

# The Rooster

a monthly update from the Inland Empire Offroad Association

August 2008

## Coral Pink 2008

This year I once again took notes day by day during the Coral Pink trip. Since the newsletter is due out soon after we got back, I'll include these notes this month and look forward to more articles about this great trip next month. -P.J.



**Many club members at the dune overlook.**

### Wednesday:

Melissa and I got up at 4:30 to be on the road to Mesquite by 5:00 in order to meet up with my parents, Don and Shirley, Walt, The Schellingers, and Mike Bacon, who had all arrived at Mesquite at various times earlier in the week. With the fourth of July falling the week before, Melissa and I decided to only spend one night in Mesquite this year. We made the most of it though, with trips to Wal-Mart, the hardware store, Playoffs for Pizza, and a visit to the go cart track that evening.

### Thursday:

We drove from Mesquite to Coral Pink with minimum difficulty. We changed a trailer tire outside of Hurricane, but after about 10 minutes we were back on the road. Upon arriving at the park, we found Kris and Doug and Mike Bacon who had left earlier in the morning. We set up the camp and then went for an evening ride. We found the dunes to be dry and soft, but beautiful as always.

### Friday:

We got up and went for a morning ride and then went in to town in the Beetle for the first trip of

the trip to Lotsa Motsa Pizza. It was great as always, and we returned home for an evening ride. Doug Schellinger worked on changing the motorhome's fresh water pump, which required a complete disassembly of the lower storage area. Doug and Mike found a pump in Kanab at the motorcycle store of all places, and with some new hardware they got the pump installed.

### Saturday:

We got up and went for a morning ride to the corral. After the ride, we had lunch at camp and then later went into Kanab to use the phone and do some more shopping. While we were in town in the Excursion, we saw clouds in the distance. It was 93 de-

## What's New

- ◆ Coral Pink was absolutely wonderful. We had some of the best weather ever, with light rain most days, hard rain some days, and only two days with highs in the 90's. The cars all worked quite well, and repairs were minimal. This truly is the best trip of the year, and we can't wait to go back.
- ◆ We are all looking forward to the big club trip to Lake Havasu on August 15-17th.

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# Calendar of Events

**August 13th:**

August club meeting at the Denny's on Alabama in Redlands, 7:00 PM.

**August 15th-17th:**

Club river trip to Lake Havasu at Don and Shirley's.

**September 10th:**

Club meeting at the Denny's on Alabama in Redlands, 7:00 PM.

**September 12-14th:**

Club river trip to Cottonwood Cove.

**September 19-21st:**

Sand Sports Super Show at the OC Fair and Expo Center in Costa Mesa.

## August

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## September

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28	29	30				

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grees when we left town, and down to 53 by the time we got to camp. It was also raining quite hard, and there were lots of places where water had washed across the road. The meadow was full of water, and upon returning to camp we found that it had hailed, and quite a river had flowed through camp. Thanks to those who were in camp, the car seats were covered and everything we left out in the rain had been put away. We also saw that behind camp the road had completely washed over. A Semi truck carrying a scraper got stuck in the wash, so the Rangers used their Kubota tractor to make a ramp to unload the scraper to help clear the road. Other locals arrived and helped out, while the off duty Rangers and their families came out as well. The scraper ended up getting stuck across the road, which took about an hour to dig out. Also, the Ranger's Kawasaki Mule had gotten stuck on an access road, and was totally buried. The young park employees who were driving



it found Tyson, who offered to pull them out with his raised Dodge. The Mule shot straight up into the air and came right out of the mud pit, which Jim Walt and Melissa had sunk up to their knees in. The kids with the Mule were very appreciative, and very polite. During the sightseeing, we met up with Gene Sherman's Mom and her husband Steve who had arrived that afternoon. After watching all the excitement, we had dinner and sat around camp before going to bed early.

