

Above, Ed Bartlett's NAS D90 followed by Pat Macomber in one-month-old Discovery

themselves the first to have navigated a particular path and there were always opportunities for winching and towing.

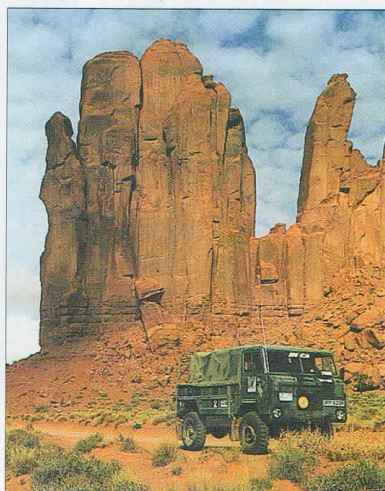
At elevations of 8500 feet, the V8 engines were having problems with loss of performance as a result of the rarefied air. The heavy loads and steep gradients did nothing to help the situation.

By Day Four, the convoy had crossed into Wyoming, an area that is largely uninhabited, and where trails are rough, dusty and very steep as they wind high into the mountains. This was the most remote part of the journey so far. As the groups went higher they encountered deep snowdrifts, three feet deep in places. Then disaster struck, with four vehicles from one group of seven getting stuck almost simultaneously. The terrain made it extremely difficult to get other vehicles alongside to help. With darkness

Below, Alan Palmer hits strong current and his Series IIA gets washed downstream



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101 Forward Control in magnificent surroundings at Monument Valley

falling, the rescue was completed by flashlight in deep mud and snow. Winching saved the day. High-performance driving lights then helped to lead the group back to

safety, lighting up the trail as if it were daylight.

Days Five and Six took the vehicles through stunning scenery, with a chance to do some serious off-roading. This was Moab, Utah – a long-time favourite for off-road enthusiasts in North America. The scenery was fantastic.

North-east Utah is a mix of barren desert, deep, winding canyons and high plateaus. The many hundreds of miles of trails are not even shown on most maps. Chris Barty worked overtime with his GPS, keeping the convoy on track through this uninhabited wilderness.

The oldest vehicle in the convoy was a 1957 Series I belonging to John Palmer, which took every obstacle in its stride.

The Moab is one of the best areas in North America for off-roading. Canyons, rivers and huge red rock formations stretch as far as the eye can see. The trail revealed massive boulders, often with side slopes tipping vehicles towards the deep canyon below. For over eight hours the groups climbed up and dropped down nearly vertical banks that appeared in the middle of the route. The groups angled their way in and out of washed-out gullies and creeks, scrambled over loose rocks, and cautiously crept around narrow canyon ridges with low, overhanging walls. The meandering trail roughly followed the Colorado River, on the south side of Canyonlands National Park. It was all tremendous fun!