

Elev. 7,792ft.

FJ Summit

2008

Ouray, CO



FJC
Magazine
Special Issue

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Our Thoughts

The 2008 FJ Summit was one of the most amazing events Angie & I have ever had the pleasure of attending. We have a passion for FJ Cruisers and scenic off-roading, so we expected the Summit to be filled with great trail runs and beautiful vistas, and it did not disappoint. This years Summit, however, was something more. It ended up being more about people than trails, more about the community than the trucks we gathered around.

We had the great pleasure of meeting so many people, I can barely keep track. We appreciate all the kind words regarding FJC Magazine. As I said to nearly everyone I met, this publication is a 'healthy' way for me to deal with my 'problem' of FJ addiction, and it's cheaper than therapy! Our encounters with so many Summiteers were just the beginning.

As you've probably already heard, and you'll read about in this special issue, the selfless acts at this year's Summit really defined it. From vendors to Trail Team professionals, to friends helping friends, there should be no doubt in anyone's mind what amazing group of people the FJ Summit brings together.

We sincerely hope you enjoy this first FJ Summit Special Issue. We welcome your feedback and comments, and look forward to seeing you all at FJ Summit 2009.



The RAPTOR coming down Yankee Boy Basin

Photo By Larry Lambert "Uphill"

GETTING THERE

Dozen's of FJ's rode to the '08 Summit via convoy's. The Colorado Convoy (with several FJ's from the US & Canada) rolled into Ouray with 14 FJ's, that was quite a sight!

We asked Jason Demello of Demello Off Road to share the account of his convoy with us. We hope you enjoy the story as much as we did!



The Colorado Convoy @ Blue Mesa

Photo By Angie Williams



On My Way To Ouray

We started our adventure in Corona, CA at our shop. There were several happy egger FJ owners ready to hit the road. We waited as long as we could for the Icon guys but ended up hitting the road and figured they would catch us later on the trip.



Random Caravan Shot

On the road again our next stop was just outside the other side of Vegas we were going to meet up with the Vegas crew but due to all our delays we didn't get there on time and they went on with out us. We still got some good group shots with them.



Group Shot in Vegas



Heading down the road

We all chocked down some of the best food truck stops have to offer. This meal would kick off a string of craptastic meals from SoCal to Colorado we all tried to suffer through.



The Icon boys finally caught up

We got to see some pretty cool views at our next stop somewhere in Utah (what a beautiful state)



Pit stop in Utah

Our next real stop was for the coffee driven people of our group, rumor was there was a star bucks in Grand Junction and a few people in the group were hell bound on finding it..



In front of Starbucks

We did find it and promptly lost half of our group going through Grand Junction. Thanks to some help from a random creepy dude on the radio who seems to know where everyone was at all times we found each other on the side of the road and continued our journey into Ouray.

We made what we thought was one last stop before Ouray to fill up our tanks and head out.

Pulling into Ouray we had one of the largest caravans coming through town.

We set up our displays and booth that night. Then headed to town to try to find some food. We were all tired from the trip and the only place that was



Flex!

open was the Billy goat restaurant or something like that. (Editor: Billy Goat Gruff's)

The food was pretty good the beer was awesome and we headed back to our hotel. I had the pleasure of some Non-FJer complain about

my dog barking. I had to leave Elvis in the bed of the truck because the hotel allows dogs but doesn't want them left inside with out people there. Being in a new place he was a little excited over everything that moved or went bump. I restrained from telling the guy to STFU and went to bed.

The next morning we were set up to lead the "Alpine Loop" early morning 6:30 am run. Oringally I was supposed to tail gun but the leader (sorry I'm bad with names) had expressed concerns because this was his first mountain type run. I was ok with leading just give me a map so I know where I'm going. Our group was out of there by 6:45 on at the trail by 7:10-7:20.

TODD'S STORY

This is the infamous story of Air2Air (Todd's) ordeal during the FJ Summit. Todd briefly covers the malfunction and very effectively illustrates what a great community we're all involved in.

Enjoy!

I was leading the Imogene 9:30 group and was close to the summit at 13,100 feet. Right here at the exact moment in BobtailFJ's picture below I heard the famous snapping sound that some of us are accustomed to. However I wasn't doing



anything wild, just going slowly up this rise. I guessed it was just a rock.

A few minutes after we were just about at the top, my oil light went on. Well... isn't that special.

Looks like I didn't only break a CV, it wasn't even in there! The CV itself is completely gone with just the outer tulip remaining. The half-shaft was just rattling around inside it until we ziptied it. This didn't make sense since it was a very moderate run. And no, I don't have gobs of horsepower that

spit out drivetrain parts. Ray's (PureFJCruiser) photo:



But even better, under the pan there was the Exxon Valdez itself, happily creating a little La Brea Tar Pits for future visitors. For a moment I hoped I was actually Jed Clampett and had discovered a bubblin' crude.

There was no visible damage anywhere to the skid. In fact the FJ had driven just fine the whole time. I basically just fumbled with my stupid little toolkit until I could figure out what to do now. PureFJCruiser's pic:



At this moment I had the entire descent to Telluride ahead. With no engine, power brakes, or power steering. And my whole family inside. And worst of all, no power to the Nintendo.

I have to apologize to everyone for forgetting about the oil. The Trail Teams went up and cleaned it up right afterward apparently. Next time I will be thinking clearly about this very important factor.

So now I was going to have to coast. This is where wonderful FJ friends shine. DominicG volunteered to drive right in front of me in case I couldn't stop. Now who in their right mind would position themselves in front of a nearly brakeless FJ all the way down to Telluride? I will always appreciate Dominic's life-risking help.