**Sunday:**

We got up and began drying out from the torrential rain the day before. We found that Gene Sherman and family had arrived. We got the cars ready and left late for a morning ride. The dunes were now nice and wet, although not as rain damaged as the main road had been. On the ride we met up with the Sherman group, and Gene was impressed with Coral Pink as it was his first trip. We got the opportunity to use Steve's air jack (an inflatable bag with a hose that connects to a car's exhaust and fills up in order to lift a stuck car). Since I had discovered that the sand was still quite soft (and was running 16 lbs of pressure due to the wet sand), my car was stuck but the

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## The Rooster

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jack lifted it up and let the car roll back out of the hole. I think the club will be investing in at least one of these to avoid having to lift stuck cars manually. We came back, ate lunch, and later went for an afternoon ride with all of the cars. Steve, Gene Sherman's stepfather led for part of the ride and did a great job. It was a fun ride through even more beautiful dunes.

### Monday:

Monday morning was beautiful, with clear blue sky and still cool temperatures. Some people in camp decided to stay clean for a trip into town by not going for a morning ride, but Jim, Walt, Tyson and I couldn't pass up the chance to get dirty enjoying the dunes at a fast pace. We went up the Disneyland trail (thanks to the now wet sand) and flew through the upper dunes. At the corral we met up with The Shermans and Steve, who were headed to the petroglyphs that are on the ridge overlooking the dunes. It is a fairly long trip up a dirt road from the corral to get to the overlook, and then a hike down the other side to actually see them. A few years ago we did it, and only some club members, (including Brad, Tyson and Shirley) made the whole hike. After the ride, everyone but the Sherman group headed for town. We took the Excursion and MikeBacon's truck, as Nancy was already in town playing in the Beetle. We all met up for lunch at Lotsa Motsa, then ran our errands. We got to the Gas station just as they were raising the prices, and got Diesel for \$4.69 instead of the \$4.87 they were raising it to (what a deal!). We got back to camp in time for the afternoon thunderstorms which were impressive, but didn't result in any flooding. After the rain went away we had dinner and a campfire, thanks to the wood that Tyson had brought with him.



**Using an airjack on PJs car**



### Tuesday:

We started the day by walking down to the dune overlook to take a group picture. The Sherman group had left for a day of hard dirt riding, but we had to go ahead and take the picture since it was Tyson's last day. We went for a ride in the lower dunes and played around for the camera that Mike Bacon had with him in the Ranger. We took a break at the far end of the lower dunes, and got to have all the vehicles there, including both Rangers. After the break we headed back to camp for Tyson to pack up and Walt to fix a rear brake issue. Some of us went to town again, and this time I took advantage of the Lotsa Motza buffet. We had some rain on the way back to camp, but not more than a few drops at camp. We then sat around, ate dinner and had another camp fire.

### Wednesday:

For breakfast on Wednesday we headed to the Thunderbird café for our annual visit. The food was great as always, and the service was the best we have had yet. Then we headed back to camp and some of us went for a ride through the dunes while Kris, Doug, Mike, and Shirley went for a ride in the Rangers. On the dune ride we made it a couple of ridges into the upper dune section when car stopped moving. Fortunately the problem was only a CV joint, which we might have been able to repair in the dunes, but since it was sunny we decided to try to tow the car back to camp. After only one false start Jim's car towed it back over some steep hills all the way back to camp. We then replaced the CV and sat around for a while before going for an evening ride. On the evening ride, we covered lots of ground without any difficulty and made it all the way back to just outside the campground before the axle popped out of the CV again. Fortunately it was an easy tow back, and then we ate dinner and began to think about a way to keep the car running reliably for a few more days.



**We took a picture at the big tree on Thursday's morning ride.**

### Thursday:

I got up to find that Jim had pulled the axle and tapped it for a bolt to hold a washer to retain the axle in the CV. We finished putting it together, and were ready for a ride by 9:30. We joined up with the Sherman group and headed to the dead tree for pictures. Then we went to the corral and through the dunes. Once we got back to camp, we headed into Kanab for lunch. After we got back to camp, we sat around and watched the clouds build up for some afternoon rain. Then we sat around and had another camp fire.

