



# Two Rivers Tracker

A publication of the Two Rivers Jeep Club, Pittsfield, Illinois

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## Upcoming Events

*All activities take place or start at the WBBA radio station building otherwise noted.  
Trails leave at 9 AM. Always check the website for trails to be run or any last minute changes.*

**April 29: Board Meeting (7:30 AM) and Trail Builder (9 AM). All Members welcome.**

**May 13: Trail Builder (9 AM).** This is our last builder before the Safari. We may need some final trail maintenance so please try to attend.

**May 18-20: 16th Annual 4x4 Safari.** We're almost full so if you want to attend, please sign up now. Forms are on the website: <http://www.trjc.com/Events/4x4Blast/index.htm>

**June 3: Board Meeting (7:30 AM) and a possible Vehicle Recovery Course** based on availability of instructors and member interest. If the course is not held, there will be a trail ride. Check the club website for more details closer to the date.

**June 17: Father's Day Run and catered dinner.** Once again, please check the club website for details once they become available.

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## The Vet's Run

By Karl Anderson

Finally!! The old CJ made it through a whole day without breaking! Might just have to park it and savor the victory. But I won't, of course, because half the fun of Jeeping is wondering what will break next and when. Know those tote boards some companies have up on the wall bragging about how many days they've gone without anyone losing a limb or whatever? Maybe I need to start putting chalk marks on my hood after every breakdown free run. Just a thought. Actually, maybe my Jeep didn't want to steal Lee's thunder. After all, breaking down on Dutch Creek is kinda his thing. At least he made it past lunch this time.

For those who are unaware, this past trail builder was our Vet's Run. A dozen or so local veterans rode along and a couple even got some wheel time thanks to the Douglas brothers. I'm pretty sure this was a first time experience for most of them but from the mile wide grins I saw and the frequent bursts of laughter and Bo and Luke style hoots and hollers I wouldn't be surprised if we didn't gain a couple new members.

As you probably know, Dutch Creek is one of our lower rated trails when it comes to difficulty. Well, throw in a couple inches of rain and that rating system goes right out the window. Some of the best built rigs in the club were getting a workout on a few of the hill climbs. I, however, was most impressed by a little white CJ-7 owned and driven by 76 year old Gene Martin from Meredosia, IL. He built his '79 model pretty much from the ground up, fiberglass body and all. It's white with some black graphics and black wheels so



if you see a Jeep like that with an older gentleman driving it, well, get the hell out of his way! I'm thinking his name should be Gene Gene the Redline Machine. Just about the time you think he won't try a certain obstacle he'll mash the skinny pedal and that AMC 304 is spinning those 33's as hard as they'll go and 9 times out of 10 he'll fly right to the top in one shot. He is pure entertainment on wheels!



Moral of the story? Don't let the fact that only a couple easier trails are going to be run keep you from coming to a trail builder if we've had a lot of rain just prior to the event. Mother nature has a way of making anything more fun than you'd expect!

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## The Trail of Life

By Chief

Hello Jeep Fans,

I have found one of the advantages of being older is that you have a more life experiences to draw from when you need wisdom and knowledge to get you out of a jam. We learned in a class I took a few months ago, the process of acquiring solutions for a current problem by referring to a solution for a similar problem used in the past is called Prime Recognition Decision Making. PRDM for short. This article is an example of PRDM. My schedule has been so full I have not been able to make a work weekend and I have no Jeepin' stories and my time being short I was forced to go back into the archives and retrieve an article from October 2006. I promise I will try to do better next time.

*Trail of Life (October 2006)*

*By Chief*

As 2006 comes to an end, reflection of the past year is a common pastime for many of us. I have so many stories of situations and incidents which have happened the final few months of this year I am in a quandary as to which one to tell you about. We have just come through a vicious ice storm here in the center part of the state. The old 60's song, "Oh What a Night" comes to mind as

we literally ran emergency calls all night long, with every piece of apparatus busy. There were so many "people at their best and people at their worst" stories from that happening I might write a book.

We finally took delivery of our new fire engine, which was a year in the making. There is a story that goes along with this that Mrs. Chief said I would not have courage enough to tell. Well, after I turned 50 and I now have to undergo the geriatric yearly physical, I have hardly any pride left, so here goes. I am sure there are many of you who have shared the same experience.

Let me set the stage. The company who built the new engine is in a town in Nebraska whose population is 318. It is out in the middle of nowhere. The strange thing is there are two fire truck manufactures in this town, employing more people than the town is big. The companies are such an economic factor in the area that the state is building a new four lane highway into the town. There is a town of 25,000 thirty miles away and that is about it. When we went to inspect and take delivery of the truck we stayed in this town and then traveled back and forth to the factory.

On Sunday we ate lunch prior to traveling to the factory to scope out the surroundings. A rather spicy and soon to be inflammatory meal which was great I might add, but would lead to a major gastro-intestinal crisis. Just as we entered the area of construction about ten miles out of town the ominous rumblings began. It was that feeling of impending urgency. I was soon, very soon, going to be in need of a comfort station. Problem, I am out in the middle rural Nebraska which seems to have an abundance of traffic and no convenient off road stops. As the sweat began to form on my brow, we entered the construction area. Checking the map, there seemed to be a small town a mile or so down the road. Surely they have a gas station. A mad dash to the wide spot in the road yielded a single business which probably closed during the dust bowl era. Feeling the pressure now, literally, I was beginning to face the very unpleasant fact I might be literally "#\$&\*! out of luck!!"

