



trip into the town of Gaspé. The town doesn't have the tourism of Percé, but neither does it really have any special charm of its own, which is a little surprising, since it is the namesake of the peninsula. Order for the day: shopping and a leisurely lunch on a patio overlooking the water. Arriving back at camp mid afternoon we found Pat and John sitting around the campfire, having a beer in the midst of what had been our orderly camp. The 'easy up' had been tossed against the 110 and was lying in a mangled heap and the picnic tables, coolers, chairs, cooking gear, everything was strewn about. A sudden wind had blown through and left the camp in ruins. Fortunately, no damage to the truck.

With a co-operative forecast, we hit the golf course. The Auberge Fort Prével where we were staying is a golf and conference resort with accommodations ranging from camping to motel rooms and hotel luxury. The golf course is built for the landscape with spectacular views out over the water and holes skilfully designed to take advantage of the crevasses of the mountain terrain. (Golf carts don't handle like LR's, but that didn't really stop us (Jim!) from tackling the terrain as if it did!) The site was part of a gun battery built by the Canadian Department of Defense during World War II to protect the St. Lawrence from infiltration by the German U-boats and the remains

*Above: Clear roads, ideal for Land Rover Cruising. Mike Ladden's 101 leads the pack. Below: As with all trips they eventually come to an end. Heading south and back home.*

of the site are built into the course. Saturday morning was the start of the end as we began our trip home. We had a lot of fun along the way. Pat's repeated need to stop at every Walmart between Hartford and Canada (it appears that he didn't pack anything at all, but just bought it along the way), scrounging for change (in the right currency) to feed the showers at the campsites, bad coffee and good tea, the adventure of climbing steep, long hills in a big, slow, diesel Defender and the spectacle of seeing just how high the flames will leap when lighting the campfire. Good times, great friends and the gorgeous Gaspé.

