



North America Edition



looked at us with our parkas on, with the same bewildered look we must've had on our faces looking at them in the water.

I shot more photos, capturing the steam rising up from the pool forming a magical frosting on the trees above – it almost didn't seem real. The spillway was winding its way into the woods, carving its path in the marsh and snow with the snow-speckled leafless tree canopy arching above.

After Kim dried off from her dip, we made our way south again. Along the way, we ran into not one, but two small packs of Wood Bison, who were more than happy to pose for us. We had to make a bit of time up – the others had already left as Mike was threatening to overheat again (the 101, not Mike this time). In spite of this, while climbing the peaks of the Alaskan Highway, the 101 gave up.

Mike had to pull over just 350ft from the summit of the highest peak to let the truck cool down. It seems the wind changed on him from a head to a tail wind. Normally, this would be fantastic news for any Land Rover, but not for a 101 with no cooling fan climbing 7-10 percent grades. Once the 101 cooled off, we set

off again and had no overheating problems for the rest of the day.

It wouldn't, however, be a day on expedition if something hadn't failed or broken. To fulfil this need, Mike once again stepped up to the bar when his CB radio stopped transmitting – although it still received perfectly. The rest of the group took advantage of this to get in all the comments that had been stifled prior. Eric had a handheld CB that Peter operated for transmission duties. The old CB was still wired into the headsets of the 101 and relied upon for the receiving. It was a clumsy arrangement, but it worked to get us through the day.

MARCH 22

We had planned to leave at 8am, but due to the previous evenings' exploits of some team members (who will remain nameless) our actual departure time was 9.10am.

We had a seemingly easy 292 mile journey over the Canadian Rockies, which added their own spice to the ride. Our final destination for the day was to be Dawson Creek, where we stayed on the way up to the Circle several days prior.

However, Mike's 101 just couldn't go a day without some kind of

Above left: I must have shot over 100 photos like this – it's beautiful everywhere you look. Above right: The Porsche club drove these roads one year in mid-summer. They didn't do so well once it started snowing...

Inset: Proof; I actually got a speeding ticket in a Land Rover.

Main: The weather is extremely unpredictable. It looks great off in the distance, but the problem was we weren't...

failure and today was no exception. The screw holding the ground wires for his entire gage cluster had rattled loose. We assume this started on the Dempster, but no one knows for sure.

After quite a few tools, choice words and contortion, we had the screw tight with the wires in place, but the gages were not working. So we fixed it, but it still didn't work. A bit more investigation showed that the power lead was knocked off the ignition when we were fixing the ground.

On our way over the larger hills, Mike was constantly threatening to overheat, stuck behind the slow, massive tractor-trailers carrying even more massive oil rigs to their new drilling locations. These things are huge (and slow) making the 101 seem fast. The need for cooling air through the radiator was necessitating some rather scary speeds at times on these roads.

Since we might be entering still warmer temperatures, I elected to repair the fan clutch from the 101 for the remainder of the expedition. Mike suggested going as-is, so we compromised. I fixed the fan, but we would carry it along and install it roadside if we needed to.

