



## North America Edition



with a tug out of the snow and we were happy to accept his help. We rigged the strap between the trailer and the 110, and waited to see what happened. At first, the tractor was a bit burdened but with the 110 locked in low range, offering little more than moral support, we began moving. As we were dragged forward, I managed to get the left front tire back onto the road surface, but not much more. Another 100 yards were required, and some tricky maneuvering of the 52 foot trailer on the narrow roadway by Dave, to finally liberate the 110 from a very chilly parking spot. I had the feeling Dave had done this before.

Everything seemed to be fine after our little detour, so we pressed on. About an hour later, I noticed the water temperature was a bit higher than normal, so I signaled the group to stop so I could open the radiator muff a bit. I figured the higher speeds we were doing on the flatter roads was to blame for the slightly high water temperature. I was soon to find out otherwise, as I started to have fuel gelling problems a bit further down the road; loss of power and poor running. Once again, I had to signal the

group to stop. I popped the hood and dug out the snow to remove the fuel filter and dump the fuel from it. I filled it with fuel system anti-gel and reinstalled it. While I was there, I also noticed the fan was stopped by some snow, which apparently found its way into the engine bay from under the truck during my improvised high-speed parking maneuver earlier in the day. I dug the snow out from there as well, but the damage was done – the fan clutch was fried. Since I had the muff in place, I did not expect any snow to get up into the fan, and did not think to check it. You learn something new every day.

The rest of the day's journey was uneventful, and we rolled in to the cabins around 10pm for the evening. Some forgettable pizza delivery was our gourmet meal that night, but the Aurora Borealis was simply spectacular at 250 miles above the Arctic Circle, and it nearly made up for the pizza.

### MARCH 16

Another slow morning; we weren't moving too fast after a late night up-dating the web site with pictures, video and text for those

*Top Left: An abandoned looking hunting shack is still used (when it's a bit warmer).*

*Above left: Ships frozen into the ice road stand sentry as we drive by.*

*Above centre: The local Tuk children loved the 101.*

*Above right: The team poses at the end of the Trans-Canada Trail – the furthest point North of the trip.*

*Below: A tiny church for a tiny community.*

following along with our adventure in real time. This expedition was becoming a cohesive team, with everyone knowing his or her job, and helping each other out as best they can all the time. This is what makes these events great: the scenery is beautiful of course, but it's the people who really make it memorable.

We gathered up what food-like items we could scrounge from each other's trucks (something of an improvised food swap-meet) for the four hour ride up to Tuktoyaktuk; the northern-most point on our journey, and also the furthest north you can drive on public roads in the entire world. As a side note, since we were driving on ice roads above open water, you can only drive the roads when it is deemed safe, typically from sometime in December until April 15. After the 15th, the road remains open, but is not maintained. Often it is still used well through mid May, depending on the weather and the sanity level of the particular person driving that day. After then, the ice is broken and boating starts up for some of the areas. This is truly remote. ▶

