

CLUB NEWS ARTICLES

Please send me any articles you wish to post.

May 2010 Spring Trip
BadLands Posse
4X4 Club Event
Bald Mountain

First trip of the year It was a crisp Wednesday morning at the end of May when The Joneseses (including Rod, June, and Blake) and the Gaucin's (Steve and Gloria) decided to take a trip up towards Bald Mountain via Pine Flat Lake. We knew the day would be perfect. We were all excited since we had been waiting for over a year to take this trek upward.

As we were loading up our rigs and conducting safety checks, the Gaucin's came rolling down our driveway early that morning. Steve parked his rig along side Blake and there was a strange odor emanating from his vehicle. (Strange in the sense that it was an uncommon smell, not strange that an odor was trailing behind Steve.) After a brief look-see, Rod decided it wasn't serious enough to postpone this long awaited adventure.

Heading into Sanger for food and fuel, everything was going according to plan. While at Fastrip, we ran into some individuals that were former local handcuff models. Our next stop was Subway to load up on sandwiches for lunch. As we walked in, that same individual made the comment "Man! All the cops must be on vacation or something!" By this time, he was convinced he was being followed. He stepped outside while his entourage stayed to place their order. He decided to approach Rod who was on Jeep watch while we placed our order. It was a brief, but friendly conversation with the former model and then they said their good byes.

Chugging along Belmont Avenue heading towards Pine Flat Lake, the 3 musketeers convoyed through orange coves, and vineyards. We made it to Doyal's in Piedra for a quick meet and welfare check on Steve's rig. They decided the 'strange odor' was coming from his clutch. Knowing that we would soon be traveling up a grade Steep grade, Rod advised Steve that the toughest leg for him would be climbing this hill to the top of the lake. So away we went. So far-so good. On the way up, we observed water-safety training by Fresno Sheriff's Department.

As we approached the top of the hill, Steve reported that his rig was smoking pretty good. He didn't want to risk causing more damage, so we escorted him back down the hill. About a mile or 3 from Academy Avenue, Rod transmitted to Steve, that he should just 'Cruise' at a moderate speed. Then Rod decided he should have Steve pull over to help cool off the transmission before it catches on fire. As Rod calls Steve on

the radio, all Steve hears is "Pull over- FIRE". Before I could even say "you shouldn't have said that," Steve pulled over - both him and Gloria jumped out in 4 seconds flat! Has anyone ever seen Gauc move so fast before???

As we parted ways at Belmont / Academy, we kept in contact via Ham Radio.

Long story short, we got up to Bald Mtn. Got stuck, got unstuck, had lunch at the top of Hollywood, and headed down the hill, but not before Blake and Rod got into a brief snowball fight!

Good times!! We have to get everyone on the next trip... the more the merrier!

Article by June Flores

June 21 through 24
BadLands Posse
4X4 Club Event
Moonlight Madness
Bald Mountain

This years, 2007 Moonlight Madness event was great as usual. I took my Nephew Dietrich with me and we arrived at camp early on Thursday. We snagged as much firewood as possible from the surrounding vacant camp sites via rope and Jeep. By nightfall I had my small red ghetto looking trailer set-up and D had his tent ready to go. The camp was cool because when we arrived there were chairs, canopies and a fire ring already set up. We actually followed Tom up the hill. He pulled a 20' trailer and left it there in our care with all of the other campers that were in camp. Tom had to work that night so he left soon after we arrived. We were able to keep in touch with Tom via the ham radio because the Clovis Amateur Radio Pioneers, (C.A.R.P.) repeater came in full blast. This was great because if there had been an emergency everyone would know where to retrieve the bodies.

By Saturday everyone had arrived and we made sure that all of the BLP vehicles sported the new Club graphics. We then did a quick run mid afternoon. Before we took off Rod thought it would be a good idea to remove part of my front end to allow for better articulation. Wow was he right. The difference was amazing. The Jeep handled the terrain far better than before. At one point my front end was so articulated that Rod and Tom removed my coffee can spacer lift and spring on the front passenger side. Photos will be available later on. We made it back from the mid day run in time to have dinner and prepare for the main event, the night run. I was too tired to finish the event but did complete the best part of the run. While at Posi hill we got to watch a rock buggy do the roll on its side thing. They finally got it back into action even though they set the thing on fire at one point trying to fix a tire that had popped a bead. Since I was too tired I took Tom's wife and kids, (Tammy, Ashley and Alyssa) back to camp. Dietrich who was with me finished the run with Tom. I could not believe that my old Nissan pick-up that Tom now owns finished the run with almost no problems. I offered to buy it back but he decided he would keep it.

