



THE SLO 4-WHEELER



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Trip Report — Hollister Hills

Written by Joe D

There were just two rigs that went up, both scouts, and four people: myself, Joanna, my brother Matt, and his buddy Collin. Matt and Collin had recently finished the spring-over on Matt's scout, and it was time to break it in.

We hit the trails armed with a map and my vague memory of the trails from 12 years ago. My driving skills were very rusty, and more than once we started a trail only to hit uphill, off-camber challenges that exceeded our appetites. After much exploration and many turn-arounds, we found an obstacle course not marked on the map. It offered a great place for a new-to-the-trail driver like Matt to develop some skills, and for me to remember some of what I'd forgotten.

After a while a park ranger asked us if we'd help some guys stuck in a pinch. Vehicle extractions are some of my favorite things, so I was game. Turns out this guy busted a front axle u-joint in his full size Chevy while trying to climb a tight ravine. Then, he tried to back out, and ended up lying on his side against one of the 45 degree walls. I got to use my tree saver strap and snatch block for the first time, and we soon had his truck upright again. I used the winch to help him back out until we reached an access point to an easier trail, at which point I drove up to the other trail and served as a winch anchor for his truck. There's probably not much friction material left on his clutch, but we got him out of there.

We played on the obstacle course a lot more, practicing harder and hard lines until we had exhausted it's possibilities. We stopped at the other obstacle course by the day use area to try out the concrete "waterfall". Matt piloted his scout up successfully once he learned to give it a little bump. Then it was Collin's turn, where he learned that bump+lots of skinny pedal = broken driveshaft. At least we were close to the trailers, so after a little practice in trailside driveshaft removal we loaded up and called it a day.

I'm thinking that next spring I want to head back and explore more of the park, perhaps with someone who actually knows the place. I'll put a little more pre-planning into it so that others will have a chance to come along.

2008 SLO 4-Wheelers Officers

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 Pine Mountain Trail:..... Mark B
 La Panza Camp Ground:..... Mark B
 Carrizo Plains Land Use..... Randy P

Newsletter submittals

by the weekend after the meeting to George at g????????@charter.net

Trip Report — 2009 Jeoper's Jamboree



photo by George W

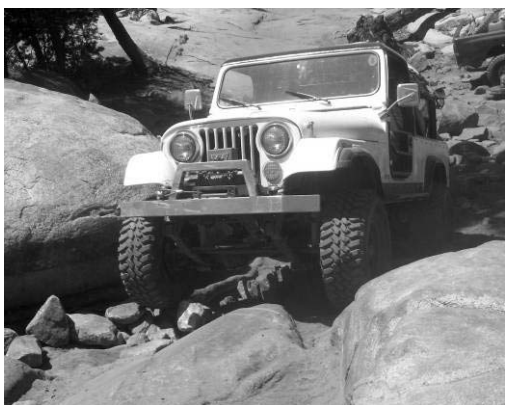
by George W, Editor

On July 21st Mike and Matt G and my buddy Andy and I headed up to Placerville for the Jeepers Jamboree. We left Templeton at about 10:30 in the morning and rolled into Placerville at about 6:00 PM that same evening after several fuel stops for fuel for my old gas engine tow rig. Slow crawl pulling the trailer up the last hill into Placerville.

We got up the next morning, remove the Jeeps from the trailers and then met John J and his buddy Mark in Placerville. Then we drove the Jeeps over to Georgetown to register, then headed down Wentworth Springs Rd toward Loon Lake, the starting point on the Rubicon trail. We got to the trail head about 1:00 PM and aired down and performed any other pre-trail steps we needed (mostly mine disconnecting the sway-bar). John replace a nut that had fallen off one of his spring shackle bolts, then we started into Gatekeeper.

