

June 2005



Trail Tales

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE ARIZONA LO-RANGERS 4WD CLUB

Cover Picture

The Nixon family and I hanging out at Chiva Falls and no the falls are not in the picture. The falls are just to the right of the picture. It was great lying around the falls with the water mist in the air and the shade. My dad took the picture.

Meeting Minutes

May 25, 2005

The pledge was said at 7:15 p.m.

Those in attendance were: Ed Lyons, Scott Nixon, Nick Sesma, Marty Boetel, Charlie Babcock, and Matthew Parkes.

Scott and Matt chatted about skydiving for 15 minutes.

Scott gave the trip report for Chiva Falls.

Charlie gave the Mud Springs trip report.

Matt offered to lead Upper Ajax on Friday, June 17, 2005. Meet at 8:00 p.m. at Cottonwood Ranch Road and Hwy 79 parking lot.

Marty will be in Flagstaff July 4th week. Call him if you will be in the area and want to wheel.

Meeting adjourned at 8:11 p.m.

Calendar of Events

June ?? – Club night run, Upper Ajax call Matt Parkes @ 480-888-9581

June 29- Meeting at Round Table Pizza, 7pm NW corner of Rural & Ray

July 3-8 – Marty will be in Flagstaff call him @ 480-926-3977

July 27- Meeting at Round Table Pizza, 7pm NW corner of Rural & Ray

Trip Report

Chiva Falls Birthday Campout 5/20-22/05

Participants:

Nixon family: 89 Chevy 1 Ton

Charlie Babcock and Carl Babcock: 73 Chevy Blazer

Marty Boetel and Michael Boetel: ?? Ford Powerstroke

Attendance was down due to an apparent outbreak of the plague among the Lo-Rangers, and from what I hear it was nasty. Charlie managed to crawl off his death bed, load the Blazer, and talk his dad into riding shotgun. We hooked up via cell phone around

6:30pm, grabbed a quick dinner at one of those ---'bertos Mexican places, and headed for the hills.

The night finally started to cool off as we climbed up out of Tucson into the mountains. I was looking for mile marker seven per Charles Wells' guidebook; two through six were right where they belonged but seven was nowhere to be found. Luckily Charlie had read the book closer than I had and noticed a corral off to the left that indicated the trail head. I did a nine point U-turn and pulled into the lead again.

While Charlie aired down I yanked the covers off my new driving lights. We bumped our way down the trail in the dark for about half a mile; nothing rough enough to be a challenge but not smooth enough to Baja. I got out above "Three Feathers" hills to check out the trail, an easy path snaked through the more challenging lines. After a few miles of more bouncing Lynn and I noticed an ominous thumping noise from under my truck. Unlocking the hubs made it go away, so we continued on in two wheel drive.

After a wrong turn up a nasty hill (well, nasty in two-wheel drive with marginal brakes anyway), we found our way to the wash near the falls where we camped several years ago. The tents went up, the kids went out, and the adults followed soon after.

