



Top left:
Range Rover taking the final plunge on the RTV

Above:
A 'slightly' raised 109

Below:
Showing how secure Discovery roof rails are – the competitors exchanging drivers...without touching the ground

trail to approximately the 28 kms marker, then turn right – you can't miss it".

Upon 'turning right' we crossed a small river then up the bank to the other side, around a bend and followed the power lines. This was no problem.

Approximately quarter of a mile in we saw the first swamp. It was rutted as if it had been traversed with vehicles three abreast. Mud was everywhere.

Our first (and only) attempt found John Trotter confirming a mathematical theory:

One vehicle length in forward (horizontal) movement to an equal wheel diameter in a downward vertical plane. We were stuck.

I was not quick enough during an attempt to do a depth-finding from the passenger window which resulted in mud flying, adding a wet brown polka-dot motif down the right side of my shirt. The Discovery needs a faster window lift motor.

Safely recovered we returned to the campsite to join the night run, and get a clean shirt.

out after dark

A night run of approximately twenty vehicles assembled just after dark, close to 9.30pm, the group of assorted Land Rovers resembling a NATO convoy. Disappearing down some dirt lanes about ten miles from home base, our goal was a river crossing estimated as being several feet deep.

As each vehicle forded the river, you could hear the audible applause from the hundreds of frogs in nearby lakes. Each vehicle rising from the river in a steaming cloud, greeted by pterodactyl sized mosquitoes, four-winged dragon flies the size of Hercules C-130 aircraft and numerous other flying gadgets that had been given an open invitation to an 'all you can eat' homo-sapiens meal.

A Series II 109 that stalled mid-way through the ford halted our progress. Water had filled the exhaust pipe so, as soon as the vehicle was pulled up the bank, the water started to drain and the engine

coughed back to life.

The only other mishaps were a pair of Hella headlights that had cracked on a Defender, obviously due to the high glass temperature and cold flowing water.

The wagon train of V8s and four cylinder Series rejoined the dirt roads. The scene resembled a night special stage on the World Rally Championship.

It was a good job we were traveling together as it is very easy to get 'turned around' in the middle of nowhere. Our group had most definitely become turned around and our GPS screen resembled an 'etch a sketch', but we were having fun.

We eventually returned to the campsite at 1.00am and both vehicles and drivers went straight to bed.

homeward bound

Sunday morning and the sound

of a diesel engine approaching signaled the arrival of Tim Horton's coffee and donuts. Having the prospect of a long return trip, we broke camp, tidied up, repacked the Discovery and headed south.

Meanwhile our hosts continued with an