Things went fairly well until we reached

photo by Matt Garnett



We got up the following morning and hit the trail again and a little further on John lost a left rear Center Bolt, which Mike happened to also have in his collection of parts. Several Jeeps were starting to pass as we finished

where Wentworth Springs trail joins the Rubicon when John's Scrambler lost the right front axle U-joint. Mike just happened to the an axle assembly that would fit and they proceeded to repair the Scrambler. While we were making the repairs, Dennis G from Xtreme Unlimited came along with his friend and made sure the repair was going OK. He

then headed off to meet friends back at Loon Lake and said that he would probably catch back up with us after a bit.

We proceeded on to the Little Sluice area having made it through several tough areas with the help of the winches and tow straps (at one point Mike was strapped to me and John was winched to Mike to get the Scrambler off of an obstacle).

With evening swiftly approaching, we choose to camp at the top of the Little Sluice on a large rock area for the night and then resume in the morning in hopes of beating the majority of the incoming vehicles to Buck Island and camp. Before the sun set, Dennis had caught up, gave us a pointer on an upcoming obstacle and headed off to finish the trail in the dark. Mike then took his left front Hub apart as it seemed to be slipping in and out of front wheel drive and found that part of the assembly was not mating properly to fully engage the hum. After he made sure it was working properly and reassembled it, we bedded down for the night.

the repair including some friends from Santa Margarita. We got going again and proceeded to the peak above Buck Island.

Now it was my turn. Coming out of what I've seen called the Sluice Box or True Big Sluice (a collection of large loose rocks that move with each vehicle), we noticed that I could turn right but not left. Climbing out of the box, the rocks under the rear wheels had rotated out and the front end dropped off the shelf that I was climbing onto.

We got off the trail after navigating around a big bolder and found that my Tie Rod was bent upward at least six inches. Without hesitating, the gang took it off and Mike and I started down the mountain on foot for the Buck Island repair station. When we got there twenty minutes later a BIG guy named Dan was able to bend it back strait by using a vise and several short bends. They then welded an angle iron on it to strengthen it and after giving Mike and I a couple of bottles of water, we headed back up the mountain to put it on.

After getting the Tie Rod reinstalled, we continued on down to Buck without further incident and now with the assistance of the Rock Rollers (can't say enough about how much these guys help). After stopping for ice and a short break we headed on to the Rubicon Springs behind quite a bit of traffic, stopping occasionally as John navigated the Scrambler around some tough obstacles.

Traffic thickened on the Big Sluice and came to a stop for a half an hour at a time as someone way up ahead made repairs. We finally made it to camp and headed to the Northern end for our favor-

photo by George Westlund





photo by Matt Garnett

ite spot which was a little quieter.

The first full day in camp was filled with repairs as we discovered that Mike had lots of tears and cracks in his frame between the motor mounts and the front cross member. We found a welder that we had met on the trail the day before on the trail and he drove up to our camp site and proceeded to weld for a couple of hours to make sure that Mike's frame was capable of getting him out. After all that work, he refused to take anything for his efforts except that we pass the favor on to someone who needed assistance (which we had done on the way in a couple of times and would again on the way out).

John was also working on loose things on his Jeep and discovered that the steering box lateral support had snapped (which later got welded by an acquaintance from Paso Robles). Mike then tested his motor

photo by George Westlund



mounts and found that the driver's side one had separated and was badly in need of replacement (and yes, he had one in his collection).

The second full day in camp was spent trying to relax after the repairs as John tried to check everything he could on his Scrambler. Several of us walked down to the vendor show, taking time to look at the latest have to have's.

That evening, we then

watched the drawings and several friends leave out the way they had come (no, they weren't avoiding Cadillac, two of them had driven up there the day before, one all of the way out to State Line to take a shower). We then headed off to bed to get enough rest to get out in the morning. We choose to get a late start due to Mike's frame still having some tears that the welder couldn't get too (he did weld the bumper to the frame to add support on the outside where he couldn't weld on the inside).