Sunday morning myself and D broke camp and then attended the raffle. I was the first winner! A \$250.00 gift certificate for Jeep stuff. This was my best take. I won a few other small items later on as well.

After D and I said our goodbyes we left camp and headed back to the world. On the way down we hit about seven geocaches. The trip was great and I look forward to next years event. I do wish I had finished the night run but it did not seem safe at the time to do so. I'll finish next years.

Article by Freakshow

July 4 through 8
BadLands Posse
4X4 Club Event
Pismo Beach

Ahh'.. Summertime, a time for fun in the sun, a time for bbq and beer, a time for making new friends, and revisiting old ones, and a time for 4 wheelin'!

The summer of 2006 was all of these, especially during the 4th of July weekend. What a BLAST..literally. I was not fortunate enough to join the caravan down to Pismo since I had to work (retail sucks, feel me martie?) as usual, but I was able to start my trek to the coast at 1900 hrs. By the time I reached Pismo, the 3 fireworks displays were in full force (Pismo, Shell Beach, Avila Beach). Traffic was heavy along sb 101 through all the Pismo exits, and there was no vehicle access towards the beach in any direction. If you were on foot, you would have gotten there faster. Thinking I was sly enough to sneak through back roads, the Pismo cops were sneakier. Since I couldn't get through the city of Pismo at all, I decided to jump back on the freeway and exit at Arroyo Grande and take Grande Avenue straight to the beach'no luck'they had all beach access blocked in every direction. No one, and I mean absolutely No one could get onto the beach until the fireworks show was done, and most of the day-use folks were headed out. So, I waited patiently on Grand Avenue for 2 hours before I could make my way onto the beach. It didn't seem all that bad since locals were setting off their own fireworks, which kept me, occupied. When they finally lifted the barricades, I made it to Camp Badlands at around 2230. Once there, everyone was asleep except for Rod and Martie. They told me that Johnny J was out on the dunes, so we decided to try and catch up to him. We made our way to Comp Hill, and upon arrival, it was practically a ghost town. You could see remnants of bonfires that were barely glowing, with only 3 rigs parked accompanied by 3 or 4 quads. As we made our trek towards the base of Comp Hill, We noticed a rig that had its hood up that was obviously in distress. Recognizing the shape of the hood, I said, ' Is that John ????' So Rod pulled up closer, and confirmed that indeed it was Johnny J in his all too familiar stance - lying on his back underneath his cruiser. We were anxious to get to him so we again could give him a bad time. See folks, those of you who don't already know Johnny J'.well, he's a lot of talk for such a little man. He is convinced that his Toyota Land Cruiser is much better than a Jeep. But on countless occasions, he forgets WHAT pulls him out of all his mishaps'.yes'everyone'.it's a Jeep. From Bald Mountain, to Jose

Basin, to the Pismo Dunes, Rod's Jeep has always been there to yank him out of everything but embarrassment. So needless to say, we towed him back to camp. (#1 of 5 tows this weekend only) Johnny J do you know what time it is??? It's time to get a Jeep!

Aside from John's misfortunes, this was a learning experience for Steve. Lesson #1- make sure all equipment is tied down to prevent bodily damage (human). This weekend gave Rod a chance to do some troubleshooting on Steve's Jeep. Once that was fixed, it was good to go!

We celebrated my forty-something birthday at Santa Maria Brewing Company with a couple of homemade brews by our good friend Dan who happens to be retired from law enforcement. If you love a well-crafted beer, this place is a MUST! Dan makes the best wheat beer and I think Rod will agree that he is consistent with all his recipes, and the atmosphere is just incredible. Check-out his website at Santamariabrew.com. After wards, we went to eat at the most incredible steak house ever heard of. The atmosphere is family style dining, with food that is well worth the money and wait. Jocko's in Nipomo is the place to go if you can handle it!

As the weekend winded down, everyone had to head back to reality-home and work. As much as we hated to go, none of us have as much leave on the books as Rod. He stayed behind 2 more days, which was well deserved. He had been so busy taking care of everyone else, he never had a chance to enjoy himself. I think his nickname should be changed from Rockbound to something else, what do you think? How about 'Cooter' the mechanic from Dukes of Hazzard that not only turns wrenches, but also has the ability to 'McGuyver' his way in and out of things! I'll leave this one up to the board members.