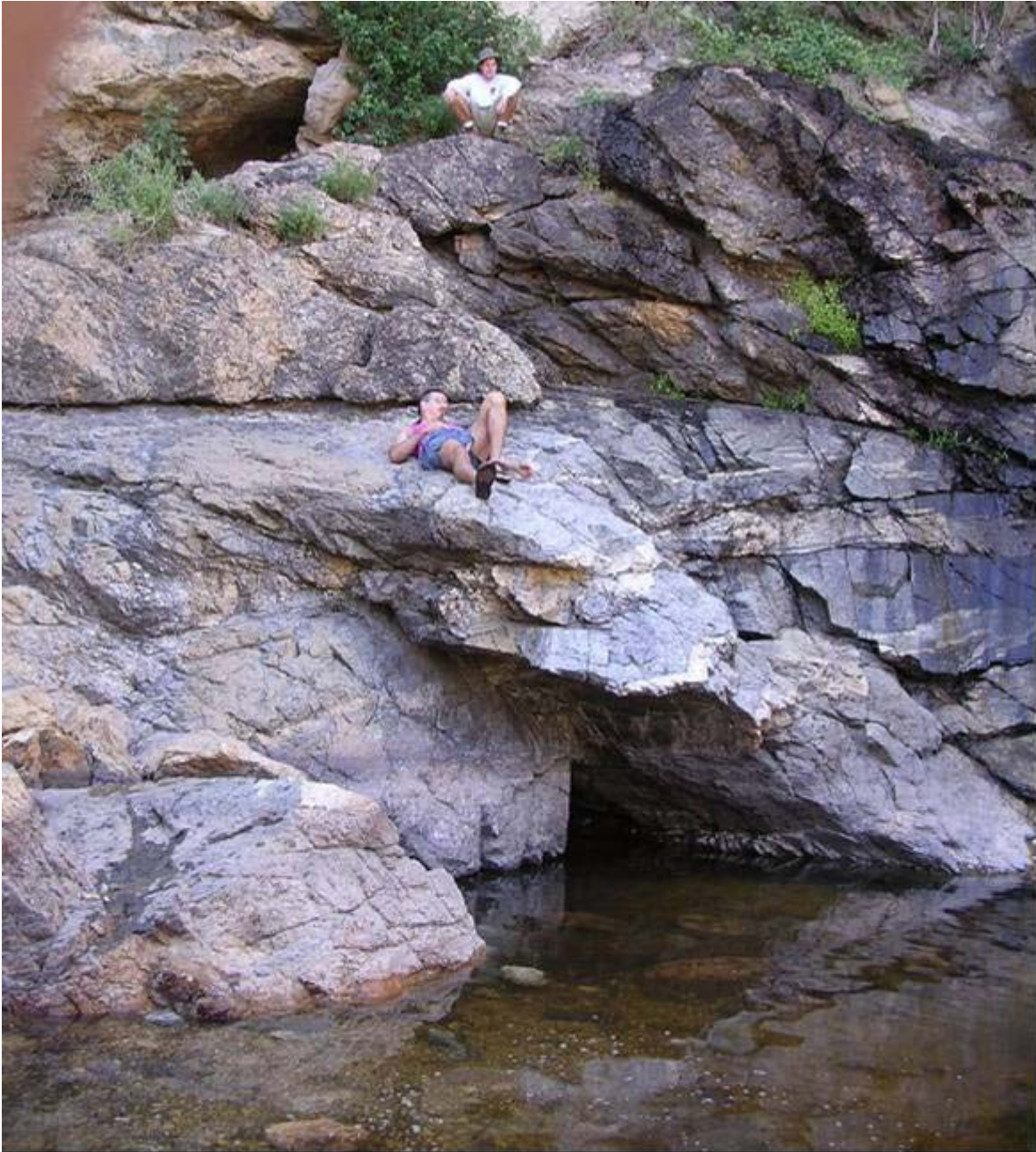


Camping in the giant Sycamores.

Someone drove through camp about 5am on an ATV, but I fell back asleep until Sydney and Steven roused up about 7. We ate a leisurely breakfast and then I crawled under my truck. After a bit of poking, prodding and rotating I diagnosed the broken CV cross on the front drive shaft. Eager to get to the falls before it got too hot we all loaded into Charlie's Blazer (*Ed. Scott, Carl and the 2 kids in the back seat, Lynn and I in the front*) for

the short, bumpy grind to the base of the falls. As we pulled up to the dead end a couple of mountain bikers watched with open mouths as the big Blazer lifted a tire pulling up to the "Dead End" sign. We scrambled over the rocks only to find the falls were actually the drips. Still, it was shady in the cove surrounding them and the water was ice cold.

After splashing around in the water a bit I made a tricky scramble up to the top of the falls, at one point even resorting to climbing a tree. At the top were two nice soaking pools. I stripped down and took a quick soak in my birthday suit (hey, it WAS my birthday). A previous visitor had apparently done the same, and left behind a lone sock. I balled it up and heaved it over the edge as a surprise for everyone still down below. I learned later it actually landed on Carl's arm.



The birthday boy taking it easy. The falls are in this picture.

