

## **E.C.E.T.S. — L.A. XIII, FAMILY AFFAIR!**

Our little fun run to Pahrump was quite the intimate experience! Yes the participation may have been less than in years past but the enthusiasm could not have been better. We had with us new riders and new members of H.O.G. and they were able to see our E.C.E.T.S. motto in action as new friends were met and family ties were made. A more “easy going” group of Bikers would be hard to find. I did not hear any discouraging words and when minor repairs were necessary everyone tried to help. Case in point: Phyllis lost head bolts and Frank scavenged a pair off his son Mike's bike to affect a repair. Jerry supplied the elbow grease and soon as a group we were off again, no yelling, no cussing, just working in concert to get it done. Traveling with the crowd heading to Laughlin proved to be a little humorous as the C.H.P.'s laid out a Salmon run and enriched California approximately every ten to twenty miles. Knock on wood but, 24 E.C.E.T.S. adventures without a led ride ticket. Well no sooner than off the beaten path we landed on Kelbaker Rd., it was at the restored train depot in Kelso that we had the before mentioned repair. Ready to go, it was starting to get hot, and fabulous Baker was going to be the last stop before Pahrump. We forged into town and soon had all the supplies we needed for maxing and relaxing. One of the great surprises about an E.C.E.T.S. trip is whose all on it and finally meeting up (Don & Cathy, Don & Debora, Big Jack, Big Dennis, Tom & Jody), just a few who surprised us. Of course the pool area proved to be the hook-up. Wildlife always makes it down to the watering hole and so it is with Ectarians in need of spa therapy. The food at Saddle West was surprisingly good and I'm sure we all made it some time to the Buffet line. With the first day behind us it was time to get some sleep and be ready for some mountain climbing the next day. Nine AM came quickly for some and not soon enough for others ready to start what was turning out to be a bitchen day. Uh-oh, because no good deed goes unpunished, Frank couldn't get Mike's Road King to start, we would have tried a little more but Frank waved us off and feeling a little guilty it was time to take off. It was breezy as advertized but no where near as bad as Mojave during the fall classic. The Nevada desert is a BIG, BIG, place and it was easy to see the Ellis Air Force Base was the logical place to blow off some big fireworks. Indian Springs was the place to throw on some more clothes because the climb up to Mt. Charleston would take us up to 8,000 ft. The itinerary did say we would ride by a ski area and yes we did, complete with snow and empty chair lifts, thus confirming that there is skiing 30 minutes outside Vegas. Leaving the ski area to the location where we would take group photos I'm sorry to say we should have at least taken one in the abandoned parking lot with the snow all around, (not thinking, my bad). At least the spot that was chosen proved to be fabulous also and hopefully someone will bring a picture into the next meeting. It was time to head for lunch and so down and around, up and down we made it to the “Lodge” right at the appointed time. Tom had everything ready and seated us in front of the huge picture windows. I hope everyone was as blown away as I was the first time I visited. Because communication can be very tricky subject suffice to say the Red Rock can have two meanings. It can be a state park, or it can be a new Harley Dealership. I was going to the state park and some people were going to go to the Dealership and because of congestion on the I-15 some people ended up doing both, either by accident or by design. It was a beautiful day and more fun was coming up. Now I started this article out by talking about family and of course no one epitomized it better than Connie & Dean. Dean had his mom on the back of his Ultra and Connie had several family members following along behind her Sporty. They were the embodiment of what biking is all about “fun and adventure”. So much adventure that they left no stone unturned on Saturday when they took in Scotty's Castle and all points south through Death Valley. Only Jordon

**Cont.** got in later that night. The rest of us had a leisurely day through the valley enjoying the best weather I've ever experienced in the place whose first name begins with "Death". Where else can you go from 8,000 ft. to 250 ft. below sea level in a single afternoon? The artist palette beautiful, but keep your eyes on the road. I was starting to wonder where our foreign visitors might be and we found them in Bad Water. Europeans love Harleys and the people who ride them. It didn't take long for them to zero in on us and want to take pictures of us, the bikes, us on the bikes, them on the bikes, us and them on the bikes, all of us around the bikes, suffice to say we indulged them to their hearts content. After our Good-Will Ambassador service we quietly exited the Park through Jubilee Pass and cruised through majestic sweepers and other world rock formations and odd patterns of color. Our destination was going to be Shoshone and just see what it could offer up. As it turns out it offered a pretty good place to have lunch and amuse the tourists. This was not going to be our traditional long ass day so after lunch it was time to head back to the hotel. Oops, miss communication, struck again, poor Cort and his friends found their stuff out of their room, bagged and tagged. At least the situation was quickly resolved, to quote management "we were golden", and Cort was comped for the night. ("you meet the nicest people on a Harley"). Now where did I hear that? Well we tried to party in my room but apparently someone down the hall didn't share our enthusiasm and we quietly said our good nights and good byes and see you in the morning. Sunday always comes too soon especially when you are still on a high from riding through spectacular scenery and meeting new people. The E.C.E.T.S. experience is designed to fulfill the Harley expectation or introduce you to it. I think we succeeded, it's unique to the "El Cajon Harley Owners Group". That's why we're Family!

The Fall Classic is rolling your way October 8, 9, 10 & 11

Santa Maria, PCH, NEW STUFF!!, TBA

K. Wallace