

enjoyed looking around and enjoying the scenery, and the little gift store. It was truly a unique place out in the middle of nowhere. That evening was potluck night, but the event could not be held outside, as I understand it usually is. It was very windy and very cold, so everybody ate inside their own rigs, except for Bill and me. Since we were the only tent campers, we were invited to share with George and Linda, and Linda's family, inside Kelly and Diane's rig, in which we were very grateful for. Thanks guys! The wind finally calmed down enough that we were able to have a campfire. While socializing around the campfire, Denise served us all the largest and most delicious strawberries with chocolate whip cream. So good!

On Sunday, Denise and Linda decided to take a ride out on the dunes on the quads. As Linda was at the top end of making a curve, she let up on the gas, and down she came, quad and all. As she rolled through the sand, she said that she could also see the quad rolling, which came to a stop quicker than she did. We were just all grateful that the quad did not run over her, and that the sand was "fluffy". She came out without a bruise or scrape, and was even laughing about it; no ego bruising here. The worst part of the whole incident was being so covered with sand - I am sure. After dinner around the campfire, Denise served us all her strawberry dessert again.

A good part of the time, it was windy and cold, especially when it came time to sleep in our tent at night. One night I thought we were just going to blow away, and in the morning they would find us embedded in the side of the dunes. Who knows, it may have been warmer there; it certainly would have been soft enough. I think we probably had a good cup or two of sand in our little tent trailer upon returning home. **Anybody have an RV for sale? I think we are going to be in the market for one?** The huge campfires at night really helped in keeping us all warmer. Thanks to George Graham and Scott Bart (the official and resident firebug).

February Meeting Hilites

President George Graham conducted the meeting. Scott Wood was a returning guest.

Committee reports: BLM Steering – A new mining operation up in Jawbone Canyon will be mining zeolites, near Blue Point. Some mining reclamation will take place in the Radamachers, to make the area safer for riders. It has also been decided that the Kelly Mine in Red Mtn. should be plugged.

Samela Dorey won the 50/50, and Scott Wood was eligible for membership, so we would like to welcome him as our newest member. Terry was wondering about who was planning on attending the Dusey trip in July?

George G. & Kathy M.
brave the cold wind.



For me part of the fun and whole experience was watching all of the various rigs pulling in, some are just amazing. From very simple, like us, to WOW! We also enjoyed having lunch at Hog Heaven, "Home of the Whole Hog Sandwich".

Bill Martin decided we had too many Bills to keep track of, so for the remainder of the trip he decided that the 3 Bills should be known as Bill (Maddux), Martin and Dorey. And so it was.

I have lived in the desert all of my life, but have never experienced so much sand everywhere. In my hair, ears, nose, mouth, clothes, and who knows where else, I think it even seasoned our food for us. However, I thought of it as a cheap exfoliating facial for my skin. Hey, what girl could ask for more?

Did I have fun? **Yes!!**

Would I do it again? **Yes!!**



Camp on Thursday, before
the crowd started to arrive.
Note the "fluffy dunes".

FUN IN THE SUN at TDS *By Mary Grimsley*

George & Linda set out early Wednesday morning for the western shore of the Salton Sea, site of the infamous TDS Desert Safari. Upon arrival, they found our usual campsite had already been taken, so we moved about 200 yards west where the ground had a lot more rocks and was not quite as big as we would have liked. Bill & Samela Dorey came in late Wednesday.

Thursday morning, the Graham's introduced the Dorey's to the terrain of the Truckhaven Hills.

Around noon Thursday, Andy Couch and our Good Will Ambassador (who shall remain anonymous) pulled in, followed shortly by Terry & Brandon Grimsley, Rick Phillips from the Spinnin' 4's, and Bill "Maddog" Maddux. A larger group went out in the afternoon playing in the clay hills way north of camp, where we usually don't go.

Friday morning another run out into the hills was taken until the wind came up and made it really miserably dusty out on the trail, so they came back to a dusty camp.

Early Friday afternoon Gary Luckerth pulled in followed shortly by Mary Grimsley in the Blazer (last year the Willy's was broke, this year Jerry is broke, so again no vehicle). Late afternoon Scott & Denise Bart with Abby & Jessie set up camp. We also had a visit from Bill & Kate Rowland.