### Friday:

We got up and went for a fairly early ride, since we had not gone for an afternoon ride the day before. On the ride, Jim's car heated up due to a worsening leak in the radiator. We added water and drove it back to camp, but decided not to risk getting it hot on a longer ride. I offered Jim a seat, as did Kris. What my Dad didn't know at first was the seat Kris offered was the drivers seat, as she was willing to go for a ride in her car while letting Jim drive. After taking Kris up on her generous offer, Jim led us on a good fast ride through all of the

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dunes to the corral. We duned back towards camp and got lots of pictures of the ride. Then we headed into Kanab for one last great lunch at Losta Motsa. We spent the rest of the afternoon playing games and starting the process of packing up. Don, Jim, Nancy, Melissa and I went for a scouting trip in the Excursion to check on the status of the dirt road shortcut. We found it to have been graded, but was quite soft and was blocked by two stuck cars, so we made the decision to take the long way home through Fredonia.

### Saturday:

We got up and continued packing up. Kris, Doug, and Mike left at about 8:00, and the rest of us loaded the cars at 9:00 (after quiet hours were over) and left the dunes by about 10:30. We gave the Rangers another photo CD with some of the best pictures of the trip. For the second year in a row, we had taken more pictures than would fit on a single CD, so we had to pick the best ones. I'd like to thank Mike Bacon for taking and sharing a lot of great pictures. After we left the dunes, we headed through Kanab, Fredonia, and Hurricane on our way to Mesquite. We got to Mesquite about 1:30, and set up camp in the RV park. Soon after, Larry and Barbara (long time friends of the Fords) arrived and had the camp site right next to Don and Shirley. We then had a Eureka buffet dinner to round out a great trip.



**Jim driving Kris' car above the lower dunes.**

### Coral Pink, 2008, the Prologue by Jim Kastle:

Nancy and my summer began with a week at Cottonwood Cove, followed by a return to Big Bear with plans to spend a couple of days installing a refrigerator in the trailer. This involved among many other things a trip to San Bernardino on a 105 degree day in the old truck, which at the time had a broken air conditioner to buy paneling. It also involved the cutting of holes for two vents in the trailer, running gas and electric to the fridge, and four 13 hour days to complete. It also necessitated a change in the place I haul the workbench, because the fridge blocks the area on the curb side of the trailer. I finished the fridge installation and tied the workbench in its new location. I was worried about how secure it was, and built a bracket to hold it to the wall. In my hurry to leave for Coral Pink, I couldn't find the stud in the wall to attach the bracket to. I figured I'd do it later.

Early Tuesday, I took off in the dually, with Nancy following in the beetle, as we wanted the car for running around the river where we were planning on spending the Fourth of July, and some time after Coral Pink. To get to the river or Coral Pink, or any place north of Big Bear, we travel down highway 18 to Lucerne Valley, a very steep road requiring the use of low gear, and moderate use of the brakes. Even so, the truck runs near the redline under compression braking for 15 minutes or so until we get off the mountain. When I got to Lucerne Valley, the service engine soon light came on for the first time ever. I stopped, looked in the owner's manual, and found that I could drive the nearest Chevy dealer to have the problem investigated. So I headed towards Barstow. The transmission seemed to be slipping as I left Lucerne Valley. Before I got to Barstow, the truck slowed to a stop and refused to move. The dash displayed a message that the gear selector was disabled; I'd never seen that before.

I decided to check the transmission fluid, so I went to the trailer to get a rag, and found the workbench had tipped over, damaging the door skin on the fridge. Remember the workbench weighs well over a thousand pounds, and is probably close to a ton, so righting it is not easy. And to top it off, it was well over a hundred degrees, and much hotter in the trailer. I was not enjoying the first day of our Coral Pink trip.

After letting the truck cool down, it again moved, and I made it to Barstow. At a signal, it refused to move until I put it in low range four wheel drive. I parked it and took the beetle to the Chevy dealer. I explained the situation, and asked if I should

unhook the trailer and try to drive it to the dealer, or have it towed. The service manager said to drive it if I could, so we unhooked in deepest darkest downtown Barstow and drove the truck to the dealer.

