



Heart of the South Cruisers, Toyota Land Cruiser Association Chapter
A fellowship for all Toyota 4x4 owners and Toyota off-road enthusiasts



CALENDAR EVENTS

Monthly Meeting:

March 9th
8:30 a.m.
Bill Penney Toyota

Scheduled Events:

Meeting

Heart of the South Cruisers purpose statement:

HOT South Cruisers is a growing group with a positive attitude and desire to have fun as we help one another in skills and projects.

Officers

Steve Lawrence
President

Roma Scosyrev
Vice President

Michael Blake
Secretary

Kyle Massengale
TLCA Rep.

Paul Howell
Trail Boss

HOT South Cruisers
122 Chatham Cir
Madison, Alabama
hotsouthcruisers@gmail.com

Next Meeting Agenda

Report from Kyle on monthly TLCA phone call

Logo discussion

Progress report on club member rigs

From the Trail Boss

The La Land Krewsers are putting on an event at Hawks Pride in Tuscumbia April 4-7. Obstacles and amenities around the site and other details about this event can be found at <http://www.hawkpridemountainoffroad.com/> They are also planning to do another pre-run on March 1-3, if anyone would like to attend please let me know so I can get a head count of members that will be there (it always seems that the more people you know there the more likely you are to go).

Other upcoming events that are semi-local:

22nd Annual Great Smoky Mountain Trail Ride

May 13-18, 2013, Golden Mountain ORV park in Sparta, Tennessee

TLCA Sanctioned Event hosted by Southeast [Toyota Land Cruiser](#) Association

Contact: Roger Theurer, (931)728-9625 or RgrTheurer@aol.com

Southern Cruiser Crawl

October 11-14, 2013, Superlift ORV Park, Hot Springs, Arkansas

TLCA Open Event hosted by the CottonLand Cruisers
Contact: Jeff Murrah at murrah40@gmail.com

Beasley Bash

September 2013, Beasley Knob OHV park, Blairsville, Georgia

Registration at gacruiser.com

If anyone has any other events to add to the list please do so.

Swap Shop

Parts Needed

1 used right rear tail light lens for a 76' FJ40- Michael B

Parts for Sale

A pair of doors 72' \$75.00

Windshield frame 72' \$100.00

2 heaters 72' \$50.00 each

Parting out an 86'/87' FJ60's call for availability and pricing
- Michael Blake

List of Off road parks in the area: (feel free to add)

Hale Mountain, 83 Big Rock Ln, New Market AL

Stoney Lonesome, 10075 AL Hwy 69 South, Bremen AL 35033

Gray Rock, 7468 Old Mt Olive Road, Gardendale, Alabama

Golden Mountain OHV, 6338 Golden Mountain Rd Sparta TN

Morris Mountain ORV, 1524 Henry Davis Rd, Delta AL 36258

Chocoloco Mountain OHV, 1312 Louise Dr SE, Jacksonville, AL 36265

Minutes from the Feb. 23rd meeting

The meeting was held at Bill Penney Toyota.

There were 12 in attendance, 9 members and 3 guests

Introductions were made.

Topics of discussion:

Everyone gave an update of their rig with discussions on future modifications.

A request was made for more "Parts for Sale" to be listed in the newsletter.

Kyle's TLCA report was read by the club secretary in Kyle's absence.

No progress to report on the club logo.

Two new members were added during the meeting.

It was decided by a vote that passed with out dissent, that a club roster would be made and distributed to club members only. The roster will include member names, addresses, phone numbers, rigs and TLCA number. Any member that was not present at this meeting, and does not want their personal information published, should contact the club secretary for exclusion from the roster.

Please join me in welcoming our new club members; Cody Bellomy and Tucker Brown!

On the road with Roma and Jenna



As most of you know, our club Vice President recently took a road trip/vacation in February. His trip is well documented in his personal build thread on MUDD.

Click on this link <http://forum.ih8mud.com/40-55-series-tech/609560-romas-78-fj40-gets-refurb.html>

and go to about page 8 to follow his trip, or you can start at the beginning and enjoy his entire build thread. Thank you Roma and Jenna for sharing your vacation with us and showing us yet another way to enjoy our beloved Land Cruisers!