The kids had enough by the time I got back down below so we returned to camp to find Marty had arrived with his son Michael. While Marty set up camp the rest of us sat in the shade and relaxed. About mid afternoon two different mountain bikers came through looking for the way back to the main road. Charlie pointed them towards the "T" intersection 30 yards from camp, gave them some water (they each had only a small pint bottle) and watched them head the wrong way down the wash. Carl chased after them, whistling and hollering, but they were soon out of sight.

I went for a long walk looking for the limestone swimming holes that were down the wash a ways, but never found them. The bone dry wash seemed to indicate that even if I found them, they'd been green and nasty.

Ed. While Scott was gone I volunteered to drive Marty and his son in to see the water falls. He didn't feel like driving the big Ford in and it would've been pretty miserable walking the 1 1/2 miles in the heat. The trail near the falls is probably a 3.5-4 now. I hadn't been to the falls for 6-7 years; it's much more washed out now. The K5 made the journey once again and we hiked up to the falls. While Marty and I sat in the shade Michael had a blast playing in the black stinking mud. We left after an hour or so and upon our return Scott told us we had missed the 4:15 Blazer bus departure time.

As the sun started to go down it cooled off enough to be pleasant and everyone set about fixing dinner. About the time everyone finished eating a large helicopter (Ed. It really was a black helicopter) was seen circling the area. They were obviously looking for someone, dipping low down into the various washes, circling repeatedly, and buzzing our camp site several times.

While Lynn was busy scraping the top several layers of dirt off of Steven and Sydney I was down the wash talking to the rest of the group. Hollering back and forth to each other we would occasionally be interrupted by shouts from up by the falls. I walked over to our campsite to quiet the kids down while everyone else headed up the trail. They soon found the two mountain bikers lost and badly dehydrated, the younger one laying down on the ground. They had followed the wrong turn all the way around, re-doing(!?!?) the loop they'd ridden earlier in the day.

They begged for more water and a ride out. Charlie volunteered, and after strapping the two bikes to his roll cage they slowly climbed in the back. I jumped in to navigate and we were off. We went the same way Charlie had showed them earlier. As soon as we hit the "T" and they saw the carsonite road signs they both groaned realizing how close they had been to the way out. They expressed amazement several times as the blazer crawled up the trail.

As we neared "Three Feathers" we could see a huge bonfire burning. Once we got closer we drove right into the middle of a first class hootenanny. Everywhere we looked were rednecks swilling beer from bottles (most of which we found shattered on the trail the next day) while miscellaneous dogs and girlfriends wandered around. We didn't stop to ask which were which. After one of them staggered into his ford pickup to pull it out of the middle of the road we drove on. About the time Charlie could see brake lights reflecting from the parking lot the older of the two (we never figured out if he was the younger ones father or not, and quite frankly I wasn't sure I wanted to know any details if he wasn't) started asking if we were lost because "he didn't remember coming this way." Charlie turned, pointed to his SUV and asked "Isn't that your truck?"

It was, and while the older guy loaded up the bikes the younger one sat in the passenger seat of the SUV puking his guts out. A suggestion to take him to the hospital was

declined as unnecessary as “all he needs is a cool bath”. They also insisted “no one knows we're out here”, so the helicopter wasn't for them???

We made good time back to camp, driving right through the hootenanny without stopping to answer the shouted question “hey, where'd yer bi-cycles go?” Round trip from camp to lot and back again was just under an hour. I turned in and promptly passed out.

Morning came and the packing began. We were loaded up and ready to roll about 8:30am. I left the hubs unlocked figuring I'd drive till I got stuck, lock them in, and then see how much life the CV joint had in it. We passed a couple of jeeps on the way to “Three Feathers”, and then while Charlie spotted me up the middle (a bit of momentum and I was up in two wheel drive) a whole group of jeeps, tube buggy's, Toyota's and even a Sami or two came down the trail to play. Charlie tried a nasty line up the middle, but two big steps grabbed his front and rear tires at the same time. His Boggers just wouldn't grab with “camping” pressure in them, and we were too close to the end to drop them down to “wheeling” pressure. *Ed. A Toyota buggy pulled up to the same obstacle after I made my way around it. He tried for 10 minutes and gave up as well. It was kind of like Double Whammy in Moab except much more vertical with dirt and loose rocks thrown in.*

A short bumpy ride brought us to the parking lot. We stopped at a Circle K for fuel and headed for the highway. Thanks to everyone who came out, it was hot and buggy as usual, but at least we weren't bored!