At the dealer, he punched in the VIN and found the warranty was good for 20 more days. He explained that if the Allison trans was bad, Chevy would ship them a new one, and I'd be on my way in a week or so. This would have allowed us to use the truck for Coral Pink. I had the generator, all my spare parts, and spare buggy and trailer tires in the dually, but assumed I'd have the truck back for Coral Pink.

We left the dually in Barstow, took the beetle to Big Bear, and Nancy loaded up an ice chest and I got in my old truck (which still had no air conditioning) and headed back to the 110 degree heat in Barstow. We hooked up the trailer, and headed off to Cottonwood cove.

I had the engine in the old truck rebuilt about a year and a half ago, and haven't done any heavy towing since. Well, it seems that when they rebuilt the engine, they turned the injector pump way down, and the truck seemed to have MUCH less power than before. The pyrometer wouldn't even approach the redline; whereas before I'd have to monitor it to keep from melting pistons. I climbed the Baker grade at as slow as 20 miles per hour, without air conditioning. This would have been a 45+ mph climb before. I began to question the fun of driving this rig all the way to Coral Pink if the dually wasn't ready. John Cole heard of my plight and was very generous with an offer to let me borrow his FORD for the trip, saving my trip much like he did P.J. and Melissa's last year. I remembered that after borrowing John's Ford last year, they sold their Chevy and bought a Ford. Fearing a similar fate might befall me, I had to decline John's very generous offer. Besides, I was pretty sure I'd have the dually back for the Coral Pink part of the trip.

I arrived at Cottonwood, very hot and tired, and spent part of each of the next three days taking the workbench apart, righting it, and securely fastening it to the wall. I kept in contact with the dealer, and found they had two vehicles ahead of mine in line, and they wouldn't get it on the lift until Monday, 6 days after I dropped it off. It was becoming clear that I'd have to make other arrangements to get to Coral Pink. During this time Walt offered to come back to Cottonwood after getting to Coral Pink to haul

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# The Hagens Visit the Kestles at Cottonwood

Earlier this year we planned a short trip to visit Jim and Nancy at Cottonwood in June. Our goal was to be able to run the rest of Black Canyon north of Willow Beach to the base of the Hoover Dam. The NPS closes this portion of the river after Labor Day thru Memorial Day to power boats, so we've never been past Willow Beach. We also wanted to do a "shake down" run with the boat before our week long trip to Lake Shasta in August. I spent the week before charging batteries and waxing the boat. On Tuesday morning we left Fallbrook and arrived at Searchlight around noon to top off the RV and fill the boat. Fuel was a bit cheaper there than in California and the Terrible Herbst truck stop is very convenient for long rigs. After applying for a second mortgage, we



were full of fuel and headed down the hill to Cottonwood, arriving around 1pm. Temperature was a comfortable 105. We launched the boat and put it in the slip and went to set up the RV. After hooking everything up and drinking a ton of Ice Tea we went down to the beach to take a dip and cool off. The

water temp was perfect. On our way back to the RV we met up with Jim by the motel office. We planned to meet the following day at 9am and head up river. That evening we BBQ'd and played some games and hit the sack early. After making sandwiches and getting the cooler ready, Jim stopped by with the GEM and offered us a ride to the docks. There we met Nancy and loaded up the 2 boats and headed out. The wind was picking up a little and the open water was getting a little choppy, but as soon as we entered Black Canyon, the water smoothed out and after approx. an hour arrived at Willow Beach. The trip is always scenic and enjoyable. We decided to continue to the dam and have a picnic lunch on the way back. As we cruised up river, the canyon narrowed. We saw several groups of kayakers and others in canoes paddling up stream or floating down. After 12 more miles we finally saw the cable hanging over the river indicating Hoover Dam is just around the corner. To our great dismay it also said "No Boating Past This Point". What the heck!!!!!!!!!!!!!! We could see the first By-Pass Tunnel and above that the huge construction project building the new bridge spanning the canyon. What an engineering feat. The big disappointment was we could not see the "damn" Dam. Jim and I wanted to get pictures of our boats with Hoover Dam in the back ground but we did not want to chance getting caught by a ranger crossing the barrier line. Everyone was bummed. As we drifted a 1/4 mile down stream with the current we noticed a small stream of water squirting out the side of the canyon. I fired up the engine and slowly maneuvered closer to discover there were several spots where water was gushing out of the ground. We were able to beach the boat in a small cove. I jumped out and tied off to a tree. The water was about 3 feet deep and freezing cold as it just



