

July 2018

*Dear All,*

At the end of Part 2, we had crossed the Northwest Territory and the Yukon on our way home from Tuktoyaktuk. We had loaded up with water and groceries in Watson Lake and were leaving the Alaska Highway and heading south on the Cassiar Highway. We had just crossed into British Columbia and the Cassiar would take us through Northern BC to the Yellowhead Highway.

The Cassiar highway was constructed from the mining roads in the north and logging roads in the south. The main attraction for us would be a side trip to Stewart and the amazing valley of the Salmon Glacier.

We'd hauled our big trailer along the Cassiar Highway back in 2005. It had been muddy and wild with potholes and fissures. I'd looked forward to seeing how well the camper dealt with the road, but by 2018 it had been paved and civilized. However, the road was narrow and twisty,



with no markings, so it was still an interesting drive.

*Thursday July 12<sup>th</sup> continued*

Our surroundings began black. This end of the highway had suffered a monstrous fire in 2017 and although the undergrowth had come back in places it would be decades before the forest recovered. We were glad when we left the black behind and moved back into lush forest.



We found a lakeside spot to camp, a bit close to the road but we didn't expect much night traffic.



*Friday July 13<sup>th</sup>*

It was a drizzly and dark morning, so we made a late start. We met this coyote on the road, the weirdest we've ever seen. We assumed it was a cross breed, coyote with some domestic dog.







We took a side road west to look for the Cassiar asbestos mine. The mine closed down in the 1990s, mainly because of the drastically reduced demand for the mineral once its cancer-causing properties became public.

We drove up a beautiful valley with no clues we were approaching a mine. There were a number of cabins tucked away amongst the trees. Large expanses of red and yellow, almost white, paintbrush lit up the verges.



The remains of the mine are at the end of the road, protected by a high fence. We didn't find the ghost town of Cassiar, just the mine buildings and an extensive collection of scrap metal.

There were huge mounds of orange tailings covered with green fuzz of grass. There were probably some interesting rocks in there, but it was not a healthy place to go.



As you can see from the sign, someone's sense of humour had survived.

On our way out we met another blue grouse. These used to be called fool grouse as they are both curious and

defenceless and will almost walk into the cooking pot.

Back on the Cassiar we came to Jade City, one of the few "places" on the highway. The city used to contain two shops, one on each side of the highway, but the shop on the eastern side looked to be closed.







The survivor is a large outdoor mining museum as well as a shop. It sells carvings made from the nephrite jade and rhodonite mined locally by the family. Sandie already has a collection of similar carvings so we just enjoyed the museum and didn't buy.



We came to Dease Lake, the biggest place on the highway. Most of the town is actually off the highway so all that travelers see is the service station. As there are few places to fill up, everyone stops there. On this afternoon there was one cashier trying to handle a dozen or more customers. And one idiot customer who had to wash all his windows twice while blocking half the pumps. We were happy to leave before warfare broke out.

Dease Lake is also the junction for the very interesting road that leads through the Tahltan reserve to the Stikine River Canyon and the very remote village of Telegraph Creek. We drove that road back in 2004 and regard that trip as an adventure. We didn't repeat it this time. Sadly, many of Telegraph Creek's buildings burned a month later in a forest fire.



The highway winds through a succession of mountains, some of them volcanoes: the Cassiar, Stikine, and Skeena ranges, and Mount Edziza. There are some wonderful places in those ranges but no roads, so they are only accessible via multi-day treks or

floatplanes. But we enjoyed our views of the mountains and lakes we could reach.

Somewhere we'd acquired a yellow line on the highway and we concluded that we must be approaching civilization.

We were looking for a place to camp; there were plenty of logging roads but they quickly climbed into the mountains without any flat spots. We usually try to find a logging "main", as these are relatively easy to drive, with conveniently flat loading areas. However, I think the Cassiar was built by linking up those



logging mains, which is why those steep roads come down directly onto what is now the highway.



We settled for an overgrown track heading into the forest, probably to someone's cabin. It hadn't been driven in months so we gambled the owner wouldn't show up. He didn't.

*Saturday July 14th*

We had a warm and sunny morning, rare on this trip. We continued south on the Cassiar, and soon came to this warning signs for bears.



We have a similar sign on our front lawn, but it's rare to see them on the highway. Warnings for caribou or moose or deer or elk are common but not for bears. However, the sign was correct and I think we saw a half dozen black bears at the roadside over the next two days.

