

# mid-summer birthday



enjoying their twentieth anniversary, Ottawa Valley Land Rovers takes to the forests for a fitting celebration

**The** Ottawa Valley Land Rovers club had turned twenty years old. To celebrate, the oldest and largest Land Rover club in Canada again hosted its annual birthday party, which is also the largest Land Rover gathering in Canada.

Having picked up a heavy dose of 'poison ivy' from my back yard, I was not in a condition to drive. My days and nights were decidedly uncomfortable and I did not relish the prospect of camping either!

However, having known and experienced the Birthday Party several years ago meant that a good time was going to be had by all. And I wasn't going to miss it.

Fellow local Land Rover enthusiasts Ron Brown and Dominik Chrzan had decided that they were going up... but the vehicle was 'to be advised'.

Thursday evening came and the decision was made, the vehicle was to be Dominik's Discovery I. Armed with steroids, creams, and potions I became the extra luggage.

The plan was to leave the Philadelphia area early Friday morning, but we were delayed as one of us had forgotten his passport. (Not pointing fingers, Ron). Despite being a close neighbor, Canada and the USA still have immigration formalities.

The northeast US had been suffering through several weeks of rain... but it appeared that the weather forecast further north was going to be much better. Not the frozen, bleak snow-covered tundra that most people associate with Canada, but sunny, warm with mild breezes

We listened to 'books on tape' by travel author Bill

Bryson. With his superb descriptive powers, the author had the ability of giving us the eerie feeling of being in multiple places at once... hiking the Appalachian Trail, visiting Hammerfest in Northern Norway or cruising at high speed on Interstate 81. We were on Interstate 81.

Our senses were cruelly brought back to reality when our bladders were full and gas tank empty. The scene then became a comical Chinese fire drill with individuals, stuff and miscellaneous trash expelling from every open door. Our rest stop comprising of enough time to rearrange the camping equipment, gas up the Discovery and visit the men's room.

## **a day in the saddle**

The travel distance from Philadelphia to Silver Lake is approximately 450 miles and our travel time was about eight hours. (I'll let you do the math but it is fair to assume that my driving team took the posted speed limits to mean minimum).

Crossing the border we were giving the obligatory Canadian language lesson - every sentence is suffixed with, "Eh?"

The nice young lady waved us forward.

Do you have any duty free, eh?

Do you have any firearms, eh?

Have a great weekend guys, eh?

We were in Canada!

Joining Route 401 (Queen Elizabeth Highway) we returned to warp speed, not sure if the local



by  
**Steve Hoare**  
June 20-22, Silver  
Lake, Canada



**Top:**  
A few of the  
assembled vehicles  
at base camp

**Inset:**  
Every participant  
received a  
collectors edition  
T-shirt

**Above and right:**  
Fuel for the drivers  
and fuel and  
maintenance at  
Fat Nancy's... Fat  
Nancy is the fish!