



Canadian residents were attempting to speed away from us or get a closer look.

We could tell that our destination was getting closer by the size and magnitude of the mosquitoes committing suicide on the windshield. Each mosquito going to great lengths to ensure that his/her body was fully spread-eagled before impact!

Upon arrival to Silver Lake we had a choice of two camping areas or a local motel. We opted to be near the action and camped on-site.

As the sun started to lower over the lake and the temperature began to fall from the afternoon peaks, we pitched our tents, pulled out the camp chairs and toasted our arrival with a remaining round of Cokes.

Pulling the ring pull on the cans must have signaled a squadron scramble to the hordes of flying gadgets.

Out came the arsenal of bug repellents. 'Ben's Wilderness Formula', 'Deep Woods Off', Muskol and even 'Crabtree and Evelyn'... we had them all. Even being doused with all manner of chemicals and smelly oils several mutated deet and citronella resistant mosquitoes decided it was time for cocktails.

Temporary relief was finally found after firing up several enormous cigars and clouding our campsite with Honduras smog.

spicing up the trails

Dinner at the local restaurant was followed by our initial evening off-road session. Our first outing was with a small group to investigate if our host's earlier hydro expansion plan (beaver dam breaching) had been successful in flooding a particular trail. (The breaching was conducted with the land owner's permission).

The gentle trail run was interrupted with a prop-shaft being dropped by a lifted Series vehicle, but we were soon back in action and completed the run otherwise unscathed.

The following morning, Saturday and mid-summer's day and Kevin Willey (President of OVLRL) recommended we sample the breakfast at the motel.

As we walked in the owner instantly recognized as being Land Rover people and served us immediately

with coffee and took orders for the daily special.

The wall-mounted menu made reference to the 'road-kill café'. So being situated on the Trans Canadian Highway we felt sure that at least the food would be fresh.

As the daily specials arrived, the eggs, bacon and home fries could just about fit on the plate. Excellent. The added touch was having each slice of toast imprinted with a branded caption 'good morning'.

Upon leaving the diner we could see the sun shimmering off the lake – Silver Lake. What a logical name.

At 8.58am the first off-road group left the safety of the campsite. The group, larger in number than the night before, decided to re-run the same trail as the night before.

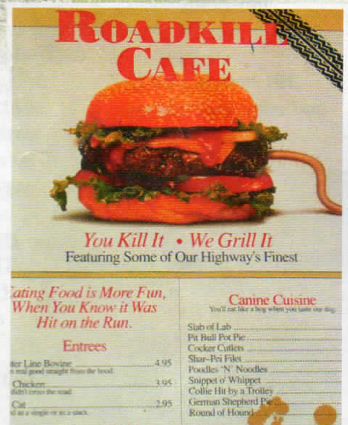
The beaver(s) must have had work gangs out all night rebuilding their miniature version of the Hoover dam. They had plugged the hole!

Each time we returned to the campsite the group of assembled vehicles grew larger, until all 135 registered participants were either wheeling or dusting off their vehicles.

The mud became well spread, coating all glass and painted surfaces giving the impression that we had treated our vehicles to a spa treatment.

The early trail mishaps appeared to be trivial. A Series II had blown a radiator hose and a Range Rover ripped off the starter solenoid wires while fording a mucky dip.

The afternoon RTV was a little unorthodox with the head marshal announcing that he was using *his* rules. Competitors were allowed limitless stops, two minutes for self-recovery if they became stuck, and limitless shunts (reverses) to negotiate the course.



Top left:
Kevin Willey making his first brew of the day...note new Kelly Kettle on the back door tray

Above left:
Brand new 03 Discovery, completing the RTV section

Above Right:
Steve Hoare's ride for the weekend

Above:
Road kill Cafe... not the breakfast menu