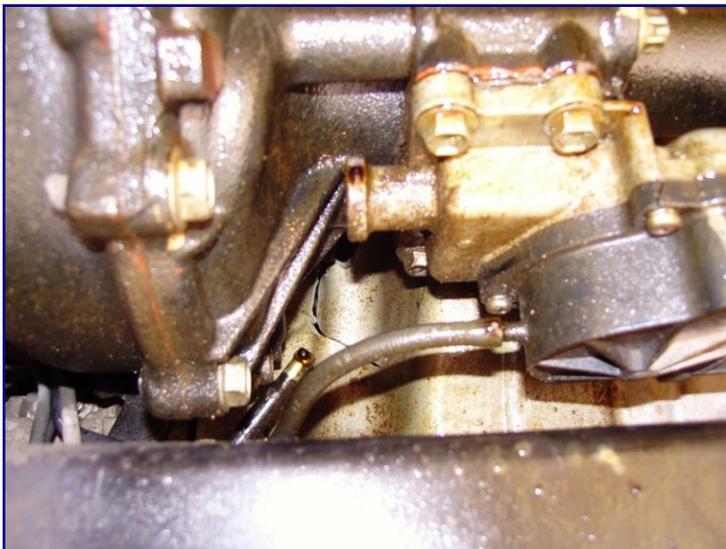
So for twenty panic-stricken miles I tried to keep from bashing into Dom until my brakes finally completely went away. That was a lot worse than coasting down Imogene in fact. Suddenly, we were warmed by the sight of the great Scorpion looming behind us. I could not hide my Pep Boys strap in time before Larry walked over, however. So after the expected tsk-tsk and finger wagging from Uphill, he respectfully handed over his family heirloom tow strap, monogrammed, leather embossed and signed by his dear departed uncle. It said:

"Young Corporal Uphill, no matter what valleys and hills you conquer, always remember me by this, my most prized strap, given to me personally by Ted Kennedy from the tow truck guy in Chappaquiddick".

For the next several miles Mr. and Mrs. Uphill were treated to the sight of the towstrap dancing between my front wheels. Since my brakes were either all the way on or off, if I touched them it would pull the rear of Dom's truck up into the air, and dirty laundry and nasty magazines flew out the rear window. When I finally ran over the towstrap and broke it in half I decided to feign a smile for my last minutes on this earth.



The next morning Thong (TCao) and I went out to see the damage. Here is his photo. This is looking up with the front diff in the foreground and the engine lower case in the background:



Thong was a great help and has built what many think is the nicest FJ out there. It is absolutely minimal and functional, to the point. No extra nothing and everything works exactly as it's meant to. Here is what had broken. Below in red are the two support brackets that hold the front diff to the front crossmember. These pictures are from a Tacoma but are the closest I could find:



These are probably the worst parts on your FJ. Heavy, brittle iron. They look like they came off Borat's tractor. On the FJ there are two bolts that hold the diff to the bracket. Well, those bolts were GONE



This is what you need to check. Please make sure that all four bolts on each of the two brackets are completely tight. This will be a huge PITA if you have a skid.

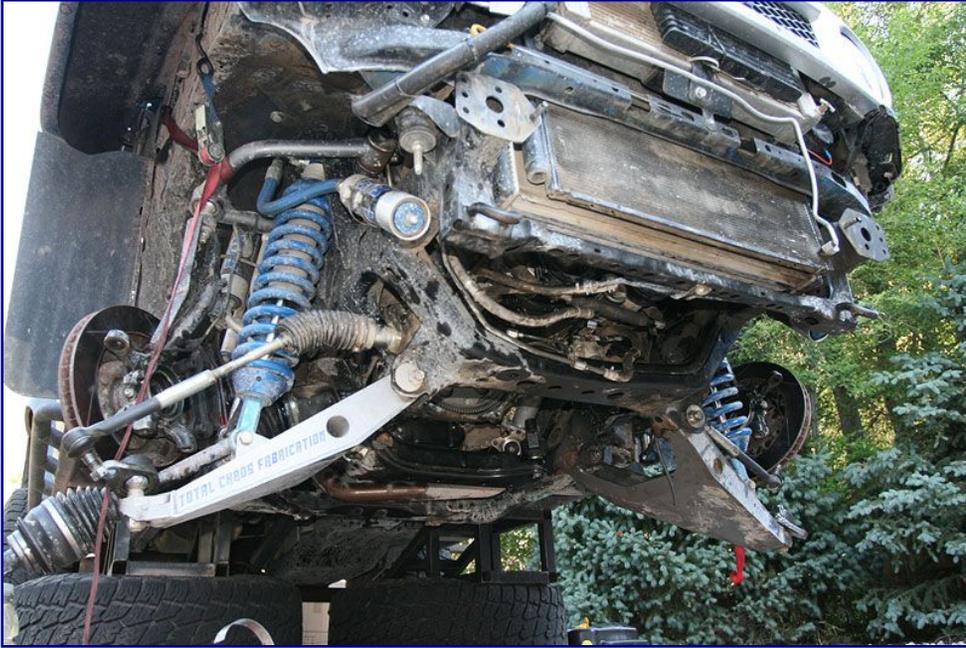
If your bolts back out as mine did, in 4WD one of the brackets will break. What happened next is that the diff came up hard and broke the CV into so many pieces that they all fell out. The added leverage propelled the diff up into the aluminum engine case. I can say that the iron front diff is probably over 100 lbs, and the aluminum engine case is about 20.

Both Icon guys, Dylan and Jeremy spent the day under the truck along with Sol, Jason, Thong, Jeshua, and many more that I don't know.. My task was to drive into Grand Junction and try to get some of the lost bolts. Well I was a little stressed so here's the first things I managed to get a warning from the Colorado State Patrol (speeding).

I finally found an oil rig supply place that had the bolts. Who knew that oil rigs are metric! To tell you a little about Colorado people, I got to the place right after closing. The guy had lined up the 4 bolts in front of the door with a note that said please take them! And these are big, expensive Grade 8 bolts. I knocked and went in anyway and insisted on paying for them. We had a good talk about oil drilling and I learned a lot. Primarily that there are hundreds of companies waiting to pump from existing wells, but the Colorado government is using various techniques to hold them up, including taking months to approve permits that used to take a few days, and inventing new environmental impact requirements and other delay tactics.

Continued on Next Page

When I got back that evening here is how it looked. This is right after Graham (gsgmac) used his magic to coerce the engine case out:



This is upside down. The portion at left is the actual "oil pan" including the oil pickup tube. What saved my engine from total seizure is that there was still a quart or two in this area even though everything above it had leaked out.



At this point I was looking at a one-week stay in Montrose waiting for the only other engine case to come in from Medford, OR. But the next morning I made another effort to try to find a welder. I was getting nowhere but I called one last guy. Amazingly I hit pay dirt in our very town of Ouray.

Engine case in hand I went to see Jeff Skoloda. His building is at the very bottom of the street. And when I say his building, he designed and built the whole thing including studio gallery, home, metal shop and landscaping. He does mainly architectural metalwork and fine art. The metal shop was great, and he had a TIG!

He spent much of his Sunday on it and it came out perfect:



This was not a "get it home" fix. It looked like I was totally out of the woods.