came out from the bottom of Lake Mead after spinning thru the turbines to light up Las Vegas. As I approached the squirt of water I could smell sulfur and and when I touched the water it was scalding hot. The other places where water was gushing out were also very warm. We had come across one of several natural Hot Springs that



are in Black Canyon. Where the warm water mixed with the crystal clear river water it was very pleasant. We all got out of the boat and walked around for a few minutes, exploring the various vents where the water was oozing out. It was very interesting to see and a nice surprise after being denied access to the Dam. From there we headed back towards Willow Beach looking for a sandy cove to have lunch. Several nice beaches were taken by the kayakers and with nothing but rock everywhere else we decided to stop at the Willow Beach marina. We tied up the boats at their courtesy dock and hoped to sit on the deck in the shade. Well luck was not with us again, as we discovered the store was closed due to a power failure. We made the best of the situation and found a shady picnic table over by the launch ramp where we ate lunch. Just as we finished lunch they restored power to the store and it opened for business. Perfect timing, everyone enjoyed an ice cream bar and we headed home. It was getting windier and the chop was getting rougher, Jim and Nancy pulled up close to our wake as we broke the rough water for them. Per GPS the trip ended up being approx. 85 miles. That's a lot of water!! The kids and Rudy wanted to find a beach and play a little in the water so Jim guided us around the point from Cottonwood Cove where we found a real nice sandy beach. Nancy had had enough sun for the day and they left to go back to the marina. When I asked Jeremy to get the anchor out of the ski locker he said there was water sloshing around in it. ( There should not be water there) Linda turned on the bilge pump and water poured out. I lifted the engine deck and discovered lots of water under the engine and I could hear water trickling in. Not wanting to imitate the "Titanic", we quickly packed up and headed back to the marina. Jim was heading back to us with the Sea-Doo boat and after describing what I heard, he thought I had a bellows gasket leak. For safety, we decided to pull the boat out of the water. Jim hooked up his Toyota to our trailer and met us at the docks. The little truck pulled it out no problem. We investigated the bellows and sure enough there was a tear in the cable gasket. That ended our trip, but we planned to go home the next day anyway. We BBQ'd again and played the "Mexican Train Game", until we all were droopy eyed. The next morning we noticed the lake was flat calm, no wind today. We played on the beach for a few hours and broke camp, hooked up the boat and headed home. Overall the trip was fun.

P.S. Due to the fact that Lake Shasta never got full this spring, and the water was already dropping 5' a week, along with the price of diesel, we have decided to cancel that trip and join everyone again at the 3rd annual Havasu gathering in August. We just called the "Islander RV Park" and got the last water front site available. (8/13 thru 8/18). Looking forward to seeing everyone there. Hope you are all having a fun and safe summer!!!

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my trailer. P.J., made a similar offer, and Scott, John's brother, offered to lend me his Ford. Don offered to follow me, no matter how slow I had to go. Looking back, the generous offers made me feel much better, and I greatly appreciate them all.

I charged the air in the truck, and decided that I would use it to get at least to Mesquite. I figured I'd drive from Mesquite to Barstow to get the dually when it was ready. Monday morning Nancy and I left Cottonwood at 5:00 A.M. I had an uneventful and not terribly slow drive to Mesquite, and were in our room by 9:30. In checking with P.J. later, his rig climbed one particularly steep hill at 50 mph; I climbed it a 25mph. Even before the dually problems, we received a free room offer from the Casa Blanca, and decided that there was no reason to stay in the trailer. In retrospect this was a great move, as we usually run the generator and air conditioning in the trailer before spending time at Mesquite. Lacking a 200 mile long extension cord, running the air was not an option.