We started up the trail at about 10:00 AM Sunday morning and got about a quarter of a mile before catching the end of the line. We slowly made our way along the creek bed as John ripped a tire, at which point you then find that having everything packed between you and the tire isn't a good thing (looked like a yard sale as everything got unloaded along the side of the trail). Just when we got to the bottom of Cadillac, John then got air in his fuel system lines up by the distribu-

tion manifold. After purging the air by some of the Jamboree mechanics, we started to head up and stopped a few times along the way for others and for our own who where having trouble at some of the tough spots. Luckily from the grave yard on we had mechanics behind us, following us out.

Finally we made it

to observation point, we got our Sloppy Joe and headed toward the air up station where the pavement started only to find that the remainder of the trail was, like the rest of the trail, in much worse shape that the last time I had been there. They had covered what had been a dirt road with rip-rap for the last two miles or so of the trail. At the start of the pavement, we aired up, went to the Moose Lodge in State Line for dinner and our picture, taken Wednesday as we were heading in at the start of the trail and then headed for Placerville for the night, got there at 10:00 PM) and then home the next day.

Final carnage tally:

George:

- Tow rig:
 - Burned AC clutch two days before leaving, had to have it retro fitted the day before we left.
 - Lost alternator on the way back and new AC started leaking out a bad valve at about Santa Nella, alternator replaced and AC fixed the day after we got back.
- Jeep:
 - Bent Tie Rod on the way in (tie for the ORO upgrade).
 - Two loose and one missing left block side engine mount bolts.
 - Lots of rock hit marks on the underside (Thank God I replaced the factory plates with all of that heavy gauge steel!).

Mike:

- Reassembled left front hub.
- Replaced left motor mount.
- Lots of frame welding, it will need to be replaced or plated.

John:

- Loose bolts
- Broken axle U-joint right front
- Broken Center Bolt on left rear
- Snapped steering box support
- Ripped tire
- Fuel system problem (that continued a couple of more times)
- Lots of bent or dented skid plates

Summary:

The trail was much worse this year than two years ago. Equipped the way I had it two years ago I would never had made it in, let alone out. Probably causes of the trail degradations, 20 feet of snow last winter and lots of large wheeled rock buggies digging up the larger rocks.

Trip Report — THE HUASNA RUN

By Terrence R

Photos by Terrence R

Our journey began at 10 o'clock in the morning on August 16, 2009. The R, S, and B families all met in front of the Arroyo Grande High School. I was glad to see Frank and Florence in their Navy edition GPW since I'm a huge military buff. The B's and I are all new members so we took a few minutes to get acquainted before starting off. Frank suggested I take the lead since I knew the route to our final destination, an old World War II Observation Post.

I have traveled Huasna Road many times since I have family living in the area. My sister-in-law told me about several ranches that had full scale metal dinosaurs just off Huasna Townsite Road. I didn't mention this during the club run, they will have to wait for another time! I decided to find these dinosaurs several years ago and discovered the Huasna Road kept on going past the turn off to Huasna Townsite Road. I went home and did a little research and map reading. This is how I learned about the Observation Post. I spent an afternoon with my father-in-law exploring the area at the end of Huasna Road. We made it as far as an old USFS campground called Agua Escondito because of a locked gate. Apparently there were two USFS campgrounds in the area that were closed, the second one being

Stony Creek campground. My father-in-law remembered these campgrounds and meadows as his "stomping grounds" while growing up in the area. I asked my brother-in-law for some background information about this since he is a surveyor. He said the USFS re-surveyed the area five years ago at the insistence of local ranchers. It was determined that these campgrounds were on private property. They were closed and gates put up. I went back about a year later so I could hike to the Avenales Observation Post. When I arrived at the "Agua Escondito" campground the locked gate was gone. I ventured a little further and found a dirt road off to the left. According to my map it looked like this road should lead right to the Observation Post. To make a long story short, I took it and it lead to the top of a mountain overlooking the ocean in the distance. I did some more investigation work and was told the gate had to be moved down the road because it was blocking access to the National Forest in its current location.

Now for a little history about the Avenales Observation Post.