So I degreased everything underneath, cleaned and laid out all the parts that the guys had worked so hard to remove the day before. And fortunately Ingrid at the Victorian was cool to let it sit there for a couple days.

So as I was sitting there a big Voodoo Blue comes up; the one with the SFA. I met Tim Scully just once before but before I knew it I was handing him tools (occasionally the right ones too). Then Montana Tailgunner and his Dad jumped in too.

I didn't know it but I was about to see the finest display of professional wrenching that I probably ever will. Coupled with the the enthusiasm and selflessnes of 13 year-old Montana, I was experiencing a moment that I'll never forget. How great it was to be working alongside these guys who are an example to us all.

We could barely keep up with Scully just handing him tools. First the case, then the steering, diff, and suspension came together.

I couldn't believe that barely 5 hours later I was turning the key.

I have to admit it wasn't the car running that made me so happy. It was the selflessness of all you guys, and how privileged I am to be a part of this great group.

As I said in my thank-you speech to me the Summit was the greatest week in my life not because of the scenery, but because of the great people. Someday I hope I can repay all of you.



Scully is Bruce Lee with a wrench. The rest of us were shaking our heads at each other as he just ripped into it. Graham and Jeshua stopped by to watch the master, while Miss FJ found a shady spot.

ADVENTURES OF THE BLUE OX

By The Otterbox Girlz

Three hundred and sixty miles west of Fort Collins, Colo. and nearly 8,000 feet into the mountains lies Ouray, Colo., home of the national FJ Summit off-roading event. This year, the OtterBox girls made the trek to Ouray hauling CEO, Curt Richardson's 1977 FJ40. While driving down Main Street, we were surrounded by peaks as high as 14,000 feet. The colors and distinction of the San Juan ridges were breathtaking against the constant blue sky.

We unloaded our overstuffed bags at The Matterhorn Motel on Sixth Ave. and piled into the 40, which soon took on the nickname "The Blue Ox." We took a bumpy ride down the dirt road to The Best Western to check out the Summit headquarters and set up our yellow OtterBox tent. Most FJ'ers were out on the trails or resting up before the festivities.

Night number one was full of enthusiasm from everyone. After only an hour, we blew through all 150 of the yellow, blue and black OtterBox 1000s we brought for giveaway. These "waterproof wallets" were a hit so we called the home office to have the rest of the team bring more when they came to Ouray for the weekend. Later that night we experienced Ouray night life, which turned out to be pretty quiet on a Wednesday. As we all whipped out the plastic, we were shocked to find it was a cash-only bar and we were the only ones in the Saloon at 10 p.m. We called it an early night and got some beauty rest after a long day.

We woke up Thursday to a gorgeous Colorado sky, which was quickly masked by clouds and rain. We decided to give the 40 a nice warm-up before risking it on anything other than paved road. We took it on Box Canyon Road and slowly watched the town of Ouray disappear from the back of the open truck. The Blue Ox roared and rumbled the whole drive.

After the test drive Thursday, we were somehow talked into taking the classic on a real joy ride. We met at 8 a.m. Friday morning and followed a trail of six other trucks to Million Dollar Highway, an easy local scenic trail. It was short with incredible views and after about an hour, we thought we were done, but it was just the beginning. We continued on to Ophir Pass which presented a few challenges for the Ox.

Challenge number one: as we stopped for a few pictures and bathroom break we noticed the smell of gas escaping from the 31 year old truck. It turned out to be a quick fix; we tightened the gas valve and continued on. Challenge number two: the cap for the brake fluid came lose and was left

somewhere along the road below; with a few strips of aviator tape and some zip ties we were off again. Challenge number three: smoke (and three screaming Otter girls). The old Blue Ox began to overheat as we inched our way up Ophir Pass. We attached a tow strap and made it safely up the rest of the mountain from behind a 2008 FJ Cruiser Trail Teams Special Edition rig.

As soon as the hood popped open at the top, passing groups began to pull over to help us out. The guys were totally in their element. Luckily, on a Colorado mountain top there is snow in July so we threw some frozen slush under the hood to cool it down. On our way up, we laughed as we passed a minivan struggling up the same path. Little did we know they would soon be laughing at us as they drove past our smoking truck. Talk about karma!

After we made it down safely with the help of the great friends we made on the trail, we joked that we'd no longer have jobs when we returned to Fort Collins after breaking the CEO's coveted collector's item. But thanks to Tim Scully, Toyota Trail Teams driver and Certified ASE Master Technician who restored the 40, we all still have jobs and a fun story to tell.

We left the Blue Ox in town on Saturday morning and tagged along with our new friends to Engineer Pass to do some rock crawling. We even got the chance to be in the driver's seat. The views from the top of the secluded mountain looked like a detailed painting on a limitless canvas. Saturday was almost as eventful as Friday as we witnessed our first winning experience. Our favorite 2008 FJ Cruiser Trail Teams Special Edition truck found its way atop an ice-packed snow bank and had trouble finding its way back down with its wheels suspended. We spent all day on the trail and realized the short route of the descent was lined with rocks and boulders. We slowly crept our way down and watched the minutes pass as the last night of the Summit and the anticipated raffle came closer and closer.

We walked away from the raffle empty handed but enjoyed watching the faces of hundreds of FJ enthusiasts scrunch and crumple as each number was called. Though we weren't winners in the raffle, we were thrilled with the friends we made and all the fun memories we have from the 2008 FJ Summit.

For more information on Otter Products, LLC visit www.otterbox.com or call (888) 695-8820. OtterBox, never out of its element!



OURAY...

Great for Dealerships Everywhere

OkieFJGirl sent in this anecdote about how they obtained their FJ, what a great story!

Last year (2007), my husband & I were vacationing in Ouray as we have done for the past few years. We were driving our 2WD 4Runner. Usually, we rent a Jeep to do some trails while we are there. Well, for some reason, there were no Jeeps available for rent. However, there were all of these cool looking trucks driving all over the place. (Truthfully, my husband knew exactly what they were & had wanted one since they had come out).

So, there we were, no way to run any trails & watching all of these FJs drive circles around us-when my husband decides he will grab his handy dandy laptop & "just see what one goes for."

Long story short-we drove to Montrose & then Delta. After spending a whole day of our vacation in dealerships, we finally found the one we wanted but were told that Toyota Financial was closed for the day & that it would be the next morning before financing could be approved.

