that day with as much courage as I could muster. I purchased things I knew she would need. Plugs, battery, oil... Lots of oil!

That's right, oil!!! For as you may or may not have guessed, "she" was not human. "She" was a 4-wheel drive vehicle. And not just any four wheel drive, she was a 1977, blue and white, FJ40 style Toyota Land Cruiser that had been in the family since long before the kids were born.

I had parked her eight long years ago, after she had developed a leak in her fuel tank. I had driven her awhile with the leak, but I had gotten tired of coming home with red, burning eyes and reeking of gas. I figured I'd get around to fixing her in a couple of weeks or so... and the weeks turned into months and the months ground into years, and