To Be Continued... in next month's newsletter

# My First Coral Pink

By Mike Bacon

For years I had been regaled of tales of Coral Pink, to the point I almost felt it was some mythical place like Atlantis. So this year I decided I had to see if all the stories were true. I booked my reservations in March and come July 8<sup>th</sup> I was ready. Unfortunately, none of my family was able to make the trip with me due to work obligations, so I "bach'd it" this time.

I pulled out of my house on Tuesday the 8<sup>th</sup>, at about 5am prepared to meet up with Doug and Kris on my way. I got to the rest area just past Barstow and was having a real hard time keeping my eyes open, so I pulled in to walk around a little and wake up. I decided to recline the seat back and just close my eyes for a couple of minutes, next thing I knew I'd been asleep for 45 mins! A quick walk around the rig and I was back on the road. I



I came across Doug and Kris on the climb out of Baker. They had passed me while I was napping, but Doug was having overheating problems on the tougher grades and he was having to stop and let it cool down. So we were able to run the rest of the way to Mesquite together. We arrived at Mesquite and got

settled in the RV park. First time we'd ever had the trailer on full hook-ups was kind of nice, but the AC could barely keep up with the 110 degree temps. Yea, it was hot!

The next night we all jumped in my, and Walt's trucks and went to dinner. On the way back I started to go around a corner and all of a sudden I had no power steering! I quickly lost the power brakes too! I'll tell you, if you want to build upper body strength, just try to drive one of these "boats" with no power steering, I really got a workout trying to get back to the RV park! Once back we investigated and found I had not lost the serpentine belt, but the pulley on the power steering pump had come loose. It was too hot to try working on it then so we waited until the next morning to tackle the problem. Up the next morning and right to work. Again IEOA came to the rescue! Between Jim, Don, Doug and Walt we had everything fixed and back in running order within a couple of hours. THANK YOU SO MUCH guys!

Thursday morning we were off to Coral Pink. Doug and Kris had decided to get up and leave early so they wouldn't hold up the group climbing all the hills in to Coral Pink, and I decided to go along with them. We had an uneventful trip in and I was able to get my rig set up in my spot. Doug and Kris had to wait for the rest of the group before they could get in to the Group Site, so we unloaded the Rangers and went for a ride. It had been a while since I rode sand, and not knowing the area it took me about five

minutes to get stuck! Doug had to pull me out, but we made it. I then remembered I had inflated my tires to make the Ranger ride better in the back of the trailer, and with the change in altitude, I had way too much air in my tires. Back to camp and adjust the air pressure! Once back at camp everyone else started arriving and the big move in to the Group Site commenced.

Friday, Doug and I went exploring and found the Lower Corral, and the border to the Indian Reservation. We also found some very tight, twisty trails that were overgrown with trees so much we had to take our antennas off to keep from breaking them. In fact, during the whole trip, once we left the actual State Park, we always stopped and removed our antennas because most of the trails had overhanging trees and bushes.



Saturday, after riding around a bit we noticed clouds moving in and it looked like rain. By afternoon the rain hit, and with a vengeance! It poured, then hailed, then poured some more, then hailed some more! A flash flood covered the main highway with about 3 feet of sand, and a big rig truck got stuck trying to cross it. The truck was carrying an old road grader and they took it off to try to clear the road, but then they got that stuck too! The camp ground suffered some



damage, and all the access roads to the dunes were under some water, and some of them actually washed away!

The rain didn't really slow us down though. In fact, it made it easier for us to run the Rangers out on the dunes. We did a lot of dune riding and exploring, and mainly spent the afternoons relaxing. We made a number of trips in to town to have lunch, do a little shopping, and catch up on phone calls and e-mails. Kanab is a beautiful little town, and the scenery in the area is fantastic.