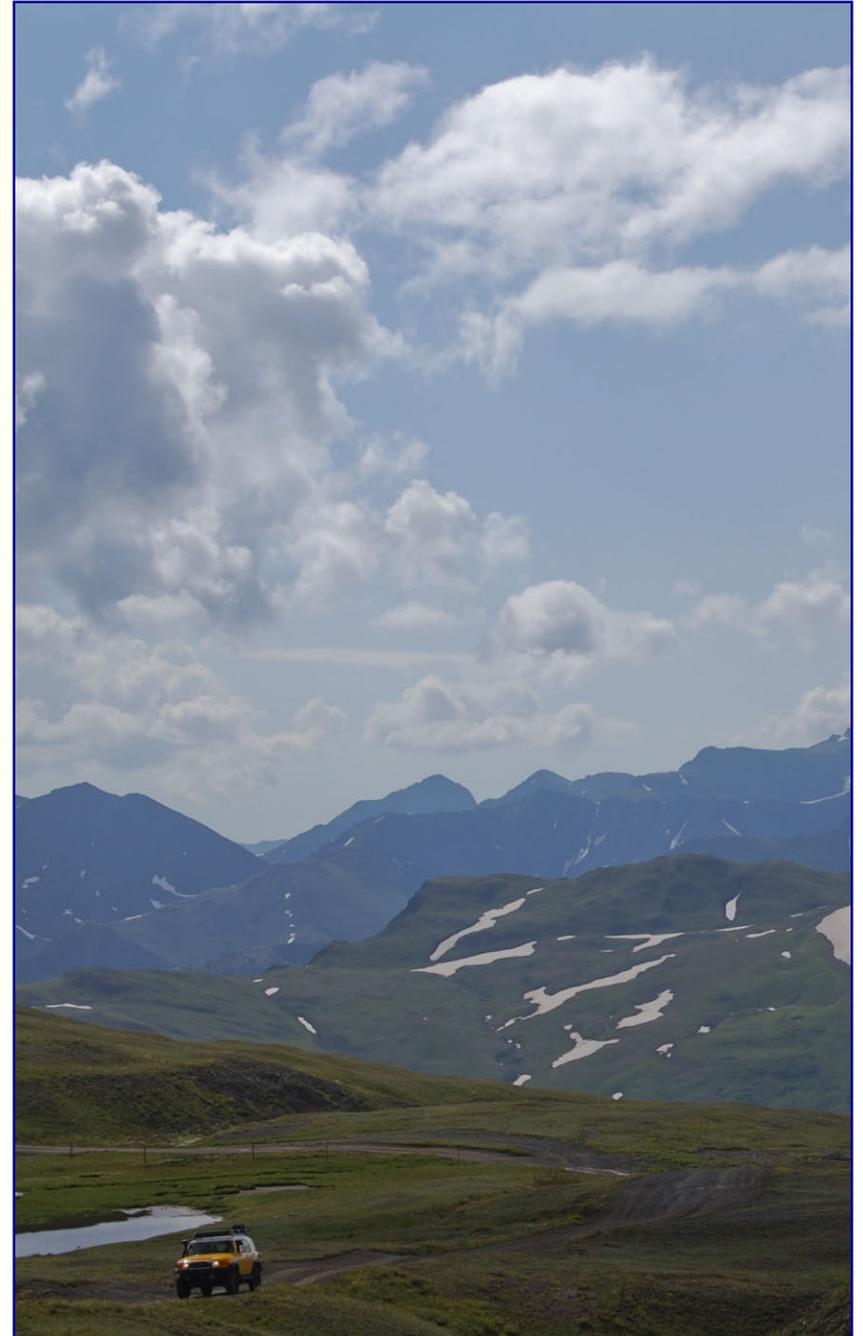
We let our sales man know that we already had plans for the next day to do some fly fishing & jokingly told him that if wanted to sell that truck to us the next day, that he would have to bring it to us. The next morning @ 9:00 am, our salesman was on the phone wanting to know where to meet us. We met him @ the park in Ridgeway, signed the papers, moved our fishing stuff & dog from one truck to the next & drove away.

However, there weren't many fish caught that day. We were too busy driving! Right up Engineer & back over Cinnamon! What a wonderful day!

We knew right away by the waves from other FJ owners, that we had become part of something & knew that we must come to the Summit this year.

Ouray has become a pretty expensive vacation for us. Last year the FJ, this year new tires. Plan on coming back next year, but concerned what it may cost us.

Well worth it I guess!



Climbing Up Black Bear Pass

Photo By Angie Williams

FJ's To The Rescue

As told by Dragon (All photos courtesy of Dragon as well) . . .

. . . so a group of us were running Corkscrew, California, and part of Engineer pass the day before the "Summit" started. Practically near the end of Engineer's, 4RnrJ comes on the radio and mentions there are some quads parked on the side. We had stopped anyway to run some obstacles, but when we were rolling again he informs us via the radio that he had made it down to the bottom, and people there were asking how many quads were parked on the side of the trail. There were 3. The problem was there was supposed to be 4.

We all get rolling again but I see that Jeshua had stopped and was jogging toward a ravine with a snatch strap. It appeared as if one of the quads had misjudged his turn and had plummeted down a ravine/wash between 125-150 feet down.



Jeshua didn't miss a beat nor hesitate to help. Many might have driven by without even looking as it seemed so peaceful from up top, and you had to walk to the ravine to see what had happened.

Next in line was MudLovingFJ with his winch.

...long story short, nobody was hurt and two hours later the damaged quad was back on the trail. It had to be dragged down the rest of the trail by one of their other quads as the wheels were toed out too



severely to drive it.

The photos are below, but I just want to comment on how inspiring it is when people jump in to give of the most precious commodity in this world; their time.

I was undone by the group around me that day.

Jeshua/Josh's comment:

The guy was lucky to be alive that for sure. By the time I got down the ravine they had already used the winch on the Quad to get it part of the way up but it was still out of reach of Muds winch my estimate is about 130-140 feet down we hooked my strap up to it then Muds winch to the strap tightened it up then had the guy climb out of the ditch. I kept the protection sleeve in place to keep the synthetic line from snagging on the rocks while the guys friend helped steer the quad around and over the big rocks. Skersfan ended up dragging it out once the strap got to the top. I was just glad the guy wasn't hurt.