The Ground Observer Corps (GOC) traced its roots to World War II when 1.5 million civilian volunteers were enrolled by the Army Air Forces to man 14,000 observation posts positioned along the nation's coasts. With limited radar detection capability, the GOC's mission was to visually search

the skies for enemy aircraft attempting to penetrate American airspace. With the declining threat to America from German and Japanese air forces, the Army Air Forces disestablished the GOC in 1944.

In February 1950, Continental Air Command Commander General Ennis C. Whitehead proposed the forma-

tion of a 160,000 civilian volunteer GOC to operate 8,000 observation posts scattered in gaps between the proposed radar network sites. With the belief that the Korean War served as a precursor to a possible Soviet attack, ADC had little difficulty recruiting volunteers. In 1951, some 210,000 GOC volunteers manning 8,000 observation posts and twenty-six filter centers were tested for the first time in nationwide exercises. The time recorded for a sighting report to reach the Ground Control Interception centers through the filter centers in this and subsequent drills was unimpressive. Subsequently, the scope of Whitehead's plan was expanded to recruit more volunteers to man more observation posts on a continuing basis. This revised GOC plan, dubbed "Operation Skywatch," was initiated on July 14, 1952. Eventually over 800,000 volunteers stood alternating shifts at 16,000 observation posts and seventy-three filter centers. The Air Force used a variety of means to recruit volunteers, including radio. One radio spot announced:

"It may not be a very cheerful thought but the Reds right now have about a thousand bombers that are quite capable of destroying at least 89 American cities in one raid.... Won't you help protect your country, your town, and your children? Call your local Civil Defense office and join the Ground Observer Corps today."

The first stretch of Huasna Road was paved leading us past open fields, ranches, and homes. Luckily one of these homes belonged to my sister-in-law because my son needed a bathroom break. Our next stop was at an old wooden bridge where Huasna Road turned from pavement to dirt. By this time it was getting hot so Frank lowered the GPW windshield which was his way of "blasting" the air conditioner. We continued down the graded dirt road past grazing cattle, startled deer, and a bunch of turkeys. The road took us through shaded groves, boulder fields, and a gradual climb up the side of a mountain. Our next stop was





at the Agua Escondito Spring, otherwise known as the old Agua Escondito campground. Frank took a nature walk and told us newbie's this is where the guys take one side of the trail and women take the other.

After the short break we were on our way again. The side road to the Observation Post was just around the next bend. We crossed a meadow which was obviously used for target practice. In fact, we pasted a campsite of deer hunters. The road is no longer graded or maintained at this point. I think we all may have switched to 4WD due to the relatively steep and rutted road. After several ups and downs we came to a section of road with loose rocks and a slight tilt. Hopefully the Manzanita bushes would protect someone from sliding into the deep ravine. We arrived at our destination without any mishaps. The road circled around the

mal trails, caves, Indian rock paintings and wildflowers in the spring. There is one short section of trail that is easily negotiated by placing your tires on protruding rocks instead of falling into deep ruts. Here we found a shaded spot to stop, eat lunch, and tell stories. Frank and Florence shared some of their adventures about the military convoy from Washington D.C. to San Francisco. The B's discussed how they were getting back into 4 wheeling after loaning

top of the Avenales Observation Post and we could see all the way to the smoke caused by the La Brea fire.

We chatted for awhile and decided to move on towards the picnic spot I had pre-selected. We headed back in the direction we just came to a road that lead below the Observation Post. This area is full of large boulders, ani-

eral areas that he would like to explore but doesn't want to go alone. Frank mentioned that he likes to travel to areas with a specific destination in mind. He shared some knowledge about mines and towns out in the desert regions. I sat and listened. These are all the reasons why I decided to join the SLO 4 Wheelers. During lunch I asked if a steep section of road was "doable" in my jeep. Frank ensured me that it was and John said we should give it a try on the way out.

