



participants in the RTV, it looked like fun, so I thought I'd give it a go. Now, a 110 is not the ideal vehicle for any RTV, and when Mike Boggs makes the trail, you can bet on at least one cane, regardless of your skill level. I managed to hit canes on all but one stage, but despite this abysmal driving managed to snag the first place gift certificate in the long wheel base category. (To be fair, I was one of only two LWB vehicles that tried it...)

Next, it was time for dinner! An excellent steak and shrimp dinner was supplied by Hickory Grill catering, the same caterer since the first MAR back in 1992, and it was readily apparent why. Excellent food and excellent company was had by all under the 'big top' main tent as many of the participants came together to share a meal.

#### DAY 3: 10/8/06 SUNDAY

The rain was finally stopping! It figured, as many people had either already left, or were leaving by now. The trails were impassable by all but a half-track or helicopter.

The event was great, as always, but three days of not being able to

get dry can take its toll on even the most hard-core Rover owners. I had a long drive ahead of me and was eager to get some miles under my tires myself (you never know when the next breakdown will be), but I had to stop back at the event to pick up some bits I had brought for the swap meet that did not sell. On the way to the swap meet tent, I was a key element in a gravity experiment into the effects of a heavy 110 on a mud and 90-weight slicked dirt road adjacent to a slope. The catering truck was partially in the road, narrowing my path and, as I passed him, I slid into a small tent. No damage (other than my pride) and some of the overseers of the experiment were happy to lend a hand getting me around the tent.

Some of the kids were enjoying the sunshine, and apparently did not get dirty enough in the prior days, as they were hurtling mud balls at each other like the Woodstock Music Festival. Concerned parents quickly shut them down before someone got a rock in the eye (or a window), but for the life of me I just couldn't understand why they needed more mud...

Finally back on the road, I made reasonably good time despite the holiday traffic. (Well, some people

*Above left, top to bottom: With the island under water the RTV sections were hastily repositioned by Mike Boggs and crew. The first RTV competitor negotiates a tight RTV section. Spectators look on with the rain still coming down; Well prepared Series vehicle about to rig up for recovery. Above right: Range Rover safety negotiates a pair of canes in the RTV. Below: The other shoe and the person that owns it was never found. They're probably still being recovered off a trail!*



had Monday off for Columbus Day, but not me!) I was back in Long Island in 11 hours. Not too bad, but it was a long 11 hours. My pace was a bit slower than on the way down, and I stopped for lunch. No fuel stops however, as I managed to make it back up to Long Island on three quarters of a tank of fuel. Diesel is the future, boys and girls...

We have made a pact this year, and a large tent will be in place for our group of trouble makers for next year's MAR (the details surrounding the placement of the hot tub and workshop lift are yet to be finalized). This all but guarantees there will not be a drop of rain; however a shade tent is rather nice too. To any one who has not made it to the MAR yet, go. There is a reason why you see plates from just about every state there, as well as many prestigious visitors from abroad. Take the time you need off from work, change the oil (and that noisy transmission) and make your way to Pearl's Pond Farm, Virginia for the time of your Rover-owning life. I cannot guarantee it will be dry, but I can guarantee you will cherish the memories for ever. I'll see you next year!