Submitted by Scott Nixon

Items of Interest

Remember the club meeting is the last Wednesday of every month, 7:00pm at

Round Table Pizza

9920 S Rural Rd

Tempe, AZ

It's located on the northwest corner of Rural and Ray. If you visit

<http://www.roundtablepizza.com/> you can get discount coupons on pizza to use at the next club meeting. Come early and eat with the gang.

Interco Tires

I took this excerpt from a story by Steve Temple in 4Wheel Parts Wholesale Off-Road Adventures.

Whether your off-road terrain of choice involves knee-deep mud thick enough to suck the soles off your shoes, elephantine granite boulders rain-slicked to the adhesion levels of black ice, or sand that would challenge a camel — your choice of tires can determine the success (or failure) of your trip. And that success is what three generations of the Gidrey family have been working on for more than 50 years.

Interco Tires' story is one of those “only in America” sagas that novels are made of. Current Interco president, back in 1947, the grandfather of David Gidrey (Interco's current president) sold the family home to start the business, a series of retail tire stores. Later on, David's father returned to the family operation after serving in the Korean War. He understood his Louisiana customer's requirements for heavy-tread tires to plow through their water-clogged fields and country roads.

By 1968, Interco Tires had introduced its first light truck, aggressively treaded tire, the 78 Series. From there, the company rapidly grew, and today is the only privately held tire firm in an arena of massive conglomerates. Interco continues to design and distribute light

truck and ATV tires for both serious off-road and all-terrain use. The Gidreys still have a strong sense of what their customers need, from extreme rock crawlers and Boggers to sportsmen to basic work trucks.

Steve Graham found this article he wanted to share. I was supposed to include it in last months issue but forgot.

Explanation re Factory Shackle Location (for the front spring) - Land Cruiser Tech forum

Tech information furnished by Jim Chenoweth

Date: Fri, 8 Feb 2002 13:30:44 EST

From FJ40Jim@aol.com

From: post to the LCML:

<<Everyone agrees that the stock front shackle setup isn't optimal on the 40 series. My question is, are the Toyota engineers idiots or is there a reason for the shackles to be up front and not in the rear of the springs where they logically should be.>>

Bzzzt! Wrong assumption. The stock front shackle location is the optimal compromise for several reasons.

First, let me explain how this seemingly simple leaf spring suspension is mechanically modeled. There is a multi-leaf spring that is relatively flat in its stock configuration. It is mounted with a fixed eye in the rear and a free eye at the front. The spring has a full 2 wraps at the rear fixed eye, (also called a military wrap) making the rear of the spring stiffer. The sub leaves are also shifted slightly to the rear. The front axle housing (hereinafter known as "FA") is mounted above the spring at about the 55% location. The rearward offset of the FA, combined with the extra leaf positioning toward the rear, tend to create a leading link effect. (this is good)

As this nearly flat spring is compressed upwards, it goes totally flat and extends forward, but only slightly, due to its long, low-camber configuration. If upward travel continues, it develops reverse camber and begins to move the FA rearward slightly. Because the FA is mounted closer to the fixed end of the spring, it's horizontal displacement is less than half of the change seen at the free eye. This is a good system because small displacement causes minimal bump steer. With extreme up travel, the type that would occur over a big bump, the axle is displaced slightly rearward, lessening the perceived impact and reducing stress on the vehicle and contents.

The leading link effect mentioned earlier makes for good braking and acceleration performance. When the brakes are applied, a compression load is placed on the rear half of the spring, into the fixed eye. The stiff rear half of the spring acts as a leading link and is able to handle this compression load with minimal deflection. Because the tire contact patch is below and forward of the fixed eye, braking tends to drive the FA back under the vehicle, thereby jacking the nose up. This is what is meant by "anti-dive geometry". The harder the brakes are applied, the stronger the jacking force is. The reverse happens when accelerating with a powered FA. The FA will try to go forward, away from the leading link, and pull the nose down. Coincidentally, a similar but reversed braking and accelerating effect is at work on the rear axle, except it is trying to pull the rear axle back and up, thereby keeping the rear of the truck from raising too much during a stop.