The road's full name is the Stewart-Cassiar Highway, and Stewart was where we were headed, passing the turning towards Kitwanga Junction and the Yellowhead. This section is also called the Glacier Highway and it climbs steeply through the Skeena Mountains, visible behind the sign. It's an apt name for the highway as the mountains tower over the road and many are topped with hanging glaciers.



The Bear Glacier flows down to road level. It's still impressive, but it looked to be only about a third of its size in 2004. Back then the glacier extended into the lake and boasted a cave big enough to kayak into (if I'd been allowed!) Now it barely (or bearly) reaches the lake.

This ice cone was probably formed under a dripping snowfield which had since melted away, only to reform this coming winter and drip to oblivion next spring.

We followed the Bear River down from the pass, surrounded by waterfalls threading down the cliffs. On a wet day, there are many more of them and they are bigger and noisier, but we happily settled for sunshine.





The cliffs are sheer, presumably cut by some gargantuan ancestor of the Bear Glacier. At the bottom of the hill is Stewart, Canada's most northerly ice-free port. Stewart is at the head of the Portland Canal, a 70 mile-long natural channel to the Pacific Ocean. The town is on the flat estuary of the Bear River, hemmed in by mountains and cliffs.

We drove through the town and along the bottom of the cliffs. There looked to be a new mine right there on the cliffside; certainly convenient for loading ore into freighters. Past the mine we came to the Alaskan border and the town of Hyder.



There are no US border guards, so it is one of the few places where the border is truly unguarded.

The road up the Salmon Glacier valley swings back into BC in about 8 miles, so there is no access by road to the rest of Alaska. If you go there, take your passport as you'll find on

your way back that there is a Canadian border post, where the guard will want your identification and may charge you taxes on anything you've bought in Hyder. That's if you can find anything to buy in Hyder. The town is not photogenic and I forgot to take a picture at the border; this picture was taken in 2004, but not much has changed since except for a new hut for the Canadian guards. The place is almost a ghost town, its local mines closed.

The town's campground is called Camp Runamuck, with the emphasis on the muck. In 2005 we were towing our big trailer and had little choice but to camp there, in a muddy morass. Back then it had been busy despite the rainy weather, but now in sunshine it was almost empty. We wondered why – no Americans coming to the area?



Just beyond Hyder is the Fish Creek wildlife site. We stopped there to ask about the salmon run, but the ranger said they had not arrived yet. A brown bear had come through the previous evening, probably looking for salmon too, but he hadn't been lucky either.

There are a number of sites in Alaska where you can go to watch grizzly bears fishing, but most of them are remote, requiring floatplanes or boats and stays at expensive lodges. This is the only one we know of that you can drive to and watch bears for a few dollars. On our first visit access had been free and the place was completely unpublicized; we found it by accident. However, timing is critical: no salmon means no bears eating salmon. We'd be stopping there again though on our way back, just on the off chance





.We continued up the Salmon River Road. There are active mines in the valley and we were having to watch out for loaded ore trucks hurtling out of side roads and rushing down to the wharf. As the road climbed we had views of the river and then we stopped at the overlook of the toe of the Salmon Glacier. Except that we could no longer see the toe from there; it had receded a few hundred yards since the overlook was built.



At the end of the maintained road, at about 3500 ft, we came to this splendid view of the Salmon Glacier where it flows down from the ice field, hits the rock wall beneath the road and divides. The black lines are rocks fallen from above and carried along. The flow to the south (left) ends at the toe, where it feeds the Salmon River. To the north, the glacier ends at Summit Lake, often full of icebergs.



We climbed the cliffs behind the road to look at the flowers and get a view of the glacier with no cars or people. The climb was a mixture of walking through boggy meadows and clambering up the rocks with many false trails, but there were flowers everywhere. There was also an easier section that looked to be part of an old road.





We drove on past Summit Lake with its icebergs, towards the Granduc Mine. More hanging glaciers added to the view.



The road is not maintained past the glacier overlook so we had to drive around boulders; a crowbar is handy for moving them out of your way.



The Granduc has a backdrop of the spectacular Berendon Glacier. In sight from there are a half dozen smaller glaciers, most unnamed.





