



total darkness, it was clearly marked with several helpful signs stating 'no exit' and 'no access to main road'. But after what this crew had just been through, we were determined to get access to the main road no matter what.

Statements such as "If it's a big rock, we'll winch it out of the way," and "If it's a gate we'll take it down," were heard over the radio as we sped down the access road.

Once again, the call of a warm bed, hot shower and food was too strong to resist; however when we finally made it to the end, a simple dirt mound (which by comparison

*Above: The 110 shows some axle articulation as the rear wheel gets a sinking feeling.*

*Below, left: Jim finally makes it up the hill.*

*Below, right: It's all hands to the deck as things get slippery.*

was quite comical) was our only hindrance and we were free of the unrelenting trail and on our way to Mattawa.

Oh, but wait, perhaps we did not get away quite so easily... As we made our way down the road, the pungent odor of burnt rubber could be detected in the luxurious accommodations of the 110's cabin. A scan of the gauges determined that the engine was OK but, with a headlight out for no apparent reason, thoughts of electrical fires soon materialized in my head.

Pulling over and a brief inspection of the vehicle uncovered the source

of the smell: the rear tire. But how could this be?

### *trail repairs...*

Apparently, the upper shock mount bolt had been broken off at some point and the axle had hyper-extended to the point that the dual rear springs had come out of the upper perch and been rubbing the inside of the tire as we sped toward our warm beds. A quick roadside repair had the springs back in place and the shock back on its pin. With no bolt holding the shock on, there was to be no more off-roading for me on this trip. I had a 12 hour