Final consideration in placing the fixed eyes at the rear is strength. These vehicles are sturdy workhorses. If you look under the truck, you will see the rear spring hanger is attached in same area where the frame goes to fully boxed, the rear torque arresting motor mounts

apply their loads, most of the body weight rests, and most of the engine and transmission weight. All the braking, road shock and acceleration loads go into this straight, boxed, main section of the frame. If the spring hanger were at the front, then the FA loads would be remote from all these other loads, increasing stress on the frame. Additionally, the frame would have to be beefed up considerably to handle the FA loading that would travel over the curved (weak) front frame rails to the vehicle center.

There is also a practical reason for having the fixed eyes at the center of the vehicle. It puts the front and rear drive shaft arcs roughly parallel with the axle travel arcs. This translates to less slip yoke travel on the drive shafts and less slip-yoke wear.

That's the basics of the J40 front suspension design, as seen by me. Discuss amongst yourselves.

Thanks,

Jim Chenoweth

TLC Performance Lancaster, Ohio, USA

Ph. 740.862.2604 TLCA

Posted November 21, 2002

Another thought:

As the stock front suspension compresses under braking, the caster of the axle increases, and the steering becomes more stable, and less likely to dart and wander. With the shackle reversal the axle loses caster under suspension compression. This makes the vehicle less stable directionally, and more likely to dart and wander. Combined with the extra loading due to the weight shift, it *theoretically* leads to less steering control under heavy braking.

Steve Graham

Editor's Note: I wouldn't worry about which suspension design you have, the differences are very minimal. I find it unsettling that the author doesn't use any numbers to back up his claims. The numbers are insignificant and there are far more important things to focus on when building a better wheeler.

June club runs

Matt offered to lead a run on Upper Ajax on Friday night, 6/17/05. Meet at Cottonwood Ranch road and HWY 79 at 8pm. Take 79 towards Florence from US60 and turn left after ~6 miles. If you want to go call Matt @ 480-888-9581.

The Babcock family will lead a trip to the Coves sometime in June. We'll get up early on a Saturday or Sunday morning and then hang out at the lake until lunch. I'll email/call people when I decide when we're going. Call me @ 480-812-9101 if you're interested or have a day to suggest.

Land Use Issues

Don't forget, if you got your State Trust permit at the meeting from Sandee last year, it expired in March. I need to get a new one.

Editors Stuff

Hey I know it's hot but we only had 6 people at the last meeting. I understand if you're home working on your wheeler but please don't tell me you were home watching your favorite show on TV. That stuff will rot your brain and widen your spread.

Things you need but didn't know it

For Sale: 1948 Civilian Willy's Flat fender, front narrowed Dana 44 with locker, rear narrowed Ford 9" with locker, Dana 20 Transfer case with adapter (\$450), SM420 Tranny-new rebuild, power steering, hydraulic clutch, 33" TSL tires, complete soft top plus bikini top, Rhino lined tub, diamond plate rear corners, 2 1/2" body lift, new springs all around, set up for small block Chevy - some assembly required, hood and fenders needed to be extended 3", asking \$5500.00. Call Ken Phillips @ Work- 520-432-1203 or Home- 520-432-3679

For Sale: Chevy TH350 transmission \$50 obo call Scott for more information @602-482-8973

For Sale: 3 camper jacks 1000 # capacity that I had for my Alaskan camper, they'll lift high enough for a 4x4 truck. Also have a 36" cab high sleeper that fits a full size Ford '75 - '97, or Dodge up to '84, or Chevy / GMC up to '87. It's solid, has a roof vent, 4" foam mattress, and a lift gate. Made of 1"x1" framing, 3/8th Plywood, and covered with .030 silver aluminum, & lockable. Best offer on them. Want to get them outta here! Call Ed Lyons @ 480-921-1171.

Quote

Time sneaks up on you like a windshield on a bug.

Jon Lithgow

Created by Charlie Babcock