UPSTATE CRUISERS

The Tow Hook

A newsletter exclusively for the members of Upstate Cruisers 4x4 Club

The Upstate Cruisers is a fellowship dedicated to the preservation, promotion and enjoyment of the legendary Land Cruiser. We endorse the protection of Nature as well as assist in the welfare of our society through active community involvement. Our core value is based on demonstration of respect and dignity among our members and citizens alike.

Some things just have to be written

- *Alex Garcia*

It simply states: *The Upstate Cruisers is a fellowship dedicated to the preservation, promotion and enjoyment of the legendary Land Cruiser. We endorse the protection of Nature as well as assist in the welfare of our society through active community involvement. Our core value is based on demonstration of respect and dignity among our members and citizens alike.*

This is our Mission Statement for the Upstate Cruisers. It is a rally cry for us that will serve as a guide in everything we do. It outlines who, what and how we go about in *being*. It will be published in all official club documents like the newsletter, web site, stationary, press releases, etc.

This is important for the club because it gives us a purpose beyond having fun with our legendary machines. In addition, with all the recent community efforts we have been doing, I have found that many of the contacts I have been making often ask about us and what we are about. In that sense, the Mission helps to demonstrate purpose and gain legitimacy.

The Mission is written and endorsed by the Board of Directors. It

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Katrina donation success



Bob, Marshall, Ghen, Ricardo, Chuck, JP, Alex and Denali at the donation site

It first began with a post in IH8MUD.com when David Harrison mentioned that we should perhaps donate some money to the relief of the Katrina victims. The idea was pursued and our Treasurer, Mary Hardin made the cash contribution to the American Red Cross. However, a sense that more was possible cloaked over the members and Chuck came up with the idea to start a food drive. After contacting the web site's webmaster, Chuck persuaded them to run a national drive seeking donations. Posting his idea he

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EVENTS CALENDAR

ADOPT A HIGHWAY&SWAP MEET	JOCASSEE CAMPING	OKTOBERFEST	SONIC DRIVE-IN	GOLFING	POKER RUN
Sunday, Oct.1st	Oct. 7-9	Sat. Oct. 15	Sat. Nov. 5	Sun. Nov. 13	Sat. Dec. 3

was a bit like writing poetry because the purpose of the club has to be communicated succinctly while answering all three requirements: Who, what and how. Research into mission writing had to be undertaken and many statements from other organizations had to be read as examples. Finally, several drafts were prepared and revised many times.

One can easily become "myopic" while writing, so we passed the final draft around for the others to review and revise.

It was sort of like writing a moral inventory: A lot of deep soul-searching into the club and our members. I hope this mission becomes viable for the next few years to come. Of course, we will change in time and will need to adapt new directions. ●

A little about safety, and membership, too

- Marshall Sheperd

Well first I just wanted to thank Alex for stepping up to the plate and taking the job. I know it's not a fun job but someone has to do it. And who better than Alex?

As I'm sure some of you who are getting this are probably wondering who I am and why do we have a membership and safety guy in the first place? A little about me: I bought my first cruiser well over twelve years ago while in college. I didn't

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had while flying back for his job, it was decided to try it out. The club was scheduled to do the Adopt A Highway trash pickup and and swap meet on Sunday, September 11th so this date was chosen since some members already had it marked off as a commitment. If the project was to succede we had to get the attention of the public. Radio and TV messages were flowing while simultaneously warning of fraudulent donation schemes. Alex began to call the local supermarkets first trying to get a commitment from them where an area of their parking lot could be used to set up a collection point. After a dozen unsuccessful attempts with BILO and Ingles, Alex called JP for help. "I can go to the Clemson BILO after school and see if they will let us set up there", he said into the phone. Not expecting any success there since Alex learned that BILO was running their own collection. Things were not looking good. Calls were then made to ROCK 101 and WSSL 100 for their support. They returned calls two days later. They asked for and recieved the specifics for our project. Alex typed-out an email and sent it to the stations and they responded with a curt, *thanks*. The television stations and Greenville News were also notified, but Alex always fell short of



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getting a full commitment from anyone. Things were looking bleak. What is the worst case scenerio: The guys in the club give up their time off, some traveling from afar, and no donors show up because they didn't get the message. Luck turned for the project when JP called Wednesday afternoon and said that he had received approval to use the BILO. We then called Rick Arflin at Ralph Hayes Toyota in Anderson. Having their bright, red and white truck would certainly call attention to itself. Plus, it would serve us as a way to transport the goods, and more importantly, give some heavier credence to our cause. JP called Chuck who would pickup the truck and bring it to BILO. With or without the support of the public service messages, seven members showed up Sunday and began to set up the new club canopy and members vehicles. Ghen mentioned perhaps making fliers to give the shoppers. But knowing that perhaps our host's hospitality may be running short, the thought was troubling. After some deliberation, Ghen persuaded the members and went to the University to print out some fliers. Perhaps it can be stated that without Ghen's idea, we would have been dead in the water. Arriving shoppers curiously glanced at the balloons and trucks and drove on into a parking space without giving any other thought to the guys with the Land Cruisers.