Then as we reentered the construction area I saw it, a small orange oasis in the middle of the construction area. A Porta Potty. It was well off the road behind mounds of dirt and barricades. Caution to the wind, (pardon the pun) I launched the big red Dodge off road towards the island of hope. "Quick, give me some tissue, I know there won't be any," and as I maneuvered through the mounds and ruts I planned my tactics to have the shortest route from the truck to the "one holer". Then the fear and doubt began, what if it's locked, what if it is only a tool shed. Stop it, stay focused, no time for distractions. Upon arriving at the orange life saver I was blessed to see it was not locked and yes, it was a porta potty. Without getting into any more details, everything came out okay. What a relief Nebraska saw fit to build a four lane road and put a porta potty in such a perfect place. Well, maybe I should of stuck with a Jeepin' story but this column is about The Trail of Life. And as we know, it ain't always pretty.

Words of Wisdom: We can't always choose the situations that life brings us, but we can choose the attitude we will use to face them. and Don't get into a stinking contest with a skunk.

See ya on the Trail..... *Chief*

# It R Beny

By Jay Ater

Greasy trails are here again! Finally got that rain we've been needing and it made the trails a bunch more fun. I didn't break anything this time, just bent a couple things. Slid backwards down a hill and hit the spare tire on a tree, which bent the tailgate. It's now shut semi-permanently. Hammers and a ratchet strap will get it close enough to function again. Finally hit that tree coming out of the creek after Suicide Hill, I've been trying to get it for a while now. The steering wheel is now pointed straight when going straight so I don't know whether I bent something or straightened something I bent a while back. Not sure how that tire is holding air either with a big chunk of wood jammed between the bead and the rim. It had to work extra hard to get there too as I didn't air down.

For the record I did not hit that tree while whistling Dixie with one hand and steering with the other. I scared it a bit but I didn't hit it. I have a timed relay for the horn so from now on and can keep both hands on the wheel. I probably won't drive any better but I will have one less excuse for when I do screw up.

All and all it was an awesome day out with my Jeeples!

Had a Vet from the VFW with me all day and I guess I didn't scare him to bad as he said he would love to go again. He was fairly calm all day and kept saying he was having fun until we put the nose over Suicide Hill and he squealed a bit and giggled like a school girl. Highlight of the day for me.

Veteran's Appreciation day means a bit more to me as I am a Vet. Giving thanks to those that served before me has always been important to me and including me in with them was an honor. I want to personally thank the Board Members and the Club for donating to the Honor Flight in our names. I seriously got a bit choked up by that, it means a lot to me.

I also want to thank all the folks posting up the pics and vids on the Facebook thingy, its nice to see people taking the time to make sure our little addiction is well documented. Hope to see you again an couple weeks! Shazbot/Nanu Nanu.

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## Another Season and Another Jeep

By Warren and Amy DeWolfe

Well, let's see if this makes the cut in time for you all to read. So another season for the Two Rivers Jeep Club has started. It has been a crazy start for me. I was voted in as the club secretary to replace Jeff Sorensen who did an outstanding job and I only hope I can fill his shoes. Needless to say this is my first time with dealing with all the mailing of membership stuff and organizing all that goes along with that between Dave, Kaye and myself! I must say my fridge is always stocked now with a handy supply of beverages. I have been on the board for the past few years and truly enjoy participating in the club, now I get to do something more crucial and try my best to help the club and move forward and carry on. Thanks for all your support!

Well since I should be talking about Jeeps in this article I guess I get down to it. So as you may or may not know I rolled Mudd Butt last year at the Safari. She was totaled out and I picked up a new "used" jeep and a trailer for her to be showcased around town. She has been given the name Black Betty by my family. Well we got to wheel her and learn a new way of driving on the trails, manual sure does make a difference. That



automatic is different for me, as well as losing a few inches. Insert your jokes here; I'll keep it kid friendly! Well she went down for the count at the end of the season with some transmission issues as well as needed some major frame work. So she has been nestled in a nice cozy shed out at Eric's farm waiting for me to return. Well daddy has come back for her and with the help of great friends and family (which is why I love this club) we are pulling together and getting the transmission pulled and rebuilt, a new "used" frame repaired and painted and then her pulled apart and re-built. I cannot wait to get back behind the wheel and get out on the trails in my own jeep and not riding shot-gun.



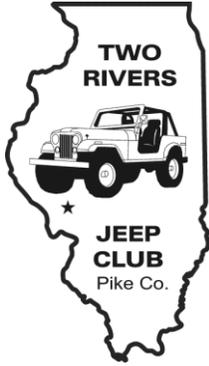
Speaking of shot gun a few weeks ago we had our first of hopefully many Veteran's appreciation runs. The club invited anyone from the Pittsfield American Legion and VFW to spend a day out on the trails with us. We paired them up with club members and we ran Dutch Creek and Poor Boy. God could not have given us a better day for it. From the looks on everyone's faces all had a great time. Every veteran was smiling from ear to ear. A few even got to drive their host's jeep.....why not it's not yours so drive it like you stole it boys!!!!

After the run the club hosted the vet's and their spouses as well as club members to a catered meal at the American Legion. It was a great night and a great way to recognize and honor those who made a huge sacrifice for us all. If this is a small way to say thank you by giving them a day on the trails and a nice warm meal. We need to do this more often. So a HUGE thanks to all who have served this great nation and to all our members who came out and offered up their seats for a day.



I keep saying and will until the end that this club and all its members are so amazing and the community we get to play around in is so gracious to us all. Without the community, the land owners and all our members it would not be such an amazing place to spend time in a lifestyle I have grown to love. Thank you all and hope to see you soon out on the trails!

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