On the other end of camp, a whole lot of Spinnin' 4's pulled in, almost blocking in Andy, which is where our Good Will Ambassador (GWA) came into play. After a few words about crowding or some such by our GWA, Andy moved his rig, as he needed to make a quick getaway on Sunday morning.

We had a nice fire going and enjoyed the company of those who pulled up a chair, while some disappeared into the night out to the notches to watch the show. Way after dark, dinner, and bedtime, Scott's Dad (Bob or Art), sister, Bonnie, and her friend Ralph pulled in and set up.

Saturday morning, we left camp at 7:00am to get in line, where George was number 63 or so, which was surprising. Usually by that time you would be 578th back from the leader. It was a better trail than last year and we all had a good time. In the afternoon, though, we lost the trail markers, so went and played on our own before returning to camp for cocktail hour. Brian & Alice Reed came by for a brief visit, but were here only for the day with some friends.

A wonderful heavy hors d'oeuvre's potluck was shared with the Spinnin' 4's before some headed off to the drawing with all of our tickets. Only one came back a winner, however. The newbies – Bill & Samela won a \$1,200 package. They were able to sell off the tire deflators and the Deaver springs,

Gregory's, Bart's, & our guests Ralph & Bonnie coming up a hill climb.



neither of which they needed. Terry ended up buying both the tire deflators and the springs before the weekend was up.

Sunday morning was beautiful, as we bid goodbye to Andy & GWA. We all had breakfast, and then got ready to go out on our own, instead of the organized run. We were out west of the "big hill", us girls looking for petrified wood, when suddenly things just went wrong for Maddog. Now, I was riding with him, and still can't explain all that happened, only instead of going "around" the notches, we were trying to go "through" them. At an alarming speed it seemed, but not really. It just seemed that way. His power steering box had decided it had had enough, broke something inside and punctured a hole in the case, so PS fluid was pumping out. Now we had to get back to camp with the Crusher not wanting to steer. We were in the worst place we could be, as there are no washes to go down, just hills to go up and over. We finally made our way to a small wash which took



**Gary high-centered on a hill,
had to be pulled off.**

us down to the highway. On our way down this wash, we found an arch, carved out of the hard-packed ground, taking the opportunity to take pictures of Abby & Jessie.

Once we made it back to camp, it didn't take long for Maddog to get hooked up and he was gone --- gone fishing down along the Colorado River. (We found out later he blew an inside dual on the RV and had to stay over a day in Brawley while one was brought in, albeit, at a substantial discount, too).

We said goodbye to Kevin & Desiree Rowland and the rest of their group, before those of us staying through till Monday settled in for lunch and the restful afternoon. Linda, Samela and I went out to look at the new homes being built and were shocked at the high prices for the little homes. Around \$230,000 will buy you a 1,305 sq foot house with little bedrooms and weird placements of the fireplaces. We weren't too impressed with the first group built by one builder. So went to the next batch built by a group of local builders, and were much more impressed with the size and quality of the homes. We still wonder how they are going to sell these, with no shopping, no medical, and no hospital. Supposedly, Stater Bros. is coming in a year and a casino 4 miles up the road by the AM/PM gas station.

As a side note, we saw the plans for the Salton Sea rehab, which should be interesting. They are planning on pumping out all of the contaminated salt water (to where is not clear), building a dike across the lake in the middle, replacing the water in the northern half of the lake for recreation and making the southern half a salt sink and bird and wildlife

Jessie & Abby standing in arch that everyone is looking for.



sanctuary. Of course, this has not been approved yet, but they are still building a bunch of homes. It will be interesting after the Safari next year, to hear the reactions of the people living in these homes around North Marina drive. I can't imagine they are going to be too pleased with the noise and dust.

Then there was the custom built home that was probably 4-5,000 sq feet, with 10 foot ceilings in the large bedrooms, 20 foot in the great room, a master wing to die for, complete with a built-in pool with waterfall/slide, built-in bbq, a six car garage and a RV garage. It was something to behold. So on our way to dinner, we drug Terry and Bill in to see it, while George & Linda went to save a table at the Mexican Restaurant in Salton City. Had a good dinner, as usual.

On Monday morning, we went out on a special hunt, of which I will not elaborate, before heading for home. Had a great weekend. Hope you all did.

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