Well, we certainly look forward to our next adventure, and look forward to meeting other members of the club that haven't had a chance to get down and dirty with us yet. Kudos to all the wives and partners who were brave enough to tolerate the coastal weather, and continue to support the activities of this club.

Article by June Flores

July 4 through 8
BadLands Posse
4X4 Club Event
Pismo Beach

This was a new adventure for me. I have never camped out in the sand on the beach before. It was dirty but fun. We had a very large group of members who participated in this event. Most of us followed each other up to the site and by the end of the trip more than thirty people were a part of our camp so this was a major event. We had planed to leave a day earlier but Rockhound talked us in to staying the extra day and it was well worth it. We had a variety of equipment. Rockhound again pulled a house to the beach, I had a small travel trailer and there were a couple of other small trailers

used but everyone else stayed in tents. Our campsite ended up looking like a small city when it was all said and done.

The first day we all got set up and that night saw a great fireworks show. We saw an ok fireworks show every night after that as well. People were doin' the fireworks thing every night and all night long. If you wanted to you could get up at 3:00 a.m. and see a fireworks show.

The next day we rode our quads and 4X4's. We did some Geocaching at the same time as well. This was also the day that Mudpuppy attacked a HiLift jack with his skull, (See his and Tom's supplemental report for details). I took some pictures of Steve after the fight and they are available on this site. He was later taken to the hospital where he got 10 shinny new stitches on the top of his melon. The HiLift Jack didn't make it and services were held at the scene. I am convinced that if this had happened to any other member of our group they would have been killed or ended up with some type of dain bramage.

Over the next few days we did the dunes and had an awesome time. I had a blast and so did my daughter Madison. We were driving up and down some very steep stuff and she laughed the entire time. I am glad that she likes this stuff. On one of the days Tom and I did some Geocaching because there were some caches out in the middle of nowhere. We at one point did one that had us climbing up a sand hill that all in all SUCKED!!!! We made it though and it was at least a good cache. We later did some caching in the town of Pismo and we have some pictures of that available as well on this site. We also ate lunch while in Pismo, great food.

One of our last nights of the trip we went to a place called Jocko's. Jocko's is a restaurant. Jocko's is a restaurant that looks like a bowling alley. Jocko's is now my favorite restaurant. Jocko's is my favorite restaurant because I had the best steak of my life at this place. Even though our group had to wait almost two hours just to be seated I was HAPPY when I left, fat and HAPPY in fact. I was so HAPPY that I used my GPS to take a waypoint of the location I was seated just in case it was a magic chair. I LIKED THAT STEAK! Oh yea, after dinner we grabbed a few caches too.

The next day Steve, Mudpuppy went and got himself a new carburetor for his Jeep. Rockhound felt that this was most of Steve's problem with the YJ. After the part arrived at the camp we all stood around while Rod, Rockhound changed out the carb., photos available on this site. After the new carb. was installed we discovered that Rockhound was right. Steve's Jeep now runs great. THANKS ROCKHOUND!!!!!!! That day and night we did the dunes. It was Fun, Fun, Fun!

All in all we had a blast. The only problem I had with the trip was there were millions of people on the beach. I have never seen so many people in one spot in all my life and I have been to New York City. The only other issue was that it was very dirty and sandy. Other than that however it was great. We all got home no problem but Rod stayed a few more days. Hell, he basically had a house right on the beach so he was cool. Anyway, this is the end of my story but some of the other members should be writing something soon.

June 23, 24 & 25,
Moonlight Madness
Bald Mountain

This was my first 4X4 event that involved other 4X4 clubs. I started out with a bang because before I even got started I blew a tire and had to do the entire event on a spare provided by Mudpuppy. I had no problems after that and had an awesome time.

Our campsite was nice. I slept in a tent but Rockhound had dragged his house up the hill and had it sitting not far from a cozy little campfire that Tyler maintained. John also slept in a tent with his girlfriend but Steve and Gloria slept in Rockhound's house along with Tyler and June. Livin' high off the hog must be nice.