Wednesday was the Intrepid Long Range Ranger Trip! Doug & Kris, and Shirley and I, took off looking for the Moccasin Mountains Dinosaur Tracks,

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among other things. We rode tight, twisty trails out of the park and out to the main highway.

From there we skirted the main highway down past Dixie Knoll, where we met up with Gene and Steve who were coming back from an adventure in their buggies. They told us about a road they had been on that was very scenic, so we decided to give it a try after we found the dinosaur tracks. In typical Mike & Doug Ranger fashion we overshot the Dinosaur Track road, but came across some other interesting areas, including one with a very interesting cave.

While exploring the cave area I noticed a nice looking rock. Shirley had mentioned she wanted to pick up a few rocks while we were out of the State Park. I got Shirley's attention and told her about the rock. Kris overheard me tell Shirley about the rock and she wanted to see it too. While they were walking ("racing", according to Kris!) to the rock Kris yells at Shirley "STOP!". I thought Kris had seen a snake or something, and Shirley just froze. Kris just walks right past Shirley and picks up the rock! Needless to say, we heard about that for the rest of the trip!

During the ILRRT (Intrepid Long Range Ranger Trip) we got to within about 6 miles of Zion National Park, and could see some of it's features off in the distance, but we were getting pretty far out and decided we'd better start heading back. On the way back we found this very interesting rock formation, and despite Shirley's screams I decided to climb up the face of it. We ended up at the top with no problem, but Shirley was convinced she was going to die right then and there! After a nice break, which Shirley spent in panic-mode, we made it back down without incident, except for Shirley's screaming, of course!



We then came across the road to the Dinosaur Tracks we had overshot before. We followed the road, but found it washed out about a mile before the tracks. We explored a little and turned back. On the way back we found another interesting rock area and climbed up on it to take a break. As we were getting ready to leave Shirley saw a tree move at the top of the hill. I insisted it was just the wind blowing through the trees, but Shirley was convinced we were being stalked by Bigfoot, or something! We went up to investigate, but found nothing, although that didn't convince Shirley. She still thinks it was Bigfoot going to the bathroom!

Friday was our last full day and we decided to just cruise around the area and see what we could see. I was leading with Doug & Shirley following. I came over a small dune and noticed some very unusual tracks in the fresh sand in front of me. As I approached I happened to look to my right and there next to a bush was a 3' Rattler! I signaled Doug to veer left so the snake wouldn't attack Shirley, and we all stopped to take a closer look. Of course, Shirley got right up close but I didn't have the nerve to touch her and scare her! First Rattler I'd seen in a long time

though, and I had to go all the way to Utah to see it!

We got everything packed up Friday night and were ready to pull out first thing Saturday morning. We made it to Mesquite without incident, had a very nice dinner Saturday night with everyone, and headed home early Sunday morning. Other than some rain around Barstow the trip home was long, but uneventful.

All in all I had a very good time, especially with all my good club friends, and I can't wait to go back again next year. Maybe I'll see you there???

# Happy Birthday!

Steve Tharp 8/1  
Kris Schellinger 8/2  
Chuck Grossmann 8/2  
Anna Cole 8/3  
Melissa Utterback 8/3  
Louise Olson 8/9

Jim Kastle 8/11  
John Cole 8/14  
Bob Keirns 8/24  
Karisa Keirns 8/24  
Amber Oliver 8/27



**Mama Jeannie's PIZZA**



"Home of the original Breakfast Pizza"

**5775 E. US Hwy 78  
Glamis, CA 92227  
(760) 344-9090**

**B. Jeannie Le Blanc, Manager**

Look for Inland Empire Offroad at Mama Jeannie's on Saturday nights

**BAD MEDICINE**  
Motorsports

Sandrail repair, maintenance, upgrades and fabrication.  
**760-774-1032**

Call for 24/7 Drop Off

72216 North Shore Street Unit 101  
Thousand Palms, Ca. 92276  
**Jeff Smith-Owner**

**The Rooster**



P.J. and Melissa have a Yamaha Golf Cart For Sale:  
Late 1990's G14 Gas golf cart with lift. Floor sits 24 inches above the ground. Stock motor, runs well.  
\$3000 obo  
Contact P.J. Kastle:  
(951) 285-8459  
pkastle@msn.com