Marshall and Chuck helping load the truck.



Ghen, JP and Chuck after loading the donations.

We posted members armed with the fliers at the entrance to BILO. Most customers smiled and said "thanks" as they took a flier and stepped into the store. We crossed our fingers. Soon, people began to arrive holding shopping bags and some pushing carts full with groceries. Cars drove up and handed out $1, $5, $10 even $20 bills. Kids jumped out with their parents in tow, bringing bags of clothes and toys. Whole families walked up pushing carts, some also giving additional cash as well.

In total, the Upstate Cruisers collected much more than we anticipated we would receive. The items were stacked in the Ralph Hayes truck and JP drove the 25 miles to the Pickens County Salvation Army. Auxiliary Captains Gene and Minnie Harrell accepted the donations, helping unload the truck. "You fellows did a real good thing here", Minnie said.

It was a good feeling indeed •



Minnie and Gene Harrell, Auxiliary captians of the Salvation Army.

A little about safety...

have a clue about it but I thought it was cool at the time. I wheeled it some but mostly used it as my only transportation.

There were a lot of things I did wrong in those years to fix it but money was tight and it was up to me to fix it and most of the time I did a bad job. I also made a lot of bad decisions on being safe. If I would have known then what I know now I would have probably done things a little different. And I think this is where the safety part of my job for the club comes in.

Some members have expressed concern about the fact that I have this job and felt that my job was to tell them their vehicle had to be up to my standards before they could come on an outing. There is nothing farther from the fact. I was given this job to make sure everyone who goes on these events is safe. For instance, if someone has a weak point on there vehicle like a bad parking brake or bad brakes, period, it is my responsibility to make sure they understand what could happen, not to tell them they cannot go. Also it will be my responsibility to make sure that no one is hurt because of a vehicle or persons fault. For example, if someone is following the person with bad brakes it will be my responsibility to warn them about them and make sure they keep a safe distance from that vehicle on steep inclines as well as other instances where a vehicle rolling back or forward could hurt someone. I also will use my ability to fix most cruiser problems by helping that person in making his vehicle safe if he would like me to. Most of you know I can fix most anything and will happily do so free of charge as long as you are willing to learn how to fix the issue and pass that knowledge onto another club member in need of help. You are also welcome to call me and ask me any technical question and if I cannot answer it I'll find someone who can (864) 414-0563.

I'm also in charge of the membership side, which will hopefully be a lot easier. There are really only two aspects that I will focus on, new members and promoting our club to our vendors.
In the new member area I will hope to have something like a "big brother" system. New members will be assigned to an existing club member who has volunteered. It will be their responsibility to keep the new member or potential member up to date on club happenings and make them feel as if they are part of the group.
The other aspect will be getting our vendors more involved with the club and have them help us gain new members. For example: We are printing out club business cards to give out to new dealerships in our area. In hopes that they will give them to people who buy a Land Cruiser. It's only a win-win for them. People who are part of a Land Cruiser club tend to stay within the Toyota brand when buying a new vehicle which means more return business for them and in turn they help promote our club to future members •



Men of Delta Company, 506 PIR, Camp Toccoa, 1942

Three miles up, three miles down

- *Alex Garcia*

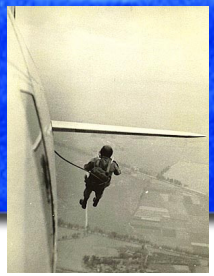
As this year's GSMTR began to wind down I began to prepare for the long ride home in my 40. On the way up to the annual event along SC Highway 76, I had noticed a sign on the side of the road, It read: TOCCOA 21 MILES. It was the first time I noticed the sign in all my travels north, and the name Toccoa swirled around in my head like a faint memory. Then it came to me: It was the WWII Army Airborne training camp made famous by the HBO series, *Band of Brothers*. As I packed my Cruiser I decided I was going to venture the twenty miles to Toccoa to see what I could find.

The steady sewing-machine chatter of the F-engine added to my boring ride. The day was warm and bright with clouds far off to the west as I neared the small, ancient town. I filled my tank with fuel and asked an old fellow where I may find the camp. " The what?", he responded. "You know...the World War Two Airborne training camp?, I asked" He just looked at me with a look as if I just asked him what the circumference of the Earth is. Then I remembered the mountain. "How about Mt. Currahee. How do I get there from here?" I followed. "Oh, yes...I see. Well this road right here is Currahee Drive. Follow it west about 5 miles and you'll see it".