The Granduc was once a copper mine. The mill has been derelict for decades, but this time there was a new group of huts nearby and the track down to the toe of the glacier had been blockaded, so somebody may be prospecting there.



This entrance is not to a mine; it's a tunnel for truck traffic, used to avoid the massive snowdrifts that would

cover the road beyond this point.



Structures like this dot the valley. We could see a fully operational mine across the valley, though we couldn't see how to get there, not that visitors to a gold mine are usually welcome! We were buzzed by a helicopter on our last trip up here; we'd been driving offroad and may have been trespassing.

We were tempted to camp up there amongst the old mine workings, but the bears of Fish Creek beckoned and we headed back to the road.



On our way down we were on the road's crumbly outside edge. Sandie wasn't keen on her spectacular view down the cliffs to the glacier, so she insisted on my driving on the left. Of course this led to a few exciting moments for the people that were still coming up.





At the Fish Creek Wildlife Site the US forest rangers gave us the bad news that the chum salmon, due to spawn in mid-July, were running a few days late. So the bears which gather there to eat them had not arrived either. A brown bear had come down the previous evening to check out the creek but had found nothing, and a black bear had stopped by a few hours ago.



We decided we'd hang around for a few hours anyway, and we paid for entry to the viewing area, a platform that stretches about a hundred yards along the creek. In the

absence of bears we looked for other animals, so we have a lot of beaver and merganser pictures.



The beavers were busy rebuilding a dam the rangers had destroyed. As the rangers pointed out, dams stop the chum from getting into the creek and spawning and



then there are no bears, so the dams are regularly destroyed and the beavers spend all summer in futile repair efforts. Like the bears, the beavers have grown used to people, and this one came gathering a few feet away.



A merganser with one duckling showed up just as we were getting bored with the beavers. Mom looked to be very casual about minding her duckling which may be why she only had one left. Mergansers can't just leap into the air like most ducks do. They have to sprint across the water to get up to take off speed.

By 9pm we had given up on seeing a bear and I was getting into the truck to leave when a ranger ran up and told us he'd heard on his radio that there was a brown bear walking up the creek.



The ranger said this was a male, about 7 years old; these grizzly bears may live into their 20s. This



As Yogi would say, "Definitely more handsome than the average bear."

Just like a black bear, in the absence of meat or fish, he will eat grass.



We sprinted back to the walkway and joined the small crowd that was walking backwards keeping pace with the bear.



one looked to be all muscle and claws, and clearly aware that he was at the top of the food chain.





He was obviously aware of us only 10 feet away at times but the bears have become accustomed to humans with their clicking cameras. The rangers have bear spray in case a bear decides that the gathering is actually a tourist tasting.



The bear walked under the bridge and disappeared but it was almost dark anyway and we went to camp nearby behind the dike of the Salmon

River. The trees had grown up around the dike and our mirrors were touching both sides; luckily we met no one. We set up with a nice view of the mountains. It had been an amazing day.



*Sunday July 15<sup>th</sup>*



The day was cloudy but still warm. The river looked lower and felt warmer than on our last visit. Apparently Summit Lake will fill up in late summer, lift the glacier, and flow out under it, raising the river level by 5ft, or so. We guessed that this hadn't happened yet this year..

On leaving Hyder we had to go through Canadian customs and immigration, thankful that we'd accidentally left our passports in the truck. There must be dozens of Canadians who accidentally enter the USA at Hyder without even owning a passport. Before 9/11 all that was needed to get back into Canada was a driving licence, but I doubt if it's that simple today.

The border guard asked where we were headed and I had to admit that we didn't know. We settled on east and south.

We climbed back up the Glacier Highway towards the Bear Glacier. The cliffs are even more impressive from this angle. Those tiny white lines in the picture are just a few of the waterfalls that drop from the hanging glaciers. The toe of the Bear Glacier looked different too, more textured and with a deeper blue tinge in the crevasses.







We saw a black bear eating grass on our descent and then Sandie spotted another at the roadside. We came to Meziadin Lake and turned into the provincial park to have lunch but found that all the space is used for camping and all the slots were occupied, so we had to do with a less scenic lunch spot.

We were headed for Kitwanga Junction and Highway 16, but had read about a village with totem poles along the way. We turned off the highway and found the Gitksan village of Gitanyow and its array of poles, some with unusual features.