TECH TIP: *TIRE PRESSURE*

By Joel Ellis

I really want to emphasize the importance of proper tire pressure. While Slingerdoo made it through this obstacle on the way to Gemini Bridges in Moab with no trouble, I was slipping all over the place because I had my tires about 10 PSI high. I run 55 PSI in my BFG Mud Terrains for optimum gas mileage (Max is 65 in the 285/75/R16 size), and had aired down to 30 PSI to run the trails. I barely made the crawl up onto that rock, while everyone else (even some with stock suspension) made it with ease. I aired down 10PSI more to 20PSI, and stuck to the slickrock like glue.



Editor: The great thing about good off-road tires, regardless of the manufacturer, is that you can get great performance without taking it to the extreme. As Joel stated, airing down to 20PSI will give you a HUGE advantage over street pressure. Unless you're doing major rock crawling, most people shouldn't need to go below this pressure. Airing down below 15PSI (depending on tire, rim, and driving conditions) can result in losing a bead on the tire and a flat, not something you want to have to deal with on the trail.



Beginning Black Bear Pass

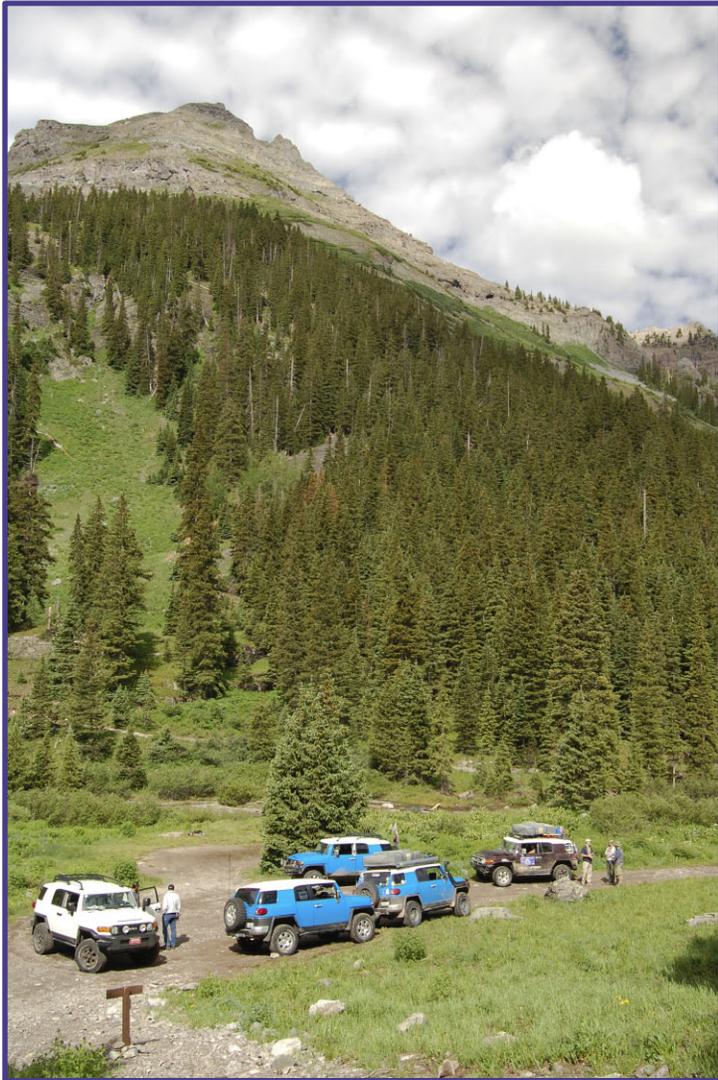
Photo By Angie Williams



Pit stop on Engineer Pass

Photo By Angie Williams

Elev. 13,114ft.
**IMOGENE
PASS**
Ouray, CO



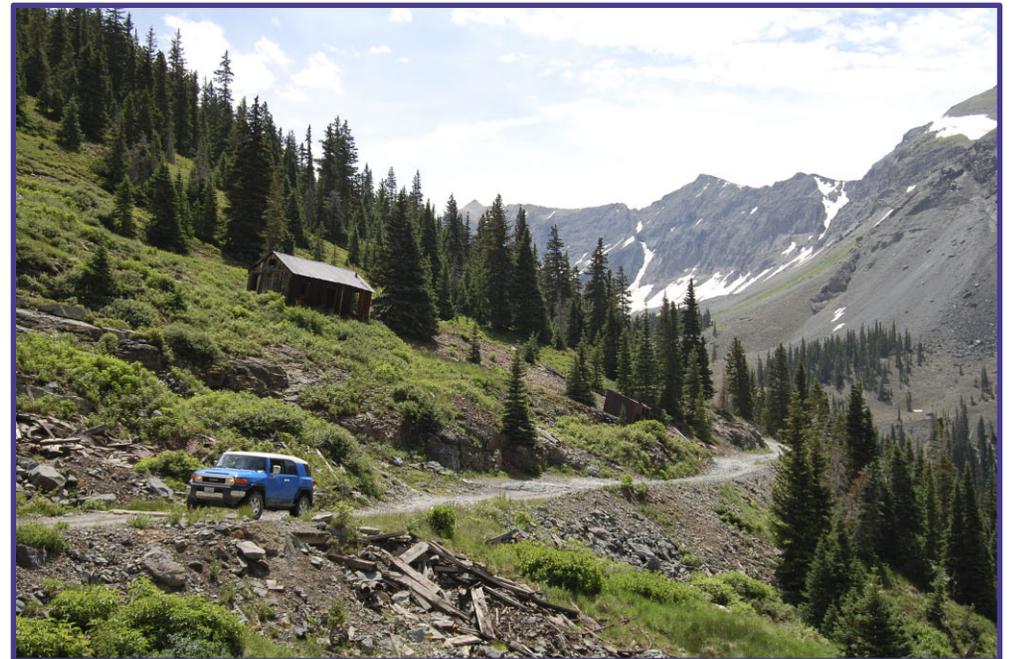
Pit Stop @ Upper Camp Bird

Photo By Angie Williams



Summit of Imogene Pass

Photo By Mike Kirsch "FJ FunJunkie"



Imogene Basin

Photo By Angie Williams





SwiCago rockin it, SCADavebert going for a swim
Photo By Eric Sison "Underactive"