We all finished our lunch and packed up our trash. True to his word John took the steep road out while I watched. His jeep climbed the steep hill without any problem. I put my Jeep in 4 low and was ready to start



the ascent when my son said to let him out or he would tell mom. The "only reason" I let him out was to record the event by taking pictures. My jeep climbed the steep hill, that didn't seem steep anymore, without once breaking traction. Thanks to John this little block of instruction gave me the confidence to complete Los Chiches a week later. We played follow the leader all the way back to the wooden bridge. Frank turned on the heater (he put the windshield back up) and John suggested we end the adventure here and go back our separate ways. This was my first club function and I had a blast. I know the local trails may have become boring for some club veterans, but sharing your experiences with others can be just as much fun as your first run.



Comments on Boiling Gasoline

Written by Frank S

The April newsletter had an article from Dan G regarding his attempt to refuel his Toyota. His story really sparked my curiosity. I experienced a similar situation driving home through that hot valley. We stopped for gas in Kettleman City and while I was gasing up, my friend decided to check the radiator. He put a rag over the cap and slowly turned it in stages to let out the pressure. After removing the cap, he leaned over to look down into the radiator. As he did so, a blast of boiling water and steam hit his face. So why the delayed reaction?

To begin with, the boiling point of water is 212 degrees at sea level. The higher the elevation, the lower the boiling point. Example: 2200 ft = 208 degrees. Anti-freeze raises the boiling

point. Example: a 50-50 mix raises the boiling point to 265 degrees at sea level. The higher the pressure inside the system, determined by the radiator cap, raises the boiling point even further. The temperature of the engine block is much higher than 265 degrees. The circulation of water through the block carries away this heated water to the radiator to be cooled.

The problem begins when you turn off the key. The circulation stops so the water temperature in the block raises dramatically. Then you remove the cap eliminating the pressure. A few seconds later the water begins boiling and erupts from the radiator. Back to Dan's case, as he stated, the temperature, the sloshing around of the gas in the can and the altitude combined to raise the pressure in the can

substantially. This prevented the gas from boiling. The boiling point of gasoline at sea level is between 100 and 400 degrees, depending upon the makeup of the gas, such as the amount of ethanol and the various additives. Loosening the cap allows the pressure to escape, lowering the boiling point. The gas begins to boil and the pressure increases because it can't escape fast enough with the lid still on loose. This raises the boiling point so it stops boiling and the cycle continues. Dan describes this as breathing in and out. And of course when he finally removed the lid, the gas boiled out all over the parking lot.

I've never had any formal education on this subject, but it's my story and I'm sticking to it.

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SLO 4-Wheelers contributes to and/or is a member club in these organizations. Visit and support, they are working for US!

<http://www.sharetrails.org/>



The United Four Wheel Drive Associations also acts as your voice to keep 4x4 roads and trails open so that we can continue enjoying four wheeling in the great outdoors.

<http://www.ufwda.org/>



A varied group of outdoor recreationists who are extremely active in promoting the positive aspects of vehicular access on public lands and protecting that right.

<http://www.corva.org/>



SLO 4-Wheelers is also a member club in the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs (CA4WDC) If your not a member, check it out,

<http://www.cal4wheel.com> or ask Suzy

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We're on the web:

<http://www.slo4wheelers.org/>

Upcoming Events / Runs

In addition to this list, keep your eye on the club email list and web site:

<http://www.slo4wheelers.org/>

for last minute events or spur of the moment runs.

October 7th — General Meeting at Players. 7:00 PM.

October 10th or 11th — After Meeting Run. This may be a good starting weekend for trail maintenance on one of our Adopt-a-Trails or Camp Ground.

November 4th — General Meeting at Players. 7:00 PM. Club officers for 2010 should be nominated during this meeting.

November 7th or 8th — After Meeting Run. Great time for trail maintenance or a run to Rock

Front.

November 26th—29th — Red Rock Canyon Thanksgiving.

December 2nd — General Meeting and Christmas Party at Players, 7:00 PM. Club officers should be elected at the beginning of this meeting.

If you have any questions or events, local runs, not so local runs you would like to do, coordinate and/or participate in, please contact Eric F, SLO-4-Wheelers Events Director (f????@sbcglobal.net) or cell/voice mail 805-???-????



Remember!
Always Think
Safety First!