Well let's get to the teams. Rockhound was with June and Tyler in the Rubicon, Mudpuppy and Gloria were in the YJ and Tom and myself, Freakshow were in my TJ. John was with his girlfriend in his Toyota Land Cruiser. John had an issue with his vehicle as well. While in route to our camp he lost all of his transmission fluid due to the drain plug falling out. He was able fix the problem using some JB Weld and adding more oil. We all were still able to participate in the day run even with all of the vehicle issues we had. It was very hot for the location and because some of the vehicles ahead of us were having problems we spent a lot of time just sitting in the hot sun cooking. Mudpuppy's Jeep had some engine problems but a phone call had John up at camp the first night with replacement parts that kept his Jeep in the game. Rockhound also installed a brand spankin' new 8000 lb. Winch on Mudpuppy's Jeep on the Friday with some, (very little) but some help from the rest of us. Even after the new part that John brought, an engine electrical module thing was replaced, Steve still had problems with the Jeep running rough and stopping all the time. We did however make it through the day run having a great time.

For the night run we had the same teams but Mudpuppy became ill and his team opted out of the night run only because he felt that bad. He almost decided to go but he looked like death warmed over so it was probably better that he did not go. I was also sick, but not near as bad as Steve so I participated and Tom even helped me out by driving a portion of the trail. The night event was great. I enjoyed it much more than the day event because the heat factor was gone and the dark factor made it even cooooooler! I had no problems during this part of the event but Rockhound took on V-Rock and got some scrape marks on his passenger side rear area of his Jeep, here is the [PHOTO](#). For the night run we were at the back of the pack but were still able to get through the course by about 0130 hours, (1:30 a.m.) because there was no hold ups this time around.

All in all it was a great trip and I will do this event again. I don't think I will participate in the day run again though. I would rather do my own thing with the club and do the night run only. Next year should have me runnin' the trail with a Jeep Rubicon. I can't wait.

Article by Freakshow, Bob

On May 23, 2005 at 0630 hrs. we left Sanger and headed out into the unknown. By about 0830 hrs. we made it to the outskirts of town. The journey was very treacherous but we did it. We undertook this adventure with only a handful of club members. The vast numbers who did not participate, Krystal and Ralph you know who I am talking about, were left behind as we blazed new trails. Our heading Captain? Shaver Lake, Bret's Mill. Aye aye sir.

Three Jeeps left for the hills, one came back a man. Uhhh, that was my Jeep. I've had it for over a year and have never taken it off road. Someone should kick my @\$\$. Well anyway we proceeded onward. We made it to the correct area when Rock Hound said, 'Hey, let's go this way instead.' So we all went that way, towards I believe what was called Dinky Creek. I do not understand why they even had a sign for the place if it is so small. Well we didn't get there. Mother Nature had left a large amount of snow still on the ground and my job had left me with inadequate funds to have purchased a Rubicon. However, my confidence was high and I followed my fellow club member onward. I negotiated the snowy trail like a master for about seven feet. That's when I got stuck. The rest of the snow stuff, or at least most of it I was on a leash. We later came to an area where Rock Hound felt it was unsafe for him to continue to pull me around. I think that he was just sick and tired of pulling me around. The way back was the way we had come so it was not as bad the second time around. I was only stuck about eighty percent of the time. I did seize an opportunity to pull Blake out of ditch that he like a wooly mammoth at a tar pit had fell victim to. It was a joyous moment as my XD9000i Warn Winch pulled poor Blake from certain death. I strutted around like a proud rooster for nearly a minute. I then climbed back into my Jeep and immediately got stuck. \$#!^, @#\$%#\$\$@^, %\$&*\$#@!, Ok, I'm ok now. Well guess who had to pull me out? You guessed it, Blake. No more strutting for me.

Well the rest of the day was great. After we left the snow we drove around on some trails and had a blast. We ate BBQ Deer and Antelope at Bret's Mill next to a stream. After that we climbed some rocks and went on some more trails. The rock thing was cool. I did ok on all the trails and the rock stuff. During our travels we also found a lot of mud. I brought home a large supply of it that was still attached to my Jeep. When we decided to head back for home we were coming off of a trail when a girl and her friend were driving by in her Jeep. We asked directions when her friend produced a tricorder of something that told him exactly where we all were. We talked for awhile, took some pictures and then we followed them back towards Shaver. Maria, the owner of the Jeep expressed an interest in joining our club. When we got to the edge of Shaver Lake we exchanged information and I hope she decides to join. We then headed for home. Rod and Blake had to stop to put air back into their tires since they had decided to air down in the snow. I had an awesome time and can't wait to go again. I ended up getting back home at around 2140 hrs. End of Trip.

Article by Freakshow, Bob

Please forgive any spelling and grammar errors. I'm as dumb as dirt.