Totem poles are not religious; they are more like a European coat of arms. They tell the story of a family and their place within a clan. Unfortunately this was a weekend and the interpretive centre was closed, so we had to guess at the meanings. We got talking to a local who'd lived near Hope as a child, but he was short on local information; he was pumping me instead for news about Hope and the Rambo connection. It's

just occurred to me that he was probably there in a residential school, separated from his family by the government's attempts to eliminate native culture.

The unusual features, to us anyway, were the bird and the hole. The bird is a gigantic woodpecker, reportedly the bird that once ate up all the wood in the world. Perhaps it's there to scare away the real birds, deadly enemies of totem poles.

I've since found out that the hole represents a fishing hole in the ice. It's very unusual to see a hole this big as it weakens the pole. This shows how much I know; the pole dates from around 1850!







Most of the cemetery's family plots were protected by picket fences. I particularly liked this memorial to a man devoted to his boat.

Unfortunately, the property between the poles and the cemetery is the most run-down in the village; a dilapidated house surrounded by discarded cars, furniture, and rubbish. Walking around it was hazardous with broken glass underfoot.

At Kitwanga Junction we headed east on Highway 16, the Yellowhead Highway, also known more sadly as the Highway of Tears. There is no public transport in the area so the poor have to hitchhike and over a dozen women, mainly native, have gone missing, with some found murdered.

I had found a couple of campsites on our map of the Suskwa Forest Service area. The first was almost ideal, a flat area on a beach of the Bulkley River. The snag was the three foot hop down onto the beach; I was doubtful of our ability to hop back up without building a ramp.



The other was on the Suskwa River about five miles down a little used logging road. We made it to the river but found there was

a brand new locked gate on the other side of the bridge. We had stumbled into a dispute between the chiefs and the local people of the Gitksan nation, who are objecting to the multi-million dollar deal their chiefs made to allow a Liquefied Natural Gas pipeline across their land.



We had no choice but to back up and camp in a

nearby log loading area where we could hear the river even if we couldn't see it. It was a pleasantly warm evening.

*Monday July 16<sup>th</sup>*

We had a very quiet night with the road blocked and didn't see any traffic on our way out. We've often seen bears on this section of the Yellowhead and this morning was no exception with two roadside bears.







It looked like this was a scientific survey, measuring and weighing. Later in the season there's a very efficient production line, from net to knife in seconds.

We stopped at Moricetown where the Bulkley River plunges into a canyon and members of the Moricetown band net the salmon and steelhead trying to make their way up the waterfall. It was good to see that they now have helmets and safety lines; it's a dangerous job.



We stopped in Smithers for diesel and propane and then moved on for lunch at nearby Driftwood Canyon. Along the way we had this view of Hudson Bay Mountain and its glacier. We once camped at the base of the cliff where those cascades converge. Noisy and damp!

At Driftwood Canyon, a short trail leads to a cliff face of fossils, mainly leaves and stems but occasionally fish and birds. No collection is allowed but it's hard for visitors to



understand this as all the new and fancy signs in the canyon are large and high and reflect daylight, making them unreadable even on a cloudy day.



Our rockhounding book told us of a Burns Lake logging road, the Augier, which led to a rich bed of agates. We followed directions for over thirty miles into the logging

road network only to find that the Augier road was blocked by a waist-high berm. The picture doesn't show the height of the berm very well but the camper couldn't have crossed it. The Jeep crowd had already cut a path over the end of the berm so Sandie drove the camper like a Jeep and followed the path.



But then we found that the road's culverts had been ripped out leaving transverse ditches. We dumped in tree trunks and branches to cross those. It was all to no avail as we came to an uncrossable ditch in front of a missing creek bridge. This was long before we were supposed to reach the agate bed. Our truck doesn't have the Evel Knievel package so we had to give up. There were no agates where we were but there were great clouds of tiny biting flies; not a good place to camp.



We had no luck finding another route to the agates. While we were trying to make sense of the maps yet another bear trotted past. We got lost on our exit, finding ourselves in a different logging network. By pure luck we found this camping spot at Peta Lake, perfect for canoes and kayaks, but we'd packed no boats on this trip.

### *Tuesday July 17<sup>th</sup>*

It was another beautiful day. We returned to the logging main, one of the best gravel roads I've ever driven. The area was being actively logged so we shared the road with empty logging trucks roaring up for a load.