I took off with the old man's directions written down. About 2 miles through the outskirts of town my Cruiser crested a ridge. A single mountain rose ominously from an otherwise flat plain directly in front about a mile distant. I decided to just stay on the road and see if any signs would point me the rest of the way.

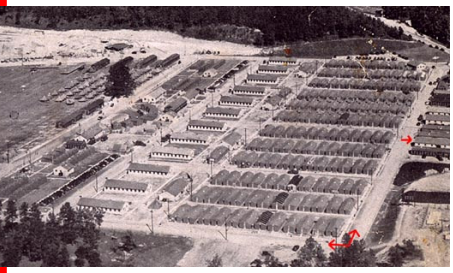
Ahead on the right was a lone flagpole, almost hidden in a small opening in the woods. The US flag slowly undulated in the warm Georgia breeze. I took the road left and followed the rutted, clay trail. The trail snaked through some hardwoods, winding upward along the side of Currahee. I passed a large granite outcropping with a magnificent view of the town far below. Graffiti was painted all over the huge rock face. Lovers, no doubt. The trail became steeper and the surface was covered with loose rock making it difficult and

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Airborne training, 506 PIR

slippery. I finally made a sharp left into a small, open area. A trailer-sized government-looking utility building surrounded by a fence and barbed wire was pushed up into the scrub pines. I didn't notice any Keep Out signs and followed the trail a hundred yards to it's terminus on top of the mountain.



Camp Toccoa, 1942

My heart was pounding with anticipation as I got out of the Cruiser with my camera. I walked up a small well-worn foot path another twenty feet up to the top. Two massive Verizon Wireless antennas were standing on the mountain's apex. They too, were surrounded by fences and wire.

I thought back to the movie: Scores of young fighting men representing the best Americans running three miles up, and three miles down every day as part of the grueling Airborne training. Having served as a paratrooper myself, I couldn't see doing this run; even was I was young and in great shape. They ran up from the camp miles below the mountain, along this rocky and gutted trail to this spot. After they crested the last twenty, almost vertical feet, they slapped the US Geological benchmark that stood somewhere on this top.



The 506 PIR in France

In the wind-swept solitude, I could envision the exhausted troops fighting the pain in their lungs and legs, sometimes throwing up their insides along the last part of the trail to the top.

Of the 5,500 qualified men who began training here, only 1,740 would earn the coveted silver jump wings of a US Army Paratrooper. They led the fight in Normandy on D-Day; jumping behind the defending German lines in the largest Airborne operation in human history. They fought through to Holland on another combat jump. The famous 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment that trained here captured Berchtesgaden --The Eagles Nest, Hitler's mountain lair.

Retracing my drive back down the mountain I found a small information box filled with brochures explaining the site. It confirmed the trail I was on to the top and also showed that the remains of what was once the training camp was only a few hundred yards west.

At the entrance, a large granite effigy of the bottom third of a soldier stood in that lonely, quiet place. The carved out, upper-most part of the soldier symbolized the passing of these warriors in our time. As they expire, the marker becomes shorter. Embedded into the ground in concrete behind the marker was a 50 by 100 foot Airborne medallion surrounded by more granite markers depicting the different battles fought in Europe. This and one small building is all that is left now. The parade field and barracks are long gone, covered by acres of farm pines.

As I stood there in that desolate place, I thought about these mens sacrifice and was saddened. The Airborne lost seventy-two percent of their fighting force overseas •

The 506 PIR crest with Mt. Currahee depicted

The Parts Corner

I have decided to add this page into your newsletter. Consider this your classified advertising. However, unlike the newspapers or Ebay, this one is FREE of charge. Simply email me, alegar@charter.net and I'll post your valuables in the next issue

- 1976 2-F Block, never rebuilt, good condition
- 1976 Head, needs valve seats reground
- 1 used 1975-79 used brake master cylinder
- 1 cam shaft for 2-F 66,000 miles
- 1 cleaned and sand blasted 2-F oil pan
- 1 2 groove waterpump pulley 2-F
- 1 used poly gas tank 71-78 FJ-40
- 2 used brake roters FJ-40
- 1 front bezel 1971-1978 FJ-40
- 1 Front bib 1971-1978 FJ-40
- Front door from 1975 FJ-40 rusty bottoms
- 1 used gas tank from 1979-1983 FJ-40 good condition, no rust
- 2 running boards from 1976-78 FJ-40

Any reasonable offer accepted but don't get too cheap. It's junk until needed!- Alan Hardin

PH: 864-836-6641 • Email: aha7613918@aol.com

- 1971 Fj40 Steering column, wheel
- 1971 Fj40 Air filter assembly
- 1971 Fj40 Rear bumper/bumperettes
- 1976 Fj40 Seat belts
- Tow hitch, Reese

- Alex Garcia

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