FJ's climb the last part of Imogene Pass
Photo By Angie Williams

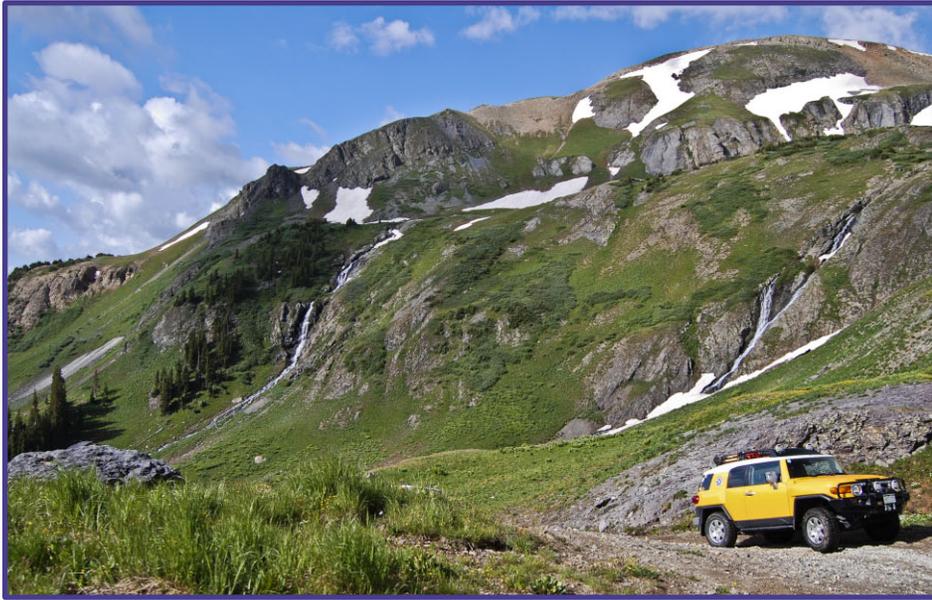


FJC TRD gains elevation
Photo By Angie Williams



A Trail Teams Edition fords Imogene creek
Photo By Angie Williams

Elev. 12,873ft.
**BLACK BEAR
PASS**
Ouray, CO



Climbing Black Bear Pass
Photo By Angie Williams



An amazing vista
Photo By Angie Williams



Pit stop just before the summit
Photo By Angie Williams



Plenty of snow near the top of Black Bear
Photo By Angie Williams



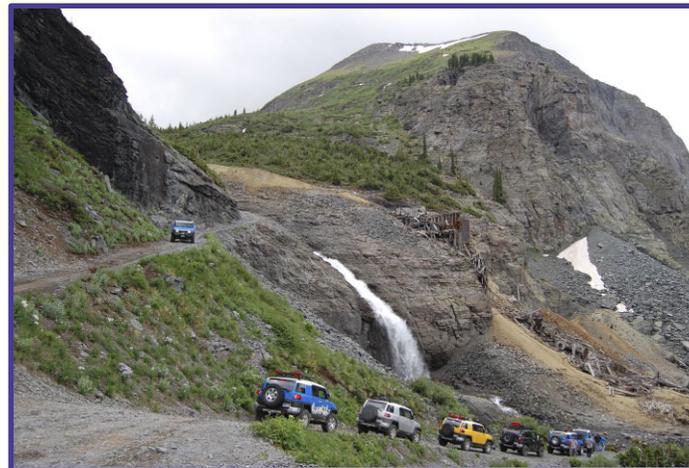
**Clouds build as we summit the pass
Photo By Angie Williams**