"The Amazing Adventures of Crawford and Gombay: Catamount, Part II"

The fog settled on the lonely stretch of Highway 9 in New Hampshire as our two heroes looked haplessly at the open hood of Crawford's J**p Wrangler. "What could have happened?" said Gombay, as he jiggled the battery cables with one hand and held a fading small flashlight on the other. "I have no idea, but it could have been the eight new KC Daylighters I had installed on the light bar. Maybe they blew a fuse or something" answered Crawford, shivering in the cold night. "Okay, let's see..... do you have any replacement fuses? What's in that box in the back?" said Gombay, wiping his hands on the sleeve of his "I Love Rainman" t-shirt. "Just the essentials: wax, Armor-all, chrome polish...". "Any fuses?" said Gombay, trying to peer around the chromed valve covers. "No! Do I look like a mechanic to you?" said Crawford, getting irritated. "All right, I was just asking....!" said Gombay. "Looks like we're going to have to try to make it to camp; I'm sure there will be lots of friendly people there to help us". "But it's late! Everybody will be asleep! And what are we going to do about the J**p? I can't drive without headlights!" said Crawford in a whiny voice. "We'll use my flashlight! According to the map, we're very close to the campsite, and with so many J**ps attending I'm sure someone has a spare fuse; maybe one of the Canadians will have one" said Gombay, waving his rapidly fading flashlight. "Come on, let's get going before my flashlight dies". "Good thing you didn't pawn it last week like you were going to" said Crawford, getting behind the shiny chain link steering wheel. With a roar from its chromed exhaust tips, the J**p came to life, and the two friends were on their way to the campsite, with only the yellowish light of Gombay's flashlight to lead the way.....

"There! Field 'n Forest! That's the place!" said Gombay, his flashlight barely illuminating the small sign. "Are you sure? That road looks pretty rough to me! The last thing we need is to get muddy, or, God forbid, STUCK!!" replied Crawford nervously. "We'll just take it easy. C'mon, hurry up before the flashlight dies..." By the time the two friends had driven into the campsite, the flashlight's feeble light had died completely. "I can't see anything!" said Gombay, straining his eyes. "Neither can I! That light down there is too far away, and all I can see is its reflection on all the J**p headlights! Hey, looks like there's a lot of trucks here already!" said Crawford. "Look, there's an old pickup over there with a Canadian flag on it! Someone must have towed their J**p with it". "Hey, watch your driving!" said Gombay; "Let's just park and go to sleep, and we'll check out all the vehicles tomorrow. I didn't see any shiny paint job, so you'll probably place well in the Show 'n Shine!". "All right, that sounds like a good idea." said his friend, stopping the truck in the middle of the field.

The two friends rapidly pitched their small tent, and after covering the J**p up with a tarp so the morning dew wouldn't affect the leather upholstery, they went to sleep.....

<VROOOMMMMM!!!>

<VROOOMMMMM!!!>

Crawford: "Hey....what is that?"

Gombay: "Hmmm...what?"

Crawford: "That noise...what is that?"

<VROOOMMMMM!!!>

Crawford: "That doesn't sound like a J**p engine! It sounded powerful!"

Gombay: "Maybe someone swapped in a different engine. I bet it has a blower on it" Suddenly, a loud, hoarse voice carried across the field outside their tent.

"INTERMEDIATE RUN LEAVING AT EIGHT THIRTY!!!"

"Hey, what was that all about? Intermediate run?" Said Crawford, unzipping the tent and poking his head out. Through the morning mist, he saw a weird looking, wagon-like vehicle with a MOOSE RACK on top. To its left, a white truck with a Canadian flag painted on its door rattled in place, an awful noise coming from its exhaust. Next to it, a huge, intimidating man looked straight at Crawford and bit the head off of what looked to be a chocolate bunny. Crawford hurried back into the tent.

Gombay: "What's the matter? You look like you saw a ghost!!"

Crawford: "IT'S ONE OF THEM!!! There's one of the guys from that crazy bar we went to out there, and he's got his truck with him!! I had nightmares of him for weeks"

Gombay: "Are you sure? I thought this was a J**P-only event! And we're really far away from that awful place, anyway! Calm down!"

Crawford: "I'm almost positive! I remember that maniacal glint in his eyes! You should have seen the loving look he had when he glanced at his truck! I tell you, the man is a lunatic!"

Gombay: "C'mon, get a hold of yourself. Let's go out there together and see what's going on" The two friends put their J**p Jamboree t-shirts on, slipped on their loafers, and crawled out of the small tent. What they saw before their eyes sent shivers down their spines.....

On one side of the campsite, three or four old trucks rattled noisily, and the stench coming from their tail pipes made Crawford and Gombay's eyes water. Over them, a Canadian flag flew in the wind and a banner proudly proclaimed the "Upper Canada Cruisers". Before Crawford could make a comment, he turned around, and found himself staring at the dead eyes of a cow skull, tied to the front of an evil-looking grey wagon. At the same time, Gombay scanned the campsite nervously, and realized that there were no other J**p's in sight, but rather the strangest collection of old trucks he had seen since their fateful visit to the Broken Birfield Bar. "Oh, man" he thought to himself, "I'm starting to wish I had gone visit my friend Rainey instead".