Jeff Oliver has a set of four Ford F-250 Wheels: One piece aluminum wheels. Tires have been sold but wheels are available.  
\$100 for the set of 4.  
Contact Jeff Oliver:  
(760) 774-1991  
jeffoliver74@yahoo.com

Dean Schellinger has a Buick V-8 Mid Engine Buggy For Sale:  
Bought from Acacia RV. I've had it for two years and have not touched it and I feel it is a shame for it to just sit there. Includes two extra solid rims and bearings for front wheels. Great buggy I just don't have the time anymore.  
\$5500  
Contact Dean Schellinger:  
(909) 987-1880 work  
(909) 887-8945 home

The Hagens have two child's helmets for sale:  
Both were purchased at Chaparral, 3 years ago. Both are full face with visors. Exterior is in good shape, minor scratches. Inside is in perfect shape, foam intact, no tears. Black one is a child Small and the Yellow one is a child Medium. \$50 each. Contact Pete/Linda at 760-451-0845



Dale and Rebecca Downsworth have the following for sale:  
1995 Newmar Dutchstar 38ft. Motorhome, 8.3 Cummins, single slide, 80K Miles, \$44,500 OBO

2002 Long Travel 2 seat sandrail, Chevy 4.3 V6, bus trans, pwr steering, King shocks, \$19,500 OBO

Contact Dale Downsworth: (909) 376-8490



Kar Tek Off Road  
2871 Ragle Way Corona, CA 92879  
(951) 737-7223



This month we would like to thank Pete Hagen, Mike Bacon, and Jim Kastle for writing articles. Next month will have more on Coral Pink, including more on Jim's Alison transmission saga. We are hoping to see many of you at the river this summer, either at Lake Havasu in August or Cottonwood Cove in September. Hopefully we'll see you there. -P.J. and Melissa Kastle



# Inland Empire Offroad Association

P.O. Box 132411  
Big Bear Lake, CA 92315

## Membership Application

Please Print

Birthday

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse: \_\_\_\_\_

Child: \_\_\_\_\_

Child: \_\_\_\_\_

Child: \_\_\_\_\_

Child: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Cell Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_

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Would you like your name and address put into our club directory? (The directory is given to club members only)

YES NO

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If you would like your business included in the directory please include the information below:

Business Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Business Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

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As with any organization there are guidelines we operate within. Please read and abide by the following:

1. NO FIREWORKS ALLOWED WITHIN CAMP BOUNDRIES
2. DOGS MUST BE KEPT UNDER CONTROL AT ALL TIMES (BLM law)
3. ON A RIDE, YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE VEHICLE AHEAD OF YOU AND THE VEHICLE BEHIND YOU. If they stop, you stop and wait for the group to return to you. This prevents separation and in this manner we never leave a member in the dunes. Remember, it's easier to find you if you stay still: "a moving target is harder to hit"
4. PLEASE OBSERVE THE "RIDE RATINGS" ON THE CLUB BOARD AND SELECT THOSE RIDES YOU WISH TO PARTICIPATE IN. If you wish to lead a ride, put the time and type of ride you want to lead on the board and then stick to that time. No passing on rides (except #6 rides). You can always change your place in line at a break or if you are waved on by the driver ahead of you.
5. REMEMBER, WE ARE A GROUP OF FRIENDS who share a common interest in riding in the desert. Always keep in mind how your actions affect the other members.

SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_ DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

How did you hear about the club? \_\_\_\_\_

Annual dues are \$35 per family. Each 12 month membership includes a monthly newsletter. Send your check or money order to:

Inland Empire Offroad Association  
P.O. Box 132411  
Big Bear Lake, CA 92315

Inland Empire Offroad Association  
3457 Carlsbad Way  
Riverside, CA 92506