**A Stock FJ negotiates the "Drop Off"
Photo From Taft Babbit**



**Approaching the first switchback
Photo By Angie Williams**



**The group takes a pit stop just after the "Drop Off"
Photo By Angie Williams**



**"FJ's in the mist" at the bottom of
Bridal Veil Falls
Photo By Angie Williams**



The scale of Ophir Pass is almost unbelievable

Photo By Angie Williams



Posing near the top

Photo By Angie Williams



The group makes their way up the pass

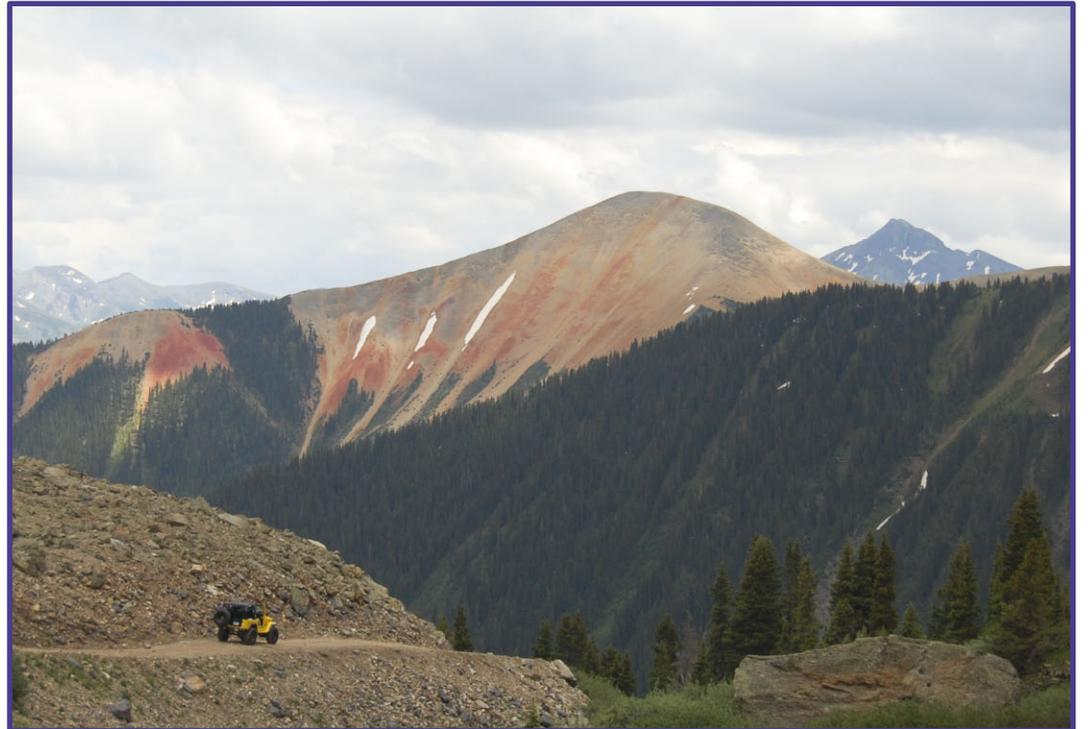
Photo By Angie Williams



Lookout Peak
Photo By Angie Williams



A never ending line of FJ's
Photo By Angie Williams



An FJ-40 begins the descent
Photo By Angie Williams

Elev. 12,800ft.
**ENGINEER
PASS**
Ouray, CO



Several groups prepare for Engineer Pass

Photo By Paula Eshelby



Chris Nelson demonstrates Hi-Lift usage