Before any of the two scared young men could speak, the ungodly rattle they had heard earlier returned, and this time the two friends could see a weird, square looking truck with Ontario plates. Next to it, a tall, thin man with a handlebar mustache and the same evil smile as the first guy was looking at Crawford's J**p. "Hey, Henry, take a look at this" they heard him say, and then an unshaven, scruffy-looking fellow with a foreign look to him and a little blond girl cradled in his arms approached slowly. "Hey, that's not a "kwoozer!" said the little girl, and Crawford was taken aback by the disdainful look on her cute young face. Suddenly, two HUGE men approached Crawford and Gombay, while staring at Crawford's J**P. "Well, well, well, what have we here, Mike?" said the first man, his big fingers leaving a greasy streak on the Wrangler's immaculate paint job. "A pretty truck, eh?" said the second man in a funny accent, "Is it a diesel?" "Diesel? You mean like a semi-rig? Of course it's not a diesel! Why would I want a smelly and noisy engine in my beautiful truck?" said Crawford haughtily. Gombay noticed that a small crowd of men and women were beginning to gather around Crawford's J**p. At first, Gombay was not alarmed, for the shiny truck always attracted a lot of attention in the parking lot of malls and fast food restaurants, and whenever the two friends went cruising other people in J**ps would always wave. However, the looks that these people were giving the truck was not the usual admiring gaze. To Gombay's left was a short man with a shaggy brown dog and a sleepy face, and Gombay noticed that the dog was snarling at the two friends and their vehicle. Next to him, Gombay saw a shiny truck, only to realize that beneath the shiny paint was one of those older trucks, looking menacing and intimidating with its knobby, narrow tires and all-black undercarriage. Gombay definitely preferred chromed differentials. "Hey, no need for insult!" One of the large men was saying to Crawford, who was trying to discourage another guy who had approached him with a winch cable, asking him if he could use the truck to re-spool his winch. "No, of course you can't! What if you scratch the chrome on the bumper?" said Crawford desperately. "Besides, I don't have any of those tow hooks you were talking about. They're too hard to polish".

By this time, the two friends realized their mistake. They were at the wrong place at the wrong time. From all corners of the campsite, the old trucks, some rusty, some not, but all intimidating and powerful were moving towards the entrance of the campsite. Instead of shiny accessories, most of them had rolls of thick steel rope on the front bumpers, hooks and shackles of all sorts, and none of them had shiny tires!! In fact, more than a few, including a couple of newer looking ones, were splattered with drying globs of mud, and Crawford shuddered at the thought of his delicate paint job suffering scratches. "I think it's time to leave!" said Gombay, who had tried to pet the shaggy brown dog, only to receive a snarl and a snap of its jaw. "But what about the burnt fuse?" said Crawford, as he lowered himself into his truck, not bothering to retrieve his belongings from the tent. "Forget it" said Gombay, as the people around the truck laughed and walked slowly around the truck. "Let's get out of here!" said Gombay, and his friend frantically tried putting the truck in gear. With a high pitched whine, the small

4 cylinder engine fired, and the shiny street treads spun on the wet grass. The crowd parted to let the J**p through, and the last face that the two friends saw was that of a boyish-looking man leaning against a beastly green truck that had seen better times. As the terrified young men drove past him, he gave them a mocking smirk, and then looked back at the laughing crowd. The last thing the two friends heard as the J**p careened past the Field 'n Forest sign was that of the man's laughter joining that of his brethren.....

"I'm never going to listen to you again" said Gombay angrily. "I could have visited Rainey all weekend if it wasn't for your stupid idea, and now I don't have anything to pawn the next time I go down there"

"Oh, shut up!" said Crawford, his sense of bravado returning. "I'm going to get back at all those weirdo's. When I get back, I'm calling my lawyers and initiating action against them. You'll see!! No one makes fun of Crawford.... no one!!....."

The End

By
Henry J. Cubillan
;)

Club Highlights and Spotlights

I'm still in need of suggestions on the type of information you want to see in the newsletter. I also need more parts to list in the "Parts for Sale" section. Don't be bashful. I can also use ideas and material for articles on a monthly basis. I can be reached at 256-508-9282 or michaelbb7@juno.com.

Visit our club page on IH8Mud's clubhouse forum <http://forum.ih8mud.com/al-hot-south-cruisers/>

"Renew your TLCA membership at <http://tlca.org/>"

"Join our Facebook Page at <https://www.facebook.com/groups/176734685760612/>"

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