



BAIE OR BUST III

It's all systems go for Steve Hoare's Canadian Arctic Expedition - and he'd do it all again!

DAY ONE:

WITH ALL the preparation behind us the day has finally arrived to head north.

Well wishers left messages by phone and email. Checklists were scratched out: money, check; snack, check; passport, check; the only thing to do was to get planted in the driver's seat and fire up the engine.

I'd read as much as I could and had prepared as much as possible. I was ready and although I was really looking forward to the trip I was keeping my expectations in check, so there'd be no disappointment.

Leaving the Philadelphia area during rush hour gave an extra twist of pleasure. The majority of

motorists around me were off to their 10x10 cubicles in some air conditioned office block. I couldn't help but gloat at the fact that I was lucky enough to be heading to real open space, a landscape so flat, that it looked as if a large ice rink Zanboni had been around to clean the surface, the ice of James Bay.

Heading north on I-81, a steady routine of glancing at the gauges and odometer were punctuated with the occasional road sign, Montreal, 300miles, Montreal 260, Montreal 190 miles.

Luckily, Clifton Park (the home of Atlantic British) was approximately half way and made a convenient 'bio break' and enabled me to pick up a batch of pre-ordered parts for various Canadian members of the expedition.

The drone of the V8 was a constant reminder that fossil fuel was being burned at an

alarming rate, approximately 12mpg fully loaded.

With a tingling passport in hand I pulled forward to the border crossing and the waiting Immigration Officer.

"Do you have any weapons?" was the initial request from the Immigration Officer.

"Do you count an ice-axe, machete, hand axe and saw?" "What do you need those for?" he asked

"Trail clearing." I replied.

"It looks as if you're prepared for everything. Have fun."

With 'order' to have fun, the Discovery was put back into Drive and I continued north. Montreal was almost in sight.

Hitting Montreal during rush hour I was yet again surrounded by other motorists, this time returning home from their 10x10 cube. My 'rig' covered with road grime confused the passers by. Had this guy just returned from a trip or was he on his way? The occasional wave was my

'Welcome to Canada' and marked the route to my first night's stop the Laval Hilton.

DAY TWO:

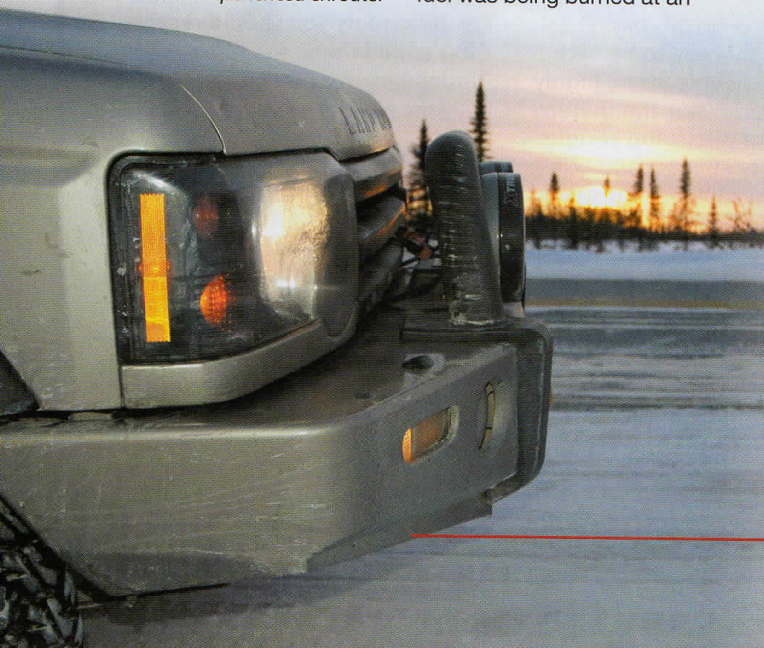
Friday dawned and the first official stop was an oil and fluid change courtesy of Pennzoil and Patrick Findlay. Patrick's facility was located in the same Montreal suburb, Laval, so I had assumed that with 'map-quested' directions it would only take a few minutes to find Patrick. Wrong! After forty minutes of going up and down Cure la Belle looking for the tell tale Pennzoil sign, I called Patrick.

"Oh, yes, there are several 587 Cure La Belle's. You're close but not close enough."

After another twenty minutes of struggling through rush hour traffic, I recognized two things: the Pennzoil logo and a group of Land Rovers. After the various introductions, Patrick and his team went to work. Technicians appeared above and below the

Above: 'Checking in' on the Baie James road. (Each person and vehicle had to register).

Below: One of the many beautiful sunsets we experienced enroute.



Attempting to de-ice the fuel cap.