Photo By Angie Williams

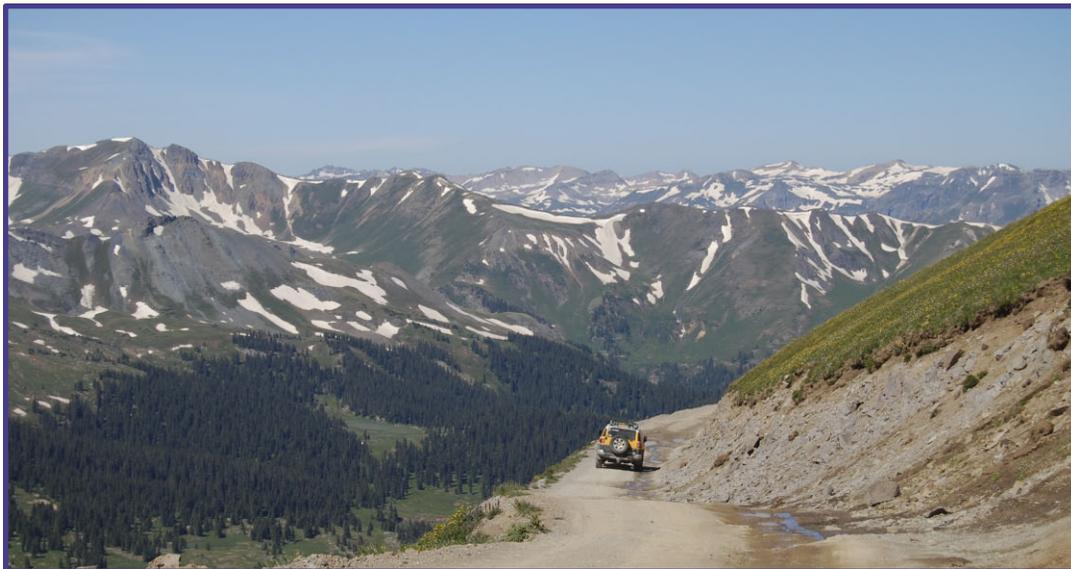


FJ's arrive at the Mineral Point turnoff

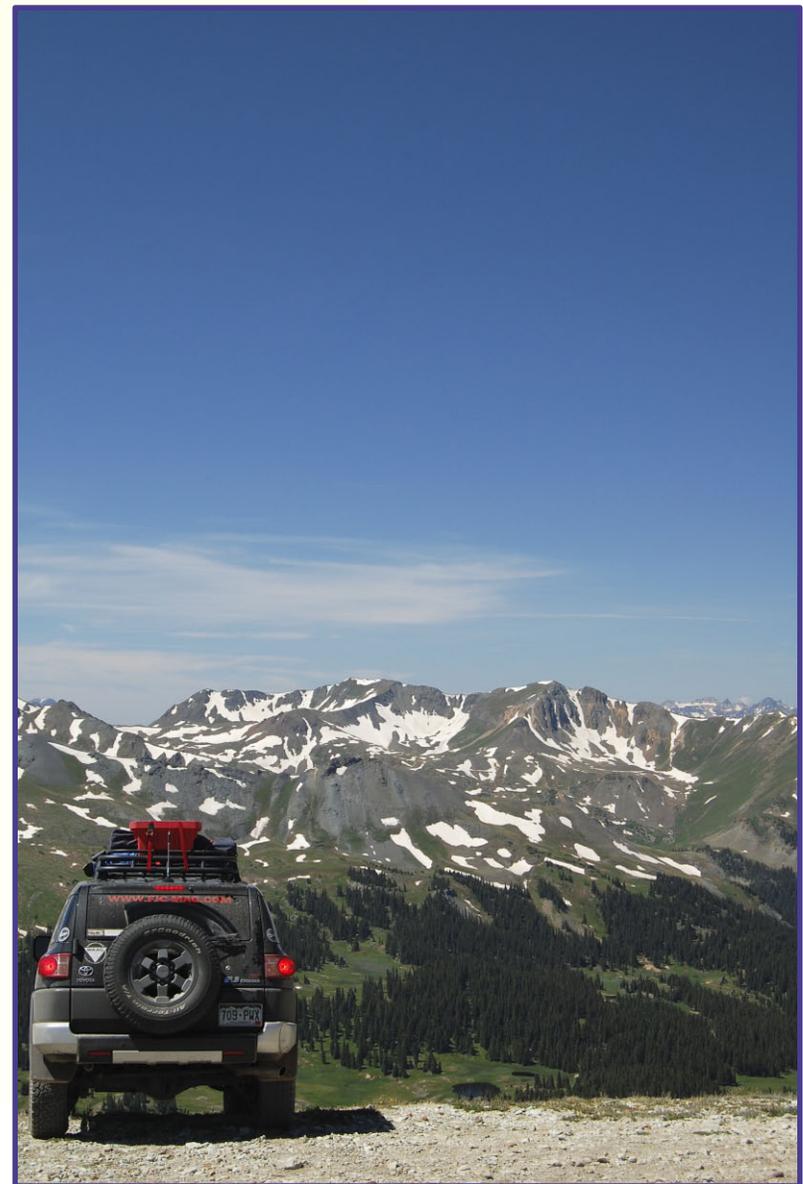
Photo By Angie Williams



High country ruins
Photo By Angie Williams

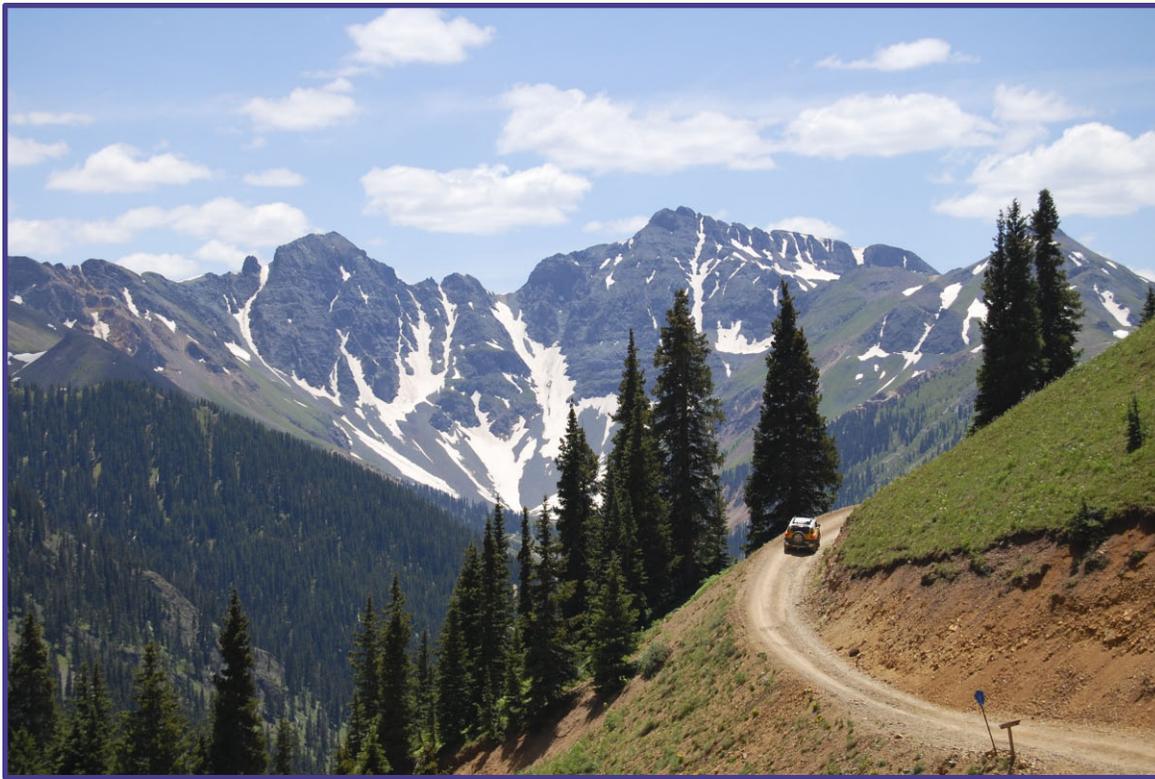


Shelf road views
Photo By Angie Williams



FJC TRD at Oh! Point
Photo By Angie Williams

Elev. 12,217ft.
**CORKSCREW
PASS**
Ouray, CO



Elev. 12,930ft.
**CALIFORNIA
PASS**
Ouray, CO

Corkscrew & California will take your breath away

Photo By Angie Williams



Another amazing vista

Photo By Angie Williams



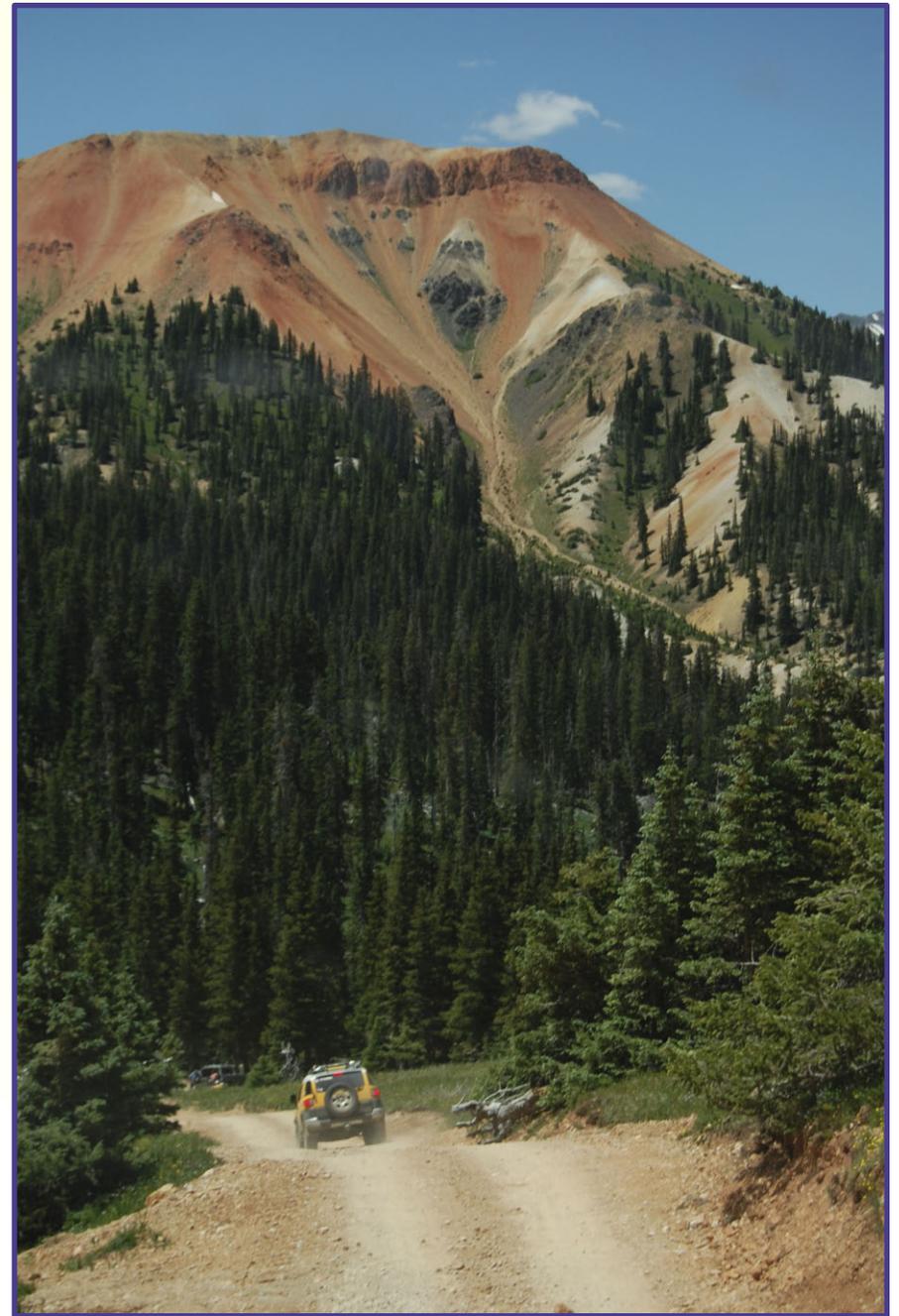
We'll never get enough of these views

Photo By Angie Williams





Amazing high country colors
Photo By Angie Williams



The end of this trail is as amazing as the beginning
Photo By Angie Williams