



was finally victorious.

The GPS indicated a side exit off the trail within a mile and a half that we were all hoping for, since we were progressing at about one mile per hour with the recovery time factored in and night was fast approaching; however the elusive escape trail was never found.

We found another side trail indicated on the GPS a bit further up but we had several miles of straight trail ahead of that if this next escape road was not found either. So we all proceeded with our eyes peeled for that next side

exit to avoid either a midnight departure from the trail (with a two-hour drive to the cabins in Mattawa) or camping on the trail for the night. The thought of another morning of frost inside the tent was not too appealing...

On our way to the second exit, we ran into a bit of a marsh, OK, maybe that was a slight understatement, as we spent about an hour and a half getting Patrick and I through the 'easy' looking section. As we floundered in the muck, Ted took the intelligent approach and found another way around; however it

Above: If there's no getting around it, the rock's gotta go!
Above, left: Jim's Defender is teetering on the edge.

Above, right: The eight wheeler powers through the ever-thickening snow.

Below, left: Ted makes his way through the water hole.

Below, right: Jim winches the 110 out of trouble.

required a few brave volunteers. It was getting quite dark at this point, so the human wickets were carefully placed and instructed by Ted: "now don't move, I won't hit you". Um, OK... Despite the carnal fear of the 'volunteers' shakily grasping their flashlights perched atop various obstacles, Ted made it through his improvised RTV course with no problems (and no casualties) much to the joy of the 'volunteers' as well as Ted.

Hey, good news! The mystical exit road was actually real this time! And, despite

