



▶ stop again. Eric also mentioned seeing parts falling off of Mike's truck, so maybe we saw the same part. I asked the question and the answer was no, Mike wasn't sure he tightened the overflow cap all the way. Hmmmm...

Since we were the last truck in line and Kim was fairly certain she could find the hockey puck-sized cap along the snowy banks of the Alaskan Highway, we made a u-turn and headed back to where the mystery part was spotted. Sure enough, there, nestled gently in the roadside snow, was Mike's cap.

After a few pictures to secure Mike's embarrassment for all time, we were all rolling again, but we couldn't get to Mike in time to hand off the cap! While waiting for us to arrive, he was boiling over again and had to drive down the road for almost two miles to bring down the engine temperature. We drove just ahead of him on the road and handed off the cap like the baton in the 1,000m Olympic relay. Once the cap was secured, we were on the road again (with fingers crossed) and yes, we made it.

We rolled into Watson Lake about 8.30pm, not too bad considering the number of delays on the way.

Above left: Solid snow carvings were left over from winter festival held the week before we arrived.

Above right: A wood Bison lounges in the cool snow.

Inset: Lights on at all times for visibility on these deadly roads.

Bottom: Repairing the 101, a familiar sight.



MARCH 21

Mike made his trip to the parts store, but only purchased anti-freeze, not a new cooling fan for the engine as he'd hoped. Afterwards, the group made their way to the Sign Post Forest, a collection of signs started by a homesick US Army GI from Illinois, in 1942. Today, it has all manner of signage from all over the world, numbering over 50,000 individual signs.

On our way along the Alaskan Highway, we came across a bison with a bit more sense than the average Land Rover owner. He was nestled down in the culvert on the side of the road well out of the wind, while we, the stupid Land Rover owners, were up on the road with the wind slowing the best Solihull had on offer for aerodynamic design, with the overall winner (101) leading the way. Thanks to Mr. Bison's choice of parking spots, we were unable to get a good shot of him (but there were many more to be seen later).

The visibility on the road was a

bit poor at first, but it soon cleared up to a nice day. The temperatures were soaring to levels we had not seen for several days, at times approaching 40°F above zero. It seemed like bathing suit weather and Kim agreed.

Along our way was the Hot Springs at Liard Provincial Park, which Kim decided was an opportunity not to be missed. The path to the spring itself was just spectacular; it is a marshy area and the marsh is fed by the hot spring, thereby exposing the occasional patch of bare ground among the deep snow and sparse tree cover. It also provides a 'micro-climate' and is a haven for many animals that dine on all the vegetation.

Although we did not see any animals during our visit, their tracks were all around. The mountains in the background made for some spectacular photos with the marsh laid out before them and after a short five minute walk, I must have shot 20 photos. The whole place was just breathtaking.

We arrived at the hot spring to the faint smell of sulphur in the air. This was it, alright. A group of four or five people were already enjoying the spring when we arrived. They