We rejoined Highway 16 heading east through Vanderhoof towards Prince George. We stopped for coffee at Burman Regional Park. The park includes a mid-sized lake with a convoluted shoreline, great for canoeing, and a large area of rocks including a few agates.

We made it through the big city of Prince George OK, despite our GPS's insistence that we go into a warren of narrow streets all signed as "No Exit". Probably ten yards shorter, so should we ignore the signs? No.

We could have turned south at Prince George and headed for home via Cache Creek, but that road is not very interesting. Instead we were going to stay on the Yellowhead and follow it to Mount Robson park. We had driven that part of the road just once, thirty years ago, in the other direction. I had forgotten how empty the road is, so it was a surprise to see the "No fuel for over 200K" sign. We turned around and filled up.



It is indeed empty country, just miles of forest with increasingly large mountains looming on the horizon. We stopped for lunch at Purden Lake, a very large lake, more suited to power boats than canoes. It had some nice beaches though and it was very hot there in the sunshine.

Back on the road it was 29C (84F), our warmest reading of the trip so far. The radio, when we briefly got a signal in Prince George, was talking about fires in the Kamloops area. There were heat advisories for southwestern BC and campfire bans. This was all stuff we'd have to come back to, but for now we were enjoying the heat and sunshine.

The first town on the road was McBride, where we crossed the Fraser, already a large river in a wide valley backed by mountains. McBride looks to be a community based on logging and farming, the first farms we'd seen since those in the Peace River valley on our way north.





We camped at a recreation site on the Holmes River, about a mile from the road. The campground was nearly full and we took the last large site. Even so, campers kept arriving in motorhomes and on bikes and motorcycles and somehow everyone fit. Free places are never full.

The campground was next to the river, wide and fast, with big gravel beds. The bank had been reinforced with what looked like enormous boulders of petrified wood. As we hadn't brought a crane or fork lift we had to leave them behind.

We enjoyed what might be our last campfire before heading south into zones with campfire bans. We had to scramble to put our stuff away when a thunderstorm rolled in, but the rain didn't last long.

*Wednesday July 18<sup>th</sup>*

We came to Tete Jaune Cache and the reason for the Yellowhead's name. Tete Jaune was the nickname of a yellow haired Trapper who had a base in the area.

We crossed into Mount Robson provincial park and had a distant view of Mount Terry Fox, named after the young man who'd lost his leg to cancer and attempted to run a marathon a day across Canada to raise money for research. (Cancer attacked his other leg and he had to give up his Marathon of Hope near Thunder Bay, in Ontario. He died the following year.)



We stopped at Rearguard Falls on the Fraser River, a waterfall that looks very different depending on your point of view. Up close the water seems to bend around the rocks, and sometimes in late summer you can see salmon jumping just a few feet away.

The staggering statistic here is that Chinook salmon travel up the Fraser for 800 miles, past our house in



Hope and Hell's Gate, to climb this waterfall and spawn in the shallows above.





That's as far as they get as the next waterfall, Overlander Falls, is about thirty feet high, impassable to salmon.

Mount Robson is one of Canada's highest mountains and it towers over the valley and its surrounding peaks, a magnificent sight, viewable from the park's visitors' center balcony. The snag is that it makes its own weather and its top is usually hidden by clouds. Visitors waste hours looking for a clear spot between the clouds scudding across the sky only to find that Robson has its own sneaky cloud that doesn't move!



I've been lucky enough to see it all a couple of times in five visits, but not this time. Even so, it was worth a livelier picture than one from the balcony. There's just enough room to park by the bridge over the roaring Robson River and climb down for a view of the mountain rising from the river.



We returned to Tete Jaune Cache and took the road south, down the North Thompson River valley. Both this road (the 5) and the 16 are referred to as the Yellowhead, really confusing for visitors. We were headed for Wells Gray provincial park, a couple of hours away.

We stopped at the Thunder Creek rest area, which turned out to be a delightful spot, with a beach along the creek. I got talking to an English couple who were currently renting a motorhome and dying to swap it for something that would take them into the backcountry. I think they found our layers of mud appealing.

We found that the park is now called the Wells Gray Corridor, encompassing the access road and all those little places where you might have been able to camp for free. So the first priority was to secure a site at the Pyramid campground inside the park.





