



*Above: A good way to wash a Series! Note: The bow wave is a little high as water is streaming over the hood.
Right: Mike Ladden in his 101... revisiting the site of his roll over several years ago.
Below: Ted's Discovery fitted with additional water protection... a canoe.*

would have just loved to see the 110 tumble down the hill.

I played out all 100 feet of winch rope to the string of three trucks I was easily pulling down the mountain as they pretended to be my winch anchor just moments before, and ran it through the pulley block and back down the hill to the patiently waiting rock. A bit of rigging, digging and straining and the offending rock was safely off to the side of the trail. The rest of the convoy was able to pass this tricky spot with minimal difficulty after our renovation.

A quick glance at the GPS indicated that the exit road was still several miles away. Moving at the blistering pace of six miles per hour made for a long drive out to the road.

The following morning, we headed to the event site. We figured that since the event was about half over, it seemed like a good time to check in. We were warned about late returns and the possibility of missing dinner because of it. However, in spite of these threats of starvation, we went for the power line trail anyway.

First, a bit of background on this particular trail. I've been on this trail before, and it hardly classifies as 'intermediate'. In

fact, Mike rolled his 101 on this very trail two years prior. Secondly, we had a fairly large crew to tackle it, which can be good, but it can also be bad.

in deep water

The first obstacle was to cross a small stream. It was not wide but it sure was deep. About four feet deep at the deepest point (the water was flowing over Ted's waders), so a bit of re-engineering was needed to lower the water level a bit. After about an hour, the water level had dropped closer to three and a half feet and was therefore deemed safe to cross.

"Let the mayhem begin!" should have been the battle cry as several well-equipped vehicles made the pilgrimage to higher ground.

An ex-Canadian army Altus was the first victim of the stream. A wet ignition was apparently the fault but a shot of WD-40 had it up and running again (but not for long).

A few others made their way across with minimal fanfare and then it was my turn. There are several ways to tackle this sort of obstacle. Some before me had chosen the popular 'smash it to the floor and hang on' method, whereas I had chosen the 'slow and steady wins the

race' method. First gear, low range, nice and easy. Aside from the alarming impact with the opposite bank upon exiting the stream, the 110 made it through with no damage.

Several of the others in our group had decided to sit this one out and seek friendlier terrain to conquer. The rest of us decided this trail must be completed.

The first obstacle was a fairly modest climb up to a small plateau to catch your breath. After this was another short climb to the 'best seats in the house' for the carnage about to unfold.

This is usually the point when the less adventurous ones sit back with a good view and a cold drink and watch the idiots (that would be us) play in the mud.

The previous year, I had done well with my 110 and made it the furthest across the second obstacle of the trail: a large swampy morass of muck and poison ivy. I made it three quarters of the way across under my own power (with liberal use of throttle) last year; but this year, the 'swamp' was rather dry and not much more than a big puddle. I was sure we could cross this and move