Wells Gray has all the ingredients for spectacular waterfalls: cross-bedded lava flows, extensive glaciation, and rock that erodes into vertical cliffs. Our first was Helmcken Falls, where the Murtle River arcs out from the cliff and plunges 450 feet into a chaos of spray and more waterfalls. Photos don't capture the scale of what you are seeing. You need to feel the vibrations.

The viewpoints are all from the opposing cliffs, about a thousand feet high and, like most cliffs in the park, absolutely sheer. Sandie likes the waterfalls but not the associated cliffs.

We went to take a look at Dawson Falls, a couple of miles upstream. There's a viewpoint right on the road, but parking is difficult and the view is limited, so we were intrigued to find that there is now a trail to the other side of the falls. There wasn't much to see on the way except ferns but the viewpoint was right at the edge of the falls, with plenty of opportunities to walk along the top. If you did then you might survive the tumble down these falls but not Helmcken Falls just downstream.



We opted for the "loop" trail as it took us along the river, but we'd underestimated the length of the loop. It also involved more leaping and clambering than we'd have liked. Eventually, it left the river and came out just a few feet from our campsite; convenient except that our truck was at the other end of the trail. Sandie fed the bugs while I went to fetch it.

*Thursday July 19<sup>th</sup>*

The park is only about four hours of driving from Hope so we had plenty of time to take a look at a few waterfalls.

We took the trail through the woods to Maul Falls.



I wanted to show Sandie the Indian pipes, weird white parasitic plants I'd seen on the trail back in 2012, but there was no sign of them; perhaps we were a week or two too early. We did find some coral root orchids. This time the trail down to the foot of the falls had been repaired but it was still not knee-friendly, so I went down on my own. Maul Falls are on a more modest scale but are quite pretty.



It was nice to see some kids on the trails. At most of the places we'd been, we shared the trails with gnarly retirees and the young; families don't have the time to reach such places. We had lunch at Third Canyon, with yet another waterfall concealed in its depths.

Spahats Falls looks to be saying "Wow, did I do all this?". It didn't: a glacier cut the cliff and started the process. Spahats Creek cut its own slot in the cliff though. This is a drive-to waterfall with a fast food marquee in the parking lot,



unusual for a provincial park, and our ice creams went down well.

Further along the cliffs is this view of the Clearwater River valley.



We drove to Kamloops and then took the Coquihalla Highway to Hope. The Coquihalla features in the "Highway thru Hell" reality show, but it was easy driving on this sunny July afternoon.



Our last stop on the trip was for coffee at a very peaceful spot on the Coldwater River, just off the highway.



Hope looked to be very dry. With irrigation our garden had survived but looked a mess, heavily overgrown.

So was the trip a success? We did get to drive the new road to Tuk and I suppose we had the best of both worlds, scenic on our way in and exciting, even scary, on our way out. After a few years of road repairs, i.e., dumping of millions of yards of gravel on it, the road will probably be tamed and capable of withstanding rain storms. But we're too old to wait that long and I'm glad we went when we did. My only regret was not spending more time to explore Tuk. We only had time for a walk around a few of the closest streets before the storm began.

#### *One scary postscript*

Back in June we were just leaving Minnesota to drive home after not using the truck for several days, when the truck refused to start. The engine was cranking but no start. After many attempts it finally fired up and displayed the message "Replace fuel filter". The problem didn't recur but we had the filter changed anyway.

When we came back from our Arctic trip I spent a few days washing the mud off and then removed the camper to finish cleaning it. The truck went into the dealership for the engine light problem and an oil change and then it sat on our driveway for a few days while I finished the cleaning. Then I went to back the truck under the camper but despite vigorous cranking it would not start.

I had to have it towed to the dealership where they diagnosed a cracked fuel filter housing. The housing is supposed to be pressurized with fuel but the pressure had leaked away over those few days. The tow had cost \$60 for about one kilometer. But we couldn't help but think about what it might have cost if the problem had occurred in the Yukon or NWT. There would have been a tow of several hundred kilometres to someone who could diagnose and fix the problem and then a wait of a week or two for the replacement housing to arrive. We had been very lucky.

#### *And another not so scary*

Our other problem since leaving Tuk had been a clunking noise while manoeuvring into and out of campsites. We guessed the noise was there at high speeds too but there was too much other noise to hear it. It didn't get any worse so we ignored it. It turned out to be mud balls inside the wheel covers, souvenirs from Tuk's new road.

***Love to you all from Pete and Sandie***